

EMERSON

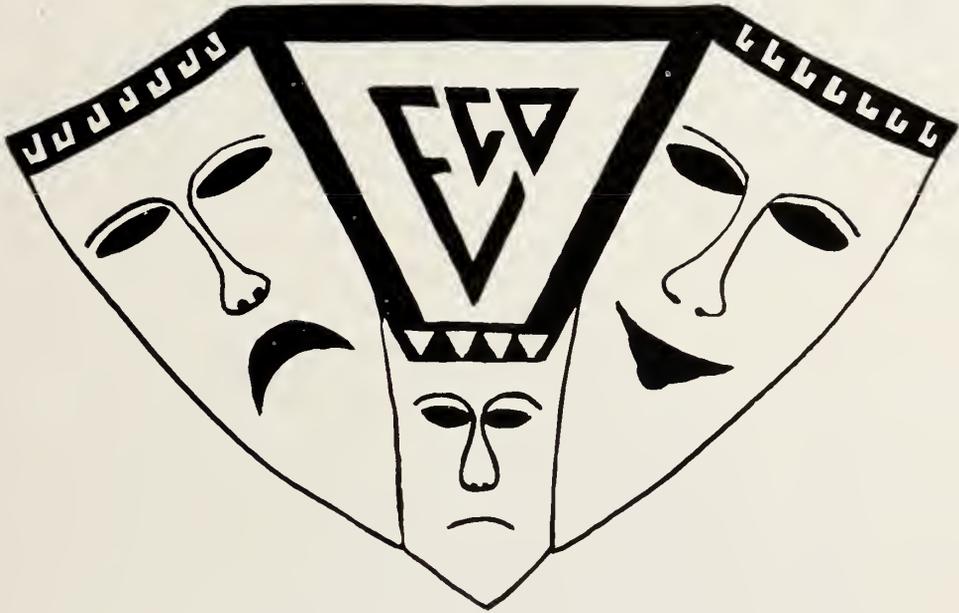


1922



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1922

To Emerson College of the future, permanently endowed,
standing for all that is highest and greatest, the
class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three
dedicates this record of a year's
progress



The Emerson of the Future

Oh, Mother of our struggles and our tears,
How oft our dreams and triumphs have been thine:
Thou'st moulded swiftly into golden prime
The eagerness of youth's aspiring years,
Our numbers now o'erleap thy wisest fears;
For freer air and greater growth we pine;
And so we work to make thy great name shine
For aye!—though doubt assails, and pain endears.

Beyond the clouds and trouble of today
The dawn-touched turrets of tomorrow gleam,
Glad substance of our long and loyal dream,
High beacon on the future's broadening way.
To Emerson Endowed, and doubly dear,
To thee we pledge this effort of our year!

M. F. D., '23.

Table of Contents



	Page
Frontispiece	3
Dedication	5
Faculty	9
Seniors	17
Seniors' Farewell.....	31
Senior Group.....	32
To the Class of '22.....	33
Senior Play.....	34
Juniors	37
A La V. N.....	50
Junior Week.....	51
Year Book Staff.....	74
Sophomores	75
Stunt	80
Freshmen	81
Stunt	84
Children's Theatre.....	94
Emerson Quarterly.....	97
Student Association	100
" My Dream "—Meade Seawell.....	103
Endowment Entries.....	107
Dean's Birthday.....	108
Faculty Stunt	114
Societies	117
Emerson Christian Association.....	118
Menorah Society.....	120
Debating Club.....	122
Southern Club.....	124
Kappa Gamma Chi.....	140
Zeta Phi Eta.....	142
Phi Mu Gamma.....	144
Phi Alpha Tau.....	148
Jokes	151
Advertisements	171

FACULTY





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President



HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS

Dean



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Registrar; Vocal Physiology; Acoustics



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Dramatic Interpretation*



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PRICILLA C. PUFFER
Gesture; Elocution



MARGARET JOSEPHINE PENICK
Interpretation; Recitals



MARY A. WINN
Children's Theatre



IRENE ANGEL

Canyon, Texas

Commencement Play

"Like Angels' visits, short and bright."

—John Morris



RUTH GARDNER BALL

Z Φ H

Zanesville, Ohio

E. C. A. Cabinet (3) (4). Senior Play.
Comencement Play and Physical Culture.

"To love her was a liberal education."—Steele



MYRA LOIS BEERS

Whately, Mass.

Vice Pres. Debating Club (4). Posture
Ribbon (3). Phi Mu Scholarship (4).
E. C. A. Cabinet (3) (4). Class Sec. (4).
Commencement Physical Culture.

"Look down, you gods and on this couple drop a
blessed crown."—*The Tempest*



MARION ALMA BONYMAN

Boston, Mass.

E. C. A. Cabinet (4). Commencement Play. Sec. Debating Club (4). Student Council (4).

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

—*Oliver H. Perry*



EARL CHARLES BRYAN, B.S.

Φ A T

Moran, Kansas

Commencement Recitals. Endowment Play (4).

"Clubs cannot part them."—*As You Like It*



HAZEL LILLIAN DAVIS

Parkersburg, West Virginia

Southern Club. Senior Play. Commencement Play.

"They called for tea and chocolate

And fell into their usual chat."—*Swift*



MARGARET LOUISE DONOGHUE

Mansfield, Massachusetts

Debating Club. Senior Play. Commencement Debate.

"What a voice was here now."

—*Beaumont and Fletcher*



ROWENA ESTES

Φ Μ Γ

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Southern Club. Student Council (4). Commencement Physical Culture.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—*Emerson*



HELEN ELAINE FISHER

Revere, Massachusetts

Class Vice Pres. (3). Pres. Debating Club (4). Student Council (3). Senior Play. Commencement Debate.

"If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they.

Thou art very Trinculo indeed."—*The Tempest*



ELINOR BRYANT FLOWER

K Γ X

East Kingston, New Hampshire
Commencement Recitals and Physical
Culture. Class Treas. (2).

"O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smellst so sweet."
—*Othello*



CLARA LANGLEY GIBSON

Z Φ H

Freeport, New York

Senior Play. Commencement Play and
Physical Culture.

"Go with me
To bless this twain that they may prosperous be."
—*The Tempest*



MARGUERITE ISABELLE HALL

Z Φ H

Hastings, Michigan

Commencement Recitals

"But blest with her. 'Tis spring throughout the
year!"—*Pope*



MARION LOUISE HART

Rochester, New York

Debating Club. Commencement Recitals
and Physical Culture.

"I shall see thee, 'ere I die, look pale with love."



RUTH LESLIE HESS

Φ Μ Γ

Clarion, Pennsylvania

Debating Club. Commencement Play

"Integrity and skill in thee now grew authority."

—Ben Johnson



EDNA LUCILE HICKS

Φ Μ Γ

Seattle, Washington

Chairman Student Welfare Committee
(1). Class Vice Pres. (1). Senior Play.

"Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men that she is
The rarest of all women."—*Shakespeare*



REBECCA CONNER IKELER

Z Φ H

Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania

Debating Club. Class Sec. (2). Year Book Staff (3). Senior Play. Commencement Recitals and Physical Culture.

"Whose words all ears took captive."—*All's Well*



EUGENIE JACKSON

Ely, Nevada

Debating Club. Senior Play. Commencement Debate.

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*



MARJORIE JAQUES

Z Φ H

Los Angeles, California

Debating Club. Commencement Play and Physical Culture.

"What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!"
—*The Tempest*



DORA KAROTKIN

San Antonio, Texas

Menorah Society. Commencement Play.

"I confess I do blaze today,
I am too bright."—*Congreve*



RUTH G. KELLEY

Roxbury, Massachusetts

Debating Club. Commencement Debate.

"Music her soft assuasive voice applies."—*Pope*



SARAH KOELMAN

Hartford, Connecticut

Menorah Society Pres. (3). Senior Play.
Commencement Recitals and Physical Culture.

"Do not put me to't
For I am nothing if not critical."—*Othello*



ALICE MARIE LEMON

K Γ X

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Debating Club. Commencement Debate.

"Drink deep or taste not."—*Pope*



KLONDA LYNN, B.A.

Linton, North Dakota

Editor-in-chief Year Book (3). Pres. Student Association (4). Class Treas. (4). Debating Club. Senior Play. Endowment Play (4). Commencement Play.

"And what comes then is master of the field."

—*Pope*



MARGARET MAUD McINTYRE, B.A.

Whitby, Ontario, Canada

Debating Club. Canadian Club. Commencement Play.

"Soft peace she brings: wherever she arrives
She builds our quiet."—*Prior*



FERROLL CLAIRE MOORE

Φ Μ Γ

Clearwater, Florida

Southern Club. Senior Play. Commencement Play.

"Good-luck shall fling her old shoe after."

—Tennyson



EILEEN MARCELLA O'BRIEN

K Γ X

Medford, Massachusetts

Commencement Play. Class Treas. (3).

"With thee conversing, I forget all time."

—Milton



VENUS CHARLOTTE OCHEE

K Γ X

Boston, Massachusetts

E. C. A. Cabinet (2) (3). E. C. A. Pres. (3). Undergraduate Field Rep. (4) Student Welfare Com. (3) (4). Student Council (4). Junior Week Com. (3). Sec. Treas. Student Assoc. (4). Debating Club. Senior Play. Commencement Debate.

"And cloudy care has often took

A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look."

—Cowley



MAURINE PEARCE

Φ Μ Γ

Dallas, Texas

Sec. Treas. Southern Club (4). Commencement Recitals.

“For one puff more and in that puff expires.”

—Pope



ELIZABETH REBHUN

K Γ X

Boston, Massachusetts

Class Pres. (3) (4). Junior Week Com. (3). Endowment Play (4). Commencement Recitals.

“That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.”

—Love's Labours Lost



DOROTHY CYNTHIA RICHARDS

Φ Μ Γ

Hingham, Massachusetts

Class. Sec. (2). Senior Play. Commencement Recitals.

“Sing, riding's a hey! For me, I ride!”

—Browning



WAI SHEUNG SIU

Hong Kong, China

Senior Play. Commencement Play.

"She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future."—*Tennyson*



BONNIE VANDENBURGH SOWERS

Φ M Γ

Ridgway, Pennsylvania

Class Sec. (3). Debating Club. Endowment Play (4). Commencement Play.

"Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."—*Pope*



IRENE WASHBURN THOMAS

Φ M Γ

Sandy Creek, New York

Debating Club. Leader Commencement Physical Culture.

"And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*



GERTRUDE TOWNSEND

Buffalo, New York

Commencement Play, and Physical Culture.

"Virtue is her own reward but is a cold principle."
—*Sir Thomas Browne*



GRACE EVELYN WOLCOTT

Manchester, Iowa

Senior Play. Commencement Play.

"Serenely pure and yet divinely strong."—*Pope*

IRENE BREHM

K I X

Rochester, Pennsylvania

"My way is to begin with the beginning."—*Byron*



GLADYS JACOBSON, B.A.

Church's Ferry, North Dakota

"Bless you, my fortunate lady."—*All's Well*

GERTRUDE PARTHENIA McBROWN

Boston, Massachusetts

Commencement Play

"Full character'd with lasting memory."

—*Shakespeare*



Seniors' Farewell

Now has come the time when we as Seniors must pass out from Emerson to make way for "ye who follow in our footsteps." It is borne heavily upon us that it is a sad thing—to make footsteps. Always as we look back, we see the imprint of our progress. Always the impression points onward; but should we try to retrace our steps we should find it impossible. Our print has been made and now we must divide, separate, and henceforth be forever individuals—no longer the unit called "nineteen twenty-two" at Emerson. Never can our steps be retraced.

Yet we cherish our footprints and, looking back over the long four years of travel, we hold dear each memory that lives in our path and would not part with the years we have had together for all the world. Our memories are many and priceless and we keep the smallest locked in our hearts,—for the smallest are always the dearest. So for you, as record of nineteen twenty-two, we will relate the big happenings that marked the high point of each year.

First and foremost—as is common to most college classes—we were once Freshmen. Really Freshmen! We revelled in it. We maintain that we were the sixty-nine greatest Freshmen Emerson has ever endured. But to prove we were of some account we presented a Freshman Stunt, "The Wishing Well" that was good, even if we say so ourselves.

The Sophomore year found but fifty-four of our number back. As we were a war class, our numbers were small to begin with. Nevertheless, what we lacked in quantity, we made up for in quality. That year, we presented three of the best pantomimes Mrs. Hicks has ever had, as our stunt. We were very proud of ourselves and we never have grown out of that habit.

Now comes the record of our big year. The Junior episode in our travel is the high water mark of our success. Not only did we get the Year Book out on time, for the first time on record, but we put on the finest Junior Week in the late history of Emerson, Class of twenty-three's excepted. We gave ourselves heart and soul to the work and the reward was great. We finished our year in a blaze of glory—giving nineteen twenty-one a splendid send-off. We might even go so far as to say—they could not have possibly graduated without our assistance.

We stand before you now as Seniors. Our work here is ended. But the end is only a beginning of a more glorious opportunity. Our deeds you have witnessed during the past year and the record of them may be found on the various pages of this book. If we have achieved something we are proud, not because we have obtained success but because we have tried. We have tried to be like him

"Who faces issues; who never shirks;
Who waits and watches but who always works."

As we are leaving it is but right that we should leave some bit of wisdom from our experiences and the one message we have for you may be discovered in an old Arabian adage. Think of it long and find in it wisdom:

"Four things come not back:
The spoken word;
The sped arrow;
Time past;
The neglected opportunity."

Bless you, and goodbye.

BETH REBHUN, *President*



THE "GRAVE AND DIGNIFIED" SENIORS

Left to right, top row—Wai Siu, Klonda Lynn, Hazel Davis, Gertrude Townsend, Margorie Jaques, Myra Beers, Dora Karotkin, Sarah Kopelman, Marion Hart, Bonnie Sowers, Irene Thomas, Ruth Hess, Marguerite Hall, Rowena Estes.

Second row—Margaret Donoghue, Margaret McIntyre, Irene Angel, Grace Wolcott, Rebecca Ikeler, Elaine Fisher, Earl Bryan, Gladys Jacobson, Alice Lemon, Dorothy Richards, Jean Jackson.

First row—Ruth Ball, Marion Bonyman, Eileen O'Brien, Beth Rebbun (*President*), Gertrude McBrown, Venus Ochief, Ruth Kelley, Maurine Pearce, Clara Gibson.



To the Class of '22



Seniors, farewell. You go with our belief,
Our joy in you; nor time nor tide will mar
The golden memories, rich, a-gleam, that are
Your heritage, your wealth, your glad relief.
Beyond the dim portals of our parting grief
The early light of dawn we see; afar
High in the blue, lo! shines to you a star—
High symbol of our friendship all too brief!

The gifts these years have given, take with you,
These memories rich, tried friendships—our true love,
Your ten good talents trusted from above;—
May beauty blossom in whate'er you do!
Afar your own, all they who need you so,
Hold arms to you, call, beckon,—you must go!

M. F. D., '23.



EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

Thirteenth Annual Production of Old English Comedy

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1922

Presents

“The Tempest”

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Thursday Evening, February 16, 1922

On the old-time platform stage of Steinert Hall, the Senior class presented Shakespeare's “Tempest” in true seventeenth century style. This was the thirteenth production of Old English Comedy as given by E. C. O. Seniors and one of the most interesting, as it was the fourth of Shakespeare's plays to be presented and the first of his plays to be given in five years. But more especially was it interesting because it is the first time in a number of years that “The Tempest” has been produced in Boston under any auspices and indeed its production is rare in the United States of late years.

This is in a way difficult to understand, for its charm is indisputable.

“Nowhere did Shakespeare give rein to his imagination with more imposing effect than in “The Tempest.” The serious atmosphere has led critics, without much reason, to detect in the scheme of the drama a philosophic pronouncement rather than a play of mature poetic fancy. The creation of Miranda is the apotheosis of tender, ingenuous girlhood, unsophisticated by social intercourse; Ariel belongs to the same poetic world as Puck although he is delineated in the severer colors that were habitual to Shakespeare's full developed art; Caliban is an imaginary portrait conceived with matchless vigor and vividness, of the aboriginal savage of the New World; and Prospero, the guiding providence of the romance, is scholar-prince of rare intellectual attainments, whose engrossing study of the mysteries of science has given him magical command of the forces of Nature.”

“The play is what the French call a FEERIE, theatrical type of which the latest poetic example is the ‘Blue Bird.’ It has the simplicity, the naivete, the child's point of view with its easy welcome for the marvels of magic, and is the most enchanting of fairy tales, and as such achieves a beauty all its own.”

As we know it was the widening of England's possessions through the daring of her great explorers which gave the imaginative stimulus and romantic inspiration to writers of the Elizabethan Age; and it was especially the discovery of the beautiful and mysterious Bermudas, and the weird tales brought thence, which probably suggested to Shakespeare the writing of “The Tempest.”

Selected and coached by Mr. Tripp, the cast did the superior and noteworthy work which it was prophesied would be done. Margaret Donoghue as “the scholar-prince of rare attainments”—among them a voice which for its music and authoritative power would go far toward quelling any storm on land or sea!—did a remarkable and admirably sustained piece of work. Sarah Kopelman, as the repulsive embodiment of animality, was well-nigh perfect in her conception and presentation of the part—A Caliban among Calibans. Irene Thomas made an exquisite and medolious Ariel. Elaine Fisher and Elinor Flower as Trinculo and Stephano were an ever-recurrent relief of humorous character-work; while the young lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda, were played most winsomely by Ferroll Moore and Venus Ochee.



Indeed without lighting effects and without setting; with only that suggested atmosphere which music gives, the "Feerie" element and finely perceived characters were perfectly sustained.

M. F. D., '23.

THE TEMPEST

Dramatis Personae

Alonso, King of Naples.....	LUCILE HICKS
Sebastian, his brother.....	RUTH GARDNER BALL
Prospero, the right Duke of Milan.....	MARGARET LOUISE DONOGHUE
Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.....	KLONDA LYNN
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples.....	FERROLL CLAIRE MOORE
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.....	REBECCA IKELER
Francisco } Lords.....	{ CLARA GIBSON
Adrian }	{ GERTRUDE TOWNSEND
Caliban, a savage and deformed Slave.....	SARAH KOPELMAN
Trinculo, a Jester.....	HELEN ELAINE FISHER
Stephano, a drunken Butler.....	ELINOR BRYANT FLOWER
Boatswain	ROWENA ESTES
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.....	VENUS CHARLOTTE OCHEE
Ariel, an airy Spirit.....	IRENE WASHBURN THOMAS
Iris.....	HAZEL L. DAVIS
Ceres presented by Spirits.....	EUGENIA C. JACKSON
Juno.....	GRACE EVELYN WOLCOTT

NYMPHS—Jessie Southwick, Doris Plaisted, Thelma Evans, Mary Dowling.

REAPERS—Marjorie Jaques, Eileen O'Brien, Ruth Kelley, Dorothy Leith.

OTHER SPIRITS ATTENDING ON PROSPERO—Myra Beers, Gertrude McBrown, Bonnie Sowers, Wai Sheung Siu.

SCENE—A ship at sea; an uninhabited island.





RUTH ALLEN
Gainesville, Texas



MABEL LOUISE AREY
Hopedale, Massachusetts



ONEITA PATTON BARNES
Coshocton, Ohio



ESTHER LEROI BARNETT
Dorchester, Massachusetts



RUTH CANDEE BASSETTE

Z Φ H

New Britain, Connecticut



ALICE GERALDINE BIGGERS

St. Louis, Missouri



MARIAN BRALY

Z Φ H

Spring Lake, New Jersey



EDITH MARGUERITE CANAVAN

Z Φ H

Somerville, Massachusetts



DOROTHY CASWELL
Z Φ H
Somerville, Massachusetts



ANNA LAURA CLARK
Des Moines, Iowa



GENEVIEVE CLARK
K Γ X
Akron, Ohio



NADINE CURRIE
Φ M Γ
Rome, New York



MARY FRANCES DAVIS, B.A.
Garrettsville, Ohio



LILLIAN MILDRED ERICSSON, B.A.
Chicago, Illinois



MARTHA BELLE FREED, B.S.
Henderson, Tennessee



DEETTE AILEEN GRACEY, B.A.
Z Φ H
Des Moines, Iowa



JESSIE ULRICA GRANT
K F X
Beverly, Massachusetts



CATHLEEN HOPE HAYHURST, B.S.
Rolette, North Dakota



HELEN HAZEL HEATH
K F X
Killingly, Connecticut



MAREE GERTRUDE HILLIER
Renova, Pennsylvania



FRANCES LAVINIA HUESTON
Westbrook, Maine



MARY ELIZABETH HURLBUT
Oswego, Kansas



JESSIE ELGIN HAMILTON
Φ M Γ
Okemulgee, Oklahoma



CHARLES EDWARD JORALEMON
Φ A T
Snedekerville, Pennsylvania



DOROTHY EVELINE LEITH
Φ Μ Γ
New Rochelle, New York



CHARLOTTE BARBER MESERVE
Ζ Φ Η
Penacook, New Hampshire



MADELINE MACKECHNEY
Φ Μ Γ
Wichita Falls, Texas



VESTA IRMA NELSON
Κ Γ Χ
Watertown, Massachusetts



DORIS WINIFRED PLAISTED
K F X
Bangor, Maine



RUTH L. POTTER
Lanesboro, Pennsylvania



MARY EMILY REID, B.A.
Bucyrus, Ohio



ALLE MORRIS ROBINSON, B.A.
Cedar Falls, Iowa



DOROTHY H. P. ROBINSON
Woolwich, Maine



MYRREL RODNEY
Z Φ H
Kansas City, Missouri



SILVIO SANTAYANA
Providence, Rhode Island



FRANCES AURILLA SCOTT
Z Φ H
Lowell, Massachusetts



EMILY LOUISE SEABER
K Γ X
Wellesley, Massachusetts



RUTH CHAPMAN SEAMAN
Bellmore, New York



MEADE SEAWELL
Carthage, North Carolina



DOROTHY VIRGINIA SLEEPER
Z Φ H
Binghamton, New York



ELLEN MARY STAPLETON
Z Φ H
Geneva, New York



MARY VERNITA STEWART
Waxahachie, Texas



LOUISE MINA STOCKTON
Dallas, Texas



ALICE McKEVETT TEAGUE
Santa Paula, California



EUGENIA GORDON TERWILLIGER

K Γ X

Highland, New York



MARY FRANCES WALSH

Dorchester, Massachusetts



ADA VICTORIA WANBERG

Cherokee, Iowa



HELEN MARIE KING

Φ Μ Γ

Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania



A La V. N.



As Freshmen, the Class of 1923 achieved the name of the most talented but laziest class of students that has attended E. C. O. for some years.

As Sophomores they lived up to their reputation.

As Juniors they have achieved the name of the most talented and peppiest class E. C. O. has seen for some years.

Wherein lies the change?

Can it be Juliet's awaking?

Or Petruchio's taming?

Or Seaber's revival meetings?

Or Nelson's vivid example?

But whate'er has been done has been done well and done quickly.

"Pleasure before business" seems to be their motto as they initiated the year with a frolic at Hampton Court. There were rings and things in fine array, silks and satins and laughter gay, with slick-haired Romeos of the day; with innocent Shylocks exacting their pound for E. C. O.'s fund when the plates went round.

Not satisfied at this haul, the Juniors decided that all men, who were so unappreciative of the female of the species as to neglect the matrimonial altar, should pay their fine for procrastination in duty. Owing to the fact that the faculty believe in marriage, the affirmative won.

The pep of the class came to its fruition February 28, 1922, when the class sang their way into Junior week. Confetti was generously applied and flowers inhaled. Thus endeth the first lesson. Junior Stunt proved the second in which the class nobly surpassed all technique of Dramatic Training. Thus endeth the second. Junior Recitals included "A Visit to a Modern Art Exhibit" with "Two of Them," "Slippy McGee" (with "Three Pills in a Bottle") and "Her Father's Daughter." Program concluded: "What Chance Has A Man" at JUNIOR PROM?

Continuing the campaign for money, the Junior class succeeded in influencing the Senate to pass the Bonus Bill. This was accomplished in a world-famous debate at Huntington Chambers Hall on March 9th. Many notables were present.

Since then—

Buoyed by the pep of '23, Emerson sails swiftly to its FINIS.

—V. N. '23



Junior Week

FEBRUARY 28 — MARCH 4, 1922



JUNIOR WEEK COMMITTEES

Song Committee—

HELEN HEATH, *Chairman*
MABEL AREY
DORIS PLAISTED
MARY WALSH

Prom Committee—

DOROTHY LEITH, *Chairman*
EUGENIA TERWILLIGER
DORIS PLAISTED
RUTH BASSETTE

Stunt—

FRANCES HUESTON
JESSIE GRANT

Play—

VESTA NELSON

TUESDAY, JUNE 9

A CLASS REUNION

1. Representatives of the Class of '23, E. C. O., enter, singing.

(Tune: "Sailing")

(Song) "Come on, Seniors,
Don't sigh, "Alas! Alack!"
For every year to your reunion
You'll come sailing back.
Alma Mater will greet you
Forever and for aye.
At chapel time we'll meet you
As in the days gone by."

(*Words by Helen Heath*)

BASSETTE: Isn't it great to be together again? Emily, it surely was a good idea of yours to have us all out here.

EMILY: I've been looking forward to it for weeks. The thing that started it all was my coming across one of my old Evolution books. Are n't some of you all teaching it? How about you, Marian?

MARIAN: Yes, let me tell you about it.

2. Verses are sung by Marian Braly, group joins in chorus.

(Tune: "I've got Ten Little Fingers")

(Song) "I met a pal from Tennessee
And with a tear she greeted me.
She was feeling sorry, oh, so sorry,
Just as sad as she could be.
She missed the work she'd left undone
In her years at Emerson,
Tears streaming from her eyes.
Just had to sympathize
When I heard her say:

CHORUS

“ Oh, I've got four little red books
 With four steps in each,
 Back in Emerson
 Waiting to be done.
 I never tho't I really hadn't ought to
 Give them a joking name
 For I love them just the same.
 Oh, gee I'd kiss every chapter
 I'd learn every line.
 You don't know how I miss them
 For I need them all the time.
 Altho' I used to learn them when upon my way to class,
 I did it, for without them I would surely never pass.
 Oh, I've got four little red books
 Worth their weight in gold
 Waiting back in Emerson for me.”

(Helen Heath)

CHARLOTTE: Helen, are you sorry you didn't teach or do you like the stage?

HELEN: Oh, yes, I like it, but——

3.

(Tune: “ April Showers ”)

(Song) “ The stage is not a highway strewn with flowers,
 Tho' it holds a goodly share of bliss.
 Grease paint covers many lonely hours.
 Here's a point that you should never miss:

CHORUS

“ Tho' many bright lights may come your way,
 They're just the white lights, star dust they say.
 And tho' you're dreaming of great success,
 You'll find it isn't stars or stardust that will bring you happiness.
 And tho' your name is off on the bill
 It's not the real thing, it's just a thrill.
 So keep on looking for the “ big chance ”
 And play your little part,
 For star-dust will not satisfy your heart.”

(Helen Heath)

JEAN: And remember how good we tho't we were when we first came to Emerson!

4.

(Tune adapted)

(Song) “ I came to Boston two years ago.
 I was just seventeen.
 I entered Emerson College,
 My color, it was green.
 But when I'd been here just two weeks,
 I stayed out late one night.
 When I crept in at two o'clock
 I was in an awful plight,
 For
 They wouldn't let me go out alone
 For days and days and days.
 I couldn't have another date,



For days and days and days;
My house-mother saw me come in,
To be quiet, it never pays.
For they put me on probation
For days and days and days.

“ Next year I was a Sophomore bold,
(I don't see how I passed
For the things I thought I used to know
Were slipping from me fast.)
I grew discouraged as days went by
And I found how little I knew,
And we bold Sophomores grew quite meek
Before the year was through.

For

Kenny kept finding fault with us
For days and days and days!
And Trippy couldn't stand us
For days and days and days.
We began to think as days went by:
To work it never pays.
But dear Dean Ross said: “Just keep on,”
For days and days and days!

“ And now I am a Junior
As happy as can be.
I've found where my ship is headed for
E'en tho' I'm still at sea.
Trippy's begun to notice us more,
And Kenny seems quite nice.
And because we're upper classmen,
They all seek our advice.

For

Now, we've been to Emerson
For days and days and days.
We've known the faculty personally,
For days and days and days.
We don't admit that we know it all
But to work it surely pays.
And we're going to keep on studying
For days and days and days! ”

(Emily Seaber)

EMILY: What a chase we did lead our poor dear faculty!

JAKY: Yes, but we loved them just the same.

5.

(Tune: “Baby Dreams”)

(Song) “ Faculty, dear Faculty
We will always try to be
Emersonians good and true,—
For example, look to you.
You have been our guiding star
Shining on us from afar.
Grateful for your help are we
Dear Faculty.”

(Mabel Arey)



DORIS: Has anyone seen anything of them, lately?

EDITH: Well, I came back on the same train with Prexy from Texas last spring. He had been on one of his tours and we had a fine visit.

6. (Tune: "Peggy O'Neil")

(Song) "At E. C. O.
There's a man you should know,
Who is dear to the hearts of us all.
And we'll tell you why
You can't pass him by
In class-room, or street, or hall:—

"If his hair is white as snows,
Our Prexy, that's he,
If he smiles where'er he goes,
That's Prexy, you see.
If he greets you with handclasp so true,
Gives inspiration in all that you do,
Cheerful vitality, great personality,—
Yes, Prexy, that's he!"

(Mabel Arey)

ELLEN: And what about Dean?

ALL: Dear old Dean!

(Tune: "Old Pal, why don't you answer me?")
(Song) "There is a man who's always just the same,—
A friend to all in deed as well as name.
Take to him your sorrow, you will surely find
That upon the morrow, it is silver-lined.

"To Dean we give our thanks sincere,
To Dean who always is so kind.
He gives his best to everyone each year.
Our hearts to him his love does bind.
In after years, though wand'ring far or near
A better friend we'll never find."

(Mabel Arey)

EMILY: Well, girls, you know he almost came today but they were so busy moving into the new building that he couldn't get away.

ALL: Oh, really!

RICA: I'm so glad they have their new building at last. How we worked for it!

MARY: And remember the mistletoe drives?

7. (Tune: "Can't you hear me calling?")

(Song) "Oh! from early morn till late one night
We trudged about,
With a basket on our arms
And a cheerful shout,
A little purple box to keep all our money in,
And then we were all ready to begin.

CHORUS

"Won't you buy my mistletoe,
Fresh green mistletoe,
Ten cents a sprig,
Yes, to help our college grow.
Oh, sir your change?
I have no change!—(Speaking) Thank you!
Won't you buy a sprig,
A tiny sprig of mistletoe?"



“Oh, we sold to short men, sold to
Tall men, thin and fat,
And they liked to have a pleasant but a lengthy chat.
Our baskets grew so heavy,
And our hearts grew light,
But never was our cry anything but bright.

CHORUS

Won't you buy our mistletoe,
Fresh, green mistletoe,
Oh, sir, that doesn't go
With a ten-cent sprig of mistletoe!
Oh, sir your change?
I have no change!—*Thank you!*
Won't you buy a sprig,
A tiny sprig of mistletoe?

“When the day was o'er
Our baskets gone and we returned,
Oh, the stories that we told,
And the truths we learned.
That night in Slumberland
As on our beds we lay,
This is just what
The Sandman must have heard us say:

(Chorus as after the first verse)

(*Mary Walsh*)

NADINE: They say they have wonderful new dorms.

EDITH: Yes. Emily and I were over the other day.

CHARLOTTE: Remember how hard Mrs. Hicks worked getting our homes started?

JAKEY: She certainly did well.

8.

(Tune: “Home, Sweet Home”)

(Song) — “There's a teacher at Emerson
Who loves our college well.
She has given us a blessing
And our thanks are hard to tell.
She gave us our homes
Where we live at E. C. O.
And we will love her dearly,
Where ever we may go.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home
For Mrs. Hicks has given
Her college Home, sweet home.”

(*Mabel Arcy*)

MARY: Yes, and there's somebody else who worked hard there. Look at the new Children's Theater.

MABEL: Yes, we all know who did that.

9.

(Tune: “Georgie Porgie”)

(Song) — “There is someone at E. C. O.
Who is anything but slow.
All the kiddies love her too;
Fairylnd she makes come true.

Surely you know her name,
Miss Winn.
She has us all to tame,
Miss Winn.
From grown-up young ladies
To bears, snakes and babies,
But—we love her just the same,
Miss Winn." *(Mary Walsh)*

ELLEN: Well, Doris, what are you dreaming about?

DORIS: I was just remembering the time when I was on three weeks pro.

10. (Tune: "When you're wearing the ball and chain")
(Song) "When you're put upon a three-weeks' length probation,
For appearing after twelve upon the scene,
There's no time for your repentance,
You will have to serve your sentence,
Though you go to Dean.
You've a number and you may be sure they have it.
It is for the common good, so don't complain.
Procrastination is the crime
For which they have you serving time,
As your ankle wears the ball and chain!"
(Helen Heath)

EMILY: They were certainly happy days, even though we did get put on pro.

NADINE: They certainly were. Oh, girls, remember our class song, the one we made up when we were Juniors?

ALL: Yes, let's sing it.

11. (Tune: "Pep")
(Song) "First you take a little ginger,
Then you take a little grit
Add a little bit of sunshine,
Just to make a hit.
Then you add a little spirit,
Then a lot of old-time pep,
Put them all together
And you have the Juniors' REP!"
(Mary Walsh)

DORIS: Remember the Senior Song?

ALL: Oh, yes; let's sing that.

12. (Tune: "Learn to smile")
(Song) "Seniors all,
When you hear the call
Of the great wide world that's waiting for your greeting,
Don't forget
That we love you yet,
And we're looking forward to our future meeting.
We have seen
What true friendship means,
And we're glad that we have known you for a while,
So we'll part
With a saddened heart,
But we'll say 'Goodbye,' dear Seniors, with a smile."
(Mabel Arcy)



WEDNESDAY, 9 A. M.

JUNIOR STUNT

Written and Directed by FRANCES HUESTON and RICA GRANT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Judge	ONEITA BARNES
Officer 666.....	EDITH CANAVAN
Herald	MARY WALSH
Shakespeare	FRANCES SCOTT
Marlowe	NITA STEWART
Kipling.....	MARIAN BRALY
Tennyson.....	MAREE HILLYER
Browning	LILLIAN ERICSSON
Dickens.....	CATHLEEN HAYHURST
Hamlet.....	CATHERINE NASH
Lady Macbeth.....	MARY ELIZABETH HURLBUT
Romeo	LOUISE STOCKTON
Katherine.....	DORIS PLAISTED
Petruchio	ELLEN STAPLETON
Juliet.....	DOROTHY SLEEPER
Dean Ross.....	CHARLES JORALEMON
Prexy	RUTH ALLEN
Mr. Kenney.....	RUTH POTTER
Mrs. Hicks.....	CHARLOTTE MESERVE
Trippy	EUGENIA TERWILLIGER
Miss Smith.....	HELEN HEATH
Students.....	{ RUTH BASSETTE MABEL AREY DOROTHY CASWELL



HERALD:

"Hear ye, Hear ye, who are hither come
By our request to learn of Emerson!
A pioneer this worthy school has been,
In literary fields—led by the Dean,
It blazed the trail for other schools to start,
And reap the profits earned by Emerson's art,
In forty years this institution grew
To be a power in an art so new
The faculty, whose aim in life has been
To work untiringly, a place to win
For their college, among the famous few
Who teach their art, and know their art is true.
Today they bring before the court a plea
That Emerson may have futurity.
Posterity appears against the case,
And him their witnesses are here to face.
The jurymen whose vote will win or lose,
Are men whose many works the teachers use,
All ye who now have come to hear this case,
Should listen with a calm and sober face!"

THE JUDGE: The case before the docket is: Whether the Emerson College of Oratory is worthy of future life and endowment and a place in the Hall of Fame; the case is now open.

THE ATTORNEY FOR E. C. O.: I call first to the witness stand, President Henry Lawrence Southwick. (Prexy enters from right) President Southwick, you will please state in a few words why you think the Emerson College of Oratory is worthy of endowment, and a place in the Hall of Fame.

PREXY: I consider that Emerson is a college which is doing a unique work as an institution of learning in America. It is a professional school, and is the only privately owned institution of its kind empowered to grant degrees, that of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation. Emerson is to the professional world what the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is to the technical world. In fact there has been a strong friendship between the two institutions and a union between the students.

POSTERITY'S ATTORNEY: I object, your Honor; the President must stick to his point. "Tech" has nothing to do with Emerson.

E. C. O.: Your Honor, this objection should not be sustained, because as everyone knows, "Tech" has a great deal to do with Emerson.

THE JUDGE: The objection is overruled, the witness may proceed.

PREXY: Where was I?

E. C. O.: At the union.

PREXY: Our graduates are to be found everywhere, from the wet regions of Canada, where in October the most beautiful of autumnal foliage is to be found; to the sunny south—Great Heavens!!!!

MISS AREY enters left eating an iceberg and a sandwich and wanders around the stage—registering blankness—she remains on the stage until the Judge says "I will not stand for it."

JUDGE: I shall not allow eating in the court-room. How can a witness testify correctly when such prodigious amounts of food are being vulgarly masticated. It makes the mouth literally water. I shall not stand for it.

OFFICER "666": Sure, an' I would be after gettin' the sandwich for ye, your Honor but the lady has "shifted."

E. C. O.: I turn the witness over to the prosecuting attorney.



POSTERITY'S ATTORNEY: Now President Southwick—Just what kind of a union were you referring to back there, in speaking of "Tech"? A labor union?

PREXY: A Marriage union; since the Juniors have proved that the Bachelors ought to be taxed, and have also shown that it only costs five dollars to be married, so there has been a decided increase in the number of marriages.

POSTERITY: Is it customary to eat during classes at Emerson and to keep hats and coats on?

PREXY: Well not in mine.

POSTERITY: I want a yes or no answer; is it done?

PREXY: (solemnly) Yes.

POSTERITY: You are very proud of your system of Physical Culture, yet, do your students take the exercises every morning?

PREXY: Yes, except those who are suffering with "sit down-ites."

POSTERITY: What classes do you conduct personally which seem to you to make Emerson worthy of endowment?

PREXY: Why Shades of Hamlet!

POSTERITY: I excuse the witness.

HAMLET: You called—"Oh me it is; it was to be—my rehearsal— must I bear these barbs and mutterings of outrageous Freshmen, and all for love of thee, Oh, Prexy?"

LADY MACBETH: Why worthy thane, you do unbend your noble strength to think so brainsickly of things.

HAMLET: Oh! that this too, too, solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve into dew— How weary stale and flat and unprofitable seems to me all uses of this world, I have of late lost all my mirth, in watching those awful Freshmen—Oh! that the everlasting hand had not fixed his Cannon against wholesale slaughter, now I might do it pat but then they would go to Heaven—

LADY MACBETH: What made you break this enterprise of murder to me if you are afraid to do it—These Freshmen must and shall be done away with.

HAMLET: If we should fail!

LADY MACBETH: We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking point and we'll not fail.

HAMLET: I can not—my intellect dominates me.

LADY MACBETH: Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers—hence, go, the bloody deed to do.

SHAKESPERE: I can sympathize, Hamlet, my boy. It is no wonder that I turn over in my grave. Mr. Tripp was right.

E. C. O. I now call Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks to the witness stand. Mrs. Hicks will you tell the court your reasons for believing Emerson to be worthy of futurity?

MRS. HICKS: I think the Emerson College of Oratory is worthy of Futurity principally because of the study of the eminent Shakespere. Especially his romantic masterpiece, "Romeo and Juliet." Do you know that Romeo has been true to me all these years that I have been teaching him? Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?

ROMEO: Here, dear. Ever faithful am I, such is my love's transgression that no griefs heaped upon me by the Juniors can make me forswear thee. By yonder blessed moon I swear!!

MRS. HICKS: Oh, swear not by the moon—the inconstant moon.

ROMEO: What shall I swear by?

KATHERINE: I swear I'll cuff you if you swear again.

ROMEO: Good Katey,—I am a gentleman.



KATHERINE: That I'll try (Shrew action). Now let her that moved you hither remove you hence—Go!!!—(Casting withering looks at Mrs. Hicks) and augment the dew with tears, but! I'll go with you lest you forget, and I'll comb your noddle with a three-legged stool and paint your face and use you like a fool.

MRS. HICKS: Why doesn't Walter Tripp take care of Katherine; if he were in class more often perhaps he could. Oh, where is my Romeo. (She weeps)

THE ATTORNEYS both together: WE EXCUSE THE WITNESS!!!!
Officer 666 takes her out

E. C. O.: I now call to the stand William Howland Kenney.

KENNEY: When I enter a room I want every one to know I'm here. (Very softly spoken) All over the room sound of mutterings and then some one has courage to say "Please speak louder, that can't be heard four rows."

DOROTHY CASWELL enters with yellow stockings and overshoes on, reciting Bible verses. Kenney immediately recovers his voice.

KENNEY: This is not a sample of the Emerson voice, I assure you. Hear mine,—open throat, resonance—the snapping of the chest—that is the Emerson voice! I will not have that girl on the stage with me, she fusses me.

TWO ATTORNEYS: (in a hurry) We excuse the witness.

E. C. O.: I now call Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp to take the stand.—Mr. Tripp, why haven't you taken better care of Katherine?

TRIPP: I consider that after the Juniors and Julia Marlowe get through with her that she is not worth bothering about. The only person she can dominate is a silly, weak, effeminate—

Katherine pokes her head through the curtains and looks at Mr. Tripp—he is completely squelched. When she withdraws Tripp recovers, after skulking around the stage to see if she has gone.

ATTORNEY: Yes, yes, go on about Katherine.

TRIPP: No. I am going to talk of Petruchio now, as played by Sothern and myself. Sothern is next to the greatest living Petruchio, and I am still living. He is an ideal character. Even in Emerson he has a chance, haven't you, Petruchio, old boy? Petruchio comes in from side with Juliet tagging along behind him.

TRIPP: Petruchio, you with a woman—I am ashamed of you—Who is she?

PETR: She's called plain Jule, and bonny Jule and sometimes Jule the curst. She found her Romeo steeped in blood, and so came to Petruchio.

JULIET: What's in a name? That which we call a carrot by any other name would taste as sweet; and so Petruchio retains that sweet perfection which Romeo had.

PETRUCHIO: Now look here, Juliet: setting this poetry aside—I am the one born to cure this mush in you, and bring you from a pensive mooning Jule to a Jule as comfortable as any other Jule.

JULIET: But believe me love, I cannot have it so, the light of life is love to me.

TRIPP: I never thought you would come to this.

POSTERITY: Has this anything to do with the case?

E. C. O.: All professors find great enjoyment in wandering away from the subject at hand, I excuse the witness.

Tripp and Petruchio exit with their arms around each other and wave Juliet out in front of them.

E. C. O.: All professors do not treat their subjects so. Miss Lilia Estelle Smith take the stand.

MISS SMITH: How much time have I? You see my train was twenty minutes late and I had to hurry and I forgot my rubbers, and my brother forgot to shovel down the



walk and left me to tend to the furnace: And I hope yop will excuse me—but our little collie dog, Laddie, came and did the cutest little trick just before leaving—you see he ran down across the street following the cat and we do not allow him to go across the street, but he went, and he knew that he should not have gone, but anyway, when he went and he knew that he should not have gone but anyway when he came home he went right into his basket which is the place we make him go into for punishment and then—etc.

E. C. O. (Trying in vain to get a word in edgewise—finally yells) Miss Smith, will you please confine your remarks to the value of Emerson College, and just why you think Emerson is worthy of Eternal Life.

MISS SMITH: Emerson teaches its pupils how to stand correctly; talk correctly and pronounce correctly—by the way, we have had two-hour discussions about strawberries, and do you know, I am sure that no one in that class will ever mispronounce it again.

Enter MISS RUTH BASSETTE. She bows, and taking one of the attorney's chairs, drags it to center stage and starts playing poker in pantomime.

MISS SMITH: I once taught a man here in Emerson, who is now the head of a business house in New Zealand and a millionaire, and he said that all he ever knew about salesmanship he learned from my class.

The court is watching Miss Bassette; and Miss Smith, noticing it, resents it, and rising to her full height, says: "Your Honor I wish you would remove *that girl* from the room. She is annoying me. I am in the habit of having every eye on me while I am speaking.

KIT MARLOWE: By Gad, I'll vote for Emerson if that girl will teach me to play that game; that is something the great Marlowe never knew. (He starts from his seat but Browning pulls him back.)

MISS SMITH: Well, I will wait until you are all ready to listen to me; but first send that monstrosity out.

JUDGE to OFFICER 666: (In a disgusted voice, looking at Miss Smith) Show the interesting young lady out.

Officer 666 takes Bassette by the hair of the head and drags her down to extreme right and they both sit down on the floor (Officer 666 having pantomimed that he wants her to play cards with him). He takes a deck of cards from his pocket and they play.

Miss Smith maintains a hurt and dignified silence until the Judge has to give the order of dismissal much against his will, the court sighing.

JUDGE: Throw that woman out!!!!

MISS SMITH: Now that I have every one's attention, I will proceed. Our system of Physical Culture gives to the body, poise, bearing, health and freedom from germs and rigidity.

E. C. O.: I turn the witness over to the attorney for posterity.

POSTERITY: What did you mean Miss Smith when you were speaking of Strawberries; were you referring to the pronouncing of them, the raising of them, or the eating of them?

MISS SMITH: All these things. When I teach a subject, I always teach every phase of that subject.

POSTERITY: Oh!!!! Yeeeessssss. I excuse the witness.

E. C. O.: I now call to the Witness stand Dean Harry Seymour Ross. Why, Dean Ross, do you think Emerson is worthy of future life?

DEAN ROSS: I think Emerson is worthy of future life because it is a college of practical arts that is rare among the American Institutions of learning. It trains its students to direct, to create, and to become better people. It developes all the dormant



powers within them and directs their energies in correct paths of expression. It is a college of liberal arts in the study of literature. In its curriculum are the works of all the authors from Beowulf to Masfield. It even teaches the intelligent interpretation of those poems of which there are three kinds—those everybody understands—those the student understands—and those which neither God nor the author understands.

BROWNING: He's knocking me!!!

TENNYSON: Why, Robby, how you talk since you passed beyond the pale.

DEAN ROSS: The personal and literary culture to be obtained are of the highest value. The aim of the college is to develop a strong personality, and a cultured and noble manhood and womanhood. When a man loves the truth and lives it, and can present it effectively to others, he has received the best possible preparation for the work of life as well as for the work of Oratory.

(The Herald enters and says that there is some one to see the Dean—that the Dormitory committee has sent them to him because of misbehaviour and asks if he would see them now.)

The Dean looks at the Judge and Attorneys and as they assent he also nods.

The Herald ushers in Ruth Seaman and Geraldine Biggers. Both are terrified. Officer 666 gets up and looks at them suspiciously and they cringe—

DEAN: Now, girls, what is the trouble; I am sure there must have been some mistake?

GIRLS: We were out till three o'clock in the morning and climbed in the upstairs window by shinning up the water conductor.

DEAN: Why, girls, I am truly astounded. Why didn't you go up the fire escape?

GIRLS: We didn't THINK OF IT!!!!

DEAN: Next time be more thoughtful—and by the way why were you out so late?

MISS SEAMAN: We were counting the lights on the esplanade . . . and it took a long time.

MISS BIGGERS: Yes, there are 538 of them. You see how exact I am.

DEAN: Well, since you now know how many lights there are on the esplanade it will not be necessary for you to be out so late again. I trust it will not happen again?

GIRLS: (EMPHATICALLY) It will not, sir.

DEAN: You may go. (He sighs wearily and sinks into the witness chair)

E. C. O.: How often are you disturbed this way, Dean Ross?

DEAN: About 538 times a day I should judge. Between Mr. Kenney and the lights on the esplanade I am kept very busy.

E. C. O.: You may now proceed.

DEAN: Well, "the greatest thing in Oratory is the orator." These in a word are the aims of our college and so that we may continue fulfilling them and in so doing make our students better men and women, we are now entering our plea for future life and endowment.

E. C. O. The witness is excused; I now rest my case.

POSTERITY: I, also, rest my case.

JUDGE: I do hereby charge the jury to bring in a decision concerning this question, as to whether Emerson College is worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame. Weigh carefully all that has been said of her today, and then cast your vote.

The Jury confers for a minute.

KIPLING, the CHAIRMAN rises: We are all agreed that Emerson is indeed worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame, and of eternal endowment. The testimony of the last speaker shows that Emerson College has within it a man who also is worthy of posterity, and whose name, along with mine, will belong to the ages.

JUDGE: You have all heard the decision; the court is dismissed.

(Finis)



THURSDAY, 11.15 A. M.

JUNIOR RECITAL

- I. "Slippy McGee".....*By Marie Oemler*
EUGENIA TERWILLIGER
- II. "Three Pills in a Bottle".....*By Rachel Field*
MARY VERNITA STEWART
- III. "Her Father's Daughter".....*By L. M. Montgomery*
J. RICA GRANT
- IV. "A Modernist Art Exhibit".....*By Lily Carthew*
DORIS PLAISTED
- V. "The Two of Them".....*By J. M. Barrie*
ELLEN STAPLETON



FRIDAY, 9.00 A. M.

ADDRESS BY DEAN ROSS

Songs of Scotland

SOLOIST—MARJORIE KINNE DEWEY

Accompanist—DORIS PLAISTED

On Friday morning, Dean Ross talked on the songs of Scotland of meditative or religious cast. These have been generally neglected by us as students of literature; no selection of them has been made which separates this type of poetry from the body of Scotch song-writing, and there is no book of Scottish religious poetry. These are well worth our while and we should not let the dialect stand in the way of our enjoying the message they have for us. Dean Ross read some of these, among them: "A Cotter's Saturday Night," "A Man's a Man for a' That," and "John Anderson, my jo, John," and pointed out their significance and message. In connection with "The Land o' the Leal," Dean spoke of Lady Nairn and of the discussion as to whether she or Burns was the author. To add charm to the program, Mrs. Marjorie Kinne Dewey, E. C. O., '10, with Doris Plaisted as accompanist, sang: "John Anderson, my jo, John," "The Land o' the Leal," and "My Ain Countree."



WHAT CHANCE HAS A MAN?

ONE-ACT PLAY

By VESTA NELSON

CHARACTERS

ELOISE LANGLEY, a young society woman
PAUL STONE, a young college boy
KEENE STONE, bachelor, elder brother of Paul
MRS. HAURDON, a hostess
MRS. FRIEZE, a guest

Time: Evening.

Place: Reception room at Mrs. Haurdon's ball.

Scene: Opens with Mrs. Haurdon conversing with one of her guests, Mrs. Frieze.

FRIEZE: Isn't it surprising about Eloise? I had no idea she would ever consider anyone so young as Paul. I wonder how he ever persuaded her to think of marriage?

HAURDON: It was a shock, but no one knows what Eloise will do. I am wondering how Keene will accept the news. You know, she was engaged to him years ago, but something broke it up and no one has been clever enough to find out what it was.

FRIEZE: I know—I remember their affair very well. No one ever dreamt they would ever separate. I never saw two more in love than they were. I have often wondered if there might not be a spark of the fire still burning. Until now neither of them have considered marriage.

HAURDON: I have thought of that—you remember shortly after the affair Eloise went abroad. I believe she had rather an exciting time over there from the reports.

FRIEZE: Yes, I gathered that from her own story.

HAURDON: Then after her return nothing but a repetition of affairs. Eloise has collected many scalps I fear.

FRIEZE: It has been perfectly scandalous. Eloise really should be more careful—why she even tolerated Mr. Raimart and you know what everyone thought of him.

HAURDON: Her admirers have ranged from twenty upward, and to think she has chosen Paul.

FRIEZE: I don't admire her taste—for a woman of Eloise's wisdom I must say she has made a poor choice. They aren't even suited to each other.

HAURDON: It is an interesting contrast. Eloise, the worldly wise, spoilt, clever, sophisticated society girl, wooed by many only to remain disinterested in any, to be won by a young college boy, with practically no idea of life and its ways. Paul is a dear boy but terribly young for Eloise.

FRIEZE: Perhaps she finds him refreshing.

HAURDON: I can't quite understand it all but it is her affair and I haven't a doubt she can handle it.

FRIEZE: But it is quite unforgivable for Eloise to ruin Paul's life—you know she is bound to do so. I think she is just doing it to spite Keene, I never thought she ever quite got over that affair.

HAURDON: Yet if Eloise wanted Keene she'd have him, I am sure of that. You know she has a way with her that usually gets what it wants.

FRIEZE: Still Eloise is proud. She would not have him unless she was sure her love was returned.

HAURDON: Few people understand Eloise. Many think her adventuresome, inclined to take life with a laugh, yet she has depths that no one knows of and is not so indifferent to real things of life as she would have us think. I really do believe Eloise has loved deeply once—perhaps it was Keene—but whoever it was he missed a big thing when he let it slip by him.

FRIEZE: Eloise is far from ordinary—that's what makes this engagement seem all the more strange.

HAURDON: It is a shame—they are not a pair to find happiness together. Keene will despise us all more than ever now that a woman has enamoured Paul. How he will act when he hears it is Eloise is beyond my imagination.

FRIEZE: That is what makes me believe Keene still cares. Look how he has acted all these years—a regular bear as far as the ladies are concerned.

HAURDON: Paul has filled his heart—he cares a great deal for the boy.

FRIEZE: Yes, but that is no reason for his attitude toward us all. Keene can be perfectly charming when he chooses, but at times he is positively rude.

HAURDON: Nonsense! Keene is sometimes cold and hard but his heart is very large. Why, there isn't a man that doesn't speak well of him and in the highest terms. Personally I think he is splendid.

FRIEZE: Well, it's a pity he didn't marry Eloise, that's all I say.

HAURDON: Yes, it is—a great pity.

FRIEZE: I suppose Paul and Eloise are here?

HAURDON: Yes, both of them—

(Conversation interrupted by entrance of butler bearing card. Mrs. Haurdon takes it and reads)

HAURDON: Keene Stone. Now this party will be interesting. Show him in here!
(Exit butler)

FRIEZE: Do you suppose he has heard?

HAURDON: Of course he has, and has come to put an end to it, I'll wager. He wouldn't approve of gay Eloise for his brother.

FRIEZE: Well, I'll find Henry, if you'll excuse me. I know you'll have much to say to Keene. (Exit)

(Butler shows Keene Stone in. Keene bows and greets hostess)

KEENE: I hope you will pardon this intrusion, Mrs. Haurdon, but I have just arrived and am very anxious to speak to my brother Paul—

HAURDON: Why, of course, Keene—you know you are always welcome here. I am very sorry about all this. I can't imagine what Eloise is thinking of.

KEENE: I'm here to put an end to it. Why, it is ridiculous.

HAURDON: Eloise really ought to be spanked.

KEENE: I shall state my mind quite strongly. She is to leave Paul alone or I'll know the reason why—I did think Eloise had some sense.

HAURDON: Now, Keene, don't be too harsh on her,—but I'll leave you now. I will send Paul to you and see that you are not disturbed.

KEENE: Thank you, Mrs. Haurdon, you are always kind.

(Mrs. Haurdon smiles and goes out to find Paul. Keene prepares to smoke and Eloise enters)

ELOISE: Good evening, Keene. How are you?

KEENE (coolly): Nicely, and you? How are you, Eloise?

ELOISE: Ah, sophisticated and bored as usual, but how well you look.

KEENE (crossly): Thank you.



ELOISE: And as charming as usual, I see.

KEENE: (freezingly) Thank you again.

ELOISE: It is sweet of you to ask me to stay. You seem restless, Keene.

KEENE: I am expecting Paul.

ELOISE: My fiance—how interesting.

KEENE: It will be interesting to see how quickly I put an end to this senseless engagement.

ELOISE: Poor senseless Paul.

KEENE (insinuatingly) I did not say Paul was senseless.

ELOISE: Of course not, rather that I am for accepting Paul.

KEENE: Paul's alright if you'd let him alone.

ELOISE: He loves divinely—

KEENE: Youth's silliness—

ELOISE: A bachelor's pleasure—

KEENE (sharply): What do you mean?

ELOISE: Nothing personal, old dear. That's the pity of it.

KEENE: Pity?

ELOISE: Exactly. It is always a pity to me to see a man as good-looking as you are alone and unloved—poor Keene!

KEENE: Don't waste your sympathies on me. My life is quite complete. I need nothing more.

ELOISE: You are fortunate, not everyone can be so self-satisfied.

KEENE: There'd be less trouble-makers if more were.

ELOISE: Exactly, why not convert a few of your friends?

KEENE: There are a few I would enjoy making over.

ELOISE: I have had those spells also but I find it is bad business—sometimes you grow more like them than they like you.

KEENE: Look here, Eloise. I'm tired of wasting words. I disapprove of this engagement and I shall end it.

ELOISE: I am very glad, Keene. I should hate to think of marrying Paul.

KEENE: What?

ELOISE: Oh, he's refreshing, handsome, adorable. I love his unique expressions, his careless ways and his winning smile. Such a boy is Paul. I don't wonder you care for him, but I do not think I would care to marry him. You see, I rather hoped you wouldn't be pleased to call me sister-in-law.

KEENE: Then you don't intend to marry him—

ELOISE: Oh, yes, perhaps, but I am pleased that you do not wish it.

KEENE (exasperated): You are the most unusual woman. I can't understand you at all.

ELOISE: That is why you find me interesting, my dear—but here's Paul. I'll depart so you can tell him all about my wicked self. Don't be too harsh. Remember, you were young once. (Exits, smiling)

PAUL: I say, Keene, this is the berries! I've been waiting for your word of congratulation to make things complete. Great of you to hurry home. What do you think of your trick brother?

KEENE: I think he has a lot to learn. Boy, surely you don't think that I approve of this impossible engagement? Eloise is too old for you and far too worldly. Can't you see it's ridiculous?

PAUL (surprised): But I say, old man, I thought you liked Eloise. You always said she was the cleverest girl you knew—



KEENE: Too clever for you, Paul. That is one of the reasons she would make you miserable. Can't you see sense—she doesn't even love you. Never did love anyone but herself and never will.

PAUL: Now, Keene, let's sit down and talk it over. You admit that Eloise is clever and very easy to love—

KEENE: Of course, any fool could see that. All the more reason for staying clear of her.

PAUL: But why? When a beautiful lady condescends to love you, why run away? Why, Keene, she's marvelous, wonderful, fascinating, alluring. How you ever could let her go is beyond me.

KEENE (sharply): That's my business!

PAUL: Of course, but you shouldn't get sore because I'm luckier than you were. You had your chance, old man.

KEENE (sharper): I tell you, I wouldn't have her.

PAUL: Well, I'm not asking you to, so cheer up. Keene, I love her and unless she chucks me, it's settled.

KEENE: How do you know you love her? Why, you're but a youngster to be talking of love.

PAUL (dramatically): How do I know? When she speaks—it is heaven—when she smiles it is paradise—when she leaves it is purgatory—when she tells me she loves me I want to close my eyes and die—

KEENE (interrupting): She tells you she loves you?

PAUL: Of course, more than that—

KEENE: Oh, this is terrible.

PAUL (soulfully): It is wonderful.

KEENE: Shut up, you fool. I shall put an end to it if it's my last act.

PAUL (goes over to him and takes arm soothingly): Keene, I am sorry. I don't blame you for feeling cut up about it. I'd feel badly myself if she were to marry another. but cheer up. There are others, you know. Of course, they are not like Eloise but there are others.

KEENE: Look here, Paul. I don't want Eloise, understand—I don't want her and what is more, one affair with that young lady is quite enough for our family. This engagement is to be broken and broken quickly—understand?

PAUL: Why, old man, you seem quite excited. Anyone would think it was your funeral instead of mine. Now, I don't see why Eloise couldn't make a good wife.

KEENE: I don't object to her as a wife—but I do as your wife.

PAUL: But why my wife?

KEENE: Paul, you are too young. Why you haven't finished school and you are bound to meet many whom you will think you love. Eloise has just turned your head. She is beautiful and clever and, boylike, you have fallen for it. But it will pass soon. Can't you see she is far too old to be a companion for you?

PAUL: Old? Why she is a lot younger than you are and you and I always got on.

KEENE: You are impossible.

PAUL: Impossible because I have won a wonderful girl that you have lost. Look here, Keene, you made a fizzle of your own affair, now keep out of mine. If you had married Eloise when you had the chance this would never have happened. Why grumble about something you brought on yourself? (goes to door) I'm dancing. How's to join the party?

KEENE: No, thank you.

PAUL: Well, I'm off for a thrill. (Exit)

KEENE: You're off all right, I won't dispute that.

(Enter Eloise)



ELOISE: It's hard to be cross with Paul—he's such a dear.
KEENE: Dear! He's a jackass if there ever was one.
ELOISE: Well, at least, he has company.
KEENE: That is just it. You aren't content with one man—it must be men and more men.
ELOISE (interrupting softly and looking directly at Keene): And just one man—perhaps I could find happiness with him. But tell me, has Paul dismissed me?
KEENE: You know the answer. Do you really plan to marry him?
ELOISE: I may—
KEENE: Please be definite.
ELOISE: Then I plan to marry Paul if I do not change my mind in the meantime.
KEENE: You do not love him.
ELOISE: Really, Keene, your intuition is remarkable.
KEENE: Well, do you?
ELOISE: Not particularly.
KEENE: Then why are you leading him on?
ELOISE: Perhaps it relieves the monotony. Paul is delightfully different, you know.
KEENE: Eloise, you are to leave Paul alone. Mark my words, I intend to put an end to this preposterous affair.
ELOISE: But how?
KEENE: That's my business.
ELOISE: But I feel concerned, so perhaps you'd better let me help you.
KEENE: Help me?
ELOISE: Exactly. I wouldn't want you to fail.
KEENE: I never fail.
ELOISE: I believe that is the male version of most personal cases.
KEENE: I'm afraid I do not understand.
ELOISE: I hardly expected you to. A man seldom sees humor in a woman's joke.
KEENE: Because it usually lacks a point.
ELOISE: The point is there. The trouble is the egotist cannot perceive it.
KEENE: I'm here to talk business, not nonsense.
ELOISE: And I am here—to help you.
KEENE: I shall not use your plan.
ELOISE: Now, let's see. I am the main figure—the first problem is to get rid of me.
KEENE: Yes, but how?
ELOISE: That's my plan. I'll marry you.
KEENE: Me!
ELOISE: Why, yes, instead of Paul.
KEENE: I do not recall asking you to do me that honor.
ELOISE: No, but I thought you might consider it when you hear my story. You see I am engaged to Paul and you wish to part us. What better way than to marry me yourself? Paul would be out of it and the mothers would stop pestering you. It seems so very simple to me—an easy way out of all our difficulties.
KEENE (disgusted): What chance has a man, I ask you?
ELOISE (enthusiastically): Then you agree. How lovely! What excitement it will cause—such relishing scandal. Keene, you are a dear. Sit down and talk it over with me. I don't suppose you feel at all happy over the situation.
KEENE: Well, hardly.

ELOISE: And yet you do love me.

KEENE: I wasn't aware of it.

ELOISE (laughing): Of course not, but you did once, didn't you?

KEENE (shortly): That was in the past.

ELOISE: But such a glorious past! It was a happy summer, Keene. do you remember the evening we met?

KEENE: Very well.

ELOISE (softly): It was a marvelous moonlight night and your eyes, Keene, when I looked into them—I suddenly sympathized with Juliet. You would make a fascinating Romeo, Keene. Your eyes are wonderfully expressive—

KEENE (embarrassed): Really, I—but Eloise, you were beautiful—that night I shall never forget—

ELOISE: Yes, yes, go on—

KEENE: Er—nothing.

ELOISE: And then, our picnic. Such a delicious lunch. I remember that particularly because it was not until it was consumed that you began to appreciate me—you are very manlike, Keene.

KEENE: Look here, Eloise—

ELOISE: And the island. It was beautiful, Keene.

KEENE (seriously): I didn't notice the island that day, Eloise.

ELOISE: No, and it was all over you. I never shall forget how picturesque you looked with that terribly dirty face. It was then I knew you needed someone to protect you from Mother Nature.

KEENE (interested): It was then I knew you needed someone to protect you from mischief itself.

ELOISE (feelingly): We were young, Keene, but how we loved. Do you remember telling me of the burning desire within your bosom to call me your own—

KEENE (disgusted): I never used such words.

ELOISE: Indeed, you did. Such fluency of speech. I wondered then where you had acquired it but now I wonder when you lost it. I have to force a repartee—but you agree you loved me?

KEENE (thoughtfully): In those days, yes, you were a delicate piece of wonderment to one—and very fascinating.

ELOISE: Yes, and now—am I not fascinating now?

KEENE (awaking): Of course. You always were, I suppose.

ELOISE: Thank you. I believed I kissed you, Keene. It was the first kiss I had ever given. Tell me did it mean much to you?

KEENE (soulfully): Everything!

ELOISE: And you promised to love me always. Keene, you were very false to me.

KEENE (indignantly): Never have I played false to you, but you—

ELOISE: Did you not promise to love me always, Keene?

KEENE: Yes.

ELOISE: And now you have forgotten it all including the delicate piece of wonderment you spoke of—do you call that faithfulness?

KEENE (slowly): But I haven't forgotten, Eloise.

ELOISE (quickly): Then you do love me—

KEENE: Why, I—well, you are the only woman I wanted to call my wife.

ELOISE: Then, why didn't you come back to me?

KEENE: I had been dismissed.



ELOISE: Keene, you have so much to learn. Did you not know the wise woman always dismisses the man at least once. Indeed, that is the way she wins appreciation. I do it quite often. It works wonderfully.

KEENE: I was not used to woman's wiles.

ELOISE: But you must have known I loved you.

KEENE: I'm not a mind reader, Eloise.

(Eloise walks over to Keene)

ELOISE: But, couldn't you feel—it was so tremendous to me it seemed as if it just shouted itself to everyone. You have been very cruel to me, dear—most women only have to propose once.

(Keene takes her in his arms)

KEENE: Eloise, I'll promise to "love, honor and obey you" hereafter.

ELOISE: Keene, dear, just love—

(Paul enters, takes one look)

PAUL: Hot dog! Isn't life the berries! (Exit)

KEENE: (puzzled) Wasn't that Paul?

ELOISE: Yes.

KEENE (surprised): But—

ELOISE (interrupting): Well, you see, Keene—we both loved you very much and we both wanted to make you happy and we both thought you ought to marry me, so we both—

KEENE: That's enough. I always did say you were the cleverest woman I ever met, Eloise.

ELOISE: And you don't mind—

KEENE: Mind! I've always wondered how I was going to approach you. Dearest girl, I have loved you many years and very, very long years, too.

ELOISE (dreamily): Wonderful words, Keene. Do say them all over again.

KEENE: Never, you'll be telling me Shakespeare never repeats.

ELOISE: Nay, Keene dear (very sweetly). Rather that repetition lends value.

KEENE: You win, my dear.

ELOISE (murmuring): As Usual!

—End—



JUNIOR PROM



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PROM

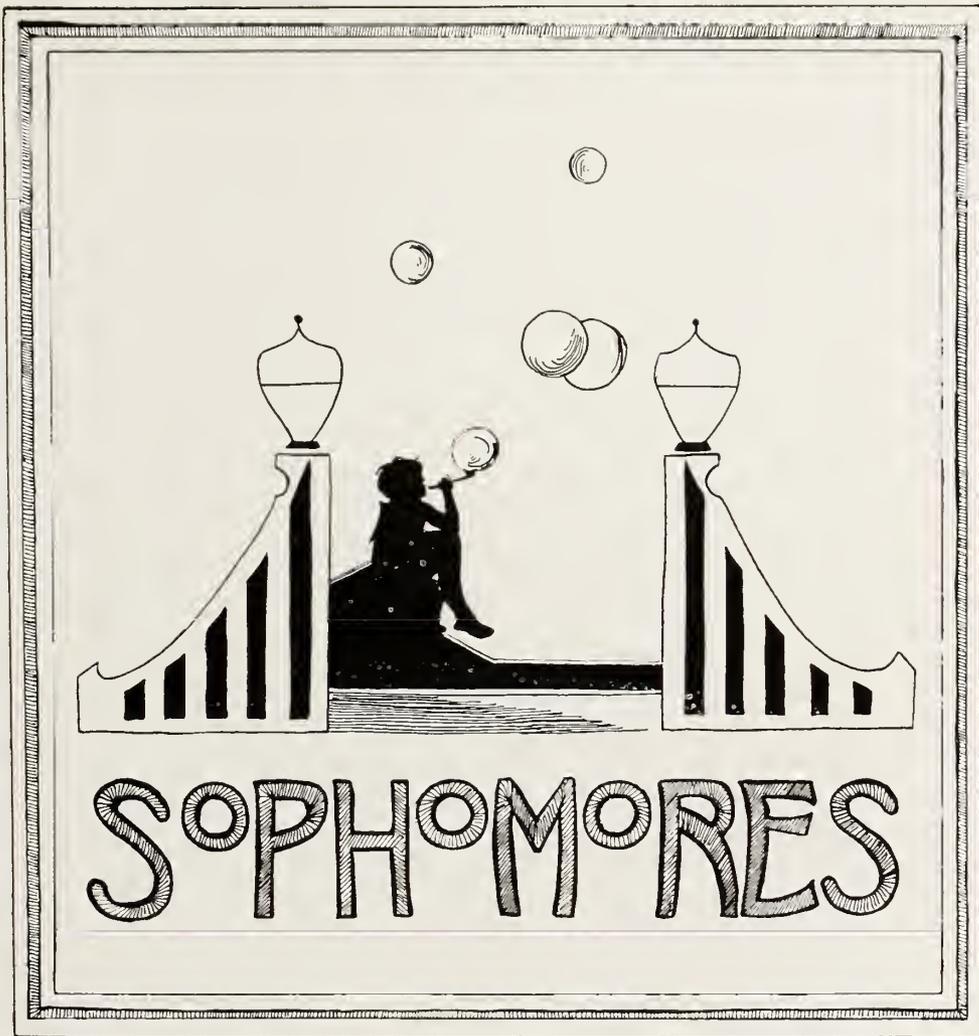


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(NOTE: The only picture to be procured of the Staff was a "moving picture")



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SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Chronicles



The book of the generation of the Sophomores in the days when they came to sojourn in the College of Emerson. Now it came to pass that in the forty-second year of the reign of King Emerson, behold there came tribes from the East and the West, from the North and the South, and they sojourned into a country which is called Boston in the land of Massachusetts, which is upon the seacoast Atlantic, and they called their name Freshmen. The same were a goodly tribe and gracious in the sight of King Emerson. And it came to pass that in the first month of the twentieth year they gathered themselves together into one place and there they spoke with one another. And behold one opened his mouth and spoke unto them saying: "Hear ye my brethren hearken unto my words. Is it not good that we shall have a ruler to rule over us lest, the tribes, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior, persecute and devour us?" And the people spake with one voice, saying, "It is good that we shall do this, therefore let us now elect Thelma Evans to rule over us, and over our tribe. And Thelma Evans was elected and she stood up before them saying, "Hear, all ye Freshmen, give ear unto my words; ye must obey King Emerson in all things; he is your great ruler, and ye must be loyal unto him." And the tribe cried out saying, "Long live King Emerson, we will be faithful unto him forever and forever."

Now it came to pass that in those days there were rulers which oppressed the Freshmen and one of these was a man, young and well-favoured, and the name of this man was McCabe. And daily he persecuted the Freshmen for they were the tribe that was nearest him. And behold, they fled from his face, and went and cried unto the Dean, saying "Lo, we have five and twenty chapel cuts, and what wilt thou do?"

And in those days there were also other tribes which fought against the Freshmen, and the names of these tribes were Anatomy and Acoustics; and the Freshmen fought a goodly fight and they lost some men in the battle, but they prevailed over the Anatomy and Acoustics, so that they fled and returned not after the Freshmen.

And in the first year of their sojourn there was a man who was called Ross; the same was a good man and he had compassion unto the Freshmen and the Freshmen had respect unto him and loved him, for he was

as a father unto them. And daily he warned the Freshmen against their enemies and told them how they might overcome, neither did he weary in talking with them and saying unto them, "Ye are a goodly class and ye have done excellent work, only keep on and ye shall receive the reward."

Now it happened that there was another man whom the Freshmen loved and the name of this man was called Prexy, and behold he healed the Freshmen of their diseases; and it came to pass that there was no more sitdownitis, and the Freshmen hearkened unto him and they ceased speaking while he spake. And he said unto them, "Go to, now, that it may be well with thee, shall ye not journey unto the land of the Blue Hills and the Arboretum, for lo the Autumn has come, the beautiful Autumn, and the trees are adorned as a bride adorneth herself for her husband, and shall ye not go, while it is yet Autumn and the Winter cometh not?" And they said, "Yea, we will go," and some went, and others went not.

And in those days, there was a man, strong and mighty he was, called Kenney. The same taught the Freshmen many things saying unto them, Blessed is the man who pulleth his neck back into his collar for it is a wise thing; and the Freshmen had respect unto him, and they cried out in a loud voice saying, "Whoa." And Kenney took delight in their work and he said unto them, "Fine, ye have infinitely better voices than when ye came."

Now the Freshmen grew in favor with teachers and man, and when they had mastered and knew all the Evolution there was to be known, the Faculty said unto them, "Behold ye must show unto us a stunt." And it came to pass that the Freshmen did perform a stunt and it pleased the Faculty. And lo, after many days, the Freshmen were called by a new name, and the new name was Sophomore, and they that had been called Sophomore were now called Junior. And the Sophomore tribe said, "Lo, what a weariness is it, shall we not end our sojourn and go back to the lands from which we came." And they went their ways into a far country, and behold in the fourth month after they departed, King Emerson grew lonely for his tribe, and he sent letters unto them, and it came to pass that they returned to the land of Boston.

And the Sophomores spake among themselves saying, "Shall we not choose another ruler that it may be well with us (for Thelma Evans had ruled long and well). And they said "Yea, let us go to, now, and elect a new ruler," and when they had counted the votes that had been voted



behold Mary Dowling was their leader. Now the Sophomores rejoiced exceedingly when they had returned into the promised land to meet the friendly tribes, Harvard and Technology, near them, but these tribes had for their leader a mighty man of valor, and his name was called Daniel, and behold, he led many Sophomores captive.

But the Sophomores grew and waxed artists so that the Faculty spake and said unto them, "Let the Sophomores be up in Recitals," and the Sophomores cast lots and behold those on whom the lots fell were very good. Then they that were chosen said unto the tribe, "Lo, what evil have we done unto thee that thou should'st reward us in this manner?"

And in those days there came a man among the Sophomores whom they called Trippy, and the Sophomores liked this man for he taught As you like it. And the Sophomores grew and increased in wisdom and dramatic interpretation so that they astonished this man and he said unto them, "Behold ye are the worst class, next to the Seniors, which I have ever seen," and many other things said this man unto the Sophomores.

Now the Sophomores lived in houses not built by their own hands, hence there were rulers over them and a Committee to watch over the Sophomores lest they by chance saw too often the friendly tribes or hearkened unto the morning stars as they sang together.

And behold there was a woman and her name was Black and the Sophomores toiled on a treasure island for her, and many other things did they for her, for this woman required much.

And in those days behold King Emerson needed money and he commanded the tribe that they sell mistletoe, and it was brought unto them from the South, and behold the Sophomores sold much mistletoe, and two of their number sold more than did any in the other tribes under King Emerson, and the friendly tribes near bought mistletoe from them and had admiration unto them, but the Sophomores said, "Nay, we are only here to sell mistletoe, therefore farewell." And the Sophomores worked diligently for King Emerson, and they piped and danced unto him and spake for him many times so that they brought him much money and honor, and King Emerson gave praise unto the Sophomores.

Now the rest of the acts of the Sophomores and the evil they have done, are they not written in the books of the Faculty and the Dormitory Committee, and the honor and fame they have won and the good deeds they have done, behold are they not written in the hearts of all the college?



Sophomore Stunt

Thursday, May 4th, 1922



FLIGHT OF A CHINESE MAID

BY FLORENCE BATES

MIMES

Chinese Girl.....RUTH WALCH
 The Lover.....KATHRYN KELCHNER
 Chinese Man.....IRENE ANGEL

Pianist, MARY DOWLING

SONG—SelectedAMY PLASTRIDGE

THE GYPSY TRAIL

BY MARGARET MACLAREN

MIMES

The Fortune Teller.....MARIE DEMULING
 Gypsy Girl.....LEONE BUSSART
 Wanderer.....RUTH WALCH

Pilgrims

CARLOTTA HUTCHINSON, PHILA STROUT, HAZEL HUGHES, DOROTHY TAYLOR and
 HAZEL TREADWELL

Flowers.....DOROTHY SLEEPER, ERNEST EMBRY and THERESA DOW

Pianist, GLADYS UTTLY

TWENTIETH CENTURY KIDDIE.....FLORENCE BATES

THE PRINCESS WHO COULD NOT SMILE

BY ADELE DOWLING

MIMES

Princess.....MARY COOPER
 King.....MARY DANFORTH
 Queen.....MARY MERRITT
 Herald.....HAZEL HUGHES
 Nurse.....VESTA CLARK
 Jester.....SARAH HUNTER
 Lords.....DOROTHY TAYLOR and EDITH LEGER
 Ladies.....PHILA STROUT and HARRIET DIVEN
 Merchant.....KATHRYN KELCHNER
 Artist.....MADGE DEBENDARFER
 Musician.....MILDRED FORRESTER
 Dancer.....ADELE DOWLING
 Lame Girl.....LEONE BUSSART

Pianist, MARY DOWLING



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<i>Student Council</i>	{ HELEN CLARK EVELYN MCCLUNG



FRESHMEN



It Happened Thus —



There came to Emerson College of Oratory on the twentieth day of September, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-one, sixty-six Freshmen with all the characteristics of such. Some were retiring and demure, some self-assertive, some full of laughter and life, still others timid and shy; but all—all undoubtedly Freshmen.

Followed the organization of said group of sixty-six, which will henceforth be entitled "The Class of '25," through the election of officers as follows: Rena Luers, President; Betsy Woolridge, Vice-President; Gertrude O'Bryan, Secretary; John Davoren, Treasurer. Helen Clark and Evelyn McClung became representatives of same in that pow-wow of the elders known as Student Council.

Two-hundred Commonwealth Avenue was the illustrious scene of gay festivities early in the season of 1921-22, with the Class of '25 as hostess and the rest of Emerson, faculty and upper-classes, as guests. I refer to the "kid party" in October, which every sort of little boy and girl attended, dressed in every sort of sock and ribbon and ready to enjoy to the full, with every expression of Animation and Kid Joy, the short program of the evening and the many forms of food: the "kid kind," ranging from lolly-pops through cracker-jack to ice-cream cones.

In February loss came upon the Class of '25. A vacancy in the hearts, as well as in the number, of the first-year students was felt in the departure of their president, who was called suddenly home because of her father's illness. Rena has won many friends and a place that no one else can quite fill among the sixty-four of her classmates and, indeed, among us all. Betsy filled the President's chair until such time as '25 again convened and elected Helena Cook as new Freshman President.

On April sixth was held the far-famed Freshman Stunt, whose parts and whole and relation of parts to the whole appear so accurately depicted on the pages following. This was written and directed by members of '25, under Mr. Connor's able supervision.

The closing festivity of the year was held at Hampton Court on April 21st when the Class of '25 met for a frolic and dance. A small token of our esteem was presented at this time to Mr. Connor in appreciation of his whole-hearted efforts in behalf of our Stunt.

Thus endeth the first page in the history of a class whose record so far is but a dim promise of the glories and achievements to come. As our old friend Rip would say as the curtain drops: "May she live long and prosper;" and may she become a credit to the Alma Mater which has adopted her and to the three sister classes who have smoothed the way for her through a happy Freshman year!

—Reported by EVELYN McCLUNG, '25.



Freshman Stunt

THURSDAY, APRIL 6th, 1922



Ushers.....KATHRENA WILLIAMS and MARY READY

INKLINGS

Editor.....MILDRED METCALF
 Inklings.....MITZI BERKOWITZ AND ARABELLA KELSON
 Scene, Newspaper Office

EVOLUTION

Hostess.....MARY BOTSFORD
 Catherine.....CATHERINE FINN
 Sally.....SALLY COULTER

OTHER CHARACTERS

In Order of Appearance

ANITA RICHARDSON, MARION BARCLAY, EVELYN MCCLUNG, MATILDA HOSKINS, MELBA ALLING, BETSY WOOLRIDGE, GERALDINE REYNOLDS, VIRGINIA SHOCKLEY, MARY SMITH, EVELYN SCHNEIDER, HELEN BROWN, AMY WEBB, CATHERINE SPECKMAN, AUDREY CHAMBERS, ERNA VANAMBURG, GERTRUDE O'BRYAN, CLAIRE MCINTYRE, CATHERINE STAFFORD, DORA CRAMER.
 Scene, Fireside.

A RE-RECREATION OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Father Time.....MYRTLE HUTCHINS
 Kane, a maid.....ELEANOR CRANE
 Marjorie Ward (Juliet).....HELENA COOKE
 Bruce Kendall (Romeo).....KENNETH HUNTER
 Robert (an old Romeo).....JOHN DAVOREN

SCENES

- I—Last Act of Romeo and Juliet
- II—Miss Ward's Dressing Room

Violinist, ETHEL RICH

Pianist, CHRISTINE ISZARD

COMMITTEE

MARY BOTSFORD, MARY DUSENBURY, BETSY WOOLRIDGE, MELBA ALLING, EVELYN MCCLUNG



Inkling Stunt



Well it certainly is some work being Editor of the Bingville Bugle. Let's see, what day is this? Ah yes, April 6, 1932. I remember where I was ten years ago today. I was at Emerson College of Oratory. I wonder if any of my old teachers are still there. Well, I must get busy or the Bingville Bugle won't get out on time this week. (Walk back to desk)

Let's see, what shall I have for the headlines? What shall I have, what shall I have?
(Imp hands clipping to Editor)

Ah, I have an inkling!

McCABE-DEMPSEY FIGHT

Francis J. McCabe and Jack Dempsey will meet in Boston on July 4 to decide the U. S. heavyweight championship. McCabe is reported in first class condition and is confident he will snatch the title from Dempsey, who has held it for ten years. McCabe, McCabe,—that's funny, that name sounds familiar somehow.—McCabe was formerly a member of the Emerson College Faculty. Well I never, how that man must have changed. I remember now, he was the one who used to take our chapel cuts. Oh, I hope Dempsey knocks him kicking!

Now what other items shall I have on the front page?

(Imp drops another clipping onto desk)

Ah, I have it.

BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS

will make its annual visit to Bingville. The special feature this year in the main tent will be Mr. William Howland Kenney, the famous toe dancer, who has taken New York by storm. Mr. Kenney is also acquiring great fame as a tight rope walker.

Another attraction which has just been added to the show this year is Mrs. Tom Thumb, in the person of Miss Melba Alling. Mrs. Tom Thumb the second is even more dainty and popular than her predecessor.

Now let's see what other items can I have? Oh, I do wish I could think of something.

Ah! NEW DEAN APPOINTED AT EMERSON COLLEGE. Charles Joralemon of the class of 1923 has been appointed to succeed Dean Ross, who has resigned to devote his whole time to the rearing and education of the new addition to his family.

Theda Bara publicly surrenders her title as a National Vamp to Miss Mary Botsford, former student of Emerson College. People won't be surprised to hear that. The way she used to flirt with those Emerson College professors was something dreadful!

NATIONAL PIE EATING CONTEST TO BE HELD AT WASHINGTON

Present champion's capacity is fourteen pies. I must write and tell Jerry Reynolds about that. I'm sure she could eat more than fourteen pies. Eating pie always was her favorite indoor sport.

FORMER EMERSON COLLEGE PROFESSOR CHAMPION ATHLETE

In a recent meet held in Chicago, Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp, formerly a professor of Dramatics at Emerson College of Boston, broke all previous records for running and jumping.



Now I have those items finished, I shall have to see how these Town items read:

Miss Elaine Fisher, our only woman state representative has introduced a bill into the house, which will require all single men upon reaching the age of forty, to pay \$15 each week toward the support of all spinsters in his community until he shall marry one of them.

Mr. Joseph E. Connor, first selectman of Bingville, has announced his intentions to run for President of the U. S. at the next election. My, but won't Bingville be proud of Joe, though?

Miss Lilia Estelle Smith, who won great recognition this winter as an expert snow shoveller, has been appointed to give demonstrations in snow shovelling in front of the Town Hall every noon during the coming winter.

A coming attraction to Bingville will be Miss Beth Rebhun, the famous iceboat racer. She received her acrobatic tendency from dodging the goat in Debbie.

Mrs. Vesta Nelson Hodgman will open a new department in the Bingville Bugle, in which advice to the Lovelorn will be given.

Now for the Want Ads. Why only one item this week. How strange.

SITUATION WANTED—Two spinsters desire positions as housekeepers in private families. Apply to the Misses Ruth Hess and Helen Heath, Maidens Lane, New York.

Imp snatches paper out of the Editor's hand. Editor turns and sees Imp, who has been annoying her and mimicking all she has said. "So it is you that has been causing all this trouble, is it?"

(Throws, rubbers, books, papers, pen, etc., at Imp, who stands grinning at her from the other side of the barrel of Ink. Editor starts after her, chasing her around the room and over to the barrel of Ink again. Receives inspiration, picks up Imp and throws her into the barrel of Ink. Turns and begins picking up the articles she has thrown at the Imp. While her back is turned the Imp climbs out of the barrel, black from head to foot and running over to the Editor's desk proceeds to put her inky hands all over the papers on the desk. The Editor turns, sees her, and starts after her, stops at the desk to investigate the damage done. While she is picking up and examining the papers, the Imp climbs into the Barrel of Ink again. Editor turns to run after Imp, looking everywhere for her. Exhausted, she goes over and leans on the barrel. The Imp props up in the barrel with a huge club and hits the Editor. Counting the stars which this blow has caused, the Editor falls senseless to the floor.)

Quick Curtain



Evolution



Scene—Fireside of home.

Time—Ten years hence.

Three old Emerson girls in an evening re-union.

HOSTESS: My, girls, isn't it wonderful to be together again! How fast time goes when you are out of school.

SALLY: Yes, we will never forget those wonderful days at E. C. O.—How ever many years it may be since we were there. Do you remember when we were freshmen what a fear we had of cutting in chapel?

CATHERINE: Chapel—and dear old Dean. How he insisted on interrupting our lofty trains of thought reading important notices in chapel!

HOSTESS: We will never forget Dean. And where is Mr. Kenney? We used to call him Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde when we were freshmen.

CATHERINE: Why was that?

HOSTESS: He was such a bear in class—and he was a "bear" out of class, too.

SALLY: Evolution is the subject I will never forget. How we went "tripping" through Evolution.

CATHERINE: You chose the word "tripping" well, Sally. Let's see if we can remember the steps?

HOSTESS: I'm afraid I couldn't for I haven't thought of it for ages. Sally, you should be able to help us, though. Haven't you been teaching Evolution?

SALLY: Yes, that is an old stand-by—I haven't neglected Emerson work for a mere man as you and Catherine have.

CATHERINE: But from what we hear you will soon be allowing the "mere man" to interfere with your teaching.

SALLY: Well—we were talking of Evolution. Let's see. I'll start you off—the first step in the first volume was Animation. It seems to me we must have all been quite sufficiently animated in those days.

HOSTESS: And you still expressed animation to quite a degree, Sally, when we spoke of the mere man just now.

SALLY: Come, now, no teasing. And since I am a teacher, what is the next step?

HOSTESS: Smoothness. Oh, I remember the first volume. It is later when I shall forget. And let me see—didn't we learn "Sweet was the sound when oft at even's close, up yonder hill the village murmur rose" for an example of smoothness?

CATHERINE: And now it is my turn to recite. Volume comes next. Don't think I remembered on the spur of the moment—I have been sitting here thinking hard ever since you began to talk, and now let me see if I can think of the last step in volume one. I have it—Forming the Elements. Now that we have them all together, let's tie them up so they won't get away and put them in one corner of our brains for future reference.

SALLY: But don't forget to dust that corner occasionally. Well, we are doing very well. Now for volume two. Don't you remember the triplets that formed the first three steps?

CATHERINE AND HOSTESS: Surely—Slides!

(Slides sing:)

"We are the slides in evolution that the students have to learn
With a paragraph to illustrate each one of us in turn.
We don't know what we're coming to or how it all will end,
But still we slide along:



Glory, glory, Evolution. Glory, glory, Evolution.
Glory, glory, Evolution. We just keep sliding on."

HOSTESS: Why so deep in thought, Catherine?

CATHERINE: I was thinking of the next step and how I always remembered it. We were studying "forming the pictures" at the time of the Endowment drive and I surely was the central figure in several pictures the day we sold mistletoe. I'll never forget how I felt when the policeman gently but firmly put us out of South Station—even the charm of the mistletoe didn't work with him.

SALLY: Those were wonderful days, and now E. C. O. is settled in her own building and we helped to put her there. But we must stop dreaming. We have two volumes left you know, and the first step in the third volume is "literary analysis." Can either of you think of the selection we learned for literary analysis?
(Literary Analysis: As prof. of literary analysis in Bonehead Academy, I shall analyze and censure these dreadful college jokes: "He: She is losing her equilibrium." "Second Man: If you were a gentleman, you wouldn't mention it.")

HOSTESS: Oh yes, I remember. We learned "The Character of the Happy Warrior" for literary analysis.

CATHERINE: Yes, and what is next? Isn't that vitalized pictures? In the Freshman Stunt Helen Brown and Amy Webb vitalized the picture of Romeo and Juliet. I can still see them trying in every way to get in positions exactly like those in the picture—they surely were clever.

SALLY: Helen was Juliet and Amy was the dashing Romeo.

HOSTESS: Have either of you met Helen's later Romeo? She is living in Bermuda, you know but we can't start gossiping and still remember Evolution. You know, Prexy used to say "You can't chew gum and study Hamlet."

SALLY: Do you remember the next step—something you don't recognize in some women's dress—but—

HOSTESS: Oh, yes, taste. Some women surely have all of that quality in their mouths as the old saying goes. But now I have a story to tell. Ratio of values, the next step, is one I shall never forget, because it was while we were studying that step, that a little Chinese girl brought a basket full of Chinese money to Mr. McCabe for the Endowment and he gave her a receipt for one dollar and a half. That ratio in the value of money is an example I shall never forget.

CATHERINE: Well, only one volume left. We are remembering our old work pretty well.

SALLY: The next two always go together.

CATHERINE: Together? What can that be?

SALLY: Why, elipse and magnanimity of atmosphere. Don't they seem to go together to you?

HOSTESS: I am afraid Sally is thinking of a time when two such elements might go hand in hand—and usually do. We understand that, don't we, Catherine? It is a happy memory with us, but the near future holds that for you, Sally.

SALLY: I wish I were as sure as you are.

CATHERINE: Come, now, Sally, 'fess up.

SALLY: Yes, girls, when there is anything to 'fess up about I will. I swear upon my sword:

(Hamlet: Angels and ministers of grace, defend us, etc.)

(Ghost: Swear—swear.)

CATHERINE: Speaking of creations of the mind isn't the next step the creative?

(Creative: What shall I wear tonight? I've worn every rag I have. I wore my red dress last night, the blue the night before, and my black Monday night. Oh, I have an inspiration.)



SALLY: Will you ever forget the way we used to create costumes for Children's Theater?

A rag, a stitch and a pin put there.
They thought that we were fairies fair,
But we knew we were—

HOSTESS: A rag, a bone and a hank of hair.

CATHERINE: Girls, do you realize what time it is? I must go.

SALLY: Wait—don't go until the next step.

CATHERINE: But I must.

SALLY: Obedience—you must observe the next step.

CATHERINE: Oh, yes, that is the next and last step, isn't it? Well, you should come to my house. That word was never heard of there. We all obey our own impulses—even the youngsters, I'm afraid. But really, I must go.

HOSTESS: Well, I suppose we will have to let you if you really must, (rings for the maid) but it has been so good to have you both. (To maid) Please bring the wraps. Well, this review of Evolution has surely carried us back to the dear old college days.

CATHERINE: You must both come and see me very soon and we can review old dorm stunts and perhaps by that time you will have a confession to make, Sally.

SALLY: And when is this to be? (General laughter and goodbyes) (Exeunt)

HOSTESS: How good it was to see the girls again. They are the same old dears they always were. Dick will soon be here. I believe I will wait for him and tell him all about our happy evening (sitting). Our talking of Evolution makes me lonesome for it all again. I wonder if Mr. Tripp still has a big Freshman Evolution class in the hall as he used to have? (Falls asleep). (Enter—Steps in Evolution, forming in circle around her and singing:)

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When to Emerson you came a Freshman in the fall.
Out of the courses that rose in happy throng
First in your hearts for Evolution you long.
And through the years so many and so long,
Still in your hearts you love this old sweet song:

Just a song at twilight
When the fire burns low,
And the fitting memories
Softly come and go.
Though the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight
Come thoughts of Emerson,
Those happy college days.

—Curtain—



Juliet and Romeo

A Re-recreation—(Adapted)



FATHER TIME (before the curtain) My friends, we are going to ask you all to use your imaginations this morning. We are not here, but in a vast theater. We have been witnessing a wonderful performance of that immortal tragedy, Romeo and Juliet. The presentation has been most satisfactory, and the play is at its close. Now we request that, as the curtain falls, you will respond with generous applause, very hearty and prolonged. We ask you to do this because—well, if you are a good audience, you will soon find out.

Tableau of the finale of Romeo and Juliet
Curtain calls answered thus:

Romeo and Juliet
Juliet
Romeo
Juliet (3 or 4 times)

FATHER TIME (before curtain): Now let us imagine that we are behind the scenes of this same theater. We can see the interior of the dressing room occupied by Miss Ward, the manager of the company, who plays Juliet to Mr. Kendall's Romeo. Mr. Kendall is very much in love with Miss Ward, but she chooses to ignore his attentions. Pray watch and see what harm your generous round of applause has brought to the stars of this company. It is our hope that each may gain some little thought that may do him some little good in the future.

Miss Ward's dressing room. Kane, her maid is arranging Miss Ward's clothes.

Enter Ward in a furious passion.

WARD: Oh! Oh! the audacity! The disgrace! How did he dare do it?

KANE: Why, Miss Ward, what is the matter?

WARD: Matter? Mr. Kendall made a horrible scene on the stage after the last act by telling me that I was responding to too many encores. The very idea! The audience wants Juliet, I answer their curtain calls. One would think that Mr. Kendall had been playing Shakespeare for years. He knows so much about it. No one ever comes to see Romeo. Shakespeare should have called it Juliet and Romeo, instead of Romeo and Juliet. Yes, I'm sure that sounds better. JULIET and Romeo.

KANE: But, Miss Ward, don't you think that the characters are of equal importance? Shakespeare—

WARD: How many times have I told you that I hire you for my maid, not to expound Shakespeare? Here, help me with this dress.

Ward changes gown behind screen.

Ward steps out from screen as Knock on door is heard.

WARD: Come in.

Enter Kendall.

WARD: Oh, it's you?

KENDALL: Yes, Marj—er—Miss Kendall. I wanted to ask you if you wanted me as an escort to the ball this evening. You know it is in your honor. And—

WARD: Oh, thank you, I have an escort. I suppose you have come to apologize for your outrageous conduct this evening.

KENDALL: But, Miss Ward, I—



WARD: Well, let me tell you that your performance is far from perfect. You may think that you are a model Romeo. Far from it. I could mention many faults with your playing, but I will touch upon only two. First—In the minuet, instead of smirking out over the audience and simpering at all the girls, I would appreciate it very much if you would pay some attention to me. You walk all over my feet. Then, in the closing scene, you know that Juliet is really not dead. The audience would appreciate it much more if you gave Juliet a real kiss, instead of just brushing her lips.

KENDALL: But, Miss Ward, I—

WARD: As for the ridiculous scene you made after the performance, I must say that you ought to change your views. You must realize that the audience comes to see Juliet, not Romeo. Remember that I am manager of this company, and it is in my power to cancel your contract.

KENDALL: If you have quite finished, Miss Ward, I will state a few things myself. If you would properly equip your gown with hooks instead of pins, I would not be compelled to prick my fingers. I have prickled this finger in the same place four nights in succession. I am not a human pin-cushion.

WARD: Did—

KENDALL: Then, in the tomb scene, I am sure that you could fall as comfortably upon my chest as upon the pit of my stomach. I almost had to squirm to-night, you landed with such amazing precision.

Regarding our argument of a few minutes ago, I maintain that the characters should be of equal importance. The play is Romeo and Juliet, not ROMEO and Juliet, or Romeo and JULIET. If you do not like my attitude, you can very easily find a new Romeo.

Exit Kendall slamming door.

Ward starts to comb hair.

WARD: Romeo and Juliet, Romeo and JULIET and Romeo. ROMEO and Juliet. Romeo AND Juliet. No—No—No—Romeo and Juliet.—N-o-o ROMEO and Juliet. Kane! Kane! (enter Kane) Take this gown and sew snap hooks upon it at once. And Kane—

(Knock at door. Kane goes to door, brings back box)

KANE: A box of candy, Miss Ward.

WARD: (glancing at her) Oh, some cheap stuff! You may keep it Kane. Now sew on those snap hooks. (Exit Kane)

(Ward reclines on couch)

(Knock on door)

WARD: Come in.

WARD: (Glancing at him) If it is Mr. Kendall, you may not come in.
(Kendall goes behind couch)

KENDALL: I just wanted to tell you how sorry I am, I—
(Enter Old Romeo)

OLD ROMEO: May I come in? I was at the performance this evening and could not help coming in to congratulate you. It was wonderful. You got the box of candy I sent you?

WARD: Why, yes—Thank you very much.

OLD ROMEO: Then you received my little message?

WARD: Why—why, no—what was it?

OLD ROMEO: Oh, just a short note from an old Romeo to a modern Juliet.

WARD: Oh, you played Romeo.—How interesting. How long ago?

OLD ROMEO: Thirty years ago. I played Romeo with Juliet of Campelli, the great Campelli.

(Old Romeo sits down)

KENDALL: But who are you? What do you do now? Why did you not continue on the stage?

OLD ROMEO: Oh, I am just a drifter. I give readings sometimes. I try to sell my little book of verses. The people buy them and leave them on the benches. I pick them up and sell them over again.

WARD: But where is Campelli now? What made her drop out of sight so suddenly?

OLD ROMEO: Jealousy, my dear. Professional jealousy. I loved her, she loved me, but we were too headstrong to admit it. Our petty differences grew and separated us.

(Kendall crosses to left)

OLD ROMEO: Where she is now, I do not know. She is probably one of the poor wrecks like myself. I—well you know what I am—I pick them up and sell them over.

But is this that the papers say true? That you love each other? Oh, how wonderful! Do tell me that it is true.

WARD (glancing at Kendall): No-o-o, it isn't.

KENDALL: Certainly not.

OLD ROMEO: Well, I know you will forgive the blunder of an old man. I must be going now.

KENDALL: But won't you say something about our interpretation?

OLD ROMEO: It was wonderful. There are several things that I should like to comment upon.—Let's see—Oh yes. Now in the minuet (Ward glances at Kendall) I think that Romeo was wonderful. He carried himself so independently. Juliet is his, and he wants the world to know it. Then, I have seen Juliets who wore pins in their gowns so that Romeo could not embrace her without pricking his fingers.

WARD: Oh, I always use snap-hooks. (Kendall holds up pricked finger)

OLD ROMEO: Then, in the tomb scene, Romeo touches Juliet's lips with just the right amount of adoration. Because of his reverence for her in death, he barely brushes her lips. That is a wonderful touch. And Juliet falls wonderfully. I have seen Juliets who actually made the dead Romeo squirm by falling in the pits of their stomachs.

KENDALL: Oh, Miss Ward never falls on my stomach.

OLD ROMEO (rising): Well, I must go along.

WARD: Do come in again. I should like to hear all about Campelli—

OLD ROMEO (walking toward door): Yes (meets Kane) I-I-CAMPELLI!

KANE: Robert!

OLD ROMEO: Yes, Robert. Oh, Campelli, why were we so foolish? Now you are a maid to a new Juliet, and I am almost a beggar.

WARD: Campelli! You, Campelli? The most wonderful of her time!

KANE: Yes, my dear, I WAS Campelli. Now I am Kane. Now Mr. Kendall and you are the same as Robert and I were thirty years ago. I was a silly girl, overcome with success; Robert loved me. Our first quarrel was just such a one as you and Mr. Kendall had this evening. We drifted farther and farther apart. The strength was sapped from our acting. Finally Fate wrote Failure after our names and we drifted apart. Now we have drifted together again. But too late—Too Late.

KENDALL: No, not that.

WARD: Yes, Campelli, late, but not too late.

OLD ROMEO: No, not too late. Don't you remember

"All the world's a stage, and the men and women merely players"

We have played our play, and are nearing the curtain. Shall not the close be a happy one?—This modern Romeo and Juliet are but in the first scenes of their play. Can we not help them?

KANE: Thirty years is a long time, Robert.

The strains of the minuet are heard

OLD ROMEO: Come, Campelli, it's the same tune you danced to the last time we played Romeo and Juliet. (Exeunt to the steps of the minuet)

KENDALL: Oh, Marjory, what a fool I've been. It's not ROMEO and Juliet. It is Romeo and JULIET—MY Juliet. Dear, are we going to the ball?

WARD: Yes, Bruce. But we are neither ROMEO and Juliet, nor JULIET and Romeo. Let us agree with Shakespeare and be

ROMEO and JULIET

—Curtain—





SCENES FROM CHILDREN'S THEATRE



The Children's Theatre

Quoted from
THE EMERSON QUARTERLY



The Children's Theatre Company of Emerson College opened its third season of activities on October 22. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was the play presented, and the little theatre was crowded with a throng of children, all eager to renew their acquaintance with the players.

The company has been entirely reorganized under the direction of Miss Mary Winn of the college faculty and has been increased to a considerable extent by the addition of many new students. Three complete acting companies have been formed after the manner of the old repertory companies, each with its own department of costumes design and stage craft. Under this arrangement it is possible to have three productions in rehearsal simultaneously and the value of the plan was proven in the second performance, on October 29, when Miss Meade Seawell's adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" was presented in a brilliant and professional manner.

Miss Winn's plans for the season are the most ambitious undertaken since the inception of this new dramatic movement at Emerson College. Many of the plays to be presented are adaptations of stories from the pens of some of the foremost writers of dramatic literature and are to be produced with an attention to detail which characterized Miss Winn's direction during the past season. Among the plays in prospect are Louise Alcott's "Little Men"; Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper"; "Rip Van Winkle"; "Hansel and Gretel" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The Children's Theatre, as a new movement in the field of drama, is spreading rapidly throughout the country. Originating at Emerson College under the direction of Miss Imogene Hogle; fostered and guided by the kindly hand of Dean Ross; given material aid by the management of the college and made a reality by the enthusiastic support of the student body, the movement has, at the opening of its third season, grown to such an extent as to be recognized as a force in the theatre and the field of education.

Mr. E. H. Sothern, in speaking before the Maine Teachers' Association,

urged the founding of children's theatres in every section of the United States. "The founding of children's theatres will cultivate a love for the highest and best in drama. Educators fail," he said, "when they conclude that inferior productions are good enough for early years."

Children's theatres formed after the plan of that of Emerson College are being established in all the large cities of the East and the management of the college is receiving many requests for information and aid in the establishing of new theatres for children in various parts of the country.

The obtaining of suitable material for production which was, in the early beginnings, a hindrance to the development of the movement, is no longer a problem, as many young writers are now turning their attention to the new field and are submitting their plays for criticism and production. During the past two seasons several plays which originated at Emerson College and others which were submitted by Emerson graduates have been produced, while many more are under consideration for production during the present year. The management of the Theatre is eager to encourage this phase of the movement and urges that students and graduates of Emerson submit plays for consideration.





The Emerson Quarterly

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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THE EMERSON QUARTERLY is published by Emerson College of Oratory,
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THE EMERSON QUARTERLY has taken on a new tone, is indeed a different magazine with the supervision of Mr. Connor. Its policy has become broader, its purpose to reach all of E. C. O.'s Alumni, its scope the whole field of Emerson endeavor throughout this broad land of ours. In order to find interested readers among graduates and students and at the same time to give helpful information in those divisions of the work where they may be needed and sought, Mr. Connor has opened three new departments: the Alumni Department; the "Clip and Paste"; and the "Question and Answer." The emphasis on literary material rather than intrinsically on college news, is a pronounced one. Except for the faculty news, the magazine is devoted to articles of general interest and to literary effort. College news has become the subject-matter of the little newspaper of the Dean's, the "Emerson News."



(Members of the Alumni and the Student Body of Emerson College are invited to use this department as a medium of communication between former classmates, to discuss subjects of interest and to ask questions regarding problems with which they come in contact in their work. The editor is in close association with the various departments of Emerson College and is in a position to render service of many kinds to Emersonians in the field and away from Boston, as well as to the present student body. This service is freely offered. Make free use of it.—Ed.)

E. C. O. Student (Any of us):

Where can I locate Mr. Tripp twenty-four hours out of the day?

ANSWER.—You can't.

R. Kipling, Sussex, England:

Hear that I am to be honored with a namesake from the family of the Dean of your college. Please inform.

ANSWER.—Your hearing is improving, ole topper. We trust that you will not demand royalty. Dean has trouble enough now, what with his inner sanctum turned into a nursery and his private secretary playing the nurse!

Insane Hospital for Young Married Men:

We understand that Francis McCabe, of your faculty, has a keen understanding of women and great skill in disciplining them. Please send us your official recommendations.

ANSWER.—Cannot recommend this person for position in such an institution as yours. He is the cause of many a young married man's insanity. They go about babbling "How does he escape? How *does* he escape?" If you dealt with opposite sex we might advise, but not recommend.

Captain of the Debating Team, Boston University:

Shall our team withdraw from the contest with your charming female debators? We feel the odds to be overwhelming after the exhibition of their knowledge of the subject and skill in handling it of the other day. Please advise.

ANSWER.—Advise that you withdraw—quickly. If their exposition of the case has overwhelmed you now, what under heaven will you do when Hueston gets to shooting at you in public, when Heath opens her broadsides, and when Jackson smiles? Withdraw, by all means.



STUDENT COUNCIL



Students' Association



In April, 1908, a students' association was organized by the members of Emerson College for the promotion of a closer relationship in the student body as a whole, and to further the interest of the College.

Since its origin the student association has passed through many periods of growth, the year of 1921-22 being one of the banner years.

In the spring of 1921, the concensus of opinion being that the student body was not the coöperative working unit that its founders intended it should be, a committee was appointed to consider the matter during the summer months and to prepare a list of suggestions, and it is to the untiring effort of the management and this committee that all Emersonians owe their thanks for a new representative unit, the Welfare Committee.

The Welfare Committee composed of five students elected from the student body at large, is the medium of approach between students and dormitory committee, as well as students and faculty. A serious attempt has been made to have meetings more often with reports of this Welfare Committee and the Student Council, or Advisory Board, given each time to stimulate a keener student interest in student affairs.

At present this Welfare Committee is working upon a graded system of penalties for dormitory regulation, and a point system of extra-curricula activities, hoping to have a well-perfected system in working order for next year.

Loyal gratitude to "Prexy," Dean and to all the Faculty for a memorable student year is our parting gift. May the Student Association of Emerson College always realize its duty as a factor in each Emersonian's life, and prove to be that guiding star in the years of the future as in those of the past.

K. L., '22.



STUDENT WELFARE COMMITTEE



“My Dream”—Meade Seawell



Those who are practical, orderly, scientific, have much to be grateful for, and, so far as I am concerned, nothing to be afraid of. Their realms are theirs and I shall never molest their claim. I am a dreamer. I dream all the time. While the sun's up, it's about the things I adore. The things I detest flare at me half the night. Somebody said that dreams are best. Being a dreamer, I shouldn't cry my own wares. But I do know once when a dream was better, and I take the pains to recall it.

Nothing unusual preceded the night when it happened. I had been all day about my usual gait, and I had had no welsh-rarebit after the movie. So far as I remember, I was not unusually clever that day before the night, or startlingly brilliant. Everything was natural, and this string of images through my mind during sleep came from a clear sky, an omen of some impending surprise, prodigious in power, the coming of which I am still expecting.

Like Ruth I went forth out of the place where I was, and after the lapse of a few minutes, found myself being received into a big room of an office on Milk Street. The chairs and sofa were red and soft like the chairs and sofa at the Vendome, and the walls were green like the curtains in Huntington Chambers Hall. There was a long, narrow, dingy, passage I could look into, that had an undertaker's sign at the end of it; and I sank deep into the red-cushioned chair and thought about the dead people who had been rolled in and out of that passage. Then a man entered. He was a tall, lank, imposing fellow, past fifty, Boston bred,—he knew more when he was a baby than I'd ever know—, and I called him Mr. Elliott, for Mr. Elliott was his name.

“Well, what is it?” A pause. “I suppose you're aware a man's time is valuable?”

“Oh, yes,” (the hand impresses) “and a woman's?”

“Hump! If you've come to discuss women, I must say I'm busy, *busy* I say, *busy!*” His steel blue eyes and taut fist supported his forensic effort.

“No sir. I have not come on that mission. *My* kind know other species than their own. Perhaps a little later, we'll talk about men; as that might suit you better; but my real mission is to you, you privately, you wholly alone.”

“Well?”

“Oh, well. I have a delicacy in bringing up the matter. Of course we all realize business conditions are very poor now, and money is hard to get, but I've heard of you and I know you're one of the most influential men of the day and one of the ones whose name merits the honor to be written large and sent flaming down the centuries. But, as I said before, I have a delicacy in mentioning this matter just now. We all know we aren't as rich as we once were, we know everybody is more or less hard hit.”

“Who said I was?”

“Why, just general report, sir. Everybody.”

“Well, it's a darn sight lot what everybody knows about me! Hump!”

“I hope they are mistaken. But, though I have a delicacy in mentioning it, you know, give a dog a bad name, and—”

"Who's given me a bad name?"

"Why, just general report. Everybody."

"Well, I'd like to tell you something, and when you go out I want you to tell every confounded upstart you meet, who says anything about me, that just last week, just last week, mind you, I picked up eleven million in steel, and that's how hard hit I am! Humph! You can tell 'em that's a common occurrence, too, I'm always doing that. I could buy half of Boston, if I wanted it. I could buy it all and have it moved to the Sahara if I wanted to. Humph!"

"This is really very fine. I am glad to hear you yourself correct the much distorted comment about your finances, for I had no idea you were worth that much at all. People are forever getting things twisted, and to say you were eleven million—oh, thirteen, I believe—in the hole is a different tale."

"In the hole! IN THE HOLE! Have you got the cheek to sit there and tell me this city I can buy and dump into the Charles if I want to, says I'm thirteen million in the hole? Oo—um—umph! If you weren't a woman, I'd throw you out, I'd—"

"Oh, sir," (The hand subdues) "I meant no discourtesy in calling at all. I only wanted to help you, er—a, to give you a splendid opening in which you might reinstate your reputation with the town you could buy if you wanted to. I am sorry you're not in the frame of mind to receive my offer."

"But—er—a—well, tell it. How can I know anything about it till I know what it is?"

"I have a ticket to the theater I want to sell you. I had a delicacy in asking, because I feared I—"

"Well, young miss, we've settled that point. I could buy the whole theater and reserve it for my own performance if I wanted to."

"Then you'll want to buy my ticket? It is for a most worthy cause, Emerson College of Oratory."

"Never heard of it."

"You will know it better after the play. Will you take one?"

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Twenty-five dollars! Absurd, ridiculous, preposterous! I don't want the whole house."

"Well, I had a delicacy in asking you to buy, but—"

"Hang your delicacies!"

"You see it's a very worthy cause. The college must be endowed, and it's giving you the rare privilege, the excellent opportunity, to place you among the most honored of the land in using your means to perpetuate its growth. I'm really sorry you do not feel able today."

"Now look here. You can start anything like a theater ticket for twenty-five dollars in an insane asylum and get away with it. Twenty-five dollars there is like twenty-five cents. But you and your Emersons and your Oratories needn't think you have a monopoly on *all* the brain in Boston."

"I really haven't the time to stay longer. I'm sorry you do not accept, for your own sake. Of course I do not think, neither does Emerson that we have a monopoly on *all* the brain. In fact, we do not think any one person, or any group of persons, any-

where has a monopoly on *all* the brain. But if we did have, we'd give you some. Good-bye, Mr. Elliott."

I reached my door just as the door at the end of the narrow passage opened slowly, and a weird chill crept on me. Mr. Elliott, as if taking some peculiar exercise for contraction, bent double and gave such a swell of laughter as never I heard before. I turned, and he beckoned that I retreat to my chair. I did so. He opened a drawer and pulled out a long check-book, and then a peculiar smell pervaded the room. We were both without speech and my shins had goose-bumps over them.

"Well, now, I am going to buy a ticket to that," spoke Mr. Elliott, a changed man, a man with a heart. "And instead of making this check out for twenty-five dollars, I shall make it out for twenty-five thousand dollars. What do you think of that?"

"I hardly know what to think, you are so good to us. I really would like to have a hall in our new building named for you. We appreciate this so very, very much."

"Oh, no, no—nothing like that. But I was thinking I might have two tickets to your play and a partner, for this check. If that's not too much?"

"Oh, certainly not, you may have a dozen tickets if you like, and I'm sure there's no girl who would refuse such a bid."

"Then where shall I call?"

"Oh! Er—a, you mean you would like me to get you the girl?"

"I mean, will you do me the honor, for twenty-five thousand?"

"This is not in the bargain, but—er, a—yes, I should be delighted to. You may call at 203 next Monday night, at seven-thirty. Goodbye, again, Mr. Elliott."

It was over in a flash. I was in the narrow hall. The undertaker's sign glared at me; then a notion seized me. A whirlwind of doubt swept me down the corridor and out into the street where people glared at me. I had twenty-five thousand dollars in my hand! I walked fast and everybody else walked fast. And then I realized I must have the instincts of a crook; I paused and reflected, it was a mistake. This man had no money. I was a fool. I would immediately go to the bank and investigate. Better than I had been tricked by worse than he. But he was looking at me—those steel-blue eyes were watching closely, that would sit beside me on Monday night next.

The bank wasn't closed fortunately, and I rushed up to the cage where a young gallant stood, in a light tweed, and looking bored.

"Can you tell me please, if this check is any good?" (An imploring supine hand)

"Good? Well, I should say. He's worth fifty million."

"Oh, you frighten me! Let me see it this instant, I must go."

"But, er, I say—what's the hurry? It's a little out of the ordinary for you to have this, isn't it? Can you explain?"

"You're wrong. You've no right to keep my check. I got it honestly. I represent the college."

"So you do? In what capacity?"

"Endowment Drive. Give my my check! If you don't believe it, call Dean and ask him. He'll tell you, and he'll tell you what's what, too. Give me my check."

The tweed bore asked a man near by to do his phoning for him, and he settled on his elbows, and occasionally unveiled his soft eyes at me, soft like the wet side of soap, palm-olive in brand. I looked up, and half-veiled mine.

"Are you married?" I finally asked.

"No," he said.

"Have you a date for Monday night?"

"What? What is this, a storm party?"

"Um—hum—. I thought maybe I could sell you a couple of seats to a show."

"Oh, all right." And he reached for his wallet. "How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars each."

"Holy smoke! Do they let you out alone?"

"Um-hum . . . I'd just love to sell you a couple."

"Well, any old day I'll buy a couple of tickets at that price! That finest show hasn't been born yet."

"You're right, but it's going to be on Monday night. Better let me sell you two now, while you have the chance."

He smiled. "I'll tell you what. If I'd go to a show at that price, I'd have to have an unusual girl to go with me. How about it?"

"Oh, no, I can't. I have a date."

"Wouldn't you break it, if a man spent fifty dollars on a show for you?"

"But I'm worth really more than that."

A pause.

"Oh, I see." He fairly beamed as he viewed my check. "Old man Elliott, eh? He's a gay old bird, isn't he?"

"I shouldn't call him that. Do you know him?"

"Well, I ought to." He unveiled his eyes. "He's my father!"

Endowment Entries



Success in anything is certain boosted by cheerful optimism, but in addition to this we must have facts. Here are a few of them:

- (1) The Student Body pledged one hundred per cent to the Fund.
- (2) Alumni chairmen, working in co-operation with the Endowment Drive Headquarters, conducted bazaars, whist parties, and entertainments.
- (3) The Children's Theater with its special road companies, presented to different audiences in the vicinity of Boston, "Alice in Wonderland," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Hans and Gretel" and "Cinderella in Flower-Land."
- (4) Mistletoe Day netted some valuable and entertaining experiences and three thousand dollars for the Fund.
- (5) The closing feature of the December Drive was the presentation of Jean Archibald's (E. C. O. '08) new comedy, "Debbie" at Jordan Hall. The cast was chosen and directed by Professor Tripp, and the result of its labors was most delightful to every member of an appreciative audience.

The program of "Debbie":

THE PLAYERS

In the order of their appearance

Edith Grayson.....	DORIS PLAISTED
Mrs. Conrad.....	LUCILE HICKS
Edward Gerow.....	JOSEPH E. CONNOR
Joyce Conrad, "Debbie".....	BETH REBHUN
Blake.....	C. WESLEY BATCHELDER
Mrs. Grayson.....	KLONDA LYNN
Mrs. Duncan.....	MYRRL RODNEY
Miss Mead.....	BONNIE SOWERS
Professor Peterson.....	FRANCIS JOSEPH McCABE
Ann Wylie.....	ELAINE FISHER
Joseph Wylie.....	ROBERT HOWES BURNHAM
Martin Peterson.....	CHARLES EDWARD JORALEMON
Rufe Jenkins.....	EARL C. BRYAN

Act. I. A drawing room in the Conrad Home, upper Fifth Avenue, New York.

Act II. The Wylie cabin in the Kentucky mountains, one week later.

Act III. The Wylie cabin, two weeks later than Act I.

Costumes: EMILY SEABER

Properties: EUGENIA TERWILLIGER

“The Tale of a Dog”



DEAN AND DOG

On April fifth, at nine o'clock in the morning was presented in the Hall, "The Tale of a Dog." Klonda Lynn was mistress of ceremonies and the first speaker she introduced was the talented Miss Winnie Airdale who entered in a sheet-curtained chariot and stepped forth in dainty orange ballet dress to pirouette most toothsome about the stage. Much to the general joy and amazement of all, Miss Airdale dropped her orange disguise and stepped forth to address us in the swallowtail and top hat of the punctilious stump speaker. There followed a most illuminative pantomimic lecture with the following occasional vociferations: "Which only goes to prove that dogs are no good unless very hot;" "A place for every bone and every bone in its place;" "Some dogs are born fighters, some dogs achieve fights, some dogs have fights thrust upon them. At any rate the good fight young;" "Oh, the inconsistency of life is displayed in the abusive, cruel treatment of the precious canine by muzzling his delicate features! Why should he, who never talks, be muzzled,



while you who never stop talking, are never muzzled. Hearken unto the plaint of a dog.”

There followed a painful poem from the dog number of *Life*, bits of which will not be amiss if quoted here:

“ those
Odious black straps that bind my snout,
Keeping the happy world of barks in,
And the happy world of flies out.”
“Nay, even so circumspect was I
In the dignity of my full doghood
That a quill-tailed feline, arching by
With snarling spit, scarcely would
Elicit a growl from me.
I ask you flies,—Oh, stop your roaring
In my ears. I’m better snoring
In the sun than seeking for the plan
That drove amuck the mind of man
When he invented muzzles.”

—*Martha Ostenso.*

And again: “Now we shall turn to the twenty-third charm,” which appeared to our startled ears in the likeness of another poem on a similar subject and from the same general source:

“An alien streak your tail betrays;
Your ears aren’t what they should be;
Your mother was—forgive the phrase—
No better than she should be.”

—*From “To My Dog,” by Dorothy Parker.*

At this stage in the game, Miss Winnie blew her whistle and her amazing chariot returned uncertainly but successfully and receded anon carrying the lady (?) within its curtained depths. Her parting words were: “And remember, the cat will turn.”

Prof. I. M. Spitz of the Howling Success University of Coney Island was next introduced and his features appeared strangely familiar to us all. He read that epic story by Ellis Parker Butler on the immortal subject: “My Dog.”

There followed “Midsummer Madness,” a fantasy in three reels, presented by the talented players known as the “Hydrophobiated Canines.” A draft of said play follows:



Midsummer Madness



ACT 1

Eloise (dressed as Juliet) sits sewing. Enter Leander stealing in. Eloise screams.

Leander (finger to lips, speaks entreatingly): O.D.—O.D.

Eloise (jumping up): I. W. W.

Leander: I. W. W.

E.: V. U. S. G.

L. (Pointing to window): T. S. P. C.

(Noise outside. Leander looks for place to hide. Conversation. Leander hides behind chair. Enter mother of Eloise.)

Mother (introducing Eben): A. B., A. M., Ph.D., D. D., LL.D.

Eben: B. U., T., S. C., L. I. (aside, referring to Eloise), O. K.

Eloise (aside, referring to Eben): R. U. M., N. G.

(Exit mother, well-pleased. Eben asks in pantomime if he may sit. Eloise assents, he goes for chair, under which Leander is hiding.)

Eloise (jumping up to stop him): D. U. B. V. S. G. They argue over the chair which is knocked aside. Leander appears.

Eben (jumping back): D. S. W. B.

Eloise (introducing hastily): A. B., A. M., Ph. D., D. D., LL. D.

Leander (disgusted): O. G.

Eben (scornfully): W. C. T. U. (Turning to Eloise): F. U. G. N. K. S. T. R. B.

Leander (to Eloise): M. J. H. H. F. S. T. H. S. N.

Eloise turns her back on Eben and listens to Leander. Eben tries in vain to get her attention; then decides to go. He bids her good-bye coldly.

Eben (angrily to Leander): S. P. C. A.

Leander (same): PH.D.!

(Eben goes, but returns and listens.)

Leander: O. O. L.! O. L.! V., U., T. U., G. E.! I. L. U.! I. L. U.! (dropping to knees) R. S. V. P.! I. L. U.—R. S. V. P.!

Eloise (pointing to herself): F. F. V. (pointing to him): I. W. W.!

Leander: D. A. R., U.! D. A. R., U.! I. I. O. O. L. U.—W. C. T. U., U., S. P. C. A., U. C.!

Eben: SP. U. D.!

Leander (imploring): B. U. T.—I. B. U. P.—I. T. B., F. F. V., E. L. S., C.O.M., M.P., I.L.U., R.S.V.P., R.S.V.P.!

(Eloise shows signs of yielding, Leander recites dramatically and fervently): U. R. M. P.! I. B. U. T.! U. C., I. D. I.—R. S. V. P.

(Enter Mother and points Eloise to the door.)

Mother: S.O.? G.O., G.O.! G.H.F.B., K.K., N.I.X., W.T., U.B., U.C., U.C.! U.C.! G.O., G.O., U.C.! B.L.Z.!

(To Leander): I. B.—I. B.—(Exit Eloise, weeping):

(Leander attempts to follow her, Eben stops him. Quarrel. They threaten and call each other names. Mother frightened calls for help.)

Eben (contemptuously): Y.M.C.A., U., S.P.C.A., U.Y.M.C.A., U.I.W.W.!

Leander: U. D. D.—D. D.! U. PH.D., U. LL.D., U. D. D., U. B.V.D.!

Mother: S.O.S. S.O.S. W.C.T.U.! W.C.T.U.! S.S. S.O.S.!

(Curtain)

ACT 2

(Outside Eloise's window. Balcony scene. Leander playing guitar and singing.)

Leander, singing:

O. L., V. U. T. D.
I. C., L. L. T. B.
M. Y., I. B. N. G.
M. T.! O. K. U. B.
O. L. O. L. H. D.
F. E. I. I. V. U. D.!

Eloise (appearing): U., O. U. I. C.!

(Love-scene in which they decide to elope. Eloise goes for her shawl.)

Leander (calling): P. D. Q.! P. D. Q.! P. D. Q.!

(Eloise leaps to his arms and both fall. Enter Eben.

Eben (parting the two): Y.M.C.A., G.O.!

Leander: N. I. T.

Eben: B. U.!

Leander (drawing a kitchen knife): D.I.!

(They fight. Eloise tears her hair.)

Eloise: D. E. R., Y. M. C. A. G. O.! I. O. O. F.!

(Leander wins and holds the fainting Eloise.)

Mother (entering and grieving over Eben's body): A. M., PH.D.! (Gla-
ring at Leander): I. W. W.! V. U. D. G.? S. L. A.

Leander (poking body solemnly): Q. E. D.!



Eloise (urging him to flee): B. S. P. T.
(He yields and takes a hurried farewell just as the police enter.)
Mother: D. V. B. D.
Eloise: C. O. P., C. O. P. (imploringly).
Leander (same): C. O. P.
Cop (looking at body and then at Leander): L.! Z. U. X. Y.
Eloise (throwing herself between them and siezing the kitchen knife):
I. I. I!
Leander (casting her aside): U? O. K.? B. I. I. I!
Cop (leading him out): J. A. I. L. J. A. I. L.
(Curtain)

ACT 3

(Prison)
Leander (behind the bars): O. D. O. D. T. R. G. O. P.
(Enter cop, who speaks rough and gives him a loaf of bread and many
hot dogs hanging therefrom. Starts to leave.)
Leander: C. O. P.! C. O. P.!
Cop: C. O. D.!
(Cop sits on chair while Leander still beseeches. Finally Cop falls
asleep.)
(Enter the ghost of Eben, enshrouded in a sheet.)
Leander (shaking violently): T. B. or not T. B.! D. T. s! D. T. s!
(Ghost goes. Enter Eloise, who goes to him. They kiss.)
Eloise: F. L. E. E.! F. L. E. E.!
Leander: F. L. E. E.? B. & M.?
Eloise: B. & M., N. G.! N. Y., N. H. & H., O. K.!
(She produces a nail-file which he uses on the bars before him. They
escape.)
Cop (waking and finding cell empty): G. O. N. E. G. O. N. E.!
(He looks off stage to left and right whistling "Oh, where, oh where has
my little dog gone?")
(Enter Mother.)
Cop: G. O. N. E.!
Mother: W. H. E. R. E.?
Cop (shaking his head): N. O. N. O. N. O.
(Mother faints and cop catches her.)
Cop: S. O. S., S. O. S., P. D. Q.!

Curtain



CAST

Eloise—BETH REBHUN
Leander—MARGARET DONOGHUE
Mother—ELAINE FISHER
Eben—SARAH KOPELMAN
Cop—HAZEL DAVIS

After this little preliminary entertainment, the real, if brief, ceremony of the day took place, when Klonda, introduced as Miss Hunka Tin, came forward to present to our beloved Dean that new addition to his family, Lady Kipling, pure-bred Boston terrier, of pedigreed descent and pleasing ways.

Faculty Stunt



OLD Noah Webster (the same Noah who tells us to pronounce it *vode-vect*) once observed that talent is both "a special faculty" and a "denomination of money." There was a happy mixture of both at the Faculty Vaudeville Show on April 20. The one kept the audience happy and the other made the Endowment Fund trustees happy.

It certainly was a very special faculty that gave the show and the denomination of the money which rewarded their talents was—er, very satisfactory. (The tickets were \$1 apiece and Charles Joralemon was a fit subject for a hold-up when he walked out of the ticket booth and asked to be placed under bonds. Earl Bryan, who "played opposite" Charles, at the ticket-chopper, remarked: "How talent doth multiply talents!"

And, inside the hall, the show was on. While Klonda Lynn and Ethel Rich played a stirring overture, the audience read at the top of the program: "The man who is unwilling to make a fool of himself in a good cause is one already." Then the faculty proceeded—in the good cause.

First came the living pictures: Dean Ross as Kipling (for which the Dean needed no make-up) and "A Freshman's First Visit to the Deanery," with Mrs. Rogers, Dean Ross and Polly Macomber in the three-star cast. Polly did the "weeps" while the Dean consoled and advised (as only the Dean can) and Mrs. Rogers looked stern (as everyone knows Mrs. Rogers cannot.)

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black contributed a classic touch to the pictures in poses depicting Greek art.

Dean Ross and "Lady Kip" appeared in "Pals." (It was Lady Kip's second appearance before the footlights, by the way.)

Miss Riddell, Miss Southwick, and Miss Winn won favor with the first of their charming dance numbers. Miss Puffer's recital of "Sally Ann's Experience" produced much merriment, and Mr. Connor, Miss Winn and Mr. McCabe earned their title of "international laugh makers" in a skit called "Mary's Little Calf."



Miss Penick, in the role of a colorful preacher, was as clever in dialect and make-up as she was inaccurate in historical sequence. Robert Howes Burnham, in character impersonations, revealed the art of make-up—for stage or street, mostly stage.

Another delightful dance number by the Misses Riddell, Southwick and Winn followed the "Escape of Mary" in yellow clodhoppers, plaid golf stockings, sport suit and coiffure of eccentric "bob." They "didn't know Mary was out there," nor did they care when they heard her singing an appealing ditty for Endowment contributions.

It required an expert to recognize Mr. Kenney in the disreputable make-up of his nameless, original skit but no Sherlock Holmes was needed to detect the comedy in the piece, nor the source of the "troubles" he sang about, nor yet the cause of his joy. Mary Winn, very much disguised, played "Trouble" and Mary Walsh, very much her own petite self, was "Joy."

Then, from the "heights of merriment," the audience was plunged to sombre depths the funereal music and the solemn tread of a pair of gloomy-garbed undertakers (Charles Joralemon and Silvio Santayana) bearing the family skeleton of the House of Holzweggen down the centre aisle. And the curtains parted upon the act extraordinary. "The Higher Law, a German problem play in four "flats," with Prexy himself and this all-star cast:

Grafin von Holzweggen, Lilia E. Smith; Max von Holzweggen, Walter Bradley Tripp; Emma, maid to Grafin, Gertrude I. McQuesten; Frau Schmidt, Nettie M. Hutchins; Herr Stadtcollektor Prang, Henry Lawrence Southwick.

How could the audience laugh when Grafin made the tragic discovery of "the sign," (the three holes in the sock, two in the toe and one in the heel) when Herr Prang confirmed the omen with a mate to the sock; when Max discovered that he had married his own grandmother; when "mamma fainted"; when Max went out with iron staff to break the ice on the lake and expiate his sin in the waters that "vas so coldt," or when Herr Prang proclaimed: "It iss der Higher Law!"

The audience couldn't have laughed—except for the talent.

And the Faculty wouldn't have done all these stunts—except for the talents, and the "good cause."





WOMEN'S SOCIETIES



E.C.A. CABINET

Emerson Christian Association



The officers of the Christian Association for this year have been: President, Eugenia Terwilliger; Vice-President, Doris Plaisted; Secretary, Myrrl Rodney; Treasurer, Emily Seaber; Undergraduate Field Representative, Venus Ochee.

The fall "setting up" conference of the Cabinets of the Student Y.W.C.A. of Metropolitan Boston was held at the Cambridge Boat Club, October 29, 1921.

Those who attended from our Christian Association were the above-named officers and Mildred Forrester, Chairman of the Religious Education and World Fellowship Committee.

A Y. W. C. A. Tea was held at the home of Mrs. Shepard on Commonwealth Avenue, January 23, 1922. Miss Eugenia Terwilliger and Miss Venus Ochee were present.

The Emerson students responded royally to the drive for Students' Relief, netting a sum of over three hundred dollars.

Miss De Ette Gracey has been doing some Dramatic coaching among the girls of the Y. W. C. A. Also, Miss Myrrl Rodney has been conducting four courses at the Blue Triangle: Conversation, Etiquette, Debate, and Story-telling.

The Association Officers and Cabinet members have had many interesting and enjoyable meetings at the Y. W. C. A. headquarters at 500 Boylston Street. An especially pleasant meeting was held in the early winter when Mrs. Francis B. Sayre was the guest. Cabinet members from Simmons and Boston University attended.

The meetings held Friday mornings during chapel hour have been most helpful and the Association is looking forward to another successful year.



MENORAH SOCIETY

The Menorah



OFFICERS

President.....ESTA LE ROI BARNETT
Secretary.....SARA RHEA ZWICK
Treasurer.....LILLIAN SILVERSTEIN

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

ESTA LE ROI BARNETT	LILLIAN SILVERSTEIN
SARA RHEA ZWICK	RUTH CUMMINGS
EVELYN SIMONS	

The Menorah met every other Sunday and assiduously pursued the study of Jewish Drama.

In addition to the regular meetings, there were many activities. A dance was held on November 28th at Lotes Bungalow, Dorchester, to start the nucleus of an endowment contribution, followed by a flower sale for the Endowment Fund.

December 9th, the Y.W.C.A. graciously coöperated with the Menorah in a joint meeting. Dr. Abrams addressed the meeting on "The World's Greatest Need."

The Formal Dance was held February 25th at Riverbank Court Hotel, Cambridge. It was a spectacular affair, formal in form and informal in spirit.

At the regular meeting of March 5th held at Southwick Hall, Harry Starr, President of the Harvard Menorah, spoke on "Zionism."

The play, "The Melting Pot," was produced May 11th at Whitney Hall, Brookline, for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. The male characters are taken by men from Harvard and Technology.

This year has been very successful and we are looking forward to doing more next year.



OFFICERS

President ELAINE FISHER
Vice-President MYRA BEERS
Secretary MARION BONYMAN
Treasurer HELEN HEATH

MEMBERS

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Ruth Kelley | 8 Eugenie Jackson | 15 Marion Hart |
| 2 Ruth Bassette | 9 Frances Hneston | 16 Dorothy Leith |
| 3 Klonda Lynn | 10 Helen Heath | 17 Bonnie Sowers |
| 4 Mildred Forrester | 11 Elaine Fisher | 18 Irene Thomas |
| 5 Alice Lemon | 12 Myra Beers | 19 Ruth Hess |
| 6 Venus Ochee | 13 Marion Bonyman | 20 Marjorie Jaques |
| 7 Sarah Hunter | 14 Margaret Donoghue | 21 Margaret McIntyre |

Emerson Debating Club



At the opening of the school year, the Debating Club could boast of only five members, for, as the President remarked, practically the whole club had graduated the previous May. Now, however, the organization has grown to the membership of nineteen students chosen from the various classes. It has been thoroughly alive and busy, and special honor should be given to the new members from the Junior class who have brought into the work the keen spirit of the "game," and who seem determined to leave nothing "unproved."

Some of the laurels of success are due the debate instructor, Joseph E. Connor, who has instilled into his classes the vital force of competition. He is himself a versatile debater, in that he convinces the Juniors completely in the belief that the Senior team is far superior to their own,—but if they will only work hard—!!! The same argument is used in the fourth year class with the same stress on the "just work hard." The results are splendid.

The Thursday lecture hour on December 1st was given over to the first public debate in which the Juniors proved the righteousness and the evil of a bachelor tax. The victorious affirmative was represented by Ruth Bassette, Mabel Arey, and Frances Huston. The negative side was presented by Helen Heath, Ulrica Grant, and Charles Joralemon.

The Senior debate followed on January 12th. The question, "Resolved: That the United States should at once adopt limitation of armament according to the original Hughes resolution," brought the current issues of the Washington Conference a little nearer home. The proposition was presented in the affirmative by Venus Ochee, Margaret Donoghue and Earl Bryan. The negative contention was upheld by Margaret McIntyre, Ruth Kelley, and Marion Bonyman. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

The final public debate between the Juniors and Seniors was held on March 9th, and it proved the most interesting of all. The Soldier Bonus Bill was the subject, and the Junior team; representing the affirmative, was composed of Helen Heath, Frances Hueston, and Charles Joralemon. Their opponents were Venus Ochee, Ruth Kelley, and Earl Bryan. For the third time, the victory belonged to the affirmative side, which though it saddened the Seniors for the time being, gladdens us all when we think of the coming year and the future of the Debating Club.

No time has been given to socializing for there have been matters of much graver importance claiming the attention of the Club—as for instance, the Endowment Program.

The challenge from the Y. M. C. A. Congress was not accepted by vote of the Club.

The most important event of the year is the debate with Boston University, which is scheduled for the last week in April. The support of the entire student body is with our team. Jean Jackson, Helen Heath and Frances Hueston represent Emerson and the affirmative side of the question—"Resolved: That the cancellation by the United States of the loans made to her associates during the World War would be to the advantage of American Business."



SOUTHERN CLUB



Southern Club



OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	MEADE SEAWELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	GERALDINE BIGGERS
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	MAURINE PEARCE
<i>News Reporter</i>	HAZEL DAVIS

Members

RUTH ALLEN	ROWENA ESTES	MAURINE PEARCE
MARY ANDERSON	MARTHA FREED	ANNA RALSTON
GERALDINE BIGGERS	MATILDA HOSKINS	MEADE SEAWELL
HAZEL DAVIS	MILDRED KINDLEY	CATHERINE STAFFORD
ANTOINETTE DILLARD	EVELYN MCCLUNG	NITA STEWART
MARY DUSENBURY	MARY JO MERRITT	LOUISE STOCKTON
CEINWYN ELLIS	FERROLL MOORE	SYDNEY TRESSLAR

The southern people, who have always had a big warm place in the heart of Emerson, assembled and were organized into a club years and years ago by a woman who gets more for one evening behind the footlights than most of us hope to get in our first month among the sparkling wits of the yet untrained. This club chose for its name: "The Southern Club of Emerson College of Oratory"—and it extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That is, it includes all territory between those bodies of water below the Mason-Dixon line. So it came: it has flourished and is with us until this good day, always active, more or less.

I remember a winter not long since, that began in September and ran into May, and even the Puritan born, who have infused into their enduring consciousness the dreadful chills of that first year when the Mayflower came in, were not proud of the season. Perhaps the club, having poignant memories of moonlight strolls in both fall and spring, was less active then, but there is none so cold at Emerson as to look on it without charity and hope and faith. And this year it has made fertile the ground for next year's glorious crop.

There are twenty-two of us, and we represent well the hospitality, the tempo, the eccentricities, and, aye verily, the speech of eight states. We have the general scheme of officers, running from a president through a news reporter; and the part of our meetings we are allowed with consideration toward all to discuss with the world at large, is—that after everything else do we talk about old times down home and how we love Emerson. Our contribution to the Endowment was not as big as we hoped to make it, nor as fair a ratio of our individual earnestness in the campaign as we should have liked it to be. Our fifteen dollars we shall double and double and then redouble before the four years are gone. The Southern Club is to be among many to make a new building possible.

Our chief activity this year in school was our play, the presentation of which was quite a success. But then, as I've said before, we're just fast gaining from a relapse—due mostly to the weather and the great day for the club, like the great day for the college, is just around the next corner.

—M. S., '23.



Driving Through ★

A ONE ACT COMEDY BY MEADE SEAWELL, '22



Characters

COL. JOHN GLASCOCK A farmer and descendant of early Scotch settlers of North Carolina
LYDIA.....The Colonel's daughter
JOHN AUSTIN.....A tourist
AUNT MARIAH.....A Negro servant
ALEX MARLEY.....A Negro farm hand, Aunt Mariah's husband

The play takes place in the sandhills of North Carolina, and the time is the latter part of August, comparatively modern.

The scene is laid in the front yard of Colonel Glascock's home. The house, with a wide porch is down stage left, leaving a walkway around the house upstage left. Flowers, trees, a rustic bench and chair are in the yard, and a rope swing is suspended from a limb of one of the trees down right. Lydia is sitting in the swing embroidering, her guitar is leaning against the tree as the curtain rises.

AUNT MARIAH (*Calling off stage, in house*)—Alex Marley! Alex Marley, your hearh me! (*Coming through door with broom in hand.*) Alex Marley! Lawd ha' mussy, Miss Liddy, I thought you wuz gallopin' ober dem hills by now. Dat nigger of a Alex Marley's done wore de plum soul out o' me. Alex Marley (*Crosses up right and calls off.*) Your hearh me, Alex Marley? Tote yo'self to dis house! Yonder you is settin' in de old buggy house do'. Git yo'self to dis house, you hearh! (*Turns to Lydia.*) I sho' hope Mr. Norman ain't gwine-a be no sorry no 'count husband lak dis hereh Alex Marley. Lawd knows! Dis yard sho' do need sweepin'. Aunt Mariah's gwine-a have dis old place a-lookin' lak de palaces of Zion fer dat weddin'. I wuz a-talkin' to Colonel John dis mornin' an' we's gwine-a have one mo' weddin', we air. (*Sweeps steps.*) Shoo-oot, we ain't no po' white trash. We gwin-a have a weddin' same as Miss Nora would have if she wuz hereh!

LYDIA (*Looking up from sewing and smiling*)—There's no need to hurry, Aunt Mariah. The late fall is a better time for a wedding, I think.

AUNT MARIAH—'Fore de Lawd! Is you dont put Mr. Norman off again? Now, honey, ain't you done heard what Colonel John done tell you? Dem mortgages is a-comin' due de fust o' de month, an' Aunt Mariah sho' would hate to see Miss Liddy and Colonel John turnt out in de cold. Why dis place have always belonged to us Glascocks. Colonel John's pa held hit afore Colonel John, an' his pa held hit afore him. Aunt Mariah sho' do loves dis ole place. Course hit ain't lake hit uster be, but hit's home, an' Aunt Mariah sho' would hate to see Colonel John turnt out in de cold, cold worl'.

LYDIA (*Dropping her sewing*)—Aunt Mariah, is this place under a mortgage? Dad never told me that.

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AUNT MARIAH—'Fore de Lawd, ain't Colonel John done tell you dat! Well hit's true, he done told me hisself. An' him an' Mr. Norman done talked hit over, an' he's gwine-a make hit right for Colonel John, for Mr. Norman sho' do loves Miss Liddy. Some of dem no'thern gen'emen what's buyin' lan' down hereh got de mortgages, de notes Colonel John say but dat air just de same, on some kind o' bet, an' tobacco done dropped an' Colonel John can't meet 'em. We's got to do somethin', Miss Liddy, an' Aunt Mariah's gwine-a fix up de house fer de weddin' right dis week. Conference's a-comin' next week an' Aunt Mariah'll have to entertain two of de delegates for de chu'ch. I'll be a-fixin' for dis weddin' right dis weke, an' don't you worry, honey, Aunt Mariah'll fix hit plum grand.

LYDIA (*sobbing, crosses to bench down center*)—But Dad didn't tell me. He let me think Norman loved me, wasn't buying me.

AUNT MARIAH (*Crosses to Lydia*)—Now, bless yo' heart! Aunt Mariah's chile ain't gwine-a worry 'bout dem mortgages. No, Aunt Mariah's child's gwine-a stop dem tears right now. You see, honey, Colonel John didn't want to make his little daisy worry, an' dat's why he don't say nothin'. Now, now, hit's gwine-a come out all right. Aunt Mariah's child ain't gwine-a cry no mo'.

Enter Alex Marley straggling up right.

AUNT MARIAH—Dar you is, you black nigger! Whar you been?

ALEX (*Very drawl*)—Aw, I been a-comin'.

AUNT MARIAH—Well, you tote yo'self 'round dem back steps an' wipe off yo' feet, den you go up in de attic an' fetch me down dat bureau back I's gwine-a fix for dis weddin'.

ALEX—Which attic?

AUNT MARIAH (*Attempting to throw broom at Alex*)—You bone head. How many attics we's all got? Can't you count dat fur?

ALEX (*Shuffling around house up left*)—One, I reckon.

LYDIA—Aunt Mariah, what kind of bureau back are you talking about? The old walnut one? I don't see where you're going to put it when it's brought down, its' so terribly old fashioned.

AUNT MARIAH (*Sweeps nervously*)—'Fore de Lawd, Miss Liddy, Aunt Mariah done find heaps o' places for dat ole bureau back. Dar's de fire shelf in de kitchen, an' dar's de bathroom up stairs. Shoo-oot, Aunt Mariah done find plenty o' places for to put things.

Enter Colonel Glascock from house.

COLONEL—Aunt Mariah, when you get through abusing Alex, tell him to saddle old Gip and bring him down by the spring.

AUNT MARIAH—Yas, Sah, Colonel John, yas, Sah. (*Bowing, exits through house.*)

COLONEL—Well, Lydia, I'm going over where they're cutting cross-ties at the mill. I'll be back shortly. I want to get a few hands to work on the yard and to fix some ditches down about the garden. Would you like to have a nice young man to call to dinner with us? Norman's going to meet me over there.

LYDIA (*Resumes her sewing almost heedless of her father's presenee*)—Why do you call Norman young? He's all of thirty-five, and I, I am only nineteen.



COLONEL (*Nervously*)—Nonsense, girl. What are you thinking of? Norman is a dandy chap, a fine young man. Why a boy of nineteen is just a kid. Why do you bother your little head over things of this kind? You should be thinking of your clothes, your frills and furbelows. Your mother told me she was making her trousseau for three months before I came and stole her away. (*Lights pipe and sits on bench, speaking reflectively.*) Oh, she was such a darling! I was driving through to Fayetteville with some cotton that morning and she didn't know I was coming. (*Chuckles.*) Whew, it was hot! But she looked like a picture in that big straw hat. Your mother was a beauty, Lydia.

LYDIA (*Enthusiastic*)—Oh, I know! She was, what you read in books, a regular heart smasher! Oh, little mother, what made you leave so soon. You know, Dad, I met an awfully nice man when I was visiting Aunt Katherine in Charleston, and—and he was driving through. I didn't see him but once, though. But I think that would be so thrilling, just to be sitting in your yard and a nice big man with a big heart and Dad, you weren't ever cross then, were you?—and then he taken in his arms and carried off, off, off, to the moon, and never come back to tobacco and —oh, I want to be stolen.

COLONEL (*Jovial*)—Nonsense. Fathers then weren't like fathers now days. We had to *steal* ours. Well, I guess Gip is saddled by now, if Alex hasn't fallen asleep. I'll bring Norman home to dinner with me.

LYDIA—Oh, no, Dad, not today, please. He's *always* here, and—

COLONEL—Lydia! Do you know what you're saying? I think you're rather forgetting yourself anyway of late. Where's your respect for your father's wishes? I'm afraid I'm going to have to be stern with you, Lydia. What *will* ever become of women anyway? Your mother was never so frivolous. Now don't start whimpering. You must remember you are a big girl now. And, Lydia, you recall what Norman has said to you. On the very verge of your wedding do you think it is fair to the man to keep him away so much? He'll be home to dinner with me, that settles it. (*Starts to go off.*)

LYDIA—But, is it true what Aunt Mariah says? Is the place under a mortgage, and—

COLONEL (*Angry*)—Did Aunt Mariah tell you this, Lydia? The fool! I told her not to, yet—

LYDIA—But why? Why not tell me? I'm a big girl now. Then it *is* true? And the place will go if Norman doesn't pay? Oh, why can't I be put to work or something?

COLONEL (*Composed and serious*)—Yes, Lydia, it is true. I gave a note, and I can't pay it. Norman is the way out.

LYDIA—But you let me think Norman loved me.

COLONEL (*Rather stern*)—Now, look here, Lydia, I'm not going to have a scene with you this morning. I can't see why you want to be so confounded obstinate. You have everything under the sun. You don't have to turn over your hand to do one lick of work, and I've given you everything a father could give, but what for? To have you come back with your stubborn impudence. I've got to look after your future, and the sooner you learn to respect your father's word the better for us both.



Hear me now. Norman is coming home to dinner with me and you two are going to settle this matter. Now no words from you, Lydia.

LYDIA (*Crying*)—But, what was the note for?

COLONEL (*Provoked*)—Nonsense! What has that got to do with Norman? I gave the note on a bet, er—a on the race last fall, and by golly, it'll be paid, too.

LYDIA—Dad, you gambled with our home at a horse race? Why, Dad!

COLONEL—Now, look here, young lady, I have always managed this household and I always will. The note was made, it has come due, and this place and you are all I've got. Let that be enough. If you were a boy, things might be different.

LYDIA—I sell my liberty to pay your debts. Oh, I hate, I—

COLONEL (*Angry and pacing*)—Nonsense! Behave yourself, Lydia! When will you ever learn to take my advice. The more I do for you the less appreciation you have. You can run away, you can hide yourself, but as long as you stay on this place you do as I say. My first thoughts are always for you, your future and your happiness. Oh, it has come to a pretty pass that a father has no say-so in his home! And what a home this is! By God, no, they shan't have it. They're coming to gobble up my fields, to tear away my houses, to cut down my trees. *No!* And you talk about liberty. Where will you be this time next month if this place goes? Oh, I had rather take you to the *graveyard* and *bury* you *today* than to see you live in *poverty* and *degradation*. I had rather see you *dead* first, and here you are playing into the hands of such a future!

LYDIA—Oh, don't don't! I can't bear to see you this way. I will, I will, I'll marry a thousand Norman Stuarts if that will pay you out. Oh, if there was only some other way, though. (*Hysterically.*) I hate him, I hate him, I despise the very ground he walks on! I won't, I won't—

COLONEL—Lydia!

LYDIA—I won't, I won't! I know I'm obstinate. I don't care. (*Buries her head in pillows on bench.*) I hate him! I hate everybody! I wish I were dead!

COLONEL—Oh, this is a pretty fit you've put me in for the day! A man's greatest curse is an obstinate daughter. (*Goes to door and calls.*) Aunt Mariah! Come to Lydia. Remember, Lydia, Norman comes to dinner. (*Exits up right.*)
Enter Aunt Mariah as Colonel goes off.

AUNT MARIAH (*Talking as she comes through door.*) Lawd, ha' mussy, if Aunt Mariah's child ain't done gone makin' herself sick (*Crosses to Lydia who by this time is kicking violently.*) Come to yo' black mammy's bosom an' tell her all 'bout dis hereh fuss. Have Colonel John done tuck another fit of hisn? Bless—

LYDIA—Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

AUNT MARIAH (*Stepping back a little*)—Oomh! Now, look hereh, child, I ain't gwine-a have to spank you and you done growed up, is I? Hereh, stop dere kickin'. You's the same as Squire Fry's yearlin'. Come now, tell Aunt Mariah, what 'tis. Po' little baby, Aunt Mariah's daisy!

LYDIA—Shut up! I hate you. Get on back in the kitchen where you belong (*Looking up.*) It's all I hear, you and Dad. Get on off! It's all I see, the black of you and gray of him, black and gray, black and gray everywhere. I hate my life!

Why don't you let me cry! (*Shrieks and throws pillows at her.*) Go! When I cry I see red. I want to cry always. Didn't you hear me say *go*?

AUNT MARIAH (*Throwing up her arms.*) 'Fore de Lawd, I ain't never heared no sich sass afore! (*Lydia falls back on bench. Aunt Mariah dares not approach but looks cautious.*) Lawd, what air wrong wid that child? Black and gray? (*Puzzles a little, then laughs some.*) Shoo-oot, Aunt Mariah have to stidy over dem words. (*Thinks of Alex Marley, looks off right and calls.*) Alex Marley! Hey, dar, you Alex Marley! You done saddled dat air horse, git yo'self to dis house, your hearh me. I 'clare afore de Lawd hit do take dat air nigger of a Alex Marley de eternity fer to do nothin'. (*Exits walking fast around house.*)

Enter down right, John Austin, a tourist. He stops for a moment at edge of yard and looks around, delighted with the looks of the place, not aware of Lydia who is on the bench. Lydia looks up slowly and watches him a moment.

LYDIA—Oh! What do you want?

JOHN (*Taking off his cap very courteously*)—I beg pardon if I was intruding on your meditations. It is so delightful here in the open among the trees, I was almost oblivious to everything else. But I am looking for Colonel John Glascock. Could you direct me to his home? I understand he lives alone and that I must be very careful when I approach him as he might be in a fit of temper. I guess that is why I was walking so blindly about trying to create a mood for him.

LYDIA—Why, Colonel John Glascock is my father, and this is his home.

JOHN (*somewhat embarrassed*)—Oh, is that so? A, er—a, splendid man, he must be. (*Coming closer and recognizing Lydia.*) Is he—ah, Miss Lydia Glascock! This is a surprise. You remember me?

LYDIA—Oh John Austin. I'm mighty glad to see you again. (*They shake hands.*) How is Charleston? I have not visited my aunt since.

JOHN—Neither have I been South since. My hobo existence, so to speak, has been mostly in the West. But I, I have thought of that dance lots of times. It was quite stupid of me not to have associated your name with Colonel Glascock's, but, you see, I thought you lived in Charleston.

LYDIA—And I thought you lived there. Aunt Katherine, though, later said you were one of the tourists that Edward, my cousin, you know, picked up that night and just brought around.

JOHN—Right she was. I was just driving through, as usual, hoboing. But had I known you lived in this part of the woods I think my steering would have been different. I meet a lot of people but some people I don't ever forg't.

LYDIA (*Embarrassed*)—Oh, I suppose you're still looking for adventure. But you inquired for my father. He went over to the mill, away over yonder.

JOHN—Do you wish me to go in search for him? I wonder if I could find him?

LYDIA—I rather doubt it. The fact is, too, he has his fit of temper with him this morning. I am expecting him back about noon. You could, er—a, perhaps, come back then.

JOHN—I should, er—a, like to wait if you wouldn't object.



LYDIA—Why, certainly not. Have a seat. But it is a long half-hour at the least till noon.

JOHN (*Sitting in chair. Lydia resumes her sewing, sits in swing.*) I hope I am not detaining you, er—a, the longer till noon, though, the better! Er—a, I can have time to create my mood.

LYDIA—Who told you my father had temper?

JOHN—My father.

LYDIA—Then your father knows my father?

JOHN (*Aside*)—Uh-hum! Oh, I've searched the world over for her. Every place I've gone I've thought maybe—

LYDIA (*Embarrassed, sews fast*)—Do you?

JOHN—"Do you"—er—a, which?

LYDIA—Know my father?

JOHN—No, I've never seen him. My father used to know him quite well, I think. He used to say he was a splendid sport and all that. But my father's not living now.

LYDIA—Oh, how bad! A boy without a daddy must be as terrible as a girl without her mother. But I never knew my mother. She died when I was a wee one.

JOHN—No, not as terrible, I guess. I don't think I could get along without a mother. But, but a daddy is quite a luxury, I think.

LYDIA—It's some fine daddy I have! And his temper doesn't amount to much after all. (*A moment's silence.*) What do you do, now, when you do anything?

JOHN—My work, you mean? You're interested in me?

LYDIA—Yes.

JOHN—Oh, I'd be a singer by choice, if I could have my choice. I'm sort of at present, though, helping get my father's estate fixed up.

LYDIA—Oh, I think that would be wonderful. To sing, I mean. And you don't ever grow cotton and tobacco? (*John shakes his head.*) I don't think I ever met a man who hadn't some time or another done that for a living. You're so interesting. (*A moment of silence passes.*) But do, do you ever bet on horses at the races?

JOHN—Well, I'm afraid I'll have to plead guilty of that. Sometimes I do. (*To himself.*) Oh, she's beautiful.

LYDIA—Oh, I guess all men do that. I guess I might even.

JOHN—Better not. It's dangerous. I never won in my life. But, of course, it is thrilling. I'll take you to Pinehurst to one soon, if you'll come.

LYDIA—Oh, I'd like it, I just know! Only I do hate it somehow.

JOHN—I just love it! It's so thrilling to see them coming in neck and neck.

LYDIA (*Rather shyly*)—You know, I like the way you look, er—a, better I guess than I did. (*John shows a bit of embarrassment, but pleased.*) My daddy, you see, is gray, gray all over, all around him, and Aunt Mariah, our servant, is black. You're a little different, you know.

JOHN—So colors affect your emotions! I can sympathize with you.

LYDIA—Yes, I guess they do. And you're a sort of red brown, you know.



- JOHN (*Laughing*)—Sure! I'm a real Irishman, all right. I was born in Boston. (*Regarding her sewing.*) What are you doing that for?
- LYDIA—A night gown. (*Suddenly realizing she mustn't speak so to Strangers.*) Why, why, it's none of your affairs. (*Wads it up and pushes it in sewing basket.*) I think you're fresh!
- JOHN—Oh, don't take it that way. I'm sorry. I didn't mean what it *was*. I meant what it was *for*. Oh, you know, girls make things for hope chests and comin' out parties. Oh, you know.
- LYDIA—Oh, that's different. It's for—oh, I'm just making it. It's awfully late, and I reckon my daddy isn't coming. (*Goes up right, looks off.*) Do you think you had better wait. (*As if she remembers something.*) Oh, I don't think you had. I hope he doesn't come for hours yet.
- JOHN—I don't either, if I may stay here with you until then. (*Seeing guitar.*) Oh, so you sing and play! Why didn't you tell me?
- LYDIA—But I don't much, honest. You can (*Points to guitar*) use it.
- JOHN (*Taking up instrument.*) You know there's something about you I like lots and lots, something I can't forget. May I tell you? I wanted to once before.
- LYDIA—What? (*Sits on bench.*)
- JOHN—(*sits on grass at Lydia's feet*)—Your eyes. They're wonderful eyes. They're sad eyes, but they're charming. They're poetry eyes, you know, dreamy eyes. They're the most—(*Alex with bureau back on shoulder enters from back of house and exits up right.*) Oh, is someone coming? (*John springs to his feet.*)
- LYDIA (*Looking after Alex*)—Oh that's Alex. And he has a bureau back with him. He's going to Aunt Mariah's cabin with it. Aren't the darkies funny?
- JOHN (*Craning to see*)—But that's a gorgeous thing. It's walnut, isn't it?
- LYDIA—Yes, but terribly old fashioned.
- JOHN—We like old fashioned things up where I live. (*Looking at her.*) But we were talking about eyes.
- LYDIA—We shouldn't talk about eyes. They don't talk about eyes except on, on entirely different occasions. I think you'd better go. My father wouldn't like it if he came and found you here with me alone.
- JOHN—Why? I don't understand you folks anyway, I guess. But I could explain.
- LYDIA—No, you couldn't. He wouldn't listen. He's Scotch, you know, and quick.
- JOHN (*Good naturedly*)—Oh, well, I could step out and say I've some Scotch in me, too!
- LYDIA—And if you did it that way he might think you had some Scotch in you all right, some of the hot Scotch! (*Nervous, looks off right.*) But honest, he isn't at all nice to strange men who talk to me, and he may come any minute.
- AUNT MARIAH (*Off stage in house*)—Miss Liddy! Is you stop dat cryin' yit? I think you'd better come eat yo' dinner. Colonel John ain't gwine-a git hereh afore 'way in de evenin'.
- LYDIA (*Calling in*)—I'll come in a minute, Aunt Mariah. (*To John*)—Oh, I hope she doesn't come out. You see, my daddy and Aunt Mariah, too, are very careful about me, and I don't know you much at all.



JOHN—He'd mind if I were here with you? I guess maybe I shouldn't be. It seems too good to be true. But if I make him understand that I am kin to an old friend of his and have come, have come on—oh, hang it, what I came on! Do you really think he'd mind, Lydia? Please let me stay.

LYDIA—Oh, but he'd be so mad. He'd disown me, and send me to bed likely. He never lets men talk to me, not foreign men, I mean. He shot at one once. Oh, you must go. I couldn't let him shoot at you. John, please.

JOHN—But I can't understand all this.

LYDIA—I can't explain. Please don't ask. It's foolish of him, I know. I'm a very obstinate child, he says, and he'd think I planned your coming. He won't listen until after you're gone, and it would mean I'd—oh, I don't understand him myself, and today he's gone to look for hands to work for him, and he's all out of sorts. Oh, I can't explain somehow. Only go and don't think of me again. Just leave me and know it's for the best.

JOHN (*Lays guitar on bench, goes for his hat near porch, picks it up and nervously plays with it. Looks at Lydia, who is watching him, and starts a step to her*)—You don't want me to go. Oh, say you don't, Lydia. I've longed to see you again so much! You're just afraid for me to be here.

LYDIA—I want you to go, please.

JOHN (*Starting, sees guitar and stops*)—May I sing you a song first?

(Lydia, watches, excited. He sings Schubert's Serenade, and she shows she loves him as he sings.) I will go now, as you ask. *(Extends hand, takes hers.)* Goodby, I hope you will always be happy. Goodby, again, Lydia.

Lydia watches John a few minutes, as he goes over the hill and away. She almost sobs loud, picks up guitar and kisses it where he has held it. Aunt Mariah comes from around house.

AUNT MARIAH (*Calling as she enters*)—Alex Marley! Alex Marley! Well, I 'clare to you, Miss Liddy, ain't you folks gwine-a eat no dinner 'tall? Hit's a-gittin' cold an' I done waited nigh on two hours for Colonel John. *(Goes to Lydia and pats her.)* Bless my little daisy's heart! Run on now, honey, and git yo' dinner. I 'low Colonel John done find a heap a trouble in gittin' dem hands he's a-wantin', and like as not his temper's all lit up by now. *(Laughs.)* Shoo-oot, I 'low he's bilin'! *(Looks off right.)* Alex Marley!

LYDIA—I'll go eat my dinner, then, now. You don't reckon Dad will be angry at me for that, do you, Aunt Mariah?

AUNT MARIAH—'Fore de Lawd, if he gits mad with his little gal for dat, he ought to be whooped. Go 'long an' eat yo' dinner, hit's a-gittin' cold.

Enter Alex Marley, straggling in up right.

AUNT MARIAH—Dar you is, nigger. Whar you been?

ALEX—Aw, I been a-comin'.

AUNT MARIAH—Well, you tote yo'self to dat woodpile an' fetch me some stove wood. How's I gwine-a keep Colonel John's dinner hot without no wood? I's gwine-a pick some of des roses for de parlor. Make de grit roll under yo' feet, nigger, you hearh!



ALEX (*Shuffles a few steps*)—Who wuz dat dar fine gen'eman wid Miss Liddy?

AUNT MARIAH (*Selecting the roses*)—Git on after dat wood, nigger, and quit yo' foolin'.
Dar ain't no gen'eman wid Miss Liddy.

ALEX—Dar wuz too. I reckon I seed 'em. When I come through de yard hereh wid dat dar bureau back, dat dar gen'eman wuz on his knees a-sayin' his pray'rs to Miss Liddy.

AUNT MARIAH—Ain't I done tell you not ter come through dis hereh yard with dat air bureau back? A gen'eman with Miss Liddy? Nigger, is you lyin'? If you's lyin' to me, nigger, I'll lay you out, I'll turn you so hit gwine-a rain in yo' nose!

ALEX—Fore de Lawd, Old 'oman, I seed 'em. (*Shuffles up left.*) I hope to die I seed 'em. I sho' seed 'em. (*Exits around house.*)

AUNT MARIAH (*Biting rose stem that is stubborn, singing a little, she sits upon bench while sorting the roses, and mops her forehead with end of her apron.*) Whe-ew! I's sweatin' same as a reg'lar nigger at de 'sociation! Dar won't no Mr. Norman hereh. If dat nigger air foolin' me—(*Puzzles, then looks off towards road. Rises quickly.*) 'Fore de Lawd, if dar ain't Colonel John.

(*Enter Colonel with John Austin following closely, up right.*)

COLONEL—Well, Aunt Mariah, I didn't get back as soon as I expected, but I guess it was due to the temper I went off in. How's Lydia?

AUNT MARIAH—Oh, she air all right now. She's eatin' her dinner for hit wuz a-gittin' cold. (*Exits around house.*)

COLONEL—That's all right. (*Taking off shoes.*) Come John! (*Pours dirt out of shoes and hands them to John. Lydia enters from house, but seeing John is startled and pauses on porch.*) This is your first job. Let me see how well you can earn your dollar and fifty per. You'll find the polish on the shelf on the back porch. Aunt Mariah will show you. (*John, bowing, starts around house.*) But say, have you had dinner?

JOHN—No, Sir.

COLONEL—Well, tell Aunt Mariah to give you some, and then Alex can show you where the ditches are needed.

JOHN—Yes, Sir. (*Starts and reaches corner of house, seeing Lydia halts suddenly.*)

COLONEL (*Calling.*) Oh, Lydia! Oh, there you are. Never mind, though. I thought I needed my slippers, but I want to wash up anyway. (*Starts to go, then turns to Lydia.*) Norman is coming for supper instead. He is very happy to know you're going to be his bride next week.

LYDIA—But, Dad, I never—

COLONEL—No words, now, Lydia. I've told him, and he's coming to settle it with you. It is for the best for both of us, and you will see the wisdom of it in later years. He brings the check for the note with him. (*John creeps nearer to listen.*) Your ideas concurred with mine this morning. Now, (*he protests to her objection*) they will concur with mine this evening. You should be a happy girl instead of pouting. Norman is the cream of the sandhills. (*Exits in house.*)

LYDIA (*Walks to bench, is startled to see John has not gone to the back. He comes*



toward her, dropping the shoes.) My father's servant should be about his employer's affairs.

JOHN—Oh, Lydia, don't talk like that. Can't you see why? Don't you know why I do not sing but black shoes? I could work in a thousand other places, possibly, but I chose here because, oh, Lydia, don't you know?

LYDIA—No, John, you mustn't to me now. I'm not supposed to know anything. I wish I might be a servant, then I could tell you how cruel life is when it is all black and gray, but, go, oh, please. I dream a great deal, I guess. I reckon nobody belongs to himself.

JOHN—But I do not understand!

LYDIA—You're not supposed to. Run along and do your work. I must think awhile, if I can. Oh, I thought you were—dreams are such funny things.

JOHN—You thought I was—oh, Lydia, would it make any difference what I am, if—

LYDIA—You mustn't talk to me that way, John. It's all settled, I guess. You may sing to me sometimes, when Dad isn't around. Perhaps it was—

JOHN—Oh, no, Lydia, it wasn't just the singing. It couldn't be. You knew what I was pleading for. You know what I've thought these two years. Oh, Lydia, you know why I have come back, you must know it. I am not anything, but, oh, Lydia, I love you so! I have ever since I first laid eyes on you!

LYDIA—Don't. You mustn't. I can't listen to you, I can't. Please go away.

JOHN (*Starts back, picks up shoes, regards them, then returns to Lydia.*) Lydia, what is it? Won't you tell me? Your father is forcing you to something because of a debt. Tell me, isn't that true? I couldn't help hearing.

LYDIA—Oh, what is that to you? To my father's hired hand? You were a beast for listening. Co. I think I've lived forty years since breakfast. A little red amid the black and gray was sweet, but a little is—

JOHN—You *do* love me!

LYDIA—John! You forget to whom you're speaking. Black my father's shoes.

JOHN (*Picks up shoes, then lays them down*)—Do, do you love the man you're going to marry next week?

LYDIA (*Half to herself*)—Marry? Oh! (*To John*)—I love my father. I love these skies, these oaks, the freedom of the hills, and the woodsy places to stroll in where the water trickles—oh, they're mine.

JOHN—If I could give you, oh, someday, a place with trees and hills—if my home was a place with oaks and fields, would you, could you love me, Lydia?

LYDIA—I hope you shall someday have such a place, but do not talk of it to me. I love it here, but, oh—

JOHN—But what, Lydia? (*She turns away.*) Well, we have a Common. (*After a moment of puzzling.*)

LYDIA (*Slowly curious*)—A what? What's a Common?

JOHN—Why, a, a pasture, yes a pasture, where folks graze, but with their eyes, of course. Oh, Lydia, for awhile we could walk there, if you insisted.

LYDIA (*Resisting her real inclination she turns her back*)—Oh, go. You must not talk to me. I do not belong to myself. Please go to your place. (*She designates back of house.*)

JOHN—Yes, Mam. (*Turns and starts around house. Lydia reaches for him silently yearning for him to stay. He stops, excogitates, drops shoes, and comes back. Speaks seriously without any feeling obvious.*) Lydia, you want money for a debt your father owes. If I had it you wouldn't take it, I know, and I should not want to seem to buy your love; but I know a man who will help you. You know the bureau back I saw Alex with this morning? I know a man who would pay ten thousand dollars for that bureau back, twenty, if necessary. May I sell it for you?

LYDIA—Oh, John! But, do you really know what you are saying?

JOHN—Lydia, may I sell it for you, as a friend, a casual friend might?

LYDIA—Why, why, yes, John. But how?

JOHN (*Takes out notebook, writes a note, hands it to Lydia.*) Give this to Alex and tell him to hasten with it to the millpond about a quarter of a mile down the road, a er—a, Adam's Millpond, this man is fishing there today. Tell him to hurry, they may be packing up to leave by now.

LYDIA—But, John! (*She runs around house. John looks after her, sits on bench, excogitates, nods his head affirmatively, walks to and fro and in an audible whisper says, "Well, we can begin with a bureau back. Hears her returning, and begins to rub the shoes vigorously with his handkerchief.*) Do you really think he will buy it? Oh, John!

JOHN (*Indifferent*)—Yes.

LYDIA (*Trying to make him look up.*) Now I know why you came back. Just to do this favor for me.

JOHN—I need the one-fifty per.

LYDIA (*Regarding the way he is rubbing the shoes*)—But you've never worked much, have you. Servants always rise when the mistress of the house comes around, besides people who do shoes don't do them that way.

JOHN—Is that so? (*Slowly pushes shoes aside, then rises.*) I guess I'm not worth a dollar fifty. My mistress! You're a darling! I wish I could steal you and fly off, off to the moon and never come back. But as your Negro mammy says, if wishes were horses po' white trash like me would be riding instead of walking.

LYDIA—Oh, did Aunt Mariah say that? She's awfully gruff. I'm so sorry. (*He turns to go around house, she starts after him.*)

JOHN (*Facing her*)—Oh, pardon me. I thought you touched me.

LYDIA—I didn't. But, but I was fixin' to. Don't go.

JOHN (*Looking at her*)—Why? Oh, Lydia, you know why I chose to be a servant to your father, don't you? Oh, I've dreamt ever since that first meeting in Charleston, every night and every day, of a time when I might ask you to—(*Turns away dejectedly.*) I only wish I were worthy.

LYDIA—Oh, John! (*He turns and she goes into his arms and puts her head on his*



shoulder.) It doesn't matter who you are! You know it didn't from the first. If you were the stable keeper's son, I'd love, love you as I do now, as I have since I first saw you.

JOHN—My dearest (*Kisses her, as Colonel calls from house.*)

COLONEL (*Off stage*)—Lydia! My Lord, is that my child?

LYDIA—Oh, he's seen us. Run! Run fast! He was taking his bath, but he's coming, oh, John, run!

JOHN—Let him come, I can meet him.

LYDIA—Oh, no! He will shoot you. Go, quick. I'll meet you somewhere later.

JOHN—Let him come, I'll not budge.

COLONEL—Lydia! Come here, Lydia! The hound!

LYDIA—Oh, John, please go, go now. If you love me you will. He's coming with his gun, I know. Please go, go now.

AUNT MARIAH (*Off stage, back of house*)—Alex Marley! Alex Marley!

LYDIA (*Almost shrieking*)—Oh, please go, John. Hide quick. He's terrible when he's mad. If you love me you'll go now.

JOHN—I cannot leave you alone. (*Starts to go, returns.*) I can't, Lydia, I can't go. I love you. Go with me.

LYDIA—Oh, don't John. I must stay with him.

JOHN—But the debt is paid. Oh, Lydia, please. I want you so!

LYDIA—Go! I love you. I shall always love you—oh, he's coming down the stairs.

JOHN (*Backs as if to leave, always watching door to house.*) But Lydia! You— (*Returns to Lydia. Tries to take her in his arms.*) I shall have to steal you then.

LYDIA—Oh, no, John. (*She starts towards house but on hearing her father's steps runs back to John.*) But— (*He places his arms around her, they tip-toe back, up right. He picks her up.*) Oh, we must run fast, John! (*Exits right, John carrying Lydia.*)

AUNT MARIAH (*Coming from back of house.*) Alex Marley! John! Well, whar did dat air boy go? I gits so tired a-waitin' on po' white trash. John! Alex Marley, have you seed dat air John? Oh, John!

COLONEL (*Enters from house, very angry, carrying fire poker as weapon with him. He is in his bathrobe, his hair damp and dishevelled, and he is in bedroom slippers without socks.*) Lydia! John! Oh, to think I should come to this! Lydia! (*Striking the poker on the side of house.*) John!

AUNT MARIAH (*Runs in front of Colonel, throws up her hands horrified.*) Afore de Lawd! Colonel John you gwine-a ketch yo' death without no clothes on! (*He runs to look around house, then off stage right, growling as if looking for a contemptible dog, not heeding Aunt Mariah.*) Hes' done tuck a fit! (*Aunt Mariah, keeping a good distance away, goes after him as if to catch him in her apron.*)

COLONEL (*Still running about.*) Shut up! The cur! Curse his one dollar and fifty cent skin! (*Shouting loudly*)—Aunt Mariah, Where's Lydia?

AUNT MARIAH (*Very nervous.*) Yes, Sah, Colonel John, she air takin' her nap.

COLONEL—Nap, the devil! (*Goes again around house, returning quickly.*) It's time she

was taking her nap after all I've seen! Oh, it's anything with pants on! *Where's John?*

Enter Alex Marley from up right all out of breath and in as much a hurry as he can be. He carries a check and a card in his hand.

AUNT MARIAH (*As Alex is about to speak.*) Whar you been?

ALEX—Aw, I been a-comin'.

AUNT MARIAH—Hit's done time you been a-comin'. Whar's dat air John?

ALEX—Ain't I done been tryin' fur to say! Him an' Miss Liddy done git in one of dem automobiles and dey done gone. Hit wuz one mo' sight de way dey went!

COLONEL (*Rushing to Alex from up right.*) Alex! What in hell are you talking about? Stand up now and speak plain.

ALEX (*Nervous.*) I done seed 'em. Yas, Sah, I hope to die I seed 'em. Him what wuz a-sayin' his pray'rs to Miss Liddy when I's takin'—

AUNT MARIAH—You bone head, you won't takin' nothin', you—

COLONEL—You saw what, Alex Marley? Look here, did you see Lydia and that John something get in a car together?

ALEX—Yas, Sah, I sho' seed 'em. An' he plum hugged her, Colonel John, an' dat automobile, hit done some smokin' behind, hit done.

COLONEL (*Goes up right.*) The bug-eyed, yellow, loafing skunk! The fool! Lydia! Alex Marley, you blamed idiot, why didn't you stop 'em. I'm might nigh notion to wear you out. (*Looking off and mumbling.*) A dollar and fifty cents! If that's not a pretty kettle of fish!

ALEX—An' he done send to you dis hereh paper. An' dis hereh money, hit come frum dat dar man a-fishin' what Miss Liddy done send me—

COLONEL (*Jerking paper and card from Alex. Opens check.*) *Ten thousand dollars!* A. K. Poole, for walnut bureau back, a cashier's check. This is a trick. Alex Marley, where did you get this?

AUNT MARIAH—Dat's what I wants to know! Whar?

COLONEL (*Reading card as Alex starts to speak.*) "Sorry to have to steal her. Will be back soon to see you. Love from us both, John." Oh God! (*Crumple check and card, and they fall to floor, and he flings himself on bench.*)

AUNT MARIAH—An' now thar ain't gwine-a be no weddin', an' conference is a-comin', too.

COLONEL (*Soberly, with much feeling.*) It doesn't pay! I've been a fool! An' I deserve to be whipped at the game. (*Secs card, picks it up, scrutinizes it.*) John Austin, John Austin, Beacon Street, Boston! John Austin! Well, if I were not a good Presbyterian and believed whatever is to be will be in spite of creation, I guess I'd just bust. (*Smiles, almost chuckles.*) The son of my good friend! This fellow, Aunt Mariah, since his father's death, owns the note.

AUNT MARIAH—De mortgages, Colonel John, de mortgages?

COLONEL—Yes, the old mortgage note. After all kicking doesn't do much good! (*Chuckles.*) Just driving through, that's the way I got mine!

CURTAIN



KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa Gamma Chi



Founded: Alpha Chapter, Ohio Wesleyan University, 1890
Gamma Chapter, Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

Colors—Green and White *Jewels*—Emerald and Pearl
Flower—Lily of the Valley

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Mrs. HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS	Miss MARGARETTE PENICK
Mrs. WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY	Mrs. E. CHARLTON BLACK

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1922

VENUS OCHEE		EILEEN O'BRIEN
ALICE LEMON		ELIZABETH REBILUN
	ELINOR FLOWER	

1923

EMILY SEABER	DORIS PLAISTED
EUGENIA TERWILLIGER	VESTA NELSON
HELEN HEATH	JESSIE GRANT
	GENEVIEVE CLARK

1924

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HELENA COOK	CATHERINE STAFFORD
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SYDNEY TRESSLAR	CLAIRE MACINTYRE
MAUDE COULTER	ANNA RALSTON
AUDREY CHAMBERS	MARIE DEMULING
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Chapter House—247 Newbury St., Boston



ZETA PHI ETA



Zeta Phi Eta



FOUNDED: PHI ETA SIGMA—1893

ZETA PHI ETA—1908

Alpha—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

Beta—Cumnoek School of Oratory, Evanston, Ill.

Gamma—Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

Delta—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

Epsilon—Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.

Zeta—Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex.

Eta—University of Southern Calif., Los Angeles, Cal.

Colors—Rose and White

Jewel—Pearl

Flower—La France Rose

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CHARLOTTE MESERVE

ELLEN STAPLETON

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DEETTE GRACEY

EDITH CANAVAN

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1924

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THELMA EVANS

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LOUISE STOCKTON

NITA STEWART

ADA WANBERG

CATHERINE NASH

MARY MERRITT

EVELYN MCCLUNG

MARION BARCLAY

HELEN BROWN

VIRGINIA SHOCKLEY

Chapter House—16 Exeter Street, Boston



PHI MU GAMMA



Phi Mu Gamma



FOUNDED FEBRUARY 1, 1921

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

Beta—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

Gamma—Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

Colors—Blue and Black

Jewels—Turquoise and Pearl

Flowers—Sweetheart Roses and Forget-me-nots

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. E. CHARLTON BLACK

Pres. H. L. SOUTHWICK

Mr. JOSEPH E. CONNOR

Dr. E. CHARLTON BLACK

Mr. WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP

Mr. FRANCIS McCABE

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1922

DOROTHY RICHARDS

FEROLL MOORE

LUCILE HICKS

ROWENA ESTES

BONNIE SOWERS

MAURINE PEARCE

RUTH HESS

IRENE THOMAS

1923

HELEN KING

JESSIE HAMILTON

MADELINE MACKECHNEY

DOROTHY LEITH

NADINE CURRIE

1924

MARY COOPER

EDITH GWIN

VESTA CLARKE

KATHRYN BLUME

PLEDGES

RUTH ALLEN

MATILDA HOSKINS

HELEN CLARK

GLADYS HILLER

CHRISTINE ISZARD

BEATRICE SMYTHE

ONEITA BARNES

KATHRYN SPECKMAN

MARTHA FREED

ALICE SHAW

ELIZABETH WOOLRIDGE

ANNIE QUANJER

HELEN KRAFT

Chapter House—324 Commonwealth Ave., Boston



PHI MU GAMMA PLAY



Phi Mu Gamma Play



One of the big events for the college and for Phi Mu Gamma was the presentation of their annual scholarship play at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, on March 24th. "The Duke of Killierankie" was the one chosen and successfully presented by this year's cast, with Walter Bradley Tripp as coach.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

Mrs. Mulholland	IRENE THOMAS
Mr. Henry Pitt-Welby.....	NADINE CURRY
The Countess of Pangbourne.....	KATHRYN BLUME
Lady Henrietta Addison, her daughter.....	FEROLL MOORE
Ian MacBayne, Duke of Killierankie.....	LILLIAN HARTIGAN
Footman	MARY COOPER
Alexander MacBayne, Duke's butler.....	VESTA CLARKE
Mrs. MacBayne, housekeeper.....	MADELINE MACKECHNEY
Ladies' Maids.....	{ JESSIE HAMILTON
	{ EDITH GWIN
Mr. Ashly Hicks.....	ROWENA ESTES

Phi Alpha Tau



Phi Alpha Tau



Founded: Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

CHAPTER ROLL

- Alpha*—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
Beta—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Gamma—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Delta—Leland Stanford University, Berkeley, Calif.
Epsilon—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Zeta—Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis.
Theta—Northwestern College, Naperville, Ill.
Iota—University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kans.
Kappa—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Lambda—University of Texas, Austin, Tex.
Mu—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
Nu—Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oreg.
Omicron—State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kans.
Pi—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Xi—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

HONORARY MEMBERS

E. CHARLTON BLACK RICHARD BURTON

ACTIVE MEMBERS

WILLIAM G. WARD HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK
FRANCIS JOSEPH McCABE ROBERT HOWES BURNHAM
WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP JOSEPH EDWARD CONNOR
CHARLES EDWARD JORALEMON

Jokes



H.F.



I thought it quite all right to try
To kiss her when I said good-by,
That night in June.
She breathed no sigh; she spoke no word;
But made it clear that I had erred.
It was too soon.
She deftly slipped from my embrace
And slapped me sweetly in the face.
I hummed a tune.
She turned, and laughing, left me there
Standing in the summer air,
Beneath the moon.

I'll practise many a gallant speech
To find the quickest way to reach
Her wayward heart.
But if again her lips allow
A smile that seems to whisper "Now—
Or never,"
I'll let her think I do not care.
But it's because I do not dare—
Lest we should part
Forever.

R. B. '23

School Calendar—Red Letter Days



- Sept. 25—School seems harder than ever before. Much confusion.
- Sept. 26—New rules enforced. More confusion.
- Sept. 28—Freshmen discover Mr. Kenney.
- Sept. 29—Chesty tones of "Whoa" from Freshmen heard off and all day.
- Oct. 2—A cat visits Mr. Tripp's class to learn to tame the Shrew. Trippie ignores its desire for higher learning and sends it many seething glances.
- Oct. 3—The cat died.
- Oct. 4—Exercises omitted in chapel. (Not because of the cat, however.)
- Oct. 19—A Freshman loses her dignity while evolving.
- Oct. 22—"Mrs. Wiggs" opened the Children's Theater.
- Nov. 3—Lecture on "The Vaudeville Mind."
- Nov. 4—The Orpheum loses heavily in sale of tickets. Increased attendance at Emerson. Strange coincidence.
- Nov. 7—Miss Smith has a new dog.
- Dec. 1—Jonah day for bachelors. The Juniors decide they shall be taxed.
- Dec. 2—Mistletoe Day. Boston in a turmoil.
- Dec. 5—"Debbie." The house filled. Tickets at twenty-five dollars a piece. Few sold.
- Dec. 13—Mrs. Black only assigned four books to review, twenty-five poems to learn, one play to cut and two lecture-recitals to learn for the next lesson.
- Dec. 17—School closes for the holidays. Much rejoicing.
- Jan. 4—Reopening of school. Students return to rest up for the next vacation.
- Jan. 23—Mr. Santayana distracts the girls while playing Romeo.
- Jan. 30—"Tommy" Evans seen without a smile for ten minutes.
- Feb. 3—"Prexy" discovers the yearly epidemic of "sitdownitis."
- Feb. 10—Nadine Currie seen in chapel.
- Feb. 12—Mr. King spoke on the platform. The whole school "chantied," and the co-eds proved that they knew the ropes.
- Feb. 28—Opening of the most successful Junior Week ever produced (with apologies to the Senior Class.)
- March 1—The Faculty saw themselves as others see them in the Junior Stunt.
- March 4—Junior Play—"What Chance has a Man" Note—not much.
- March 4—Junior Prom.
- March 5—Unanimously agreed by the Juniors that they are the star class.
- March 9—Debate won by Junior Class from Seniors. Juniors prove worthiness.
- March 11—"Sunny" Embry attended all her classes.
- March 30—Zassette, Nash, and Caswell discovered on window sill when "Trippie's" intuition led him to gaze behind curtains.
- March 31—Jame three swear vengeance.
- April 1—Many fools in the world. Great discoveries made all day.
- April 5—Dean's birthday. There are dogs and dogs. Miss Winn won recognition for her natural ability. "Kipling" made her debut.
- April 6—Freshmen stunt. Much talent discovered.
- April 7—Report cards. You'd be surprised.



SUMMER
" VS. " WINTER





EXAMINATION ECHOES

Pete: I'm not going in, are you? I could never pass.
Repeat: Oh, I guess I'll take a chance in the crowd.

Visitor (during the Dramatic Art rehearsal): But I can't tell the men from the women.

Peg Donoghue: Oh, but wait till we get our costumes on!

TRIPPY'S LATE HOURS

Mr. Tripp (referring to Bassette's telephone call of 6.45 Tuesday morning): I was called rather *late* about this, but I was able to arrange the scenes satisfactorily.

IN ANALYSIS WE FIND

Miss Smith (explaining): Man here means not man alone, but man embracing woman.

TIME AMBLES WITHAL

Friend: How long have you been off probation, Wai Sheung?
Wai Sheung: Oh, long time—since yesterday.

Trippy (in Play-Writing Class): Now just what is the center of this play? H-m! The onion. A very strong play!

'TIS DONE IN THE BEST OF CLASSES

Sunny: When the roll is called up yonder shall I answer for you?

Bill: Say, when the roll is called up yonder I'll be home having a fire-drill.

FEEDING HER FACE

Margaret MacIntyre (in Make-up Class): Oh, Mr. Burnham. I'll have to drop this course. The make-up is eating my face up.

Mrs. Hicks: How can I make you all sit in front?

Wee Voice from Dark Corner: Tell us you're going to begin from the back.

Mr. Tripp: The first assignment for the year will be (etc., etc., ad infinitum).

Deep Sigh: All this for Thursday and to-day is Tuesday.

Mr. Tripp: Oh, pardon me! How very careless of me! Let's see, this is a first semester course? Then in *April*—yes, you may hand in your three topics in April!

What became of Babylon?
It fell.
Of Nineveh?
Destroyed.
Of Tyre?
Puncture.—(*From the Oracles*)

Teacher in Gesture Class: Next time I shall give you the notes on the head!

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Freshman: Who are you?
Thoughtful Junior: I am Romeo, Officer 666, and Gremio.
Freshman: I pity the bill collectors.

“ PEP ”

Vigor, vitality, vim and punch—
That's pep!
The courage to act on a sudden hunch—
That's pep!
The nerve to tackle the hardest thing,
With feet that climb and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's pep!

Sand and grit in a concrete base,
That's pep!
Friendly smile on an honest face—
That's pep!
The spirit that helps when another's down,
That knows how to scatter the blackest frown,
That loves its neighbors and loves its town—
That's pep!

To say, “ I will ”—for you know you can—
That's pep!
To look for the best in every man—
That's pep!
To meet each thundering knock-out blow,
And come back with a laugh, because you know
That you'll get the best of the whole darn show—
That's pep! (*From the Oracle*)

“I have an impression,” said the psychology teacher, “Now, can anyone tell me what an impression is?”

Freshman (eagerly): “A dent in a soft place!”—(*Oracle*)



SNAPS



Hickory, dickory dock!
The mouse ran up the clock,
But hearing a scream,
He slid down the seam,
For the clock was designed on a sock.

Mrs. Hicks (in Romeo and Juliet class): I've always been a great believer in Miss Hueston since the days of room five hundred and six, two years ago. Do you remember, Miss Hueston?

Frances: Oh, yes! You told me that Hell was clearer to me than Heaven!

Mary: I heard the best joke last night.

Marie: What was it?

Mary: It was about a chicken.

Marie: Oh, what a fowl joke!

In a Pullman going from New York to Boston, a conversation started between an elderly lady and an E. C. O. girl. The girl was questioned in the following manner:

"And, my dear, do you study foreign languages?"

"Yes, French."

"What is the French for funny?"

"Why, humoresque, of course!"

Sophomore: I saw you out to dinner the other night with the bottle on the table.

Junior: You won't give me away?

Sophomore: No. I kept mine under the table.

"Did you know that Miss Smith had gone out for *Snappy Stories*?"

"No; what did she write?"

"The Disposition of her Pet Dog."

Oh, Recital, 'tis through thee,
Short road to lounacy,
O'er thee I rave.
Another month or so,
Of learning you, I know,
Will send me straight below,
Into my grave.

Mrs. Black: Now, which is the greatest evil: the world, the flesh, or the devil?

Vesta N—— (with a surprised start): Oh, the devil!

Mrs. Black: Right.





Prof. Tripp: I have had classes in this school who, when a humorous situation was revealed, laughed themselves into stitches.

Voice: Was it a sewing class?

Bobby Robinson (at lecture): Sir, will you repeat that? I am deaf.

Lecturer: My dear Madam, if you are deaf, it would be useless for me to repeat.

Tommy: Did you ever eat Welsh rarebit?

Puggy: I've eaten many rabbits, but I've never asked any of them their nationalities.

Maurine: Why do you keep your feet on our table?

Kay: Well, you always keep yours on the floor.

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled there to drill.
It drilled away for half a day,
And finally broke its bill.

Freshman: D'ye know what we gotta do for English tonight? We gotta write five hundred words on cheese.

Sophomore: Goodness! Will you have to buy all the cheese yourself?

HEARD IN THE LIBRARY

"I want Longfellow."

"What selection of his?"

"Why, 'The Vision of Sir Launfal' "

Inquisitive at Prom (referring to Vesta Nelson): Who is the tall girl in black?

Freshman partner: Oh, that's the Head Usher of Children's Theatre.

Anne Dunkel (rising to recite in voice class): "God give us men . . ."

Mr. Kenney: Have patience. Sit down.

Mr. Connor (in Romeo and Juliet class): What you need is vital slide on that "kiss"—technique!

Freshman in library (referring to the picture of Lord Byron on the wall): Is that President Southwick in his young days?

Absent Stockton (trying to think of the name of one of Barrie's half-hour plays—"Pantaloons"): Oh, yes, "Overalls"! That's it, "Overalls"!

Meade: My, but you have good color, Marian; what have you been taking?

M. Bonyman: Make-up. And 'taint all gone yet!



Heights by Students Reached and Kept

The Height of Ambition:	To obtain a B. L. I.
The Height of Precaution:	Chapel Cuts.
The Height of Familiarity:	Kidding Mr. Kenney.
The Height of Foolishness:	To learn more than one recital a year.
The Height of Stinginess:	Not to share a sandwich during class.
The Height of Popularity:	Dean Ross.
The Height of Obscurity:	Freshmen.
The Height of Unrestraint:	Kid joy.
The Height of Control:	Suppressed desires.
The Height of Absurdity:	Frances Hueston in May Walsh's clothes.
The Height of Stupidity:	Freshmen the first day of school.
The Height of Cleverness:	Faculty Vaudeville.
The Height of Laziness:	Sophs when warm weather begins.
The Height of Activity:	Elevator at 12:30.
The Height of Generosity:	More than one check a week.
The Height of Incongruity:	Prexy with a long, black mustache.
The Height of Curiosity:	Rush week.
The Height of Poverty:	Hayes—a la "Greasy Spoon"
The Height of Luxury:	Being fully prepared in all subjects for one day—or Owning all the books in your possession.
The Height of Impossibility:	Less than ten chapel cuts.
The Height of Innocence:	Mr. Powery.

—R. B., '23.

Alice Lemon: Dr. Black is real fond of Mary Rose.

Chorus: Is she taking one of his B. U. Courses?

Member of Committee from Dean's Kipling Class: Do you have any records of Kipling's songs?

Clerk in Vic. Store: Does Kipling sing for the Victrola? I didn't know that.

Earl (dining at the Far East and reading aloud from the menu): "The orchestra will play anything on request." H-m! Waiter!

Waiter: What you gonna have?

Earl: Is this right—"The orchestra will play anything on request?"

Waiter: Yes, anything.

Earl: All right. Tell 'em to play poker till I finish my dinner.

Lofty Senior: My, but this hall is cold this morning! I'm chilled to the bone.

Lowly Frosh: Well, why don't you wear your hat then? Vesta does.



"These movie people must be great on endurance."

"How's that?"

"Saw a picture this afternoon that closed with the usual kiss, and then there was an announcement: 'To be continued for three weeks.'"

—From *The Oracle*.

Prof. (concluding a difficult explanation):—"Is that someone smoking back there?"

Student: "No, not at all sir, only the fog I'm in."

—From *The Punchbowl*.

"Why was the show so shocking?"

"Because it was on a theatrical circuit."—From *The Gargoyle*.

Jackie Hurlbut "When I first took to the stage, ambition egged me on."

Friend: "And then, I suppose, the audience egged you off?"

Prof. Black: "Have you read *Beowulf*?"

Freshman: "No but I have read *Brer Rabbit*. Isn't *Uncle Remus* adorable?"

SPRIGS FROM MISTLETOE DAY

Huffy gentleman: "Emerson College? That's where they teach women to talk, isn't it? I can't support it!"

Newsy: Here's my name and address. When the college wants me they can call on me at any time.

College Man to Miss Angel: Recite *Gunga Din* for me. (Business.) Now the dagger scene in *Macbeth*. (Business.) That's fine. Here's a dollar. (Business.)

(From Mr. Kenney's V. T. Exams): "The voice comes from the soul below the diaphragm."

Submitted

I somehow don't care for the jolly crowd,
Nor the dance with the rollicking tune,
I'd rather sit still with an armful of you
And gaze all night at the moon.

I don't care at all for the Great White Way,
Nor the night-life's dizzy whirl;
But I'm telling you and I'll tell the world,
All I want is the moon and a girl.

Your School

If you think your school's the best, Tell 'em so!	Shun him as you would a ghost, Meet his hammer with a boast,
If you'd have it lead the rest, Help it grow.	And smile.
When there's anything to do, You'll feel bully when it's through; Don't you know.	When a stranger from afar Comes along, Tell him who and what we are— Make it strong,
If you're used to giving knocks, Change your style; Throw bouquets instead of rocks, For awhile;	Needn't flatter, never bluff, Tell the truth, for that's enough; Join the boosters—they're the stuff, WE BELONG.
Let the other person roast,	

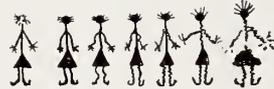
—Selected.



His Master's Voice



Use Did That Paint



WAIT MOTION BEFORE RECITAL CLASS



WITH APOLOGIES TO Miss Riddle



Tommy at E. C. O.

With apologies to R. K.

I went into a dormitory to live about a year,
 The treasurer she up and says, "We serve no dead beats here."
 The girls behind their stack of books just giggled fit to die,
 I looked into my purse again and to myself sez I,
 "Oh, it's money this and money that and money every day,
 And it's mighty hard to find a purse that every debt will pay."

I ain't no thin, green Freshman and I ain't no genius, too,
 But simple girl in college most remarkable like you!
 And if sometimes my conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
 Why, the Dorm Committee makes men into plaster saints.
 For it's rules for this and rules for that and rules of every kind,
 But it's "see her hold her head up straight" when I'm passing down the line.

—M. R. '23.

Emersonian Encores

Just A-Wearyin' For You.....	Ernest Embry
The Worst is Yet To Come.....	Sophomores
Oh, How I Hate To Get Up.....	Nadine Currie
Chapel Blues.....	Unanimous
We Hate To Lose You.....	Mrs. Hicks
When Our Ship Comes In.....	Emerson Endowment
Wear A Smile.....	Exam Week
Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here.....	Senior Class
How Can We Foget.....	Dean Ross
It's A Cute Little Way Of My Own.....	Dotty Richards
Dear Old Pals.....	Meade and Hazel
Its The Last Long Mile.....	Incoming Seniors
Yoo-Hoo	Miss McQuesten
You Can't Keep A Good Tone Down.....	Mr. Kenney
The Vamp.....	Maurine Pearce
Sweetheart	Ferrol Moore
The Light That Failed.....	At 11 P. M.
One Wonderful Night.....	Junior Prom
Oh Me Oh My.....	Irene Thomas
Pack Up Your Troubles.....	Exams Are Over
Turn Back The Universe And Give Me Yesterday.....	First Day of School
The Rocky Road To Dublin.....	Business Manager's Job
Morning, Noon and Night.....	Rehearsals
When Francis Dances With Me.....	Mae Walsh
Better Late Than Never.....	Vesta Nelson
Some Day We'll Wander Back Again.....	Seniors
At Dawning.....	"Room-mate close the window"
Sally, Won't You Come Back?.....	Miss Kopleman
It's A Great Life If You Don't Week-End.....	All of Us

—R. B., '23.



In Conclusion We Will Say—

On an *illuminated* day
When *Winter* was painting pictures,
Ictus went to the house of *Imagination*
And at the *Central Aperture*
Was joined by *Raptus*.

Together they gave a *Vital Slide*
And with great *Volume*, caught the attention of
The *Latent Powers*:
Animation
And *Evolution*.
Ictus and *Raptus*, by great
Display of histrionic
Power,
Revealed their *Attitudes of Mind* and *States of Soul*,
Through their concentration of *Effort*
They progressed smoothly until
The *Oratorical Objective* was won.
By taking "setting up exercises" *perfect poise*
Was established,
And with their *coördinating centers*, they pantomimed
Kid-joy.

Action and *Reaction* being equal
Ictus and *Raptus* with *open throat*
Practised in their ears
While *Animation* and *Evolution*, listening with
Expanding diaphragms, drilled softly: "How
Do I love thee"

With great freedom in *Muscular Action*
And *Opposition* in line, the quartette, "Caught each other's
Hands and ran like
Laughing little children in the sun."

Analysis.
Meeting them in the *Current of Events*, cried,
"Many, many welcomes" with the aid of
Acoustics and *Interpretation*.
And "Then 'Ha, ha, ha,' a chorus came of laughter,"
From Students, soft and slow.

Then they saw *Diction* and *Articulation*
Putting *Paint* on the *End* of the *Linc*, and
Were directed by them
To the *Dominant Center of Projection* where
Kiplingiana
Gave the *Counter-proposition* that "Talent is something, tact is everything."

In the *Logical Sequence of Events*
The *Perfective Laws of Dormitory Rules* proves that
"Great works of art have no more affecting lessons for us
Than
This."

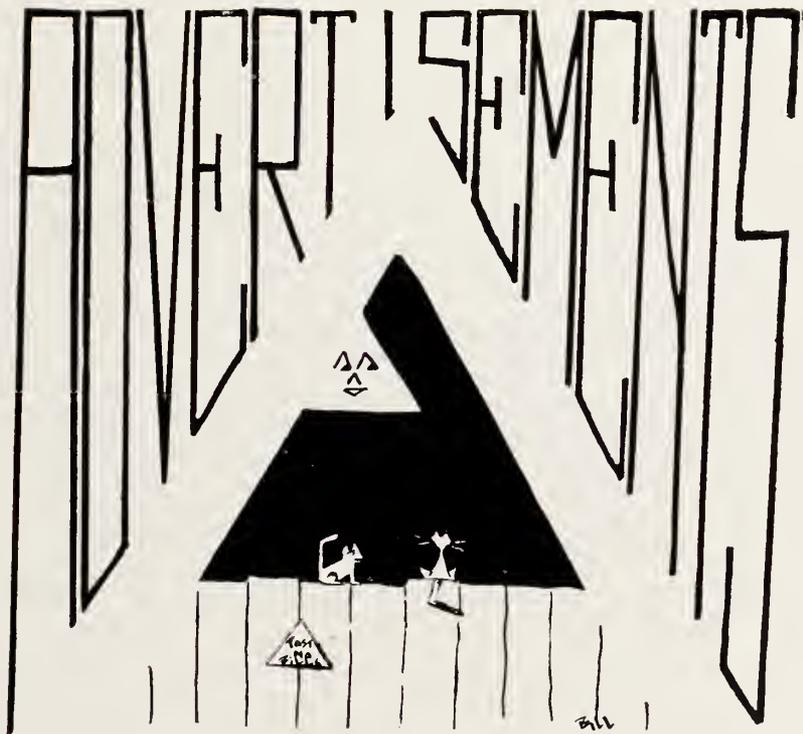
AMEN

M. R., '23.

FINIS

*“Come, children, let us shut up the box,
and the puppets, for our play is played out.”*

(THACKERAY)



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