The Sequel

to the

1910 Mortarboard

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New York May, 1911

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BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

We may toast our Alma Mater, and
May sing with love and pride
Of fair Barnard, of our colors, of
The "river flowing wide";
But when all our thoughts are turning
To the College on the hill,
There is one thing ne'er forgotten, and
One toast that we'll give still:
To our Class!

Let us rise and give a cheer now, every lass.
With her colors brown and gold,
And her motto never old,
While she marches on with courage strong
to victories untold.
And as now the goal she's nearing,
Never doubting, never fearing,
We will give our toast a-cheering
To our Class!

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ALTA ANDERSON. 197 Liberty Street, Long Branch, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Senior Teas Committee, of the Classical Club, and of Pi Beta Phi.

Teaching Latin and English in the Misses Stiles' School, Paterson, N. J.

LILLIAN S. ANDERSON. 318 Forty-eighth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Y. W. C. A. Silver Bay Committee, and Class Song and Cheer Committee. Music for the Class Day Song.

Working for M. A. from February until June, 1911.

CLARICE AUERBACH. 304 West 87th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Deutscher Kreis Executive Committee and Play Committee; Chairman of the Senior Tea Committee; Captain of the Senior Basket Ball Team; Senior Banquet Committee. General Honors.

Playground director in one of the city parks.

MARY WITTER BAILEY. Grace Church Clergy House, 92 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Church Club, Kappa Kappa Gamma; President of the Y. W. C. A.; Assistant Business Manager of the *Bulletin;* Treasurer of the Class Day Committee; Lady in the Undergraduate Play. General Honors.

Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary of the Bellevue Tuberculosis Clinic; miscellaneous work at Grace Chapel Settlement.

TESSIE BARROWS. 203 West 119th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Treasurer of the Philosophy Club; Ivy Day Committee; Final Honors in German, General Honors. Phi Beta Kappa.

Tutoring.

M. HARRIET BISHOP. State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Church Club and of the Y. W. C. A.

Teaching first and second year French in the State Normal College. Taking two pedagogical courses.

LENA BOHAN. 441 West 5th Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A. and the Deutscher Kreis. Chi Omega.

Teaching in Boonton, N. J.

HETTY DEAN BLAISDELL. Tellico Plains, Tennessee.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Craigie Club and of Alpha Omicron Pi. Senior Vice-President.

Married August 3, 1910, to Ferren F. Blaisdell.

GLADYS ALDEN BONFILS. 147 Union Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A. and Pi Beta Phi. Gentleman in the Undergraduate Play.

Teaching French and Biology in the High School at Huntington, L. I. Married to H. Lincoln Rogers of Jamaica, April 20, 1911.

CLARITA FRANCES CROSBY. 2656 Decatur Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Athletic Association, Botanical Club, Delta Delta Delta; Baseball Committee, Class Hockey Team, and Basketball Team, Field Day, 1910; Y. W. C. A. Entertainment Committee, Class Entertainment Committee, Senior Dance Committee; Senior Minstrel Show; Chairman Undergraduate Election Committee; Undergraduate Show; Comus Committee.

Until January, 1911, substituted in New York City High Schools; now teaching in Gwinn, Michigan.

HELEN LOUISE CROSSMAN. 105 Clinton Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.

Senior Year Activities:—Athletic Association, Classical Club, Delta Delta Delta; Chairman of the Undergraduate Study Committee; Chairman of the Y. W. C. A. Bible Study Committee; Ivy Day Committee.

Tutoring.

MILDRED DOWNS. 75 Fairview Avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Y. W. C. A.; Class Hockey Team, Numerals in hockey; Senior Class Tea Committee.

Assistant in the Statistical Department of the Germania Life Insurance Company, New York City.

MARGUERITE DOROTHY DRUDING. 259 West 92d Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Craigie Club, Athletic Association. Chi Omega.

Studying at Barnard.

ELIZABETH VYSE DUNNET. Farragut Road and East 89th Street, Brooklyn.

Teaching Botany in Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn. Engaged to Stanton Eldredge of Brooklyn.

ELISE S. EDDY. 19 West 34th Street, Bayonne, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A.

Expects to teach in a High School.

MARGERY EGGLESTON. 34 Central Avenue, Tompkinsville, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—President of the Philosophy Club; Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Deutscher Kreis; Y. W. C. A. Poster Committee; Senior Banquet Committee.

Studying shorthand. Expects to get position as secretary.

LILIAN EGLESTON. 707 North Broad Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Kappa Kappa Gamma; Vice-President of the Undergraduate Association; President of the Brooks Hall Students' Association; Class Song and Cheer Leader; Class Tennis Champion; Final Honors in German.

Social work in New York and Elizabeth; Secretary of the College Settlement Association; Associate Member of the Girls' Friendly Society.

MAUD E. EMERY. 36 Avon Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Member Classical Club and the Y. W. C. A.

Teaching in High School.

ELIZABETH ENGLISH. 521 West 179th Street, New York City.

AGNES A. ENNIS. 453 Convent Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of Craigie Club and Graduate Club of Columbia.

Teaching girls in elementary schools. Studying for M. A. at Columbia. Expects to take High School examination in Biology.

EDNA MARGARET FANCHER. 149 Second Street, New Brighton, S. I.

Senior Year Activities:—Secretary of Philosophy Club; Entertainment Committee of the Deutscher Kreis; Chapel Committee of the Y. W. C. A.; Ivy Day Committee. Alpha Phi.

Teaching Kindergarten in the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

BERTHA FIREBAUGH. 1709 Popham Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A. and of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Teacher of English and Latin in Miss Davidge's School.

CARRIE O. FLEMING. 450 East 26th Street, Brooklyn.

Senior Year Activities:—Treasurer of Exchange; Sub-Treasurer of the Undergraduate Association; President of the Church Club; Silver Bay Committee of the Y. W. C. A.

Teaching.

MARIE LOUISE FLINT. 17 Candaca Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A.

Clerical Assistant. Plans for the future:—Hopes to get position as a private secretary and to continue her studies in music.

HARRIET RUTH FOX. 2567 Sedgewick Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Editor-in-Chief of the *Bear;* Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"; Student Assistant in the Philosophy Department; took part in "Comus." Member of the Philosophy Club, Suffrage Club, Athletic Association, Kappa Kappa Gamma. Highest Final General Honors, Phi Beta Kappa.

Assistant in English Department at Barnard. Studying for an M. A. at Columbia.

RAY FRAME. 27 South 13th Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Senior Teas Committee.

Teaching English in the Washington Irving High School.

GRETCHEN M. FRANKE. Bound Brook, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—President of the Deutscher Kreis; Chairman of the Commencement Night Dormitory Committee.

Teacher of German at the William Penn High School for Girls, Philadelphia.

MARION LATHROP GIBSON. 618 West 114th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the 1910 Hockey Team; Entertainment Committee of the Classical Club; Senior Teas Committee; Y. W. C. A. Mission Study Committee.

Studying for an M. A. in Latin at Columbia.

NANNETTE FRANCES HAMBURGER. 151 West 140th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Captain of the Varsity Basket Ball Team; Secretary-Treasurer of the Classical Club; Member of the Philosophy Club; Class Day Committee. "Priest" in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Teacher of English and History at the Alcuin Preparatory School. Studying at Columbia for an M. A.

EDNA HELLER. 21 West 90th Street, New York City.

GRACE HENDERSON. 3001 Eastern Boulevard, Westchester, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Barnard Manager of the French Play; Member of the 1910 Swimming Team; Senior Dance Committee.

Working on the Encyclopedia for the Century Publishing Company.

MAY THERESE HERRMANN. 112 East 65th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Société Française.

Studying the Romance languages privately.

ANTOINETTE DYETT HILL. 740 Belvedere Avenue, Netherwood, Plainfield, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Taught a special class in Mathematics in Horace Mann High School; Chi Omega.

Registered as a student for an M. A. at Teachers' College.

BESSIE HOLZMAN. 149 West 122d Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the 1910 Basket Ball Team; Treasurer of the Deutscher Kreis; Member of the Athletic Association Suffrage Club, Classical Club; Senior Banquet Committee.

Clerical and social work.

FLORENCE HOPEWELL. 532 Broadway, Flushing, L. I.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A. and Delta Delta Delta.

STELLA HOPEWELL. 532 Broadway, Flushing, L. I.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A. and Delta Delta Delta.

GERTRUDE L. HUNTER. 921 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—President of the Undergraduate Association; Member of the Y. W. C. A.; English Club, and Alpha Phi. General Honors. Phi Beta Kappa.

Church Settlement Work at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. Graduate student at Columbia.

MURIEL IVIMEY. 60 Clinton Place, University Heights, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Senior Banquet Committee; won broad jump at field day. Alpha Phi.

Expects to become a librarian.

VIOLETTA JACKSON. 966 East 167th Street, New York City.

VORA JAQUES. 461 Morris Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Ivy Day Committee. Alpha Omicron Phi.

Teacher of Latin in the Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J.

DOROTHY BROWNING KIRCHWEY. Care Prof. Kirchwey, Columbia University.

Senior Year Activities:—Senior Class President; Member of the Philosophy Club, Suffrage Club and Kappa Kappa Gamma. Student Assistant in Philosophy. "Dogberry" in "Much Ado About Nothing." Final Honors in Philosophy; Highest Final General Honors. Phi Beta Kappa.

Reader and Assistant in Economics and Sociology at Smith College.

Next Year: Fellow in the Bureau of Social Research of the School of Philanthropy.

FRANCES BURGER KOPP. 52 Vernon Ave., Brooklyn.

Senior Year Activities:—Research work in Sociology; Member of the Suffrage Club and Socialist Club. General Honors. Phi Beta Kappa.

Married on December 24, 1910, to Harold H. Kopp.

ETHEL LAWRENCE. 535 Union Avenue, New York City.

Substitute teacher of Biology in High School.

ADELAIDE LOEHRSEN. 2133 Third Avenue, New York City.

DORIS LONG. 42 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Chairman of the Y. W. C. A. Intercollegiate Committee. Honors in English.

Studying at Columbia for an M. A.

MABEL DOROTHY McCANN. 69 Ashford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Captain of the Senior Basket Ball Team; Member of the Undergraduate Tea Committee; Chairman of the Senior Dance Committee; "Lady" in the Undergraduate Play. Pi Beta Phi.

Married to Henry Pierce Molloy on April 19, 1911.

JOSEPHINE McGRATH. Livingston Manor, N. Y.

Studying Natural History and learning dressmaking.

CHRISTELLA FRANCES MacMURRAY. South Nyack, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Vice-President of the Y. W. C. A.; Assitant Editor of the *Bear;* Member of the English Club; Ivy Day Committee.

Expects to teach.

DOROTHEA MAHON. 229 West 138th Street, New York City.

ELLEN NAAR MAISON. 2570 Grammercy Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

Engaged in November, 1909, to Henry Albert Stetler.

GRACE EDITH MEIER. 2263 Aqueduct Avenue, University Heights, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Senior Dance Committee.

Engaged to Embree Henderson. Tutoring in Latin.

SULAMITH SILVERMAN MICHAELIS. 1 West 93d Street, New York City.

Married on September 29, 1910, to Joseph Michaelis.

VIRGINIA MAY MOLLENHAUER. 2187 Grand Avenue, University Heights, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Class Entertainment Committee. Member of the Craigie Club.

Studying law at the New York University Law School.

MARION MONTESER. 605 Van Courtland Park Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Senior Banquet Committee and of the Deutscher Kreis.

Teaching German at the De Witt Clinton High School. Engaged to Dr. Miller.

ROSE MOSES. 103 West 88th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Corresponding Secretary of the Class; Member of the Senior Banquet Committee. Final Honors in Mathematics.

Teaching in an Elementary School in the city. Expects to teach Mathematics in a High School.

MARY NAMMACK. 42 East 29th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—President of the Craigie Club; Member of the Class Day Committee; Alpha Phi. Margaret in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Assistant in the Chemistry Department at Barnard. Expects to study Medicine, probably at Cornell University Medical School.

ELIZABETH NITCHIE. Mountainside, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Managing Editor of the *Bulletin;* President of the Classical Club; Chairman of the Mission Study Committee of the Y. W. C. A. Pi Beta Phi. Earle Prize in Classics; Honors in Greek and Latin; Highest Final General Honors; Phi Beta Kappa.

Teaching Latin, English and Mathematics in the Lockwood Collegiate School, Heathcote Hall, Scarsdale, N. Y.

JESSIE NOTTINGHAM. 271 East 16th Street, North Portland, Oregon.

Senior Year Activities:—Chairman of the Class Decorating Committee; Member of the 1910 Hockey Team and of the Y. W. C. A. Bible Study Committee.

AGNES TERESA O'DONNELL. 2681 Briggs Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Vice-President of the Craigie Club; Member of the Deutscher Kreis and of the Classical Club. Highest Final General Honors; Phi Beta Kappa.

Substituting in High Schools.

MARGARET M. A. O'DONNELL. 2681 Briggs Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Class Treasurer. General Honors. Phi Beta Kappa.

Substitute teacher in High Schools.

EDNA ADELINE PALMER. 656 West 178th Street, New York City.

Student for M. A. in the Faculty of Political Science, Columbia.

ROSETTA PLATT. 1050 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the 1910 Basket Ball Team and of the Mandolin Club.

Graduate Student, majoring in Spanish, at Columbia. Expects to get a Ph. D. and study music.

ELSIE PLAUT. 302 Central Park, West, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Editor-in-Chief of the Barnard *Bulletin;* Senior member of the Undergraduate Play Committee; Member of the College Settlement Association; the English Club; the Deutscher Kreis. "Lord" in the Undergraduate Play; Chairman of the Class Day Committee.

Graduate courses at Columbia. Publishers' hack work, occasionally.

ELIZABETH RAWCLIFFE. 3137 Hull Avenue, New York City.

FLORENCE READ. 70 Morningside Avenue, West, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Chairman of the Undergraduate Teas Committee; Member of the 1910 Hockey Team and of the Senior Dance Committee.

Teacher in the Phelps School for Girls, Wallingford, Conn.

GRACE REEDER. Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Managing Editor of the *Bulletin;* Chairman of the Undergraduate Executive Committee; Member of the Class Day Committee; Member of the Suffrage Club and Alpha Phi.

Investigator for the Charity Organization of Yonkers. Graduate Student at Columbia. Expects to take up some philanthropic and social work.

DOROTHY REILLY. 1036 Post Avenue, Port Richmond, S. I.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Craigie Club.

Expects to teach.

MARGARET RENTON. 207 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A., of the Deutscher Kreis, and of the Suffrage Club. Studying vocal and instrumental music. Accompanist for Miss D. von Nebell, violinist.

BEATRICE ALMA RITCH. 112 Mason Street, Greenwich, Conn.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of Alpha Omicron Pi.

Resident governess at Tarrytown, N. Y.

FLORENCE E. ROSE. 23 Sussex Street, Hackensack, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Chairman of the Silver Bay Committee of the Y. W. C. A.; Philosophy Club; Gamma Phi Beta.

Teaching in Bergenfield, N. J. Engaged to Mr. G. E. Friend on January 15, 1911. Hopes to be married in about a year and a half.

HELEN WISE ROTHSCHILD. 1 West 93d Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Senior Dance Committee.

Married in January, 1911, to Walter L. Rothschild.

HELEN SAVITZ. 43 Rose Place, Westfield, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A. and of Gamma Phi Beta.

Teaching in the Rahway High School.

JOHANNA J. SCHWARTE. 210 Nelson Avenue, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Deutscher Kreis; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.; Class Entertainment Committee. "Sexton" in Undergraduate Play; Chairman of Senior Field Day; 1910 Basket Ball Team; 1910 Hockey Team; Numerals on Field Day.

Graduate Course at the Albany State Normal College. Expects to get Pd. B. in June, 1911.

AGNES G. SHAW. Rockland Lake, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Chairman of the Class Entertainment Committee.

Teaching Latin and Biology in High Schools.

ETHEL SHAW. 420 West 148th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Member of the Y. W. C. A. and Kappa Alpha Theta.

GRACE SHAW. 56 Waller Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

RUTH SIDELL. 87 Harrison Avenue, Westfield, N. J.

LEONIE F. SPALDING. 18 Woodland Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y.

MAUD STIMSON. 68 West 40th Street, New York City.

LAURA STRYKER. 450 West 149th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Membership Committee of the Y. W. C. A. Senior Tea Committee.

Studying at the College of Physicians and Surgeons and assisting in the Pathology Department there.

AGNES THOMPSON. 3 West 92d Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Class Tea Committee.

Lady of leisure.

OLIVE THOMPSON. 92 Union Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.

Senior Year Activities:—Business Manager of the *Bulletin* and ex-officio of the *Bear;* Chairman of the Blue Book Committee of the Y. W. C. A.; Senior Banquet Committee.

Teaching Spelling, Geography, Reading and Mathematics in the Misses Masters' School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

NATHALIE THORNE. 418 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Church Club, Y. W. C. A., D. A. R., and La Société Française; "Lady" in the Undergraduate Play; 1910 Minstrel Show; Senior Dance Committee. Kappa Alpha Theta. Engaged to L. Bernard Stebbins.

JULIA A. WAGNER. 243 East 68th Street, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Class Secretary; Captain of the 1910 Hockey Team; Basket Ball; Senior Dance Committee; Class Alumnae Constitution Committee.

Lady of leisure.

HAZEL I. WAYT. 161 Franklin Street, Astoria, L. I.

Senior Year Activities:—Chairman of the Undergraduate Play Committee; C. S. A. Classical Club; Y. W. C. A.; Alpha Omicron Pi.

Teaching Latin and English at Miss Bennett's School, Millbrook, N. Y.

MARION WEINSTEIN. 17 Spencer Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.

Senior Year Activities:—Classical Club, Philosophy Club, Deutscher Kreis; 1910 Historian; Managing Editor of the *Bulletin;* Secretary-Treasurer of the Brooks Hall Association; 1910 Minstrel Show; Class Day Committee; Prophet Toastmistress at the 1910 Banquet; wrote the Musical Class History. Phi Beta Kappa.

Book-keeping and clerical work. Studying stenography and Typewriting to prepare for a private secretary position.

JOSEPHINE RAY WEST. 849 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Graduated in 1909. Studied at the Albany Library School in 1909-1910. Phi Beta Kappa.

Librarian at the Hamilton Fish Park Public Library.

ALMA WIESNER. Whittier House, 174 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Senior Year Activities:—Y. W. C. A.; Deutscher Kreis; Philosophy Club; 1910 Minstrel Show.

During the first part of the winter worked in the office of the International Sunshine Society, and at the Blind Babies Home in Brooklyn. Studying Stenography in New York. Expects to begin secretarial work in February, probably in the Y. W. C. A.

HAZEL WOODHULL. 32 Shepard Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Senior Year Activities:—Philosophy Club; A. A.; Alpha Phi; Undergraduate Play; Field Day; Ivy Day Committee.

Studying at the Sargent's School for Physical Training. Traveling in Europe.

HELEN DARLINGTON WORRALL. 2014 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Senior Year Activities:—Philosophy Club; Gamma Phi Beta; Chairman of the Student's Exchange; Chairman of the Membership Committee of the Y. W. C. A.; Chairman of the Senior Banquet Committee.

Engaged to Clarence M. Haight, Columbia School of Mines, 1906. Expects to live in Rockland, Michigan, after marriage.

MARCHING TO BACCALAUREATE

1910 GREEK CHORUS

At President Butler's Garden Party

(A MONOLOGUE)

Scene I—The Senior Study

(*Girl dressed in ruffled white, hurries into the littered study, carefully holding up her skirt. She addresses a group of girls seated on the sofa.*)

"'Where's Jane? Oh, *there* you are! Jane, do hurry and come along with me. I can see lots of people over on the Green now; the music has begun and there are the darlingest little tables set out, and dozens of motor cars are driving through the gate, and President and Mrs. Butler have been standing on a rug for hours, shaking hands. Honestly, when the garden party is given especially for 1910, I don't think we ought to straggle in after everybody else. What, you're having a committee meeting! And you people are, too? I'm on your committee? Why, no I'm not! I haven't done any work for it. Yes, Dorothy, I'll come to song-practice to-morrow. Yes, I *will!* Honest! Oh, Dorothy, I *will!* (*She kneels down in front of her locker, and, forgetting her spotless white gloves, rummages around in it.*) There! I'm throwing my chemistry notes away. Good riddance! Yes, I did specialize in chemistry. Took 5-6 for two successive years. Oh, girls, isn't it blissful to be all through with Senior examinations! Never again! Oh, *here* are the songs. 'We have loved thee, Alma Mater.' Oh, Jane, isn't it *dreadful* to leave college? I shall choke on Class Day when we sing that song. (*She hums pensively.*) What's this? Another invitation?

"'The President of Columbia University
and Mrs. Butler
request the pleasure of
Miss Allison's
company on the University Green
on Tuesday, the 24th of May
from 4 to 6 o'clock.'

"Jane Weston! The garden party! Come along this minute. I forgot—and look at my white gloves! What, Mary? Committee meeting to-morrow at 12? Yes, I'll come. What did you say, Elsie? Class Day rehearsal to-morrow at 12? I'll be there. Did you call me, Dorothy? Song practice to-morrow at 12? Yes, I'll come. Oh, Dorothy, I *will*. Hurry, Jane!"

Scene *II*—*The Columbia Green*

(*Enter, two girls in ruffled white. As they cross the Green slowly, the first girl in white talks.*)

"Jane, did you ever see the place look so lovely? Those little white tables are so charming under the trees, and the orchestra is playing beautifully. What crowds of dressy people! And Faculty! Did you ever see so many? We'll have to go over, first, to that awning effect, and stand on the rug and shake hands with the President and Mrs. Butler. I'm beginning to be scared . What a lot of people! Why, *Jane!* Why, *Jane!* Do you realize that 1910 isn't the main part of this party? Didn't you think everything was being done especially for 1910? And now, we're lost in the crowd. First time its happened for months. What a funny sensation!

"How do you do, President Butler! Yes-er-um— Ha! ha! ha! How do you do, Mrs. Butler! No-um-er— What a pity! Ha, ha, ha, ha! There, that's done! Now, what shall we do? I don't see a soul I know. Oh, there are Mary and Grace! Hello, 1910! Here we are! How sweet you look. Honestly, I think our girls look better than anybody else! Is that a graduation present? How lovely! Let's go and get a table. Never mind how many ices you've had already! There! (*They settle down at a little table.*) What delicious chocolate! And ices! (*Silence for several minutes.*) Oh, Mary, I want you to help me write a song, to-morrow. Yes, for the banquet. Grace, there's Dr. R. Oh, isn't he a wonder! I *must* speak to him. Grace, will you ever forget his lectures on the Inquisition and Haeckels' cosmic day and witches? By the way, how did you answer his fifth question on the Deistic movement? No, Mary, this isn't my Class Day dress. That is heavy linen—very simple, but I *do* like it. Eleanor, our accounts for the dance are driving me crazy. I can't remember what I did with a dollar and nine cents that I don't seem to have. Did I buy rope or dance cards with it, or did it go to pay the caterer? Oh, how do you do,

Dr. S. Yes, we're having a beautiful time. I *should* like an ice, thank you. They look so good. No, thank you, no chocolate or sandwiches. How is Mrs. Smith? And little Ethel? She did? Isn't she sweet? What cunning things she says now Yes, just the age! And the baby called you 'Papa' the other day! Well! no, thank you, no more. Give my love to Ethel. Good-bye!

"He looks very well in his Prince Albert, doesn't he? In fact, all the Faculty are so dressed up, I shouldn't know them. On the whole, I think they do us great credit. Oh, Jane, there's Professor D. I'm going to make him see me. Why, Professor D.! How do you do! Yes, I think I *will* have an ice! They look very refreshing. No, I'm not glad to leave. I get sadder every day. I suppose the Faculty doesn't mind losing us—much? What, you don't mean it! You think 1910 is the best class that ever came to Barnard? I must tell the girls. Well, good afternoon, Professor D. He's a love! Jane, how *can* we go away from this place? Oh, my dear! Did you see that waiter? He dropped about a dozen sandwiches on the grasss, picked them up, and stuffed them, all dripping with mayonnaise, into his pocket! Good afternoon, Dr. K. An ice? Oh, thank you! Dr. K., you must be very busy now. Really! What a lot of positions you hold. Yes, it *is* hard to have an unusual amount of intelligence. So much demanded of you. . . . That happened when you were in Rome? Indeed? Yes! . . . Yes . . . Interesting . . .Ye-es . . . (*edging away*).

"Well, Jane, we *must* go! I've had a grand time. Don't you love the Faculty? And, oh! 1910! It is a great old place, isn't it? How pretty the Green looks now! Well, we've *got to go*...*Doesn't* the library look beautiful when the sun strikes the dome that way! Well, come on, 1910. (*She hums under her breath.*)

"'Farewell, old library!
How we have toiled in thee,
Working for our degree
At Barnard.'"

THE CAST OF "COMUS"

Commencement Week Committees

Class Day

ELSIE PLAUT, *Chairman.*

MARY BAILEY — MARY NAMMACK
NANNETTE HAMBURGER — GRACE REEDER
MARION WEINSTEIN

Ex-officio—DOROTHY KIRCHWEY, HETTY DEAN.

Senior Dance

MABEL MCCANN, *Chairman.*

CLARITA CROSBY — BERTHA FIREBAUGH
GRACE HENDERSON — GRACE MEIER
FLORENCE READ — NATALIE THORNE
HELENE WISE.

Ex-officio—DOROTHY KIRCHWEY, HETTY DEAN.

Ivy Day

HARRIET FOX, *Chairman.*

TESSIE BARROWS — MILDRED DOWNS
LILIAN EGLESTON — EDNA FANCHER
VORA JAQUES — CHRISTELLA MACMURRAY
HAZEL WOODHULL.

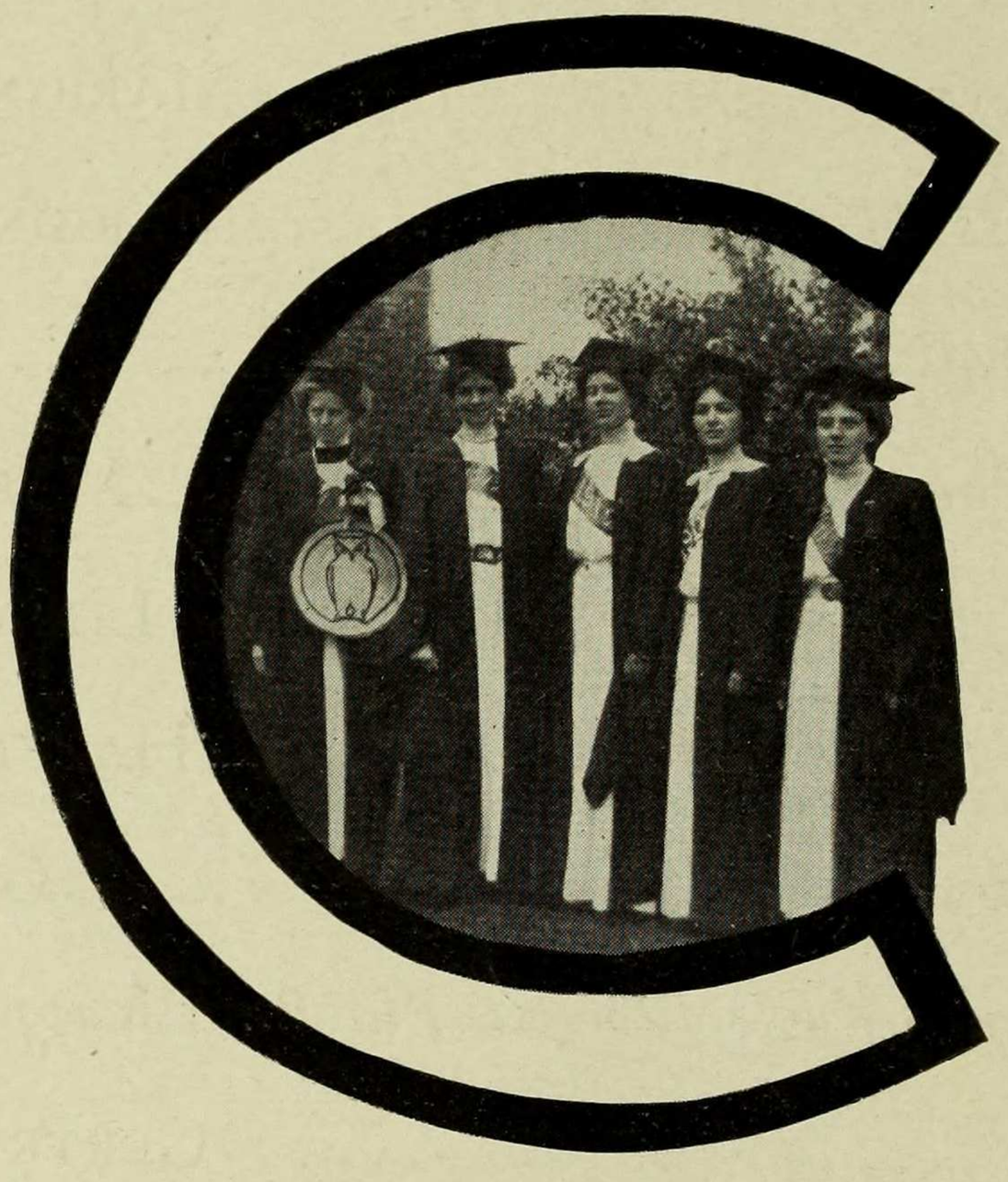
Ex-officio—DOROTHY KIRCHWEY, HETTY DEAN.

Senior Banquet

HELEN WORRALL, *Chairman.*

CLARICE AUERBACH — MARGERY EGGLESTON
BESSIE HOLZMAN — MARION MONTESER
ROSE MOSES — OLIVE THOMPSON
HAZEL WAYT.

Ex-officio—DOROTHY KIRCHWEY, HETTY DEAN.



1912 USHERS

Class Day Program

May 30, 1910.

Overture.....BARNARD UNDERGRADUATES

Salutatory.....DOROTHY BROWNING KIRCHWEY

Class Prophecy.....MARION WEINSTEIN

Musical Class History.....MARION WEINSTEIN

The 1910 Hall of Fame.....ELSIE PLAUT

Class Day Poem.....MARY NAMMACK

Presentation to the College.....LILIAN EGLESTON

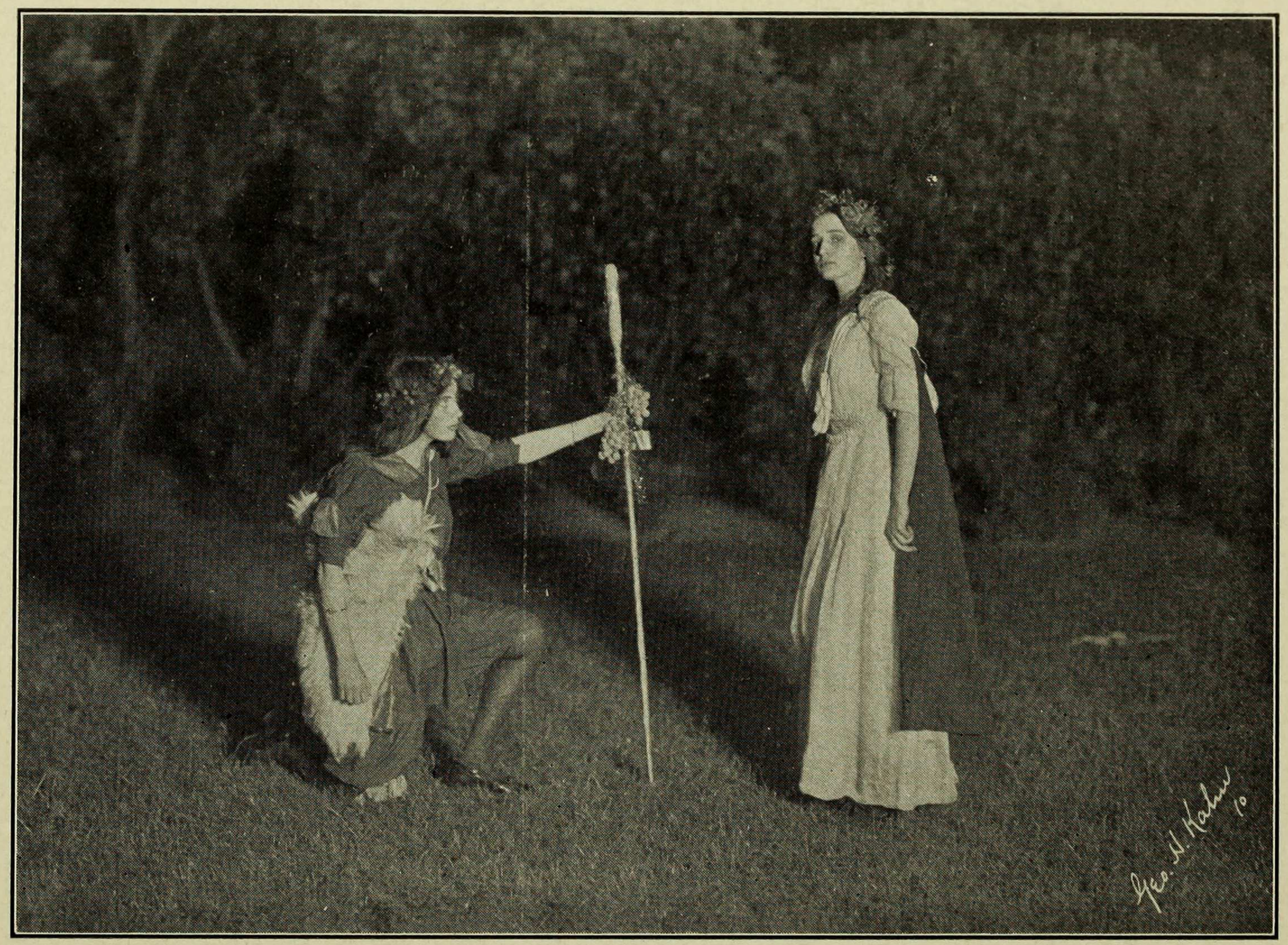
Presentation to the Classes.....HAZEL WOODHULL

Class Statistics.....GRACE REEDER

Announcement of Elections to Phi Beta Kappa

Valedictory.....GERTRUDE HUNTER

Class Day Song.....NANNETTE HAMBURGER



COMUS AND THE LADY

Salutatory

The Provost and Faculty of Barnard College, the Undergraduate Body, and friends of the Graduating Class:

The Class of 1910 welcomes you to its Class Day exercises. It welcomes you heartily, for it has long looked forward to this opportunity to open to you not only its doors, but also, quite as cordially, its minds and hearts. But it welcomes you, nevertheless, with misgivings. Before this day is over you will have heard sung in many voices, and I fear in as many keys, how renowned the Class of 1910 has been, is, and shall be, for its dignity and solemnity. But this, remember, is in the eyes of others. Among ourselves we have had no illusions. And so we have a horrible suspicion that our Class Day is to be scarcely more dignified and solemn than those which have gone before it and are to come after it. Yet our attitude is not one of apology, but of frank defiance. After all, it is our last class party—and that we have admitted you to view with reverent eyes our sacred rites is certainly no reason why we should apologize for them! After all, remember, if you are tempted to become despondent, that there is probably someone in the audience who is really enjoying an item here and there. And remember, too, that it amuses us and doesn't hurt you—and after all, as I have said, it is "our party." But we are heartily glad to have you here, for we know you fully appreciate your position.

And we pray you to bear in mind—if it seems to you that we are spending little time in planning, audibly, to go forth and uplift the world—that we have quite as much to say without that as we can well manage in a few short hours. For this is our first, as well as our last, chance to tell you and each other just exactly what we think of our honored faculty and of our college mates, and of ourselves. And you will probably observe that we are fairly well satisfied with all concerned.

It was called to my attention a short time ago by a gloomy classmate—who had evidently not yet realized that Finals and Education

B were a thing of the past—that this was Memorial Day, and that we might with great appropriateness hold a Commemoration Service over ourselves before sinking into oblivion. Someone even tried to adapt an old Yale saying, "Inasmuch as four years have passed away since the Class of 1910 entered into the classic shades and the shady classics" of its Alma Mater and the Classical Department—but then she decided that she had gone quite far enough. But there really is a certain significance in the thought of Memorial Day. We meet to commemorate the years of our undergraduate life; we celebrate them in song and story; and with a spirit half glad and half sad, we look backward over the past and forward into the future, and then tell you what we see.

But in deciding on the program of this morning's events, the committee met with some difficulty. For our class is famous for the ease with which every member can disagree with every other member on every point, and still remain her dearest friend. The classic questions of the membership basis of the Y. W. C. A., and the famous "Kulturkampf" to which it led; attendance at chapel, Woman Suffrage, grinds in the mortar-board, Free Will—on all these and many others we cordially disagree. And the Class Day program was no exception. We who could say with Professor Robinson that "the older we grow, the more radical we become," declared boldly that Class Days were a bore and should be reconstructed; that if the class was going to exhibit in public, it should exhibit its general ability, and not only itself—past, present, and future, individual and collective. The conservatives said that we should Follow Precedent and Cling to Tradition—which is always an entertaining thing to do, for an accidental variation, with us, is inherited so rapidly that it develops into a college Tradition over night, and the result is sometimes rather a *lusus naturæ!* So it is well that we represent both elements. But we who are conservatives felt that it did no harm for us to talk about ourselves for a whole morning, for not only had we the sanction of custom, but also our relatives were sure to enjoy it! And even our Radical element felt a sneaking satisfaction at appearing before the public under our individual names. So when Orthodoxy meets Scepticism, then comes a Compromise!

You will see, therefore, that our program, while changed in detail, has the generic features of its kind. We have omitted the giving of

gifts to ourselves, partly because we felt that we would not forget our class even without something to remember it by, and partly because we felt that it was an unfair tax on the patience of the most charitable audience and on the imagination of the most accomplished Santa Claus. But our Class Day is to keep the personal and individual element for which we all long within our secret souls; and before the morning is over, you are likely to be fairly well acquainted with us.

I am told that my function is to keep track of the events of the day and see that nothing is omitted. On the whole I think that we are fairly safe. Only one thing troubles me. That is the Valedictory.

Miss Hunter told me, in a confiding moment, approximately what she was going to say, and since then I have spent many sleepless nights. For she left out so many things without which no class can properly graduate! So I am forced, briefly, to remind you, classmates, what this Commencement time really means, and I pray you, O succeeding generations, to lay to heart what I say, and realize what you are about to lose! For the Class of 1910 is standing where the brook and river meet; where the sun of to-day is setting and yet where the sun of to-morrow is dawning; about to try our wings, and leave the nest, and sail bravely forward out onto the sea of life, hitching our wagons to a star! We must leave the sheltered harbor, for here our paths divide. But we must fight the good fight shoulder to shoulder, nevertheless, for life is a battle, and it is Real and Earnest, and we must grope our way forward hesitantly, for we go from the Known to the Unknown, leaving footprints on the sands of time. We enter the Real World, leaving the Mimic College World where we have been nestling, O Alma Mater, under the shadow of thy wings. We stand at the parting of the ways, with heights before us still to climb; we look down the vista of the years: and the significance of next Wednesday is that we are to Commence a new life. And you, most Honored Faculty, we pray you to remember that we look upon you, now as always, as our guides, philosophers and friends!

Now, I feel that my duty is done. Whatever is omitted, you have heard the things which are fundamental and vital. So now you know that we understand just what this occasion means. And, in all seriousness, we do not forget. We wish we could tell you what our college course has meant to us. But you know we cannot, and

we know we cannot, so we ask you to remember that an air of levity does not necessarily mean an attitude of flippancy. There are more things in our Heaven and on our earth, kind friends, than you would ever dream existed in our philosophy!

So, remember that this is Memorial Day! In memory of ourselves and of our college days we have asked you, with all our hearts, to join with us in our Class Day exercises. And there are flags above us, and flowers at our feet, and a band to play our anthems, and a people to cheer us on and encourage us where we would falter, and the Fathers of the City to aid us with their counsel and by their noble record.

The Class Prophery

It was on a balmy March day that I started out across the campus to the afternoon class. The dusty Morningside zephyrs, the timid crocuses blooming in scattered profusion, told me that Spring was here. Appropriate thoughts sprang into my mind. I gazed on the sandwich-like views of the fresh palisades to appease my hungry soul. My eyes lingered on the shadows cast by the fence in its intellectual simplicity and the classic lines of the male annex of Barnard. Resisting the temptation to tarry and to enjoy nature's gifts, I hurried on into our own familiar halls.

"Going up!" purred an Ethiopian voice. I entered the elevator, still thrilled by the sights I had just seen, and vaguely regretful that the end was so near. Astronomers tell us that the earth moves and we believe it. Why then should we loyal Barnardites not be willing to give the aforementioned elevator the benefit of the doubt? On this day its gentle, restful movement, combined with the sweet memories of nature, the rumbling roar of the speeding subway, the steady stare of the apartments, the soothing samples of the river, all dulled my sense with a drowsy numbness — and Lethewards I sank ——

"Gentlewomen of the jury!"

I rubbed my eyes. I was in a court-room. What could it mean?

"Gentlewomen of the jury!"

"Dear me!" I cried, "where am I?"

"Hush!" whispered a voice, whose tones sounded strangely familiar. "The judge is speaking."

I looked at my neighbor who had thus addressed me. "Why, Doris Long!" I began, "you're cutting!"

"You're dreaming," was her reply; "wake up!"

The judge had stopped speaking. I turned once more with a look of appeal to my neighbor. She was writing furiously. "Tell me, please. Where am I?"

"Well, I don't know what's the matter with you, but you are in Judge Kirchwey's court-room. This is a red letter day. 1910 has

certainly disgraced itself. Twenty prisoners in two months! That's a record for you!"

"What!" I exclaimed, "and you?"

"Oh, I am writing it up for the Brooklyn *Eagle*."

"The Brooklyn *Eagle?*"

"Yes. I'm Editor-in-chief. We have some swell articles in it now. A regular New York *Journal*. Just got a new serial for our next issue, a translation of Caesar's Gallic Wars by America's foremost classical scholar, Marion Gibson. Brooklyn will go wild over it. But see! Here comes the prisoners."

I looked up and saw what seemed strangely like a 1910 song practice. Familiar faces with what a jaded look of saintly resignation!

"The clerk will now read the names of the indicted and the stated charges, tell us who the prisoners are and of what they stand accused, the names of the defendants and the peculiar nature of their separate offenses." The judge spoke in sonorous tones. I whispered, "say Doris! That's not Dorothy?"

"Surely. Judge of the United States Supreme Court — second to the president, Mr. Hunter."

"Not Gertrude?"

"No, hush! Her husband! Hush! There's clerk Mary Bailey beginning to speak."

"If it please your honor, the prisoners all plead guilty on this 15th day of October, in the year 1925, as follows, *quid sequitur:*

"*Case I.* Stella and Florence Hopewell versus the State of New Jersey. Malicious assault with intent to kill. Victim, a native mosquito.

"*Case II.* Mildred Downs, Adelaide Loehrsen versus the City of Hoboken. Charged with wilfully exceeding the speed limit.

"*Case III.* Hazel Woodhull versus the City of New York. Charged with blocking public traffic by causing crushes.

"*Case IV.* Antoinette Hill and Elizabeth English versus the Class of 1910. Charged with criminal anarchy.

"*Case V.* Agnes Shaw versus the inflamed hearts of the opposite sex. Willful, malicious arson.

"*Case VI.* Helen Wise versus the Undergraduate body. Offense: violation of the banking laws — excessive use of alien notes.

"*Case VII.* Bertha Firebaugh, Margaret and Agnes O'Donnell versus the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Wil-

ful neglect and failure to provide proper exercise and sustenance for their ponies.

"*Case VIII.* Ray Frame and Nannette Hamburger versus the Board of Public Safety. Charge: the generation of an unsafe amount of steam.

"*Case IX.* Naarnie Maison versus the Bachelor Estate. Offense: alienation of affections.

"*Case X.* Gladys Bonfils versus the Class of 1910. Charged with smuggling. Specifically: hiding her light behind a bushel.

"*Case XI.* Grace Meier, Hetty Dean and Helen Warrall versus certain suspected unspecified individuals of the alleged stronger sex. Charged with deliberate robbery of their personal affections and mental equilibrium.

"*Case XII.* Elsie Plaut versus the College Labor Union. Offense: excessive monopoly of the class labor.

"*Case XIII.* Tessie Barrows versus the Board of Public Safety. Charged with carrying concealed weapons.

"*Case XIV.* Elizabeth Nitchie versus the City of New York. Charged with vagrancy. Caught napping on a public highway."

The clerk ceased speaking.

"Gentlewomen of the jury," began the Judge, "consider carefully the punishment of these individuals. You fair-minded jurors, unprejudiced members of society, Clarice Auerbach, Florence Rose, and Hazel Wayt, I charge you, consider the enormity of these crimes and remember whatever your verdict, I have decided to give them 15 years of hard labor, namely to read one page a year of 'Höffding's History of Philosophy.' Have you any objections, Attorney Florence Read?"

The jurors filed out solemnly and a half-suppressed ripple of excitement swept over the room. "What's up, Doris?" I asked. "There's not a man in sight—women lawyers, jurors, and reporters —all women."

"You must have been asleep all these years. Things are not what they used to be."

"So I see! But I can't understand!"

"Oh, I remember—you went back to Connecticut. Well, it's just this way. About 5 years ago we women got the ballot. Now see what we've done. We've shown the men their place: Congress, the courts, the legislatures, all have women at the head. Now the

foolish men are fighting for equal rights. They actually object to taking their wives' names when they marry. There's President Hunter, a little pessimistic Englishman with a monocle and an accent. His case comes up next week. He is suing Gertrude Hunter for breach of promise because she won't let him rule the country. But there's General Frances Burger across the aisle. She will tell you all about the Suffragents and the antis. I'm sorry, but I'm so busy."

Filled with curiosity, I edged my way over to Frances, who was seated in the midst of an admiring group, talking earnestly.

" Hello, may I listen " I ventured, boldly.

" Surely, I was just saying to my constituents in the renowned Anti-Suffragent League that the inferior sex must be kept down where we have put them. You remember these people, my aides-de-çamp, Marie Flint, Elizabeth Dunnet, Dorothy Reilly, Margaret Renton and Maud Emery."

I bowed my acknowledgment hastily, anxious to hear more of this marvelous tale.

" Yes, we did it with our little ballots. This country was fast going to the canines. The last right we obtained that clinched the victory, was to give our husbands our maiden names. They actually protested, but we made them abide by the statutes. Ah! Here comes Mr. Renton."

I looked up and saw a tall, dark, poetically-eyed man with long, profuse, musical locks who hummed an aria from " Faust " as he approached.

" He's been over to the Suffragents to try and persuade them to give up their foolish ideas and become truly womanly again."

" Suffragents? " I repeated in bewilderment.

" Oh, that's what we call the women who have gone over to the men's side and are helping them get back their rights. Would you believe it? Some of them are actually 1910ers. M. Druding, Leonie Spalding, Virginia Mollenhauer, Corinne Russel and Agnes Thomson! Think of it. Girls who never gave the men a thought before."

" Awful, awful," I murmured. " I must get away. Your news quite overcomes me."

I staggered toward the doorway. An officer rushed to my aid. " Olive Thompson!" I gasped, and a strange feeling of peace came over me.

When I opened my eyes I was in what looked like a hospital ward, walking up and down between rows of snow-white cots dotted with human forms. A nurse was helping me.

"Don't excite yourself," she was saying, "your brain is still weak."

"Why, Helen Crossman," I whispered as I recognized her face. "I'm dizzy. How did I ever get here? And look! What's happened to so many 1910ers? Is this the result of finals or a novel form of reunion?"

"Don't talk much! Your poor head. Now I'll tell you all about it."

Then she began. "This is a 1910 ward. There's Elise Eddy down with nervous prostration. She and Lillian Anderson and Christella Macmurray were frightened by the cannibals in Philadelphia, where they went to do missionary work among the politicians. They've all been here two months.

"Step softly now. They are sound asleep. Here is Lillian Egleston, stricken with heart failure and inflammation of the auditory organs and vocal cords. The doctors think her trouble began fifteen years ago. I suspect it happened when she was 1910's cheer leader.

"That's Grace Reeder across the way. Poor dear! She seems so sad! Paralysis of the funny bone, they call it. And here is one of our chronic cases; Lena Bohan, down with the German measles. Edna Fancher has a touch of it, too. Next to her is Nathalie Thorne, the world's unique opera singer. She gives Elektra a wonderful meaning in a series of unmitigated shrieks like a lost soul in distress. She burst her own ear drum last week while competing with Julia Wagner, her rival, in the laughing chorus.

"Let's sit down. You must be tired. I'll tell you about some of our up-to-date equipment." She led me into an adjoining room. As soon as we were comfortably seated, she began:

"All our cures are effected by the subtle power of suggestion. We use mental influences for medicine. You will understand what I mean when I tell you that our tonics are Alta Anderson, Vora Jaques, and Marion Monteser; our sedatives, Ruth Seidell, Bessie Rawcliffe, and Carrie Fleming; our soothing syrups, Rose Moses, Harriet Bishop, and Laura Stryker. We keep Ethel Shaw on our staff as a cardiac depressant. As stimulants we have Clarita Crosby

and Margery Eggleston. Muriel Ivimey, Florence Green, and Beatrice Ritch radiate the quicksilver effects."

"I suppose they are your trained nurses," I ventured, "Don't you have any doctors on the staff?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "And many of them are world-renowned. Let me see: There is Mary Nammack, who is in a ward by herself at this minute studying her own peculiar ailment, ipsicentricity. Then we have Jo Schwarte, who has discovered how to vivisect animals without as much as touching a hair on their heads."

"Oh, I'm so glad," I murmured.

"You will be interested to hear," continued my nurse, "of two strange cases that we have at present under our care. Edna Palmer is suffering from the French plague, and May Herrmann is down with the Italian cholera. Dr. Alma Wiesner is just giving May an opiate of her own invention, an education A and B lecture combined.

"I'll have to leave you now for a few moments. I have several other patients under my own care to-night. They will be getting restless."

"Some more 1910ers?" I asked.

"Yes; Eleanor Graham was brought here yesterday suffering from motor aphasia. A little later Violetta Jackson succumbed to clergyman's sore throat. Grace Henderson and Ethel Lawrence are the other two. They seem to be smitten with mal-arial men-ingitis and chapped hands. I won't be gone long. You can amuse yourself with this *Ladies' Home Journal* until I return."

I picked up my favorite magazine with a feeling of satisfaction and began carelessly to turn its pages. Having satisfied myself that it had a happy ending, I turned to the index. I read with great interest:

"Life Stories as Told by Men and Women who have Lived Them—My Life as an Aviator's Wife—A Truthful Woman's Account of the Restrictions, Unhappiness, and Dangers of Air-Shipping —Grace Shaw."

"My Experience with Doors—The True Story of a Girl's Long Struggle, in this Big City, to get her Cerebral Hemispheres through Modern Small Doors—Harriet Fox."

"An Illustration entitled, 'If Music be the Food of Love, Play on,' painted for the *Ladies' Home Journal* by Helen Savitz."

Further down I read: "The Minister's Social Helpers—Dorothea Mahon and Maud Stimson."

Answered by Gretchen Franke. A deparement devoted to the queries of music lovers and singers.

"Questions on Home Economics: How to get the Greatest Returns for the Least Effort—Sulamith Silverman."

"Going Abroad with Only a Gym Suit and a Tooth-Brush—Rosetta Platt."

"The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman—Edna Heller."

"Questions on Good Manners and Good Form—Jessie Nottingham."

"What Other Girls Tell Domestic Dolly in their Letters Describing Some of the Frou Frous they have Made up for Summer Use—Edited by Bessie Holzman."

"Pretty Girl Questions—Mabel McCann."

I had just found that page and was reading an interesting article on freckles when I felt a sudden jar—someone was speaking.

"Third floor, Miss?" I rubbed my eyes—"Why—" I exclaimed in amazement. "But— Then I—"

"Third, Miss?" the voice purred again.

"Oh, yes—I remember— How funny! No, my class is on the fourth. Yes, fourth, please," I said, dully, and began to collect my scattered senses.

The 1910 Hall of Fame

Now, fellow tourists, having at your earliest convenience visited the realms of the Chosen Few, and having rambled through the Home of Thespis, famous as the original cause of the New Building Fever, we will mount the porous marble stairway and passing rapidly by the Bower of Innocence, the Temple of Loyalty, and the Cavern of Chaos, enter the Senior Hall of Fame.

This glorious structure, ladies and gentlemen, as you see by its crumbling woodwork and dust-covered lockers, dates from prehistoric times. For generations past, though, it has been the abode of the lifeless, the shelf to which the back numbers have been relegated, and it is only in our own time that the justly famed class of one thousand nine hundred and ten has made of it a living tribute to its prowess and has by its all-reviving presence transformed it into the cynosure of the academic eye.

The statues, ladies and gentlemen, which form the main attraction of this Hall have a most interesting and unusual origin. One day at a 1910 Song practice, when the study was filled with an eager throng, the clock on the wall began ticking. So unusual was the sound and so fatal its portent that immediately each maiden became petrified. Fortunately the spell came at an opportune moment, and these characteristic poses show that though 1910 seems lifeless to the superficial passerby, a close observer can find in its famous members exceptional qualities of original activity.

This group gathered in earnest conference at the farthest end of the well-worn table is the famous Mathematical Syndicate. Note the strained expression on the faces of Helen Crossman, Lillian Anderson, Florence Rose, Carrie Fleming, Rose Moses and Marie Flint, as equipped with one pen, one book, one set of answers, and but a single thought they conscientiously labor over their individually assigned tasks.

On your right are the celebrated "Could-be-if-we-would" twins; the originals of this interesting and appropriate monument were the Misses Wise and Maison, who, with a disdainful air, flash glit-

tering engagement rings and shining eyes upon a jealous and admiring public. In suspiciously close proximity to them stand the Misses Worrall and Meier, seemingly proclaiming their innocence to a doubting world, yet mysteriously hiding from view the fourth fingers of their left hands.

This crouching figure energetically bending over a well-filled locker is Nannette Hamburger, engaged in the arduous task of doing not only her own duties, but everybody else's unpleasant ones besides.

In the farthest corner of the Hall, removed as far as possible from mortal ear, are some unique automatic figures, the Misses Fancher, Ritch and Holzman, with maiden lips apart and hands on sides. These young ladies are not, as may appear at first sight, composing a new College Yell for their Musical Classmates; they are merely demonstrating the results of a course in Elocution, and the slightest turn of that protruding key will bring forth a prolonged, lusty, resonant "wah."

The best example of classic art is this temple, prophetically dedicated to Carolus Magnus and supported by human pillars. Note the patient, classic, long-enduring expression on the faces of Elizabeth Nitchie, Violetta Jackson, the Hopewell girls, Bertha Firebaugh and Marion Gibson.

Perhaps the most interesting figures are the two flower strewn forms of Gertude Hunter and Lillian Egleston at the end of the Hall. When the arrangement of this Hall was planned, great difficulty was encountered in placing these famous people in a position that would please the multitude and Miss Hunter. Finally, at her suggestion, these two shrines were erected for them at the window platforms. This position is eminently satisfactory, for here they serve as attractive signals to the world without, and provide a secluded and appropriate place of worship for the devotees within.

The distinguishing feature of the row of statues we are now approaching is that every figure is crowned with a laurel wreath of victory. Each conqueror, though, achieved her fame and received her reward of merit in a distinctly different field. Elinor Graham got hers because she is the only girl who was able to wear a solitaire for two years without arousing suspicion. Agnes Thomson is remarkable as being the only nineteen-tener who can successfully manage to take notes on a lecture, read a fascinating love story, and prepare for a next hour recitation at one and the same time; and Hetty

Dean was awarded a prize for best upholding the Senior precedent by wearing her cap and gown every time she appeared in the Halls of Barnard. Sulamith Silverman, too, is in this row, for she is the President of the newly formed S. D. L. M. S.; Society for the Destruction of Labor by Means of Skill.

No one at all familiar with Barnard will be surprised to find Hazel Wayt in this group of exceptional victors. She stands there, firmly and calmly, demonstrating to the theatrical world how one capable stage manager was able to produce the most successful play of the season with " No ado about something."

Margaret Renton and Gretchen Franke take their place here rightfully as the only great musical artists who can make divine melody to the truly remarkable accompaniments of Muriel Ivimey. And Anna Herrmann, Hetty Stapf and Adelaide Wait were awarded a prize as being the first outsiders who have really enjoyed a 1910 Song Practice.

This empty space, ladies and gentlemen, originally contained a very important figure, but the vivaciousness of Clarita Crosby was stronger even than the power of petrification, and she elusively escaped from Marble's fatal clutches and still dances around the world untrammeled by stone bonds.

These two charming figures of Miss Reeder and Miss Weinstein, representing Sweet Charity, are of unusual interest. These extraordinarily gifted young women dispensed humor gratuitously to a needy and grateful crowd. It is said that at odd moments of the year, notably the night before Mid Years and the day after Commencement, a genial spirit revives their latent powers, and a line forms again as of old, to receive from their hands a generous store of the witticisms that are no staler now than they were then.

This statue of the youthful maiden, May Herrmann, pacific in appearance, can only be fully appreciated if carefully examined with an X-Ray, for she bears in her hand a placard inscribed with the words, " Open my heart and you will see engraved inside of it, Italy."

Coming generations will take an especial interest in this next monument, for long after the *Herald* and *Life* shall have ceased their anxiously-waged anti-vivisection pleas, long after the Teddy Bear has passed from haunts of children, long after African lions have ceased to be the common food for thought, Doctor Mary Nam-

mack, clutching her sharply edged tool, will be portrayed sacrificing the uncomplaining 1910 *Bear* on the all-engrossing altar of science.

There is a physical law, ladies and gentlemen, that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Agnes and Margaret O'Donnell, however, have changed the entire field of science by proving this fundamental premise invalid. They work at the same time, they eat at the same time, they talk at the same time, they breathe at the same time, nay, they even think at the same time, and here in this unified figure they have at last succeeded in occupying the same space at the same time.

Most Halls of Sculpture include a statue of the three graces. One would hardly, however, expect to find such a hackneyed reproduction in the haunts of this unique class, nor is it at all necessary to provide such an elaborate group, for Hazel Woodhull more than adequately embodies all the charms of the three graces in one.

This solitary figure, ladies and gentlemen, frequently called the 1910 Security Bank, is more familiarly known as Mary Bailey. You see her in her usual occupation, her one outstretched hand gracefully collects the coins of the multitude, and the check book firmly clutched in the other is the visible proof of the scholarly and righteous manner in which from her earliest infancy she has managed the financial affairs of the State.

Perched on this dangerous step-ladder, armed with a well-worn hammer and searching for well lost tacks, we see the lithesome figure of Jessie Nottingham, who as Chairman of the Decoration Committee was engaged in her continuous task of putting up or taking down the sacred banners that deck this beauteous Hall.

Unfortunately, we have not been able to collect some of the most famous citizens of 1910 in this study, as they were not here at the time of transformation. However, if the assembled company will be kind enough to look out of this window it may see on the path below Marion Monteser, Antoinette Hill, Florence Green, Lena Bohan and Elizabeth Dunnet as usual spending all their available time in traveling back and forth between Barnard and Teachers' College Classes.

In the right-hand corner of this well-worn sofa, from which a splendid view of Columbia College may be obtained, you can see a still animated group composed of Ethel Lawrence, Dorothy Mahon and Grace Henderson, caught in the act of volubly and scientifically

discussing the supremely interesting problem entitled "Man; or the Infernal Question."

At this end of the Hall, far from the maddening crowd, is the famous Bower of Silence, offering repose to the nerve-racked wanderer, and presided over by the serenely silent figures of Christella MacMurray, Dorothy Reilly, Laura Stryker and Adelaide Loehrsen.

The activities of the outer world are well illustrated in this all-embracing class. Among this representative group is Elise Eddy, clutching an African doll, and famous for her efforts in the missionary field. Here we see Natalie Thorne, who, gifted with an unusual power of creating indescribable sounds merely by the use of the human voice, is president of the Society for the Proper Development of the Human Whistle.

As representatives of the fashionable world, I beg to call your attention to Miss Edna Heller and Miss Maud Stimson, who deserve their renown as moulds of fashion and glasses of form, and who by their illustrative example made the other members of the community realize that the latest styles are quite as becoming as the academic caps and gowns. But we cannot pass by in commenting on this illustrious group, Frances Burger, who, with Socialistic torch raised on high, urges all of us to become Shirtwaist Strikers and subscribers to the *Call*.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, you may see one of the strongest arguments in favor of a College Education for women. Clarice Auerbach, gracefully posed on a samovar, holding in one hand the ubiquitous tea cup, in the other graciously extending a plate of maple and nut-covered cake, has definitely demonstated that College does not unfit at least one woman for housekeeping.

This apparition has frequently been called Springtime, the Daffodils, and other equally poetical names. In reality, it represents Alma Wiesner, who, half concealed by armfuls of lilacs, lillies of the valley and other blossoms, daily brightened the life of her poor classmates, pent up in cheerless city walls, by these fragrant beauties from her garden bowers.

No, ladies, that casket clasped closely in the arm of Virginia Mollenhauer does not contain the family jewels, nor is her worried expression due to the fact that it harbors countless F's, or awe-inspiring summons from the Office. It is merely a well-filled card index, and she had evidently, as was her usual custom, been spend-

ing a profitable afternoon with it in the restful seclusion of Columbia Library.

Behind the door of this locker stands the stalwart form of Edna Palmer. With the first sound of that tick, her natural timidity asserted itself, and she fled within the roomy spaces of her locker, not forgetting carefully to protect herself by losing the combination card.

Several leading dentifirice manufacturers have offered an astounding price for this statue of Glady's Bonfils, but the Committee on Fine Arts has decided that it could not possibly spare this Sunny Jim treasure.

The temple of Thespis, one of the most important sections of the 1910 Hall of Fame, is at present being upheld by the Shakesperian form of Harriet Fox. She was once heard to remark that she "was born to speak all mirth and no matter," but the placard which adorns her, inscribed with the mystical words, "This way to the Faculty," seems to suggest that in the future she may achieve fame by some other means than by softly whispering "Kill Claudio."

This next group, made up of Julia Wagner and Ray Frame, would serve as an admirable illustration of the value of team work. As you will note, Miss Frame is the victim of a huge smile, while Miss Wagner's open-mouthed countenance suggests that she occasionally indulged in tinkling laughter. Accordingly, they joined forces, and Ray's immeasurable grin, plus Julia's melodious giggle, made a combination irresistible.

Rosetta Platt and Maud Emery received much praise for their great service to college women during their athletic practices. They first brought into vogue the famous Lombard blouse, and by firmly establishing it in the Halls of Barnard, at last made it possible to get up at 8.25 for a nine o'clock class. . .

"Innocent Deception" is the title of this demure looking statue. Outwardly Tessie Barrows appears as a staid and reverent Senior in academic garb. But five minutes' experience of her nimble wit and never silent tongue will convince even the latest victims of her quips and pranks that dignity is gown deep, and that surely a jester's costume would be a more appropriate and characteristic expression of her nature.

Your special attention is called to the following group, for Miss Bishop, Mildred Downs, Josephine McGrath, Jo Schwarte, and

Bessie Rawcliffe are the sole members of 1910 who achieved the reputation of faithfully attending and performing at every Class Song practice.

This dainty division of the Hall is the Nursery Department. Here under the gentle guidance of Vora Jaques and Alta Anderson, renowned for their pacific temperaments and comforting ways, Florence Read, Mable McCann, and Mary Nammack daily compete for the glorious and not easily won position of Class Baby.

This attractive young woman is Miss Helen Savitz, preparing to deliver one of her admirable lectures on the care and training of children, and basing all her knowledge of the subject on the fact that she is " Bobby's Aunt."

These two figures in the corner, Doris Long and Corinne Russell, are engaged in an exciting and important race to see which one can manage to get the most tickets for extra friends at Class Day.

No, the Misses Agnes and Grace Shaw are not related, but once more they prove the fallacy of the important query, " What's in a name? " Surely it must be this resemblance that has caused the similarity in their natures, for they stand before you as the best examples of irrepressible enthusiasm, and as remarkable illustrations of the well-known maxim that " Youth crushed to earth will rise again."

You have probably heard a great deal about Senior Dignity. Olive Thompson, Ethel Shaw, and Ruth Sidell personify it, and by carefully studying their grave demeanor and their philosophical countenances, you will best understand the factors which compose this quality.

If it were not that these mouldering walls might crumble at the sound, I would invoke the figure of Leonie Spalding once more to let the resonant ring of her manly tones re-echo through the Hall, and you would need no further explanation of the fact that she was one of the best " men " in this dramatically illustrious Class.

Margaret Eggleston is here the center of a truly charming group. Half reclining, she leans for support on Socrates; Plato kneels at her feet; Aristotle awaits her command; Spencer and Darwin swear their allegiance. Thus surrounded she prepares to defend to the bitter end her cherished and wrongly abused Philosophy Club.

I have avoided calling your attention to the admirable Dorothy Kirchwey, fully confident that the presence of so large and distinguished an audience would miraculously restore her silvery accents,

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and that some of our critical remarks would immediately cause her argumentative eloquence to flow. All efforts, though, have been in vain, and for the first time in history this Second Demosthenes, this sublime and all-convincing orator, this speaker of, for, and to the people, remains a mute and silent spectator. This unlooked for calamity casts a gloom over all our proceedings, and convinces me that we have fully exhausted the treasures of this marvelous gathering of wisdom and beauty.

But, ladies and gentlemen, one word of warning before we separate. When you get back to your hotels to-night, and, opening up your Baedekers, write your friends lengthy descriptions of the interesting sights you have seen on this tour, kindly do not confuse this with some other trip, as frequently happens to laboring tourists, and be very careful to tell the folks at home that this morning you visited the 1910 Hall of Fame, and not the Rogues' Gallery.

1910 ATHLETES

Class Poem

Πρόσω ἴεσθε.

Mother, beneath whose gentle guiding hand,
Our footsteps have found whither to aspire,
From whom we've learned the beauty of
what's higher,
Thy task is done. A strong courageous band
Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, we stand
Thrilled everyone with new hope and desire,
Lighted, O Mother, at thy burning fire
Of Truth. Silent we wait thy last command.
Like to the first, when life was but begun,
That at our parting helps us still to smile,
'Tis this, "Go forward." Now as in the
past
Still give us strength to say when day is done
Remembering thee, and looking back the
while
"Let us go forward,—even to the last."

Presentation to the College

Despite the fact that we have just been convincing you how unique a class 1910 is, the little I shall have to say is but a proof of how fundamentally alike we all are when it comes to a question of *Barnard*.

For as Senior year draws on to its close, marking the end of four short years we have spent so happily amidst the all-absorbing interests of our college world, every class is filled with the same desire—the desire to express in some way the "honor, love, and veneration," we have learned to bear our Alma Mater.

So it is with 1910. And yet even we realize how hopelessly inadequate any such attempted expression would be. We content ourselves with claiming the time-honored privilege of every graduating class to make some gift to the college that shall bear witness to future generations of our love and gratitude.

This privilege we now gladly exercise. With the hope that our choice may lead to a still greater enjoyment by you all of the campus of which we are so justly proud, as a parting pledge of our loyalty and affection 1910 presents to the college maple trees, that are to be planted in a double row along the walk from Brooks Hall to the garden.

Presentations to the Classes

You have heard what our mascot, the owl, has said: "That Happiness is born a twin, by Unselfishness is fed." 1910 is an excellent proof of this philosophy. It has smiled pleasantly at everything, always, and its generous deeds are manifold. We smile the more with each new gift we make. On the athletic field we have always been magnanimous in giving the victory to our opponents. That 1909 might retain the last shreds of her self-esteem, we generously allowed her a monopoly in dramatics. Out of consideration for the wits of former classes, we refrained from putting grinds in our MORTARBOARD, and there, bravely, nobly, heroically, we gave to an unfeeling world our ages. To-day, once more, this trait of character is uppermost. We have decided not to present ourselves with gifts, but to give all to you, undergraduates:

To 1913

Freshmen, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle.
If a Senior you would be,
Learn to look and act—like me.
Giggling girls with giddy habits
All grow up like senseless rabbits;
Hopping, nibbling, all the day,
Frisking on but a short way,
Till a hard exam. appears—
Then they faint away in tears!

And, to prevent this calamity, we give you from our reserve supply a few grains of common sense.

To 1911

For three years now we have tried to keep you straight. But all in vain. You have persisted in your evil ways. It is evident that no power on earth can save you. So, in desperation, we turn to

superhuman power. From henceforth these be thy gods, Oh, Soan-getaha,—See-no-Evil, Hear-no-Evil, Speak-no-Evil.

To 1912

Beloved and esteemed sisters in 1912. We hereby gladly confer upon you this golden medal for being the only class who ever succeeded, after consistent, persistent, strenuous, and assiduous effort, in appreciating Nineteen Hundred and Ten.

A 1910 GROUP

Statistics of the Class of 1910

By the time Senior year has come a girl's reputation is nearly settled; each girl has been discussed in the other studies in successive years, but when the goal of the Senior sofa is reached her classmates have decided what they think of her. However, statistics are only statistics, and who is wise enough to tell how much truth there is in them?

1910 is a class full of celebrities, so that it was hard to decide the superlative in any line. In the first place, we are a cosmopolitan class; New York, New Jersey, South Carolina, Connecticut, Oregon, and Utah are all represented, and even far away Brooklyn has seven representatives.

Our class beauty is Mabel McCann, but for fear it might turn her head we must add that Vora Jaques was a very close second, and Hazel Woodhull is the best-looking girl in the class.

Our class Billikin is Gladys Bonfils—for verification of this fact see the 1910 *Mortarboard*.

Clarice Auerbach is the most contented, but Helen Worrall and Gertrude Hunter voted for themselves for this.

The vote for the biggest scrapper resulted in a tie between Violetta Jackson and Clarita Crosby; it has been suggested that a prize argument would be the only means of definitely deciding the matter.

Harriet Fox has the distinction of being voted future dean and the hungriest member in the class; we are not prepared as yet to say whether hungriness is prerequisite for this office or not.

Our dramatic star is Lillian Egleston; Nannette Hamburger is the most energetic and the most versatile; Elsie Plaut is the hardest worker for the class; Hetty Dean is the best dressed; the best athlete is Hazel Woodhull.

Marion Weinstein is the wittiest, but Ray Frame holds the record as the fastest talker. The best-natured is Rose Moses; Agnes Shaw wishes me to mention here that she received two votes for the best-natured. Other notorious members of the class are as follows:

Most individual—Mary Nammack.
Quietest—Adelaide Loehrsen.

Biggest fusser—Ethel Lawrence.
Biggest kid—Nathalie Thorne.
Most pessimistic—Grace Henderson.
Best boss—Dorothy Kirchwey.
Most successful bluffer—Sulamith Silverman, Helene Wise.
Best-all-round—Gertrude Hunter.
Most gullible—Grace Meier.
Best fitted for matrimony—Helen Worrall.
Most liable to matrimony—Grace Meier.
Most popular—Gertrude Hunter.

The class is prevented from becoming too conceited by the efficient work of the Anvil Chorus, consisting of Marion Weinstein, Tessie Barrows, Helene Wise, Sulamith Silverman, and Grace Reeder.

The vote for the member of the class most devoted to Columbia resulted in an overwhelming majority for Dorothea Mahon. Honorable mention, however, must be made of Grace Henderson, Ethel Lawrence, and Leonie Spalding.

In regard to the Faculty, we find the general opinion of the class is as follows:

The prettiest professor (exclusive of Miss Calhoun)—Dr. Harold Brown of the Philosophy Department.

The most popular—Professor Brewster.
The most scholarly—Professors Crampton, Shotwell, and Hirst.
The most interesting lecturer—Professor Shotwell.
The most obliging—Professors Braun and Montague.
The best conducted courses—Zoology 1-2, and Chaucer.
The dressiest (exclusive of Mr. Tassin)—resulted in a tie between Dr. Gerig, Mr. Muller, and Dr. Braun.

We voted also on the professor who is easiest during the term, and the one that is easiest at examination time—but, out of consideration for future classes, we will not divulge the results of this election.

The 1910 girl has brown eyes and dark brown hair and is five feet three and one-half inches in height. She weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and wears a $4\frac{1}{2}$ shoe and $12\frac{1}{2}$ collar. She has $2\frac{1}{3}$ wisdom teeth, and wears four pairs of shoes per year. She uses eleven hairpins and three combs in arranging her hair. She prefers tailored waists to lingerie waists for college; it takes her ten minutes

to eat her breakfast, and she does not believe in Woman's Suffrage.

The situation of the class as to matrimony is extremely interesting. We range all the way from strong-minded suffragettes (headed by Francis Burger) to coquettish college widows—including nine hopeful cases, thirty hopeless, and four disinterested ones with leanings toward celibacy. Two girls, Helen Worrall and Agnes Thomson say they are anxiously waiting for leap year to come. The following girls refuse to make any statement in regard to the matter—Grace Meier, Agnes Ennis, Lilian Anderson, Elsie Plaut, and Nathalie Thorne; you may, therefore, draw your own conclusions.

The ambitions of the members of the class likewise present a varied assortment. Nine wish to reform the world—each in a different way; three wish to be college professors; one wishes to be a chorus girl; and four, Gladys Bonfils, Edna Palmer, Harriet Fox, and Julia Wagner, name matrimony as their ambition. The rest include everything from being a successful physician to catching lobsters off the Maine coast.

1910's ideal man has brown eyes and brown hair, and his chief requirements seem to be a height of six feet and a sense of humor. His ties should match his eyes or should be either lavender or blue. Twenty-eight girls want him to smoke, and nineteen do not; the rest consider it immaterial, except Gladys Bonfils, who says he may smoke a pipe. His minimum salary must be two thousand per year *with prospects*. Twenty-one girls want professional men for husbands, and the rest of the occupations preferred are as follows: two chauffeurs, two engineers, a stage manager, a traveling salesman, a financier and art collector, a farmer, the private secretary of the President, an army officer, a broker, a mountain climber, and a cobbler. One girl says, "Anything but a dentist," another says, "Anything but an undertaker," and a third says, "Anything but a professor."

Now, any would-be husband of a 1910 girl may, before choosing his career, find out which occupation *she* prefers by writing to me and enclosing a stamp. Other information can also be furnished; all correspondence strictly confidential.

Elected to Phi Beta Kappa

Tessie Barrows

Frances Burger

Harriet Fox

Nannette Hamburger

Gertrude Hunter

Dorothy Kirchwey.

Elizabeth Nitchie

Agnes O'Donnell

Margaret O'Donnell

Marion Weinstein

The Valedictory

It has become traditional in the college world that the powers should set aside a day at the end of each year upon which the departing class is placed upon a height and permitted to catch its breath after the four-year struggle for a degree. It is a very common custom—departing classes have been placed upon a height countless times, and they have caught their breath in much the same way as we are doing now. They have said the things which we have said, they have experienced the emotions which we are feeling. But this is our Class Day, and this is our height, and the things we say and feel mean as much to us as though they had never before been said or felt. And so we know that the powers will bear with us in our innocent conceits, and in their generosity will wish us well.

As we stand upon our height, we realize our debt to those who have made this day possible for us. We would express our gratitude to those whose love and sacrifice have opened for us this college world, to the administrators whose advice and faithfulness have organized its activity, and to the instructors whose fund of knowledge and kindliness and humor have made it pleasant. We trust that we have not too often been slothful in our business, or seemed ungrateful in the daily routine of our four-year world.

We find, as we catch our breath, that within our circumscribed area we have accumulated considerable capital of experience. College is an admirable place to teach the art of working and playing sanely and consistently. We came to college, many of us, with exalted notions concerning the systematic bluffer. But in our gradual progress we have come to admire rather than to scorn him who wins success in *enthusiasm* for his *work*. We have come to a personal realization of the platitude that the valuable worker is the one who does his best. On the other hand, we have become suspicious of the toiler who has no time for wholesome human play, for a cheerful interest in an occasional bit of student nonsense, or for enthusiasm over anything but academics. Within the limits of our

four-year world we have learned both to work usefully and to play efficiently.

In the course of our working, and especially in the course of our playing, we have had many opportunities to sacrifice the good of the whole for our individual satisfaction. Perhaps we have taken advantage of those opportunities, and have been heartily ashamed of it. Some of us have been denied things which we felt were rightfully ours. Perhaps we have expressed our disappointment, and then regretted. Some of us have had sharp corners of selfishness and conceit and assertiveness that have been rounded off by contact and mutual discipline. So we have come to prize team work rather than the play to the grandstand. We have come to appreciate, though in a very limited sense, the value of the sacrifice of self.

And the richest reward which has come to us is friendship. Now, as we stand upon our height, we realize all to vividly the value of our college friendships. We remember the little college woes and troublous times when the warm faithfulness of friends has been an encouragement and a cheer. We remember how these friendships have been an inspiration to nobler thinking when we were tempted to be, as Mr. Shaw puts it, " feverish, selfish little clods of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world would not devote itself to making us happy." So we have come to learn the meaning of true friendship. With Emerson, we have learned to receive from our friends not what they have, but what they are.

This, then, is our fund of college-acquired capital which we have to invest in the business called life—a real appreciation of efficient work and useful play, a knowledge of the value of self-effacement and true sportsmanship, and a realization of the privilege and meaning of friendship, *within a circumscribed area.* The testing of us will, of course, lie in the success of the investment in a great unlimited sphere. College life is at best artificially simple. The great realities that condition activity among the multitudes who do not merely study and play, but who think, and struggle, and bear responsibility, are here entirely absent or present only in artificial miniature. Will the principles which we have discovered here in our limited four-year world be big enough for the great life-time world of men and women, of scholars and toilers, of business and politics?

This, I think, is the question which we should rightfully face as

we stand here on our height. And yet I am afraid that, if we had some means of analyzing brutally and honestly our individual feelings we should find that many of us, unconsciously, perhaps, and innocently, were framing the question: Is not my supply of capital too large to be invested in the smallness of the ordinary world?

So there is the danger that we shall be magnifying the importance of our college life and the amount of our capital. They tell us, those who know, that there is a tendency among college graduates to believe that the college has made them different from other people, and to hide their capital in the napkin of smug self-complacency. But capital is unproductive and valueless if uninvested. Our appreciation of efficient work and useful play will yield no return to us or to anyone if we stand off with a lack of enthusiasm and a lack of balance in the tasks and pleasures that lie ahead. Our knowledge of the value of true sportsmanship will be useless if we remember it only in connection with our little four-year college world. And the friendship of a chosen few in special congenial surroundings will be of no value unless it points the way to a more inclusive friendship in a more difficult sphere. The community has a right to expect us to use our capital. It has provided the opportunities for us to accumulate what little we have. It is justified in demanding that we become wealth-producers in its interests, remembering always that he is richest "who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

To this end, then, we must invest our college-acquired capital in the business called life. We must first rid ourselves of the lurking hope that we are different. We must not look for a place ready-made to fit us, but must set out to fit ourselves for a place. When we have found it, we must apply our appreciation of efficient work and useful play as we have learned it in our small student world by filling that place enthusiastically, faithfully, optimistically. And if

> Where we looked for crowns to fall
> We find the tug's to come—that's all—

we must use our little knowledge of true sportsmanship and keep on enthusiastically, and faithfully and optimistically. And when, as we do keep on, we find our usefulness expanding with broadening, socializing friendships, then we may begin to hope that our investment is proving successful.

Classmates: We must come down from our height to humble earth once more. But let us remember that the most practical things on that humble earth are the ideals we build above it, when they spur us on to do. Let us prize health as contagious happiness, reputation for the influence it may have, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give. Let us remember that

"Life is good and joy runs high"

only as we serve.

STEPS ORATION

Ivy Day Oration

It seems to be a time-honored custom in women's colleges to hold some sort of out-door exercises during Commencement week. As these have generally been tree ceremonies of one form or another, Barnard adopted the custom of her older sisters, and instituted a "Tree Day," years ago. Because we are in the center of a large city we have very few grounds and so can do little with our campus. Hitherto we have been inclined to emphasize this disadvantage rather than to make the most of our opportunities. The tree ceremonies formed a very minor part of the week, and were not enthusiastically attended. I remember one year when the Freshmen were actually urged to bring little sisters and cousins to swell the numbers. 1909, with its well-known enthusiasm, took a rather decided stand on this point. It seemed to them, as it has seemed even more to us, that there were really untold possibilities in the situation, that with a stretch of imagination, we might forget the neighborly apartment houses, the tuneful trollies, and *almost* the Columbia laboratories, and pretend that we did have a real country campus. The tree ceremonies had shown themselves rather uninteresting, and not very original—so 1909 decided to find something more flexible, and with a deeper *meaning,* while avoiding the extreme to which American genius seems prone—as is witnessed by the annual classics of the youthful graduate. Here is one, which, with a little interpretation, might have been inspired by our Barnard life:

"'Beyond the Alps lies our Italy,' the goal of our ambition, the crown of victory! [This might have applied to 1910, only somehow we have never been able to cross the Alps.] Through four long years we have striven to do our best, and glorious have been our achievements [witness our unsurpassed score at basket-ball, where we had a clean record, with the exception of one game—accidentally won through the courtesy of our sisters]. Now we stand upon the hill of life and look down upon our friends and comrades [below the bank]. We pledge ourselves to a 'nobler nature':

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Nor yet in saying what we'll do, but we
Must pledge our hearts and all our loyalty
To uphold Thy name,
And swell Thy fame
So with eye lifted to the sky on high,
To be noble in spirit we will try."

"As our ships leave the harbor and enter upon sea, in our ears ring the cheers and plaudits of our admiring friends. So with banners unfurled to the breeze of life, we pause a moment ere we descend, to cast before us a few pearls of wisdom!"

The three pages of "pearls" which follow, we might skip, but they suggest some advice we would like to give on our own account. 1913, you are too young to have formed any habits as yet, so we have but one thing to tell you: Be careful whom you choose as your example! Modesty forbids talking about our own achievements—our singing, our athletics, etc.—but we make the delicate suggestion, there's always 1910!

As for 1912, they have so profited under our influence that they haven't the least sign of a fault; in fact we leave dear old Barnard in their care, for we can't quite imagine 1911 as seniors. The Seniors really ought to stand as a model to their younger sisters, in good rousing class feeling, even to the exclusion of the sentimental thing called "college spirit."

But 1911's dignity and quiet gentleness during the past three years makes us rather fearful for them in the stirring days to come.

As for us—even the best must pass away—and we are much in the same position as Casey: "O'ill work no more for that man Dolan." "An' why?" "Shure, 'tis on account of a remark he made." "An' phwat was that?" "Says he, 'Casey, you're discharged!'"

"There is nothing that we can say to show the debt of gratitude in our hearts, that bows our shoulders and brings the tears to our eyes. With trembling voices, to our dear principal we bid a fond farewell. From our dear teachers we sorrowfully depart. To our beloved comrades, we say—[I refuse to publish the tender sentiments herein set forth, meant only for private ears. This Valedictory concludes with a truly soulful effusion]: Dear friends, one and all,

young and old; now for the last time we stand united in the presence of this threshold. But in the future we feel that the portals will not be closed to us [unless George objects]—; that with outstretched arms and heaving bosoms, the faithful ones we leave behind will cry with joy: 'Welcome home!'"

But to return—after some little thought on the part of 1909, "Tree Day" became "Ivy Day," and the May-festival spirit was introduced. We want frankly to acknowledge our debt, and we think that everyone should be duly grateful. Last year's seniors made a good beginning, and we have tried not only to follow their lead, but to go a step further and have laid stress on the May-day spirit by introducing the pageant idea.

But the main feature of the day is still, as it *has* been, the planting of the ivy; the ivy that means fidelity. As we plant it, we pledge our love and loyalty, now and always, to Barnard, the best of Alma Maters. Were I to attempt her praises, I should have to say with Cowper:

"Mother, I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things;
That e'er thru age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings."

And for the rest, you know that yourselves. It's the sort of thing you feel most deeply, but you can't talk about it. And you're going to feel it infinitely more when you stand where we are to-day.

"Where lordly Hudson rolls his restless tide,
Hill girt, and sweeps majestic to the sea,
A silent strain rings on incessantly,
A voiceless call that will not be denied,
So long and glad I wandered by thy side,
What would the world, that it must summon me?
I would be young forever more with Thee,
Dear Alma Mater, yet the streams flow wide."

Comus

" And don't you remember " —but no, that's not the way to begin for who of us can ever forget that bright clear night of the last day of May, when we and our loyal sisters in 1912 gave " Comus "— out on the campus, under the stars, with the most beautiful of scenery painted by nature's own hand?

It was just like Twelve to invite us to that lovely picnic supper after Ivy Day. How we did enjoy it. Then we gathered in the halls and sang and cheered while the cast scrambled into their costumes and make-up. Finally—we were going to say " the curtain rose," but there wasn't any curtain, so—the show was on.

The night was bitter cold for May, and some of the actresses were fairies, in tarletan, with low neck and no sleeves at all. But enthusiasm ran high, and we didn't feel the cold.

The production was far from finished, of course, for we got it up in about one week, and that was in the midst of finals, too, so there was only one " real " rehearsal, and that was far from complete so far as the number of the cast present was concerned.

" Comus " was played most effectively by Dorothy Kirchwey. All the costumes were made by the girls themselves, and I heard, though of course, I wouldn't repeat it for anything, that part of Dorothy's consisted of a fur rug! Nannette Hamburger as the " Attendant Spirit " was a great success. Her sky robes were of rainbow hues and looked very beautiful.

The " Lady," as played by Gertrude Hunter, quite won the hearts of her audience. The brothers, Elsie Plaut and Hazel Wayt, with their slouch hats pulled low over their faces, did give rather the effect of desperadoes, but of course that only made them all the more interesting, and " Sabrina " was charmingly done by Clarita Crosby.

The dances which had been interpolated in different places were pretty and well executed and added greatly to the picturesque effect of the whole. The dance of the rout was planned and drilled by Mildred Hamburger and was well appreciated. The fairies in their tarletan and tinsel and the nymphs in their rainbow shades looked

particularly charming as they danced on the thick green carpet of grass with the colored lights playing over them. Their very appropriate dances were all invented and coached as was the singing, by Clarita Crosby.

Those of us who had heard her sing before, could not fail to recognize Lucille Weil's beautiful voice when she sang a solo. As for some of the other solos,—well, as we said before, it was a bitter cold night, and enough to make anyone hoarse.

Not a little of the success of the performance was due to the support given us by 1912, who composed most of the "ballet."

The music was furnished by Peggy Southerton, 1912, Rosetta Platt, 1910, Rosalind Case, 1912, and Gertrude Morris, 1913. Despite the fact that the only light they had was furnished by a lantern and some candles, they managed to play very well.

The cast was as follows:

Attendant Spirit .....NANNETTE HAMBURGER

Comus .....DOROTHY KIRCHWEY

The Lady .....GERTRUDE HUNTER

First Brother .....HAZEL WAYT

Second Brother .....ELSIE PLAUT

Sabrina .....CLARITA CROSBY

Rout—M. HAMBURGER, M. KUTNER, C. VON WAHL.

Fairies—G. GREEN, P. CAHN, M. STINE, E. MYERS, L. STEIN, AND F. VAN VRANKEN.

Nymphs—T. BARROWS, H. FOX, G. FISCHER, M. EGGLESTON, G. MORRIS, G. FRANKE, B. HOLZMAN, L. ANDERSON, AND L. WEIL.

Most of the credit of this performance is due to Nannette Hamburger, who was the originator of the idea, and, as chairman of the committee, did most of the work.

Committee—N. HAMBURGER, Chairman, E. PLAUT, C. CROSBY, C. AUERBACH, H. WORRALL.

The Senior Banquet

There's a proverb, " All's well that ends well," which is applicable to our Commencement Week program in a double sense. First of all, the events of Commencement Week terminated in our Senior Banquet, and secondly, the banquet itself ended, as it began, excellently well. Let us take this as an adequate excuse to make this not the end, but the beginning and again regale ourselves, in thought, with the virtues of the Feast.

As every one no doubt remembers, we omitted from our Class Day Program all unseemly sallies of wit, and so it seemed appropriate to open the banquet with presentation to the various members of the class of such parting gifts as were descriptive of their careers in college. These were put at each one's place and served admirably both as place cards and as a stimulus to conversation. Too much cannot be said for the ingenuity of the committee who had selected everything from woolly dogs and toy stoves to Sanscrit dictionaries. The menus, also, attested highly to the artistic achievements of our classmates. There were in the shape of the brown owls decorated in gold.

The Feast of Reason began with introductory remarks by the Toastmistress, Marion Weinstein, ex-tempore—Marion you are certainly our little Demosthenes. She was followed by Agnes Shaw, who responded to the toast, " Where are the crushes of yesterday? " which opened the flow of wit in a very fitting way, as it accompanied the strawberry cocktail. The real substantials began with the bouillion, Dorothy responding to the toast, " It's hot: it smokes." We cannot at present recall just what *it* was; but then it is one of the first rules of life that no one ever remembers the interesting things that are said over a dinner table, and we all know that whatever it was that was hot, neither Mrs. Jamieson's bouillion nor Dorothy did any smoking. Vora Jaques " gave relish " to our lives responding to the toast

" A little nonsense now and then
Gives relish to the best of men."

After this Gertrude Hunter spoke on, "All of us together, let us serve the Blue and White." This was over the Turban Halibute, and we beg to state with due appreciation that while Gertrude was serving the blue and white our most worthy caterer altogether omitted to serve the halibut.

But let us go on to the Chicken Patties which appeared in due time. Hazel Woodhull spoke about our Class Athletics, "A fowl on the plate is worth two in the game." She was very sympathetic and tactful and told our triumphs—most of which she achieved herself—in a very appreciative and comprehensive way. Elsie Plaut accompanied the salad, "Let us see ourselves as other see us." Elsie recounted our histrionic endeavors in her usual happy manner. Tessie Barrows followed, responding to "Our desserts are small" with a bright, but scarcely, we are afraid, prophetic speech, for anyone who will just look up our statistics can see that a number of us are already engaged, and one or two of us—perhaps more—are already married. In fact the next speaker was one of the last mentioned—Sulamith Silverman Michaelis. She spoke on "There are coffee grinds and other kinds." Whatever other kinds flourished on Sulamith's horizon just then we cannot remember, but 'tis authentically reported that the coffee grinds are giving her more concern at present.

All this was followed by the class roll call, which would have been more exciting had more than three of our classmates been able to summon the sourage to say they were engaged. For the others—well we must condone their shortcomings. We finished with some rousing cheers and some very fine singing, and then adjourned to Brook's Hall.

We were met on the Brook's Hall terrace by the Class of 1912, who serenaded with guitars, mandolins and all the dear old sentimental songs appropriate to the occasion. We went indoors then and spent the rest of a most glorious evening and the greater part of the night being entertained by gifted members of the class, who sang and danced and did everything perfectly. And when nothing was left for the most fastidious of us to wish for, we brought to a close the event which so fittingly stood at the end of Commencement Week.

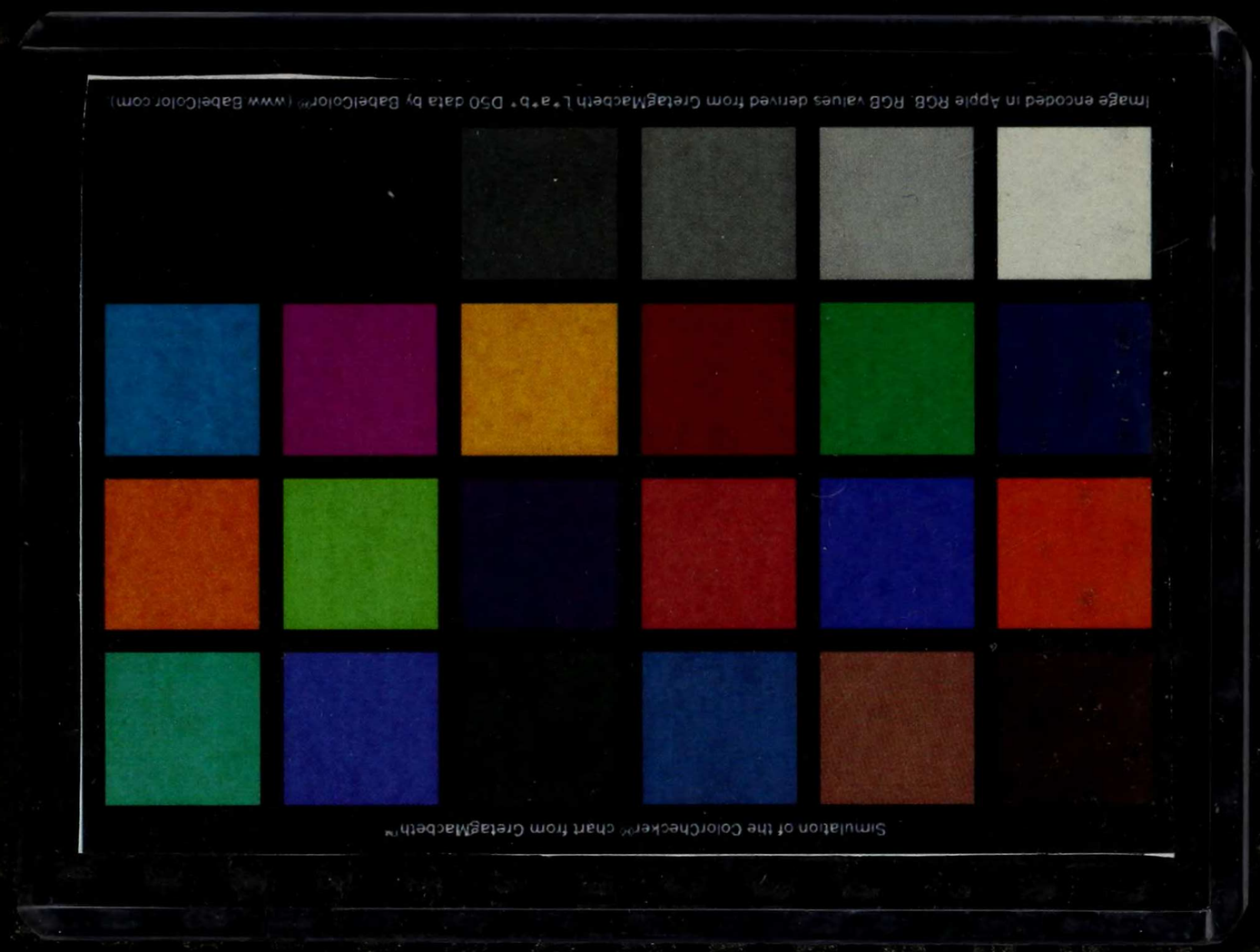
Book Committee

DOROTHY KIRCHWEY—*Chairman.*

NANNETTE HAMBURGER,

MARY BAILEY,

ELSIE PLAUT,
GERTRUDE HUNTER, } *Ex-officio.*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