

The 1911 Annual
of the
Cincinnati
College Preparatory School
For Girls

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1911



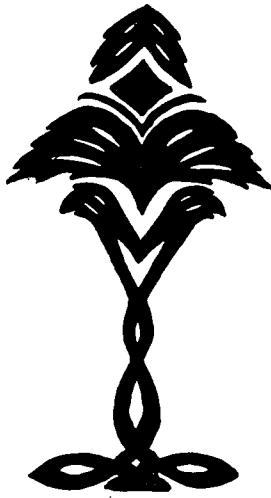
The Cincinnati College Preparatory School for Girls

The 1911 Annual



Published by the Collegiate Department of the School, Cincinnati, June 1, 1911

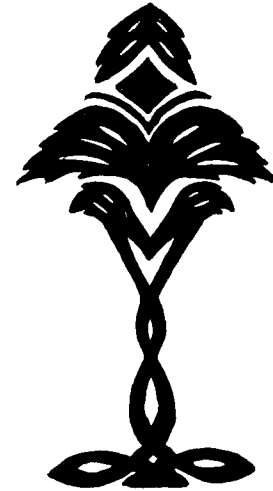




To Future Annual Boards

To Annual Boards that follow us,
To burn the midnight oil
And rage and wear and tear their hair
And work and write and toil,
Who emerge from hard-won glory
With a worn and fretful look—
To them, indeed, as is their meed,
We dedicate this book.

—Mary Herbert, '13.





Faculty

MISS MARY HARLAN DOHERTY, B. A.
Principal,
Greek, Latin.

MISS CLARA LANGENBECK, B. S. MISS ANNA LANGENBECK,
Science, Geometry. German.

MISS SARA JEAN HOWELL, B. A.
English Literature, Rhetoric.

MISS ELSIE NEWTON, B. A. MISS MARTHA EDWARDS,
Mathematics. History, History of Art.

MLLE. LEA LANZ, B. A.
French.

MLLE. ESTELLE LEBRUN, MISS LOUISE HUNT,
French. English.



Faculty

MISS HELEN HOWELL,
Primary Department, Drawing.

MISS ELLA BAKER,
Primary Department.

MISS GRACE MORGAN,
German.

MISS EDNA PEARL COTTERAL,
Geography.

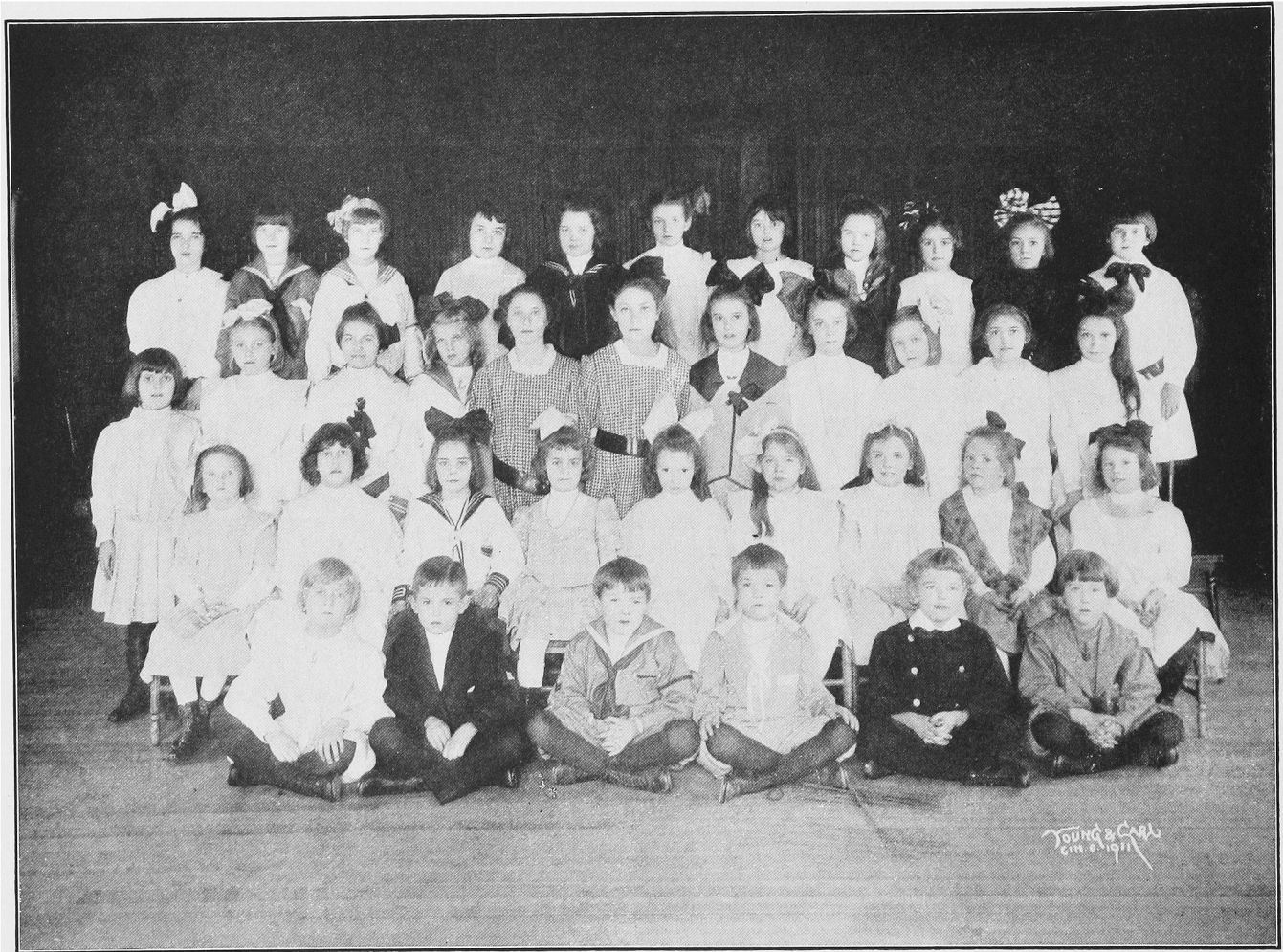
MISS EUNICE BRONSON,
Calisthenics.

MISS MARY NEFF,
Voice Culture, Dramatics.

MRS. IDA HOLLOWAY,
Drawing, Arts and Crafts.

MISS LOUISE GEIER,
Chorus Singing.

MRS. JESSIE B. BROECKHOVEN,
Secretary.





The Primary Grades

Primary I

Helen Allen
 Marguerite Duttenhofer
 Janet Enger
 Helen Ficks
 May Louise Greene
 Mary Hazen
 Margaret Keplinger

Rosan Krippendorf
 Alice Pape
 Harriet Ramsey
 Marjory Shepherd
 Mildred Williamson
 Marian Wurlitzer
 Valeska Wurlitzer

Primary II

Ann Field
 Estella Ficks
 Katherine Garvey
 Katherine Miller

Polly Perkins
 Ruth Selser
 Anne Kennedy
 Ann Goodhue

Primary III

Olivia Cassatt
 Jean Graydon
 Louise Chase Holstein
 Dorothy Reynolds
 Laura May Wilson

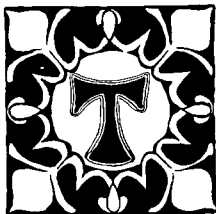
Truman Herron
 Jack Livingood
 Ruth Sheaffer
 Willard Crane
 Dorothy Sebastian

Primary IV

David Forker
 Ann Graydon
 Tommy Leaman
 Daniel Rebhun
 Mary Hinsch

Charles Hinsch
 Bayard Kilgour
 Frances Shinkle
 Anne Shinkle

The Primary Grades



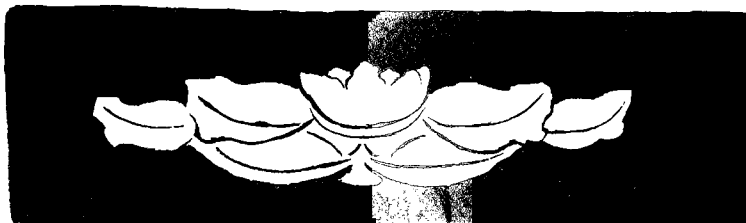
HERE are four grades of the Primaries — Primary I, II, III, and IV. It seems funny, doesn't it, that Primary I should mean just the same thing as Grade IV?

I am in Primary I. Miss Baker is our teacher. She teaches Primary I and II and gives Primary III Arithmetic. Primary I is such an important class that the room

won't hold all of us. We go to Miss Cotteral for Geography. Miss Helen Howell teaches Primary III and Primary IV everything, and all the Primaries drawing.

We have a club to keep paper off the floor. Every month two new members are selected to pick it up. If any is found on the floor, the members take the name of the child, and at the end of the month give the name to Miss Baker.

ALICE ELIZABETH PAPE, 1919.



Intermediate Grades

Intermediate I

Mildred Brooks
Amy Collins
Elizabeth Compton
Gertrude Duttenhofer
Jeannette Ficks
Elizabeth Gest
Olive Koehler

Harriet Langdon
Mary Louise Moffett
Ruth Rebhun
Martha Shipley
Mary Varner
Olive Weber

Intermediate III

Dorothy Anderson
Margaret Anderson
Alice Barnard
Louise Chase
Julie Galvin
Elisabeth Goodhue
Teresa James
Frances Johnson

Clara Loveland
Louise McLaren
Helen Macdonald
Madeline Rowe
Hannah Shipley
Ruth Wilson
Julia Ramsey

Intermediate II

Mary Forker
Virginia Geier
Elsie Graziani

Margaret Jameson
Myra Langdon
Irene Sebastian

Intermediate IV

Carlotta Graziani
Eleanor Herron
Josephine Livingood

Anna McAlpin
Clarissa Stem
Mildred Ziegler





The Intermediate Grades



KNOW you have all heard of the Intermediates. You have probably learned from the Collegiates that they are a lot of noisy children, but these haughty Collegiates forget, perhaps, that they were once Intermediates themselves.

We have such a very long and interesting history, that I can tell you only of the important things. First come our quiet little Intermediate IV's. If they were only as quiet in "gym" as they are in class, they would deserve the name of angels, but they delight in making a ring around the older girls to prevent them from dancing. Clarissa is the shining light in popularity, while Mildred Z. is the only pillar which upholds this class on the Honor Roll.

Intermediate III is the largest class of the Intermediates. Almost every member of this class has some particular thing in which she excels. Margaret A. and Teresa J. and Julie G. generally lead the class, while Alice B. is

looked up to with envy by her classmates, for hasn't she already read "The Rose and the Ring," and isn't she petted by all the older girls?

Next comes Intermediate II, the pets of the C. P. S. Virginia G. and Mary F. take turns in leading the class, while Myra L., poor, thin little girl, radiates good humor.

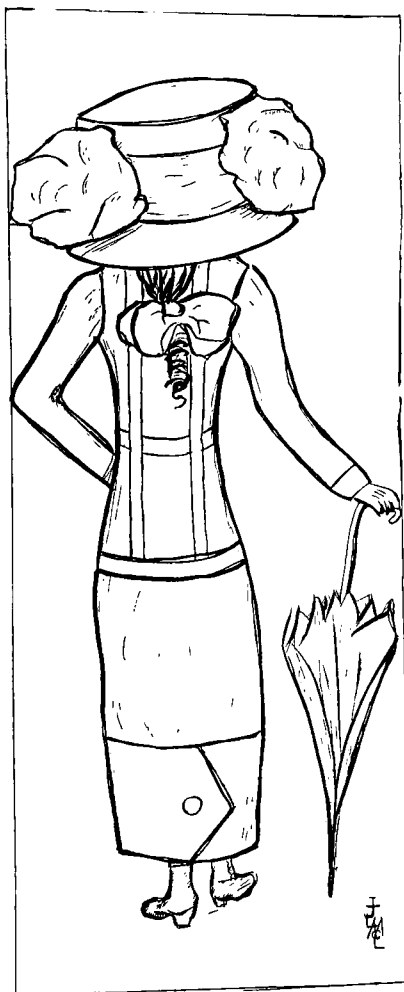
Last, but not least, is Intermediate I. Of course, none of us can wait until we become Collegiates, although there is a rumor that we would never like to be such Fresh — men as Collegiate IV boasts this year. This class contains four very interesting girls, who are called the "Quartette." Among the other girls are Amy C. and Mary Louise M., who are rivals for honors, while Harriet L. and Ruth R. are as devoted as David and Jonathan.

After all, we are very proud of our class, and expect to be graduated with honors some day (not saying when) from the C. P. S., and gratify Miss Doherty's heart.

OLIVE KOEHLER, 1915.

▪ Freshman ▪ Sophomore ▪ Junior ▪ SENIOR ▪





Class of 1914

Class Officers

MARY ANDERSON..... *President*
 LLEWELLYNA REBHUN *Vice-President*
 AUGUSTA FORKER..... *Treasurer*
 MARY LANDIS..... *Secretary*

Class List

Mary Anderson	Frances Howe
Dorothy Barrett	Dorothy Jones
Beatrice Carmichael	Helen Justis
Gwendolyn Crawford	Mary Landis
Ruth Enger	Ruth Little
Florence Evans	Sophia Mallon
Augusta Forker	Julia McLaren
Lucy Gayle	Frances McLean
Ruth Hatfield	Llewellyna Rebhun
Emily Heizer	Janet Rhodes
Marjorie Hinsch	Virginia Whittaker



YOUNG & CARP
SINCE 1861

The Class of 1914



OR all whom it may concern, this little history is written. We Freshmen feel sure that it will concern everyone, for are we not the most important, the largest, and the most interesting class in the School? We are the pride and joy of the faculty. To show their fondness for us, they give us little parties after school nearly every afternoon of the week.

Of course, we know that when you have been duly presented to some of the honored members of our class, you will better understand the un-failing love which is shown for us by all of our schoolmates, especially by the Sophomores.

First, let us introduce to you our respected, beloved, and awe-inspiring President, Mary A. She is so dignified that she would never condescend to dance the Boston. Those who are audacious enough to amuse themselves by taking part in this unladylike dance, are gently but firmly requested to be more demure in the future.

Next, let us present "Sister C.," the stiff and rigid creature who is so thin that all the girls try to give her an extra amount of crackers and milk at recess.

[15]

Third comes Ruth E., the plump little captain of the basket-ball team. She is as quick as lightning, and she and Llewellyna R. are credits to the class in the annual basket-ball games. There are so many girls in the class that if I wrote a little history about each one, it would take "perfect ages" (expression beloved of Freshmen).

Although the Freshman Class is a very large one, its members always stand by one another and agree (?) to everything that is said in class meetings. I am sure that the Freshmen are the most loyal class in the school, and I hope that some day Miss Doherty will have reason to be proud of each and every member of 1914.

MARY LANDIS, 1914.







The Sophomore Class

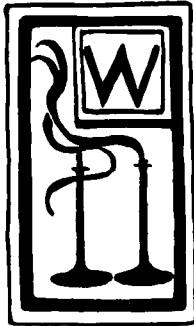
Officers

MARGARET TANGEMAN.....*President*
 CORINNE THRASHER.....*Vice-President*
 MADELINE HICKS.....*Secretary*
 HELEN GEIER.....*Treasurer*

Class List

Mildred Chase	Madeline Hicks
Roberta Dohrman	Mary Herbert
Helen Geier	Helene White
Emma Crane	Helen Kroger
Helen Graydon	Constance Lewis
Laura Graziani	Jane Lewis
Jane Griffith	Margaret Tangeman
Maud Hardwick	Corinne Thrasher

Sophomore Class History



THE Sophomores are a very important and highly interesting class (at least we think so). We have very few traits in common. "Variety is the spice of life," you know. There are girls among us ranging from the vigorous "athlete" to the quiet, demure student, and various degrees between the two. But there is one very important trait which belongs to us all. This is our buoyancy. If you see a girl in the hall looking as though life were a burden, and next moment see her laughing and dancing in the "gym," you may be fairly sure she is a "Soph." If you do not believe this, ask the faculty; they know from experience.

However, within the class there are several little divisions. There is a small (very small) group of "artists." J. G. can be traced by her chubby little "Campbell kids," and R. D. entertains us with her thrillingly illustrated romances.

Then there are two or three humorists. These girls are what Miss H. calls "Spontaneous Bub-

bles." They seem to try to work off their superfluous energy by making funny (?) remarks and by incessant giggling.

There are several girls who work off this energy in athletics. I forgot to say that the "Sophs" have a great deal of energy, as a rule. Noticeable among these is our basket-ball champion, H. K. She has so much that she could easily make a "plant" of herself and supply the class.

Very important among us are the students. I do not mean only those whose names are on the coveted Honor Roll, but also those who, in spite of failure, keep steadily "pegging away" (or at least as steadily as is possible for a Sophomore). These say to themselves that they *will* do better next time. They deserve every bit as much credit as those other workers who achieve the goal of Honor.

We are not all of us "stars" (much to our regret). But we are healthy, buoyant, and happy girls. If you do not feel this way about us, you either do not know us or you are a pessimist. In the latter case, allow me to prescribe for you Miss Howell's Sophomore course in "wit." It will cure you.

MADLINE HICKS, 1913.



The Junior Class

Officers

ADELE CAMPBELL..... *President*
 CATHERINE GODLEY..... *Vice-President*
 ADELAIDE ORR..... *Secretary*
 MATILDA GARLICK..... *Treasurer*

Class List

Harriet Blackburn	Helen Holmes
Dorothea Carothers	Gretchen Jarecki
Lilian Crothers	Mary Elizabeth Kemper
Adele Campbell	Marie Kupferschmid
Dorothy Donogh	Angeline Loveland
Dorothy Duncan	Margaret McAlpin
Matilda Garlick	Aline Moore
Jane Glover	Adelaide Orr
Catherine Godley	Doris Rogers
Grace Grimm	Katharine Glascock
Eva Hatfield	



Junior Class History



“ELP! Help! Help!” The cry broke the still air. No, this is not the beginning of a sensational tale; it is the beginning of the Junior Class History. You see, there are so many interesting class histories that I had to call attention to this in some way. Not that the Juniors need to have attention called to them; oh, no, for they are one of the most important classes in the school (why think, next year they’ll be Seniors — if they pass). Much “scurrilous abuse” and many infamous tales have been told of this class, but they are not true. The Juniors are one of the liveliest classes in the school. It is true, one would never suspect this from witnessing a class meeting. Some of the bearers of these infamous tales would have it that the two sections divide the class into two sets absolutely out of harmony with each other. The class is a unit, and a sprightly unit at that.

The Collegiate section, though it boasts of its number of subjects, does not look in the least

overworked, but, in fact, quite cheerful. This section is a proud one, for three of the class officers come from it. A. Campbell is a Collegiate girl who has proved herself an excellent President. Do you know H. Holmes and C. Godley? They are the Bryn Mawr girls. A. Loveland is the geometry expert and G. Grimm, “the new girl.” A. Moore is the scholar who uses the big words. A. Orr and D. Carothers come next, the latter a regular imp of mischief. The main virtues of this celebrated section are their executive ability and their fun-loving spirit. Besides this, their teachers love them. I do not know whether you could call this a virtue on their part.

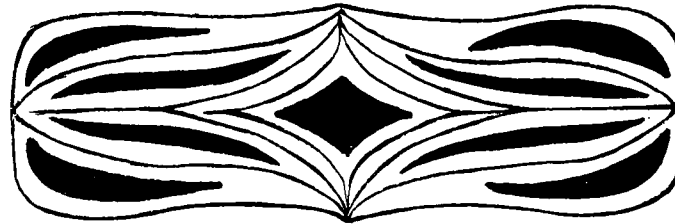
The Academic section is larger. It is composed of some of the “choicest spirits” of the school. There are several “new girls” in this section. There are the Kentucky girls, a group of three. These are popular, in spite of the fact that they are rather shy and retiring. D. Rodgers is another “new girl,” Matilda’s cousin. M. Kupferschmid is usually the head of the Academics, for she has “excellent ideas,” to quote Miss Howell. J. Glover is another notice-

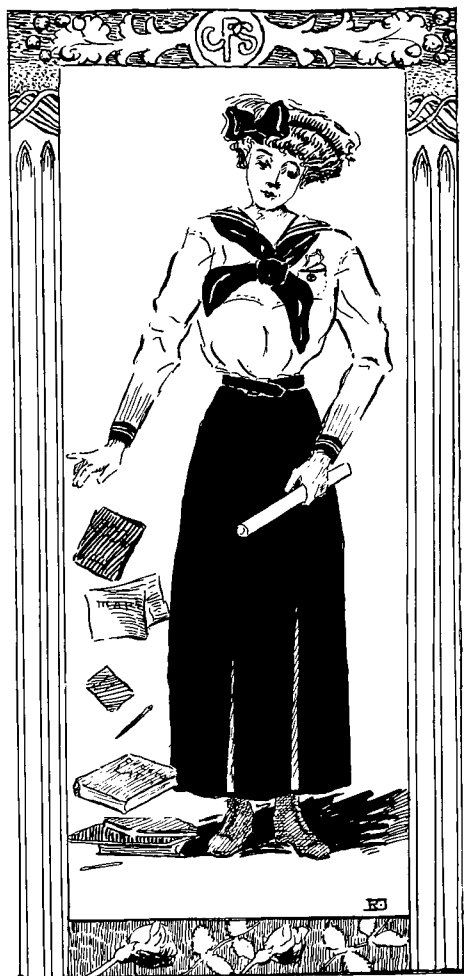
able Junior, rather small and saucy. L. Crothers is not much larger (don't tell her so). M. E. Kemper, M. McAlpin, V. Ficks and H. Blackburn complete the list of this famous class.

Now, for a brief summary of all the Juniors. From this paper one might gather that they

have no faults. The other classes will enlighten you in this respect. Last year the Juniors were accused of lack of class spirit. Though their class meetings are still rather poorly attended, yet this class is improving steadily in its feeling of fellowship. Do you not think so?

ADELAIDE ORR, 1912.





The Senior Class

Officers

ANGE FARAN.....*President*
 CORINNE LAWSON.....*Vice-President*
 MARY MALLON.....*Secretary*
 LOUISE ROOT.....*Treasurer*

Class List

Ange Faran	Louise Root
Helen Kinsey	Adelaide Singleton
Imogen Kinsey	Jean Sattler
Corinne Lawson	Ruth Thrasher
Mary Mallon	Margaret Titus



ANGE FARAN

President of the Class.
Captain of the First Basket-ball Team.
Business Manager of the Annual.
Coach of the Fifth Basket-ball Team.

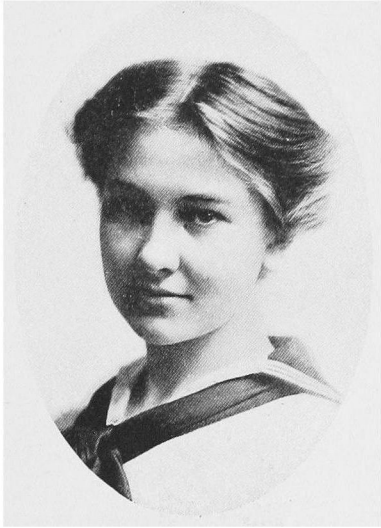
"True to her work, her word, her friends."

HELEN KINSEY

Member of the Annual Board.

*"Thus she grew up in Logic point-device,
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice."*





IMOGEN KINSEY

Member of the First Basket-ball Team.

*"All was harmony and calm and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding, cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions."*

CORINNE LAWSON

Vice-President of the Class.
Chairman of the Executive Committee.
Member of the First Basket-ball Team.
Coach of the Fourth Basket-ball Team.

*"What I most admire in her is the audacity with which
she demands political equality while possessing personal
ascendency."*





MARY MALLON

Secretary of the Class.
Editor-in-Chief of the Annual.
Member of the First Basket-ball Team.

"Oh, I've worked eight hours this day."

LOUISE ROOT

Treasurer of the Class.
Art Editor of the Annual.
Member of the First Basket-ball Team.

*"You should know that the thing in art is to leave off
before the end."*





JEAN SATTLER

*"To those that know thee, no words can paint,
To those who know thee not, all words are faint."*



ADELAIDE SINGLETON

"There was a sound of revelry by night."



RUTH THRASHER

"She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship."



MARGARET TITUS

"Pontiff of the unexpected adjective."

Senior Class History



Do you realize that it is 1911? We Seniors can hardly believe it; 1911 has always seemed to us a far-distant millennium toward which we must struggle, but at which we must never hope to arrive. And now it is here! In a short time, a time measured only by days, we shall no longer be Seniors, but Alumnae! The class of 1911 will be the graduating class. Well, we deserve it. We have worked and labored toward this end. Many have fallen by the wayside and have been rescued by that first aid to the feeble — the boarding school. Still the class has toiled upward and onward. Now we stand, ten strong, waiting for our diplomas.

This wonderful class is divided into two parts: Academics and Collegiates. The Academics are those girls who, for some reason or other, are not going to College. Consequently, they are being given “general culture” here. They read the romantic English poets and learn to quote appropriately from them. They study History of Art, learn to pronounce unpronounceable Italian and Spanish names, and to

be able to pick out an Old Master. Also, they are taught French lyrics. Finally, they take Arts and Crafts. They can do beautiful leather work. Their stencil designs are wonderful examples of Art. Truly, these five Academics are being made into accomplished, cultured women.

The poor Collegiates have a much harder time. The aim of their education is not culture, but college. They do no art work. Oh, dear, no! At that time they are busy writing, in half an hour, an exhaustive study of Milton’s style, or discussing what “the milk of human kindness” means. They pursue the pious Aeneas over land and sea, but refuse to fall in love with him. All sentiment has been crushed out of them in the daily grind of grammar constructions. How can we admire his speech to Dido when we are wondering why the verbs are subjunctive or whether they really are so or merely future? These poor girls are not yet delivered from the burden of mathematics. Still, quadratic equations, theory of limits, angles and x’s are thrust into their heads till they wonder what

it is all about. Nevertheless, they have their reward. In June they pass their college examinations and next fall they enter real, true college. Yes, they, as well as the Academics, have their reward.

Though the Collegiates and Academics seem so widely different, yet they unite and form one class — the Seniors.

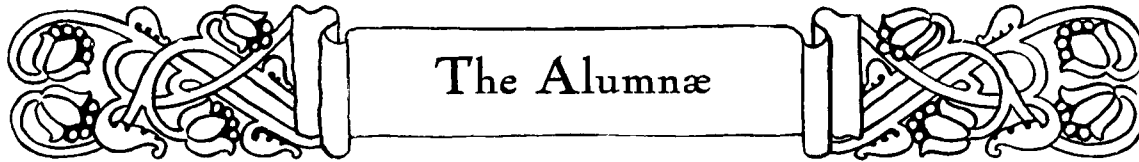
We are all very proud of this class of 1911. In the first place, we are the youngest class that has ever been graduated from the C. P. S. "Kittenish," the cruel faculty calls us. "Better kittenish than cattish," we answer with our usual inclination to see the bright side of life. Next, we are always, as I have mentioned,

bright and cheerful. The most harsh criticism of our manners and morals has power to crush us only for a few days. Very soon we bob up, serenely, with our self-complacency as strong as ever. We have one, I mean one special, grievance. It is, I believe, one that many classes have. The faculty does not appreciate us. We state this sadly and sorrowfully. We can not but pity the blind faculty when we realize how remorseful they will feel when they return next year to find that the poor, abused class of 1911 has passed out into the world, and will never return and can never be compensated. In spite, however, of this sorrow, we are a very happy class and always ready to cheer for C. P. S.

MARY MALLON, 1911.







Officers

CHARLOTTE SHIPLEY..... *President*
DOROTHY KELLOGG..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

Honorary Members

Miss Doherty Miss Anna Langenbeck Miss Sarah Howell Miss Clara Langenbeck

Regular Members

Julia Anderson	Ruth Crothers	Dorothy Kellogg	Mrs. A. E. Osmond
Virginia Bell	Alma Davidson	Ruth Kinsey	Gwendolyn Rawson
Louise Cadwalader	Helen Dominick	Lucile Kroger	Charlotte Shipley
Margaret Clark	Marian Gaulding	Ethel McCullough	Barbara Thrasher
Marianne Clark	Winifred Goodall	Jennie Moffett	Louise Williams
	Charlotte Healy	Grace Morgan	

Associate Members

Dorothy Abbott	Augusta Clark	Anna Louise Irwin	Jeanette Rawson
Gertrude Ayers	Mrs. F. G. Flach	Mrs. J. N. Kinney	Mrs. W. H. Nichols
Louise Ayers	Mrs. C. H. West	Mrs. W. J. Knapp	Anne Lea Rothier
Mary Bates	Frances Ebersole	Mary Laidley	Anne Sykes
Elizabeth Bishop	Amy Ferris	Margaret Marfield	Emily Woodall
Mrs. C. W. Bosworth	Rachel Gallagher	Virginia Martin	Florence Woodmansee
Mrs. H. C. Foerster	Dorothy Hill	Mrs. Franklin Alter	

Alumnæ Notes



INIFRED GOODALL is being initiated into the mysteries of higher education at Bryn Mawr.

Jennie Moffett, at Vassar, is torn between the delights of riding and the horrors of studying. Her last report, however, is marked "good."

Gwendolyn Rawson finds that at Bryn Mawr life as a Sophomore is very different from life as a Freshman.

Lucille Kroger will be graduated this year from Wellesley. Here she has brought great honor to her preparatory school by her success in her college studies.

Marianne Clark made her *début* this winter. She has been the only alumna to come out this year.

Virginia Bell has returned from a tour of Europe and gone south. While in Europe she spent some time studying at a school in Florence.

Ruth Crothers is much engaged with tennis, riding and afternoon tea at the Bennett School.

Louise Williams has brought honors upon herself at Briarcliff Manor.

Ethel McCullough is a distinguished Junior at Vassar.

Grace Morgan returned from Germany last September after two years spent in study at Dresden. She is now Miss Anna Langenbeck's assistant in the German department. It seems so natural to have her back that the older girls can hardly realize that she has been away at all since she was graduated from the C. P. S. in 1908.

Alma Davidson, one of our graduates of 1909, has left Cincinnati. She is now living in Oklahoma City, where she is doing newspaper work.

Charlotte Shipley has been spending the winter at home. She has devoted her time to the study of music and the history of art.

Barbara Thrasher is at Miss Wickham's School in New York, where she is making a special study of music at the Damrosch School.

Julia Anderson is also at Miss Wickham's. She has been studying literature and the modern languages.

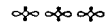
Helen Dominick is at home this year. In the early part of the winter she took a course of study at the Art School.

Charlotte Healy has been traveling in Mexico and South America. She is at present visiting her sister at Coronado Beach.

Ruth Kinsey "is the first Cincinnati girl to be chosen for the Vassar 'Daisy Chain'."

Lucille Kroger "received a Wellesley scholarship, the second highest academic honor the faculty bestows."

Marriage Announcements



LOUISE ALLEN and MR. WILLIAM J. KNAPP.
June 2, 1910.

LOUISE MADDOX and MR. JOSEPH M. KINNEY.
August 2, 1910.

EMILIE SCHMIDLAPP and DR. ARTHUR E. OSMOND.
October 26, 1910.

LOUISE BUCHWALTER and MR. H. CAMERON FOERSTER.
December 31, 1910.

ANNA LEA ROTHIER and MR. JOHN A. DITMARS.
April 21, 1911.

There occurred, on Tuesday, March 21st, the death of a young girl whose life, though brief, left its mark upon all who came in close contact with it. Always conscientious, considerate and loyal, Rowena Langdon has not lived in vain.

A. C. L.

NEWS FROM "OLD GIRLS"



ANNA SMITH is the Captain of the Hockey Team at Rosemary and Margaret holds the same position in Field Sports. Trust the Smiths to excel in athletics.

Emma Eaton is the Business Manager of the Rosemary Year Book. We extend to her our heartiest congratulations and sympathy.

Evelyn Hollister is distinguishing herself at boarding school in France.

Lenora Hofer is spending a delightful winter in Spain with her sister.

Eleanor Gholson is keeping house at home this winter.

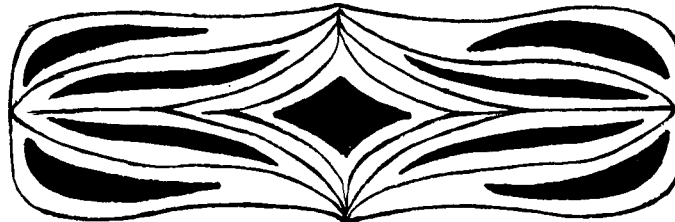
Dorothy Rawson is the President of the Senior Class at Wykeham Rise, and also the head of the Committee on Self-government.

Marjorie Langdon is enjoying herself (except for occasional attacks of homesickness) at Farmington.

Frances Perin is, as usual, making herself popular at Westover.

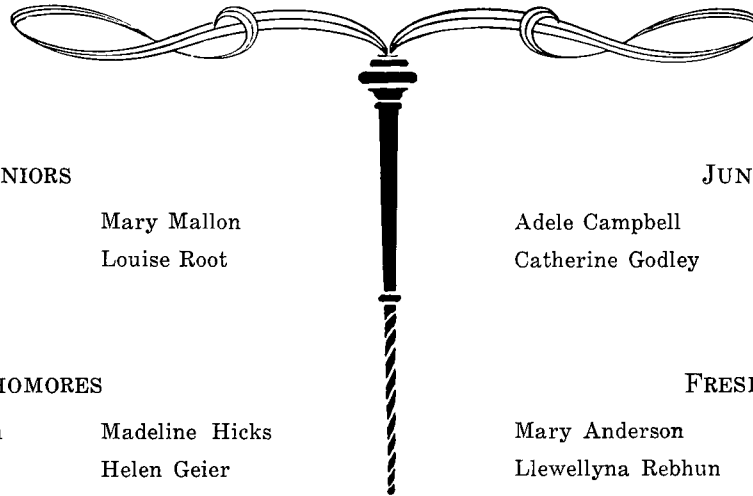
Alfreda Shipley and Harbine Hazen and Helen Shipley uphold the honor of the C. P. S. at Miss Shipley's school at Bryn Mawr.

Fannie May Grossius has been traveling in Europe. Now she is in New York with her aunt.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

CORINNE LAWSON, *Chairman*



SENIORS

Ange Faran
Corinne Lawson

Mary Mallon
Louise Root

JUNIORS

Adele Campbell
Catherine Godley

Matilda Garlick
Adelaide Orr

SOPHOMORES

Margaret L. Tangeman
Corinne Thrasher

Madeline Hicks
Helen Geier

FRESHMEN

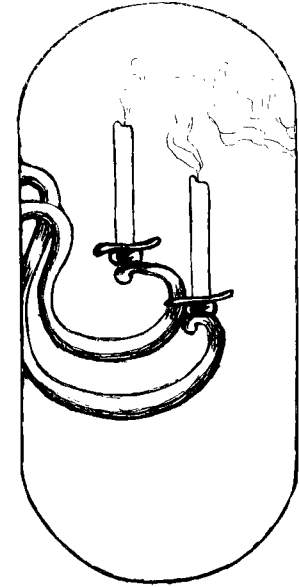
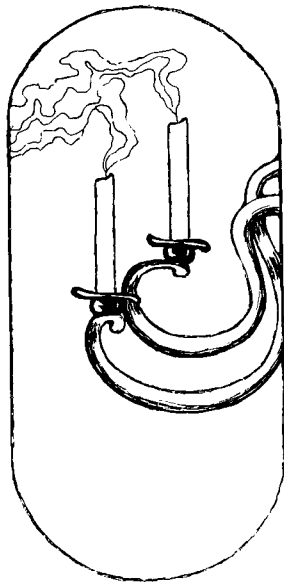
Mary Anderson
Llewellyna Rebhun

Augusta Forker
Mary Landis

ADVISORY BOARD

Miss Doherty

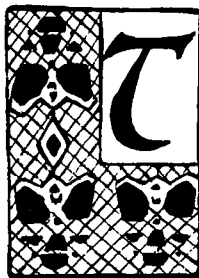
Miss Anna Langenbeck
Miss Edwards



M. J. G. G. G.



The Executive Committee



THE Executive Committee was established in our school for various reasons. One of these was to enable the girls to settle questions concerning their own welfare. Any difficulty throughout the school, arising from class pins, basket-ball rules or "frenzied finance," is brought directly to the Executive Committee to be judged. Then, too, this assembly has caused more of a democratic feeling to spring up. For, it is only natural that each girl is interested in the fact that she, through her representatives, has a share in the government of the school.

Like any just government, we use representation. The Committee is composed of the officers of each class in the Collegiate Department. Here no partiality is shown, for the Secretary is as great and powerful as the President.

Over the sixteen members, a Chairman is placed. Corinne Lawson, an awe-inspiring Senior, holds the honor. Miss Edwards is "continual assistant." Her advice is helpful, her plans are excellent, and her energy unceasing.

As it is, with such an active force of workers, success has crowned the Executive Committee. The members are even able to extract money from poor innocents, for who can escape sixteen energetic girls, who ask, with voice of command: "Have you paid your money yet?" This unusual power has enabled the Committee to entertain quite extensively. The "Country Party" for the new girls was a proof of this ability. But best of all, the Committee has aroused much enthusiasm and loyalty in the school. In all it has undertaken, this organization has prospered. So, in ending this account of glory, let me say: "If you want anything to go through, take it to the Executive Committee."

ADELE CAMPBELL, 1912.



In Memoriam

The
Dramatic Club

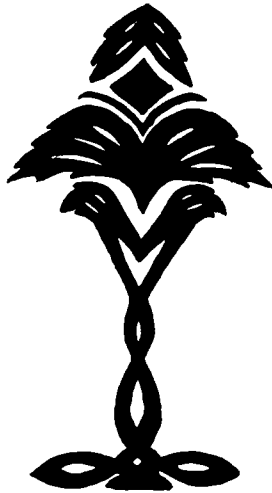
Died June 1, 1910



This sad death was due
to neglect and
poverty

Requiescat in pace

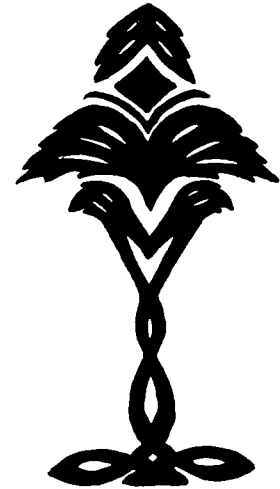
The Choral Class

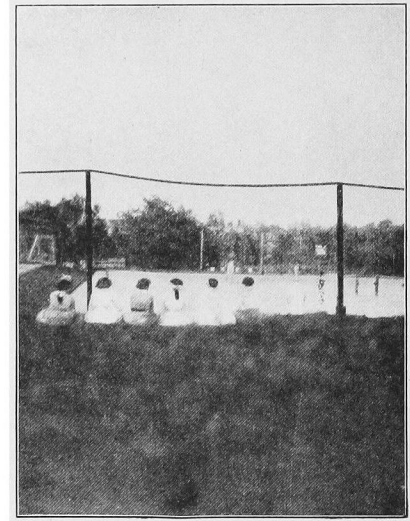
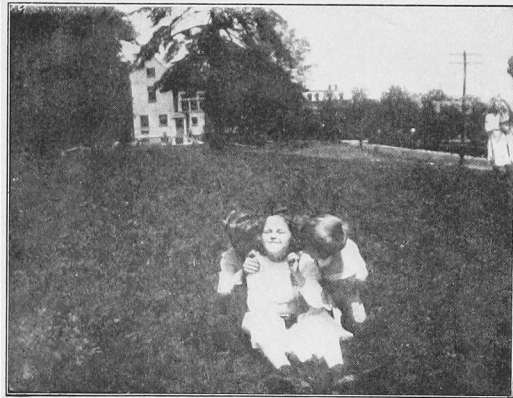


Mary Anderson
Dorothy Barrett
Mildred Brooks
Beatrice Carmichael
Elizabeth Compton
Amy Collins
Marianne Clark
Gwendolyn Crawford
Lilian Crothers
Roberta Dohrman
Gertrude Duttenhofer
Florence Evans
Jeannette Ficks
Augusta Forker
Mary Forker
Lucy Gayle
Helen Geier
Virginia Geier

Elizabeth Gest
Jane Glover
Laura Graziani
Ruth Hatfield
Emily Heizer
Mary Herbert
Madeline Hicks
Marjorie Hinsch
Frances Howe
Gretchen Jarecki
Margaret Jameson
Dorothy Jones
Helen Justis
Harriet Kemper
Olive Koehler
Mary Landis
Harriet Langdon
Constance Lewis

Ruth Little
Clara Loveland
Margaret McAlpin
Julia McLaren
Frances McLean
Sophia Mallon
Mary Louise Moffett
Adelaide Orr
Llewellyna Rebhun
Ruth Rebhun
Janet Rhodes
Irene Sebastian
Charlotte Shipley
Martha Shipley
Margaret Tangeman
Mary Varner
Olive Weber
Virginia Whittaker









The First Basket-Ball Team



ANGE FARAN *Captain*

Forwards

Corinne Lawson
Imogen Kinsey

Centers

Ange Faran
Mary Mallon

Guards

Vera Ficks
Louise Root



For the third time this team has come out victorious in the tournament.
Now the hard-won cup is won forever. Hurrah for the first team of the
C. P. S.!



The Second Basket-Ball Team



RUTH ENGER..... *Captain*

Forwards

Llewellyna Rebhun
Mary Anderson

Centers

Gwendolyn Crawford
Florence Evans

Guards

Beatrice Carmichael
Ruth Enger



The valiant Freshmen! Oh, how they made the Seniors tremble!
How hard they fought for the cup! How small the score by which they
lost! We could prophesy great things for next year.



The Third Basket-Ball Team



ADELE CAMPBELL *Captain*

Forwards

Adele Campbell
Catherine Godley

Centers

Helen Holmes
Lilian Crothers

Guards

Dorothy Carothers
Adelaide Orr



The work of this team is a constant surprise. Weak and irregular in practice, they shine in the tournament. Only teams of the first rank can win against them.



The Fourth Basket-Ball Team



ROBERTA DOHRMAN... ..*Captain*

Forwards

Helen Geier
Emma Crane

Centers

Jane Lewis
Helen Graydon

Guards

Helen Kroger
Roberta Dohrman

Substitutes

Jane Griffith Mildred Chase



This team possesses several excellent players. The teams who won against it had to fight for their victories.



The Fifth Basket-Ball Team



MARTHA SHIPLEY *Captain*

Forwards

Jeannette Ficks
Harriet Langdon

Centers

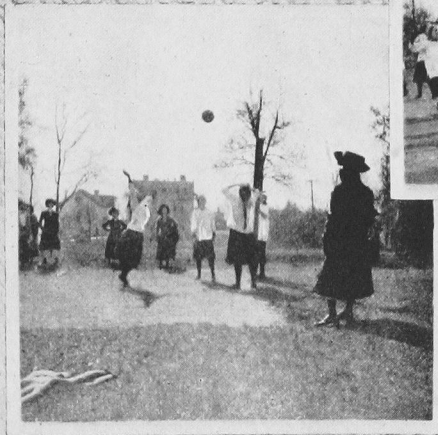
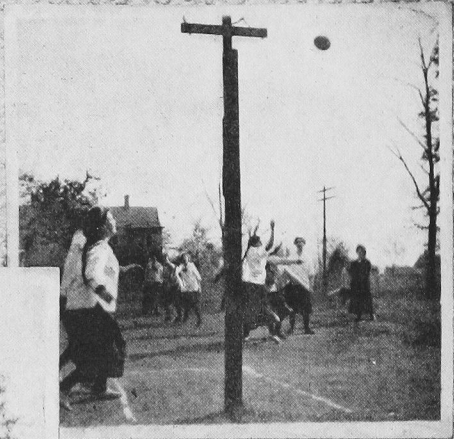
Olive Koehler
Olive Weber

Guards

Ruth Rebhun
Mary Louise Moffett



This is the youngest and smallest team of the school. Nevertheless, it is growing into a dangerous rival of the larger teams.



The Basket-Ball Tournament

The basket-ball tournament at C. P. S.,
As you may have heard, was a howling success.
The weather was fair and the playing was fine,
For our brilliant star players did nothing but shine.

On November eleventh the first game was played,
The Freshmen and First Intermediate grade.
Though the younger girls struggled with all of their might,
The older girls won on account of their height.

The next day the Freshmen and Sophomores were cheered
In a very close game, as by score card appeared,
Eight for the Sophomores, for Freshmen eleven —
The hopes of the Freshies soared upward to heaven.

The following Friday, the Juniors they met.
The score was the closest that had been made yet.
But Freshmen again bore the honors away,
And had only one team, the Seniors, to play.

Those gallant old Seniors upheld their renown,
While the "heavenly hopes" of the Freshmen came down.
So here's to the Seniors — our champions they —
With name on the cup — for the third time — to stay.

ANGELINE LOVELAND, 1912.

Basket-Ball Tournament

First Game, November 11, 1910

Freshmen vs. Intermediate I.
Score — Freshmen 28, Intermediate I 8.

Intermediate I Line-Up

Captain..... MARTHA SHIPLEY
Coach..... ANGE FARAN
Forwards..... JEANNETTE FICKS, HARRIET LANGDON
Centers..... OLIVE WEBER, OLIVE KOEHLER
Guards..... MARY LOUISE MOFFETT, RUTH REBHUN

Freshman Line-Up

Captain..... RUTH ENGER
Forwards..... LLEWELLYNA REBHUN, MARY ANDERSON
Centers..... FLORENCE EVANS, GWENDOLYN CRAWFORD
Guards..... RUTH ENGER, BEATRICE CARMICHAEL

Umpire..... REBEKAH SHULTZE
Referee..... HELEN DOMINICK

Second Game, November 12, 1910

Sophomores vs. Freshmen.
Score — Sophomores 8, Freshmen 11.

Sophomore Line-Up

Captain..... ROBERTA DOHRMAN
Coach..... CORINNE LAWSON
Forwards..... EMMA CRANE, HELEN GEIER
Guards..... ROBERTA DOHRMAN, HELEN KROGER
Centers..... JANE LEWIS, HELEN GRAYDON

Freshman Line-Up

Captain..... RUTH ENGER
Forwards..... LLEWELLYNA REBHUN, MARY ANDERSON
Guards..... RUTH ENGER, BEATRICE CARMICHAEL
Centers..... FLORENCE EVANS, GWENDOLYN CRAWFORD

Umpire..... REBEKAH SHULTZE
Referee..... HELEN DOMINICK

Basket-Ball Tournament

Third Game, November 18, 1910

Freshmen vs. Juniors.

Score — Freshmen 17, Juniors 15.

Junior Line-Up

Captain.....MATILDA GARLICK
Forwards.....ADELE CAMPBELL, CATHERINE GODLEY
Guards.....DOROTHY CAROTHERS, ADELAIDE ORR
Centers.....LILIAN CROTHERS, HELEN HOLMES

Freshman Line-Up

Captain.....RUTH ENGER
Forwards.....LLEWELLYNA REBHUN, MARY ANDERSON
Guards.....RUTH ENGER, BEATRICE CARMICHAEL
Centers.....FLORENCE EVANS, GWENDOLYN CRAWFORD

Umpire.....REBEKAH SHULTZE

Referee.....HELEN DOMINICK

Fourth Game, November 19, 1910

Seniors vs. Freshmen.

Score — Seniors 17, Freshmen 16.

Senior Line-Up

Captain.....ANGE FARAN
Forwards.....CORINNE LAWSON, IMOGEN KINSEY
Guards.....LOUISE ROOT, VERA FICKS
Centers.....ANGE FARAN, MARY MALLON

Freshman Line-Up

Captain.....RUTH ENGER
Forwards.....LLEWELLYNA REBHUN, MARY ANDERSON
Guards.....RUTH ENGER, BEATRICE CARMICHAEL
Centers.....FLORENCE EVANS, GWENDOLYN CRAWFORD

Umpire.....REBEKAH SHULTZE

Referee.....HELEN DOMINICK

Basket-Ball Tournament

Fifth Game, November 19, 1910

Sophomores and Seniors vs. Freshmen and Juniors.
Score — Sophomores-Seniors 11, Freshmen-Juniors 16.

Sophomore-Senior Line-Up

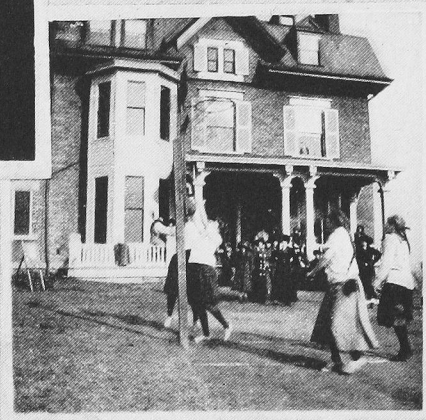
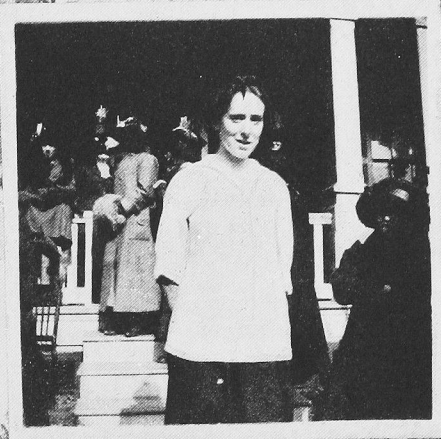
Forwards..... IMOGEN KINSEY, CORINNE LAWSON
Guards..... ROBERTA DOHRMAN, HELEN KROGER
Centers..... JANE LEWIS, ANGE FARAN

Freshman-Junior Line-Up

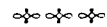
Forwards..... LEWELLYNA REBHUN, ADELE CAMPBELL
Guards..... BEATRICE CARMICHAEL, RUTH ENGER
Centers..... LILIAN CROTHERS, CATHERINE GODLEY

Umpire..... REBEKAH SHULTZE
Referee..... HELEN DOMINICK





HONOR PUPILS OF 1910



COLLEGIATE GRADES.

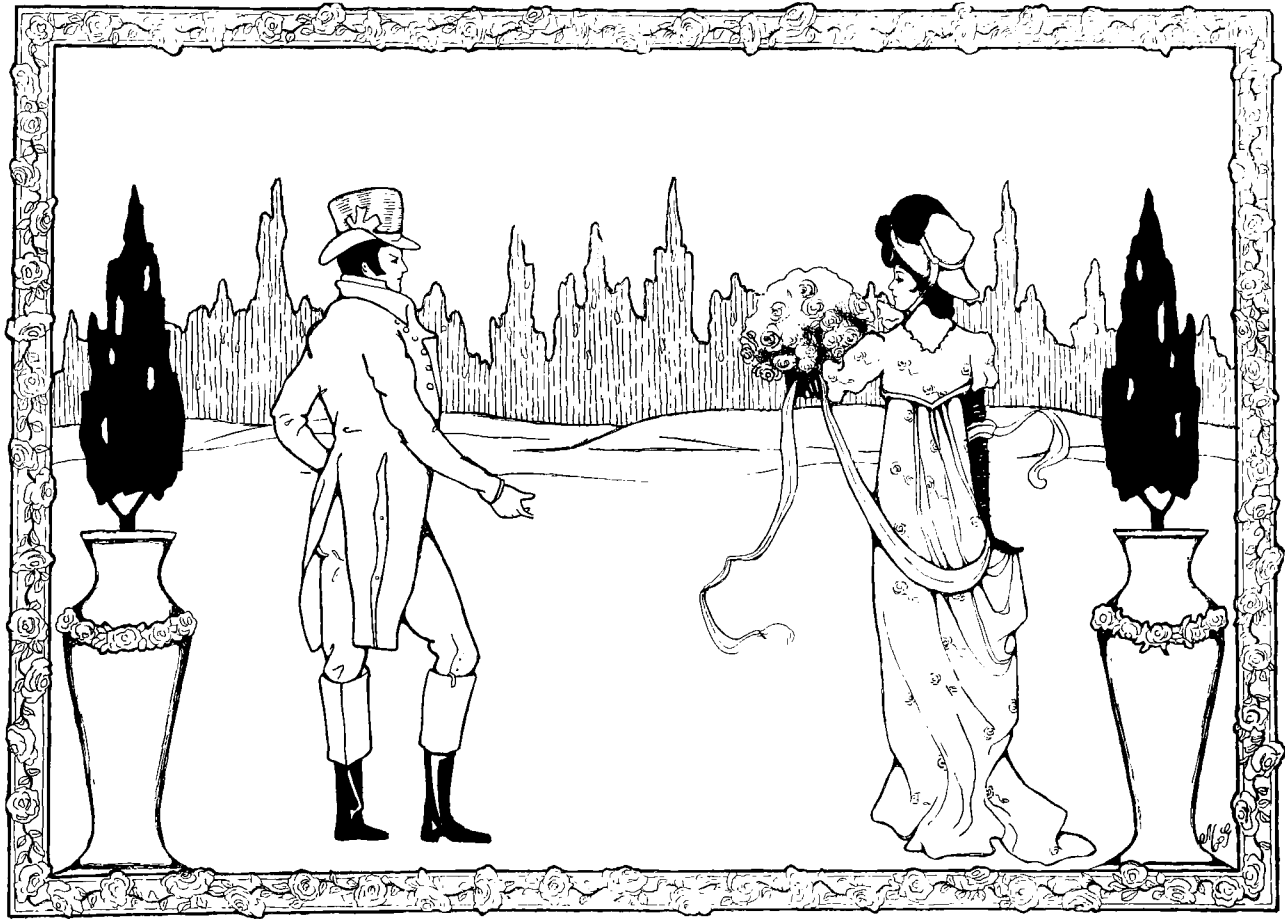
Charlotte Shipley, '10.
Mary Mallon, '11.
Aline Moore, '12.
Margaret Tangeman, '13.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

Mary Anderson, '14.
Mary Louise Moffett, '15.
Myra Langdon, '16.
Julie Galvin, '17.

PRIMARY GRADES.

Eleanor Herron, '18.
Ann Field, '20.
Louise Chase Holstein, '21.



THE COUNTRY PARTY



THE invitations to the Country Party were written on brown paper with rough edges. They read:

“We’uns want all you’uns to come to our party, and come rigged out like real country folks, on Saturday, October the twenty-ninth, at half-past two in the Old Skule House.

SISTER ROOT.

“P. S.— Please let us know if you’uns are coming.”

Fortune favored us with good weather for the party. As each guest arrived, in a fancy or funny costume, shouts of laughter greeted her. Many of the girls were boys for that afternoon. Helen Graydon, Roberta Dohrman, Helen Geier, Mary and Sophia Mallon and many others were gallant swains. Older farmers also came. Helen Kroger wore blue overalls, a big straw hat and whiskers. She had a corn-cob pipe. Catherine Godley was a perfect

farmer. He brought his wife, Helen Holmes, in her best blue gingham dress and sun hat.

The countrywomen represented, displayed a great variety of costumes. Several of the girls were simple country lasses, others were elderly ladies from the rural districts. Adele Campbell’s hat was a “peach.” Her dress was put on backwards, so that one could not tell whether she was coming or going.

The prizes for the best costumes were awarded to Louise Root and Corinne Lawson, the country bride and groom. Louise was a lovely rustic bride in yellow, under torn black net. The folds of her dress were gathered back and fastened with a safety pin. This displayed her rather gay stockings. A lace veil completed her costume. Corinne Lawson, the groom, wore a dress suit and tall hat.

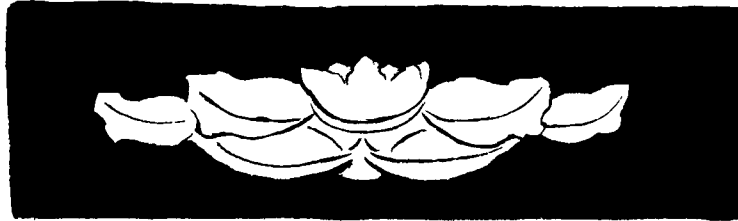
As the company stood laughing and talking, another family entered — Pa, Ma, and their daughter, Helen. Pa wore a handsome dark

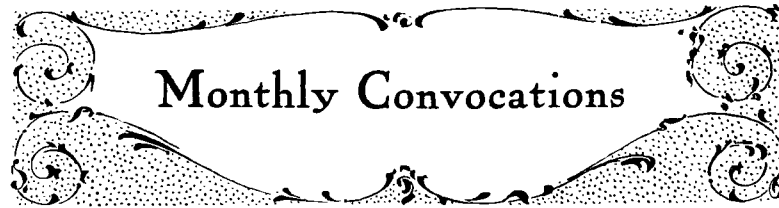
suit and blonde store hair for the occasion. Ma was quite stunning in a green dress with bonnet to match, and their daughter looked very sweet in white. After admiring this family for some time, we were delighted to recognize in them three of our dignified instructors. Then we admired them more than ever.

Very soon we all went into "gym." This room was decorated artistically with hay, corn, wheat, pumpkins and fruits. Here we played

many rustic games and had a rollicking good time. Then we returned to the schoolroom to find the study tables loaded with good things — more tempting to us than their daily burden of books. There were doughnuts, cookies, cakes, fruits, taffy, nuts and cider. Like an army, we attacked them and soon conquered. The festivities continued until early candle lighting, when the guests went home from one of the jolliest parties ever given at school.

ANGELINE LOVELAND, 1912.





Monthly Convocations

THESE are solemn and serious affairs, which are not to be lightly taken. Of course, in October we had no real Convocation. We had been to school only a few days. Even in November we did not realize what these dire first Fridays meant. Yet, by December we

understood the full significance of these assemblages. We learned to listen with respect to the roll-call and to look forward to the following entertainment. Also we learned to wait anxiously for each Convocation, since it meant short bells that day.

December—Primary Entertainment PROGRAM

<p>“Today and Long Ago”.....Louise Chase Holstein, Dorothy Reynolds, Olivia Cassatt, Ruth Sheaffer, Laura May Wilson, Mary Innes Hinsch.</p>	<p>“Baby Pumpkin”Jack Livingood. “Why”Daniel Rebbun. “Cause for Gladness”.....Bayard Kilgour, Charles Hinsch, David Forker, Truman Herron.</p>
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“THE THREE BEARS”

The Father Bear.....Ruth Sheaffer
The Mother Bear.....Jean Graydon
The Baby Bear.....Tommy Leaman
“Goldie Locks”.....Ann Graydon

THE ALUMNAE PLAY



ON Saturday, the tenth of December, the "gym" was filled with a crowd of spectators, all eager to witness "Merry Christmas." The play, written by Miss Elizabeth Kellogg, was given before the school by our Alumnae.

The first act presented the interior of a street car just before Christmas, and showed the many troubles of the patrons and the traction company. The seats were all occupied by men, despite the fact that the aisle was crowded with women. The latter included a market woman, usually known as Marianne Clark, who was laden with a huge basket. From this all sorts of vegetables bounced out very realistically when the car gave a lurch. Rubbing elbows with her were divers shoppers, all more or less weighted down with bundles and prickly Christmas greens.

Pushing his way through the crowd was the cross conductor. Few were able to distinguish the features of Louise Cadwalader behind the bushy black moustache of this fine-looking individual. In the street car, despite the crowd and

the cross conductor, all the shoppers beamed with the Christmas spirit, except the sensible "Anne Scudder" (Miss Grace Morgan), who was endeavoring, in spite of many trials, to have a simple, sane holiday.

During the interval between the first and second acts, while the patrons of the street car were changing their costumes to more feminine garb, the audience was entertained by a musical programme. Miss Dorothy Kellogg and Miss Anne Rothier gave piano solos, which were received with much applause. Also, Miss Paula Ayers and Miss Augusta Clark each gave a charming group of songs.

When the curtain went up for the second act of "Merry Christmas," all were surprised at the change of scenery effected in so short a time. This act presented the home of "Mrs. Scudder" and her five daughters, one of whom was the sensible "Anne." Mrs. Osmond was "Mrs. Scudder." Her daughters were Grace Morgan, Margaret Clark, Charlotte Shipley, Louise Cadwalader and Marianne Clark. In this final act, the romantic portion of the audience was

well pleased by the introduction of a love affair, even though the hero did not once appear on the scene and was spoken to only twice over the telephone. "Anne's" Christmas worries ended in a romance, and the curtain went down amid a loud burst of applause.

When the play was over, the audience was requested to adjourn to the study-hall, where

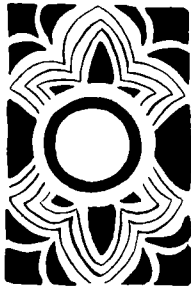
refreshments were greatly enjoyed. Here the C. P. S. girls had the pleasure of meeting the Alumnae, who had been their hostesses for the afternoon. When the guests finally left, they hardly knew which they had appreciated more, the clever play or the spirit of good-fellowship which prompted its presentation.

HELEN KINSEY, 1911.





The Christmas Party



OUR Christmas Party was a great success — but let us begin at the beginning. After we had taken off our wraps, we went downstairs. The study-hall doors were closed and voices came from within. The atmosphere fairly breathed mystery — and ice cream. No one was allowed in the enchanted domain but the faculty and a chosen few, who looked very important. But something pulled us on — on to the “gym,” where the interest centered.

Here the party spirit filled the air; the “gym” was hung with Christmas greens; the girls were grouped all around the room on chairs or on the floor. At half-past ten Miss Doherty

mounted the platform and read the program. It sounded interesting — and it was.

Except Miss Helen’s children and the choral class, all the entertainers were in full costume. Songs and dances followed each other in rapid succession. There were folk dances and Christmas songs and a little play in verse. We laughed and applauded after each one. Then the older girls gave each and every one of us stockings and cornucopias filled with candy — candy which they had made themselves. It surely was good.

Then we all adjourned to the study-hall and Miss Edwards’ room, where we enjoyed delicious refreshments. Finally it was time to leave. Woe is me! We did not want to go, but we had to. Everybody said, as usual, it was the very nicest Christmas we had ever had.

ALICE N. BARNARD, 1917.



JANUARY
Senior Entertainment

✧

SCENE FROM "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"

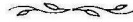
✧

Mr. Witterly.....	JEAN SATTLER
Mrs. Witterly.....	CORINNE LAWSON
Kate Nickleby.	MARGARET TITUS
Mrs. Nickleby.....	ANGE FARAN
The Butler.	SOPHIA MALLON



February—Junior Entertainment

Scene from "The Blue Bird"



Fairy Berylune.MARIE KUPFERSCHMID
LightGRACE GRIMM
TyltylADELE CAMPBELL
MytylANGELINE LOVELAND

FireALINE MOORE
WaterJANE GLOVER
BreadADELAIDE ORR
SugarGRETCHEN JARECKI
MilkDOROTHY DONOGH
CatHELEN HOLMES
DogHARRIET BLACKBURN



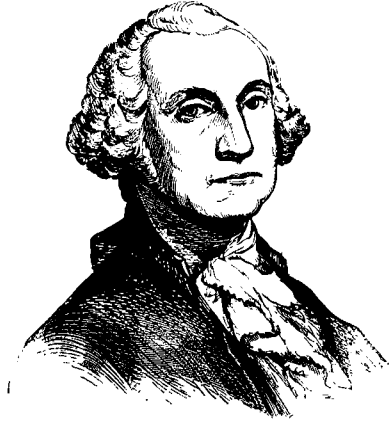
PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S VISIT TO THE C. P. S.



ON the thirteenth of February, President Taylor, of Vassar College, rendered that usually unlucky thirteenth most propitious to those of the C. P. S. girls, who were there to hear his lecture, given in the "gym." Though of interest to all, his talk appealed more to the college girls. They felt of real importance, especially those few who hoped to go to Vassar, for they received the great privilege of meeting President Taylor after the lecture, and went away confident that they had made as pleasing an impression upon him as he had made on them.

President Taylor spoke of the work as well as the play; of the many interests of college life today; of the helpful training, physically, morally, and mentally that the life gives; of the different kinds of girls who go to college; of the broadening effect of the association with a thousand picked girls; and, indeed, of the many joys in both work and play that are to be found in no other place in quite the same way as there. Everyone enjoyed his talk, and all hope that he will very soon again honor the C. P. S. with another visit.

RUTH THRASHER, 1911.



Washington's Birthday Entertainment



"America".....ALINE MOORE
Recitation—"Washington's Birthday"....ANGE FARAN
Reading—"Washington's Birthday,"
ADELAIDE SINGLETON
"Washington's Maxims".....INTERMEDIATE I
Reading—"Extracts from Washington's Farewell
Address".....RUTH THRASHER
Finale—"The Star-Spangled Banner,"
Sung by the Entire School

	CONVOICATIONS	
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March—Primary I and II

“The Sleeping Beauty”

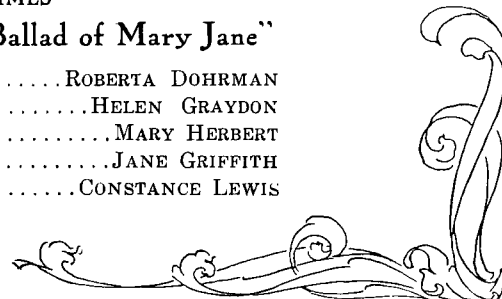
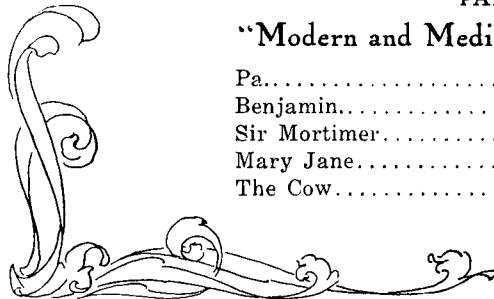
<p>The King.....RUTH SELSER</p> <p>The Queen.....MARJORIE SHEPHERD</p> <p>The Princess.....JANET ENGER</p> <p>The Prince.....VALESKA WURLITZER</p> <p>The Bad Fairy.....MARY HOWARD HAZEN</p>	<p>The Cook.....ALICE PAPE</p> <p>The Kitchen Boy.....MARIAN WURLITZER</p>
<p>The Good Fairies.....</p>	<p>The Hedge.....</p>
<p>MARGUERITE DUTTENHOFER</p> <p>MAY LOUISE GREENE</p> <p>MILDRED WILLIAMSON</p> <p>HARRIET RAMSEY</p> <p>MARGARET KEPLINGER</p> <p>HELEN FICKS</p>	<p>KATHERINE MILLER</p> <p>ELIZABETH RUGG</p> <p>ANN FIELD</p> <p>POLLY PERKINS</p> <p>ANNE KENNEDY</p> <p>ANN GOODHUE</p> <p>KATHERINE GARVEY</p> <p>ESTELLA FICKS</p>

April—Sophomores

PANTOMIMES

“Modern and Medieval Ballad of Mary Jane”

Pa.....	ROBERTA DOHRMAN
Benjamin.....	HELEN GRAYDON
Sir Mortimer.....	MARY HERBERT
Mary Jane.....	JANE GRIFFITH
The Cow.....	CONSTANCE LEWIS





Commencement Program

Thursday, June Eighth

Eleven o'clock a. m.



Prayer

Songs Choral Class

Address Dr. Daniel Millikin

Awarding of Prizes
Presentation of Diplomas } . . . Miss Doherty

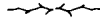
Music



The Japanese Girl



An Operetta under the Direction of Miss Geier.
Given by The College Preparatory School for Girls.



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

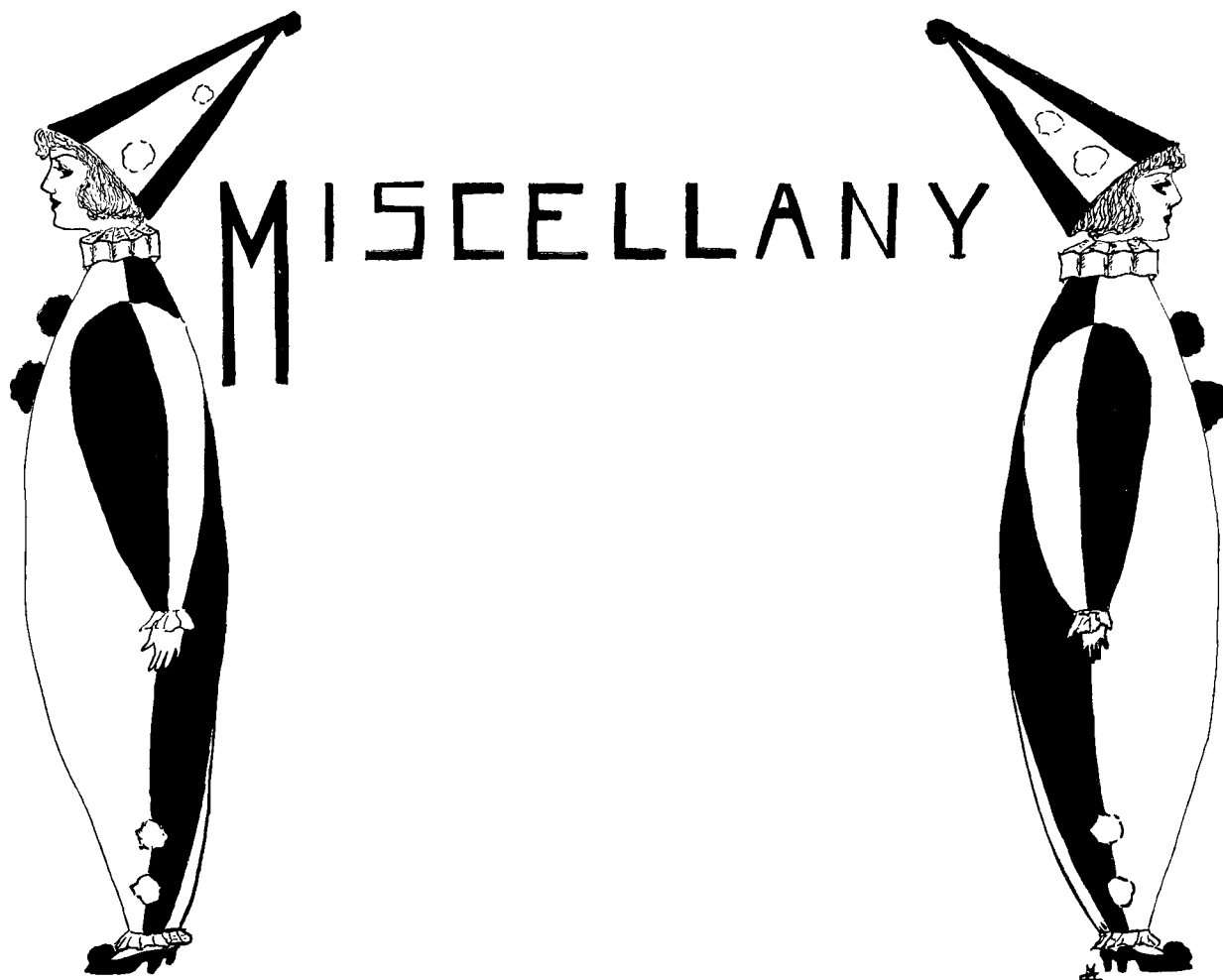
OHanu San (Beautiful Flower), A Japanese Girl
of Position.....MARIANNE CLARK

OKitu San (Sweet Chrysanthemum), ROBERTA DOHRMAN
OKayo San (Tears of Bliss) HELEN GEIER
Her Cousins

Chaya (Tea Server), Her Servant, CHARLOTTE SHIPLEY

Nora Twinn.....HELEN JUSTIS
Dora TwinnMARY LANDIS
Young American Ladies traveling
with a governess.

Miss Minerva Knowall, Their Governess, ADELAIDE ORR
Chorus of Japanese Girls



MISCELLANY

AFTER THE END

I was sitting, idly musing,
In the firelight's waning glow,
And I thought of happy actors
In the plays of long ago.

Sitting there before the fire,
I gave the logs a poke,
But started up in terror
When a voice beside me spoke.

I saw before me Rosalind,
And brave Orlando, too,
(Despite the vagaries of Time,
Still evidently true!)

I've wondered if they saw me,
But mayhap they did not care;
At least, he bent and kissed her
As they were standing there.

Jaques came to call upon them,
As cynical as ever,
For he sourly told the parents
That their baby was not clever.

Orlando, laughing, nudged his wife,
So she winked back at him;
And then they bantered Jaques,
With their customary vim.

And so the evening wore away
While, by their talk I knew
That every character had lived
Just as I thought they'd do.

Orlando still was good and true,
While Rosalind was gay,
And "Sir Melancholy Jaques"
Was the same as in the play.

For though the wrinkles furrowed deep,
They had the same quick wit,
And in spite of changed appearance
They hadn't changed a bit.

They had all their lives before them
When the play itself was done,
So all their happiness in truth
Had really just begun.

MARY HERBERT, 1913.

A Disastrous Dance



LAST summer, after diligently doing the sights of Germany for a month, we decided to seek out some “sequestered nook” on the Rhein where the indefatigable tourist did not strew our path with the ever present Baedeker, and there to spend two weeks in peace and quiet. Godensberg-am-Rhein was the place of our choice, for there we were assured that we would find what we sought — “calm peace and quiet,” and an essentially German atmosphere.

To Godensberg, therefore, we betook ourselves, and settled down in an hotel situated on the bank of the Rhein opposite the mysterious Drachenfels and the romantic Liebenberg. Our hotel was a typically German resort. Staying there were many who took the “cure” at the nearby springs, to rid themselves of a commodity very common in their land, and which we vulgarly term “fat.”

In the afternoon, delicately organized invalids could nearly always be seen in the garden adjoining the hotel, where they devoured huge quantities of rich cakes and absorbed many steins of their natural beverage, without any apparent strain on their appetites. In the garden, too, students would appear with their varicolored caps perched rakishly on their heads, long student-pipes in their mouths and crisscrossed scars on their expressive countenances. The guests were, of course, all German, and wonder of wonders! we — that is, my aunt, my friend Barbara and myself — were the only Americans in the hotel and almost in the whole village.

At our arrival within these sacred German precincts, we had been informed by the English-speaking hotel proprietor, that the next Saturday there would take place the monthly gala dance at the hotel, which he urged us to attend. At first we hesitated, but on learning that it

would be perfectly proper for us to attend and to dance with whoever offered, we accepted the invitation with great glee. From that moment our desire and excitement increased. We had not danced for such a long time that it presented itself to us in the light of a great and desirable experience. We discussed it days beforehand, and decided upon every detail of the costumes in which we would grace the occasion. Such elaborate preparations were made that we even took a nap that afternoon, while Barbara's zeal went so far as to arrange curl-papers on her dark locks. After many such solemn rites, we were at last ready, and descended to the ball room. Our entrance created a greater sensation than we had anticipated. The entire company turned and looked at us as we entered, with that stolid, unmoved stare which only Germans can accomplish, and which is peculiarly embarrassing to the foreign victim. Finally, to our unbounded relief, we sank into seats and began to recover a little from our confusion, though the entire younger portion of the assembly still gazed on us as the curiosities of the place.

The room was the large dining-room of the hotel, and was filled, beside the guests, with numerous scarred students from Bonn. There was also a large contingent of brilliantly uni-

formed officers from the garrison at Coblenz, who, or rather which, for it was the uniforms we admired, touched our susceptible hearts. Now the music, played by a military band, began. Up to this moment we had not thought at all of our partners or the necessity of dancing with a man to whom we had never been introduced, and a German at that. Suddenly, with great trepidation, we saw two students approaching. Both were very presentable and very German-looking young men, with scars slashed at a most becoming angle. They stood before us, clicked their heels, and bowed from the hips, jerkily and mechanically. For some unknown reason Bar and I both were panic-stricken. I think I turned pale, and I know she did. We both, with one accord, shook our heads, trembling, while I tried to stammer out our thanks and refusal. They departed, and for a time we sat there actually in fear, for our sense of humor had entirely disappeared. Finally, after sitting some minutes in silence, I looked at my aunt. She was doubled up, with her handkerchief held before her face, vainly trying to conceal her convulsions of laughter.

"And this, after all that talk and preparation!" she gasped. I looked at Bar. Stern determination shone on her visage. "I am going to dance the next dance, or die," she declared

firmly. "Of course, I will," I replied, while I inwardly vowed not to be outdone in courage. I am sorry now that fate did not refuse us partners, but we were curiosities, and as such could not be neglected. When the next dance began, two new youths wended their way to our corner. One was a student, the other an officer, and, joyful to relate, the officer fell to my lot. Stiffly he poked his elbow at me, I inserted my hand, and he led me to the end of the room to begin. I looked around to see how Bar was faring, and I could see that she was getting along with her student. She spoke no German at all, except the few phrases taught her by a humorous friend, and which I had warned her not to repeat. However, she was doing her best in the way of facial expression, and the conversation, though it seemed satisfactory, was limited to "nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

I attempted bolder flights, for I could speak a little German. My constant efforts, however, were directed against addressing my cold and dignified partner with the familiar and very affectionate term, "du." Of course, we were dancing the German waltz, and at first to attempt to keep up the conversation and to keep in with the step, kept me from thinking how it affected me, but soon the effect was so great

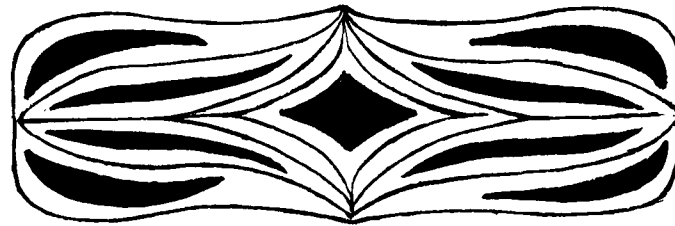
that I was forced to perceive it. Round and round we went, till I thought we would never stop. Quicker and quicker the officer went in the dizzying whirl, always turning in the same direction and without one relief in the way of reversing. My head swam and I grew horribly sick. Casting my wild and despairing gaze about the room, I saw that Bar had signaled to her partner, by a sign, that she wished to stop, and I resolved upon the same course. Summoning my most polite vocabulary, I asked to be returned to my corner, as I was dizzy. The officer stopped, and carefully supported my staggering form. Suddenly it dawned on me that, in spite of all my efforts, I had called him "du." Overcome with embarrassment and confusion, while I strove to master my aching head, I only made matters worse by trying to tell him that I hadn't at all meant it. He, on the other hand, conveyed to me that he was not at all offended, and he really rather liked it than otherwise. Then, after taking what seemed to me miles of staggering steps across the slippery floor, I at length reached my seat, and my partner retreated with a bow even more elaborate than his first. Then I looked around. There was Bar, sunk in her chair with a glazed look of desperation in her eyes, looking absolutely exhausted, and, as the expression is, "green around

the gills." My aunt was watching her in amused sympathy. Suddenly Bar, with more energy than I had deemed her capable of, from her exhausted appearance, sprang from her seat and made a wild dash from the room. I followed swiftly on her trail. Not one word did we speak as, with trembling hands, we got ourselves ready for bed, and turned out the light. Silently we staggered to our beds, crept in, and laid our dizzy, aching heads on our respective pil-

lows. Finally, Bar spoke, but with an appreciable effort. "Well," was her remark, "your first German waltz is like your first cigar."

"Mine, like my first cigar, will be my last," I replied, in an exhausted tone. Then, in the dim room I looked at Bar's face, very pale and greenish, in the moonlight. Bar looked at me, and the only sound that pierced the silence of the night was a subdued, but heartfelt groan.

HELEN KINSEY, 1911.



THE LANGUAGE IMPS

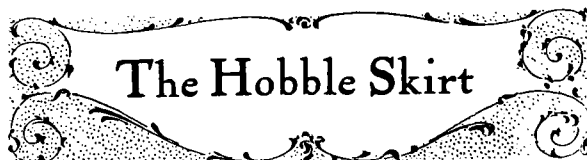
The worst pests of the Freshmen are the little language imps,
We've heard them speak, but of them we have never caught a glimpse;
We've tried to catch them, but alas, our efforts are in vain,
And so, in consequence, you see, they drive us 'most insane.

The captain of this little crowd is one small elf called "And,"
The limits of our patience this young captain doth demand.
But "Well" and "Why," two of his imps, are not so far behind,
And there's "Sort of" and "All that," they surely are unkind.

In English, when my facts I know so well I'm filled with cheer,
That band of horrid little imps then whisper in my ear;
And when a question comes to me, they all begin to try
To make me miss, and they succeed, for all I say is "w-h-y!"

And when an answer she should give, poor Freshman stares instead
'Tis 'cause those hateful little imps are dancing through her head.
But when we're "Sophs," we hope at last we'll conquer all the band.
The imps shall dwell within a cage — each one — yes, even "And."

MARY BRADFORD LANDIS, 1914.



The Hobble Skirt

“Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
How do your little feet go?”
“Oh, not so fast,
For while hobble skirts last
It behooves them to go very slow.”

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
But Jill fell down
And broke her crown,
For her hobble skirt had caught her.

Then Jack did sigh,
And Jack did try
Up from the ground to pull her;
Then Jill she swore
If she'd known before
She would have made it fuller.

Little Bo-peep
Has lost all her sheep
And never, never will find 'em.
This hobble skirt fashion
Will keep her from dashin',
So she's now some miles behind 'em.

Dickery, dickery dock,
To run around the block
Just takes ten minutes or so;
But in hobble skirt neat
'Twould be quite a feat
If done in a half hour or so.

Hobble, hobble, little skirt,
You will throw me in the dirt;
Up above my ankles high,
I can no more walk than fly.

CORINNE LAWSON, 1911.



Parody on Wordsworth's
"Lines Written in Early Spring"

I heard a thousand awful notes
While in the gym I sat reclined,
In that dread hour when pupil's screams
Relieve the overburdened mind.

To this torment did nature link
The fearful zeal that through them ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through cracker dust, in that mad house
The mass of yelling children lives,
And 'tis my faith that every child
Enjoys the yell it gives.

The children round me shoved and played,
Their thoughts I can not measure,
But each rough jostle that they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

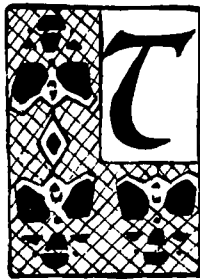
The children wild their arms extend
To catch the dancing couples fair,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this fierce joy from heaven be sent,
If this be nature's daily plan,
Have I not reason to lament,
What man has made of man?

ANGE FARAN, 1911.



The Resuscitation of Apollo



THE deep, blue sea splashed wearily, forgetfully on a jagged, rocky, forsaken little promontory of Greece. Above the black and glittering rocks a few tall pillars, the only remains of an ancient temple, stood spectrally against some dark cypress trees. Bathed in the soft, beneficent moonlight, they looked like the mournful ghosts of the sleeping gods of Greece. All was quiet, all save the sound of the sea, was silent. It was the quiet and the silence preceding some great change. In the depths of the largest cypress tree two wise and weazened little owls began to converse.

One said: "Ay, ay, now is the time come again when great Apollo, whose temple this was once, looks out upon that stupid race of men."

The other then answered: "What you say is quite true, for I heard the same from my mother's mother, who said that once in every seven hundred years great Apollo awakens from his godlike sleep and for the space of one bright, glaring day, lives again. Though I," continued the wise fowl, "would much prefer to sleep than spend my time among those foolish, light-loving men."

The birds prattled on in the cypress tree. The moon shone down lovingly on the tired water as she had done for many a year.

Meanwhile, in the bare, square English room of the C. P. S., Phoebus Apollo slowly awoke after his centuries' sleep and looked with great surprise on the strange, unaccustomed scene about him. Where was he? In Hades? No, for his own sun shone brightly through the large window. On earth then was he? What were

those strident sounds? Were they the cries of souls tormented by the unrelenting Erinnyes, or was his brother Bacchus holding revels there? Then Phoebus Apollo descended from his lofty position on the bookcase, and, with a step not so light or care-free as that with which he chased fair Daphne through the Vale of Tempe, made his way to the door. By his ancient right he could see all mortals plainly, but was invisible to them.

In silent wonder he looked out upon the troop of strange, jerky, young maidens who dashed and darted to and fro, up and down the stairway before him, giving vent to harsh, unearthly sounds. They were clad in bright-colored garments tightly wrapped about their bodies, which seemed to be squeezed by some invisible armor into shapes like the hourglass of Father Time. There were tall and thin, short and fat, pretty and ugly, graceful and awkward girls. There were girls of all kinds who moved restlessly about. Utterly bewildered, great Apollo followed in their wake, through bare rooms and a dark hall, until a room barer and larger than the rest was reached, where the girls ranged themselves against the walls, all for a space of a short moment, mumbling unintelligibly together. Then each one muttered a single monosyllable and all rushed in wildest confusion out

of the room again, until they came to a hall where an older, terror-inspiring woman stood. Here the jerky young things started to converse again. The terror-inspiring woman cried, "Sh—sh," several times, but the conversations were continued until the young things dispersed themselves into various rooms. Sliding through the door which the terror-inspiring woman closed behind them, Apollo saw the jerky young persons quietly listening to the older woman in blue. She opened a book and began to read an ode of Sappho, when an eager-looking girl with round, red cheeks, straight hair and stiff ribbons, cried in a loud and piercing voice: "Oh, *was* he married?"

"By the Gods," groaned mighty Apollo, "let me get away from these barbarians who do not know who my Tenth Muse is." So saying, he slipped through a crack in the sliding doors, through a roomful of frightened-looking little girls, into a crowded little apartment where a bright-eyed woman, surrounded by a circle of fascinated young girls, was making evil-smelling concoctions.

"Woe is me," quoth great Apollo, "this is dread Circe, who would change these innocents into swine by her dread potations." With that he fled. He fled and sank exhausted into a dark, dusty corner. Great was William's surprise,

when he found the bodiless head which belonged in the English room, lying in a corner on the back stairs. "That's some trick of those Intermediates," he said, and picked it up. But Apollo's surprise was greater when he found himself being carried stiffly upstairs in the arms of the swarthy Ethiopian. With an injured look William deposited the head of Apollo Belvedere in its rightful place on the bookshelf.

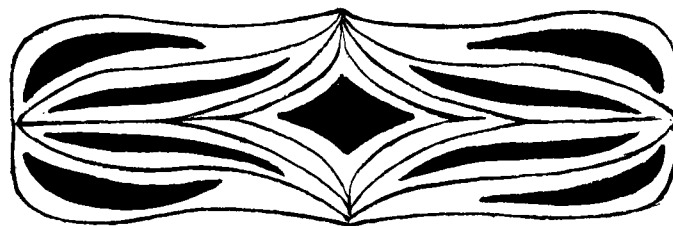
Phoebus Apollo was very, very tired, and he could but hear a few words which the sleepy young maidens — they were not jerky now — said at intervals, such as "George Eliot," "Rus-

kin," "tiresome." Then quietly he slipped "into the arms of Porpus." Thus was a mighty god vanquished.

The sea still splashed wearily against the rocky little promontory of Greece. The moon had long since set and the few tall pillars looked cold and dead. The two wise and weazened little owls were perched upon a heavy, mournful bough of the largest cypress tree. Said one: "Ay, ay, great Apollo has followed his sister Diana beneath the waves to the realms of Dis."

"Farewell," screeched the other, and off they flew to hunt their evening meal of little mice.

JEAN SATTLER, 1911.



The Piper at the Gates of Dawn



Thou Pan who pipest at those mystic gates,
All blue and gold for happiness, sun-
kissed,
When first Aurora, rosy-fingered waits
The coming of the Sun God through the
mist,
Thou piper weird, I pray thee say to me,
What art thou?

Thy magic reed gives forth melodious sound.
Thou charmest all within that glowing portal,
And yet thy ever-swelling, changing round
Of music comes not to the ear of mortal.
Thy name I know, and yet, elusive one,
What art thou?

Vague, faint, sweet snatches of thy thrilling song
The gentle south wind bears o'er lofty moun-
tains,
And in the silent wood, the hours along,
Thy lays are whispered by the murm'ring
fountains,
Perhaps from them, the answer I will learn,
What art thou?

The little beasts come from their covert nooks,
The birds are silent, list'ning to thy lays,
When suddenly a golden sunbeam looks
Quite through the portal, and thy music slays.
Now tell me what thou art! What! Gone? Alas!
What art thou?

HELEN HOLMES, 1912.





Our school is like an apple tree,
The trunk it is Miss Doherty,
The teachers are the branches strong,
That help the flowers and buds along.

The Primaries are the leaves in budding,
And they don't have to do much stud'ing,
The Intermediates are the flowers,
And they have fewer study hours.

The college girls, the fruit of the tree,
Are as good and sweet as they can be,
While the Seniors ripen day by day,
Into full-grown apples, sweet and gay.

I've been to the country, and hasten to say
That all the bad apples are thrown away,
But all of those that are good and sweet,
Everyone says, "They can not be beat."

CLARA LOVELAND, Intermediate III.

The Sons of Thunder



It was drawing near to that time "jest 'fore Christmas," when small boys are supposed to be as good as they can be.

This attitude of mind, however, had not yet taken possession of the ten-year-old Hancock twins. Even though the reindeer of Santa Claus were only six weeks away, they, nevertheless, continued to be the horror of the sedate suburb in which they lived. The maiden ladies in the immediate neighborhood still held impromptu indignation meetings on back steps. Sometimes they made formal calls on Mrs. Hancock to disillusionize her of the idea which, strange to say, she possessed, that John and James were the acme of perfection.

On one of these occasions, the particular lady who happened to live next door, remarked with true feminine logic: "I think they would not be so mischievous if they did not look so much alike. I can't tell them apart. When I ask one

which he is, he says he's the other, and half the time it's the truth."

"But John and James do not look alike," expostulated their mother. "For one thing, their eyes are different. Oh, I know they are all blue, but not the same kind. James' are steel blue. You can see that he is going to be a practical man — a civil engineer. But John's are of a heavenly sky color. We have not decided whether to make him a poet or clergyman."

The callers took their leave, shaking their heads over the futility of arguing with a mother.

Nevertheless, after Mrs. Hancock had received a few such calls, she came to the conclusion that John and James might be, as she expressed it, a little full of life. So one Saturday evening she announced her determination of sending them to Sunday school.

At this piece of news the twins were utterly thunderstruck. So unexpected was the blow, that for a time they remained perfectly silent.

This unprecedented behavior so frightened the mother that she was half ready to give up the plan. Finally the charm was broken by James demanding, in sepulchral tones, "When? Where?" Another shock awaited them.

"Tomorrow, at Saint Philip's," the mother answered.

"That's a mile away," stammered James, "and we don't know a person there," added John.

"That is one reason I am sending you," said their mother. "I want you to learn self-reliance." As she spoke she was thinking of the ten times a day she pulled them out of scrapes, and was ignorant of the twenty times they escaped without her aid.

By this time the twins had wholly recovered the use of their tongues. They poured forth reasons why Sunday schools were utterly undesirable institutions. They availed nothing. The mother was immovable. So the next morning two miserable boys, very much washed and dressed, loitered unwillingly toward Sunday school. To make matters more dismal, half way to the church they passed a wonderful park with swings and bees and alluring fish ponds.

"If we only knew someone," groaned John, scowling at a squirrel which, in happier days, he would have chased up a tree.

"Or if we didn't have to go so often," grumbled James. Suddenly John stopped short, let out a whoop and whirled on his toes; then, when he had in some measure recovered his breath, he fairly shouted: "Glory, James, we don't. We can take turns. They don't know there are two of us. Hurrah!"

His conservative brother considered the proposition before he answered. Then he had all the details arranged. "We'll each go every other Sunday," he said. "The other fellow can stay and play in the park. They'll think we're only one boy. I say, it's grand." After some further parley, it was agreed that James should go this first Sunday. So, when the bell at Saint Philip's called the children to come within for their souls' health, a certain Miss Long found herself with a new pupil, one John James Hancock. She welcomed him with the pious little speech she used for new boys, told him of her interest in his spiritual welfare and bade him look around on his comrades in the pursuit of blessedness. He did the last, listlessly and scornfully. Suddenly his look of discontent vanished. He leaned forward eagerly, beholding the most beautiful vision he had ever seen. There, right across the aisle, was a little girl with big, brown eyes and curls, such curls as James had never seen. They hung in rows about her head. When

she laughed they bobbed up and down. James began to think that Sunday school was not so bad, after all. In fact, he began to wish he might come every Sunday, if he would not have to tell John what made the school attractive. He felt he never could speak to anyone of this little girl. Annabelle, he discovered her name was, before she left. When he joined John to go home he was strangely irresponsive. To John's queries about the school he merely granted that the teacher was a "lemon" and the boys "sissies." The next Sunday, though he tried to keep up appearances, it was with a very wistful face that he bade John good-bye, at the edge of the park. John, too, found Sunday school not so bad. When Miss Long was tediously explaining the appearance of angels with golden crowns on their shining heads, he secretly thought it much more probable that they wore pink hair ribbons above brown curls. This opinion, however, he told none, not even James. Thus for some weeks John James Hancock was a faithful pupil at Sunday school. His teacher praised him. Their mother was surprised and pleased at their changed attitude toward Sunday school. In time, he, that is each of him at a different time, became acquainted with Annabelle. She thought him charming, though somewhat absent-minded. For instance, the Sunday before

Christmas he asked her urgently to be his partner in the grand march at the Christmas Eve celebration, when she had promised the same thing but the week before.

Though Annabelle did not know it, this Christmas Eve entertainment was causing a great deal of trouble to John James. Each of them wanted very much to go, and neither would yield. Neither knew the particular reason why the other so desired to attend the party. Once John had thought of confessing all about Annabelle to James. Then a faint shadow of a suspicion crossed his mind that maybe James, too, wished to go for her sake. For who could sit opposite her in Sunday school and not have his heart entangled in the meshes of her curls? So, there they were at a deadlock. For this case they could not carry before the supreme court, their mother, since she was ignorant of their clever arrangement in going to Sunday school.

Finally, on Christmas Eve she dressed them and started them off, hoping that their hands would keep clean. She attributed their gloomy faces to their new collars. At the Saint Philip's door James turned and said, hopelessly: "Aren't you going to stay in the park?"

"No," answered John, sad but firm.

"Well," responded James, "we must keep separate here. Let me go in first."

John assented, and waited until James had been inside about fifteen minutes. It seemed hours to him. When he entered, he saw Annabelle already surrounded by a circle of adoring youths. Among these was his brother. Comforting himself with the thought that he was sure of the grand march with her, he wandered around, trying to enjoy the gorgeous Christmas tree and the games going on. Somehow, everything was dull and lifeless. Finally he left the bright Sunday-school room and crept into the empty church. Here he sat down in the dark to wait his turn for Annabelle. He had just started to compose a poem beginning:

“Oh, Annabelle, I love you well,”

when he heard the piano playing the march. He started up and hurried into the Sunday-school room. As he burst through the door he saw Annabelle waiting. An unaccountable shyness seized him. He moved forward with his eyes fixed steadfastly on the ground. Suddenly, from these downcast eyes he saw a pair of legs which were evidently bearing their owner toward Annabelle. He hastened his own legs. The others seemed to go faster. John forgot all etiquette and began to run. So sudden was this maneuver that right before the desired maiden he collided with the owner of the legs. “I beg your pardon,” John muttered wrathfully,

and raised his eyes to look into those of James.

“You can’t have her,” James cried.

“I can. She’s mine. She promised. Didn’t you?” John insisted, appealing to Annabelle. She, poor damsel, gazed in bewilderment from one to the other.

“Why — why — there are two,” she stammered. “I — I promised — John James.”

“I am John,” said one boy.

“I am James,” said the other.

“We’re twins. We took turns,” continued John.

“In coming to Sunday school, you know,” added James.

“But I’m going to march with you,” they both cried at once.

“Oh,” gasped Annabelle, still too bewildered to grasp the situation. Then suddenly she began to laugh.

Of course, there was nothing for the chagrined twins to do but to join in. At this moment Miss Long’s voice was heard. “Annabelle, Annabelle, bring your partner. We are waiting.”

“But, Miss Long,” said Annabelle, “which shall I bring?”

“What are you talking about?” said the teacher, coming up to them. Then she saw John and James. “What on earth!” she demanded.

Annabelle, still laughing, proceeded to explain and wound up with, "Just think, Miss Long, what a good joke on us! We thought all the time that they were one."

During this explanation, Miss Long had turned several colors and burned with several passions. At the conclusion, she was red and angry, angry at having been fooled and laughed at by the children.

"Your mother shall hear of this, young gentlemen," she said, in a tone she meant to be frigid and scornful. "But, come, you must not stop the party. Annabelle, take one as your partner and join the march."

Annabelle looked first at James and then at John. "Since I can not become two girls—Anna and Belle — I'll take both John and James," and she thus took a place in the march with a twin on each side.

* * * * *

Miss Long, however was good as her word. The Sunday after Christmas John and James Hancock, very subdued and shamefaced, sat in her class, and Annabelle? Oh, being a woman, she had no more trouble managing John and James than John James.

MARY MALLON, 1911.



SUMMER

In the summer, flowers grow,
And among the flowers low,
Butterflies of pink and blue,
And a few of yellow, too,
Play among the fields so bright,

Ah! they are so quick and spright.
And the buzz of bees you hear,
Getting honey for next year,
All is summer gay and bright,
All is sweet and fair and light.

CLARISSA HALSTEAD STEM, Int. IV.



“An Apologie for Poetrie”

A Fool there was, and he made his prayer,
Even as you and I.
And the Fool he prayed that (with proper care)
His marks be more than a passing share,
Even as you and I.

And the Fool turned into a deadly grind,
Even as you and I.
And, being a Fool, what else could he find,
But that nothing under the sun was kind,
Even as you and I.

The scrupulous Fool took his Latin book,
Even as you and I.
He earnestly sought for a quiet nook,
Then carefully for each word he'd look,
Even as you and I.

The grubbing Fool studied English “III,”
Even as you and I.
He studied his captions under a tree
And patiently strove for “Unity,”
Even as you and I.

The Fool he thought he'd a natural bent,
Even as you and I.
So he pegged away at an “element,”
When he started to speak he knew what he
meant,
Even as you and I.

He was further encumbered with Sophomore
 "Math."
 Even as you and I.
He traced each "root" through its devious path,
But somehow, this needed more brains than he
 hath,
 Even as you and I.

'Twas his great ambition to "parlez vous?"
 Even as you and I.
But this was a disappointment, too,
For he soon found out that it wouldn't do,
 Even as you and I.

For the Latin was long, the time was brief,
 Even as yours and mine.
On a long French verb he found a reef,
And in English Lit. he came to grief.
 Even as you and I.

Though the poor Fool knew what he meant to say
 Even as you and I.
His brain didn't work in the proper way,
And now the poor Fool's marks will pay,
 Even as yours and mine.

A Fool there *is*, and he makes his prayer,
 Even as you and I.
And the Fool he prays that (with proper care)
His monthly marks will at least be "*fair*,"
 Even as you and I.

MARY HERBERT, 1913.





Heard from the Senior Room



EASY TO ACCOMPLISH.

MISS D. (*to class scanning Virgil*)—"Girls, please show your feet."

NOT SO EASY.

MISS D.—"I think all eating should be done in quiet."

THE CLASSIC FLAVOR.

M. T. (*translating*)—"Dido had a pack of scented hounds."

ALSO, FROM VIRGIL.

R. T.—"The Trojans were expelled from the destructed city."

SENIOR REPARTEE.

RUTH—"Goodness, I'm dead!"

MARY—"Well, we'll pitch her out of the window. I'll take her head and Jean can take her feet."

JEAN—"Trust Mary to take the lightest part."

O, HOW FLEET IS FAME.

MISS E.—"Who was Zoroaster?"

M. T.—"Oh, he wrote a Bible some place in Asia."

CONFESSION.

MISS E.—"Ruth, did you bring your map?"

RUTH T.—"No, it was raining and I was afraid it would get wet, and, anyway, I forgot it."

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

MISS D. (*exhorting Virgil class*)—"Girls, no modern playwright has ever excelled Sophocles, Euripides, Socrates, or any of the old dramatists."

FROM A SENIOR NOTEBOOK.

"The ante-masque had many bazar effects."

A DEFINITION.

M. T.—"What does 'rive' mean?"

M. M.—"Oh, that's what they do to people before they die."

Our "Grave and Reverend Seniors"

Ange's our President's name;
A maiden of basket-ball fame,
 And crushes galore
 Are laid to her door,
The Annual, too, has its claim.

Next, there's a Senior, Corinne;
Her hearers grow long and thin.
 Woman's suffrage she talks
 And never once balks
At declaring men's power a sin.

We have then a Senior named Jean,
Who in all countries of Europe has been.
 Art and music she knew,
 And literature, too,
And a language could never "stump" Jean.

Adelaide's the next name that we find;
Her beauty surpasses her mind.
 She adores football games,
 And dances acclaims;
But the one thing she hates is to "grind."

Mary's a queer little prig,
And may justly be called a true dig.
 Her classes she heads,
 No teacher she dreads,
And for boys she cares not a fig.

There is next a Senior named Ruth
Who adores(!) college, boys and truth.
 Superlative degree
 Is the only one she
Can talk in or think in. That's Ruth!

Imogen's the next Senior that's here.
Though new, she has grown very dear;
 For, gentle and sweet
 And extremely neat,
She has won all our hearts, far and near.

This Senior arrived at school late.
She "did" Europe at a great rate.
 Now in harness again,
 With pencil and pen
She surpasses each tardy schoolmate.

The next Senior we have is Louise,
Whose hearty laugh does still please
 Her friends one and all
 When through the school hall
It heralds the approach of Louise.

The next one is sometimes called Mag.
Her spirits, you'll agree, never lag.
 The things she does say
 At work and at play
Have made famous this Senior named Mag.

All Sorts and Conditions of Girls

“The Sprites of Fiery Termagants, in Flame
Mount up and take a Salamander’s Name.”

Florence E.	Olive W.
Sophia M.	Olive K.
Helen K—r.	Emma C.

“Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.”

Frances H.	Mary K.
Ruth L.	Madeline H.
Lilian C.	Dorothy B.

“The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam.”

Amy C.	Angeline L.
Helen G.	

“The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.”

Roberta D.	Jane G.
Jane L.	Grace G.

Gathered from the Juniors

MISS G. (*teaching a lullaby*)—“Hold the baby
a little longer.”

WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY.

MISS E.—“As soon as Rome conquered a
country, what did she do?”

ADELAIDE—“She conquered another.”

SOCIAL HIEROGLYPHICS.

“What does ‘P. P. C.’ on a calling card mean?”

“‘In place of a party call,’ of course, stupid.”

THE LIMIT!

MISS H. (*to Juniors*)—“You have not at-
tained your full growth yet.”

ADELAIDE—“Gracious! I hope I have!”

OH, AENEAS!

MISS D.—“The ending ‘osus’ means ‘full of’
in Latin, just like ‘ous’ in English. Give me an
example.”

A. L.—“Pious — full of pie.”

SHOCKING!

MISS E. (*discussing Greek athletics*)—“What
is it makes perfect form?”

JUNIORS—“X. Y. Z. Straight-fronts.”

IT’S ALL OVER WITH HER.

M. T.—“Mrs. Holloway, I am making an all-
over design.”

L. C.—“If Mrs. Holloway sees it, she will
make you do it all over.”

The C. P. S. A B C's

A is the Annual, witty and gay,
The advertisements, too, which pay for its way.

B's Basket-ball; and the aim of each class
In this all-important thing to surpass.

C is for College, for which some of us strive,
And C is the Crackers which keep us alive.

D is Miss Doherty, our mainstay and prop.
Without her our school and all else would stop.

E, the Exams, dread, dreary and dire,
Which cause us poor pupils almost to expire.

F is the Freshmen and Faculty, too,
The first of which causes the last to be blue.

G is for Grammar and Geometry,
The two hardest subjects, as you'll all agree.

H is Miss Hunt and Miss Howell, Miss Jean,
On whom both Collegiates and Primaries lean.

I, the Intermediates, scornful and wild;
Miss Cotteral soothes the heart of each child.

J is the Juniors, and also the Jokes.
"Which is which? Which is which?" the cynical
croaks.

K is the Kinks which come in each brain
And cause us to answer in manner insane.

L is the Language, wild, gorgeous and weird,
With which our English instructors are cheered.

M is the Milk and the Mirth in the gym,
Which the Freshmen pursue with both vigor
and vim.

N is the Numbers we call out each morning;
And, also, the Nods with which teachers give
warning.

O is the Order which Miss Edwards preserves,
When crackers and milk in the gym William
serves.

P is the Primaries, appealing and dear;
Without them the school would ever be drear.

Q is the Queer feeling which comes of a Monday,
On which we return after loafing on Sunday.

R is the Rooters of basket-ball teams,
Who torture the air with their hoots, howls and
screams.

S is for Selma, Senior and Sophomore,
And if I had time, I'd give you a lot more.

T is the Themes, long, lengthy and slow,
And also the Time spent in making them "go."

U, the Umbrellas, in manner so queer;
Wherever we put them, they will disappear.

V is the Vacuum found in each head,
And V is the Vanity which through it does
spread.



W is for William, our best helper and friend,
Who 'tends to our needs with patience sans end.

X is the Xmas vacation and joys,
When we go to the dances attended by boys.

Y is the Yawns which we stifle last bell,
While waiting our question, which comes as a
knell.

Z is the Zest with which we dash out the door
When William proclaims that the school hours
are o'er.



 = **Extracted from the Sophomores** = 

OH, HOW FLEET IS FAME!

ENGLISH TEACHER —“Who was the greatest ethical and moral teacher of the Victorian Age?”
SOPHOMORE —“Swinnburne.”

MATRIMONIAL PRIVILEGES.

MISS H.—“I do not think that was a very gentlemanly thing to say to a lady.”

MARY H.—“Oh, but they were married.”

O, THOU LONG-SUFFERING ENGLISH.

“Cars full of girls came up the street. Some stride along hurriedly, as if eager to get to school. Others come lagging behind. In cold weather they mince along over the ice, as if they were afraid that they would break their precious necks.”

FASHIONS OF LONG AGO.

MISS H.—“What did the old Saxons wear?”

CORINNE T.—“A gloomy countenance.”

MISS H.—“Try again. What did the Elizabethans wear?”

HELEN G.—“They wore ruffs.”

A LITERARY MENU.

One of the Sophomores reads Bacon at breakfast. Query: Does she study Lamb at dinner?

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

SOPHOMORE (*writing Latin prose*)—“For a long time = pro diu tempore.”

LIKEWISE THIS.

HELEN K. (*translating Caesar*)—“The men crossed the river over their own bodies.”



THE GIFTIE

“Up, up, my friend, and quit your books, or surely you’ll grow double.”—CATHERINE G.

“She was seized with an intense desire to use long words, coupled with an unfortunate lack of long words to use.”—ALINE M.

“Sober, steadfast, and demure.”—HELEN G—R.

“I am nothing, if not critical.”—CORINNE T.

“Write me down as one who loves my fellow-men.”—HARRIET K.

“In her tongue is the law of kindness.”—MARY H.

“I’d rather have habits than clothes,
For that’s where my intellect shows.”
—MISS CLARA.

“Laugh and be fat.”—SISTER C.

“And wheresoe’er we went, like Juno’s swans,
Still we went, coupled and inseparable.”
—ROBERTA and HELEN.

“A daughter of the gods, divinely tall.”—JULIA MCL.

“A doosed fine gal—well educated, too—with no big gold nonsense about her.”—ADELE C.

“Her stature tall — I hate a dumpy woman.”
—MARGARET MCA.

“I am a lone, lorn creetur — and everything goes contrary with me.”—ADELAIDE O.

“She’s as headstrong as an Allegory on the banks of the Nile.”—OLIVE (either one).

“The observed of all observers.”—HELENÈ W.

“You must take the will for the deed.”—ANNUAL BOARD.

“Eyes of the same blue witchery as those
Of Psyche, which caught Love in his own
wiles.”—ANNE F.

“She was a very good hater.”—HELEN H.

“Pray thee take pains
To allay with some cold drops of Modesty
Thy skipping spirit.”—SOPHIA M.

“How much unlike my hopes and my deservings.”—FRESHMAN CLASS.

“Red as a rose is she.”— MARY A.

“But men may construe things after their own fashion, clean from the purpose of the things themselves.”—BURKE and the SENIORS.

“For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.”— BEATRICE C.

“You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.”
— FLORENCE E.

“Angels were painted fair to look like you.”
— GRACE G.

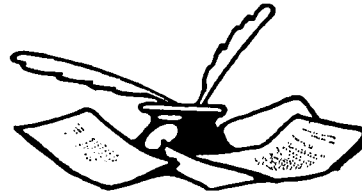
“So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart.”

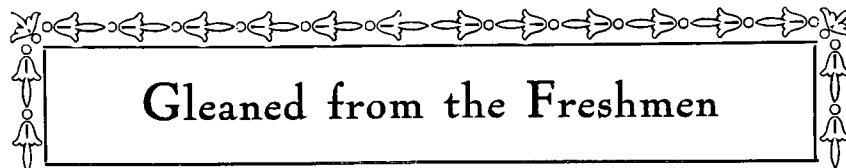
— DOROTHY C.

“In her hair there was the brightness of a
heavenly coronal,
Bringing sunshine to sad places, where the
sunlight could not fall.”— MARTHA S.

“Truly, I would that the gods had made thee
poetical.”—ACADEMIC I.

“Much study is a weariness of the flesh.”—
HARRIET B.





Gleaned from the Freshmen

MISS H. (*to College IV*)—"What does 'precedent' mean?" Silence.

Miss H. explains for ten minutes. Then, "Llewellyna, use 'precedent' in a sentence."

LLÉWELLYNA—"Winifred Goodall is a precedent in English."

AND YET THEY WANT THE BALLOT.

"What is the matter with the Winged Victory? Both her wings are broken off."

"Oh, nothing. The Freshmen have only been holding a debate on Woman Suffrage in that room."

NEW FRENCH TEACHER.

"Who is the girl that has for a French teacher, Madame Ozell?"

ITALY PERSONIFIED.

BEATRICE—"Shall we describe the physiology of Italy, Miss Edwards?"

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

FRANCES H. (*translating French*)—"Il est evident que mes actions baissent. It is evident that my stocking is falling."

NEW ARMY FORMATION.

RUTH E. (*explaining Greek phalanx*)—"They put a lot of men in the middle with strong wings."

REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE.

MARY L.—"He was the exact counterpane of his brother."

SOPHIA M.—"I can't hand in this title for a long theme. Miss Hunt will say it is tripe."

A MOUTH FULL.

MISS D.—"What conjugation is 'amaturus sum'?"

BEATRICE—"Prophylactic."



Culled from the Lower Grades

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

Small boy, examining a new piece of soap —
“Do you think this is made out of rubber or
glass?”

MISS C.—“What kind of government has
Haiti?”

INTERMEDIATE —“Black.”

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

MISS N.—“Suppose you were going to buy
forty bushels of oats at forty cents each, what
would you pay for them?”

CLARA L.—“I wouldn’t buy so many.”

IF AT FIRST YOU DON’T SUCCEED.

MISS M.—“Define ‘Gladiator.’”

FIRST PUPIL —“It’s a kind of bug.”

SECOND PUPIL —“No, it’s a flower.”

THIRD PUPIL —“It is an animal that lives in
the water.”

FOURTH PUPIL —“Oh, no, it’s a man who is
always glad.”

REVISED MYTHOLOGY.

MISS H—T.—“Whom did Neptune send after
the goddess, Ceres?”

INTERMEDIATE —“One of his man nymphs.”

AN EXACT DEFINITION.

MISS M.—“What is membrane?”

INTERMEDIATE —“What you remember with.”

An Intermediate is “Respectively yours.”

EXTRACT FROM AN INTERMEDIATE DICTATION.

“The fractures of those people’s skulls was
done in a terrible accident.”

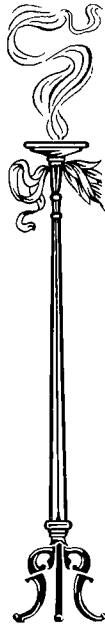
MISS C.—“What is the name of the new rail-
road being constructed across Siberia?”

INTERMEDIATE —“‘Era,’ I suppose. Our book
says, ‘A new era seems about to open for this
vast empire.’”

WRITING LESSON.

M. ROWE —“Oh, Miss C., don’t you like your
eyes closed?”





Annual Board

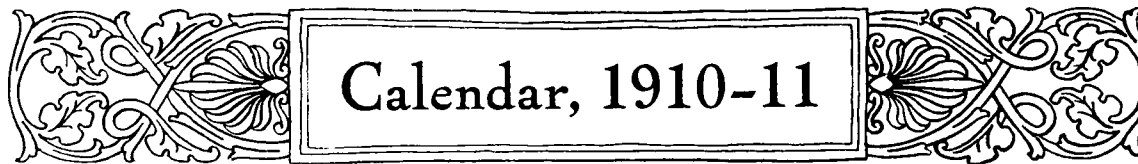
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LOUISE ROOT, *Art Editor.*

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Helen Holmes, '12	Mary Herbert, '13
Angeline Loveland, '12	Mary Landis, '14
Helen Justis, '14.	

Advisory Committee

Miss Doherty	Miss Baker
Miss Howell	Miss Hunt
Mrs. Holloway.	





Calendar, 1910-11

SEPTEMBER —

28 — School begins.

OCTOBER —

12 — First meeting of the Executive Committee.

29 — Hallowe'en Party.

NOVEMBER —

4 — First Convocation.

11 — First game of the Basketball Tournament. Freshmen victorious.

12 — Second game. Freshmen victorious.

14 — Miss Doherty not at school. She has a bad case of the grippe.

18 — Third game. Freshmen still victorious.

19 — Fourth game. Seniors victorious.

NOVEMBER —

19 — Fifth game. Junior-Freshman Team victorious.

21 — We welcome Miss Doherty back.

23 — Beginning of Thanksgiving holiday.

DECEMBER —

2 — Second Convocation.

5 — Miss Cochran speaks about the Public Library.

10 — The Alumnae Party.

21 — Christmas box sent to the poor children.

23 — Christmas Party.

22 — Jan. 9 — Holidays! Bliss!

JANUARY —

9 — School once more.

15 — Third Convocation.

FEBRUARY —

10 — Fourth Convocation.

13 — President Taylor, of Vassar, speaks at school.

21 — Washington's Birthday Exercises.

22 — Holiday.

MARCH —

3 — Fifth Convocation.

APRIL —

7 — Sixth Convocation.

14 — Holidays begin.

19 — School again.

MAY —

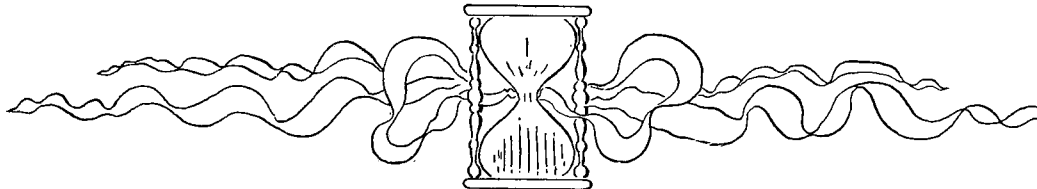
5 — Seventh Convocation.

30 — Holiday.

JUNE —

Graduation.

Operetta.



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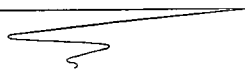


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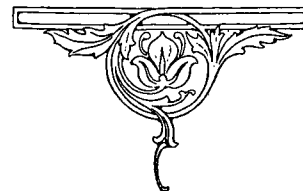


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