



SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

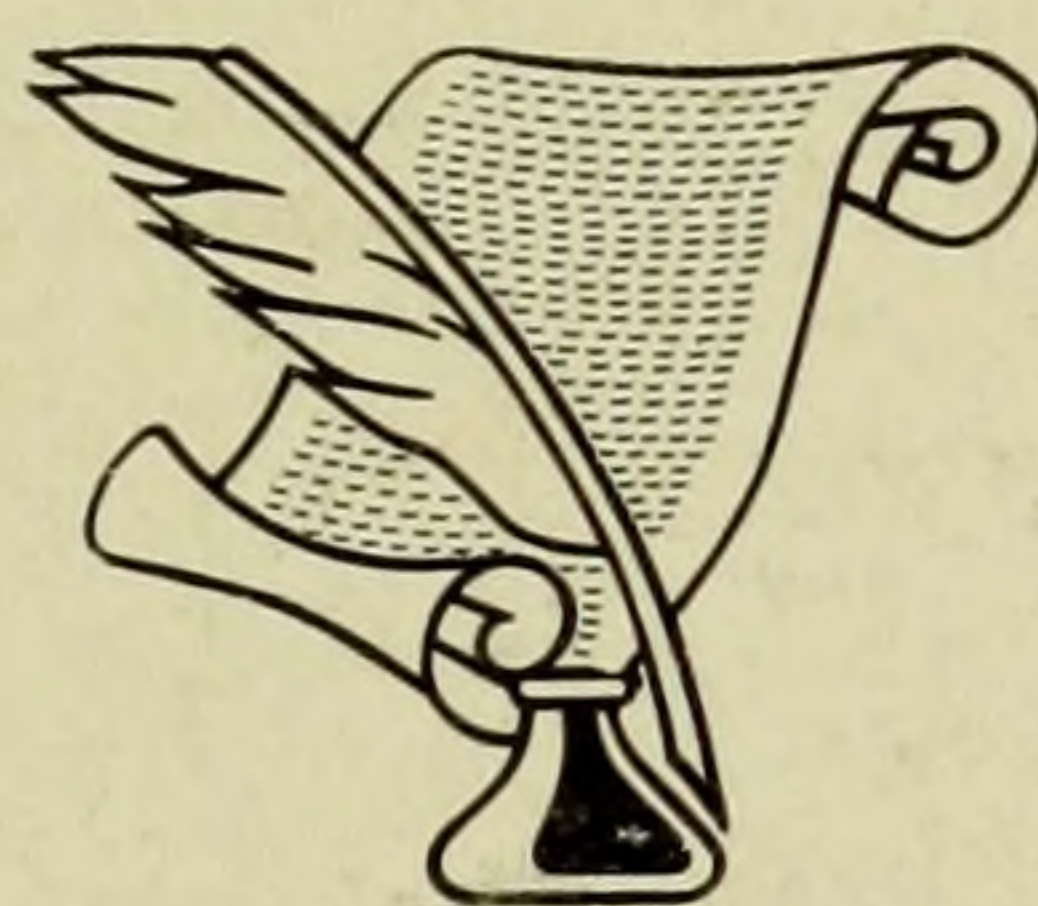
MORTARBOARD

OF

1912

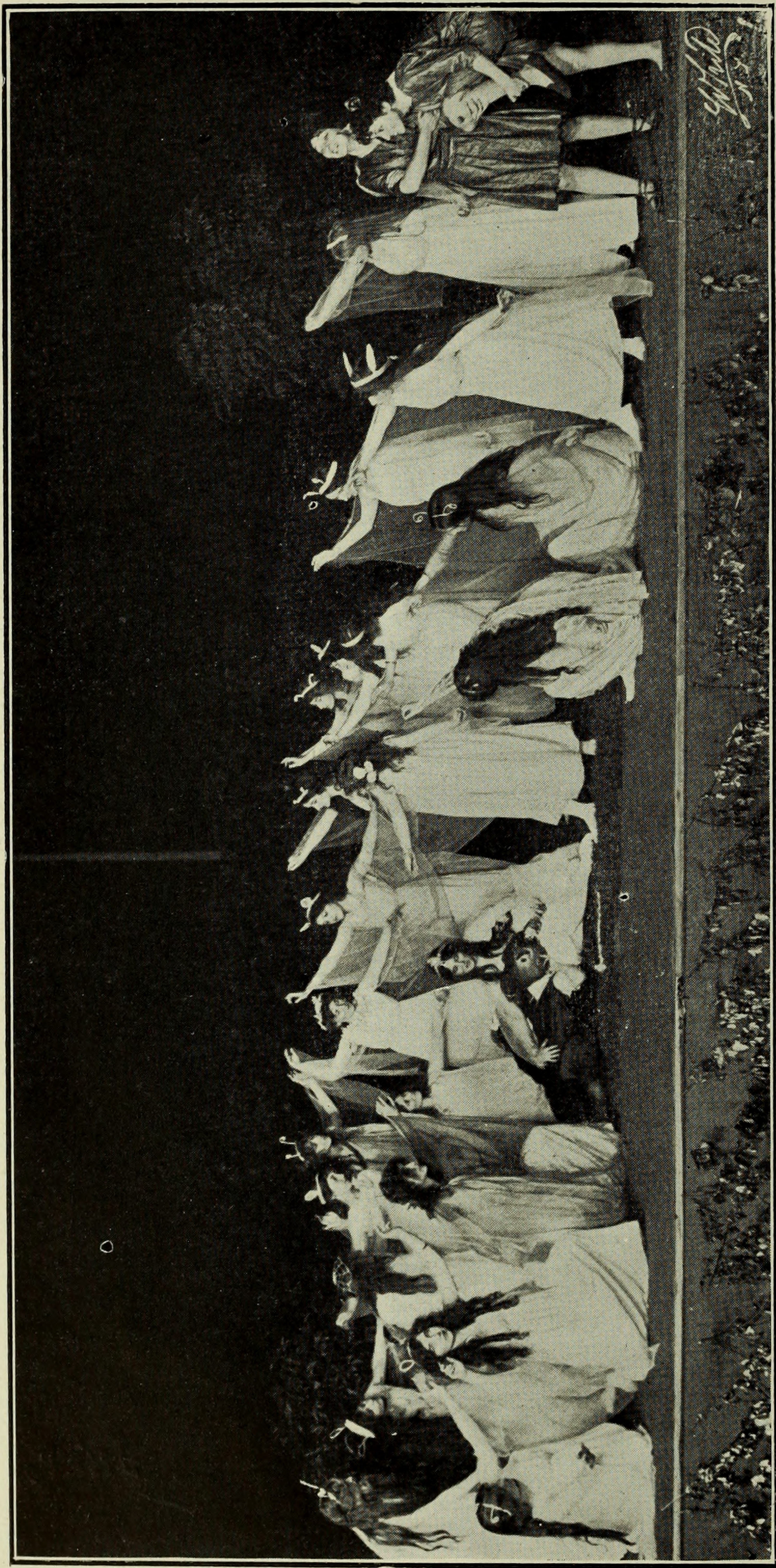


SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
MORTARBOARD
OF
1912



Barnard College

June, 1913



THE FAIRIES—"MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."

Barnard College
Columbia University
New York

OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Dear 1912:

As I came away from your delightful and entertaining Class Day Exercises, which brought before me so vividly the individuality of the class, I found myself wishing for a chance to say a few words of personal farewell; and then I remembered thankfully your request for this letter.

I am very sorry to have you go. You were unusually promising Freshmen, and successful Sophomores, and brilliant Juniors, and as Seniors you have been at your best. Your scholarship has been of a high order. The government of the college world you have administered with wisdom and dignity. Your dramatic, literary and intellectual abilities have made the festivities of your commencement season a delight to all your friends. I shall miss you when next year opens. Come back occasionally and tell me how college looks in retrospect and how you are faring in the wide world without.

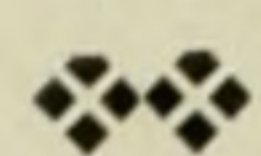
To each and every one of you I send warm good wishes for all happiness and honorable achievement. Good-bye.

Cordially yours,

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE.

June, 1912.

Program of Senior Week



Saturday, June the first

8.00 p. m. Senior Play, Milbank Quadrangle

Sunday, June the second

4.00 p. m. Baccalaureate Service
Columbia Gymnasium

Speaker: Dr. Charles E. Jefferson
Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle

Monday, June the third

2.30 p. m. Columbia Class-Day Exercises
Columbia Gymnasium

8.30 p. m. Senior Dance, Earl Hall

Tuesday, June the fourth

3.00 p. m. Ivy Day Exercises
Milbank Quadrangle

Wednesday, June the fifth

10.30 a. m. Commencement
Columbia Gymnasium

1.00 p. m. Trustees' Luncheon,
Brooks Hall

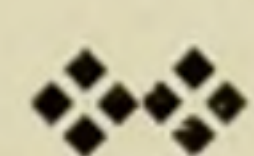
4.00 p. m. Alumnae Parade
Milbank Quadrangle

Thursday, June the sixth

3.00 p. m. Class-Day Exercises
Columbia Gymnasium

8.00 p. m. Senior Banquet
Brinckerhoff Hall

Senior Week Committees



CLASS DAY.

IRENE L. GLENN (Ch.)	AMANDA LOUGHREN
PAULINE CAHN	FLORENCE DE L. LOWTHER
ELEANOR M. DOTY	LILLIE E. STEIN
MARGARET SOUTHERTON	

SENIOR PLAY.

MILDRED V. HAMBURGER (Ch.)	ERNESTINE ISABEL
BESSIE BUNZEL	PHILADELPHIA SHARPE
HAZEL BURKHOLDER	CONSTANCE W. VON WAHL
ELIZABETH GRAY	ANNE S. WILSON

SENIOR BANQUET.

ELEANOR M. DOTY (Ch.)	ALICE C. MARTIN
ALICE EVANS	LUCILE MORDECAI
ELIZABETH L. JONES	CHRYSTENE STRAITON
LUCY E. LANDRU	FLORENCE VAN VRANKEN

SENIOR DANCE.

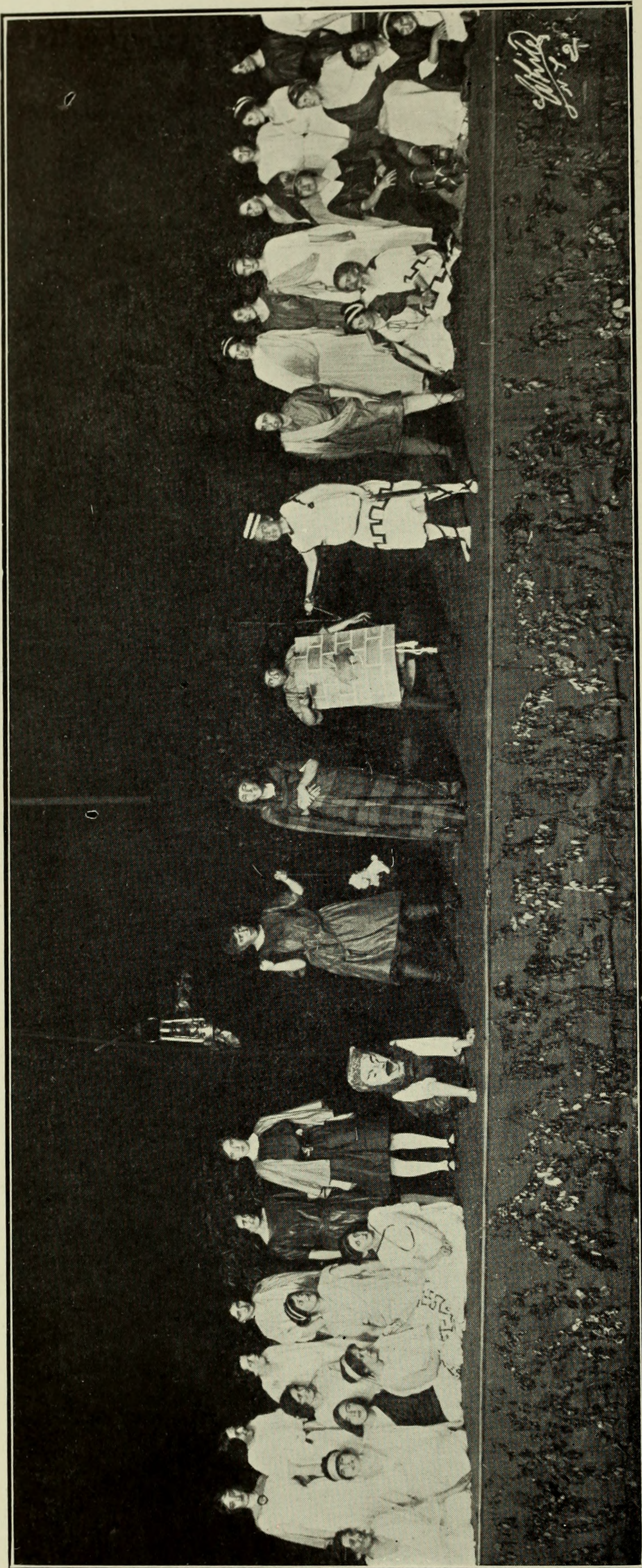
BERTHA JUNGHANS (Ch.)	ISABELLE NOYES
ELVA HOOVER	PAMELA POOR
ISABEL KOSS	ELIZABETH STACK
MARGARET KUTNER	GRACE ROGERS
CORA THEES	

IVY DAY.

DOROTHY A. SPEAR (Ch.)	MARJORIE ROBINSON, '13
HAZEL BURKHOLDER, '12	RUTH GUERNSEY, '14
FLORENCE REES, '12	FLORENCE HARRIS, '14
GLADYS R. SEGEE, '12	SIDNEY MINER, '14
ESTHER BURGESS, '13	ROSE MARIE WISE, '14
DOROTHY CHEESMAN, '13	GERTRUDE CAULFIELD, '15
C. HAZEL MARTIN, '13	LILLIAN SOSKIN, '15

ALUMNAE CONSTITUTION.

ANNA C. HALLOCK (Ch.)	ISABEL KOSS	MOLLY COYLE
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THE PLAY—"MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."

A Midsummer-Night's Dream



THE CAST.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.....		Lucille Weil
LYSANDER.....	} In love with Hermia	{Eleanor Doty ...Phebe Hoffman
DEMETRIUS.....		
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.....		Amanda Loughren
HIPPOLYTA.....		Cora Thees
HERMIA, in love with Lysander.....		Anne Wilson
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.....		Ernestine Isabel
QUINCE (Prologue).....		Lucile Mordecai
BOTTOM (Pyramus).....		Pauline Cahn
FLUTE (Thisbe).....		Chrystene Straiton
SNOUT (Wall).....		Elsa Heller
SNUG (Lion).....		Gertrude Borchardt
STARVELING (Moonshine).....		Elinor Franklin
OBERON, King of the Fairies.....		Mildred Hamburger
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.....		Elizabeth Gray
PUCK, Robin Goodfellow.....		Lillie Stein
PEASBLOSSOM.....	} Fairies of Titania's Train	{Eleanore Myers Florence Van VrankenGladys SegeeGertrude Cusack
COBWEB.....		
MOTH.....		
MUSTARDSEED.....		

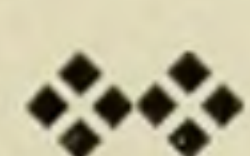
Fairies of Oberon and Titania.

M. Wood	G. Walther
G. Green	I. Morrison
M. Kutner	K. Gray
D. Griffin	E. Hardy
L. Landru	E. Ziegler
S. Gleason	H. Burkholder
E. Booth	I. Glenn
P. Sharpe	G. Cerow
R. Fischel	M. Wegener
M. Greenwold	E. Valet

Attending on Theseus and Hippolyta

LORDS	LADIES
M. Scully	E. Woodruff
L. Nyitray	M. Hodges
I. Johnson	M. Mulqueen
E. Mathews	E. Stack
D. Spear	C. von Wahl
E. Jones	H. Hale
E. Reardon	S. Leerburger
E. Wunderlich	F. Rees
R. Thompson	F. Hazel
M. Heilprin	G. Rogers
G. Pearson	F. Lowther
P. Oellrich	D. von Doenhoff
E. Wigand	E. Morris

Farewell from 1914 to 1912



Yes, you and we, oh 1912,
Have traveled through the Past;
But now the race ends at the place
Where you set sail and leave the pale
Of your sisters of the Past.

We go with you, oh 1912,
Up to the Present hour.
In distant lands the Future stands—
She beckons you, her chosen crew,
And you start from the Present hour.

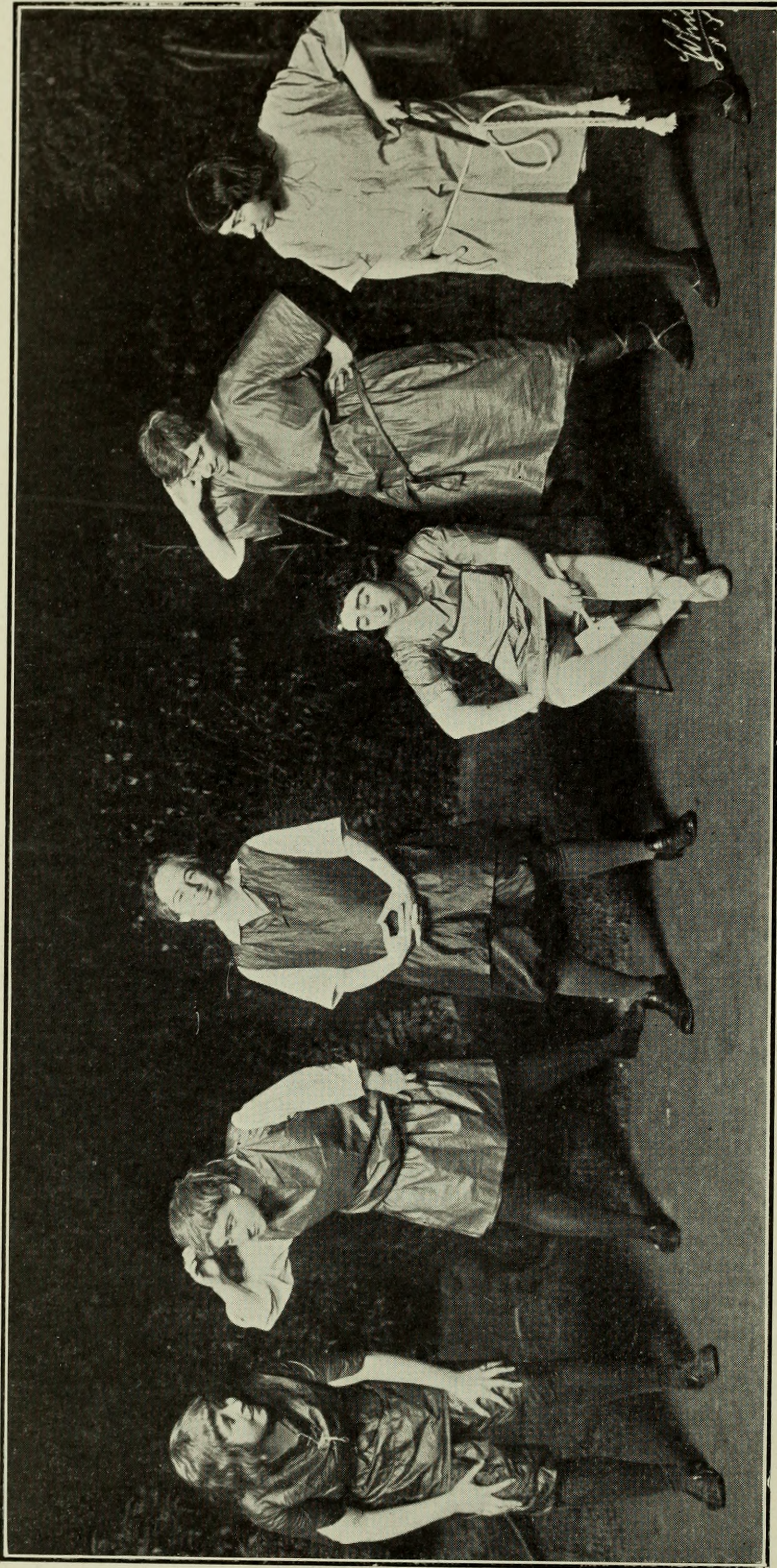
The glad bells ring, oh 1912,
As we launch your ship in the sea;
The wind is high, your banners fly;
The warm sun glows as the last call blows—
And your ship puts out to sea.

Look back, look back, oh 1912,
We stand on the well-known shore.
You see the dream of your Future gleam,
But *we* must wait at the Present gate—
The gate of your well-known shore.

We send our godspeed, 1912,
Before you on your way.
The land is fair in the Future where,
Despite our tears, your proud ship steers—
And we speed you on your way.

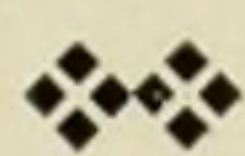
We'll meet you there, oh 1912,
Some day when our ship sails too;
We'll clasp your hand in that far-off land—
We'll love you still, and miss you till
The day when our ship sails too.

CORINNE REINHEIMER, '14.



THE MECHANICS—"MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."

The Steps Oration



Perhaps the younger members of the college may wonder what this steps ceremony means, perhaps they wonder why we call these the Senior steps, for it is perfectly true that Seniors use them no more than other classes except on Ivy Day. Originally the Seniors held exclusive rights over Brinckerhoff steps. Their obvious use was to be sat upon and we may be sure they were not neglected from the first enticing warm day in March when our mothers would have gasped with horror at the idea of sitting on cold stone, till the very last day of the term. We can imagine the heated discussions those steps must have heard on philosophy and religion and all the other weighty subjects Seniors are wont to consider the most important things in life. And woe to a careless underclassman if she sat upon those steps for one instant! Her humiliation on being discovered was something she never forgot, and she left the steps with her shame branded on her burning face.

But now, instead of owning some really attractive sit-on-able steps, our rights have been transferred to a more imposing place, it is true—one more truly indicative of our Senior dignity, but one from which we have scarcely heart to exclude other people. It would be too unkind to make the rest of the college go round to the back door on 120th street—poor breathless little Freshmen running to a class, as well as hurrying, conscience-stricken professors, also late, but, we regret to say, not anxious to the point of running. Instead, after the manner of Seniors we sacrifice our pleasure to the comfort of the college and let great and small alike pass over our precious steps. Precious, because, though we use them no more as a convenient and select spot for study or discussion with our classmates, they symbolize our position in college, our privileges and cares and responsibilities as Seniors—the things that make the last year the best year. For in spite of the fact that the duties of Seniors toward what some are pleased to call the social side of college life are almost as many as the duties toward their studies, and become organized and reorganized so that one can hardly tell the difference between social and academic; in spite of the fact that Seniors bear the heavy and difficult burden of setting their younger friends a good example, yet there are some rewards; for it is very pleasant



THE STEPS ORATION.

to feel that the Freshmen look up to us with awe as high and mighty beings—for the first few months at any rate; it is pleasant to feel the deference paid us by all the underclassmen—you may not know you pay it, but we are sure of it; and also, it is very nice to be able to wear a cap and gown, even though the sleeve of your gown may get in your soup at lunch, for you always imagine that a gown looks a great deal more impressive than it really is. These are some of the things, 1913, that we hand on to you.

Now in all our Senior dignity, with the weight of the universe on our long-suffering shoulders, we watch the college world pass over our steps, and marvel at the lightheartedness of the other classes—at the Freshmen tripping gaily back and forth from campus to college, from top floor to bottom; and we recall the days when we, too, as Freshmen, were full of enthusiasm and admiration for ourselves and everyone else.

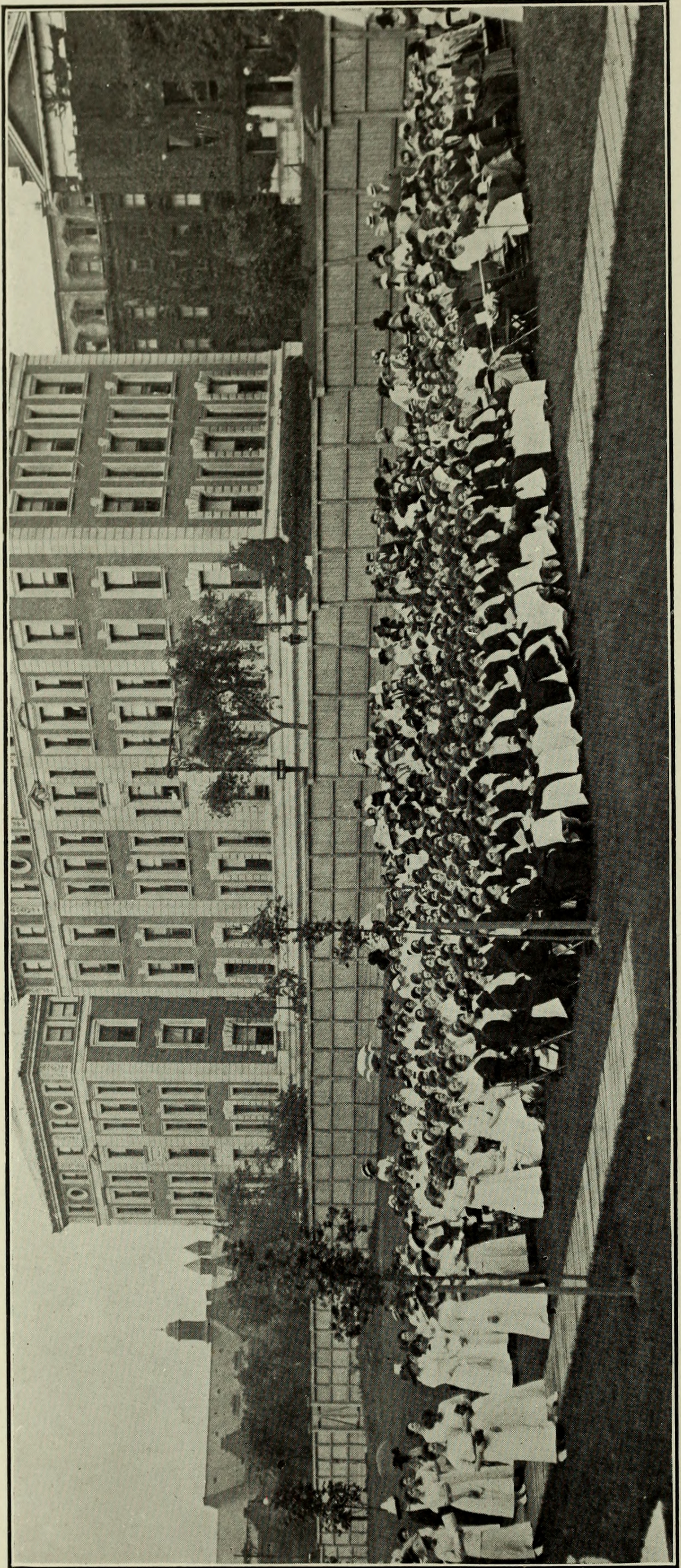
We marvel at the Sophomores with their air of careless superiority and indifference toward the Freshmen; but there is no doubt that we were just as superior and tried just as hard to appear indifferent to the Freshmen.

We watch the Juniors, secure in their feeling of upper classmanship. They are chummy with every one, stand in awe of no one, dispose of their duties in the shortest time possible, and are occupied principally in enjoying themselves, and in maintaining a kindly protective attitude toward the Freshmen.

And, last of all, we marvel at ourselves, to think of the heavy burdens and dignities and attitude of serious demeanor, lightened only by an occasional gleam of the cheerfulness and foolishness of our lost youth.

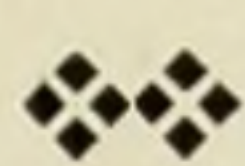
The responsibilities that will come to you, 1913, are many and arduous—your control of the student body, the influence you will inevitably have on the other classes, and your jealous guardianship of Barnard and her name. All these we pass on to you, in token whereof we yield you our steps, our cap and gown, our Senior songs, and our Senior rights and privileges of priority.

ELEANOR M. DOTY.



ON IVY DAY.

The Ivy Day Oration



When I first learned that I was to deliver this address, I began to wander about among my classmates like a restless wraith, asking of each one, "*What* shall I put into my Ivy Oration?" And the first said, "Whatever you do, *don't get sentimental.*" And I replied in all sincerity, "Heaven forbid, my dear, that I should *ever* become sentimental." And another, in answer to my query, answered airily, "Why, it's easy—very easy. Just put in a lot of sentiment and stuff." And I said hastily, "Why, of course, of course," and went my way. And finally I came to my dearest of friends, my holy of holies, and I said to her, as to the others, "What *shall* I put into my Ivy Oration?" And she turned to me and said, "My dear, it doesn't make the remotest difference *what* you put into it, but for goodness sake, Polly, *make it short.*"

In the course of my wanderings I came to one acquaintance who said, "Why don't you do like the darkey preacher did?" "And what did he do?" I inquired. "Why, when they asked him how he made his sermons, he said, 'Fust ah tells 'em what ah's gwine tell 'em; den ah tells it to 'em; and den ah tells 'em wot ah done tole 'em!'"

The difficulty lay in the fact that I really had nothing to tell. And gradually there began to be borne in upon me the absurdity of the occasion, and the ridiculousness of making a speech about it at all. For, on the face of it, it *does* appear ridiculous, it *does* appear absurd, it appears, indeed, out of all proportion, that several hundred supposedly rational adult persons should gather on a hot June afternoon in order to see an insignificant young woman dig a mite of a hole in the ground to plant therein an even more insignificant slip of ivy, and that they should then listen to her make an elaborate oratorical to-do about it, as if the event were really a momentous and consequential one. The planting of a tree which shall yield shade or fruit to succeeding generations, or even of a bush to yield possible flowers, might justify some small measure of verbal pyrotechnics. But a spray of ivy, of all things, which at best can only clamber over a brick wall and furnish a resting place for mosquitoes—how absolutely nothing to be excited over or make a fuss about!

Thus, in my materialistic way, did I reflect at first. But on more mature (and sentimental) second thought, I found that the little slip of ivy and its planting had an inner meaning, which in my first cynical facetiousness I had completely overlooked. The idea inherent in the planting of the ivy has been expounded so often that I hesitate to repeat it. Interpreting a symbol is at best an extremely delicate task; for a symbol is many-faceted, refracting the light in many directions and in many hues; and each individual must describe the beam that he catches, remembering that there are other rays. To me, the ivy with its strong, green, virile leaves, has always symbolized the many-membered family of our graduates, spreading, growing, strengthening with the years, yet clinging more and more firmly to its Alma Mater, becoming more and more one with her. And now the Class of 1912 is gathered here to plant its sprig of ivy beside those of preceding classes, and therewith pledge its fidelity, its loyalty and its faithfulness to Barnard for now and always. This ceremony is the entire *wherefore* of our being here to-day. And we must remember that these words, and the charming pageantry that is to follow them, are, after all, merely a setting for the ceremony itself.

The chief drawback to this symbol is that the ivy usually fails to co-operate. Instead of thriving and prospering as in common decency it should, it shrivels and dies. Whether this is due to an unsympathetic and unkindly climate, or to an inadequate Italian, I do not know. The fact remains. A few sprigs, to be sure, are still engaged in the struggle for existence. But even these hardy and lusty specimens, I observe, have been tenderly assisted in their tendency to cling, by good old-fashioned court-plaster! To return to symbolism, by the way, this incident is encouragingly suggestive. Barnard refuses to nourish a clinging vine.

You have seen how the ridiculous little ivy with which we started has become a symbol, and its planting a mystic rite. And this oration has become—what it is, and—really, my friends, I have *not* forgotten my promise to “make it short,” and it *is* very warm, and wouldn’t you honestly prefer by far, to see how the sun and the rain and the earth combine to create the ivy, complete and beautiful, from nothing and nowhere? Yes? I thought as much.

PAULINE CAHN.

Pageant Spirit of Ivy



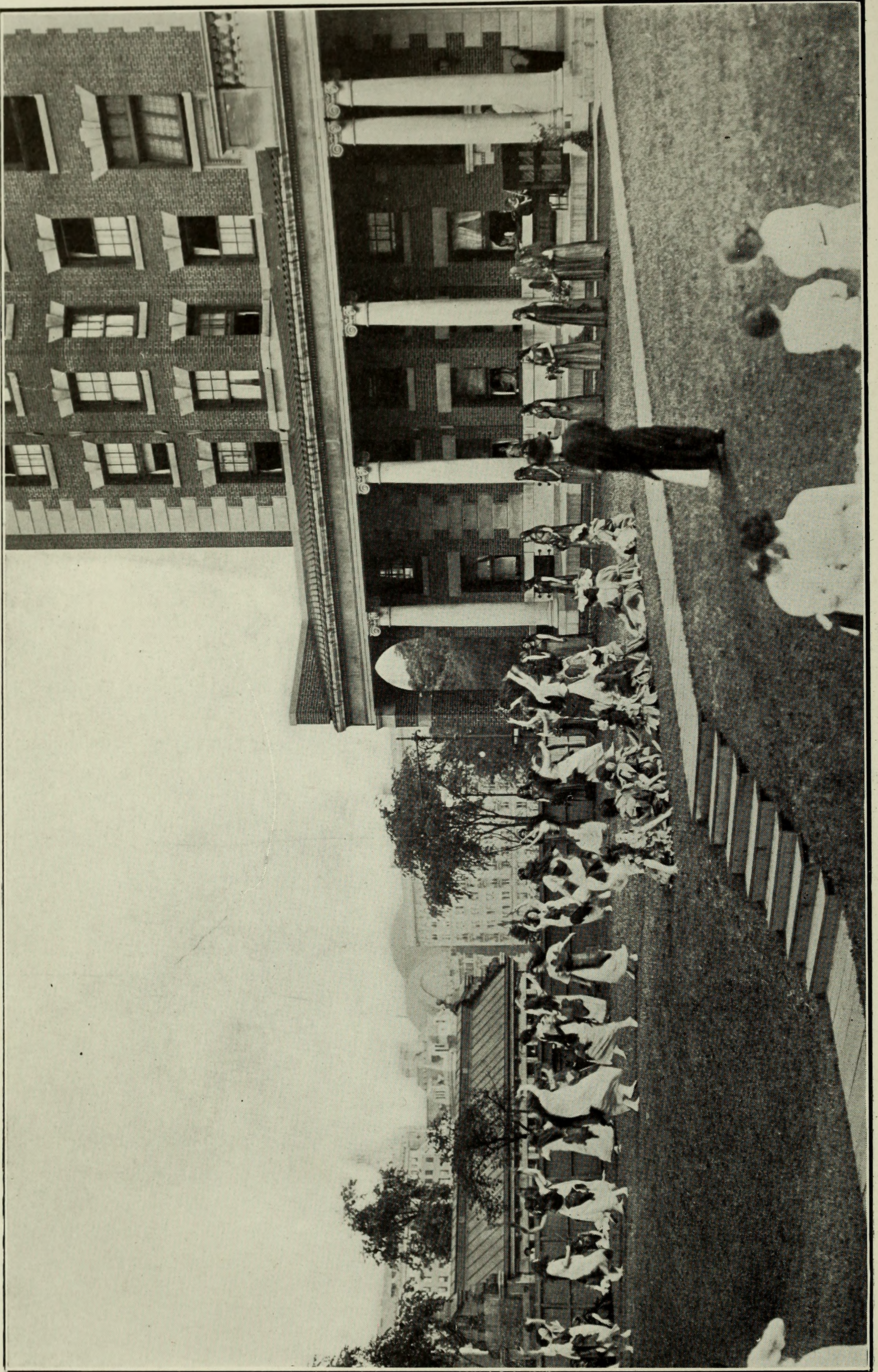
Hence and away, ye thoughtless, cruel maids
So lightly dancing 'neath these warm spring shades!
Have ye no thought except for selfish joy
That ye would use my ivy as a toy,
A lifeless toy, to tear? My full heart grieves
To see, on this green turf, its frail fair leaves
And tendrils scattered. Know ye with what care
The bright sun shone, and the soft-breathing air
Caressed this ivy? How the warm rains fell
And kissed its feet that it might flourish well?
Off and away! no longer may ye tread
With careless feet on my sweet ivy, dead,
A gentle sacrifice to ruthless sport—
But come, ye spirits that the ivy wrought!
And with your airy, tender care caress
My poor sweet Ivy in its deep distress—
Hail! spirits of the Earth and growing things,
In whose sweet breasts fresh life forever springs,
Ye great enchanters who from the black clod
Bring forth the purest flowers that worship God—
Close to your warm, rich heart the ivy clung
And strength ye gave it while it yet was young,
And groped with timid tendrils, and unfurled
Its new green leaves out in the great strange world.
Come, spirits of Earth, and with your presence bless
My poor sweet Ivy in its deep distress!

MARCH AND SONG.

Hail, now ye spirits of soft-falling rain,
Gently caress my Ivy in its pain.
Dance and revive with your light-tripping feet
This sward that shall our new-born Ivy greet.

DANCE OF RAINDROPS.

Now hail, ye spirits of the golden Sun!
Come forth and "foot it featly," every one,
Breathe as ye dance a low, caressing sigh
For that poor Ivy that but now did die;
Bring warmth and strength to make new ivy grow,



THE IVY PAGEANT.

And leave it light and blessing ere ye go:
Endow our ivy with a gladsome heart
And courage undismayed to face the smart
Of winter winds: to bud again, and bring
New life and beauty to these halls of Spring.
Now hail! ye Spirits of the Golden Sun!
Come forth and "foot it featly," every one—

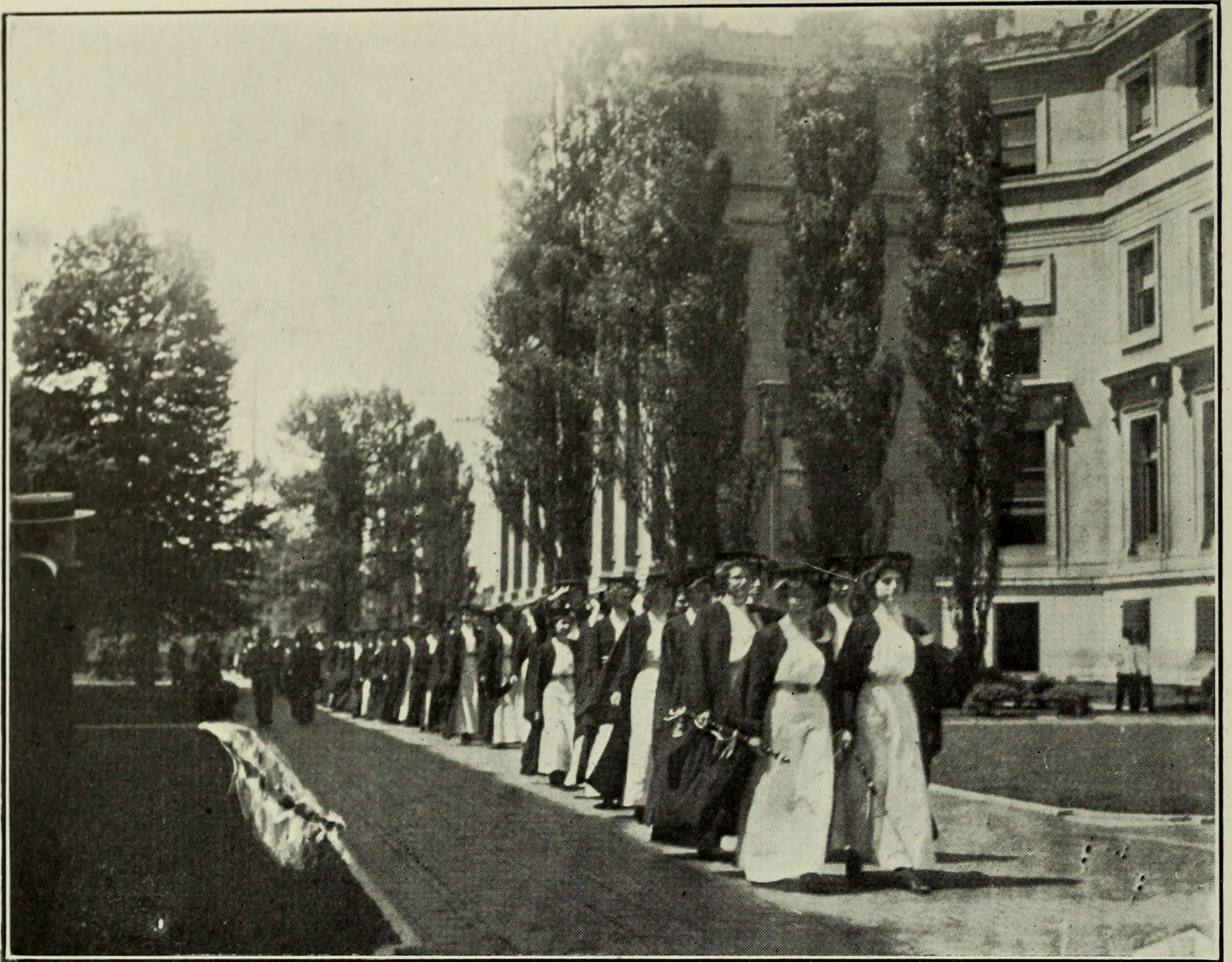
SUN DANCE.

Now if this promise ye would all fulfill,
Show us some token of your gracious will,
Let the fair rainbow spirits here be seen,
In several hues, to irradiate this green!

RAINBOW TABLEAU.

See where the flowers of each class appear,
Fifteen's carnations, red and white, are here,
And Fourteen's sunny-toned chrysanthemum,
And Thirteen's white carnations next shall come,
And last of all the Senior rose shall be
Queen of the flowers in grace and dignity.
Fifteen's carnations, red and white, are here!
Fourteen's sunny-toned chrysanthemum—
Thirteen's white carnations next shall come,
And last of all the Senior's rose shall be
Queen of the flowers in grace and dignity.
All come to greet thee, Ivy, gentle vine.
Thy spirit shall these flowers all entwine:
All rivalry forgot, *one* shall they be
In love for Barnard and in love for thee!

FLORENCE REES.



Program of Class Day Exercises



Overture	Violin Club
Class Song	Chrystene Straiton
Salutatory	Eleanore Myers
History	Dorothy Spear
Class Poem	Eleanore Myers
Anti-Precedent Reform Bill.....	Lucile Mordecai
Distribution of Baggage.....	Florence de L. Lowther
Class Song	Margaret Southerton
Prophecy	Mildred Hamburger
Presentation to College.....	Irene Glenn
Announcements of Elections to Phi Beta Kappa,	Marion E. Latham
Valedictory.....	Cora Rohde Thees
Palisades Song.....	Lillian Closson, '09

Class Song



Tune—"True Freedom."
Music by Margaret Ruthven Lang.

I.

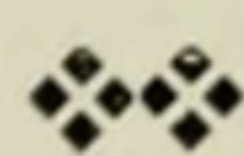
Now has come the parting day.
Forth we fare along the way;
Leading to Life's high-road wide,
And to fortunes yet untried.
Still we cast a long look back
Ere we take this untrod track.
Alma Mater, unto thee
Pledge we love eternally.

II.

Thou hast giv'n us light to see,
And the strength to dream and be.
Underneath thy guiding care
We have learned to do and dare.
We may fling our banners high
To a new, and wind-swept sky.
We may reach our goal:—and yet
Mother, we shall not forget!

CHRYSTENE STRAITON.

The Salutatory



TO the Dean and faculty of Barnard College, to the Undergraduate body, and to the friends of the graduating class, we, the class of 1912, extend a hearty welcome. We are sincerely glad to have you with us on this our Class Day; we feel honored that you are pleased to witness with kindly sympathy, and in some cases at least, no small interest, the last solemn rites of our undergraduate days. It is indeed a solemn occasion, and it is my task to point out to you the full significance and deep meaning of the forthcoming ceremonies.

In the eyes of our Dean and faculty, and still more in the eyes of our college mates, we are a class full of fun and careless joviality, loving jokes and puns above all things, serene and happy in defeat as well as victory, and always, as upon this occasion, appearing upon the scene in a burst of chrysalene song. We acknowledge these characteristics, nay, we are proud of them! But we venture to assert that the eyes of our Dean, faculty and college mates have not penetrated beneath these superficial qualities into our heart of hearts; if they do not acknowledge that we are, above all things, *intense*. Witness, for instance, the intensity of our feelings regarding regulars and specials; or better still, our studied and immovable attitude around the refreshment table during Senior teas. We do everything "with all our might," (especially athletics) and we do most things such as mysteries and Junior Ball, with such strenuous intensity that the faculty promptly forbid all future classes to do them at all. This is unfortunate for 1913, but they bear it with equanimity in consideration of our superior greatness.

We pride ourselves on our originality, and never, as a matter of principle, follow precedent. Should we win Field Day this year merely because 1911 won it last year? Not at all—we would not dream of being so unoriginal! Should we be submissively put on the shelf in our Senior year, as other classes are? Far from it! On the contrary, this year has found us more active than ever, especially in internal dissension. For there has not been a single point in our college life from metaphysics and the Theory of Evolution to the impropriety of allowing our benighted fathers to witness the sacred rites of Greek Games, which has not

been trampled into powder upon the slippery floor of our class study, in the heat and violence of our discussions. We are not even holding these Class Day exercises because it is an old and time honored custom to hold them, but because, like drinking Postum—"there's a reason." In the deep analytical study and meditation fostered in us by the hallowed quiet of our class studies, we have discovered the ultimate cause for holding Class Day exercises. This cause I shall endeavor to explain.

We have been reminded with unfailing regularity at our chapel services throughout the year, that as college women we are under a great responsibility; we have also been told collectively and individually, in metaphors, similies, prose, poetry, song and story, that we as Seniors, are about to leave the kindly shelter, snug harbor or miniature world of college, and sail over tractless seas to lands unknown, carrying light and truth with us. We know that the world without is very evil; there is corruption in politics, languor in the Church; there are false theories in Education, especially in Education B; there are knotty problems in economics, civil and social evils; there are strange, old-fashioned and deeply rooted superstitions about woman's sphere, fatal to the progress of humanity; there is graft at home and abroad, and there is at present, as the New York *Herald* tells us, a curious institution called the "Ananias Club," the ethics of which our college training might make us consider dubious.

All these and many other problems and evils, we must effectively solve and cure at once, or we shall not be fulfilling our high mission for which our college life is a preparation. For have we not surveyed the history of mankind from its inspiring pre-monkeydom beginnings viewed in pickle jars in the biology laboratory, to its utopian future dreamed of by Professor Gidding's class in Socialism? Have we not, in Economics A, shown every reason in the world why the price of meat *should* be lower—if only the trusts were a little less grasping? And are we not fully capable of dealing with the problem of immigration and surplus population, after four years of squeezing incoming *hords* of freshmen into a study fitted for only twenty-five or thirty persons?

It is very evident to every thinking person that it is for us, members of the Class of 1912, both regular and special, to enlighten this dark and sordid world, when we take that momentous and world-shaking step (called commencement) from our undergraduate life to the great beyond. That step, by the way,

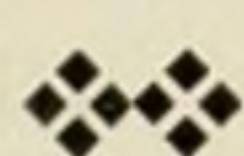
was actually taken yesterday, but for some unknown reason, perhaps because of the conservatism of President Butler, the world has not become aware of the fact.

Yes, we must uplift mankind, we must speedily reform everything from the International Peace Conference to the nursery at home. And now I am coming to the real climax of my discourse. Since the world is going to be so very radically different when we get through enlightening it, we think it very meet and fitting that we should inform some few of our favored friends exactly what we are and just what we mean to do. That is the *real* reason for our Class Day exercises. We would tell you what we have been in the four years of our youth and training, that you may recognize and appreciate our genius in its early smouldering condition; we would show you ourselves as we now are, with all our little foibles and interesting eccentricities, that you may know with whom you have to deal; we would give our Dean and faculty some valuable and well-seasoned advice about education in general and Barnard College in particular, now that the customary tables are turned and we are talking from a platform at them instead of they at us; and finally, we would warn you of our plans for the running of the world in the future, that you may not be carried off your feet in the rush of changing conditions, but be quite prepared.

It is for this that we have called you together, our Dean, faculty, college mates and guests—kind friends all—on this memorable day. And for this reason we beseech you to view with understanding reverence and a full realization of the importance and solemnity of the occasion, this crisis in history and turning point in the life of the Class of 1912.

ELEANORE MYERS.

The Class History



AT any Class Day the kindly audience usually welcomes the Class History as a partial key to the jokes and allusions in the speeches which form the main part of the program. If I need to apologize for presenting so incomplete a history as this one, it is because there are so many allusions to prepare for. Out of the mass of material stored up in memory books, Bulletins, and Mortarboards, Miss Myer's archives and Mrs. Liggett's bill-files—from all these sources there emerge certain well-defined *movements*, whose rise and fall may be traced throughout our career. The chief movements, in the order of their importance, are the Dramatic, the Literary, the Musical, and the Athletic. This sketch will, therefore, be constructed on a topical basis, beginning with the general chaos of Freshman Year.

In the fall of 1908 about 75 per cent. of our number entered Barnard, fondly believing ourselves different from every other Freshman class. We attended, and admired, the Opening Exercises; we were fed by the Juniors, scorned by the Sophomores, and entertained by every organization in College—the charming feature of this treatment being that nobody expected us to know, or do anything: so we praised the plays presented for our benefit and bided our time. Just a taste of what was coming we granted in the “Johnnie Chorus” of Mid-Year Finale: and then in a blaze of glory Notashow, our Freshman entertainment, made us famous over night. Shortly afterward our Musical movement developed to join our Literary and Athletic talent in Greek Games. They were well worth recording, for a Sophomore victory by only four points, something *entirely* contrary to all precedent, made it the most exciting event of our year. After this happy first appearance, our infant Athletic movement gave promise of future strength in our first Field Day, when we had not yet grown accustomed to seeing 1911 win. Finally a jubilant luncheon in June closed a jubilant year.

As Sophomores we returned to show our superiority by putting up our hair and staying away from the Opening Exercises. The class of 1913 fared so hardly at our hands that Student Council felt compelled to prohibit the “Mysteries” in future, or

at least to make them innocuous. But we serenely prepared for "The Sword of the King," in which the Dramatic movement appeared full-fledged—through the famous window. Strange to say, our studies interfered seriously with our college education throughout this entire year. The Army Canteen tried its best to dampen our natural elation over Greek Games: and some similar agency was at work to sap the strength of our delicate Athletic movement, which went into a decline just before Field Day and has been in a sanitarium ever since. One final burst of sisterly sentiment accompanied by a rising demand for autographs and dry handkerchiefs, began with the Chanticleer party to 1910 and ended with Commencement. Then we pulled ourselves together and through the summer, for the sake of 1914, achieved a protective and big-sisterly dignity.

Junior Year, the most joyful of the four, kept the Dramatic Movement still in the ascendant. Who needs to be reminded of "Trelawney?" Tom Wrench and the Vice-Chancellor have won their place in our hearts and speech for all time. And would that I had Mr. Telfer's flow of eloquence to describe 1912's stunt in the Mid-Year Finale, namely, the harrowing opera, *Faust* brought up to date, which captured the headlines in all the morning papers. And should not 1912 be proud of *Jeanne D' Arc*—especially when that play was graced by more marvels than ever dazzled the Brinckerhoff stage before or since—flaming swords, nodding statues, and a stiff-jointed St. Michael, whose ascent from the green room was accomplished only by herculean efforts. So much for the history of the drama. The less said about Athletics in Junior year the better. It was plain that our interests had been permanently set in literary lines—so that we devoted ourselves to Bulletin, Bear, and, of course, the 1912 Mortarboard, which, contrary to all precedent, created quite a stir in faculty circles.

The chief event of the year, by which we at least will always remember it, was the coming of our Dean, and all that it meant to us. In that Elizabethan Age of Barnard's history rung in by the new chimes came many enthusiasms crowding one upon the other, especially the Musical Movement, a survivor of many vicissitudes, which reached its zenith in the first Sing-Song, won, as you may remember, by 1912. Up to this time, although debates over the tariff had disturbed us slightly, we had not worried greatly over the curriculum and the Faculty. Suddenly we were confronted by the Faculty Adviser system. It was very

convenient, and rather exciting: besides, it showed the most popular professors and courses in college. With our minds set in a strongly zoological direction, we passed on to Senior Year.

Alas for Senior Year! It seems that last September was but yesterday. We found college differently arranged and very slippery, particularly in our light and airy Senior Study, which has actually held a Faculty Tea without crowding. At this time the Tea-cup Tendency rose into prominence, perhaps from the peculiarly appropriate Oriental combination of blue dragons and tea. Our welcome party to the Freshmen, in which we immortalized Samuel Johnson, the college cat, showed our dramatic stars shining as brightly as ever, and gave to the college its favorite variety song. Why is "Baffin's Bay" a variety song, you ask? Because it began with twelve stanzas, new ones have been composed every week, and "Time cannot wither, nor custom stale" their infinite variety. Our Literary Movement proved its vitality in the enthusiasm kindled by the Firelight Club, and by our twofold adoration of Shakespeare, both his interpretation in English 35-36, and his reincarnation in the leader of Daily Themes.

Throughout the year we were pursued by the Advertising Movement, whose tireless agents besought us to "buy a Brick," and then, alas, to buy another brick. And then, before we knew it, the Mid-Years were upon us, seeming unusually important to us because we were Seniors, and because we inaugurated the much-discussed Honor System.

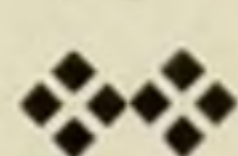
After January the cumulative Social Whirl began in earnest. The Alumnae began to look us over critically and hopefully: we even gave them a tea for the purpose. There was a Sing-Song—but I will forbear. There was a Field Day, in glorious sunny weather just like all the others since we came to college—but again I will forbear. There was an elaborate Undergraduate Tea on a merry May day when Milbank Hall flowed with tea and chocolate ice cream, and aesthetic dancers performed in theatre and quadrangle. There was a friendly Sophomore picnic on the Palisades, and in the same week a reception for the express purpose of allowing us to get acquainted with the Faculty—it was now or never! Accompanying this merry life came a tendency peculiar to this season, creeping insidiously upon us, namely, the Tonic Tendency. The relative values of Strychnine Tablets and Scott's Emulsion were of absorbing interest to many chairmen and other pale-faced workers, who finally awarded the

prize to raw eggs and milk. A special demand for all these tonics followed our elections for Senior week, elections which left 1912 in a state of resignation or, as the weather bulletin had it, "Storm center followed by area of depression, calm and colder." During the rest of the term our enthusiasm was stirred only once, that was by the memorable visit of Professor Gilbert Murray, under whose gracious influence we temporarily forsook Shakespeare, and vowed deathless devotion to Greek. We had already shown our fondness for Greek costume and statuary in the undergraduate play, *A Winter's Tale*, in which our Dramatic Movement, though aging visibly, revealed its perennial strength. It continued to flourish in the Histrionic History of ourselves which we presented for 1910, and to which you are respectfully referred for sidelights on this important movement: and finally, outgrowing the limits of Brinckerhoff Theatre, it bore us on to a joyful climax in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, last scene in this eventful history.

Here for the present the annals of 1912 must stop. If it be our fate to be remembered by future classes as the most scholarly, most famous in dramatics, and least athletic of Barnard classes, not even excepting 1910, we shall not complain, for our four years have truly fallen in pleasant places, and, in reality, our history has no end. Since a class can never be disbanded, we know that through coming years each one of us will still be making the history of 1912.

DOROTHY A. SPEAR.

Class Poem



The whispering breath of the growing 'spring!
The glance of the sunbeam's fire!
The stir of the summoning winds that sing
The thrill of a new desire!

Out to the land of hopes and dreams
Wrought in our young life's pride,
We follow the lure of the light that streams
On a new world stretching wide;

Follow the gleam of the untried west,
Out to the shining day,
For the quick blood leaps in the pulsing breast,
And the white road sweeps away.

A last, long moment still we gaze
Back over the eager years,
The glad, full life of our college days,—
And our eyes are hot with tears.

Mother, beneath thy sheltering care,
In the shade of thy loved retreat,
We are dreaming visions passing fair,
In an hour that is bitter-sweet.

For who can tell of the unknown land?
Of the long, dim future day?
We cling to thy kind familiar hand
And the past that slips away.

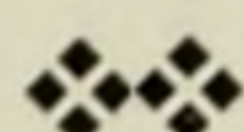
Be thou our guiding mother still,
Our vision of hope and truth;
We pledge thee our love and strength and will
And our undimmed dreams of youth!

A lingering touch of thy kindly hand,
A breath in our souls that part,
Then we turn again to the far off land,
For the quest-light fills each heart!

The golden dreams of a dawning day!—
The young blood pulsing red!—
The white road sweeps to the west away,
And the whole world lies ahead!

ELEANORE MYERS.

1912's Anti-Precedent Reform Bill



PREAMBLE.

We, the class of 1912, in order to form a more perfect institution, destroy precedent, insure class spirit, provide for the common defense of all students against the encroachments of an unruly faculty and secure the blessings of liberty, equality and fraternity for the present Undergraduates and their posterity, do propose and highly recommend to Barnard College this, 1912's Anti-Precedent Reform Bill.

ARTICLE I.

THE CLASSES.

SECTION 1. That the following regulations concerning 1913's Commencement Week programme are recommended to their class.

(1) That the Senior Play be limited to one act pantomime, requiring no hero and only those shall be eligible for parts who have received Phi Beta Kappa or General Honors.

(2) That the Senior Dance be held in the Barnard Lunch Room, in order to create a home-like atmosphere, cut down expenses and facilitate the serving of refreshments.

(3) That Ivy Day be limited to the planting of the ivy and the Seniors be aided in doing this by the three lower classes and Miss Latham.

(4) That Class Day be abolished in that it seems to conflict too much with the Phi Beta Kappa announcements.

(5) That Senior Banquet be held at Child's Restaurant.

(6) It is also suggested that 1913, provided that Columbia go so far next year as to invite the Barnard Graduates to their own Commencement, that they bring camp stools with them to sit upon.

SECTION 2. That 1913, with the fortune left over from their Mortarboard, enclose the roof of the college in glass and use it as their Senior Study, so that civil war may be averted and all members of the class satisfied with the view. The purchase of a pair of binoculars is also suggested with which to watch the progress of students and faculty from the subway on windy days.

SECTION 3. That General Schuster, the great American statesman, lately returned from Persia, where he managed that country's finances so successfully that both Russia and England became jealous of Persia's prosperity—that he be appointed to investigate into the financial difficulties of 1914, with a view to so enriching that class, that there will be no danger in presenting a Junior Show next fall.

SECTION 4. That the following laws, regulating 1913's "mysteries" for the coming Freshman Class of 1916, be accepted as follows:

(1) That "Mysteries" be held on the first Sunday in October in St. Paul's Chapel of Columbia University.

(2) That the Mystic Rites be religious ones in form and ceremony, as is only fitting on such a solemn occasion as the initiation of a new class into Barnard College.

By doing this, we shall overcome all precedents formerly governing such matters at Barnard and still governing our brothers across the street.

SECTION 5. That 1912's sense of humor and its proverbial modesty be left to the incoming class of 1916.

ARTICLE II.

THE COLLEGE.

SECTION 1. That the Student Council as such be abolished, in view of the fact that it has become fossilized and run entirely too much by the laws of precedent, 1912's bitterest enemy.

SECTION 2. In its place let the Suffrage Club rule. It is only fair to give our Suffragettes a chance to practice their rising powers as a step towards the places they will hold in the greater world beyond.

SECTION 3. That the Executive Committee be also abolished.

SECTION 4. That the Socialist Club take over the police duties of the former Executive Committee.

In the event of these last four sections being adopted, the chief power of ruling the student body would lie in the hands of the two most Progressive Clubs at Barnard—nothing but radical measures would ever be taken and we would give the newspapers a better chance than ever to make us conspicuous.

ARTICLE III.

ORGANIZATIONS.

SECTION 1. That the D. A. R. look up the genealogy of every student in the college with a view to compiling a Barnard *Blue Book*.

SECTION 2. That Barnard College extend to the present Sophomore class of Columbia its best wishes for a happy and merry Junior year.

SECTION 3. That the Y. W. C. A. act as dramatic censor for the coming year—that is, read, correct, revise and expurgate any plays, written by 1913 or acted by the rest of the college.

SECTION 4. That graduates of Barnard who have acted in the capacity of Treasurers or Business Managers during their college career be granted an old age pension for the remnant of their blighted lives in token of the fact that they are prematurely aged through overwork.

SECTION 5. That all the Editors of the *Barnard Bulletin* be given honorary degrees from the new School of Journalism without being required to do any further work.

SECTION 6. That the well-known cubby hole, the Bulletin Room, since 1913 has at length gotten out its Mortarboard, be limited in its uses to a publication room only and no longer be used as a lunch room, theatre, circus ring and scrap basket.

SECTION 7. That the English Club, in order not to be outdone by its rival, the Firelight Club, assume a fancy title—for instance—"Select Circle of Sophisticated Snobs" or "Around the Gas Logs."

ARTICLE IV.

FACULTY SUPERVISION.

SECTION 1. That a system of student advisors be installed to aid the faculty in the fulfillment of their duties and obligations towards the college.

This is considered a suitable and highly *advisable* course to pursue in view of the fact that in the past there have been repeated conflicts between the courses offered by the faculty and the social course of regular work for the students.

SECTION 2. That this system take the form of a General Council for the Supervision of the Faculty and be composed of the Vice-Presidents of all the classes and organizations, who have never been kept properly busy in the past.

(1) That announcements of home work to be given throughout the year be handed to the Council at the beginning of the semester to be properly revised to suit the social schedule.

SECTION 3. That a point system for the faculty be instituted in order to better enforce the above laws.

Essays shall count.....	25%
Examinations	25%
Announced quizzes	15%
Sprung quizzes	5%
Short papers	5%
For every 5 minutes over the scheduled 50 minute recitation	1%

No more than 100% a term will be permitted any professor during one semester. Any faculty exceeding this limit will be debarred from giving a final examination. Consecutive repetition of this offense will be reported to the G. C. for the S. F. (General Council for the Supervision of the Faculty) and offender liable to expulsion.

ARTICLE V.

FACULTY REFORM.

SECTION 1. That Dr. Knapp's salary be doubled, because of all the extra information and advice that he sandwiches out to us in his lectures on Classical Philology.

SECTION 2. That Miss Hubbard's classes be scheduled for two hours in order that students taking her courses may get to their next class in time.

SECTION 3. That Dr. Braun be admitted to Barnard as an undergraduate, without having to pass entrance examinations, so that his enthusiasm may live and die the natural death of any student's, instead of being wasted completely away by the jibes and jests of his fellow professors.

SECTION 4. That Dr. Crampton lead an expedition of Zoölogy 1-2 enthusiasts through the South American jungle, provided Dr. Knapp will let him in, in search of new laboratory specimens to supply the needs of the growing Zoölogy classes.

SECTION 5. That Dr. Crampton be also urged to deliver a course of lectures on "how much an interested and interesting professor with cheerful assistants may do for his department."

SECTION 6. That the Dean bring before the public her latest book—"Suitable Conversation on the Receiving Line and How to be Popular Without Trying."

SECTION 7. That Miss Hirst's office be moved next year, so that she will not feel too acutely the great loss of her next door neighbor, 1912.

ARTICLE VI.

FACULTY RECREATION.

SECTION 1. A dramatic association.

(a) The officers of this association to be elected by the faculty subject to the approval of the G. C. for the S. F.

(b) The assignment of parts in the plays be subject to the following regulations:

(1) No faculty having given an F. or more than one D. in the preceding examinations shall be allowed to take part.

(2) No help or assistance may be had from the Columbia Faculty.

SECTION 2. Further recreation for the faculty.

(a) That the tennis courts be reserved for the faculty certain hours during the day.

(b) That athletics of all kinds be highly encouraged among them.

SECTION 3. That the Faculty watch the Bulletin Board on the stairs for announcement of student activities, so there will be no danger of their missing any affair.

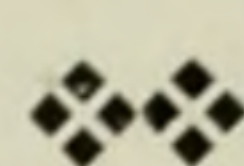
SECTION 4. That they learn the college songs and attend song practice.

SECTION 5. That they remember that they represent Barnard on every occasion.

Done in class meeting by the unanimous consent of all members present, the third day of April, 1912, and in the fourth and Senior Year of this Class's existence. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names.

LUCILE MORDECAI.

Distribution of Baggage



BE it remembered, oh, fellow-classmen, that should the wisdom about to trip from my reluctant lips, should the sage council, the result of painful deliberation and retrospection, prove unhappy, upon your heads must rest the consequences. I am at best but the product of my environment. And now while there is yet time I bid you a fond and lingering farewell. We may still be friends at the completion of this speech, but I doubt it. And you, the friends of this class and therefore my friends, I call for your support and sympathy in this my painful effort to administer the diverse mental, physical, and moral props needed by this class as they start to climb the dizzy heights to fame and fortune.

Some time ago I sat me down to meditate on the sins and shortcomings of this choice bouquet of budding young womanhood. I refrain to state how long I sat. Later, under inspiration, I made a trip to the 1912 baggage room to determine what was needed in the way of forgotten luggage, for our voyage into the future. As I neared the baggage room the despairing wails of a cat floated down the hall. Quickening my pace I opened the door and there beheld our joint female baggage agent and athletic cheer leader, Chrystene Straiton, putting poor Samuel Johnson, our college cat, through a course in looping the loop, with his tail attached to the extremity of Chrystene's trusty right arm. Between her tightly clenched teeth I heard her muttering something about "busting-in his bean"; not seeing any beans about, and fearful from this deficit that the highly developed frontal lobes of my classmates might suffer, I hereby present to *Chrystene Straiton* one can of Heintz' best beans.

Will *Gladys Segee, Shirley Gleason, Marion Heilprin* and *Elva Hoover* kindly step forward? In recognition of your marked ability in the athletic field, may I solicit your assistance in depositing the numerous articles for distribution upon this platform? To facilitate your actions I present you each with a pair of wristbands. They will serve the double purpose of warmth and added strength. I thank you.

Friends, we have with us some few girls, who through inherent tendency toward retirement have never permitted their light to shine forth either to their own glorification or that of their

class. Will *Claire Hildegarde Reese*, *Vera Rees* and *Ruberta Thompson* please step to the front? I give you each a bull's-eye lantern, the strong rays of which please hereafter keep turned in your own direction. To demonstrate your efficiency will you be good enough to hand me the contents of my luggage as they are needed?

Anna Hallock.—We understand you require a quart of milk a day. I bequeath to you a collapsible cow, which will fit into any suitcase; it is further guaranteed to yield one quart of sterilized milk upon demand.

Will *Miss Phebe Hoffman*, *Annie Neacy* and *Miss Margaret Naumburg* come this way? We are to make our journey in a mere train, I understand; therefore, I present to you each a parachute which will insure a painless descent from the clouds in which you live, that you may be upon earth and among the earthy at the time of departure.

Irene Glenn.—Never in all the trying period of this Commencement week have I seen your disposition the least bit agitated. We are growing a trifle worried. It has been suggested that you gaze upon this demure and ladylike ruffle and attempt to corrugate your disposition in accordance with its contours, thereby justifying your friends in their propensities.

Elizabeth Jones, *Jennie MacKay* and *Pamela Poor* please step forward. I present to you speedometers which are guaranteed to stop automatically the flow of *any* language in excess of 150 words a minute.

Miss Pauline Cahn, we feel that it would be a great misfortune should you *ever* change your mind. To prevent such a catastrophe at a time when your class might not be present to assist you, we present to you a jar of Portland cement; if you should detect a possible chance of weakening in an opinion, apply the cement to the part affected and let stand forty-eight hours, then rest secure.

Marjorie O'Connell, *Edith Valet*, *Alma Misch*, *Georgina Berrian*, and *Gertrude Borchardt*.—These generous jars contain a magic powder, warranted to cool blushes upon application. You might with profit test its magic properties now.

Miss Constance von Wahl.—Constance, a problem has arisen in my mind which I am at a loss to solve. Is it Constancy or Obstinacy that makes the heart grow fonder? The class presents to you this sweet little government mule, and requests that you

place it in the baggage car for use when you forget your role. We need a constant reminder of what—*may* come next.—There goes one of my best friends.

Dorothy Griffin, Paula Lambert, Eleanor Mathews and Florence Anderson. Venus sends you secure padlocks which will protect the treasures of your hearts against her mischievous son.

Miss Eleanore Myers.—This young woman needs no introduction. Isn't she a talker? After listening to her words of wisdom—is it necessary for me to state that she is passing dignified? You see she has to be. It is she who has kept us in the straight and narrow path of seniordom; she it is who has seen that we have comported ourselves with becoming dignity; it is she who by personal inspection compels every girl to appear in cap and gown; and she it is who has forced upon us the eternal high collar. On our approaching trip, fair Eleanore, we have determined to relieve you of further difficulties. Accept this small idol, the god of Dignity as it should be, invested with a high collar. I suggest that you place this in the cab of the engine that the engineer may know what to expect.

Lucile Weil, Beatrice Stegman, Irene London, and Bessie Reardon will please step forward. Oh, don't hurry! there's plenty of time. I present to you each a hammock that you may carry out your natural inclinations.

Lillie Stein.—Let's make this a fond farewell, for it is the last you'll ever utter to me. Lillie, it's a hammer. I really don't know why I give you this, but I happened to be standing by the hardware counter and the hammer insisted that it belonged to you.

Mildred Hodges, Martha Emmons, Mary Diehl, Paula Oellrich, Grace Pearson, and Etta Schweiss.—You who are so modest. It is necessary in this life that each should possess and should know how to blow his own horn. Permit me to demonstrate. Any one of the girls will tell you I am a past master at the art. Take these home and practice.

Eleanor Doty.—You are another one of these uncomfortably perfect people and the finding of some weak spot has proved too much for me. Why, I hear you don't even talk in your sleep. What chance have I? At least I can equip you for the next life; most of us don't expect to wear anything like this. We don't think white is quite sociable enough; not quite warm enough, you know.

Anne Wilson, Alice Martin, Alice Evans, Hester Rusk, and Mabel Barrett, will you kindly accelerate your ambulatory

appendages in the direction from which these mellifluous accents proceed? Permit me, with due felicitations, to entrust to your care these diminutive editions of the Standard Dictionary of our melodious language. They may yet contain a small number of six-syllabled words not in your vocabulary.

Betty Junghans.—We are passing fond of those rosy cheeks and we would not see them fade. Chocolate malted milk without a doubt agrees with you. You are quite perfect as you are.

Hazel Burkholder, Edna Ziegler, Gertrude Cusack, and Kathleen Gray.—We have noted the delicacy of your appetites at our College Teas and in recognition of this fact we present you with a little added sustenance that you may not suffer on our travels.

Rowena Hendricks, Edna Booth, and Bessie Bunzel, here is an attractive edition on heroes and hero worship. Do you think you might get a point or two here?

Florence Van Vranken.—Once having left the sheltering influence of our cloistered halls, we feel you will need protection from the all-hated man. Permit me.

Mildred Hamburger.—As you have the next speech on the programme, and as you have in your power the futures of us all, permit me to administer a little soothing syrup. If you have any left, Doctor Knapp might use it up—not for himself, of course.

Rebecca Fischel, Dorothy von Doenhoff, Frieda Jud.—I have here the latest thing in collegiate inventions, a patent device for the maintenance of a stable equilibrium for mortarboards—to be worn under the chin. Dorothy, the college has requested that I present you with a hair pin to add to the two you already use.

Mary Mulqueen and Isabelle Noyes, to you of heartless ones, I bequeath a jar of cold cream each. May they keep the chaps away.

Louise Nyitray.—Please, on behalf of your less brilliant friends, accept this stop watch that it may limit the bursts of eloquence, toward which, speaking biologically, you seem to have such a low resistance.

Delphy Sharpe, Lillian MacDonald, Molly Coyle, and Elsa Wunderlich.—We fear lest your appalling estimation of your fancied shortcomings prove too great a tax upon your consciences. I have here a lotion, whose directions read, good for the removal of warts, corns, consciences and enlarged craniums. Apply to the part affected and in three days the part will entirely disappear. This is a good thing to know.

Elizabeth Gray.—By unanimous consent of the class, I am authorized to deliver to you a new contrivance in the shape of a combination alarm clock and engagement book. All you have to do is to write the engagement in the book, then at the time appointed the clock will remind you by ringing until you *keep* the appointment.

Doris Shelley, Ethel Richardson, Elizabeth Stack, Frances Rogers.—We all know, dear friends, that the ultra modern cry is, back to the occupations of our grandmothers, back to the knitting needle, and to the wash tub. Your scientific researches in chemistry have taught you the value of raw material. I present you with a pail for the collection of fat for the making of soft soap, a commodity invaluable in married life.

Virginia Smith, Grace Rogers, May Scully, Mig Kutner.—We proffer you a pair of scissors each, that you may keep the sprouting wings well clipped. You are needed, and we fear that should your tendencies have full sway you would soon be taken from us.

Dorothy Spear.—This is a first-class magnifying glass, warranted to detect all the good points in others.

Margaret Southerton.—You have already heard the recommendation that all treasurers be awarded pensions for premature old age. Here is an adding machine that will, I trust, obviate the necessity of growing old in the service. Take it, unless you need the money.

Cora Thees.—On this trip we are anticipating some difficulty with you, Cora. I really don't see how we are ever going to take your entire family along. We therefore present you with a medicine case to insure you against attacks of homesickness.

Edith Hardy, Lila Sherin, Grace Green, May Greenwold, Irene Frear, Grace Fischer.—I cannot vouch for the number of unattached gentlemen that may accompany us upon our travels; be they few or many, your presence seals their fate. I present to you a full moon in case Dame Nature should fail you at the crucial moment.

Lucile Mordecai.—We talk and think much of the new science of suggestive therapeutics; as we sit in the crowded subways and our eyes rove over the many advertisements displayed. O'Sullivan's rubber heels bring thoughts of quiet halls and subdued voices. Continuing thus suggestively, I present you with a pair of metaphoric rubber heels.

Ruth Guy.—In consideration of your ability to consume eggs, I offer you a patent adjustable hen, guaranteed to lay at an hour compatible with your desires.

Caroline Kahn, Estelle Woodruff, Margaret Wood, Margaret O'Rourke, and Florence Hazel.—We understand you just can't make your eyes behave. Permit me to protect society by giving you these smoked glasses. I bought them at a sale; they assured me that the best Havana smoke was employed in their composition.

Harriet Hale.—Behold a steam whistle which automatically renders "All hail the conquering hero comes." We might attach this to the whistle of our train.

Georgie Cerow, Frances Latske, Henrine Fitzgerald, Lena Cohen.—To you I give a basket of chips, for use when those upon your shoulders give out.

Elizabeth Ready and Helen Plummer, Isabel Koss and Jennie Auerbach.—It has occurred to me that in the confusion of departure you couples may get mixed, a state of affairs which we cannot contemplate with composure. To prevent the occurrence of such a tragedy, I give you, Jennie and Isabel, and you, Elizabeth and Helen, telephones with a private wire, that the connection between you couples may never be broken.

Amanda Loughren.—To you a sponge is given that it may absorb some of your abundant spirits.

Edith Morris.—To you we hand the throttle for the running of our train. It is equally efficacious in running the engineer.

Isabelle Morrison, and Elsa Heller.—Our attempts to curb your democratic tendencies have proved fruitless. We surrender, and donate to you the red flag of socialism.

Florence Rees.—This will serve as an excellent substitute for an absent mind.

Celestine Maxwell, Lucy Landru, and Sarah Blumgarten.—I have here a first-class recipe for mustard plasters that are splendid applied to the base of the neck during brain storms.

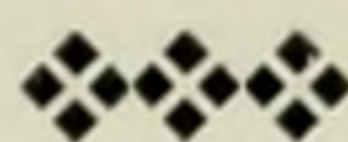
Ernestine Isabel, Irene Keenan, Louise Fitz, Isabel McKenzie, and Elinor Franklin.—These same plasters if applied to the top of the head will generate brain storms. This would be a novelty.

Constance Shook, Gretchen Walther and Irene Johnson.—The warmth of your smiles makes us as wax in your hands. We like the treatment.

Amy Weaver and Mary Whelan, Agnes Clarke, Olga Lacy, Esther Levontin and Abbie Smith.—To you I offer individual letters of introduction to the several members of our class.

As far as I can determine, we are now prepared for our trip. May I remind the audience that after these exercises I shall probably need their protection and support. I am in the hands of the unscrupulous.

FLORENCE DEL. LOWTHER.



Class Song



Tune—"Mother of Men, Old Yale."
Music by Seth Bingham.

Great is thy past, oh Alma Mater,
Mightier still, thy best years wait.
Send thou us forth to live thy praises,
Hating all falsehood with thy hate.
As thro' our veins thy red blood pulses
And with thine eyes the way we see,
Freely we own our source of power
Not in ourselves but thee.

Oh 1912, the love we bear thee
These years has linked us; may its glow
Into more perfect union weld us,
And thence more perfect service flow.
Truly the past, e'en with its failures,
Seems to us good; in years to be
Must we create with tools first moulded
Not by ourselves but thee.

MARGARET SOUTHERTON.

The Prophecy



*“O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!”*

AND it has come about that we have been granted that power, to see ourselves not as we are, now, but as others *shall* see us ten years hence. And gladly we share that vision with you.

Ten years from now the city-state of Dragonia will be firmly established. Let me conduct you through our Utopian land, where 1912 has put its fondest aims and ideals into practice.

Perhaps you would be interested to see, first, the University of Dragonia. We are very proud of this institution. It is modelled on the general form of Columbia, but much more modern of course. For instance, we have no limitation on cuts, whatsoever. Many of us being professors, we are only too grateful when the students do not annoy us by coming to class. And as for examinations, why, of course, they are out of the question, as it would be such a bore to correct them.

Let me introduce you to a few of our university officials and professors. That serious-looking and painfully-dignified young person coming down the corridor is our dean—Chrystene Straiton. The girls are so in awe of her! We have some especially attractive and novel courses here; for instance, Dr. Bloomgarten conducts a practical course in the theory of Education, all her theories drawn from actual experience with the growing child. Then there is our Shakespeare course, given by Miss Bessie Bunzel, assistant in the English department. Closely allied to this is the course in Comparative Literature, by Miss Edna Booth, consisting primarily in a comparison of the present Shakespeare course, as conducted by Miss Bunzel, with that formerly given at Barnard by the Dean, to the great disadvantage, we fear, of the former!

On the floor above we have certain double courses, such as Leisure 1-2, instruction in how to be happy though idle, by the Misses Edna Ziegler and Hazel Burkholder. Our aesthetic dancing classes are under the supervision of Miss Gertrude Cusack. Yes, we think she took up that department for recollection's sake. We have a swimming tank of our own, too, large enough to hold more than three and one-half girls, in comfort. Swimming Mis-

tress is Miss Rowena Hendricks, assisted in the diving department by Miss Virginia Smith.

Dr. Alice Evans gives a very rigorous course in political and practical economy—as a result of her training in economics, as treasurer of the Philosophy Club, no doubt. Then there is a course which we would strongly advise introducing in all universities. This is, Dr. Marion Heilprin's Common Sense A—very rare and very valuable.

Lest you should think that we are intellectual snobs, let me inform you that we admit men also to our Utopia; and even allow them to take courses in our University—that is, such courses as could not possibly prove injurious to them in their capacity as husbands and citizens. That is to say, we approve of this enlightened education for men, provided it does not take them out of their proper sphere.

Professor Florence Lowther has a very popular class—all boys—in emotional French. As assistant in the Romance department we have Miss Frances Latzke. But there was one position which we simply could not fill adequately, so had to carry away our own Barnard professor, and bring him here. Of course you all know whom and what I mean, for where would be the Utopia without *Dr. Knapp* and *Latin Prose*? The Mathematics department is under the supervision of Dr. Lillian MacDonald. She seemed peculiarly fitted for that position by her sobriety of demeanor. Her chief assistant is Miss Ruberta Thompson, who teaches Applied Math., in co-ed classes.

Miss Lucile Mordecai has the elocution course. It was given her because it *really is* funny, and after all her efforts in that direction, in former years, we felt it only her due. Another very useful course is Bluff 79-80, quite advanced you see, given by Miss Gladys Segee. It really is a pre-requisite to most other courses. Closely associated with this class, is that in Ethics, taught by Miss Philadelphia Sharpe, whose specialty in instruction is how to present a demure *exterior*! The music of the college—this does not mean the spontaneous efforts of the undergrads—is conducted by Miss Abbie Smith.

We have an ideal lunch room, too, where orders are sent down through a delivery tube, and lunch is always waiting for the student when she arrives, instead of the student waiting for the lunch till it arrives—or doesn't. This is run by our Scientific housekeeping expert, Miss Elinor Franklin. We have a depart-

ment for research, too. Here Dr. Lena Cohen, together with Drs. Ester Lewontine and Frieda Jud, are engaged in discovering all the latest facts about Chemistry. Miss Dorothy Spear, who has achieved half a dozen Ph. D.'s and has thus acquired the title of Doctor Multimaxima, has done some really wonderful work in English. She has just organized a few Super-grad courses in the University, for abnormally intelligent scholars only. The head of the board of college entrance is Dr. Edith Valet. She is strongly opposed to the study of Latin and Greek, having found them so difficult in her own college days. Our public speaker at the University, at all social events particularly, is Miss Florence Rees. She is well adapted for this position by her natural volubility and assertive manner.

The trustees of the University are meeting to-day, so you'll have to be unusually quiet in the halls. I'll open the door a little so you can see who they are. The chairman of the board is Miss Margaret Southerton, that one at the head of the table. We don't dare call her Peggy now! It is strange what a large efficiency there is in such a small person. On her right sits the most active and enthusiastic member of the board, *our* Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer. Yes, she used to be Anna Hallock. The only others present to-day are the Misses Alma Misch, Irene Keenan, Elizabeth Ready and Grace Pearson. More of them show up, of course, when it's a *social* function.

We have two publications of note, the *Classical Weekly*, edited by Miss Molly Coyle, with the assistance of Miss Mildred Hodges; and our general daily newspaper, the *Anakratic*. The Editor-in-chief of this is Miss Eleanore Myers, one of our literary shining lights. She is at present the world authority on precedent. We had a very enlightening editorial to-day on how our ancestors would have acted, in similar circumstances. The literary and dramatic critic of the paper is Miss Louise Nyitray. Criticism always was her specialty, you know. The "always in good humor" column, or "advice to the love-lorn," is written up by Miss Elsa Heller. We are publishing an interesting historical biography, in serial form, just now. It is by Dr. Phebe Hoffman, who has become Shotwell's Boswell. Another contributor, not quite so regular, is Miss Margaret Naumburg, her specialty being treatises on general reform. Oh! that is Miss Harriet Hale, our official photographer; look cheerful, please. She's just about to snap the group—for her memory book, I dare say. We have an official sign painter, too, Miss Irene Glenn. She is adept, through long

experience, at painting anything from college posters to theatrical back-drops.

There is one member of Dragonia whom I have not mentioned. She is the quietly efficient sort who lends her help not only to the university and the municipal government, but likewise to every individual. She holds no distinctive official position, but is admired and loved by us all. I refer to Miss Eleanor Doty.

There is of course a large group of 1912-ers who have married and settled down in Dragonia. I'll tell you who they were—the Misses Georgina Berrian, Rosemary Clarke, Irene Dalglish, Grace Fischer, Irene Frear, Grace Green, May Greenwold, Dorothy Griffin, Edith Hardy, Irene London, Isabelle Noyes, Doris Shelley, Lila Sherin, Ethel Richardson, Elizabeth Stack, Hester Rusk, and Constance Shook. I might number Paula Lambert among these, for she has married, too—a specialist in Spanish and Italian; and Georgia Cerow is married likewise—has been, in fact, since shortly after her graduation. But not even marriage could annihilate utterly the effects of her college training. She has become famous as the inventor of Physical and Chemical appliances—notably the non-removable thumb-tack, strongly advised for the use of class-study decoration committees.

I have mentioned a municipal government. Of course we have woman suffrage in our ideal state—and even women political bosses. The most aggressive and influential of these is Mrs. Pauline Cahn—oh! I've forgotten her married name. That young woman is Elinor Mathews, treasurer of the city bank, still engaged in counting change. Our ambassadress to Italy was formerly Miss Kathleen Gray. In the next section of the city are most of our shops. The first one is Miss Isabelle McKenzie's Convenience Shop. No matter what you want, just go to Miss McKenzie and she's sure to have it. Yes, that is she sitting at the window, embroidering little gifts for her friends. Next to her place is Miss Isabelle Morrison's hair emporium. She, herself, demonstrates all the latest modes by her own coiffure. In her establishment are engaged the Misses Rebecca Fischel and Estelle Woodruff; also Miss Dorothea von Doenhof, who gives special demonstrations in how to fix the hair *youthfully*. Miss Caroline Kahn sells patent eyelash curlers, here, which she has invented. Miss Morrison has an exhibition in her shop window, occasionally, of the "seven Dragonic sisters." They are the Misses Fischel and Woodruff, Florence Hazel, Lucile Mordecai, Mary Mulqueen,

and the two Morris sisters. Miss Gertrude Morris is such a brilliant example of luxuriant hair that 1912 has adopted her.

Some of these members, of course, act in this capacity only temporarily, being engaged regularly in other pursuits. The Morris sisters, for instance, usually sing together in vaudeville. The big popular vaudeville house of the city, by the way, is run by the Misses Martha Emmons, Mary Diehl, Etta Schweis and Elsa Wunderlich, and a most vociferous show is always going on there. Lucy Landru and Gretchen Walther sing in the chorus. Shirley Gleason, assisted by Elva Hoover and Elinor Wigand, give exhibitions of 1912's athletic prowess, as marvelous as ever. Alice Martin performs as the lion tamer. Anne Wilson is one of the chorus girls—in fact, Lucille Weil and she have formed a famous team of song and dance artists. We have a Deutsches Theater, too, opened by Miss Gertrude Borchardt.

With all this frivolity the need of a public censor is apparent. This position is most admirably filled by Miss Constance von Wahl, who acts as censor for everything in general and herself in particular. But, in her private capacity, to those who know her, she is found, as always, entirely human, and generously ready with sympathy and womanly advice. Besides this censorship we have found it necessary to keep a special watch on the male population. Therefore, Miss Ernestine Isabel is in charge of a reformatory for young men.

One of the most popular leaders of polite society in Dragonia is Miss Betty Junghans, still serving on the receiving line at all the fashionable affairs. Miss Florence van Vranken is another well-known social dignitary. And two of our most frivolous society butterflies are, of course, Miss Clare Hildegarde Reese and Miss Amy Weaver.

For those who desire to travel abroad the Misses Isabel Koss and Jennie Auerbach have opened an information bureau, recently. Besides this, we have a general intelligence office, run by the Misses Beatrice Stegman and Marjorie O'Connell, where intelligence is dispensed, to order. We find the male population especially frequent callers here. For a real mental bracer, though, just go to Miss Lillie Stein's drug shop. Her own original concoction is warranted to give perpetual youth, and perpetual effervescence. At the counter you see Miss Elizabeth Gray. She and Miss Margaret Wood are traveling advertisements for the Mary Mulqueen beauty lotion—sold here.

That large factory in the distance is where Miss Cora Thees conducts a sugar refinery, with the able assistance of Miss Margaret Kutner. The other factory you see is that owned by Elizabeth Jones and Irene Johnson. They have invented the inexhaustible tea-cracker.

We have another unique institution run by a corporation, consisting of Miss Florence Hazel, president; Amanda Loughren, business manager, and Paula Oellrich, Margaret O'Rourke and May Scully, associates. It is a spacious sanitarium, on the cliffs of Dragonia, called the "Commuter's Rest."

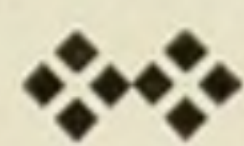
You may have noticed how well our parks are kept. That is due to the Misses Vera Rees and Elizabeth Reardon, expert Park Commissioners, who have had experience in actual country. There are a few, of course, who have scattered, and live in other regions. Such are our missionaries, Pamela Poor and Grace Rogers. They have devoted their lives to the cause of converting the inhabitants of 1913's Idelia to the noble way of living so well exemplified by all of 1912.

And now, as I leave my guests at the city limits, I turn back across the campus, filled with recollections of my own college days. I seem to be wandering along the pathway that leads to Brooks. Behind me are the tennis courts, and the sun-dial, so inevitable a part of every Frenchman snap-shot. And bordering the walk stand those friendly little 1910 maples, proudly exhibiting each one, its dozen or so, of leaves. "Why, they must be real trees by now," I muse. Above my head the clouds are floating and massing, lazily, and gradually taking on tints of pink and violet, for it is almost sunset. One particularly fleecy cloud mass holds my attention, as it grows longer and thinner, and takes on sinewy curves. That looks distinctly like a live thing, I murmur. Why, to be sure—a dragon! and just at that instant he curls and writhes with startling reality, silhouetted sharply against the deepening blue of the evening sky. Tinted with the last sunset colors his glowing form is turned to orange, and then—a sudden rift through his twisting body, and the gleaming heart of Tony is revealed—pure gold!

And so it is, and so it always will be. That is the symbol and the promise for the whole of 1912—just—*glory!*

MILDRED V. HAMBURGER.

Our Gift



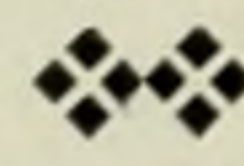
THE giving of a gift means a good deal more to a Senior class than outside people or even the college can imagine. After the four long, splendid years, there comes a true, honest desire to do something for Alma Mater.

Wherefore, 1912 thought and thought—naturally we did so in terms of our most famous activities—dramatics and athletics. Field Day and Senior Week, with its Ivy Day and Senior Show, come regularly each spring. With them comes the problem of how to manage so that all the people that it is possible for Barnard to invite may see or hear what goes on! Platforms built on the terrace are expensive, and—well, did anyone here ever try to borrow anything from the Columbia boys? Didn't they always have a baseball game on that day and need the very article you were looking for? Well, in the future, if you are looking for a grand stand, just ask Mrs. Jameson, and she will give you the one that we are leaving with Barnard.

It is not there right now, because it has to come from Chicago. But we give it to you with all our hearts, and we hope that when you younger classes use this stand, and your "actors and athletes" are gaining all sorts of glory before it, that you will think of us just a little, for we would love to be with you.

IRENE LOUISE GLENN.

Unto the Victor!



PHI BETA KAPPA.

MABEL BARRETT	ELSA MEHLER
GRETRUDE BORCHARDT	LOUISE MYTRAY
MOLLY COYLE	MARJORIE O'CONNELL
ELEANOR DOTY	VERA REES
MILDRED HAMBURGER	CLARE HILDEGARDE REESE
MARION HEILPRIN	DOROTHY SPEAR
PHEBE HOFFMAN	BEATRICE STEGMAN

EDITH VALET

BARNARD COLLEGE FELLOWSHIP FOR GRADUATE STUDY.
DOROTHY ALICE SPEAR

KOHN MATHEMATICAL PRIZE
LILLIAN ALMA MACDONALD

HERRMAN BOTANICAL PRIZE
HESTER MARY RUSK, 1912
MARY W. STEWART, 1913

THE JENNY A. GERARD MEDAL
PHEBE EDITH HOFFMAN

DEPARTMENTAL HONORS.

Chemistry

LILLIAM A. MACDONALD

Classical Philology

MOLLY BROOKE TEMPLE COYLE

MILDRED LIVINGSTON HODGES

EDITH MOORE VALET

English

ELSA SAUTER MEHLER

VIRGINIA SMITH

German

GERTRUDE SERAPHINE BORCHARDT

History

PHEBE EDITH HOFFMAN

CLARE HILDEGARDE REESE

Italian

LOUISE NYITRAY

Mathematics

GEORGIA ANGELA CEROW

ESTHER LEWONTIN

LILLIAN ALMA MACDONALD

MARJORIE O'CONNELL

Philosophy

AMY WEAVER

Psychology

ANNA COBB HALLOCK

Zoölogy

FLORENCE DE LOISELLE LOWTHER

GENERAL HONORS.

MABEL BARRETT

MOLLY BROOKE TEMPLE COYLE

PHEBE EDITH HOFFMAN

LILLIAN ALMA MACDONALD

PAULA FRIDA OELLRICH

ETHEL SCARLETT RICHARDSON

HESTER MARY RUSK

MARGARET SOUTHERTON

DOROTHY ALICE SPEAR

EDITH MOORE VALET

HIGHEST FINAL GENERAL HONORS.

GERTRUDE SERAPHINE BORCHARDT

MILDRED VALENTINE HAMBURGER

ELSA SAUTER MEHLER

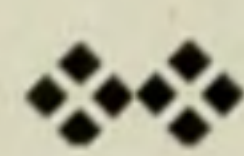
LOUISE NYITRAY

CLARE HILDEGARDE REESE

ETTA MAY SCHWEIS

BEATRICE CLARA STEGMAN

The Baledictory



IN our climb up the rough mountainside of Life we have at last reached the promontory toward which we have long been striving, and here we may pause a moment to look back. There below lie the happy scenes of four short years, easily discernible in the bright sunlight. Beside the path we followed, we distinguish forms which we had not noticed as we passed along, influences of our college:—teachers, friends and neighbors whom we scarcely knew. Only now we begin to realize that we are not the same crude freshmen who started on the journey. Whether we have been strengthened and equipped for our future steeper climb, or whether we have become exhausted by the short distance we have come to reach this height, depends greatly upon ourselves and the good or bad influences that have affected us.

Everything above us is veiled in mist. We can see only that many paths lead from this rock, and that here and there a rugged peak juts from the cloud. These we may work toward, and perhaps we may quickly gain the goal we choose, or we may wander many years before we find the straight road leading to it. But before we take upon ourselves the difficult task of making this selection and setting out to gain the lofty summit, we turn again for encouragement to the splendid scene below.

We see the broad road on which we started our march, at the end of one year's journey diverging slightly, at the end of two years, separating into many narrow paths, bearing traces of all who have gone before, all leading up to this high pinnacle, where now we stand together. There we see our trustees, directing the young students into our college road, which they have opened and which they constantly broaden and improve. Winding their way up the hill come the figures of those we leave behind, with hopeful, smiling faces lifted toward us; on the nearest rock stand our dear faculty and dean, looking perhaps fondly on the charges they have so safely guided; their voices we shall hear calling to us as we mount, trying to tell us which trail to take and warning us of the dangers on the way.

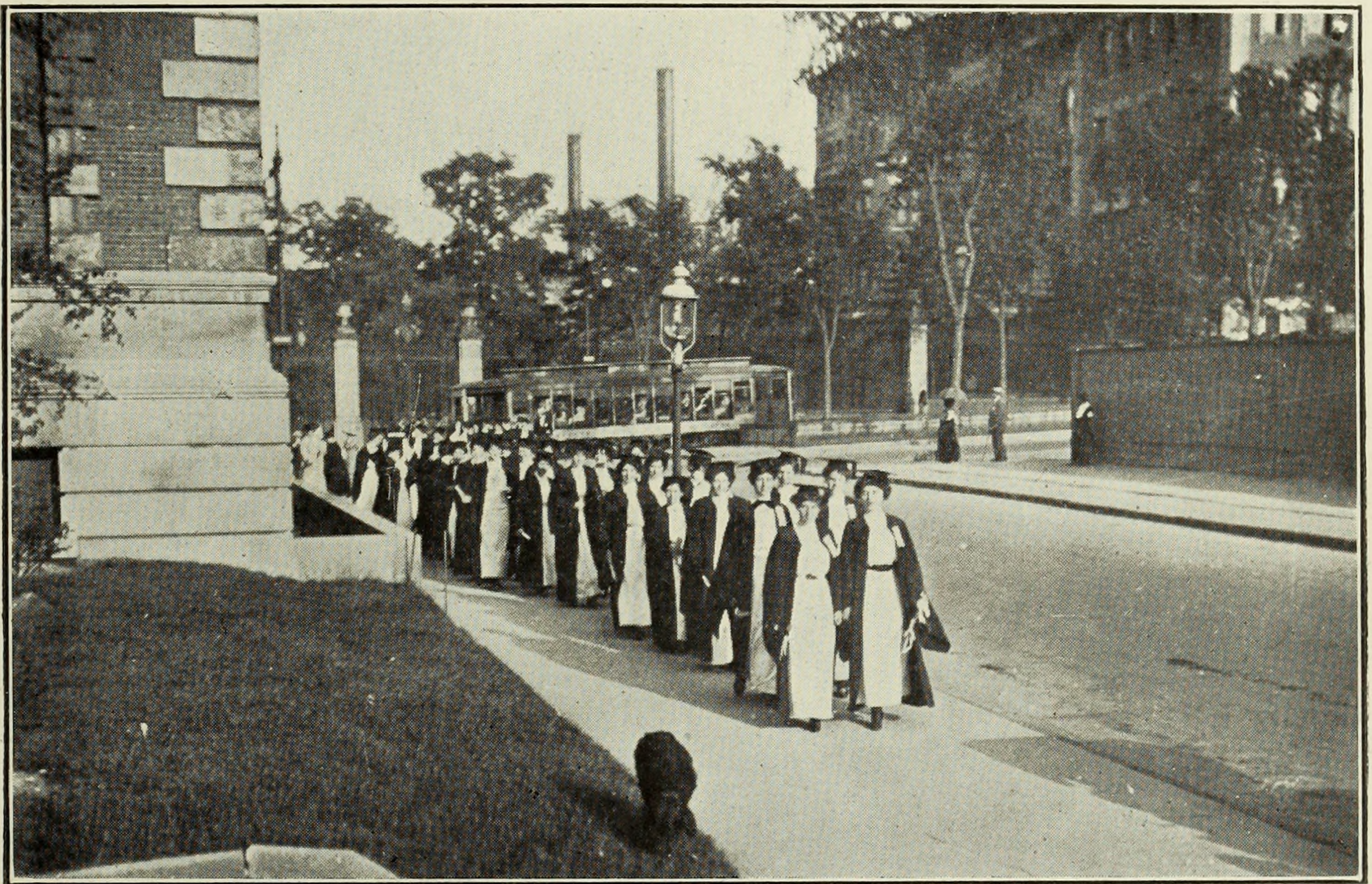
Far, far above our Alma Mater shines, resplendent, watching over all, even those who leave the province of her special care.

Still we linger and gaze upon those dearest friends. Trustees, faculty and you who follow us, good-bye.

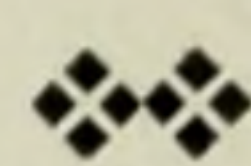
Classmates, farewell; but as we turn each to her separate way, let us look up once more to Her, who bids us go—

“As thou’st helped those long forgot,
Alma Mater, fail us not.”

CORA ROHDE THEES.



The Banquet Speeches*



Official Statistics Regarding Specials

ANNA E. H. STEIN.

WELL, I'd like to know what I've been summoned to this meeting for, anyhow. Everybody knows I'm not a regular member of the Faculty. I suppose there must be a lot of good hard work to be done, or you'd never think of calling on me. You can't rope me in as anything but a special member of the faculty, so that's the way you try to use me. Well, come on, out with it. What have you got for me to do? It's perfectly ridiculous, the way you always call on me whenever there's some real hard work to be done. Not that I ever get any credit or reward for it—Heaven forbid that I should even hint I wanted your thanks. I get the same treatment that the Specials do. They have all the burdens, and do all the hard work during the year, and then what happens at the end? Are they invited to the Trustees' luncheon? Are they allowed to hold all the much-desired class offices? Are they allowed to make speeches at Class Day? Why, even the Valedictory is kept from them. Are they given a chance to wear the golden key of Phi Beta Kappa? No—yet they are the ones that do all the work. Take that little play we gave out in the back yard the other day; Mrs. Liggett and I were talking it over. It's a pretty good play if you care for that sort of thing; personally, I prefer George M. Cohan. But, of course, this is in the strictest confidence. I'd like to get back to my point, if you don't mind. As I was saying, what would that little play have been without the specials? Why, it would have been completely without a Bottom.

But you'll have to excuse me now. I have a little work to do. You think that a Special's work is slight, that I have nothing to do but bring up the door-boys, and see that there's ink in the inkstands to fill your fountain pens? Let me assure you that I have other work. Far be it from me to sing my own praises; not

* We regret that we are unable to print "Concepts of Courtesy" by "Mrs. Von Liggett Wahl, Bursar," or any remarks by the toastmaster, "Nicholas Murray Straiton, Chairman of the Faculty Committee on Student Peculiarities." Both were extemporaneous.

that I ask for credit, not that I ask for thanks! You know me well enough to know I'm not that sort. But there are things awaiting me in the office: schedules, examinations, entrance examinations, deficiencies, debars, letters to parents, scholarships: I cannot enumerate all the duties and responsibilities falling upon the unofficial shoulders of the special member of the faculty. We specials are slaves. And do you know to whom we are slaves? We are slaves to the Capitalistic Regulars.



The Commuter's Conservation of Energy



HENRY RAYMOND WILSON.

LIKE my honored confrère—or, should I say, con(nois)-soeur—Miss Anna E. H., I consider that I have not received quite a fair deal in being asked to speak at this time. Why, may I ask, when the committee evidently realized, first, that all commuters need to conserve their time, and secondly, that I am a commuter—my learned friends of the philosophy department will follow me—why, I say, should they have required me to speak? When did they expect me, pray, to accumulate and prepare my words of wisdom? Do they not realize that the commuter's life has no margin of time? I presume they expected me to be jotting down the articles of diet for the commuter's ideal breakfast, while, in my capacity of marshal at the one hundred and fifty-eighth Commencement of Columbia University, I bowed Mrs. Nicholas Murray to her seat. Perhaps I did receive an inspiration or two as to the proper mode of dress for a woman commuter, but I will not get started on that phase of the subject, else I might never stop.

As a matter of fact, when I realized that there was no escape from my making this speech, I did the instinctive thing for an

economist. I appealed to my friends. First I went to that benevolent historian, Shotman Hoffwell. He, being perhaps even more hard worked than I, dismissed me with a curt, "Oh, the deuce, Wilson, leave it till Thursday morning. That's when I am going to do mine." So if his isn't very good, you'll know what is the matter with it. Then one morning, when I happened to be in the office, I besought Miss Anna E. H. to give me some suggestions. "Just keep smiling, Dr. Wilson, just keep smiling," she purred, "that will get the women." That from Miss Anna E. H.!

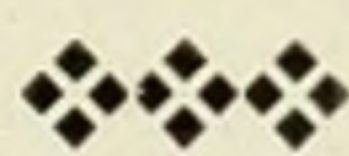
Well, of course, I realize that I *am* rather charming when I smile, but just the same I have to do something with my voice for an excuse. And I shall have to do it entirely unaided. I think I shall begin with an epigram. Epigrams always sound so impressive, even if they *are unsound*.

The prime requisite for a commuter is ingenuity! The more devices he can conceive, the more he can conserve his energy. He must read while he eats. He must chew while he walks. He must walk while he talks. He must talk while he plays, etc. Take our good friend Professor Brewster. He confided to me one day last year that while commuting from Scarsdale to Barnard, in a single term he had read some three or four thousand pages of Balzac. He is a good commuter. He is a good commuter with good eyes. Then there is the class of good commuters with weak eyes. They sleep while they ride. That is, they go through all the motions of sleeping. But this sensible device has two dangers. Either the doze is apt to become more than a farce and the guileless individual "ride on forever, forever ride," or else unexpected things are apt to happen—such pleasant little things as suddenly awaking to find the ponderous foot of a drunken man opposite planted squarely in your lap, or your own large hand that has merely been innocently raised to straighten your derby, brazenly enveloping something soft and warm in the lap of the woman next to you—*her* hand.

I have said that the prime requisite for a commuter is ingenuity. Let me also make another epigram. The chief danger for a commuter is ingenuity. If he is not careful, his ingenuity serves to render him ridiculous. The commuter's sense of the difference between the resourceful and the grotesque tends to diminish by over-indulgence in original devices (*device*, not *vice*), and he may become conspicuous rather than merely prudent. When Prof. Sharpe, for instance, on his way from Philadelphia, insists on supplementing his abbreviated breakfast by eating an apple

on the train, he is going too far, and is fortunate in possessing a fearless and outspoken colleague who can curb his ingenuity in this regard.

So I might go on enumerating instance after instance, and, in fact, when I showed the first two pages of my manuscript to my one-time inattentive adviser, Prof. Shotman Hoffwell, he was so uncontrollably impressed by the merits of the work, that he assured me warmly that I might go on writing endlessly in that vein without the fear of tiring my audience. Of course, I forgave him on the spot for his erstwhile indifference. However, I have none too much faith in my own literary ability. I have *more* in my smile!



Avocations Open to Women



VIRGINIA C. CAHN.

LADIES and gentlemen of the Faculty: I have here a report from Miss Cummings on last year's graduating class. The results are illuminating, I should say, and on the whole rather encouraging. I think you will get a more comprehensive view of the situation if I read you the individual report.

Miss Constance von Wahl has retained her tentative position at Borden's, where we understand she has become expert at milking the cows. In the beginning, it appears, she had some difficulty in making the cows behave with proper decorum, but she has since overcome this obstacle.

Miss Eleanore Myers, we regret to report, has proved a dismal failure as a teacher. Shortly after her installation, she was discovered in a pool of tears, and upon urging, she explained that she had unwittingly hurt the feelings of two small boys. Of course, it was impossible for the authorities to retain her in a teaching capacity after this display, and she has now obtained a

position as advertising agent and drummer of trade for one of the leading churches of this city.

We are told that Miss Lillie Stein, having changed her plans five times in the past five months, has withdrawn her name from Miss Cummings' list, finally deciding to accept one of the many suitors for her hand.

Miss Margaret Southerton has been trying with more enthusiasm than success to convert heathen and other infidels to the Christian faith.

In her capacity as cheer leader for the class of 1914, Miss Chrystene Straiton has been making such a mark for herself that she has recently been engaged as mistress of the Metropolitan chorus. She is at present in training under Director Gatti Casazza, but we are given to understand that she will shortly assume full control of the choral work for next season's operas.

Names to be crossed off Miss Cummings' roll are those of Miss Edith Hardy, Miss Florence Anderson, Miss Abbie Smith, Miss Grace Fischer, Miss Ruberta Thompson, Miss Beatrice Stegman, Miss Dorothy Griffin, Miss Isabelle Noyes, Miss Lucile Mordecai and Miss Estelle Woodruff. I wish to emphasize that this is merely report and is still to be confirmed. These young women have all announced their engagements to be married. Let me repeat—Miss Edith Hardy, Miss Florence Anderson, Miss Abbie Smith, Miss Grace Fischer, Miss Ruberta Thompson, Miss Beatrice Stegman, Miss Dorothy Griffin, Miss Isabelle Noyes, Miss Lucile Mordecai and Miss Estelle Woodruff. In the case of Miss Mordecai it was a pity that her sojourn as medical student at Johns Hopkins was of necessity so brief, as during her stay there she attained the unprecedented achievement of awakening the dead.

This is the end of Miss Cummings' list, and I now come to the most deplorable part of my report. I scarcely know how to state this sad news. There have been three deaths in the class of 1912. Miss Lucille Weil, after giggling steadily and uncontrollably for three hours and a quarter, died suddenly of apoplexy. Miss Florence Rees, on her return from a day's work, being so engrossed in thought as not to notice that she had reached the end of her street, walked straight on into the Hudson, and there met a horrible death by drowning. Miss Vera Rees, having actually been called upon to interview a possible employer, succumbed instantly of heart failure at the mere prospect.

Let us leave this depressing subject and turn to a more cheerful one. Although we are not directly concerned with her activities, it may interest some of us as acquaintances to know that Miss Susan Leerburger has transferred from the fine arts to the domestic science department of Teachers' College.

This report is respectfully submitted,

VIRGINIA C. CAHN.



The Late Senior Class as a Next Door Neighbor



PROFESSOR HIRST-NYITRAY.

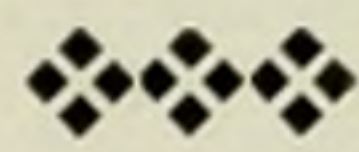
YOU know it is very interesting to live so near the study of that most inestimable of classes—1912. The little saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" may apply with other classes, but never here! For you know it applies only to ordinary things—never to anything so unusual and extraordinary as 1912. I am seriously thinking of adopting Miss Mordecai's recommendation to have my office moved next year, for the blank left by their absence can never be filled.

In the two years in which I have dwelt near them many a little backward glance have I cast at them when leaving my office, and I have learned to know them well. Often also have I experienced the truth of the saying "The eavesdropper hears no good of herself."

1912 has shone in its singing, and what is more natural? What wonderful song practices are those of which I have caught little glimpses. It is so interesting to see that most energetic leader gesticulating wildly in a most undignified position on top of the table, while that cute little Miss Stein goes around busily saying, "Now, girls, stop talking," and acting as general starter and ejecter and puller-in and guardian of the peace.

And never again could there be anything so delightful as those Senior teas. Those ranks of girls, that proper receiving line! Every member of the class present, and in strict academic costume—cap and gown, white waist and skirt, and high collar! It is so impressive a sight, so unusual elsewhere, so usual with 1912! Do you ask, “*Why* this difference from other classes?” Ah! the answer is simple—there is only one Eleanore Myers.

But really my talk is all unnecessary. The impression that '12 leaves on the College can be summed up in a few words, for They're the wisest, handsomest, jolliest and best, Oh! they're the class in College that's ahead of all the rest.



Principles in Politics



DR. SHOTMAN HOFFWELL.

June 5, 1912.

Faculty of Political Science,
Columbia University,
New York City.

Honorable Colleagues:

I have been making a study of the politics of the Class of 1912 for the past four years, and now take pleasure in writing you the result of my researches. This subject presents a fertile field for all students who are interested in problems of government. The sources are easily accessible and plentiful. For primary sources I should recommend to you class meetings, gossiping groups, and Lillie Stein. The secondary sources are so numerous and well known that I shall not stop to enumerate them here. A full bibliography for this subject can be found in any of the good bibliographies of bibliography.

The politics of 1912 is a striking example of evolution. When we compare them with the revolutionary politics of the class of 1911, for instance, we get a glimpse of the remarkably peaceful, constructive 1912 temperament. Nowhere do we find election-

eering, wire pulling, or fiery fights. They show, not a struggle for existence on the part of a body of able politicians, demagogues, and Nietzscheans, but rather a communistic group, all working for the same end, the glory of 1912. Those who could advance this glory most have rightly been the leaders.

Freshman year resulted in the election of a fine, good-looking, capable girl, whom, I grieve to write, Fate has removed to a more perfect world—matrimony. Likewise, Sophomore President, the beloved Orpheus of 1912, by whose aid Greek games were won, lives with them only in memory. Although these leaders of the early period were lost, we must not consider these two years' time wasted in the game of politics. No, for during this time Cora Thees was smiling sweetly upon the class and selling rings—for that is indeed how this famous personage first came upon the scene of politics—and Constance von Wahl, who is the satellite of 1912, although she insists upon repudiating all official recognition of her high position—her arguments are too metaphysical for an historian to unravel—started her brilliant career in the character of Ned Royston.

Just when the famous Eleanore Myers began her public career is a difficult question to decide. After thoughtful study one cannot fail to come to the conclusion that her position as Senior President was the result of pure fatalism. The God who gave her the power to write with such a gifted pen, who implanted so much enthusiasm in her, and who gave her such unusual ability to manage class meetings, where parliamentary rules were followed like as they never were before, this spirit willed, eons ago, that she should be their President. And well it has been, for she has brought their already remarkable career to a dazzling culmination.

An historian must always confine himself to the past, but were I to violate this most fundamental principle, I should prophesy even greater things of the class of 1912 now that they are alumnae. With Irene Glenn, whose executive ability has ever been admired, at the wheel, it is a joy for all who have the interests of humanity at heart, to look forward to the oncoming years.

Time does not permit that I discuss this fascinating subject at further length here, but I can only trust that I have aroused your interest sufficiently so that you will examine the question further yourselves.

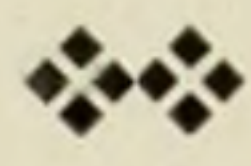
Loyally yours,

DR. SHOTMAN HOFFWELL.



PLAYING TOGETHER.

Presentation of the Gavel



ELEANORE MYERS.

I HAVE not prepared a formal and scholarly address, as I am sure you expected, because in the first place I had not time, and because in the second place, you have heard my voice exhorting you to chapel, class meeting, or what not, for so long, that I am afraid you will run away when I start to speak. I have noticed that chapel speakers frequently "turn up missing," or else arrive, looking blank and frightened, saying they have only had time to prepare a speech on the way. I shall try to imitate them and ramble along, quite informally and beside the point.

Dearly beloved sisters, I take for my text this morning "The old order changeth, giving place to new." Young ladies, as college women, you are under a great responsibility—the world expects a great deal of you—much more than it is likely to get. You have heard this said to you many, many times. Perhaps you are weary of it. I am. There is something else that has been said to us more or less all through the year, and with alarming frequency this week. That is the fact that we are approaching the end. It sounds rather ominous, and when people add that the end is commencement, it sounds paradoxical as well.

I wonder if people realize just what they mean when they congratulate us because we have finished college. I wonder if we realize just why we end Senior year with such a burst of enthusiasm and glory. *Why* do we feel that all the order of our lives is changing, giving place to new? No bomb exploded at 10.30 last Wednesday, to hail the approach of a new era. What does it all mean—the end and the beginning? We have not severed our connection with Barnard. We are an indissoluble part of Barnard, as much and more now than we have ever been before. We have not finished our studies, for scholars tell us we have just begun to learn how to learn. The history of the class of 1912 has not closed. We are going on as alumnae to more and brighter glories. What is it that is ending for us this week? I will tell you what I think it is. If there is one lesson we have learned at college better than any other, I think it is the lesson of working and playing *together*. The first thing we were

taught when we entered, a heterogenous mass of freshmen, was to cheer and sing and fight the Sophomores *together*; to groan over Math. A. *together*; to rave about the Juniors *together*. As we went on, we learned more and more the profit and pleasure of working together; our plays, our parties, our athletic defeats—everything, we rejoiced and sorrowed over together. There is a wonderful thrill and inspiration in thus striving, hoping, working and playing all together; and *that* is the thing that is going to end after to-night. That is the reason we wince when people rub it in that our college days are over. We can never be entirely and completely together again, working for Barnard, and for 1912. We may come back, singly or in groups, for plays and reunions, but 1912 as a *complete* body can never raise its voice again.

“The old order changeth, giving place to new.” And what is the new order? Our work and play *together* ceases after to-night; our life as individuals begins to-morrow. Our relation to Barnard has not changed. We are still her children, loving her and working for her with all our heart and strength. But we shall be working for her in a new and different way. And that is where our responsibility comes in again. Everything we do in that new individual life will reflect back to her glory or her shame. That is quite different from working for her in a body, where the individual fault of one may be covered by the virtue of the many. It is a much bigger, older, more responsible feeling that we get when we realize that in each one of our individual lives lies glory or shame for Barnard. This is the new order of things, and it is not such a bad order after all.

“There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune!” Our tide is at the flood now, 1912; the full sea leaps before us. Let us leave the old order with eager hearts and full sails. The old order of things has passed away, but the spirit in our hearts is just the same. Whether we work together or alone, it will be for Barnard. Let us take the tide now, in its flood of glory, and sweep on, with her strength and love in our hearts, to meet all that life has in store for us.

“The old order changeth, giving place to new.” Senior year with its mistakes and successes, its officers and its constitution, must change with the old order of things and give place to a new reign. We are going to begin our new life as alumnae, under the guidance of one whom we have loved and honored

more and more every year ; one who has steered us safely through the perils of Senior week, and won for herself and for us all, everlasting laurels of glory. I present the gavel, with the love, admiration and loyal support of the class of 1912, to Irene Glenn, our Alumnae president.





ALUMNAE BABIES.

Directory of 1912



- Anderson, Florence de Noyelles.....Haverstraw, N. Y.
Auerbach, Jennie.....40 W. 77th Street, New York City
Barrett, Mabel.....1928 East High Street, Springfield, O.
Beach, Mrs. George Warren.....609 West 137th Street, New York City
(Ethel S. Richardson)
Berrian, Georgina.....Spuyten Duyvil, New York City
Blumgarten, Sara Lilian.....1114 Madison Avenue, New York City
Booth, Edna.....449 West 123rd Street, New York City
Borchardt, Gertrude Saraphine.....352 East 124th Street, New York City
Bunzel, Bessie.....300 Central Park West, New York City
Burchsted, Mrs. A. R.....355 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
(Doris M. Shelley)
Burkholder, Hazel.....99 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cahn, Pauline*.....202 Riverside Drive, New York City
Cameron, Evelyn*.....155 4th Avenue, Newark, N. J.
Cerow, Georgia Angela.....503 West 175th Street, New York City
Cohen, Lena.....73 West 30th Street, Bayonne, N. J.
Coyle, Molly Brook Temple.....457 West 123rd Street, New York City
Cusack, Gertrude Cecilia.....611 Putnam Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Diehl, Mary Victoria.....631 Park Avenue, West New York, N. J.
Doty, Eleanor Mandeville.....553 West 141st Street, New York City
Emmons, Martha.....21 West 73rd Street, New York City
Evans, Alice Belton.....476 West 143rd Street, New York City
Fischel, Rebecca Viola.....118 East 93rd Street, New York City
Fischer, Grace Marion.....138 East 150th Street, New York City
Fitz, Mary Louise.....Peconic, N. Y.
Fitzgerald, Henrine Brown.....Middletown, N. Y.
Franklin, Elinor.....32 Kenmore Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Frear, Irene*.....Whittier Hall, N. Y.
Gleason, Shirley.....1215 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Glenn, Irene Louise.....365 Edgecomb Avenue, New York City
Gray, Elizabeth Perine.....409 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gray, Kathleen Frances.....48 West 167th Street, New York City
Green, Grace Barrington.....1355 South Brook Street, Louisville, Ky.
Greenwold, May Sunneva.....33 Wall Street, New York City
Griffin, Agnes Dorothy.....Cresskill, N. J.
Guy, Ruth Alline.....335 Convent Avenue, New York City
Hale, Harriet†.....487 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hallock, Anna Cobb.....36 East 65th Street, New York City
Hamburger, Mildred Valentine.....151 West 140th Street, New York City
Hardy, Edith Frances.....153 East 150th Street, New York City
Hazel, Florence Louise.....10 Terrace Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.
Heilprin, Marion.....2620 University Place, Washington, D. C.
Heller, Elsa Marion.....108 West 75th Street, New York City
Hendricks, Rowena.....436 Columbus Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Hodges, Mildred Livingston.....435 West 119th Street, New York City
Hoffman, Phebe Edith.....307 West 137th Street, New York City
Hoover, Elva Dawson (Mrs. Merle M.),
63 East Catherine Street, Chambersburg, Pa.
Hough, Virginia.....The Hill, Augusta, Ga.
Howell, Mrs. Elmer.....Babylon, N. Y.
(Frances E. Rogers)
Isabel, Ernestine Charlotte.....601 West 113th Street, New York City
Johnson, Irene Grace.....87 Vernon Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Jones, Elizabeth Tompkins.....1 Midland Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.
Jud, Friedolin Catharine.....119 Franklin Street, Jersey City, N. J.
Junghans, Bertha*.....871 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York City
Kahn, Caroline.....303 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Keenan, Irene Dolores.....70 Third Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Koss, Isabel Glen.....628 West End Avenue, New York City
 Kutner, Margaret,
 c/o Dr. Robert Kutner, Potsdamenstr. 39, Berlin W., Germany
 Lacey, Olga Veronica.....214 East 51st Street, New York City
 Lambert, Paula Claire.....621 West 135th Street,, New York City
 Landru, Lucy Emilie.....365 Park Avenue, Paterson, N. J.
 Latzke, Frances Renshaw.....501 West 111th Street, New York City
 Lewontin, Esther.....869 Elsmere Place, New York City
 London, Irene Eleanor.....560 West 144th Street, New York City
 Loughren, Mary Amanda.....337 Marshall Street, Elizabeth, N. J.
 Lowther, Florence de Loiselle (Mrs. Hugh),
 610 Riverside Drive, New York City
 McKenzie, Isabel.....67 Lenox Avenue, East Orange, N. J.
 MacDonald, Lillian Alma.....586 Summer Avenue, Newark, N. J.
 MacKay, Jennie†.....Prescott Avenue, Inwood-on-Hudson, N. Y.
 Martin, Alice Craige.....43 Astor Place, Jersey City, N. J.
 Mathews, Eleanor Allison.....1698 Topping Avenue, New York City
 Maxwell, Celestine*.....515 West 122nd Street, New York City
 Mehler, Elsa Sauter.....322 West 100th Street, New York City
 Misch, Alma Ida.....1123 Clay Avenue, New York City
 Mordecai, Lucile.....319 West 105th Street, New York City
 Morris, Edith†.....396 E. 171st Street, New York City
 Morrison, Isabelle.....309 West 86th Street, New York City
 Mulqueen, Mary.....888 Park Avenue, New York City
 Myers, Eleanore.....411 West 115th Street, New York City
 Naumburg, Margaret.....Sherman Square Hotel, New York City
 Neacy, Anna*.....601 W. 113th Street, New York City
 Noyes, Isabelle Flemming...324 Westchester Avenue, Port Chester, N. Y.
 Nyitray, Louise.....Euclid Avenue, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
 O'Connell, Marjorie.....616 W. 182nd Street, New York City
 Oellrich, Paula Frida.....48 Cambridge Street, East Orange, N. J.
 O'Rourke, Margaret.....19 Lake Street, White Plains, N. Y.
 Pearson, Grace*.....Home Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Plummer, Helen Cook.....Riverside Avenue, Cranford, N. J.
 Poor, Pamela.....9 West 9th Street, New York City
 Ready, Elizabeth Perkins.....42 Kensington Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.
 Reardon, Elizabeth.....316 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.
 Rees, Florence du Bois.....611 West 110th Street, New York City
 Rees, Vera Marguerite.....Westernville, N. Y.
 Reese, Clare Hildegarde.....478 West 145th Street, New York City
 Richardson, Ethel Scarlett (Mrs. George W. Beach)
 Rogers, Frances Elizabeth (Mrs. Elmer Howell)
 Rogers, Grace Josephine.....1337 Clinton Avenue, New York City
 Rusk, Hester Mary.....310 South 11th Street, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Schweis, Etta May.....124 West 109th Street, New York City
 Scully, Mary Pyne.....416 Amity Street, Flushing, N. Y.
 Segee, Gladys Renshaw.....405 West 118th Street, New York City
 Sharp, Philadelphia Masters.....Box 225, Moorhead, Minn.
 Shelley, Doris Marguerite (Mrs. A. R. Burchsted)
 Sherin, Lila Marjorie.....717 West 177th Street, New York City
 Shook, Constance.....Greencastle, Pa.
 Smith, Abbie.....64 East 125th Street, New York City
 Smith, Virginia.....Box 53, Babylon, N. Y.
 Southerton, Margaret.....327 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Spear, Dorothy Alice.....850 Tinton Avenue, New York City
 Stack, Elizabeth Myres.....324 Mary Street, Utica, N. Y.
 Stegman, Beatrice Clara.....1041 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken, N. J.
 Stein, Lillie*.....12 W. 90th Street, New York City
 Straiton, Chrystene*.....435 W. 123rd Street, New York City
 Thees, Cora Rohde.....271 Lenox Avenue, New York City
 Thompson, Ruberta.....Beach Avenue, Tottenville, New York City

Valet, Edith Moore.....111 West 127th Street, New York City
 Van Vranken, Florence.....54 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 von Doenhoff, Dorothea*.....88 Morningside Drive, New York City
 von Wahl, Constance William‡.....22 East 120th Street, New York City
 Walther, Catherine Margaretta.201 North High Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
 Watson, Margaret*.....258 W. 93rd Street, New York City
 Weaver, Amy.....25 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Weil, Lucille.....303 West 100th Street, New York City
 Whelan, Mary Elizabeth.....Mondovi, Wis.
 Wilson, Annie Stavely.....107 Spruce Street, Newark, N. J.
 Wood, Margaret Eloise.....162 Cleveland Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Woodruff, Jennie Estelle.....344 Gregory Avenue, Passaic, N. J.
 Wunderlich, Elsa Pauline.....146 North Broadway, Tarrytown, N. Y.
 Ziegler, Edna Eberly.....4838 Beaufort Street, Morris Park, N. Y.

* Not taking a degree in 1912.

‡ Took degree in 1911.

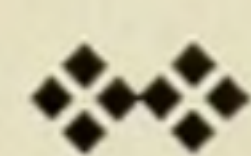
‡ Deceased.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Black, Helen.....49 Orford Avenue, Richmond Hill, New York City
 Brennan, Maude.....630 E. 15th Street, Flatbush, N. Y.
 Ernst, Mrs. Morris L.....749 West End Avenue, New York City
 (Susan Leerburger)
 Horn, Mrs. H. M.....93 Harrison Avenue, Port Richmond, S. I.
 (Cornelia H. Dakin)
 Lyon, Mrs. Ralph.....440 Riverside Drive, New York City
 (Hazel Bristol)
 Ralph, Pearl.....Royalton, Vt.
 Stine, Mary.....19 Howard Parkway, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Wegener, Mary.....546 W. 113th Street, New York City



In Memoriam



TO the college she loved so fervently and served so well, the death of Constance William von Wahl, April 19, 1913, has brought a sorrow as deep and sincere as the admiration her splendid life inspired. Barnard mourns the loss of a beloved leader, strong, resolute, unflinching in duty, weariless in service, whose work and ideals will be a never-dying part of the lives of those she led.

To us, the class of 1912, who worked and played with her all through our four happy college years, her death brings a deeper, heavier sorrow. But we who coupled with our boundless admiration, the nearer love of friends, while we grieve more bitterly for her loss, find in one thought our solace. We have been blessed in that our lives have touched her life more closely, more intimately for these four years—our sorrow is softened by thankfulness that to us was given the priceless opportunity to know and love her as our own.

Book Committee



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