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The Emersonian

Volume Nine

Published by

The Class of 1917

Emerson College of Oratory

Boston, Massachusetts

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HARRIGAN PRESS
WORCESTER, MASS.

We dedicate this last of all our merry labors
to those dear, over-worked people, who, thru
our four happy years, have found time to
joy and comfort, to work and play with us,

Our Faculty



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Emersonian Board

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LUCY H. UPSON

Assistant Editor


MARY C. LANCTO

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FRED WILLSON HUBBARD

JOSEPH GIFFORD

Foreword

Emersonian, go your way,
Inspire each one who meets with you;
 Content if even for a day
You make one heart to beat more true.
And if your wisdom and your cheer
Can raise one drooping spirit,
Or if your message ringing clear
Bring joy to those who hear it--
Emersonian---speed away!



HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK
President

Henry Lawrence Southwick President

"The will to do, the soul to dare."

Henry Lawrence Southwick was born in West Roxbury, Mass., in 1863. From 1880-87 he was a member of the staff of the *Boston Herald* and in 1887 he graduated from the Monroe College of Oratory. The following year he had charge of the Oratory Department at Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute and then became Master of Elocution and Oratory in the William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia. For two years he was connected with Augustin Daly's company. In 1900 he returned to Emerson, where he acted as Dean until 1908 when he was elected President of the college.

Our President is a born leader with so forceful and splendid a personality that anyone who once meets him never forgets him. He is known the country over as ranking at the head of his profession as lecturer and reader. He is compelled to be absent from us for a part of the year because of his numerous reading engagements. On his return he is always enthusiastically greeted by the college, for he is greatly missed. Every student is known personally by the President and he is ever busy in their service.

His genial smile and great dramatic ability make his classes a treat. It is indeed a privilege to have known and studied under President Southwick.



HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS
Dean

Harry Seymour Ross Dean

*“His song was only living aloud
His work a singing with his hand.”*

Never was that statement truer of any man than of our beloved Dean. Ever since 1908 when he came to Emerson to assume the duties of office of Dean, the students have felt the influence of a life whose aim is to be kind and good to all in every way. How well this has been accomplished may be gauged by the love felt for him by all who have come under his influence.

Harry Seymour Ross was born in East Haddam, Conn., in 1868, where he spent his early life until he entered Oberlin College at twenty years of age. Here he went thru the preparatory school and did three years of college work. After this he entered Emerson College, from which he graduated in 1897.

After his graduation he was Professor of English and Elocution at Worcester Academy and later he was made acting Principal. It was from this position that he was called to return to Emerson.

Whether it be financial troubles or discouragement, ambitious plans or just the little everyday frictions that we need help with, each one of us feels that he can “take it to the Dean.” Best of all, one never comes away without feeling the better for the ready sympathy and help of our dear, busy friend in the office.



CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER



WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP



EBEN CHARLTON BLACK



WILLIAM G. WARD

CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER
Registrar; Vocal Physiology; Acoustics

*"The kindest man, the best condition'd,
And unwearied in doing courtesies."*

Graduate of Mitchell School for Boys; for two years upon the stage; graduate of Emerson College in 1889; post graduate, 1890. Taught in William Penn Charter School; tutor in Bates College and was from there called to teach at Emerson College.

Mr. Kidder is the one who always has time for our little troubles no matter how busy he is. All of his pupils admire and love him and he is indeed the friend of every one.

WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP
History of the Drama; Impersonation; Dramatic Interpretation

*"Existence is a merry treat
And every speech a jest."*

Graduate of Monroe College, 1889; post graduate, 1890; Lecturer at Boston University of Law; professor of Oratory at Boston College; appointed to the Emerson Faculty, 1889. Mr. Tripp tries to be patient with our attempts at interpretation. We are the highly appreciative victims of his witty thrusts. Who would miss a single class of his, so filled as they are with interest and stimulative thinking?

WILLIAM G. WARD
Logic; Debate; Psychology; English Literature

"The larger heart, the kindlier hand."

Graduate Ohio Wesleyan University, 1872; Drew Theological Seminary; studied at University of Halle; later at Berlin; professor in Baldwin University, Syracuse University; President of Spokane College; author.

Dr. Ward is a jolly, genial man and we wish that everyone might know his inimitable way of telling jokes. In the classroom he brings us a wonderful fund of information so delightfully and vividly put that it lives in our memories.

E. CHARLTON BLACK
English Literature

*"But eies and cares and ev'ry thought
Were with his sweete perfections caught."*

Graduate of Edinburgh University, 1882; studied at Queen's College and Westminster College; lecturer at Harvard University and New England Conservatory; professor of Literature at Boston University; lecturer at Emerson College since 1903; author.

We are all proud of "our" Dr. Black and take great interest in each of his new achievements. He opens up for us new vistas in English Literature with his lectures which are, like himself, peculiarly charming.



SILAS A. ALDEN



ROBERT HOWES BURNHAM



PRISCILLA C. PUFFER



WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY

SILAS A. ALDEN

Applied Anatomy; Hygiene; Physical Training

"A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."

A member of Dr. Emerson's first regular class, graduating from Monroe College in 1883; graduate of Boston College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1906.

Dr. Alden is dear to the hearts of many student generations. He is always anxious for our mental and bodily welfare. He greets us in the corridors and classrooms with the cheeriest of faces and warmest of handclasps. Many a student has been started anew on the road to health by this friend.

ROBERT BURNHAM

Make-up; Interpretation

*"He's a great observer
And he looks quite through the deeds of men."*

Graduate of Emerson College, 1901; post graduate, 1902. He first taught in Marietta College, Ohio. Later he went on the stage and in the last few years has built up a reputation for himself as a dramatic coach. He has been teaching in Emerson College since 1909.

Mr. Burnham is always pleasant to meet both in the classroom and out. In class he brings us valuable and practical knowledge from his wide experience as public reader and coach.

PRISCILLA C. PUFFER

Gesture; Elocution

*"To one that with us works
And trusts with faith."*

Graduate of Normal School of Salem; graduate of Emerson, 1898; post graduate, 1899; teacher at the Quincy Mansion School before joining the faculty of Emerson.

Mrs. Puffer is ever holding us to our responsibilities and winning our respect. She is always ready with the encouraging word to all who try.

WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY

Vocal Technique

*—"Do good by stealth
And blush to find it fame."*

Graduate of Leominster High School; student at Harvard University; specialized for seven years in study of voice in New York and abroad before he became a Trustee and a member of the Faculty of Emerson College.

Mr. Kenney is not only an advocate of hard work but he bodies forth his doctrine. He is a big-hearted man and the appreciation of his value grows upon acquaintance.



JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK



ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD



AGNES KNOX BLACK



MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

Voice Culture; Ethics; Shakespeare

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye."

Graduate of Department of Oratory, New England Conservatory; graduate of Monroe College of Oratory. Immediately upon her graduation she became a member of the faculty, where ever since she has been an inspiration to all who came into personal contact with her. In the classroom she guides us gently but effectively. Busy with innumerable activities, she always gives her best without reservation to her students.

ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD

Story Telling; Repertoire

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

Graduate of Emerson College, 1892; post graduate, 1893; reader in Lyceum and Concert work; appointed to the Emerson Faculty in 1902.

A spirit of graciousness in our midst moving to perform kind deeds for everyone. Many a pupil has been brought out of homesickness and discouragement by this little "Big Sister" of ours. Seeing her once we love her, and knowing her well we love her more.

AGNES KNOX BLACK

Literary Interpretation

"Duty by her is to pleasure turned."

Educated at Toronto Normal and Toronto University; lecturer at Government School of Pedagogy; became a member of the Emerson staff in 1903; holds Chair of Elocution at Boston University. She is a personal friend who brings us the inspiration of noble womanhood and an embodiment of her art in her life. Her personality and impressive teaching have awakened more than one girl to a realization of the deeper spiritual significance of life.

MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

Dramatic Art and Pantomime

"A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind."

Graduate of Chelsea High School; graduate and post graduate of Emerson College, 1893; teacher in Columbia College, Mo.; appointed to the Emerson Faculty, 1900. This busy little woman has done much coaching for schools and clubs besides her regular teaching work. Her every minute is so full of work that we wonder how she does it all. As no one would think of missing her classes, what more could be said?



HARRILT C. SLEIGHT



LILIA ESTELLE SMITH



ELSIE R. RIDDELL



GERTRUDE MCQUESTEN

HARRIET C. SLEIGHT

Physiology; Anatomy; Interpretation

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher, friend."

Studied at Indiana State Normal School, Iowa University, Chautauqua School of Physical Education; graduate of Emerson College, 1907; post graduate, 1908; immediately became a member of the Emerson Faculty. So practical, sympathetic and cheery that we all have a big corner in our hearts for this teacher who is such an embodiment of enthusiasm. The girls all turn naturally to her for advice and comfort.

LILIA E. SMITH

Pedagogy; History of Education; School Management

"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."

Graduate of Emerson College, 1889; post graduate, 1890; became a member of the Emerson Faculty in 1890; teacher in the Emerson Summer School.

Miss Smith is the spirit of helpfulness, always on the lookout for those who need her words of encouragement and cheer. She takes a real interest in the development of her pupils from the time they come to her as freshmen, an interest which does not end with their graduation.

ELSIE RIDDELL

Gymnasium; Dancing; Fencing

*"O! she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight."*

Studied at Toronto private schools, St. Margaret's College and University of Toronto; graduate of Sargent's School, Cambridge, 1910. Has taught in Emerson since 1910 and is in charge of the Corrective Department at Sargent School.

Miss Riddell, while holding us strictly to the requirements of her work, has a grace and charm about her that wins the hearts of her pupils.

GERTRUDE McQUESTEN

Articulation; Technique of the Voice

*"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."*

Graduate of New Hampshire State Normal and of the Boston School of Oratory, where she taught upon her graduation; appointed to the Emerson Faculty in 1903.

Miss McQuesten is always bubbling over with enthusiasm and vitality, so that we never have a dull second in her classes. She is a little body doing a great work.



S E N I O R S

Senior Officers

NETTIE HUTCHINS *President*
 HELEN BARTEL *Vice-President*
 ESTELLE VAN HOESEN *Secretary*
 FRED HUBBARD *Treasurer*

Class Flower

Jonquil

Class Colors

Green and Gold

Class Yell

Lock-a-zing, Lock-a-zang!
 Lock-a-zing, Lock-a-zang!
 Zip, boom! Zip, boom!
 Zip, boom! *Bang!*
 Boomerah! Boomerah! Boomerah Ray!
 Seniors! Seniors! Hip hooray!



Jonquils

Dance with trembling motion,
Flashing here and there
Bits of gold as sunshine,
Jonquils are so fair.

Can it be that long ago
Gods were kind to man,
Caught and turned to flowers rare
Laughter wild of Pan?

Yet with all thy beauty
Comes a sense of pain,
Other thoughts come stealing
In unending train.

Mayhap you were mortals
That because of wrong
Must thru all the ages
Sing your silent song.

Songs to us imploring
That we heed your sin;
Could you bring this message
Happiness would win.

Is this then your punishment---
That we never see
Aught in you but laughter,
Hear no song save glee?





GERTRUDE M. ALLEN

Mansfield, Pennsylvania

The tremolo of Trudie's voice is a sadly overworked accomplishment of hers. We have never been able to decide whether she is cultivating it or trying to overcome it. Her touch of reserve is quite befitting her dignity of carriage. We have to hand it to Gertrude when it comes to dispositions—hers is absolutely weather proof!

MARTHA MARIE ALLEN

Arlington, Iowa

Now that the class is so near demobilization we wonder how we shall be able to keep track of Martha Marie without Fred to direct us. Where Martha Marie is, there Fred is also. We had always supposed that the South had a monopoly on the charming drawl, but we see now that Iowa has done its part. Having fulfilled our mission as knockers, we now proceed to say that she really is a good scout.





FLORENCE E. BAILEY

Watertown, Massachusetts

Florence's tall stateliness has been so utilized in dramatics to produce the illusion of masculinity that she has been obliged to hold in leash any material inclination to play the clinging vine, for the roster of the class provides no sturdier oak than herself on which to lean. Her hospitality has saved many a senior derelict wrecked on the shoals of the high cost of living.

ETHEL H. BAKER

Winterfort, Maine

Perhaps no one in the college has given the faculty more trouble than Ethel Baker. She makes so much noise. Mrs. Rogers just follows her about the halls trying to keep her from disturbing the classes, for, of course, Ethel cuts up terribly! However, when she reads Ethics papers she makes us all feel like freshmen, for to the joy of Mrs. Southwick's heart, she thinks.





INEZ M. BANGHART

Maquoketa, Iowa

Inez is with us only by fits and starts, mostly starts for New York. She thinks no more of running over to Gotham than we do of running over to Hood's. We expect that she is as well known a figure on Broadway as the Flatiron Building. Were she as often seen here we might tell you more about her.

HELEN H. BARTEL

Waltham, Massachusetts

The only thing we would recommend for Helen's further evolution is to wrestle vigorously with her deplorable use of slang. It is the one indication we find in her of earthly contamination. Otherwise we feel her likely to take wing with Ibsen and Mrs. Black and soar to realms unvisited by the Mundane We. We have a sneaking suspicion that she will soon have an opportunity to play Juliet to a New York Romeo, rather than Romeo to a Juliet of Mrs. Hicks' selection.





MARIE BELLEFONTAINE

Malden, Massachusetts

Who would think that this devout little maiden has a passion for dancing? Yet such is the case, and she is really very good at it. Another thing Marie might pride herself upon is her eyes. Her Parisian touch is noticeable in everything she undertakes. As a producer of pantomime, Miss Bellefontaine has brought distinction to Emerson.

ALMA LEE BROWN

Arkadelphia, Arkansas

Alma comes from way out among the Indians—but she isn't like them. She is mild and harmless and certainly *not* lazy. In the Emerson hive Alma is not one of the drones. Her two favorite selections are "Browning's 'Star,' by Browning," and "L'Envoi." In the latter she explains to the tired Emersonians that

"Only the good shall be happy,

They shall sit in an old armchair."

Well, everyone has a right to her own conception of Paradise!





HAZEL G. CALL

Athol, Massachusetts

Look at her! She appears innocent enough; but she has committed the unpardonable sin. She is a grind. Despite the fact that it is difficult to love one who is always prepared, Hazel has not yet been ostracized and enjoys her share of popularity.

ALMA FAYE EATON

Livermore Falls, Maine

Faye has been "giving to the world the best she has" for the last four years. We trust that this stale bit of philosophical bread she has so frequently cast upon the waters will return to her, at least buttered, if not cake. Speaking of edibles, Faye's culinary skill is not to be sneezed at, which is fortunate for Him. If faithful attention to the duties at hand augurs success, we have no fears for her domestic future.





ELIZABETH E. ELLIS

Gainesville, Georgia

Bess is very studious. She has been known to lock herself in her room and study "The Forgiveness" for hours! It has been said that Bess looks like Eddie Foy. Well, people are even proud to look like Lincoln. She was not "raised" in the West, but "grew" in the South. Her highest ambition is to lose enough of her Southern dialect to be able to talk like an American. Bess is an optimist. Why say more?

OLIVE E. GUTHRIE

Sydney, Nova Scotia

La Comedienne! who owes her success as a wit to the versatility of her—eyebrows. The champagne of life within her bubbles over in frothy fun for the refreshment of our jaded spirits. Privileged by the Faculty, what liberties does she not take unprimanded! She trips in where angels fear to tread and trips out smiling.





JESSIE C. HASZARD

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

As an example of how a girl may change her ideas, Jessie takes the cake. Her evolution has been from a healthy, blooming, country lass, with no sense of the importance of the masculine element, to a sophisticated young person who just can't make her eyes behave. There is no one in our class who can surpass her in open-hearted generosity and her beautiful eagerness to oblige everyone.

GOLDA MAE HEWITT

Taylorville, Illinois

Golda is a nice girl, but she needs rousing. She only giggles where other girls would say "My hands are cold" or "Nobody loves me." Members of the debate class will never forget the long line of stinging epithets she applied to newspaper editors. We fear they must have neglected Golda sometime.





DOROTHY C. HOPKINS

Osco, Illinois

"Well, now," Dorothy Hopkins is as serious-minded a girl as ever propounded ethical posers. We all have more or less pleasant reminders of her written in that neat little script at the dictation of Mr. Kidder. She delights the heart of Miss Riddell with her perfect poise and correct carriage. That incredibly smooth coiffure is the despair and envy of ordinary tousled headed seniors.

FRED W. HUBBARD

Newton, Massachusetts

Here is a rare hot air artist—a Prince of Bluffers. He defies Shakesporean commentators, gives adult, normal men private lessons, grants royalties, and what is more, he gets away with it! Of all our masculine appendages he is the most sartorially artistic. [For an interpretation of this passage we refer Fred to Webster's unabridged.] We call attention to the fact that we have not made use of the whiskered tax collector joke which has grown hoary with use. Reverting to our central idea, our advice is, if all else fails, try poker.





NETTIE M. HUTCHINS

Boston, Massachusetts

That fragile exterior is but a thin curtain for undreamed of epicurean tendencies. The only edible which does not tempt her to excess is the mild, inoffensive and nutritious buckwheat cake, since her disastrous, gastronomic debauch as a Sophomore. Our enthusiastic and popular class president, our capable and executive editor of the magazine, she is the jolliest of companions and the most loyal of friends.

PHYLLIS JENKINS

Whitman, Massachusetts

We have Mr. Tripp's word for it that this modest little violet writes decidedly naughty plays. She gravitates toward risqué situations and openly admits that she makes her characters forceful by force of expletive. Her naiveté and quaint originality are refreshing after the surfeit of "My dear!" and "Wonderful!" with which our tired ears are ringing.





VERRE T. JOHNSTON

Kingston, Pennsylvania

We have yet to observe Verre even mildly interested in any subject presented to her attention. Her languid sinuosity would make an excellent model for the latest fashion in Filene silhouettes. If it is true that clothes make the woman, then Verre certainly deserves her reputation of good looks.

LEAH I. KENDALL

Waterford, Pennsylvania

We have seen very little of Leah this year, or rather, Leah has seen very little of us. She has lived in a highly rarefied atmosphere, far above the madding crowd. Perchance she has been picturing herself occupying the "settee" of English and Expression in some remote institution of learning; it might even be that the furniture in question will be of a very different type. But whether in a pedagogic or domestic capacity, Leah will do credit to the head master who engages her.





RUTH KENNARD

Glendora, California

Ruth is "just crazy" about her recital work, and she sometimes makes her audience feel the same way. In make-up she looks very charming but, as Mr. Burnham says, she has a good foundation to begin with. Her perseverance in play-writing is also to be commended.

EURA M. KESTER

Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania

No one save Miss McQuesten has achieved the triumph of penetrating Eura's almost impenetrable shell. To her, Eura freely lays bare her palpitating, aesthetic soul, while we lesser ones look on in bewilderment, amazed at her possibilities.





MARY C. LANCTO

Chateaugay, New York

Those who have noted Mary's penchant for the bizarre in dress are hereby instructed that she feels she has a bit of the Oriental in her blood, and she is merely expressing her Ego. Persistently hiding her light under a bushel, she has sought a seat on the back row for the last three years. There she has whiled away many a dull period employing her felicity of phrase in writing jingles at the expense of many an unconscious subject.

MILDRED L. LITTLE

Petersburg, Pennsylvania

According to Senior Impersonation, Milly can be placed at fifty per cent vital, at least. Such sheer joy of living bound up in one person cannot be found elsewhere in our illustrious class. Her buxom buoyancy will float her along the narrow channel of Congregational Orthodoxy as she embarks upon it in Oregon, or elsewhere.





MARGARET L. LONGSTREET

Brooklyn, New York

"Talent is something, but tact is everything." We all admit that Peg has something, for her dancing is renowned, but her frankness raised to the *n*th power sometimes makes us feel that the truth is not always beautiful. However, her wit is enough to make her good company, after all, and her desire to be of service in every good cause is well recognized.

FREDERICA MAGNUS

Memphis, Tennessee

Frederica is the best speaking advertisement we know of Mr. Kenney and his guild. Countless times have we been exhorted to "Look at that Magnus girl!" and we have looked and marveled. Quantities of her Southern warmth have been expended in thawing out our Northern frigidity. No artificial ice plant could resist the penetrating rays of Frederica's Tennessee sunshine.





ANN MINAHAN

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Speaking of laughs, Ann's is as violent and unexpected as her unprelaced reference to the hired man's overalls one day in gesture class. What a swash buckling pirate she would have made, in spite of her lack of inches! Her touch of reserve only enhances the charm of her elusive personality.

ASTRID W. NYGREN

Freeport, New York

Astrid has relapsed once again into her customary placid demeanor which was so woefully disrupted during her first flurried year as Secretary of the Dramatic Club. Miss Nygren is one who feels so keenly the responsibilities of her position that for a time her classmates felt serious concern. She runs the gamut of dramatic expression from King Henry to Bill Sykes with equal facility.





GEORGIA A. PADDOCK

Jackson, Minnesota

Deep into the grim recesses of our editorial mind we delved to ferret out some wan shadow of a blot on Georgia's 'scutcheon, but nary a shadow. Despite our natural and fervent aversion for the hand of authority, we meekly submit to the austere administration of our library policeman. With firm impartiality she quells the exuberance of friend and foe.

RUTH A. PANCOST

Jewell, Kansas

Ruth is a noisy girl from Kansas. The most Kansassy thing about her is the sunny-ness of her smile. She is strong for the "Old Aunt Mary" stuff and the country church fairs, although she trips over her fantastic toes in quite a startling manner. Ruth came to Emerson to prepare for public work, but has changed her mind, and is going to teach young Kansas cow-boys how to read "I Have a Little Shadow" and "The Daffodils."





GEORGE F. PEARSON

Brighton, Massachusetts

Mr. Pearson has had a narrow escape. Until this year, we have always considered him serious-minded and have been ashamed of our own repertoires because he knew nothing but classic literature. Lately he has taken to farce, and class after class have shed tears of mirth while he was on the platform. George, you have cheated us out of a great many laughs, but since versatility is the test of an artist, we forgive you!

ELLEN D. REED

Elmora, Pennsylvania

Another of those quiet waters that run deep! Ellen has never seemed to expose her inmost soul to the brutal vivisection of Emersonians. Her aloofness is quite impenetrable. We think perhaps she is in love. You know there are so many qualities so like love that it is difficult to tell, but she comes to in a hazy, dazed sort of way when called upon to get up in class and orate! The nicest thing about her is the way her nose crinkles when she laughs.





HELEN L. REED

West Acton, Massachusetts

Nobody ever got to a rehearsal ahead of Miss Reed. Whenever you arrive, Helen always greets you with the docile expression of a wounded lamb. "I have waited two hours. Do you think anyone else will come?" Helen would actually be guilty of attending chapel if her train reached town in time! Despite this weird, uncanny passion for promptness, Miss Reed is a real live, very agreeable girl.

HELEN M. ROARTY

Brooklyn, New York

Many a time and oft have we writhed helplessly under Helen's burst of extemporaneous eloquence on the superiorities of the New York State school system. We picture Helen as sharing equal glory with Froebel, Montessori and the other guys, who are bright and shining lights in the ranks of educational reformers. There indeed shall her dreams be realized.





MARY F. SAYRE

Warwick, New York

Some one must be interested in Society, so we let Molly attend to that duty for us all. Copley Plaza luncheons are as common for Molly as ham sandwiches for the rest of us. She is the only girl we know who never descends to the level of a middy. Wise girl! it would not become her patrician elegance.

EDNA I. SCHMITT

Peoria, Illinois

The melancholy Jacques has nothing on Edna when it comes to caustic comment on the cosmos. "They can't fool me" is her slogan. Some people find difficulty in living up to their reputations as wits, but Edna has no cause to worry. Her talent and perseverance won her the honor of being the first student to receive the scholarship awarded by the Emerson College Club of Boston.





MARGARET B. SCUREMAN

Kingston, Pennsylvania

"A woman's crowning glory is her hair," says the Herpicide advertisement, and Peggy has lots of crowning glory. When she wore it in braids it attracted so much attention that the traffic police compelled her to wear it as you see it now. In addition to her hair, Margaret has lots of pep, common sense and wit, and is a genuine good fellow.

LAURENCE J. SMITH

Franklin, Pennsylvania

Behold the incorrigible joke-smith and the most highly appreciative auditor of his quips. As Laurence himself so modestly remarked, "When anyone wants any literary work done around here, they come to me." However, all joking aside, no one could dream of making a jocose reference to "The Cathedral Clock," his supremely beautiful creation. As author and playwright, the entire class does him honor.





MILDRED SOUTHWICK

Brookline, Massachusetts

Mildred's ambitions are bounded on the north by Broadway, on the east by the front page of the Red Book, on the south by Cohan and Harris and on the west by the Golden Gate. Like a meteor she has shot across our horizon, one girl in her time playing many parts—and good ones, too. It has been our Senior privilege to point out the beautiful Miss Southwick as an object of admiration and emulation to novitiate Freshmen.

HARRIET S. STILLE

San Antonio, Texas

Altho Miss Stille rhymes with silly, the two have no connection. About her is the atmosphere of the Southland and the bearing of a Texas cowboy. She has a beautiful southern accent and always recites Milton and Shakespeare in negro dialect. Her genial good humor is unfailing.





SARAH P. STOCKING

Neponset, Illinois

How admirable a subject for the plastic art of make-up is Sarah's nose! Her rubicund countenance as Bardolph was a high light in Henry the Fourth. In sweet charity she circulated tin banks among us, enticing from us the lonely dime to swell the fund for suffering soldiers.

RUBY F. SUTHERLAND

Woodsville, New Hampshire

Nobody knew anything to say about Miss Sutherland, so we assume that she never defied the faculty in public. Her impersonation of Juliet may be remembered as particularly unprepared, which would indicate that she does not allow the opposite sex to waste much of her time. As her name implies, Ruby is a "gem" of a girl.





GRACE W. THORSON

Medford, Massachusetts

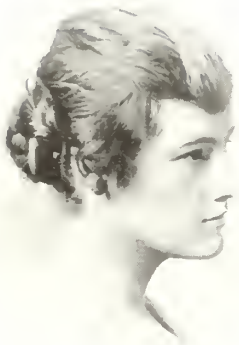
Tech stocks seem to be going down. Grace invested heavily last year; evidently the proposition looked good to her, so she secured a corner on the institution. But this year she has been moved with commendable philanthropic zeal to develop home products. She is as pretty as a pink, as all the underclassmen will agree.

AMY TOLL

Boston, Massachusetts

Amy Toll has an embarrassing habit of being reminded of something Dante or Browning said right in the middle of a class and expecting the instructor to remember it too. This is because she is a Gemini—if you don't know what that is it is because you have never studied the occult like Amy Toll. She possesses much musical ability and has rendered invaluable service to the Glee Club.





MARGUERITE THOMPSON

Jacksonville, North Carolina

Perhaps Marguerite's greatest achievement is her ability to improve upon really quite good authors. She belongs to the school that disregards memorized text. Rite just gets inspired and whether she is doing her inimitable darky selections or murdering Browning, she sails along on text of her own exclusive arrangement. Rite has a healthy, cheerful spirit that makes her a delightful companion. She rather expects to live in the Philippine Islands some day. Yes, he has been there some time.

NANCY MAY TURNER

West Medford, Massachusetts

Nan is a typical twig from an old New England family tree with an untoward leaning toward frivolity. As an efficiency expert, she is admittedly capable of giving pointers along reconstructive lines on a list of subjects ranging from domestic economy to college administration. If she follows her own inclinations she will globe trot to the South Sea Islands, and interpret the Immortal Bard to the accompanying strains of the ukelele.





LUCY UPSON

Rockford, Illinois

Unutterably weary of this material existence, if we may judge by the expression of her eyebrows, Lucy longs for her reincarnation as a golden jonquil blooming perennially beneath Her window. Priding herself on her dominant intellectuality, we venture to suggest that she dooms her recreated heroes and heroines to chronic anaemia by surrounding them by the perpetually ethereal atmosphere of the Whichness of the What. We believe this book to be a speaking testimonial of her artistic taste and executive ability.

ANN W. VAIL

Pleasant Valley, New York

Ann is particularly strong in recitals. She just loves to do romantic readings. We all remember her Junior recital—quite eclipsed by her Senior one, to be sure. When Miss Sleight calls for volunteer readers, Ann is always on the job. During her Senior year as President of the Students' Association she has been Mother Superior to the freshmen and piloted the two-year specials to the bulletin board and the "lost and found" department of the office. Ann is one of the big affairs of the Senior class, but her heart like her frame is big, and she is always ready to help the other fellow.





ESTELLE VAN HOESEN

Alexandria, Minnesota

The laughter of Pan isn't in it with the laughter of Estelle. We hoped as Freshmen that the pruning process to which we found ourselves subjected might temper the volume of sound, but now that we are Seniors we find that old custom hath made this laugh more sweet to our ears. Certainly it has reached a plane of suggestiveness in characterization. Long may she chortle!

LILLIAN A. WALKER

Kittely, Maine

Lillian is serenely prim and severely conscientious. Lyrics are her forte, as they afford a channel of outlet for her mellifluous tones. We can well imagine her teaching young ignorami how to soar with Shelley's "Sky Lark."





CAROLYN WALKER

Mansfield, Massachusetts

How nobly has she fulfilled the prophecy of Mrs. Hicks given in our freshman year. Copious tears did Carolyn shed in recitals and "Behold there shall come forth from this wealth of emotion run to waste a torrent of power transforming this trembling maid into a mighty prophet of our Chosen People." Advocates of woman's crowning glory must have been disappointed when she sheared her locks yet retained her full quota of girlish charm.

FREDA L. WALKER

Burlington, Massachusetts

Some girls are born cute, others achieve cuteness, but there is only one Freda. When the subject of Matrimony is brought up, Freda pricks up her ears and launches forth into well formulated and picturesquely phrased theories of how to propagate domestic felicity. The dazzling scintillations of her wit strike fire only when in company with the favored and convivial few.



ETHEL GREEN SULLIVAN

Providence, Rhode Island

Poor Ethel! Everywhere she went, somebody began to hum "Oh you beautiful doll." He name was Green when she came to Emerson and her actions did not belie it. Mr. Sullivan agreed with us that she needed a protector, so Ethel has entered a new state—the matrimonial. Best wishes to our first bride!

1917 Class History

One bright morning in September, the Class of 1917 came to Chapel, but they did not sit together in neat little rows down at the left, where you saw the Freshmen this morning. Instead, they were distributed. Some were accompanied by kind and officious Sophomores. One or two sat by a Senior or Junior, not because they were particularly worthy of such honor. It just happened that way. Helen Bartel was with Miss Sleight. A few of us Freshmen sat together. Who knows but that the company we kept on that propitious morning had not some subtle influence upon our Emersonian destinies?

President Southwick gave the opening address. We Freshmen had never heard anything like it before. We longed, we aspired, we were "—touched by a spark."

The following week, the Seniors invited the Freshmen to tour Boston. At one place where we stopped, everyone was very anxious indeed to sign her name in a book, only to learn afterwards that the book would be burned as soon as it was filled with names. Not long after this ride we became organized as a class. Freda Walker was chosen our first president.

Our spark took its first violent exercise the morning of the stunt. "Expression Necessary to Evolution" was the title. Mildred Southwick was Evolution and Stella Rothwell, Expression. Miss Southwick was partially indebted to the light man for her success. The following is authentic, for it is quoted from the *Morning Post*:

"After a few rehearsals, Miss Southwick who, as Evolution, was called upon to make impassioned love to another character, decided that a man was needed to coach her in the rôle she had to perform. She looked about her for the necessary person and finally selected the man who had charge of the lighting effects. He proved a good instructor, and later Miss Southwick scored a decided hit in her character."

Midyears, fraught with anguish, came and went, then it was second semester, but no one left immediately. The time came when we as a class were requested to go to Champlain. We refer you to the book of 1914 for results. Springtime came and with it Commencement, a very carefree week for us with entertainments day and night.

We were glad to come back, Sophomores. It was wonderful not to be a Freshman any more. Laurence Smith was the author of "Along Came Truth." Truth was Dorothy Hopkins. No one will forget the girl detective who recited "Lasca." Everyone was thrilled.

In the spring of 1916, a few of the girls depreciated their "crowning glories." One morning our most beautiful Sophomore appeared with only one-third of her hair. By the next day others had lost part of theirs. The reckless desecration stopped quite suddenly.

Junior year was very busy, indeed. In Dramatic Training we all had the opportunity to prove that we could conduct ourselves "unbovinely." In Debate we made

desperate efforts to get away from our notes and in recitals to get away from ourselves. A few wrestled with Playwriting. Our samples, by which we were judged, ranged from lurid melodrama to work so spiritual that there seemed nothing at all at which the mundane could grasp.

A great honor was accorded our class, as we were given the opportunity of repeating our Junior Stunt, "The Draught of the Blue," a posteresque pantomime in black and white, at Boston University.

During Junior week, Laurence Smith's play, which was written in the Playwriting class, was produced. Its beauty and symbolism was appreciated by every Emersonian. That same week Marie Bellefontaine's dainty pantomime was produced. Junior week ended with a banquet at the Hemenway, with Dean and Mrs. Ross as guests of honor. Mr. Lovejoy, of the Post-Graduate Class, was toastmaster. It was all very brilliant, but not so brilliant as happy.

Now most of us wear caps and gowns on Thursday mornings and heavy little gold rings every day. On January thirtieth, for the Revival of Old English Comedy, the class presented "King Henry the Fourth," Part One. The Seniors who were not in it were very proud of those who were. Several in our class have starred in Dramatic Club productions. We are not all as brilliant as we might be, but are glad we know as much as we do. Our commencement is here.

P. J.

FINIS



1917 Class Prophecy

Delivered at the Junior Class Banquet, Hotel Hemenway, February 19, 1916, for the benefit of those who paid the price on that occasion.

When I was approached on the subject of our class prophecy, to be revealed on this very happy occasion, I "obeyed that impulse" and rashly agreed to act as soothsayer, utterly disregarding the fact that I was born under an altogether impossible star. So later, upon calm reflection, I was seized with a panic when I began to realize the terrible task I had taken upon my unworthy shoulders. How could I become responsible for the futures of so many dear and talented friends of mine? In such a predicament it is quite unnecessary to state what I did next. It is what every Emersonian does when confronted by any difficulty, from the loss of a vanity case to a flunk in Forensics—I went to the Dean. I described to him the members of our class, standing here on the threshold of Senior year, joyous, anticipative, full of high hopes as to what the future contained for them. I pointed out the perplexities of my problem and the solution was laid before me in the twinkling of an eye. I was invited to attend the next Faculty meeting, where Junior Week and Juniors were especially to be discussed. I was highly elated, for this, you see, shoved all responsibility on the shoulders of the Faculty—dear old Faculty, they suffer long and are kind. So there I sat me down in the humble capacity of reporter, and these, dear classmates, are the solemn words that were uttered:

President Southwick called the meeting to order. "The first business to come before the meeting this morning is the consideration of several letters from superintendents in regard to teachers. Here is one, very unusual, desiring to engage a competent young woman for twenty-four years."

"Leah Kendall, the dear child!" exclaimed Miss Sleight. "She has always said that she meant to teach twenty-four years and retire on her pension and found a home for organ-grinders. This opportunity contains great possibilities—great possibilities! What next, Prexy?"

"Here is another position open to one of our students—that of teacher in a boys' reform school. 'A person of very serious intent, a firm disciplinarian, capable of inspiring awe in rebellious hearts,'—is the principal's description of the young woman he desires. Have we one such?"

There was a unanimous response: "Bess Ellis!"

"Now, as doubtless many of you know, there will be instituted a new course in our college next fall—one of special training for the circus. Troupes will be organized to go out upon the road. Can you suggest, Miss Riddell, some of our Juniors whom you consider particularly qualified for this—now, acrobats, for instance?"

"Oh, without doubt, Miss Hopkins and Miss Carolyn Walker."

"Who would make the best fat lady?"

"Might I suggest Miss Nygren?"

"And, of course, we need a clown?"

"Miss Little has aspirations in that direction, I believe."

"Perhaps some toe dancers would not be amiss?"

"Miss Longstreet and Miss Bellefontaine will rival Pavlowa."

"Now, some one with a good, strong voice to sell peanuts and Coney Island candy."

"Miss Roar—ity, of course,"

"Very good. Dean Ross, what budding geniuses in your rhetoric classes give promise of blossoming in immortal prose or verse?"

"Why, there is Miss Upson. She began writing poems when too young to know any better, and she is still subject to slight attacks. Also, Mr. Smith's great mind is teeming with plots, such stuff as dime novels are made of. Miss Kennard, his faithful ally, intends, I believe, to dramatize the goriest of these. No, I fear there is nothing than can be done for them."

Here Dr. Ward rose and cleared his throat.

"President Southwick, I would like to take this opportunity to say—hm!—that after my address recently to the members of the debate class on the subject of Leadership—hm!—several have made known to me their desires. Miss Bailey, it seems, plans to become a suffragette—I beg her pardon!—a suffragist!—and march at the head of the next parade with Miss *Brown* and Miss *Greene* as her color bearers. They plan a very enthusiastic campaign for the extermination of men. Miss Reed is very keen on politics, and the tariff question is child's play for her. When she settles down in her home town I have not the slightest doubt she will run for mayor! I have already suggested a field of leadership for Miss Sayre—Society! Why, I tell you, as an Emerson girl she is especially fitted for that. She is bound to come out ahead in every argument she gets into with other women, she will know more about amateur theatricals than anybody else, such deep underlying significance she can give to her regrets—hm! well, there!"

"Quite true, Dr. Ward! But let us not forget another very important line of work for our girls—the lyceum. Miss Smith, have any confided to you their ambitions in this respect?"

"Yes, indeed. Miss Bartel, Miss Paddock and Miss Stille have told me that they are thrilled at the thought of touring from ocean to ocean giving 'Spartacus to the Gladiators' before vast audiences. They are full of high courage and say they will not be at all dismayed if they do not receive more than two hundred dollars a performance at first."

"Splendid attitude of mind! Mr. Kenney, what progress can you report from your voice pupils?"

"Elegant, President Southwick, elegant! There have been a few young ladies who have paid such splendid attention and sung so lustily in the Saturday morning classes that I feel sure they will make names for themselves as operatic stars. Miss Thorson, Miss Eaton and Miss Vail I could hear above all the rest. Now Miss Eaton never knew she could sing till I told her so in class two weeks ago. Marvellous transformation

in that girl! She hums incessantly now. Good students, every one of them. I'd turn my classes over to them any day."

"Ah! most encouraging, I am sure. Mr. Tripp, will you inform us as to the dramatic possibilities of our Junior class?"

"Or, rather—*im*possibilities. There are a few notable exceptions, however. Mr. Pearson is about to engage, I believe, for a vaudeville act for the Keith circuit with Miss Van Hoesen as his partner. There seems to be no doubt that Miss Martha Marie Allen will succeed Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire. As for Miss Haszard, Mary Pickford simply isn't in it with her when it comes to making those ravishing eyes. There is a place among the movie stars for Miss Haszard by virtue of that—accomplishment—alone. There is also a very peculiar case I want to bring to your attention. We have a certain young lady who gives more and more indications in her class work of reverting to primitive state of civilization. She is already a *near barbarian*, judging by her savage and brutal gestures in her last scene of 'Ingomar.' Miss Minahan, I fear, will be doing this 'back to Nature' stunt in the heart of the Maine woods at her first opportunity."

"Too bad, too bad. Can nothing be done, Mrs. Southwick, through Moral Education? By the way, Edward Howard Griggs needs an assistant in writing his new book, 'The Superior Value of Sunday Schools as Compared to Sewing Circles.' What profound thinker and philosophical student can you suggest?"

"There are so many in our ethics class that I really am at a loss which one to name. I am sure, though, that Mr. Griggs would be making no mistake in choosing two of our girls who are exceptionally keen along those lines—probably the only two who ever read the chapters as fast as assigned—Miss Gertrude Allen and Miss Scureman."

Here a knock was heard upon the door and Miss Johansen entered with a telegram. President Southwick read it, then laid it down with a sigh, saying:

"Here is the fourteenth message I have received from surrounding towns, who find themselves perennially bankrupt at the end of each fiscal year, and are trying to engage Mr. Hubbard's services as tax collector, having heard that he is the only man in New England who ever made a success as a class treasurer. Have I mentioned Mr. Guthrie's request for a missionary to be sent to Bongaboo? There is a new method of conversion which missionaries are now using—that of telling stories to the heathen, on the principle that stories have power the savage breast to soothe. What star pupil have we, Mrs. Willard, who will risk herself as table d'hote, possibly, for the sake of the cause?"

"Miss Jenkins is as brave as she is clever."

"Excellent. Mr. Kidder, did you have an announcement?"

"Only this, President Southwick, that Miss Magnus tells me that since coming to Emerson so much attention has been bestowed upon her vocal machine that she has found it capable of performing extraordinary tricks. She has decided to become a ventriloquist and will give benefit performances for the Society for the Distribution of Fords to Children. Also Miss Sutherland has decided to become a gardener by profession, having discovered in 'The Ambitious Daisy' that she looked so well in overalls."

"I would like to ask Mrs. Puffer if she can recommend any of our girls from the gesture classes?"

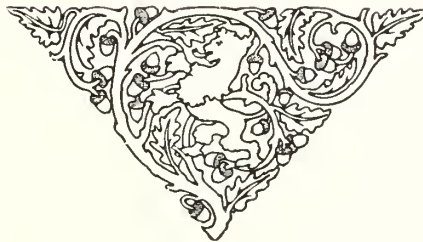
Mrs. Puffer sadly shook her head. "Only a few hands reveal anything at all significant. The third finger of the left hand is an agent the office of which I have long dwelt upon. So far only Miss Call and Miss Freda Walker reveal future domestic happiness thereby. Miss Lancto, I have reason to believe, uses another method to reveal her ultimate purpose."

But, here, dear classmates, Mrs. Rogers began ringing the bells, and this meeting, so memorable in the annals of the Junior class, adjourned.

"I have made for you a song
And it may be right or wrong,
But only time can tell if it be true;
I have tried for to explain
Both your pleasures and your pain,
And, Juniors, here's my best respects to you.

"Oh, there'll surely come a day
When they'll give you all your pay,
And tender to you homage that's your due;
So until that day comes round
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Juniors, here's my best respects to you."

N. M. H.





Junior Officers

BEATRICE COATES	<i>President</i>
MARGUERITE FOX	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH DARNELL	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNE FOWLER	<i>Treasurer</i>



JUNIOR CLASS
1918

1918 Class History

FRESHMAN YEAR

To say that coming to Emerson began the realistic period of our lives would be the veriest persiflage. To tell the truth, we were colossally inclined at that time. As we came in on the trains and boats from various quarters of the globe, we saw ourselves as artists, towering above the Bernhards and Mansfields as the Woolworth Monument to dimes and nickels outshines the scrubby little business houses at its feet. The fact that we were leaving home to become an integral part of the Hub of the universe also assumed colossal importance.

Many sudden and cruel blows to our self-esteem brought on a sweeping attack,—nay, epidemic,—of the melodramatic period. This seized all freshmen alike, and at about the same time. It manifested itself in lugubrious wailings for the cuddling we were wont to receive in the far homeland, in an outlook on life which was pathetically jejune, and in violent denunciations of that particular genus hominis called Instructors, and of all their instruction, as being of the spirit, not the flesh. We hankered after the flesh. We had come to Emerson that we might stride eloquently across the stage, ripping strange oaths, tearing our hair, assuming the divine melancholy or a madonna, melting audiences into tears, and bowing gracefully,—with a smile savoring of rouge and powder, over the red and yellow footlights—and then! To be forced to gather into our reluctant minds, from the vasty domains of Nothingness, these elusive little concepts which nobody on earth could see, even with a microscope, let alone opera glasses! Ah, it was bitter, bitter indeed! The only redeeming feature of the entire curriculum, as we could see, was the morning exercise. These profound gesticulations amused and revived our flagging spirits, and we veritably shone in our piteous and appealing rendition of our hearts' deep longing, *i. e.*—"Most men want poison—"

One night, shortly after our arrival, the Y. W. C. A. hospitably opened the doors of 510, and bade us enter. We found that we were not there for religious purposes, as we had feared, but for the express purpose of getting acquainted. That being in accordance with our inmost desire, we got along marvellously well,—for *Freshies!* But this very acquaintance party opened for us that particular chamber in the halls of Evolution that deals with the logical service of the parts to the Whole. We began to feel that we belonged to a whole, and that each of us could render some service to that whole, whether it were class or school. You see, we were "evoluting" amazingly!

On the sight-seeing tour which the Seniors gave us, we visualized pictures with truly astonishing rapidity and definiteness. We had heard rumors of hazing and various other devices for quelling our ardent spirits, but we were happily disappointed. In truly royal style we boarded the four busses, but we secretly sighed for more margin. We paid our devotions to Bunker Hill Monument and other places of interest,—devotions that had

been accumulating through the many years that had passed since we first saw these celebrated places in the pictures in our histories, 'way back in the grades. It gave us such a thrill to see them for real.

Since our bodies were not yet free, we decided to free our spirits in our class stunt, and consequently became, for the nonce, the "Wonder-working Fairies." Never had more ethereal sprites flitted into Emerson atmosphere. To our aspiring minds, the production had all the beauty of a really truly operetta plus that indefinable charm that we could attribute to nothing but the personality of our illustrious class. In song we dwelt on "Our Ambitions," and realizing that any number addressed to the male element might fail of hearers, we called our grand finale "Good-bye, Girls."

In October, the Seniors manifested their goodwill toward us, by giving us an informal dance. This furnished us a very delightful opportunity of completing the liberation begun in our operetta—and we freed our bodies! To onlookers, at least, we must have appeared as animated pictures-a-la-mode!

A long period ensued, during which no unusual festivities occurred. It may be that in this period of hibernation, we worked, although that is a question hotly disputed among historical authorities. At any rate, on the nineteenth of April, we emerged as fully evolved exponents of the artistic principle, Taste. The occasion for giving evidence of this primitive but hitherto somewhat latent quality, was a picnic given by Barbara Wellington at her summer home on the Cape. Thus ended the class festivals of our notorious Freshman year.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

In September of the following year, we flitted back to our winter home at E. C. O. Our advent was more auspicious than it had been the fall previous, probably due to the fact that we had developed tragic power through the devious occupations and adventures of the summer months. So we felt justified in giving this power full scope in the tragic Japanese play, "The Lotus Flower," which we presented as our Sophomore stunt. Marguerite Brodeur, as the Princess Isovena, and Joseph Gifford, as the Emperor of Japan, as well as other famous pseudo Japs, gave ample evidence of the tragic bent of their natures.

On December eighth, we decided to ask ourselves to an informal dance. With our usual alacrity we procured Richards Hall, and convinced those respectable quarters that Sophomore students of Expression needed but opportunity to prove themselves as wing-footed as Mercury.

This year, too, began the series of Sophomore Evening Recitals in Room 510. The audiences seldom comprised more than ten people, but by this time we were able to bring our long-suffering imaginations to the rescue, and we almost succeeded in convincing ourselves that we were fulfilling the colossal dreams of our freshman days.

In March we initiated the custom of giving the Senior Class a formal ball. Whitney Hall in Brookline was the scene of that most gorgeous affair. So delightful did the occasion prove, that the idea of giving the sister class a prom has become a tradition at E. C. O.

JUNIOR YEAR

It really took us until our Junior year to come into a full realization of the Ratio of Values. On our return in the fall of 1916, we decided that the Junior Class was the fairest spot on the scholastic landscape. Hence it was our duty and privilege to magnify our class. We were thrilled with the ambition to render truthful service to E. C. O. by making the most important class especially significant. Thus, with minds and hearts aflame with zeal, we early propounded the scheme of originating the tradition of having the Junior Class give a modern play as its class stunt. Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" was the play chosen. Such able work was done in this, that the cast was asked to present it again for the Association of Allied Arts, where it was enthusiastically received.

We also, early in the year, plotted a grand *coup de maître*, which should take the E. C. O. citadel by storm. This was the plan for Junior Week. That our efforts were successful is inadequate comment. In schoolboy parlance, the week was a hum-dinger from start to finish. (We would not seem unduly boastful. We beg the privilege of referring you to remark number 3 of Prexy's comments the following week.)

We opened the week, February 13 to 20, on Tuesday morning, with a burst of Song. We sang with varying degrees of power. We "Let the Halls Resound," we traced our Evolution, we lauded the Dean, we modestly vouchsafed the opinion that the Junior Class was It, we dwelt with appreciation on the Spirit of Emerson,—all in charming song,—to the credit of Mr. Kenney and our choragus, Joseph Gifford,—and, incidentally,—to ourselves!

On Wednesday we swept into Chapel from the four quarters of the globe as Wind Spirits in a lyric fantasy, "Wind Idylls," by Rena Macomber.

On Thursday morning was presented one of the Junior Recital programs, which reflected admirably the work the Juniors are doing in that phase of our expression.

Friday brought us an inspiring address by President Southwick, in which he directed the spirit of the class to the new fields of service which would be ours when we had finished school. In the afternoon of the same day, Phi Alpha Tau gave a very pleasant tea in Room 510.

A fitting climax for the week came on Saturday morning when Joseph Gifford's powerful play "Heritage" was most effectively presented. In a truly remarkable way did the actors show that they had evolved beyond the amateurish stage, and were fast approaching the goal of their early dreams,—that of real artistry.

Although an aftermath in point of time, for it came the Tuesday following Junior Week, the Junior Prom was anything but an aftermath in point of importance and vital interest. Thus, in a blaze of glory ended the Junior festivities. It was the *annus mirabilis* in our history. As the harbinger of a famous Senior year, surely this Junior year is unexcelled by any in the annals of E. C. O.

M. E. P.

We Shall Know the Truth

Name	Pet Expression	Besetting Sin	Interested In	Redeeming Virtue
Jane Beynon	"Were you in chapel?"	Reserve	Pounding holes in the stage	Promptness
Marguerite Brodeur	"Have you seen Fay?"	Those checks	King Hal	Charm
Ethel Caine	"Let's all be careful"	Raising her name	Etiquette	Grace
Helen Carter	"My hair's a mess"	Pull with "Trippy"	Clothes	She sings!
Beatrice Coates	"That's great"	Leaving us	Emerson College	Her fairness
Annabel Conover	"May I?"	Her bashfulness	Y. W. meetings	Piety
Frances Cornick	"Good Luck!"	Laziness	A good time	Geniality
Emily Crisman	"The awfulest thing!"	Her curiosity	Cutting "Jim"	Frankness
Elizabeth Darnell	"Please remember you're in the Library"	Her inscrutability	Managing	Courtesy
Gertrude Don	"You see?"	Pride in Solitaire	The future	Fidelity
Ina Duval	"Now, lookie"	Laziness	Ina!	Voice
Helen Eads	"Yua kna"	Her hair	Her work	Her eyes
Anne East	"Well, listen"	Her gab	Billy	Eagerness
Evelyn Ellis	"Hello, kids!"	Hope chest	Serving	Interest
Harl Eslick	"O, my G—"	Tenacity	Brow-beating Kate	He dislikes us all!
Harriet Fancher	"For goodness' sake"	Stubbornness	Letter-writing	Petiteness
Helen Ford	"Book Store's closed"	Knitting	The trenches	Affection
Anne Fowler	"Why?"	Frivolity	Penrod	Her New England conscience
Marguerite Fox	"You big nut!"	Loves all but her head	Class meetings	Tact
Rena Gates	"Where's Pa?"	Grinding	Shopping	Preparedness
Joseph Gifford	"Say—er!"	Never talks!	"Father"	He likes us all the same
Fay Goodfellow	"O—o—o—o—o!" (varied inflection)	Speed?!	Getting an education	Kindliness
Catherine Green	"Heavens!"	Excitability?	Character parts	Solidity
Helen Hynes	"My Word!"	Old Maidishness	Mrs. Willard	Sincerity
Helen Guild	"O, be joyful!"	Sensitiveness	"Take offs"	She's really funny!
Constance Hastings	(Numerous and always well formed)	Arguing	"Araminta"	Sweetness

Name	Pet Expression	Besetting Sin	Interested In	Redeeming Virtue
Samuel Kern	"Huh?"	Playing to the Gallery	Rehearsals	Earnestness
Ruth Levin	"Tee-hee!"	Ill health? !	Co-eds	Twinkly eyes
Ellen Lombard	"O, Lord!"	Working	Entertaining (11.30 P. M.)	Occasionally attends classes
Loretta McCarthy	"Oh, my lands!"	Bangs	"America for me"	Her good-will
Catherine McCormick	"Oh, that's ducky"	Tip-tilted nose!	Art	Staleness
Edith MacCulley	"Haw-haw!"	Bashful modesty!	Dates	Magnetism
Evelyn MacNeill	"Did you ever?"	Her giggle!	Being Scene Captain	A smile for all
Selma Mace	"W—e—ell"	Her bravado!	The boys	Daintiness
Rena Macomber	"All right, dea—a"	Castles in air	Writing	Poetry
Hazel Manley	"Goodness!"	Her loud voice!	Typing	Man delights <i>not me!</i>
Effie Marison	"Here's your receipt"	Disorder!	Parliamentary Law	Perseverance
Kathryn Masham	"You know—"	Giving advice	Chaperoning	Style
Edna Mendenhall	"It's just lovely"	Lack of confidence	Riley's poetry	Interest in all
Dorothy Mitchell	"Come On"	Her gait	Cornell	Popularity
Elva Nelson	"O, my dear"	Self-sufficiency	The glittering horse shoe	Talent
Margaret Newell	"Oh, no!"	That voice	Emily Brown	Sociability
Grace O'Leary	"O Honey Nurse"	Indolence	Popular songs	Her friendships
Margaret Plank	"Yes, indeed"	"No ear for music!"	Her brother	Willingness
Margaret Pinkerton	"Did I get any mail?"	Letters! letters!	House furnishings	Her sense of responsibility
Christine Punnett	"Gracious!" (with scorn)	Coquettishness	"Ladde"	Little, but O my!
Melba Rhodes	"Gee! That's great"	That accent	"Quips"	She'll never grow old?
Marguerite Ruggles	"Isn't it the truth?"	Wiggle-giggle	Mary Carey	Generosity
Elizabeth Tack	"Let's begin"	Her attack	Junior songs	Her song
Grace Tomb	"Well, now, I don't know"	Noise!	David Garrick	Interest
Ruby Walter	"Really!"	New England's R	The day's work	Truthfulness
Barbara Wellington	"Now, I ask you!"	Retiring nature	Frankness	Her "I'm sorry"
Izer Whiting	"Where's Marg?"	Noisiness	Y. W. C. A.	Reliability
Marjorie Will	"Good morning!"	Inarticulation	Normal class	Agreeability
Neva Wright	"Well, I never!"	Music	Gym	Innocence
Grace Zerwekh	"Do I?"	Peroxide	The almighty dollar	Complexion
Ruth Van Buren	"All right"	Gloom	Return engagements	Hospitality

SOPHS



Sophomore Officers

JOSEPH CONNOR	<i>President</i>
BEULAH FOLMSBEE	<i>Vice-President</i>
WILLIAM BYER	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES RUSSEY	<i>Treasurer</i>



SOPHOMORE CLASS
1919

1919 Class History

(Being Pages from the Diary of a Sophomore.)

September 26th. This morning dawned bright and clear, and after a hasty breakfast I hurried directly to college, for I knew that the presence of every Sophomore was very necessary to the comfort and well-being of the Freshmen. You see, with the exception of the Seniors and Juniors, we Sophomores are the oldest class, and we fully realize the importance of our position. I must say here that there were times in those first few days when I doubted whether we were fully appreciated by the other classes, but my fears were soon dispelled, for one day in passing through the halls, I heard Miss Smith say to an upper classman, "As a class, you are greatly lacking in the recognition of values." I felt this to be very true, but said nothing at the time. The next morning in Chapel I saw this same girl looking intently at our class, and I knew she realized that Miss Smith *does* recognize values, for our class sits right in the front rows nearest to the piano, so that we may furnish inspiration to our leader in the physical culture exercises.

February 25th. A dull, rainy day—the kind that makes you read all the back pages of your diary. I have just finished reading mine, and my thoughts go far, far back to that dim, prehistoric time when we were Freshmen. What tender young greenlings we were! How we went about trying to persuade everyone in general and ourselves in particular that we felt very much at home, even that first week.

The Seniors were especially nice to us, and invited us to a Country Fair, where among other enjoyable treats, we learned for the first time that when necessity demands, Seniors can be undignified. Later in the year, we gave a dance which was a great success, and then in the spring, our stunt, "Yesterday's Children," which convinced the faculty and upper classmen that we were really trying to be good Emersonians, even if we did seem rather hopeless at first. I must not forget to say how we all rushed to school one morning to put our names opposite that of our favorite Senior, which meant that she was to be our very own private teacher.

Then at last the time came to say good-bye to faculty and friends, and especially those dear Senior friends whom we should not see on our return as Sophomores.

March 1st. "Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it—"

Such a glorious day! Our spring recess is almost here, and we are having time after the rush of mid-years to take a big, deep breath and look back over the events of this year, of which we are a little proud. To look about me at the grave, thoughtful faces of my classmates, it is difficult to realize that we were ever light-hearted, frivolous Freshmen.

Our pantomime class has been one of great interest and instruction both to us and to Mrs. Hicks. Many tragic scenes have we enacted there, never saying a word, and many times with our five-finger exercises we have fought and repelled our enemies from one end of the hall to the other. To any Freshman who may by chance ever read these pages, I will say that in this class, for the second time in your life, you will come face to face with the problem of not knowing what to do with your hands and feet, as well as all the rest of your anatomy.

The very nicest day of all the year was Sophomore Day. In the morning, as a result of the beautiful imaginings of Ruth Hubbs and the keen directing eye of Joseph Connor, we presented the pantomime, "When the Gods Fail," that warmed the audience to their very hearts. At noon we warmed them to another part of their anatomy by giving out little brown and gold boxes filled with lunches—an appeal less aesthetic, perhaps, but certainly very successful and satisfying. On that evening, the Sophomore dance was held at Whitney Hall, and it was indeed a splendid ending for the day.

March 3rd. I am in a state of great panic. For several days past, I have observed many forlorn looking Seniors standing about the halls, but today all was excitement and the book room was full of people trying to catch a glimpse of the bulletin board. Then it dawned upon me—Commencement! And the shock is so great, one can do nothing except cherish her friends and studies all the more, for soon the gates will close upon one class and open for another, and we Sophomores, peeking in while the gates are still open, see in the bright array of other Junior subjects, the long desired class of Romeo and Juliet, who stand with arms outstretched—whether in welcome or a state of imploring to know what they shall suffer at the hands of these new-comers, I do not know—and we are marching boldly forward to greet them.

B. K. F.





Freshman.

Freshman Officers

WINIFRED OSBORNE	<i>President</i>
HELEN CONNELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL BERNER	<i>Secretary</i>
JUSTINA WILLIAMS	<i>Treasurer</i>



FRESHMAN CLASS
1920

1920 Class History

FRESHMAN CHRONICS

Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, Two-Year Specials, running, rushing, bustling, hustling—going where? Up the corridors, into the office, down the stairs, and back again. Every one was laughing, everyone was talking, everyone was joking! For it was Opening Day at Emerson. All was commotion! Did I say everyone was laughing? No, for here and there, like startled clams, drawn into their shells, stood silent Freshmen. Drops of salt water oozed slowly out and dropped plashing to the floor. But soon, cheered beyond all hope by such a tactful remark from an upper classman as "What, crying the very first day! This will never do. It will be ages before you can go home, so you mustn't begin by being homesick now," the weeping Freshman began a conversation with some other girl who looked as ready to dissolve as she felt.

Senior grandmothers were searching for their Freshman charges. Here and there might be seen plainly expressed upon the face of either grandmother or child the sorrow that we may choose our friends but not our relatives.

Very shortly every new student was introduced for the first time, and every old student for the steenth time to the meaning of "Expression Necessary to Evolution." And so, the education of the Freshman class of 1916 was begun.

What awakenings awaited the unsuspecting Freshman in this new education: Of her sensations the first time she appeared before the class only an experienced Freshman could tell. Tremblingly she took her place. Thus she began:

"At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking."

Just a moment," interrupted the teacher. "Remember, your first chapter is Animation. Animation! Get the attention of your audience! Abandon yourself to impulse!"

A second and a third trial was made.

"At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking."

shrieked the pupil. Her voice might be heard even in the back rows of Room 2! Everyone gazed in astonishment.

So the process of initiation went on. But the real hazing was fast approaching.

How soon the happiness of the Freshman Class was to be changed to deepest gloom only the Seniors knew! It was not long before the fatal announcement was made in Chapel. Absolute silence prevailed. Every Freshman sat on the edge of her chair unable to look away from the speaker. "It is the custom—" All heads were bent forward that no phrase might be lost. When the word "hazing" fell upon the waiting Chapel air each Freshman heard a peculiar thump from the region of her neighbor's

heart. It might have been caused by joyous expectation—but it wasn't. "Why, why was it so urgently demanded that they all bring extra wraps, coats, sweaters and mittens?" Many and varied were the conjectures. "I think they are going to turn on all the heat in the hall and bake us," averred one student. But there was no way to make certain yet, for sooner expect a miser to announce the amount of his gold than a Senior to disclose such a secret. Clear and warm the auspicious day dawned at last. At two o'clock the Freshmen gathered in the hall. No one dared to speak. Very carefully were they escorted from the Chapel to the street. In another instant a great change was wrought. No longer was there on every face the rain-washed smile of a doll that had been left too much in the grass. In its place was a great surprise, that, presently, above the rumbling, and shrieking, and clashing, and roaring, gave way to laughter and chatter. All strangeness had disappeared, never to return, and as they reached the College again after the trip around Boston, there was but one thought in all hearts. A strange hazing it had been, truly, but one that had left in the life of every new student the beginning of what was to become the true spirit of Emerson.

Already the Freshmen felt stirring within them a desire to become a more real part of the school. Under the direction of the Students' Association they became organized into a class. The very atmosphere surrounding the first year students was changed! No more did they roam down the corridors in a desultory way. There was a co-operative air about them. Their very shoulders said, "We are a class! We have Winifred Osborn for a President. Mr. Blood is our honorable Vice-President. And have we not elected a worthy Secretary, Ethel Berner, who will keep faithful record of all our meetings?" At different times, particularly at the beginning of every month, strange actions might be observed among some members of the class. They would turn hastily away and disappear in the crowd as a certain classmate approached. It was readily to be seen that Justina Williams was the newly elected Treasurer. But even as the Freshmen avoided the glance of their Treasurer, they bowed deferentially as Pearl Atkinson and Imogene Hogle passed, for did not these two confer with the revered Councilmen concerning the welfare of all Emerson.

It is useless to suppose that the Freshmen could retain the carefreeness that they had brought with them to Emerson. The responsibility of a momentous choice was already bearing down upon them. The choice of a Senior teacher! Standing before the bulletin board, brow wrinkled in thought, eyes riveted on the all important list, and pencil in hand, they pondered. How should she be selected? Should it be for beauty? Should it be for skill? But how could Freshmen determine who were the skillful? Should the attractiveness of a mere name be considered? Or might they not just shut their eyes and make a blind stab as one pins a tail on a donkey?

As the weeks passed by something of the novelty wore away. Even the fact that a Freshman was spoken to by a Senior, or smiled at by a Junior, was taken rather less ecstatically. Judging from their class yells, it was very clear that the Freshmen needed to be encouraged in practicing the voice exercises daily. The best known incentive was the story of the adventure of one Faithful Freshman of bygone years. As an aid in producing the reformation the anecdote was repeated:

To Emerson there came one day,
A Freshman with ambition rare,
To what the teachers had to say,
She listened well with greatest care.

Faithful she was to all voice laws,
She practiced long, she practiced well.
And that, 'tis true, was just the cause
Of this strange tale we have to tell.

For soon there came a man one night,
Who begged that he might see her home.
Her eyes grew bright; with all her might
She answered him, "M-M-M-M."

But in the sky the stars alight,
Looked down and saw the two below.
They winked and twinkled at the sight,
They saw her blush, and heard her "No-m."

He dropped his arm, he turned away,
Quite calmly she kept practicing.
His face grew gay, he heard her say,
"Most men want pep and more daring."

"Your parents' blessing must be won!"
"Ma's are, ask pa," she sung with vim.
"Then you are mine!" "Te-to-ta-ly!"
Expressively she answered him.

Thereafter every Freshman practiced wildly.

When the end of the first semester approached the horror of midyear examinations heavily overshadowed all Emerson. It would have been easier to find a cheerful mourning veil than a sunny Freshman. Yet when Thursday morning arrived, everyone was as happy as a tree-toad on a wet day. In fact, the sounds proceeding from behind the stage doors oddly resembled the song of that insect. That day was the greatest of all days in the life of a Freshman. That day they were producing a Play—a real Play, written by one of their own number, Imogene Hogle. Ah! what words can amply describe the feelings of a Freshman upon her first appearance! A decided change took place in the life of every participant. Not one could be just the same commonplace Freshman she had been before. There must be a little air of mystery, a dash of daring, a speech slightly stage-y, for had she not seen the glare of the footlights from behind, known the taste of grease-paint, and felt the thrill that comes with the knowledge that there was but one pin in her wig and that slipping? No, life could never be the same to the Freshmen again!

Spring came, and with her coming arose many emotions in the hearts of the Freshman class. A happy year it had been; in it they had learned that there was no care at Emerson but love and laughter could drown. A short glad year that had passed too soon! But when the autumn leaves shall again come dancing down as joyous Sophomores they'll return with mirth and merriment to Emerson.

M. L. C.

THE
PATH



FINDERS.

Two-Year Special Class Officers

MARY GRIFFIN	<i>President</i>
GEORGE LE BARR	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH HILDEBRANDT	<i>Secretary</i>
EVA LITTLE	<i>Treasurer</i>

Class History

“Do your best to-day—and let your best to-day be better than your best was yesterday.”

Taking these words as our motto, together with the influence of the faculty’s minimum amount of praise of our work and their maximum amount of encouragement for us, we think we have really made progress in our Two-Year Special Class, which has undergone its Freshman year at Emerson.

The class has been working under difficulty, as the course, just recently installed, was naturally a new one to all, and must in its first year build its firm and strong foundation for the progress of future years.

Keeping within the range of twelve members, the Two-Year Specials were able successfully to accomplish the work laid out for the first year—the work of the platform reader.

Every member hopes that she has been able to attain the results that our patient and inspiring faculty have worked for, and when the Two-Year Special Class starts upon its further journey in the coming year, may its home stretch lead to success. Consider from all of this, then, how great is our genius—and our modesty!

D. E. L.



TWO-YEAR SPECIAL



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Students' Association

ANNA WRIGHT VAIL . . . *President*
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

Students' Council

<i>Freshman</i>		<i>Two-Year Special</i>
Winifred Osborne		Mary Griffin
Imogene Hogle	<i>Junior</i>	Dorothy Levy
Pearl Atkinson	Beatrice E. Coates	Lorayne Larson
	Marguerite Fox	<i>Senior</i>
<i>Sophomore</i>	Marguerite Ruggles	Nettie Hutchins
Joseph Conner		Helen Reed
Elizabeth Field		Hazel Call
William Downs		

In April, 1908, the students of Emerson College organized themselves into a Students' Association, the object being to unify the student body, and in this 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, a secretary-treasurer, and an advisory board, known as the Students' Council. This council consists of the three officers of the Association, acting ex-officio and fifteen other members, three from each class, the president of each class being one of the representatives. This year, the membership of the board has been enlarged by the addition of three representatives from the special two-year class, which has been newly organized.

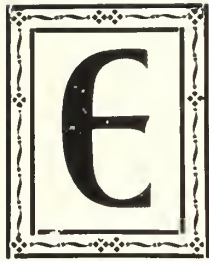
There are few Association meetings during the year, as most of the business is carried on by the student council in its meetings held at the call of the President. Here plans are discussed and recommended that help the student body as a whole, and also the Alma Mater. This year the Council has been busily engaged in paying off old debts of the Association. To this end, lunches have been sold to the student body by each of the classes.

The Emerson College Magazine, which is published once a month throughout the year, is under the control of the Association. This year, the Council has placed the business management of the magazine upon a more systematic basis, and it is expected that it will be self-supporting in the future. The Council has also appropriated funds for the binding of old files of the magazine for the college library.

Feeling the need of adequate college songs, the Council opened a song contest. Two prizes were awarded and three contestants received honorable mention.



EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE BOARD



Emerson College Magazine



NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ANNA W. VAIL	<i>Literary Editor</i>
BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE	<i>Student Editor</i>
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD	<i>Business Manager</i>

For twenty-five years this periodical has published material of real literary value, criticisms and student news, items of interest not only to the students but to the alumni and friends of the college. The seven numbers of the year are published on the fifteenth of each month, from November to May, inclusive. This year's board has delighted the subscribers by publishing a magazine of exceptional practical value to all.



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Young Women's Christian Association

Officers

IZER H. WHITING	<i>President</i>
SARAH P. STOCKING	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNE G. FOWLER	<i>Treasurer</i>

Chairmen

FREDERICA MAGNUS	<i>Religious Meetings Committee</i>
M. MARGUERITE RUGGLES	<i>Social Service Committee</i>
MARGARET G. PINKERTON	<i>Membership Committee</i>
ANNABEL CONOVER	<i>Publication Committee</i>
GERTRUDE M. ALLEN	<i>Music Committee</i>
FAY S. GOODFELLOW	<i>Entertainment Committee</i>

The aim of our association, to inspire religious fellowship in our college, has been maintained by the inspiring speakers we have been fortunate in having at our religious meetings this year.

The speakers and their subjects this year have been:

"OPPORTUNITY FOR CIVIC SERVICE WORKERS" Mrs. Papazian	"OUR INDIFFERENCE TO CHRISTIANITY" Dr. Willis Butler
"FOREIGN MISSIONS" Miss Charlotte Penfield	"THE BARNARD MEMORIAL SETTLEMENT—OP- PORTUNITY FOR STUDENT WORKERS" Mr. William Locke
"SPIRITUAL GROWTH" Miss Katy Boyd George	READING AND EXPLANATIONS OF DIFFERENT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE Dean Ross
"OUR RESPONSIBILITY FOR OUR NEIGHBORS" Miss Mary George White	"GOD IS OUR LIGHT" Miss Ruth A. Coit
"THE SIGNIFICANCE OF INFLUENCE" Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick	"THE STUDENT WORLD" Miss Donovan
"THE PERMANENT BLIND—HOW MAY WE HELP THEM?" Miss Brenner	"HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE" Miss Kenny
"THE IMPORTANCE OF A POSITIVE RELIGION" Miss Bertha Goldthwait	"THE NEED OF FOREIGN MISSIONARIES" Miss Mary George White
"THANKSGIVING GLADNESS" Dr. Ernest Guthrie	"A MESSAGE OF OPTIMISM" Miss Gertrude McQuesten

Our meetings have been brightened by the graciousness of a number of the members of the Y. W. C. A. in the New England Conservatory of Music, and also by vocal and instrumental music rendered by our own students.

Our Social Service Department has been the means of establishing volunteer workers in the Civic Service House, Barnard Memorial Settlement and the Ellis Memorial Settlement, besides securing readers for different worthy charitable organizations in the city.

The cabinet of the Emerson Y. W. C. A. joined with the cabinets of Simmons College, Boston University, New England Conservatory of Music and Mount Ida School, in February and observed the "World Day of Prayer for Students" at the Mount Vernon Congregational Church.

We are most grateful to each one who has done her share in making this a pleasant and profitable year.



DRAMATIC CLUB



Dramatic Club

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK *President*
ASTRID W. NYGREN, '17 *Secretary and Treasurer*

Executive Board

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK MAUD GATCHELL HICKS
WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP HELEN H. BARTEL, '17
JOSEPH CONNOR, '19

With the aim to create higher artistic standards for school and college dramatic productions and to give added emphasis to the value of dramatic study in education, the Emerson College Dramatic Club was launched in the fall of 1915. The first year of its existence was a very successful one.

The three upper classes are allowed ten active members in the Club, and these thirty have worked with enthusiasm and vigor. The first production of the season was given in Jordan Hall in December. It was in the form of "An Evening of One-Act Plays." "Rosalind," by Barrie, "Chatterton," by Sutherland, and "Hyacinth Halvey" by Lady Gregory, were admirably given. In the Spring, "As You Like It" was produced as a part of a Shakespearean festival.

With such beginnings it is hoped that this Club will form a nucleus for organization for out-of-door and indoor productions of classic and modern plays for lyceum, chautauqua, school and college entertainment.



SOUTHERN CLUB

Southern Club

MARGUERITE THOMPSON	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH ELLIS	<i>Vice-President</i>
HARRIET STILLE	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

HELEN EADS	MARGARET NEWELL
ANNE EAST	FREDERICA MAGNUS
ELEANOR EAST	MELBA RHODES
ELIZABETH ELLIS	MARJORIE WILL
WYLEY HARTSFIELD	HELEN SAYLES
ALMA BROWN	FRANCES TAYLOR
MARY YOUNG GOFF	HARRIET STILLE
MARY GRIFFIN	MARGUERITE THOMPSON
MARY HELEN HYNES	JEANNETTE WARSHAVSKY
MYRTLE MOSS	MARGUERITE ZINK

In October, 1913, the Southerners of Emerson College organized themselves into a Southern Club, the function of the club being to support and assist one another as well as to bring a touch of the atmosphere of the Southland.

Each year the club has written and produced some play or stunt typifying the customs and traditions of the South.



CANADIAN CLUB

CANADIAN



CLUB.

Canadian Club

The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwine the Maple Leaf forever

OLIVE E. GUTHRIE	. . .	<i>President</i>
JESSIE HASZARD	. . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGUERITE BRODEUR	. . .	<i>Secretary</i>
HELEN FORD	. . .	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

CATHERINE McCORMICK
ELLA CUNNINGHAM

MARJORIE SAUNDERS
EVELYN MacNEIL

In Facultate

AGNES KNOX BLACK
ELSIE RIDDELL
MRS. HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS



Literary

GHW.15

Rubaiyat of an Emersonian Senior

Wake! For Old Time, who scatter'd into flight
The Ones before you from this Field of Light,
Drives you along with them from School, and gives
No Heed to your bewildered plight.

Before the glories of Commencement died,
Methought a Voice from out the Wide World cried,
"When Opportunity is calling you,
Why waits the Senior hesitant inside?"

And as the Voice cried, those who stood before
The Wide World shouted—"Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
For once we're married we can do no more."

Come, take your Chance, and in this time of Spring
Your application for Position fling:
'Tis true you may get but a little Pay
To start with—but Experience's the Thing.

A Book of Verses taught, ah, you know how,
To earn a Coin, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me reading in the class-room drear—
Oh, class-room drear were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of the Stage; and some
Sigh for the Teacher's salary to come;
Ah, take your Choice, and rake the Shekels in,
It was for this that once you learned to Hum.

Think how with each Recital and a Play,
They plodded on, distracted, day by day,
So Senior after Senior with her Pomp
Abode her destined Hour, and went her way.

The Juniors now make merry in the Room
We left—and Autumn dressing in new bloom
The Corridors that we have trod so gay,
Depart—their selves to leave the Halls for Whom?

Oh, Every Freshman young, whose tender green
Maddens the Faculty on whom they lean—
Oh, lean upon them lightly, for who knows
What dearth of Evolution they have seen?

Alike for those we ne'er at chapel see,
And those who break the laws of courtesy,
Good Prexy from the Chapel Rostrum cries—
"My Brethren, these things ought not to be!"

Ah, make the most of time you've yet to spend
Before you too into the World ascend;
Teach, ever teach, and as a Teacher die,
Sans Play, sans Dance, sans Lover, and—sans End!

Why if the Voice can fling Harsh Notes aside
And beautiful the air of Heaven ride;
Were 't not a Shame—were 't not a Shame for it
In this inharmony still to abide?

As under cover of departing Day
They waited stricken, fearful with dismay,
Until such time the teacher would return,
Pronounce their doom, or happy send away.

Students, all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That stood upon the floor, some short, some tall
And some loquacious Pupils were, and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talked at all.

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My practice of all Exercise was ta'en,
And I this Figure moulded to such grace
Euphrosyne would envy me with pain."

After a momentary silence spake
Some Pupil of a more ungainly Make,
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry,
What! Grace if I the Exercises take?"

So while the students one by one were speaking,
The Faculty look'd in that all were seeking
And then they nudged each other, "Sister! Sister!
Now for the Teacher's crits, and oh, such weeping!"

I must abjure the Joys of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust
Or lured with Hope of unknown Fame divine
Know only work—who'll care when I am Dust!

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
The Faculty, and heard great argument
About Expression's Laws, but finally
Came out by the same door where in I went.

And then the Seed of Wisdom did *I* sow
And with my own hand sought to make it grow
But this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
My words like Winds upon the Desert blow.

Yesterday *This* Day's Gladness did prepare;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph or Despair;
Work! for you know not what you'll need, nor when,
Work! for you know not when you go nor where.

Light

A cloudy sky when night draws nigh,
A haze that veils the trees from sight,
Then through the haze
Along the ways
There comes, of sudden, twinkling light.

So many lights peer through the mist
With beauty, sad—but why—who knows?
What Life should be
They tell to me,
Across the Fens when daylight goes.

Heritage

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MRS. WARREN	JAMES WARREN, SR.
RICHARD WARREN	STERLING, BUTLER
JAMES WARREN, JR.	FIRST OFFICER, BADGLEY
	SECOND OFFICER, LACEY

Scene laid in the drawing-room of Warren home.

(Enter Sterling, business of turning up lights, etc.; bell rings, he crosses and exits, saying: "That must be the paper boy now." Outside a boy's voice is heard, "Here you are sir. Headliner's worth reading tonight." Outside door shuts, and Sterling re-enters bearing paper.)

STERLING: Half an hour late. That boy grows more unreliable every day. H'm, he said the headliners were worth reading. (He looks off stage, then opens paper and reads.) "On Thursday last a petition reached Governor Mitchell asking for the pardon of James Warren, who for the past eighteen years has been serving life sentence in the Mayville prison for the murder of A. W. Burton. On February 1st, 1889, after a heated discussion, resulting in a quarrel, Warren shot and killed Burton at the office of the former on State Street of this city. The unwritten law, and the extenuating circumstances surrounding the case, lead those active in the effort to secure Mr. Warren's release to feel confident that his pardon will be granted. Official notice of the fact is expected any moment." (Stands looking into space a moment.) Poor Mr. Warren. After eighteen years how will it seem to be free again. Well, he has a wife and two sons to welcome him, at least Mr. Richard will—. (Folds paper quickly and places it on table as Mrs. Warren enters.)

MRS. WARREN: Has *The Times* come yet, Sterling?

STERLING: Yes, ma'am, the boy has just brought it. He was very late. I daresay he has played along the way. (Mrs. Warren sits in easy chair, and Sterling passes the paper to her.)

MRS. WARREN: Quite likely, Sterling. Thank you. Sterling, when Mr. Richard comes in will you tell him that I am waiting for him in the drawing room, please?

STERLING: Yes, ma'am. Is there anything more, ma'am?

MRS. WARREN: Nothing more, thank you, Sterling. (She begins to read as Sterling turns to leave the room. She gives a faint cry as the headlines catch her eye.)

STERLING: Anything that I can do, ma'am?

MRS. WARREN: Nothing. (He turns to leave.) One moment, Sterling, you may ask Mr. James to come here before he goes out.

STERLING: Yes, ma'am. (Exit Sterling.)

Mrs. Warren reads silently and eagerly a moment.)

MRS. WARREN: At last, James, at last. Why need the wretched story be brought to light? (Enter Jim, in evening dress.)

JIM: You wished to see me, mother? Tears, mother, what is it?

MRS. WARREN: Tears of gratitude, Jim. Have you seen the evening paper?

JIM: Yes, I have read all about it. So has everyone else. The old stories are being revived, and all of our sympathetic neighbors are turning their tongues at us again.

MRS. WARREN: That is hard to bear, my son, I know. But it must be faced, and we must find our comfort in the liberation of your father.

JIM: Comfort in his liberation? There's a lot of comfort to be derived from the constant presence of a father who in a blind rage killed a man, and has caused us to live all our life under a burning cloud of humiliation.

MRS. WARREN: It is true, indeed, that life would be much less sorrowful if we could only bear the consequences of our misdeeds alone.

JIM: That's it. Where is the justice of this idea of the sins of the father being visited upon the children? Why should I be handicapped by a heritage of evil, and branded with a stigma of jailbird's son?

MRS. WARREN: Hush, Jim, you are thinking only of yourself. You forget what he has suffered.

JIM: I wish I could forget everything about him. But that's the worst of it. I can't. With every pulse beat I am reminded that it is his blood that flows in my veins; the same passionate impulses control me that ruined him. Only tonight coming home I met young Haywood on the street; he had read the papers, and sneeringly remarked that Helen would no doubt rejoice over the pardon of her father-in-law-to-be. You can never understand the desire I had to spring on him and choke the words down his throat. And I'll do it next time.

MRS. WARREN: Jim, what are you saying?

JIM: You see—my evil destiny works about me and some day—can you expect me to anticipate the deliverance of a father who has given me such an inheritance?

MRS. WARREN: Your morbid pride has fostered in you a despicable state of self pity. Has it been harder for you than it has been for Richard and me?

JIM: You and Dick are different somehow. He is all your strength. There is nothing of you in me. I am a bundle of weakness, and my heart grows harder daily towards my undeserved fate.

MRS. WARREN: My son, the indulgence of this stubborn selfishness will bring upon you a discipline of pain deeper than you have ever known.

JIM: Forgive me, mother, but I cannot help it. He has wrecked your happiness; crippled all my efforts—

MRS. WARREN: Think no more of it, son, let us bury all that troubled past forever.

JIM: It is not possible. Things that are branded into one cannot be forgotten.

MRS. WARREN: Then you will refuse to see and welcome your father?

JIM: I must refuse. Ever since I was old enough to understand the knowing looks and whispers of "to the second and third generations" the thought of meeting him

face to face has awakened a demon in me. 'Twas that kept me from visiting him in prison. He cannot miss what he has never known.

MRS. WARREN: My boy, my boy, how little you know of the love—

JIM: Love! He never loved us, or he would never have placed us in the position where we are shunned as outcasts.

MRS. WARREN: I could not expect you to feel as I do, but I had hoped that after all these weary years the coming pardon might soften your intolerance and show you more plainly your duty.

JIM: Is it a son's duty hopelessly to cloud his future for the sake of an unworthy parent? Let him pay to the full the price of his folly.

MRS. WARREN: He has paid dearly already, and remember that it is not a man's prerogative to judge his father.

JIM: It is a son's right to protect himself against the slurs of people. What does his pardon mean? The revival of the whole story; the recollections of gossip-mongers, and fresh information for those who are not already possessed of the facts of the case. Does pardon make a guilty man innocent? Does it cleanse my blood of the taint of his?

MRS. WARREN: My son, you have tainted your mind by brooding upon this idea. You are making it an excuse for indulging a temperamental weakness. You are vainly trying to shift the responsibility of your own deeds to another's shoulders.

JIM: You can't seem to understand. It is useless to discuss the situation further. This is Dick's house, and I cannot close its doors to father, but if he ever comes here I shall leave and go where I may be free forever from the shame that has darkened my whole life.

MRS. WARREN: My boy, my boy. Why will you persist in holding the unreasoning anger towards one who has loved you and yearned for your sympathy?

JIM: I cannot help it, mother—forgive me— (He rushes from the room.)

MRS. WARREN: I thought I had drained the cup of its bitterness. (Dick is heard outside.) But his constant brooding is becoming a growing menace.

DICK (outside): Waiting for me, Sterling? Ah! and here she is.

MRS. WARREN (affectionately): Richard, have you never heard that man's work is from sun to sun? (Touching her knitting.)

DICK: You see, little mother, old sol gets the start of me while I am having my morning snooze, so I have to get even with him at the other end of the day.

MRS. WARREN: Did you dine at the Club?

DICK: Yes, I had dinner with Stafford's manager, and I have a bit of interesting news for you.

MRS. WARREN: News? What is it?

DICK: You know that contract I have been waiting to close? Well, Stafford & Company signed today, and it will make it necessary for me to be in Pittsburgh the greater part of the time for the next two years.

MRS. WARREN: In Pittsburgh, Richard?

DICK: Yes—I have it all arranged to take you and Jim along with me.

MRS. WARREN: But, Richard, how could I leave here?

DICK: But, mother, how could I get along in Pittsburgh without you to keep house for me, and spoil me? Sterling can look after things here while we are away. The change will do you good. You will see new faces, and make new friends. You will have a chance to forget some of the bitter experience of the past.

MRS. WARREN: It has been very bitter at times for us all.

DICK: Bitter and cruel, especially for a woman. And none but the brave little mother that you are could have borne it.

MRS. WARREN: Yet, I have never wished to leave here, Richard; I could not stay in the old home with all its memories after your father went away—but ever since you brought me here I have dreamed of the time when—

DICK: Yes?

MRS. WARREN: When your father might come home. And I want to be here to greet him.

DICK: I understand, mother.

MRS. WARREN: You have read tonight's paper?

DICK: Yes, but we must not expect too quick an action. And even then— (Bell rings. Enter Sterling with telegram.)

STERLING: A telegram for you, sir.

DICK: Thank you, Sterling.

STERLING: Will you sign, sir?

DICK: Oh, yes. (He signs. Dick reads telegram, and hands it to Mrs. Warren.)

MRS. WARREN: He is coming home—he is coming home. After eighteen years, can it be true?

DICK: Yes, mother, it is true. Pardon has been granted as we hoped it would be, and judging from where this was sent he may be here tonight. Train due at nine-thirty. I will meet him, mother, and bring him home.

MRS. WARREN: Ah! Richard, it will not seem like home to him here. I regret now that I lacked the courage to stay in the old home.

DICK: He will soon feel at home. We will make him forget his suffering in our rejoicing.

MRS. WARREN: Richard, Richard! What a splendid son you are.

DICK: Oh, come, mother. Time for tears has passed.

MRS. WARREN: I know dear. All of our trouble would be at an end if Jim could only feel as you do.

DICK: He will in time, mother, never fear. Father will help him to break down this barrier of pride. He will see that it is wisdom to look forward and not backward.

MRS. WARREN: It has been a great grief to your father that, as the years went by, the little Jim, whom he loved so much and had been so proud of, should refuse to visit him.

DICK: Jim will regret that some day.

MRS. WARREN: When it is too late, perhaps. He has brooded so long upon what he calls his heritage that it has become an obsession. Only tonight he said that if

father ever came back here he would leave.

DICK: That was in the anger of a moment, mother. Jim will not forget his duty as a son.

MRS. WARREN: You give me so much courage, Richard. How could have I endured these dreary years of doubt and waiting if you had not been so brave and strong? I should have given up many times.

DICK: But you never have given up, not once. And now father's coming home, we're going to show him what a wonderful little mother you have been,—and his son's going to make him a proud man once more.

MRS. WARREN: Proud! Ah! how very proud I have always been of you, my son.

DICK: That is the only reward a son could ask. (Kisses her. Clock strikes nine.) No more tears tonight. Now you go and make yourself ready to greet father. He must not find any traces of sorrow when he comes home.

MRS. WARREN: You are right, Richard.

DICK: In the meantime I have an important letter to get off in tonight's mail. (He leads his mother to the door, takes her face in his hands, and kisses her tenderly. She exits. Richard walks up and down in deep meditation. Finally, as if he had decided upon a course of action, he rings for Sterling.)

STERLING: You rang, sir?

DICK: Yes, Sterling. Ask my brother to join me here, please.

STERLING: Very good, sir. (Exit.)

(Richard sits at desk; begins to write. Jim enters with hat and coat.)

JIM: You wanted to see me, Dick?

DICK (still writing): Yes, you were going out?

JIM: I'm going over to Helen's.

DICK: Sit down a minute. I want to tell you about the—contract.

JIM: Did you get it? (Richard folds paper and addresses envelope.)

DICK: Signed today. Things seem to be coming our way, eh? Did you see the papers tonight?

JIM: Yes! Some things seem to be coming our way that we'd get along better without.

DICK: You don't mean that, Jim.

JIM: Mean it?—of course I mean it!

DICK: Read this. (passes telegram to Jim.)

JIM: (Leaps to his feet.) Why should he come here?

DICK: Because this is home. The only place he has to come. Where else should he go?

JIM: Anywhere, so long as he stays away from here.

DICK: Now, see here, Jim, it's about time you and I came to some sort of an understanding.

JIM: You know my position in this matter already.

DICK: I cannot believe that you mean to continue in your wilful shirking of all responsibility. This problem is yours as well as mother's and mine. You cannot longer blind yourself to this fact, nor hide behind the cover of what you are pleased to call

an ineradicable heritage. You are not exempt from an effort to overcome—

JIM: You have no right to talk to me like that—effort to overcome— What do you know—

DICK: I know that I have watched with growing alarm your failure to buck up and face the future before you. (Jim tries to speak.) Wait a minute, *please*. This Stafford contract will take me away from home much of the time for the next two years, and I am looking to you to—

JIM: Dick, you seem to forget that I am a man, now, and free to choose my own course.

DICK: The only manly course is to accept your part of the burden. You stand face to face with duty, and as long as you hesitate—

JIM: I'm not hesitating. My mind is absolutely made up. For years I've walked these streets and had men turn and look at me because my father killed a man and was doing time for it. If you think that after all that I'm going to have any shaved, lock-stepping ex-convict around where I am you're wrong, that's all. (Richard catches sight of Mrs. Warren, who has re-entered unobserved.)

MRS. WARREN: Jim, Jim!

DICK: Silence! Now, go, before we both forget ourselves.

JIM: I'll leave, and forever. I'd sooner die than live under the same roof with him. (Exit Jim.)

MRS. WARREN: Richard, Richard, what have you done?

DICK: Leave him to himself, Mother. He needs time to think things over. He'll come to his senses.

MRS. WARREN: On this night of all nights!

DICK: There will be just about time. (Looking at his watch.) I believe I'll chance meeting the train. (Rings for Sterling. Sterling enters.) My hat and coat, Sterling.

STERLING: Yes, sir. (Brings the same.)

MRS. WARREN: To think your father is coming home, and we must meet him with this. (Dick kisses her and goes out.) Sterling, Mr. Warren is coming home tonight, and will be with us from this time on.

STERLING: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. WARREN: You may see that a room is made ready for him upstairs. I think he would prefer the alcove room overlooking the garden.

STERLING: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. WARREN: I shall go with you to see what it needs. (Exeunt Mrs. Warren and Sterling. Jim enters. He is disheveled and pale; goes to table, takes revolver from drawer, crosses to door, which he closes. As he turns, he meets the gaze of an old man who has followed him, and who is standing in the doorway.)

MR. WARREN: *Drop it!* That's a dangerous toy for a boy in your mood. (Jim hesitates. Drops weapon. Mr. Warren places it on the table.)

JIM: Who—who are you?

MR. WARREN: What matters it who I am?

JIM: How did you get in here?

MR. WARREN: You left the door open in your haste, and I—

JIM: You followed me?

MR. WARREN: I followed you!

JIM: You saw—

MR. WARREN: I saw you strike the man who is lying dead in the street now. Then I saw you run.

JIM: Well, what are you going to do?

MR. WARREN: What are *you* going to do? (Jim starts to pistol.)

JIM: Put an end to it all!

MR. WARREN (checking motion): Let it rest! So you think that would end it all?

JIM: At least it would put me out of their reach—I can't be taken, I tell you—I'll die first. I wasn't to blame.

MR. WARREN: Then why did you run?

JIM: To get away!—Away from myself. Away from his eyes that blazed in anger, and then dimmed in reproach. He drove me to it. I didn't mean to kill him—I didn't know what I was doing. Can't you understand that I couldn't help it?

MR. WARREN: Understand? Good God, boy—understand.

JIM: No—no, of course you can't. But—but I tell you I couldn't help it. 'Twas born in me, and 'twas bound to come out sometime. It's my heritage. (Makes for the door. A man blocks his way.) Let me go.

MR. WARREN: Wait! What do you mean by your heritage?

JIM: You are a stranger in this town, or you wouldn't have to ask that question.

MR. WARREN: Yes, it's many, many years since I was hereabouts.

JIM: It must be, or you would have known that eighteen years ago tonight James Warren killed a man, and you wouldn't have to be told that you have just seen his son become as everyone predicted he would—a victim of his own hideous impulse.

MR. WARREN: His son? Are you my—was James Warren your father?

JIM: (Sinks into chair.) God help me, I curse the day I was born his son.

MR. WARREN: No, no, not that. Has he not suffered enough without the curse of a son?

JIM: Suffered? Suffered! Prison walls have sheltered him. If he wants to know what suffering is let him face the world of men.

MR. WARREN: That is what he must do from this night on— (To himself.) After eighteen years to face the world again.

JIM: He'll know then—

MR. WARREN (interrupting): He knows now. But he'll not stand alone. He has two sons who will—

JIM: No, only one—Richard may welcome and comfort him, but I would drive him out to fight his battle alone. 'Tis his blood in my veins that has forced me to do what I have done tonight. Richard has not suffered as I have. He is all gentleness, patience, forgiveness, like mother. I have only bitterness and rebellion in my heart—a hatred so deep that it flames up with irresistible impulse even against those whom I love.

MR. WARREN: You are raving, boy. Perhaps in much the same manner that your father raved when he hoped to shift the responsibility and to escape the consequence of his mad crime.

JIM: I am not responsible, I tell you. Is it just to make a helpless victim of fate responsible?

MR. WARREN: Justice and injustice, my boy, become sadly confused in the minds of men blinded by passion. Man is the master of his own fate. Let me put your question to you. Is it just of you to condemn to a lonely life of exile the father whom the law has seen fit to grant his liberty? Is it just that you should add to the irrevocable sorrow of a mother already bowed by a burden so great that only the noblest in the world could bear it?

JIM: Mother—mother!

MR. WARREN: Is it just to judge of the suffering of that father in those dark days? What do you who prate of justice know of the hours of despair, of vain regret, of futile longing to undo the past? What do you know of that night of horrors when the occasional criminal, he who finds punishment salutary, gropes his way through what seems never ending blackness up toward the light? Have you ever thought what years of penal servitude must mean to a man of refinement and intellectual tastes, to be herded with the vicious, the depraved, the habitually criminal, to wear the garb of shame, to pass weary, weary years in fruitless manual labor, to know no earthly hope, to see the long vista of time stretching remorselessly ahead, to live in the constant shadow of the grief of those he loved, and all this in the flower of youth, in the blossom time of manhood—not know suffering! God! You, who only a few hours ago, stood with your life before you, to make or mar? Can you, now that you seem to change places with that father, whose suffering you despised—

JIM (interrupting): No,—no. I could not endure. They shall not take me, I tell you. I still have the courage to die. (Gets pistol, which father knocks out of his hand.)

MR. WARREN: Courage! It takes far greater courage to live and face the future. It takes a courage born of hope and not desperation. Courage born of faith, and the understanding that you are the child of an Almighty God and have no need to fear the heritage of man.

JIM (spellbound): No need to fear the heritage of man. (Bell rings. Mr. Warren picks up gun quickly, and puts it in his pocket. Jim drops into a chair. Enter two officers.)

FIRST OFFICER. None of your dodges, that little game doesn't work.—We tracked him to this house, I tell you. (Pulls paper from his pocket.) A warrant for the arrest of James Warren. (Jim staggers to his feet and leans against table.)

MR. WARREN: Here's your man.

FIRST OFFICER: Are you James Warren?

JIM: No, no, he didn't do it.

FIRST OFFICER: That'll do for you. We know all about it.

JIM: But, I tell you, he is not—

FIRST OFFICER: That'll do, do you hear? (Handcuffs Warren. 'Phone rings.)
JIM: It's a mistake, I tell you.
FIRST OFFICER: Say, look here, young fellow.
JIM: Good God! Let me explain. I— (Enter Richard.)
DICK: Father!
JIM: My father!
DICK: Why, what is this?—Jim? (Phone rings again.)
MR. WARREN: Answer it, Richard.
MRS. WARREN (outside): Never mind, Sterling. I will answer it. (Enter Mrs. Warren.) James—James!
DICK (at phone): Hello! Yes. Who? Sergeant Badgley?
FIRST OFFICER: Yes, I am Sergeant Badgley. (At phone.) Hello. That you, Captain? Yes, we've got him. What's that? A mistake? Fellow wasn't killed. Says the whole affair was his fault? Doesn't want to do anything about it. Huh! Very well, sir. (Hangs up receiver.) Close call, governor. Take off the bracelets. I wouldn't loosen up on the check again if I was you. You mightn't get out of it so easy next time. 'Tisn't often that the other fellow is willing to take all the blame. Come along, Lacey. (Officers go out.)
MRS. WARREN: James! What is this?
MR. WARREN: By and by, mother. My boy!
JIM: Father, can you forgive me?
MR. WARREN: My son, you who have been on the verge of a great transgression, look upon me as a shipwrecked vessel which marks the treacherous reef beneath the waves. The Almighty has spared me through many years of sorrow to go forth with you into the world of men. There together to win our rightful heritage of love.
JIM: Father! (They clasp hands.)

CURTAIN.

(Copyright applied for.)



The Cry of the Loom

Midnight

It is the loon, whose eerie note
Like wandering spirit's wail,
Immediate and now remote,
 Indefinable,
Despoils the tranquil night.

Upon the starry silence breaks
A plaintive, yearning wail,
Resounding o'er the dreaming lakes,
 Impenetrable,
As Death's mysterious night.

O, bird of water and of air,
With mournful, lonely wail,
Thou soundst within the heart despair
 Incalculable!
Whom callest in the night?

Thou foolish bird, dost thou not know
Thy sad and dismal wail
Hath loosed the echoes, oh,
 Interminable,
From out the cave of night!

Beseech thee, silence thy complaint,
Thy melancholy wail
Infects the air with hopeless taint,
 Imperishable,
Through all the cheerless night.

M. G. H.

Fog at Bahu

Hanging like a pall,
Gloomy over all;
Clinging damp and chill,
Ominous of ill;
Drifting with the sluggish river,
Shifting yon and shifting hither;
Like a discontented shade,
Like a dream that needs must fade;
Hovering here and hovering there,
Threading listlessly the air;
Mystic weaver at his loom,
Noiseless, stifling as the tomb;
Stealing in and settling down,
Settling down with puff and frown;
Clinging, shifting, drifting,
Hovering, settling, lifting,
Until, with whimsical despair,
It yields unto the wanton air.

M. G. H.

The Awakening

It was the close of a hot, sultry day in the latter part of July. Doctor Madison climbed wearily up the steps of an unpretentious dwelling in one of the less prominent streets of New York.

He was a tall, well formed man, with fine, deep-set hazel eyes; his waving chestnut hair slightly tinged with gray, curled about a face that had once been strong and kind. It was pale and stern now, and drawn with lines of suffering. Two years before, Doctor Madison had believed himself to be the happiest man in the world, and then suddenly, without any warning, the Grim Reaper had swung his relentless scythe and torn the bride of only a few months from her husband's arms.

It had been on just such a night as this without a breath of air stirring and the hot sun beating down upon the pavements when Edith Madison had come home weak and tired from a day in the slums.

"Edith," Madison had said as he scanned her tired little face, "I thought you promised to rest on these hot days. That little heart of yours must not work too hard, you know."

"But Jack, dear," she had answered quickly, "if you could only see the faces of those half-starved babies when they fling their thin little arms around my neck and beg me to 'come again tomorrow.' And oh, Jackie, boy," she had cried, nestling closed in his arms, her wide, sweet eyes looking shyly up at him while tender flushes crept slowly into her face, "they call me The Angel, and dear, it makes me want to be good."

Even as she spoke a look of perplexity had come over her face, and she raised her hand as if to ward off some intervening object, and he had looked at her in alarm and said:

"Edith—what is it, dear?"

"Jack, I—I feel so queer—everything seems so far away, and now it's getting dark—hold me—Jack, I'm falling—fall—" And even as he had clasped her, the little form had relaxed and hung limp and lifeless in his arms.

Tonight as he paced to and fro in his office, the cruel memories surged relentlessly through his mind and the bitterness in his heart was very deep. Suddenly a look that was not good to see came upon his face. Quickly, and with blazing eyes he strode to the cabinet, took down a phial, extracted a small tablet, dropped it into a glass of water and raised it to his lips. Then, as quickly as he had lifted it, he dashed it madly to the floor.

"Coward, coward!" he cried bitterly, and rushed out hatless into the night.

Broadway was jammed with the taxis and crowds returning from the theatres. No one noticed the little cripple boy who started with uncertain steps to cross the crowded pavement. There was a warning shriek of a klaxon, an officer shouting orders, and the

crowd pressed forward to see a boy lying still and white on the hard pavement, and a tall, hatless man bending over him.

An ambulance came clanging down the street. Dr. Madison lifted the boy gently in his arms, climbed into the car, and gave sharp directions to the driver. It was all over in a few moments and the crowd passed on already forgetful of the incident, but up in a room of a great white hospital, Dr. Madison was eagerly watching for some signs of life from the little cripple who lay so still and white in the snowy bed. All night long he kept his faithful vigil, and then, when the first faint streaks of dawn sent a soft glow through the eastern windows, the little bandaged form stirred and a weak little voice quavered, "Be—be the Angel—here?" Then with a little tired sigh, closed his eyes and slept.

Then with a little tired sigh, he closed his eyes and slept.

It was then that something in John Madison's soul was awakened and he could hear *her* voice, and "oh, Jackie, if you could only see their eager little faces when they fling their thin little arms around my neck and beg me to come again tomorrow."

Then the great strong gates of his heart were broken, and just as a rushing torrent uproots and destroys everything in its path, so now, all the bitterness was swept away from him and his great form shook with sobs.

"Edith, Edith! You gave your weak little life that such as these might live, and I—oh, God! Coward that I am, I would take my own life all because I did not realize that true happiness comes with giving."

He buried his head on the coverlet and sobbed as only a strong man can sob. Then, at last, when he was quiet, a little hand stole out and clasped the big one, and a queer, tired little voice quavered, "Wuz—wuz you hurted, too?"

The man clasped the little hand tighter and answered gently, "Yes, boy, I have been hurt for two long years, but now we'll get well—together."

And clear and sweet thro' the morning air, like a benediction, came the voices of worshippers at early mass, "And whosoever shall do this unto one of the least of these, my brethren, doeth it unto me."

B. K. F., '19.

My Trip Abroad

"Abroad" does not mean Europe, let me make that clear at once. It means nothing more exciting than a walk in the streets of Boston, and yet I saw much that gave food for thought, and I returned invigorated in mind and body.

Do you ask what could have happened to make a walk at home noteworthy? Why, my dear friends, first of all I saw prince and princess.

"A prince and princess! I did not know that we had royal visitors here!"

No, they were not royal according to the world's definition, for the prince was only a street-sweeper, and the princess a plain old lady dressed in simple black.

"How uninteresting!"

Oh no, dear reader, on the contrary it was exhilarating! The street-crossings were in a bad condition from heavy rains, and sweepers were busy cleaning the tracks in front of the cars, when a lady started to step from a car to the muddy crossing. She was neither young, fair, nor richly dressed, but before she had put her foot to the ground a cavalier sprang to her assistance in the person of a stalwart sweeper. No ball-room gallant could have approached her with a finer carriage, or have proffered his strong hand with a more respectful air, and no society-girl in the flush of her triumph could have accepted the courtesy more gracefully than did this little plain woman. You should have seen this nobleman of nature conduct his princess to the sidewalk and acknowledge her grateful thanks with a touch of his cap which no training in all the graces of social etiquette could have made more chivalrous and manly. I thought of Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh; the velvet cloak was indeed lacking, but the spirit of the old gallantry was there. What princely nature was here in the guise of the working-man! And what sensitive refinement showed in every line of the modest figure beside him!

Prince and princess,—Ah yes! It is good that such royalty is with us.

Next in interest was the man who was "First-rate"! He gave this account of himself in response to the cordial salutation of a friend,—"Jack, my boy, how are you?" There was something wholly inspiring in the emphasis and tone of this response as the two friends shook hands. Solomon has said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and surely as I recall this cheerful personality, so expressive with the elastic joy of health, I feel even now the radiation from his happy spirit.

There are some natures whose lack of vigor and poise oppress one like a muggy August Dog-day; while the harmony between a healthy mind and a healthy body is stimulating as a fresh October morning. It gives a new meaning to the old phrase—'balance of power.' The Art of life calls not only for power, but for balance; not only for impulse at varying points, but for strength all along the line. It was impossible

to see aught in this man but the suggestions of a thoroughly wholesome nature. I placed him on my list of worthies, and wondered who would come next.

One cannot go far in the world without reading romance in some pair of bright eyes. We do not need to cross the ocean for this sort of sight-seeing, and Boston is no exception to this law of nature. I knew the two lovers at first glance, they were so glad to see each other, and yet so self-restrained and dignified. The lady was walking in front of me, and I had opportunity to admire the refinement of her bearing. But my admiration for her sweet attractiveness was shared by another who met her like an old friend, and stopping to greet her, held out his hand. The whole story was told on the instant; for we who watch romances are quick to see the signs. There was nothing artificial in the manner of either of these persons. It was a straightforward, accidental meeting of two high-bred people who bore themselves with conventional reserve, while unalloyed pleasure actually beamed from them. I could see their happy, handsome faces as I passed and left them behind. It was only a glimpse, but I carried away a mental picture which hangs in my gallery of pleasant memories, and I am sure they would not grudge me this sharing of their joy.

A rosy-cheeked boy with a rosy-cheeked apple is an appetizing sight. The little fellow who answered to this description had stood before the window of a fruit-shop, pennies in hand, deliberating as to his intended purchase; and I, catching sight of his rosy face, stopped also at the window, to see what would happen. We stood looking at the tempting show of oranges, apples and bananas when my little friend suddenly ran into the shop,—the decision was reached, the final choice was made and I was left outside in suspense. I did not remain long in doubt. He soon came out eating a large red apple with all the zest of a boy's relish. Oh, happy time, when all is new, and an apple is the event of a day!

It needed only this little incident to recall the picture of an orchard where such red apples hung by hundreds on the boughs one autumn day long ago, and a party of children searched the ground for "wind-falls." It was a warm, sunny day, and the air was sweet with September odors. The children laden with the fruit ran into the old barn for a feast; but as my boy, with his apple, was lost to sight in the moving crowd, with him faded the picture of the orchard, the children and the rosy wind-falls.

I like to linger before shop-windows to wonder over the latest products of our civilization. Here I visit both hemispheres, Orient and Occident meet, and I revel in their magnificence. The gay windows filled with bric-a-brac suggest picturesque contrasts of the world's civilizations. I pass from the arctic circle to the equator, which reminds me how much less I am an American than a cosmopolitan. "The world is my country and all mankind are my brothers," said our loyal citizen, William Lloyd Garrison; and until we can appreciate the impressive sweetness and strength contained in this avowal, we do not know the full meaning of patriotism. The height and breadth of an all-reaching brotherhood includes the world, and we insult our flag when with a vulgar self-assertiveness we would narrow our patriotism to self-interest and national jealousy.

What a bewildering show is this street-bazaar of the arts and industries of the world! These rainbow-hued silks mean Paris—while in the next window are rubies from

far-off Burma, and emeralds suggestive of Egypt and the mines of Cleopatra; here are curious Art treasures from Japan, and this Russian window so distinctly Slavic in style is interesting with peasants' work among its richer manufactures. Next door to the Art curios from Italy is a cheerful display of West Indian fruits with spices and coffee from Java. The very word "tropics" stirs the imagination. I think of far-off islands of the Pacific, of coral reefs builded by the little polyps through the Ages, and of the still lagoons enclosed by them inviting the imagination to harbor there.

A step farther places me before the beautiful furs of the Arctic fox and the Polar bear, the tiger of the East Indian jungle and the small ermine so hunted for its beauty, all links in that great chain of being which Nature has forged through untold Ages.

Before the book-stand I am in the presence of creators of literature. I am transported back to the Ptolemies, or lured to discuss the latest essay on social reform. The aristocracy of the intellect invites me to its banquet, and I humbly remember the words of Milton,—“A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit.”

And now I left the shops behind, taking the homeward path across the Common. The grass was green in the early Spring, and the chirp of the first robin greeted me with a promise of coming joy. Associations crowd upon me with this old play-ground where I picked my first clover-blossom, and where I was taken to see wonderful military displays and magnificent fire-works in days too far back to number. And yet it was not personal recollections so much as historical suggestions which were uppermost in my mind as I walked.

This small tract of forty acres dedicated in the early days to the citizens of Boston had seen many changes around its boundaries. To those first colonists our peninsula was “Shawmut,” our hills were Trimountain, old St. Botolph gave us our name, and long afterward cows were pastured on this now busy thoroughfare which seems less a park than a street.

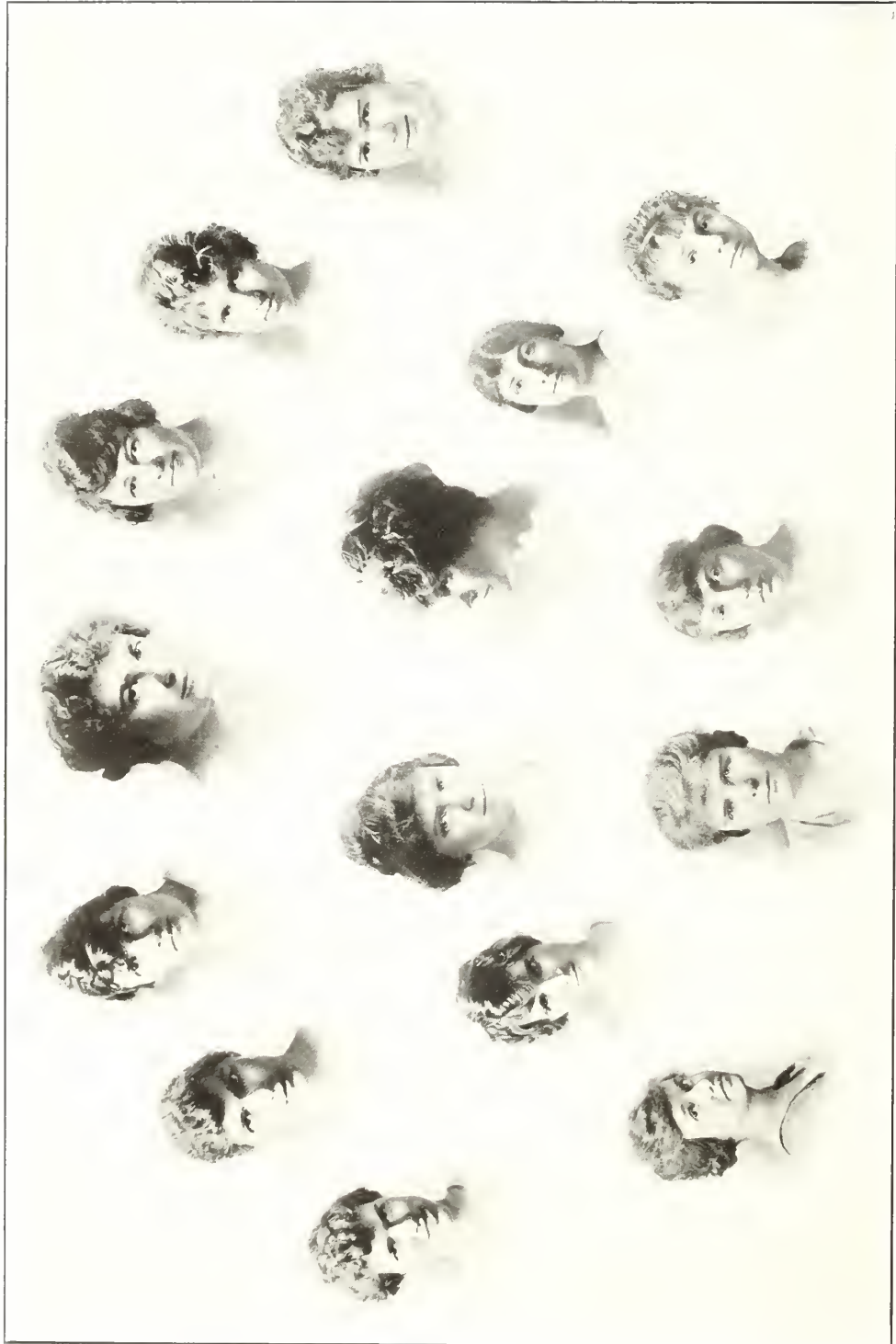
My trip had been well worth while; for besides filling my lungs with a generous supply of oxygen, I had seen nobility without patent or coat-of-arms; had tasted the medicine of merry heart; had a side glimpse of life's supreme joy; and read a lesson from happy childhood. Like a true cosmopolitan I had revelled in the products of two hemispheres, and had closed this eventful sightseeing with a glimpse of green grass and of the first robin of Spring.

I had travelled far in an hour. The winged shoes of Mercury or the strong wings of Pegasus could hardly have served me better than this modest walk on solid earth. For the soul in common things joins earth to heaven, and in the true use of the real we find life's beautiful ideal.

CAROLINE RICHARDS.

SOCIETIES





KAPPA GAMMA CHI





Kappa Gamma Chi

FOUNDED AT OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, 1890

COLORS—GREEN AND WHITE

FLOWER—LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick
Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross

Mrs. William Howland Kenney
Miss Lilia Estelle Smith

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1917

Ann Minahan
Nettie Hutchins
Edna Schmitt

Phyllis Jenkins
Grace Thorson
Leah Kendall

1918

Selina Mace
Constance Hastings
Dorothy Mitchell

Loretta McCarthy
Rena Macomber
Evelyn Ellis

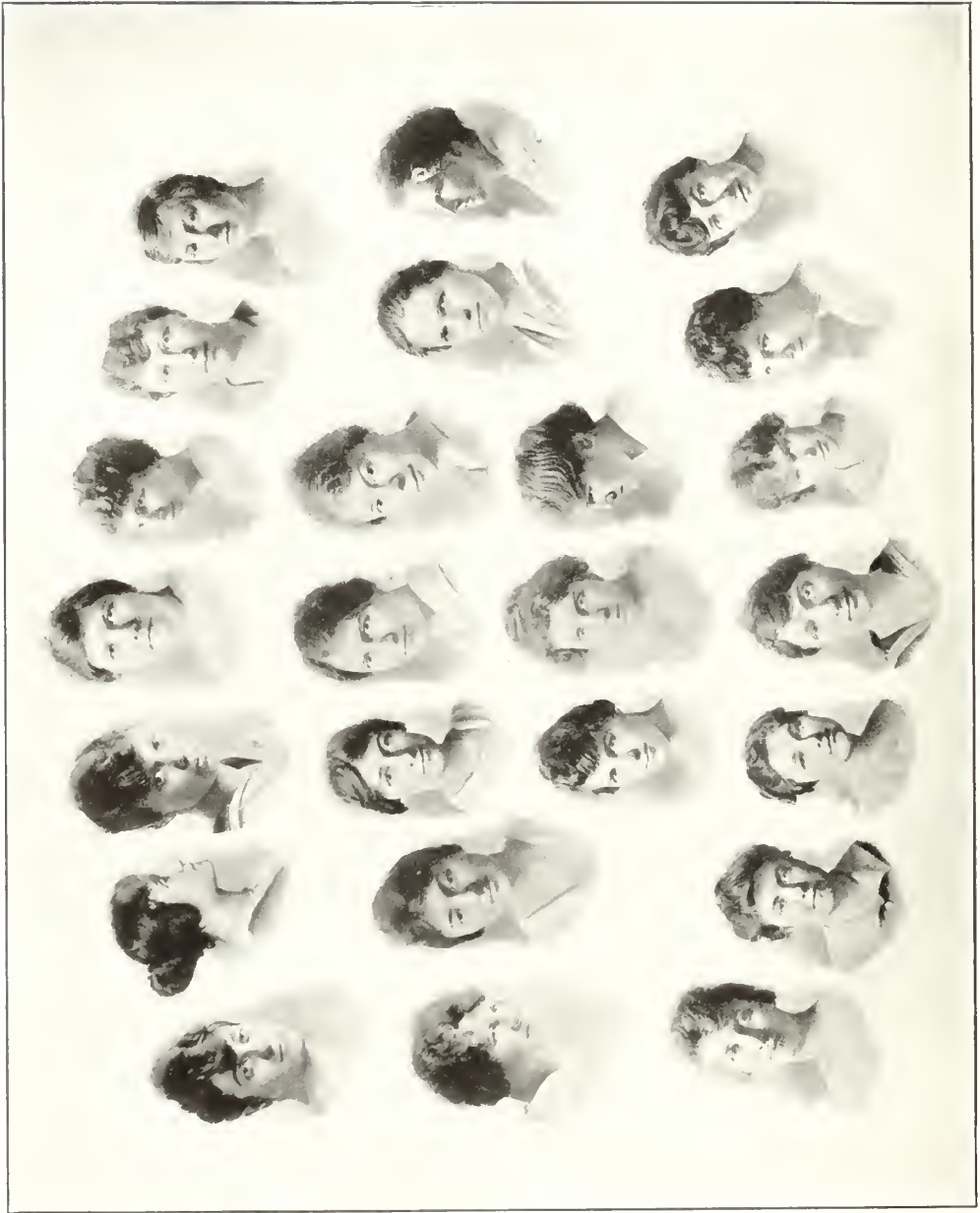
Elizabeth Tack

1919

Arline Crocker

Elizabeth Field

Chapter House, Hotel Hemenway



ZETA PHI ETA



1978 00 01





Zeta Phi Eta

FOUNDED IN 1893

COLORS—ROSE AND WHITE

FLOWER—LA FRANCE ROSE

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
BETA	Cumnock School of Oratory, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois
GAMMA	Inactive
DELTA	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
EPSILON	Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia

HONORARY MEMBERS

Henry Lawrence Southwick	Ella G. Stockdale
Walter Bradley Tripp	Bertel Glidden Willard
Rev. Allen A. Stockdale	Elizabeth M. Barnes
Edward Phillip Hicks	Mary Elizabeth Gatchell

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Maud Gatchell Hicks	Gertrude T. McQuesten
Elvie Burnett Willard	Gertrude Chamberlain

Elsie R. Riddell

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1917

Gertrude M. Alien	Helen H. Bartel	Verre T. Johnston
Martha Marie Allen	Hazel G. Call	Astrid W. Nygren
Inez Banghart	Dorothy C. Hopkins	Carolyn V. Walker
Margaret L. Longstreet	Sarah P. Stocking	

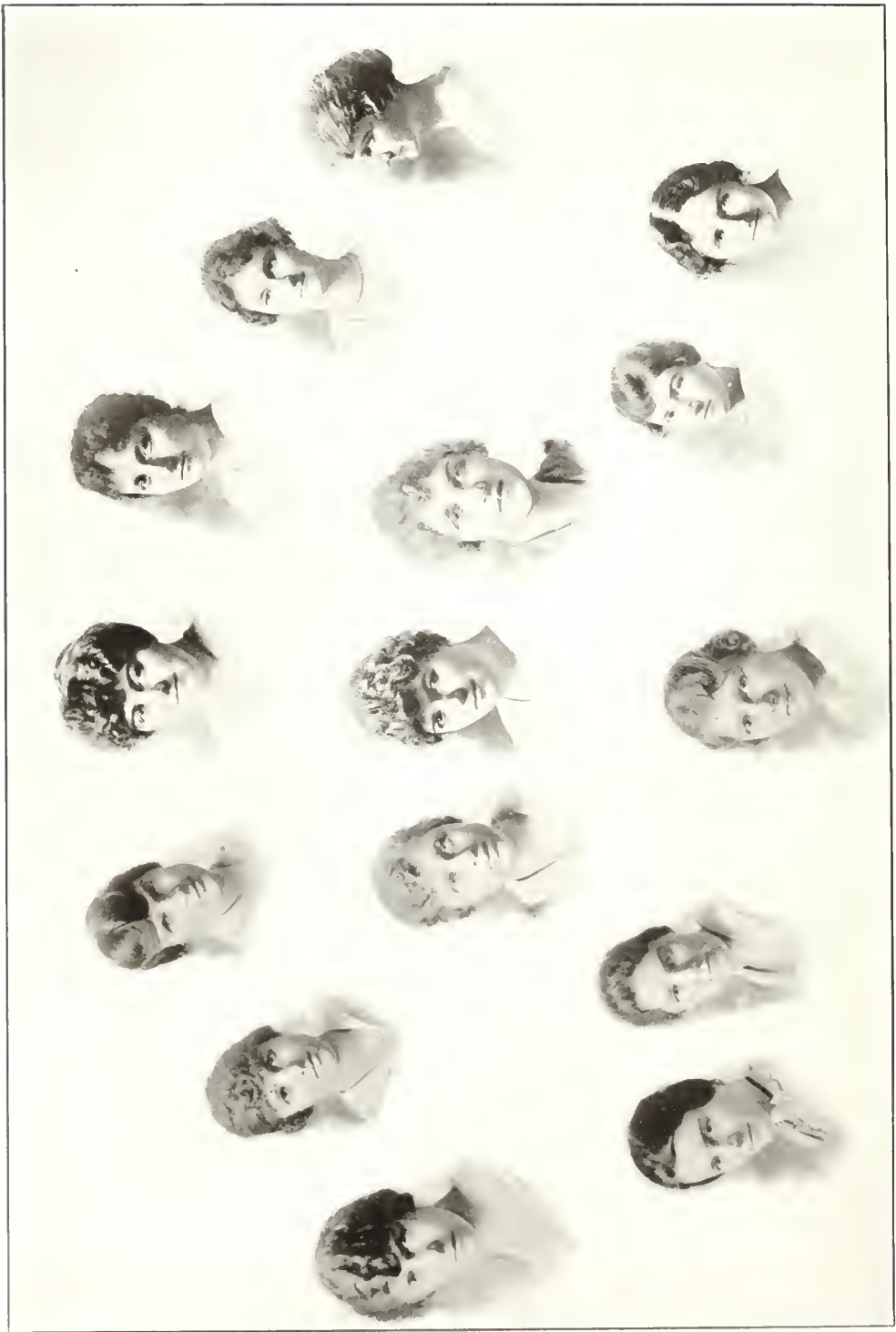
1918

Marguerite E. Brodeur	Fay S. Goodfellow	Norma Olson
Mary Elizabeth Darnell	M. Catherine Green	Christine M. Punnett
Rena M. Gates	Helen V. Guild	Margaret G. Pinkerton
Barbara Wellington	Ann F. East	

1919

Sylvia P. Folsom	Beulah K. Folmsbee
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Chapter House, Hemenway Chambers



PHI MU GAMMA





Phi Mu Gamma Iota Chapter

FOUNDED OCTOBER 17, 1898, AT HOLLINS, VA.

COLORS—BLUE AND BLACK FLOWERS—PINK ROSEBUDS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS
JEWEL—PEARL

CHAPTER ROLL

ACTIVE

ALPHA, Hollins, Va., DELTA, New York City, ZETA, New York City,	Hollins College Misses Graham New York City RHO, Middlebury, Vt., Middlebury College	IOTA, Boston, Mass., KAPPA, Cleveland, Tenn., RI., Richmond, Va., Middlebury College	Emerson College Centenary College Woman's College
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ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

ALPHA, BETA, GAMMA,	Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va. Atlanta, Ga. Muskogee, Okla.	DELTA, EPSILON, ZETA,	Gainesville, Ga. Richmond, Va. Shreveport, La.
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HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Edith Wright Mrs. E. Carlton Black	Mr. Walter B. Tripp Dr. E. Carlton Black Pres. H. L. Southwick	Mrs. F. H. Whitney Mrs. Edward Hicks
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ALUMNI MEMBERS IN URBE

Miss Harriet C. Sleight Mrs. Maud G. Kent Miss Lillian Hartigan Miss Maude Fiske Miss Gwendolyn Henry Miss Dorothy Baker	Mrs. Randolph Tucker Mrs. Francis Boyd Mrs. Reardon True Mrs. Robbins Mrs. Arthur Scott Miss Grace Fettrich	Miss Beatrice Perry Miss Evelyn Hegeman Miss Elizabeth Smith Miss Bertha MacDonough Mrs. T. Purrington Miss Gladys Hunt
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ACTIVE MEMBERS IN URBE

	1916 Mary A. Winn	
	1917 Anne W. Vail Mary F. Sayer	Mildred L. Little Marguerite Thompson
Estelle Van Hoesen Elizabeth E. Ellis	1918 Helen W. Carter Edith M. MacCulley	Beatrice E. Coates Helen Hynes
Ethel Caine Ellen Lombard	1919 Sarah E. Lewis Vidah V. Robertson	Mary Roberts

Chapter House, 70 St. Stephens Street
Matron, Mrs. Lena Chase



PHI ALPHA TAU





Phi Alpha Tau

Alpha Chapter

FOUNDED AT EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, 1902

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
GAMMA	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
ZETA	Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis.
THETA	Northwestern College, Naperville, Ill.
IOTA	University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.
KAPPA	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
LAMDA	University of Texas, Austin, Tex.
MU	University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
NU	Pacific University, Forest Grove, Ore.
XI	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
OMICRON	State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan.

OFFICERS OF ALPHA CHAPTER

Fred W. Hubbard	President
William Downs	Vice-President
Laurence J. Smith	Secretary
Walter B. Tripp	Treasurer
William Byer	Marshal

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Robert H. Burnham	Samuel Kern
William R. Byer	Laurence J. Smith
William Downs	Henry L. Southwick
Fred W. Hubbard	Walter B. Tripp
William G. Ward	

HONORARY MEMBERS

E. Charlton Black, A.M., LL.D.	Richard Burton, Ph.D.
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11f

Mother o' mine, if I were a bird
I'd fly, and fly, and fly
Over the hills and treetops,
Up to the blue, blue sky.

And then when it came to the evening time,
With the sky all of sunset hue,
Mother o' mine, little mother o' mine,
I'd come flying back home to you.

To a Butterfly

Lovely thing
With velvety wing
All powdered in dust of gold.
Where will you go, I wonder, where—
When the days grow wet and cold?

Frail thing
With your broken wing,
Why do you shrink from dying?
Death were a gift of priceless worth
Could it end a soul's mad crying.

The Fate of Laughter

Silence has thy warm lips wed,
Purse or pant, they still will mate,
Angered, closer yet they cling,
Whistle, two as one, of course,
Laugh, and strangely to relate,
Laughter shall pronounce divorce.



*Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.*

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY
EIGHTH ANNUAL PRODUCTION FROM THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1917

PRESENTS

King Henry the Fourth

PART I.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Dramatis Personae

King Henry the Fourth	Miss Paddock
Henry, Prince of Wales, his son	Miss Bartel
Earl of Westmoreland	Miss Kendall
Sir Walter Blunt	Miss Nygren
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester	Miss Stille
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland	Miss Bailey
Henry Percy, his son, surnamed Hotspur	Miss Southwick
Archibald, Earl of Douglas	Miss Thorson
Sir Richard Vernon	Miss Minahan
Sir John Falstaff	Miss Little
Poins	Miss Johnston
Gadshill	Miss Hutchins
Peto	Miss Van Hoesen
Bardolph	Miss Stocking
Sheriff	Miss Roarty
Francis, a drawer	Miss Walker
Messenger	Miss Eaton
Lady Percy	Miss Call
Mistress Quickly	Miss Vail
Traveller—Misses Kendall, Longstreet, Reed, Turner, Lillian Walker	

FORMER REVIVALS

- 1910 "The Marriage of Wit and Science."
- 1911 Jonson. "Every Man in His Humour."
- 1912 Jonson. "The Silent Woman."
- 1913 Chapman. "All Fools."
- 1914 Shakespeare. "The Merry Wives of Windsor."
- 1915 Beaumont and Fletcher. "The Knight of the Burning Path."
- 1916 Shakespeare. "The Comedy of Errors."

Produced under the direction of Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp

THE CLASS OF 1918

PRESENTS

The Dark Lady of the Sonnets

BY BERNARD SHAW

NOVEMBER 9, 1916

CAST

The Beefeater	Samuel Kern
William Shakespeare	Joseph Gifford
Queen Elizabeth	Helen Guild
Dark Lady of the Sonnets	Marguerite Fox

SETTING

Fin de siècle 15-1600. Midsummer night on the terrace of the Palace at Whitehall, overlooking the Thames.

THE CLASS OF 1919

PRESENTS IN PANTOMIME

When the Gods Fail

BY RUTH MCCLEARY HUBBS

JANUARY 25, 1917

CAST

Panisis	Madeline McNamara
Attendants to Panisis	Sarah Stahl, Mary Roberts, Ramona Gywn, Norma Olson
Mother of Panisis	Beulah Folmsbee
Pelates, Father of Panisis	William Downs
Paul	Marjorie Stackhouse
Cupid	Esther Van Alstyne
Guards	Helen Lynch, Sylvia Folsom
Ceres	Vidah Robertson
Prophet from Oracle at Delphi	Frances Russey
Attendants to Prophet	Elaine Rich, Florence Cutting
Mercury	William Byer
Warriors from Hercules	Mina Harrison, Dorothy Crocker
Pan	Sarah Lewis
Pan's Nymphs	Susan Phillips, Ruth Kelley, Bertha Kaufman
Psyche	Arline Crocker
Spirits	Eleanor Dunlap, Helen Darrow, Elaine Rich
Musicians	{ Marjorie Saunders, Alma Brown, Mary Griffin Mabelle Thresher, Inez Banghart

THE CLASS OF 1920

PRESENTS

The Slipper of Fitness

BY IMOGENE M. HOGLE

CAST

Cinderella		Mary Mahon
Opportunity (fairy godmother)		Millis Caverly
Mme. Convention		Pearl Atkinson
Vanity	} stepsisters	} Agnes Mahoney Doris Poole
Indolence		
Footman		Esther Cohn
Lords, Doubt.		Catherine Perry
Discouragement		Mildred Ahlstrom
Glitter		Eleanor East
Play-at-Love		Justina Williams
Pleasure		Helen Sayles
Faith		Lillian Lewis
Purpose		Helen Cornell
Health		Anna Maguire
Minerva		Ethel Berner
Flirt		Phyllis Dennison
Sense-of-Humor		Beatrice Talmas
Prince Life		Winifred Osborne
Court Ladies		Emeline Huff, Josephine Mitchell, Rosemary Hilton

ACT I.

Kitchen in Mme. Convention's home

ACT II.

Hall of Education in Castle of Freedom

ACT III.

Same as Act I (next day)

AN EVENING OF ONE-ACT PLAYS
 PRESENTED BY
 EMERSON COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB
 DECEMBER 9, 1916

Rosalind

BY SIR JAMES BARRIE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rosalind	Miss Dorothy Hopkins
Charles	Mr. Samuel Kern
Dame Quickly	Miss Ruth Hubbs

Scene: Room in cottage of Dame Quickly
 Time: Present

Chatterton

BY SUTHERLAND

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Thomas Chatterton	Mr. Joseph Gifford
Andrew McGrath	Mr. William Byer
Rose Leicester	Miss Sylvia Folsom
Guzil	Miss Ann East
Bob Freshlitt	Mr. Francis McCabe
Grunce	Mr. Lester A. Blood
Vibbett	Mr. Merrill Marvin

Scene: Garret room in London house of Andrew McGrath
 Time: Late afternoon of August 25, 1770

Hyacinth Halvey

BY LADY GREGORY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hyacinth Halvey	Mr. Joseph Connor
Quirke, a butcher	Mr. William Downs
Fardy Farrell, a telegraph boy	Mr. Lawrence Smith
Sergeant Carden	Mr. Harl Eslick
Mrs. Delane, postmistress at Cloon	Miss Carolyn Walker
Miss Joyce, the priest's housekeeper	Miss Arline Crocker

Scene: Outside the post office in the town of Cloon
 Time: Present

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

Founder's Day

DECEMBER THE THIRTEENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN
CONVENTION HALL, BOSTON

Charles Wesley Emerson

BORN, PITTSFIELD, VERMONT, NOVEMBER 30, 1837
DIED, MILLIS, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER 30, 1908

ADDRESS JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK
"Educational Aims in Expressive Art"

A Christmas in Old Bermoudsey House, 1554

Scene: A Hall of Old Bermoudsey House

Dramatis Personae

Prologue Mildred Southwick The Princess Elizabeth Grace Thorson
Sir Thomas Pope Fred Hubbard

And for the Amusement of the Royal Prisoner

The Lord of Misrule Lester Blood

Attended by

A Lord Keeper Charles Parsons Trumpeter Samuel Kern
A Lord Treasurer Merrill Marvin Harper Catherine Drawbaugh
A Captain Scott Williamson The Fool Mildred Little
Chaplain George La Barre

And His Five Sons

Pickle Herring Sarah Stocking Ginger Breeches Arline Crocker
Blue Breeches Catharine McCormick John Allspice Eva Little
Pepper Breeches Elizabeth Field

Marjery Astrid Nygren Chorus of } Mina Harrison, Mildred Ahlstrom
Jonathan William Byer Courtiers } Ruth Hubbs, Winifred Osborn
Dame Cicely (the Fiddlerwoman) Marjorie Saunders Beulah Folmsbee
Serving Man Florence Cutting Ladies in } Ruth Parker, Madeline McNamara
Yule-Log Bearers } Ina Duval, Elaine Rich Waiting } Pearl Atkinson, Louise Munday
Edith MacCullev Dorothy Mitchell
Candle Bearers Esther Van Allstyne Margaret Plank Rus'cs { (Lads) Emily Crissman, Helen Roarty
Barbara Wellington, Margaret Griffin
First Yokel Anne Vail (Lasses) Marguerite Brodeur, Grace Tomb
Second Yokel Marjorie Stackhouse Lucie Knowles, Edna Culp, Sara Lewis
Third Yokel Margaret Scureman Margaret Longstreet, Margaret Zink
Fourth Yokel Helen Ford Neva Wright, Margaret Pinkerton
The Waits } Joseph Connor, Joseph Gifford Dancers } Frederica Magnus, Fay Goodfellow
Francis McCabe, William Downs Gertrude Don, Rena Gates, Amy Toll
Solo Sword Dance Margaret Longstreet Christine Punnett, Georgia Paddock
Epilogue Margaret Plank Ruth Pancost

Captain Lettarblair

The Phi Mu Gamma Society, Iota Chapter, presented "Captain Lettarblair," by Marguerite Merington, in the Copley Theatre, Monday evening, March twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and seventeen.

This production was the fifteenth annual play given by the Society for its Scholarship Fund, and was under the personal direction of Walter Bradley Tripp.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Captain Lettarblair Litton (Royal Irish Fusileers)	Edith MacCulley
Dean Ambrose, his uncle	Mary A. Winn
Percival Pinkney, Dean's secretary	Estelle Van Hoesen
Francis Merivale, a neighboring squire	Marguerite Thompson
Mr. Seton, a lawyer, Fanny's trustee	Elizabeth Ellis
Jockins, Litton's servant	Mildred L. Little
Smithers, Mr. Seton's clerk	Sara E. Lewis
Lord Willoughby	} Vidah Robertson
Henry	
Fanny Hadden, Mr. Seton's ward	Helen W. Carter
Polly Messiter, the Dean's god-daughter	Molly F. Sayre
Hyacinth Messiter, her aunt	Anne W. Val

Time: Eighteenth Century

- ACT I. The Dean's house, Beechwood. "Loves me?"
 ACT II. Capt. Litton's quarters in the barracks at Southampton. "Loves me not."
 ACT III. Scene 1. Mr. Seton's office, London.
 Scene 2. The sun-dial, Beechwood. "Loves me."

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!
 A word unsung in a lover's song,
 And there cometh a mist and a blinding rain
 And life is never the same again."

"Alas, how hardly things go right!
 A storm may come in a summer's night,
 The stars will fade in the gloom away
 And a summer's night is a winter's day."

Plays Presented By Phi Mu Gamma

1903 Tom Pinch Dickens	1911 Bachelor's Romance Morton
1904 Adventures of Lady Ursula Hope	1912 Friend Hannah Kester
1905 Bachelor's Romance Morton	1913 Tom Pinch Dickens
1906 Hearts Ease Klein and Clark	1914 Virginia Courtship Presbrey
1907 Rosemary Parker and Carson	1915 His Excellency, the Governor, Marshall
1908 Captain Lettarblair Margaret Merington	1916 The Admirable Critchton Barrie
1909 Sweet Nell of Old Drury Kester	1917 Captain Lettarblair Merington
1910 Mice and Men Ryley	



UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

THE SOUTHERN CLUB
 OF
 EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY
 PRESENTS IN PANTOMIME

Under Southern Skies

BY MARY HELEN HYNES

“A greeting to you from the land of the flowers,
 The Sunny South,
 A thought that's born of the golden hours
 Of the Sunny South.
 Up from the Summer Land it brings
 The heart's best wish and with it clings
 The joy of the mocking-bird that sings
 In the Sunny South.”

HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS HALL

Thursday Morning, March Twenty-Ninth, 1917

CAST OF CHARACTERS

In order of their appearance

Colonel Randolph	Harriet Stille
Mose	Wylie Hartsfield
Katherine Andrews	Eleanor East
John Randolph	Margaret E. Newell
Mammy Grace	Anne Floyd East
Arch	Melba Rhodes
Mrs Andrews	Myrtle Moss
Marion Hill	Arabella Harrel
Negro Musicians	{ Elizabeth Ellis
	{ Marguerite Thompson
	{ Frederica Magnus
Rev. William Irwin	Marjorie Will
Mary Semmes	Mary Griffin
Frances Alexander	Margaret Zink
Robert Gordon	Mary Helen Hynes
George Hill	Jeannette Warshavsky
Richard Mallary	Helen Sayles
Carolyn Cumming	Mary Young Goff
Major Andrews	Alma Lee Brown
Albert Baldwin	Helen Eads

As You Like It

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PRESENTED BY
EMERSON COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB
APRIL 21, 1917

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Duke, living in banishment		Miss MacCulley
Frederick, his brother, and usurper of his throne		Miss Goodfellow
Amiens } Lords attending the banished Duke		{ Miss Duval
Jaques }		{ Miss Mitchell
Le Beau, a courtier attending on Frederick		Miss Olson
Charles, wrestler to Frederick		Miss Nygren
Oliver		Miss O'Leary
Jaques } Sons of Sir Roland de Boys		{ Miss Russey
Orlando }		{ Miss Bartel
Adam, servant to Oliver		Miss Call
Touchstone, a clown		Miss Guild
Corin } Shepherds		{ Miss MacNeill
Selvius }		{ Miss Little
William, a country fellow		Miss Wellington
Rosalind, daughter of the banished duke		Miss Southwick
Celia, daughter to Frederick		Miss Hastings
Phebe, a shepherdess		Miss Walker
Audrey, a country wench		Miss Minahan
Lords, pages and attendants, etc.		

Scene: Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's Court; and the Forest of Arden

Commencement Program

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, Dr. Lemuel H. Merlin

DEBATE

NETTIE HUTCHINS
GEORGE PEARSON

HELEN REED
LAURENCE SMITH

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Martha Marie Allen	Astrid Nygren	Mildred Southwick
Hazel Call	Helen Roarty	Sarah Stocking
Faye Eaton	Mary Sayre	Carolyn Walker
Elizabeth Ellis	Edna Schmitt	Freda Walker
Mildred Little	Margaret Scureman	Lucy Upson

THE WISHING TREE

BY MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

Life Dorothy Hopkins	Devil Fred Hubbard
Love Margaret Longstreet	Temptation Jessie Haszard
Joy Marguerite Thompson	Wisdom Ethel Baker
Duty Frederica Magnus	Death Ellen Reed
Envy Lillian Walker	Prologue Gertrude Allen

Fairies and Flowers

Gertrude Allen	Hazel Call	Sarah Stocking
Inez Banghart	Verre Johnston	Freda Walker

Imps

Elizabeth Ellis	Helen Roarty	Amy Toll
Eura Kester	Edna Schmitt	Carolyn Walker

Scene: A grove on the shore

READERS

Martha Marie Allen	Astrid Nygren	Sarah Stocking
Hazel Call	Mary Sayre	Lucy Upson
Faye Eaton	Margaret Scureman	Carolyn Walker
Mildred Little	Mildred Southwick	Freda Walker

MISTRESS NELL

BY GEORGE HAZELTON, JR.

King Charles II	Helen Bartel
James, Duke of York	Alma Brown
Duck of Buckingham	Harriet Stille
Earl of Rochester	Ruth Kennard
Jack Hart, manager of King's Theatre	Leah Kendall
Strings, old fiddler	Ruth Pancost
Dick, call-boy	Estelle Van Hoesen
Swallow, His Majesty's Constable	Florence Bailey
Buzzard	Ann Minahan
Landlord of the Blue Boar Inn	Anna Vail
Moll, an Orange Girl	Ruby Sutherland
Lady Hamilton	Ethel Green Sullivan
Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth	Marie Bellefontaine
Nell Gwyn	Grace Thorson

- ACT I Green Room at the King's Theatre—Evening of the first performance of
 Dryden's "Conquest of Granada."
- ACT II Scene 1: St. James' Park before Nell's terrace by moonlight.
 Scene 2: The Blue Boar Inn.
- ACT III Ballroom at Portsmouth, a fortnight later.
- ACT IV Nell's at midnight.

Commencement Speaker, Dr. Samuel M. Crothers

JESTS AND JINGLES



*“I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience
to make me sad”*

TREASON

Miss Scureman: "I have called my "As You Like It" blue book "Mangled Shakespeare."

Mr. Smith: "You might have called it "Boiled Bacon."

THE LESSER EVIL

Kind friend: "Don't you get awfully tired of being in all those plays at your college?"

Emersonian: "Yes, I do; but if I weren't in the play, I'd have to sit in the audience, and that is much worse."

Miss Hewitt: "Had I known, Lawrence, that you were going to be up in recitals last night, I'd have sent you a cabbage."

Mr. Smith: "Now, Golda, don't go and lose your head over me."

SOME SHOW

Have you heard Ellen Reed?

SECRETS

Should Walter Bradley Tripp would Helen Bartel?

HEARD IN BIBLE CLASS

Should Molly Sayre prayers would Charles Kidder?

Who more than Grace enjoy the ups and Downs of college life?

If William sat down Byer, would Hazel Call?

No, but Pansy Wood.

If Helen Sayles I wonder if Marjorie Will.

Old Freddy Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To see if the dues were all paid;
But when he got there
The cupboard was bare,
Said Freddy, "My dears, I'm dismayed!"

He went to a Senior who had a new dress,
With his glittering eye he made her confess—
She pulled out her purse and gave him *one* bone—
Said Fred, "Oh, my soul, that means I'll dine alone."

Unappreciated at Emerson

I went into old Emerson to show 'em how to speak;
The president he looked at me as though I were a freak,
The girls out in the office laughed and giggled fit to die,
I beats it to the lift again and to myself says I:
Oh, I've acted this and acted that and won my praise galore
When I've recited "Curfew Bell" in my home town gen'ral store,
In Peaksville's gen'ral store, my girls, in Peaksville's gen'ral store,
Oh, it's "Encore, second Garrick," in my home town gen'ral store.

I spoke a piece for Mrs. Hicks as brilliant as could be,
She gave a Freshman girl some praise but hadn't none for me.
She told me not to rant so much and not to saw the air,
But when it comes to yelling—Lord! she's jealous of me there!
Then it's "Soften this" and "Not so loud" until I get the blues,
But it's "Splendid work of Hawkins" in the Peaksville Weekly News,
The Peaksville Weekly News, my girls, the Peaksville Weekly News.
Oh, it's "Splendid work of Hawkins" in the Peaksville Weekly News.

Yes, making mock of orators that's got you skun a mile
Is unsisterly behavior and decidedly bad style,
And nudging one another when I'm going wild a bit
Is only 'cause you're jealous that I'm making of a hit.
Then it's "Watch him there" and "Look at that" and "Is the creature sane?"
But it's "finish of an artist" away back home in Maine.
Away back home in Maine, my girls, away back home in Maine,
Oh, it's "finish of an artist" away back home in Maine!

You talk of private lessons, and mention fees so small,
Why don't you let me have a Thursday morning in the hall?
Don't fuss about my squeaky voice, but prove your int'rest real —
How can you know what in me stirs, the feelings that I feel!
But it's "Were you here?" and "Were you there?" and "Did she call the roll?"
(Of course I'm found in every class evolving of my soul.)
Then it's Hawkins this and Hawkins that and "Watch the poor fool strive,"
But Hawkins ain't a blooming fool—you bet that he'll *arrive!*

L. J. S., '17.

A STUDY IN HOW NOT TO WRITE

Mortimer was as bold as orange-and-pink hosiery, and Simile was as elusive as a piece of Castile soap. When, at the appointed hour, he repaired to her house as punctual as a bill collector, she tried, like a street car conductor, to put him off.

But his mind, like the face of an actress, was made up. Becoming as eloquent as a man in a telephone booth which you are waiting to use, he said, "Simile, I love you!"

Her lips quivered like a light auto, but the look in her eyes was as far away as Brooklyn. "Oh, marry me," he pleaded, his voice sounding hollow as a campaign pledge, "or I shall be as wretched as a porous custard."

He edged nearer to her, till he was almost as close as the air in the subway. He gazed anxiously at her face, the way a person in a taxicab gazes at the face of the meter. Her skin was smooth as a confidence man, and clear as boarding house soup. He put his arm around her waist, which was slim as a professor's salary. Yielding suddenly like a treacherous garter, she murmured in a voice as soft as stale crackers, while tears rushed to her eyes like shoppers to a bargain counter, "I am yours." And she clung to him like barbed wire. A thrill of joy went through Mortimer like a highwayman. "Oh," he cried, "then I am as happy as a coincidence."

EX.

We are delighted to see the announcement of the immediate publication of a Manual of Education. It will present in concise form all the average person remembers of a six-years college course, gathering these remnants neatly together. Some random sentences from this work will give you the idea.

I. ASTRONOMY: teaches the correct use of the sun and the planets. Is intensely interesting and should be done at night in Spitzbergen.

II. HISTORY: Aztecs—half man, half horse, half mound-builder—a fabulous race who left stupendous monuments of themselves somewhere. Caesar: a Roman general, stabbed by Et Tu Brute, and died with the words "*beni, vidi, tekel upharsim*" on his lips.

Dante: an Italian—introduced the street organ known as Dante's Inferno.

Boarding House Mistress: "What part of the chicken do you prefer?"

Freshman: "Some of the meat, please."

"Name ten animals of the Arctic regions."

"Five polar bears and five seals."

A certain young student went into the Boston Public Library. Seeing a man in authority she walked up to him and said: "I must have a book. Mrs. Black says I must read it; I have forgotten what it is, but if you will name over the books you have here, I will stop you when you come to it."

As Commencement draws nearer, the Seniors work harder and longer; they have to rise earlier and earlier. By the end of April they will rise yesterday afternoon.

Lamentation

Exam!
O dear!
Means cram
I fear
Oh, why
I shirk
When I
Should work,
I know
Not now—
For lo!
I trow
The fate,
The "D"
Await—
Ing me,
And so
Because
I know

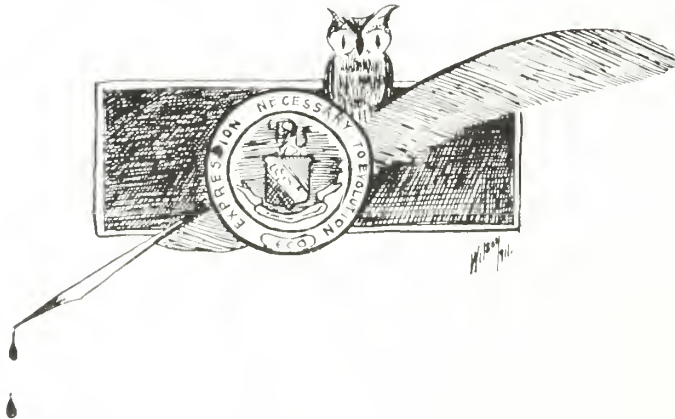
No laws
That should
Remain
Within
My brain,
I burn
The oil
Of mid-
Night toil,
And waste
My looks
On use-
Less books,
Ah, thin
I grow
Before
I know
The facts
That loom

In haz-
Y gloom,
And then
I sigh
And won-
Der why
I ne'er
Will learn
All joys
To spurn,
And do
Each day
The work
That may
Bring me
The "A"
For which
I pray.

L. H. U., '17.

Epilogue

Well, a little book we wrote you,
Once upon a time;
Pray you read it gently---so do!
With its prose and with its rhyme,
Fun and pathos. Oh, be kind
And forget the faults you find.





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