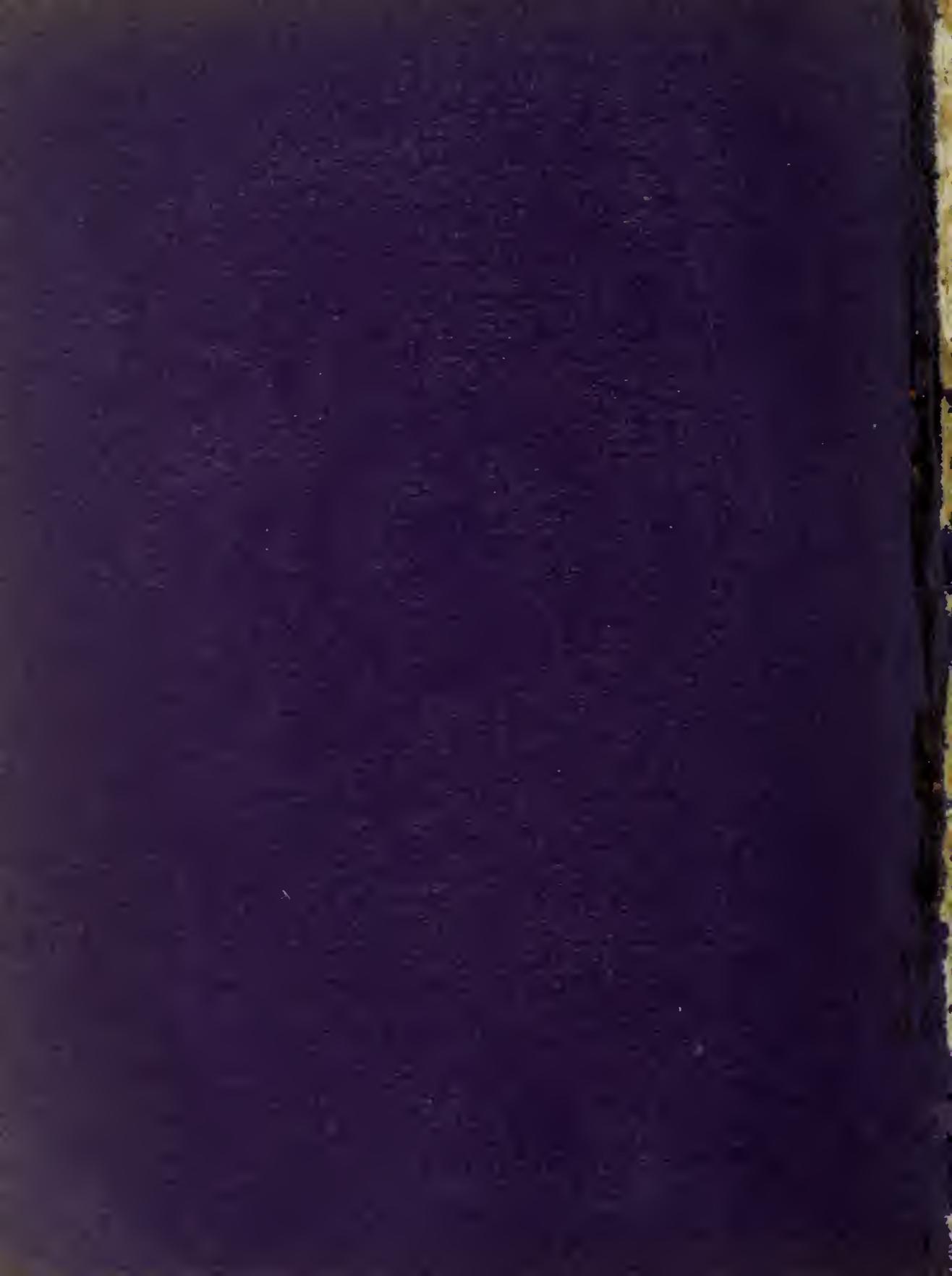




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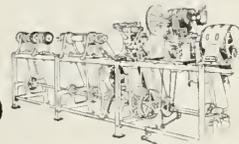
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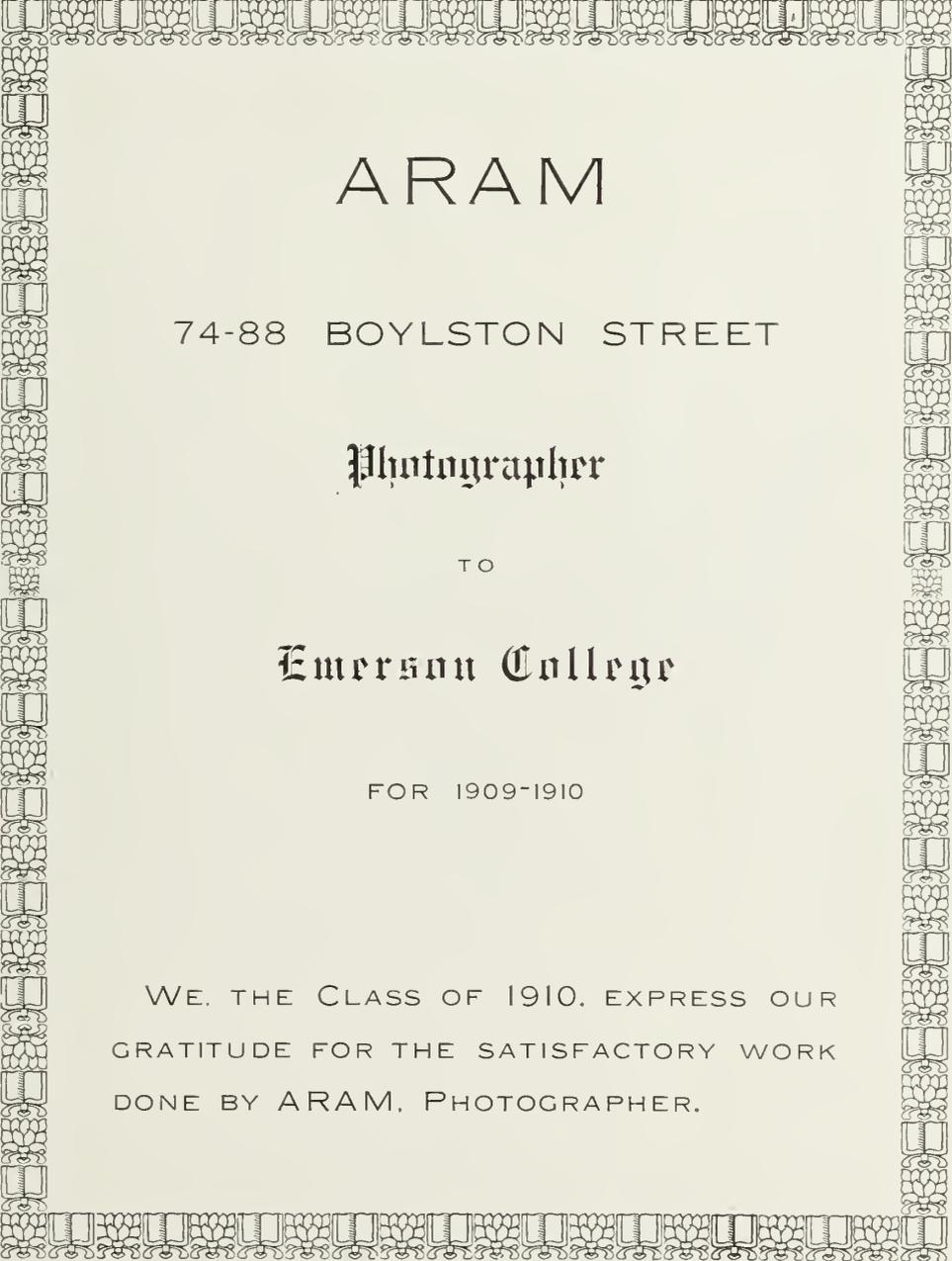
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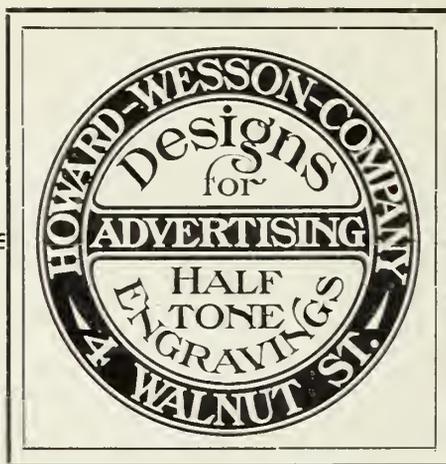
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*“ A College is like a little world—
Aye, thus it is—one generation comes,
Another goes and mingles with the dust:
And there we come and go, and come and go,
Each for a little moment, filling up
Some little plan ; and thus we disappear
In quick succession ; and it shall be so
Till time, in one vast perpetuity
Be swallowed up.”*

The Emersonian

Volume Three

Published by the

Class of Nineteen Hundred
and Ten



Emerson College of Oratory

Boston, Massachusetts

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"It is not enough to be good—be good for something."

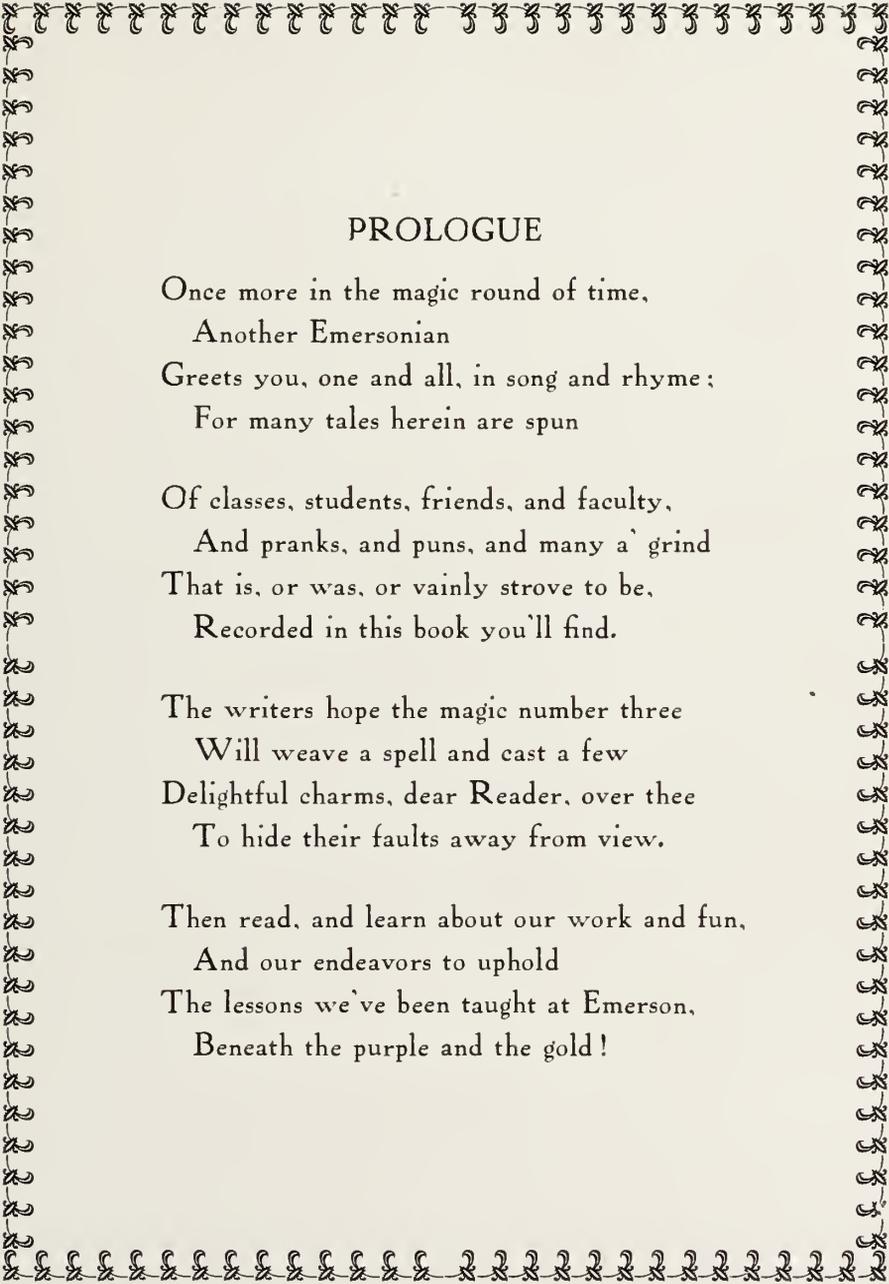
Jessie Eldridge Southwick.

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ALPHA



PROLOGUE

Once more in the magic round of time,
Another Emersonian
Greets you, one and all, in song and rhyme ;
For many tales herein are spun

Of classes, students, friends, and faculty,
And pranks, and puns, and many a` grind
That is, or was, or vainly strove to be,
Recorded in this book you`ll find.

The writers hope the magic number three
Will weave a spell and cast a few
Delightful charms, dear Reader, over thee
To hide their faults away from view.

Then read, and learn about our work and fun,
And our endeavors to uphold
The lessons we`ve been taught at Emerson,
Beneath the purple and the gold !

This, the third volume of the
Emersonian, we affectionately
dedicate, as a mark of apprecia-
tion, to one who has given her
best interests to Emerson Col-
lege, and her unselfish devotion
to the students as a teacher and
as a friend,

Jessie Eldridge Southwick.



JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick

The march of time may steal the golden day
Of youth and hide in cold and wintry clime,
The passing years may lend to fleeting time
Another hand to reverence and lay
Its tender touch on toddling babes and stay
Their fall; to guide the roving feet of youth
The perfumed fields about where blossoms truth,
Till maiden spirits wed its fragrant ray.
But none more sacrificing cannot be.
Then let us bring to thee, while Mayflowers white
Bestrew the happy paths of days most dear,
This tribute of our love: we give it free
Sweet mother dear—sincere and lustrous bright,
It tells thy heart how we thy love revere.

Emerson College never had a more loyal daughter than Mrs. Southwick. Her high ideals and her untiring work as an artist, have been an inspiration to her students and all those who know her. She has endeared herself to the students of Emerson College by her sweet simplicity of manner and her earnest endeavors to promote the general good and best welfare both of the College and of the students.

Mrs. Southwick was born in Delaware, but her childhood was spent in Ohio. Most of her early education was carried on under the guidance of her mother, and later under the instruction of private tutors. For a short time she attended the Glendale Female College in Cincinnati. She devoted much time to the study of music, and by the age of thirteen, when she first played for public audiences, showed unusual appreciation in her execution of the master compositions.

It was their daughter's taste for music which led her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge, to send her to the New England Conservatory. But strangely enough, she had not long been a student at the Conservatory when her interest in the department of Oratory became dominant, and it was from that department that she received her diploma.

After her graduation from the Conservatory, she became interested in an institution devoted entirely to the study of Expression, the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory, which institution is now known as the Emerson College of Oratory. Entering as a student, she soon completed the course and was immediately elected to a position on the Faculty; this position she has since retained.

Besides her teaching at Emerson College, Mrs. Southwick was for three years assistant instructor in the department of Elocution at Wellesley College. In addition, she has for many years been active in summer school work throughout the country. But it is as a reader and lecturer that Mrs. Southwick is best known to the people of the United States. Apart from the reputation she has acquired in platform and dramatic work, Mrs. Southwick has been successful with her pen. She has published a book on voice, "Expressive Voice Culture," which is widely known and extensively used in schools as a text book. Mrs. Southwick is now preparing a book on "The Art of Personal Expression." This volume will be an exposition of the principles and ethics of personal development through expression.

Although Mrs. Southwick's national reputation as a reader and lecturer has given her a prominent place in the field of educators, yet in spite of her larger duties she has not lost that personal relationship with the students individually. We regret that through illness, Mrs. Southwick was compelled to give up her class work this year and seek a temporary rest. As students of the class of Nineteen Ten, we feel that it has been a great privilege to know and to have studied under Mrs. Southwick, and we hope her spiritual concept of life and her constant endeavors to reveal the truth will always be an inspiration to each member of our class to seek and live the truth.





EMERSON COLLEGE

The Purpose of Emerson College

(Written especially for the Emersonian by Jessie Eldridge Southwick.)

We all know that expression is necessary to evolution. This is the motto of Emerson College. Why do we feel the need of expression? Because the life of man is fashioned out of mind; and mind is shown in form; and form is expression.

All things are affected through form of motion, and motion is the sign of life. If life were absent the form would be still, or only present in the scientific consciousness as vibration of matter. As life is dependent upon motion, so motion is the sign of life. The life of the voice is dependent upon the fullness of its vibratory power; the life of the body is dependent upon its vibratory capacity; the life of the mind is dependent upon its voluntary power to vibrate, and to concentrate upon a chosen subject; the life of the imagination is dependent upon its power to conceive and hold pictorial symbols of truth and beauty; the life of the spirit depends upon its radiation and power to manifest; the life of Art depends upon its completeness in force of appeal and beauty of form; the power to awaken in others the activities of mind, imagination and feeling, which were the incentive of the artist or creator.

The purpose of Emerson College is to foster the life of the body, the mind or reasoning power; the imagination which is the basis of appreciation and the awakener of feeling; the body, whose life is the channel of manifestation; the spirit, whose quickening is the source of all aspiration; and the will, which is the basis of self-control, power of appeal and the summoning of one's faculties to a given subject. The College develops these powers by exercise, incentive, and the study of true ideals, motives, feelings and aspirations as found in the best literature; in high philosophy and the dramatic interpretation of human character.

The voice is taught to respond to thought; the body to respond to right emotion and will; the mind to discriminate in the world of literature and art; the spirit to aspire through right motive and faith in the ideal; the imagination to correct its wanderings and become true to life and aspiration; the feelings to flow in response to right incentives; and the personality to be self-poised as well as responsive.

This is the work which Emerson College sets itself to accomplish, and its aim is to produce nobler and stronger men and women, fitted to adapt themselves to human life and minister, through the revelation of the ideal, to human happiness and human welfare.



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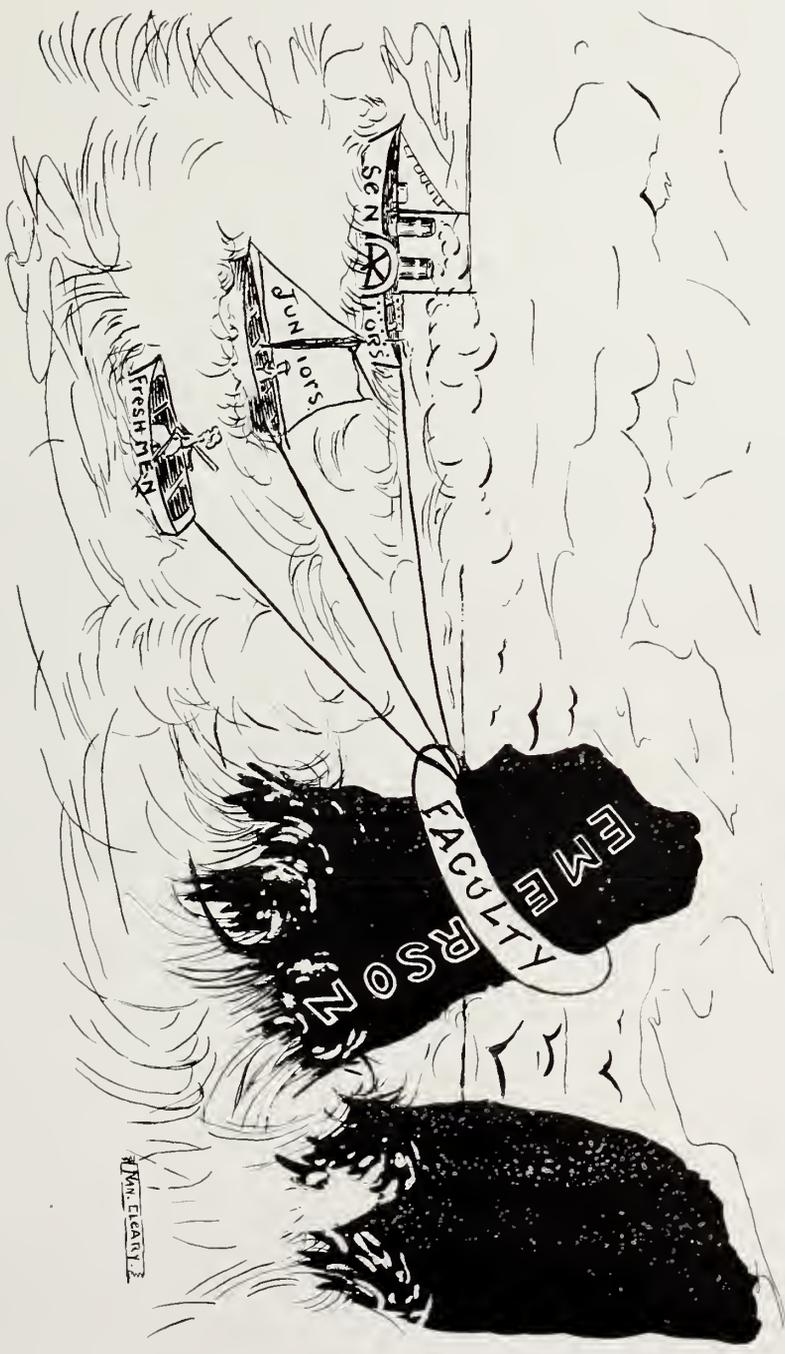
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WILLIAM J. ROLFE

William J. Rolfe

President Emeritus.

It was the writer's good fortune to carry some manuscript to Dr. Rolfe's home in Cambridge, and there she had the great privilege of meeting this Nestor of Shakespearian Scholars in his own home. The writer had attended his lectures at College, but in the class room it is difficult to break away from the relation of instructor and pupil, especially since Dr. Rolfe's lectures are now so few on account of his failing health. So when he welcomed her into the genial atmosphere of his library as a friend, she was indeed happily surprised. He made her feel at home immediately by asking about the work at College and also by relating several humorous incidents of his own life and works. After her errand was done, he walked to the door saying, "I am sorry you had the trouble of coming way out here," little realizing that she was already thanking Fate for the privilege of this visit. His unassumed humility reveals the greatness of his soul and the true simplicity of his character.

Dr. Rolfe has done more perhaps than any other scholar to make the study of English Literature a part of the curriculum in all the schools and colleges of America. He is, as President Southwick says, "eighty-three years young," and his mental faculties are still intact. He continues his work preparing new lectures, revising his publications, contributing regularly to many literary, and to scientific and to educational periodicals, and last but not least, refuting the "eussedly remarkable" statements of the Baconians.

Dr. Rolfe graduated from Amherst College in 1849; received the honorary degree of A. M. at Harvard in 1859, and the same degree in 1865 at Amherst, where in 1887 he received the further honor of Doctor of Letters. His complete edition of Shakespeare's works is considered one of the critical authorities on Shakespeare. He has also edited many volumes on the works of several other English poets, and he has written a "Life of Shakespeare," and a guide book of travels in Europe.

In 1903 he was elected President of Emerson College of Oratory, which position he resigned in 1908 on account of failing health. But his connection is by no means severed from the College for he still lectures on the Immortal Bard.



HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK

President Henry Lawrence Southwick

It is generally true that the President of a College or University is seldom found at home because of the number of lecture tours he is compelled to make, the speeches he has to give and the conventions and conferences he has to attend. The larger interests of the institution of which he is the head, usually call him for some time and some distance from his home. Consequently, through lack of personal relationship, the students look upon the President as a figurehead whom they hear a great deal about and never see much of.

But this latter fact is not true of our President. He is compelled to be away at times on account of lectures, readings, etc., but his return always means a renewal of friendship and hearty good fellowship with all the students. He makes it a duty to know each student by his name and the section of the country he is from. Almost the first thing a Freshman hears on entering College, is this announcement from the President himself, "My office hours are from two to four every afternoon. I want to know you personally, so come at once and come often, whether you want to see me about anything special or not." His genial smile and warm handclasp have made many a student feel, with renewed belief in himself, that it is good to be alive—and to know the President. The Alumni too, know that a welcome always awaits them from him.

After a number of years of journalistic work on the "Boston Herald," Mr. Southwick took a course of study at the Monroe College of Oratory, from which he graduated in 1887. Since then most of his time and efforts have been spent in the teaching field. Since 1901 he has served as Dean of the College, and soon after the resignation of Dr. Rolfe in 1908, he was elected President of Emerson College.



HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS

Harry Seymour Ross

Dean.

It is only two years ago that Dean Ross came from Worcester Academy, with which he was connected for eleven years, first as Master of English and later as Assistant Principal. Yet he has filled his position so well that it is difficult to believe that he has not been our Dean for more than two years. At any rate, it would be hard to imagine how Emerson College and the students could get on without him now. He has taken such a vital interest in the students and their welfare, that many times he has sacrificed both his time and his efforts to bring the students in closer relationship with their Alma Mater. Indeed his influence is not soon to be forgotten.

We have found in him a sympathetic friend and wise counselor. He gives the discouraged student a word of cheer, the ambitious encouragement and an added impulse to reach a higher ideal. And last but in his opinion not least, the struggling student who has to earn his bread as well as his tuition, knows that Dean Ross will leave no stone unturned to help him make things go. "It's all right; one time I knew what it was to be without a dollar," has pulled many a student out of the blues and renewed his courage to fight against adversity and turn his troubles into triumphs.

Dean Ross' work in the class room is identified with scholarship and dignity, and his enthusiasm for the best in literature is contagious. He has the genius' faculty of taking infinite pains, whether it be helping an embryo poet to scan his lines, or assisting a student to do a bit of research work. He is a man of large purpose: he does not work for financial returns alone; his best service is consecrated to an unselfish work,—the progress and welfare of his Alma Mater. Perhaps the best tribute his students can render him, is to follow his example and remain always loyal to Emerson and her principles.



REV. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE



ISSACHAR H. ELDRIDGE



BARONESS ROSE POSSE



LILIA E. SMITH

REV. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE.

Chaplain.

This sincere and genial man from the West, comes to us each morning, and prepares us for the day, giving unbounded inspiration and spiritual uplift, like God's blessing on the tired and fevered brow. His hearty, cheerful manner is like sunshine after rain. His ready wit and good fellowship win for him many friends. Mr. Stockdale, in his busy life as pastor of one of Boston's leading churches, finds time for considerable lecturing. One of his most popular and pleasing lectures, "Shall the corners of the mouth turn up or down?" will linger long in the minds of those who have heard it.

ISSACHAR H. ELDRIDGE.

Treasurer.

It is said that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that this truth may be thoroughly impressed upon us, Mr. Eldridge is stationed daily behind his imposing desk in the office. When our money weighs heavily upon us, he lightens our burdens; when bits of paper are troublesome he exchanges them for cash. For one bill he often gives us a dozen. If an example of faithfulness you need here is one indeed. We little think of the minute details that demand someone's time, the books that have to be balanced, the papers that have to be recorded. Mr. Eldridge has been treasurer of Emerson College for ten years.

BARONESS ROSE POSSE.

Director of Posse Gymnasium.

Baroness Posse, as director of the Posse Gymnasium, holds a unique position in the field of educational gymnastics to-day. Although the students of Emerson College do not have many opportunities of meeting the Baroness, nevertheless she inspires their deepest admiration for her high ideals in her work. Her long experience as a teacher, and as a lecturer on physical education, has admirably fitted her for the position she now holds. The students enjoy their work at the gymnasium, even though they do find "Special Kinesiology" a little difficult to cram for.

LILIA ESTELLE SMITH.

History of Education; Pedagogy; School Management.

Miss Smith is always helpful, and radiates sunshine to all who come in contact with her. Through her sympathy and inspiration she calls forth the best we can give. We have found her always the same, since first we knew her as Freshmen when we were taught the philosophy of the Evolution of Expression, and now as Seniors trying to tell her what we learned so long ago. Her ambition is not only to teach the students, but also to develop their personality and fit them as proficient teachers not in the school room alone, but also in that larger school,—life.



EBEN CHARLTON BLACK, A.M., LL. D.



MAUD GATCHELL HICKS



CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER



FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY

EBEN CHARLTON BLACK, A. M., LL. D.
Poetics; English and American Literature.

Big, broad, brainy, "bonny and braw"; Dr. Black is all this and more too. He brings to his class room the fresh crispness of the heather and the freedom of the big out-of-doors. Dr. Black is also an artist; few of us can ever forget our frantic efforts to reproduce, in our notebooks, his fantastic sketch of the "Origin of English Literature"; which proved to be a stream through which we were safely guided, and landed high and dry on the coast of culture, only to find that we must climb to the very top of "The Ash Tree of Existence" to be safe in this land of Literature. "It's guid to be merry and wise."

MAUD GATCHELL HICKS.
Dramatic Literature and Interpretation.

Mrs. Hicks is the embodiment of energy and enthusiasm. She seems to do more work in twenty-four hours than one would imagine possible, and she is never too busy to advise or help a student. Her unusual dramatic ability gives her the duty of coaching many plays. As an interpreter she is widely known and greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Hicks' enthusiasm is contagious, and we leave her classes resolved to work, and work hard, for she assures us that there is no short cut to success. The effect of many an awkward gesture is brought to light by her kind, though nevertheless strong sense of humor.

CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER.
Vocal Physiology; Hygiene of the Voice; Acoustics.

Mr. Kidder is the friend of every student, and he is most ably fitted for his duties as Registrar. His earnestness and sincerity are apparent in the class room as well as in the office. He is equally at home doing Macbeth's speeches, or a bit of German dialect for our amusement. "Think dramatically" are his magic words. We like to work for Mr. Kidder because he is an encouraging, as well as a critical judge. His knowledge of the hieroglyphics employed in Acoustics are the wonder and envy of all.

FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY.
Personal Criticism; Evolution of Expression.

Mrs. Whitney comes to us each day with an unbounded supply of life and energy. She is never satisfied with anything short of our best. "Work like fiends" is what we must do for her. We all feel her strength and ability to tide us over the hard and discouraging places, and we are glad to have such an adequate sleeve upon which we may "pin our faith." Very often her method of working out our evolution is both novel and humorous. But she gets results! Besides her teaching, Mrs. Whitney is very popular as a reader.



WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY



WILLIAM G. WARD, M. A.



GERTRUDE MCQUESTEN



PRISCILLA C. PUFFER

WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY.

Voice Technique.

It has been said of Mr. Kenney that the Freshmen hate him, the Juniors tolerate him, the Seniors like him, and the Post Graduates adore him. He is a man with a big heart, but he doesn't wear it on his sleeve. As we become better acquainted with him we learn his true worth. His ideas and beliefs are strong, and he is too broad to quarrel with the teacher who arrives at the desired end by different methods from his own. He has been aptly summed up in these few words: "Mr. Kenney is glad to help the under dog, but he doesn't like to hear him whine."

WILLIAM G. WARD, A. M.

English Literature; Psychology.

It is said that one man's loss is another man's gain. Certainly it was no exception to the rule when Dr. Ward left Syracuse University and came to Emerson. If you disagree with this statement, "Confound it, don't argue!" Any one who has met this jolly, genial man will have no desire to think otherwise. He has such a fund of information at his tongue's end, and such a delightful way of expressing it, that not to have had the pleasure of being in his classes is indeed a loss. May he live many years to radiate good-will and cordiality; and may the brightest days of his past be the darkest of his future.

GERTRUDE McQUESTEN.

Technique of the Voice; Articulation.

Our little voice teacher gives us so many principles in such fascinating guise that we hardly know that we have worked at all. She enters her class room like a sparkling sunbeam. Every point of her work is neatly planned out and often clinched by a story. When the bell rings, with reluctance we leave her classes, but not without inspiration. Miss McQuesten takes a personal interest in all about her, and she fairly radiates smiles and good cheer. Her motto must be—"Let me live in the house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man."

PRISCILLA C. PUFFER.

Gesture; Elocution.

Mrs. Puffer works with rough and often crude material, to knock off corners that mar, to polish the surface that fails to reflect the spirit within, and to guide by the will the unruly members. Remember the cube! It is true that it is difficult to "let go," and walk across the floor, expressing in every movement and look as though a grizzly were at your heels. But if we only "take the thought" and try, we are sure to receive a word of encouragement.



AGNES KNOX BLACK



WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP



ROBERT HOWES BURNHAM



JOSEPHINE A. MCLAUTHLIN

AGNES KNOX BLACK.

Literary Interpretation; Analysis; Reading as a Fine Art.

We do not think of Mrs. Black as an instructor only, for she is indeed our friend as well. Somehow she brings into her work the very essence of nature, Art, and the spiritual world. It is an inspiration to come in contact with such a life where strength and womanliness are so commingled. Her international reputation as a reader, and her wide and varied acquaintance with prominent men and women in the educational world of to-day, have peculiarly fitted her as a teacher of "Personal Development." She also holds the chair of Elocution at Boston University.

WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP.

Dramatic Interpretation; History of Drama; Impersonation; Analysis.

Rare genius and splendid intellect, with a wide experience as a teacher, lecturer and platform artist, have admirably fitted Mr. Tripp for the place he fills on the Faculty of Emerson College. Clear and concise in his directions, he always gains his point in class; and his inimitable wit and apropos comments relieve many trying situations. He is a true teacher in that his patience and power of endurance are inexhaustible; his artistic soul may be worn to the verge of desperation by some new and entirely original interpretation of one of his favorite Shakespearean lines, yet he preserves the same outward calm, although his eyes speak volumes.

ROBERT H. BURNHAM.

Makeup.

Mr. Burnham first taught in Marietta College, Ohio. Later he went on the road for a time, and finally settled in Boston where he is widely known as a teacher, coach, and reader. In comedy stunts he can keep one laughing all day. He is happy-go-lucky, jolly, and tactful. Nothing ever worries him. Mr. Burnham says the students store up all their petty grievances, private squalls, and last but not least, their jokes, and dump them in his class room. However, we know his Makeup classes are a source of delight in more ways than one.

JOSEPHINE A. McLAUTHLIN.

Practical Gymnastics.

Some people were born to command, others were born to be commanded. Those wishing to see a natural leader and hear orders easily and positively given, should visit Posse Gymnasium. Miss McLauthlin helps us through many stunts, to twist like a snake until our hands are all muddled up with our feet, to bend and turn till our bones ache, to do anything, in fact, but fake. Miss Lauthlin, with her sunny hair and face, is an inspiration to the class in Kinesiology. She demonstrates that a seemingly senseless list of words, or worse—abbreviations, can actually mean a great deal.



ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD



MIRIAM THAYER



HARRIET C. SLEIGHT



SILAS A. ALDEN, M. D.

ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD.

Lyceum and Concert Reading; Instruction in Repertoire.

From the time of our entrance as timid Freshmen, until our exit as teachers professed, Mrs. Willard has never been known to frown. Her sweet, charming manner attracts every one with whom she comes in contact. Her classes are interesting, and no one, who can avoid it, is absent from them. Her "Yes! Excuse you," is all the reward we ask. Before her marriage, Mrs. Willard was the reader with a Concert Company, and she still does much public work. Her child impersonations are the delight of all her hearers.

MIRIAM THAYER.

Fencing; Aesthetic Dancing.

Miss Thayer is the pedagogue who makes the students dance with glee! She came to conduct the Aesthetic Dancing and the Fencing classes during the middle of the year. And though she has been in the Emerson family but a short time, yet all her students are fond of her, and are enthusiastic about the Terpsichorean Art. Judging from the delight of the Juniors, we wish that a dancing class could be crowded into the Senior schedule as well. Miss Thayer also teaches the venerable Post Graduates to parry, to thrust, and to plunge with the foils.

HARRIET C. SLEIGHT.

Anatomy; Physiology; Hygiene.

There is no one in Emerson College who does not know Miss Sleight's bright smile and big heart. She gives sympathy and encouragement to Freshmen and Seniors alike. We first made Miss Sleight's acquaintance in the Anatomy class, where she told us of the wonderful construction of our bodies. In spite of the fact that we had made up our minds not to like "that dry subject," before long we decided that her course was one of the most interesting and most essential in the curriculum.

SILAS A. ALDEN, M. D.

Applied Anatomy; Hygiene; Physical Training.

Dr. Alden is the one man at Emerson who diligently looks after our muscles, bones and joints. Through his course in Physical Training we become poised examples of grace and ease through force,—if we practice. He puts muscle where there is none, and teaches us how to bring our bodies into correct line. Most any time he may be found about the corridors ready to give a word of cheer or help to any student who looks discouraged or pale. If you are not feeling well, Dr. Alden discovers it, and advises you to act at once that you may not "run down."



CLAYTON D. GILBERT.

Dramatic Training; Pantomime; Platform Art.

Mr. Gilbert was born in the middle West, which fact may account for his ceaseless activity, and a wholesome desire to develop in us a limitless capacity for hard work. He studied in Chicago, New York, and Paris. He was a member of the theatrical profession for some years. His Platform Department in the Freshman year was our great joy; under his skill we became expert pantomimists in the Junior year; and as Seniors we rushed to his delightful matinees twice a week in the Hall. There, we often heard him say, "You've got something there, now get hold of it."

GRACE E. GILMAN.

The Special Kinesiology of Educational Gymnastics.

Miss Gilman thinks we have unusually active tongues, and often she fears it is not "Special Kinesiology" that we are discussing. If by a mere chance, we are able to answer a question, we feel it our duty to do so at once, even though our name is not the one she called to answer. Miss Gilman is a thorough teacher. The high standard of discipline she demands of her class is excellent training for us. The good of the whole is her aim.

ELIZABETH M. ROGERS.

Associate Preceptress.

Mrs. Rogers glides about the halls so quietly that one might think she was not busy. But who touches those magic bells, takes our telephone calls, and sees that we get up from the catacombs in time for chapel? Who, with patience beyond measure, looks after our lost property, and straightens out our broken keys? On rainy days she is "the lady of the umbrellas," and when we go down into the lower regions all wet and cross, and find Mrs. Rogers there, we know that there is still sunshine,—at least in one heart.

L'ENVOI

As soars the lark aloft on beating wings
To thy ethereal heights, oh smiling earth;
As when in piercing clouds there is no dearth
Of song, but more inspiringly he sings;
Even so the pulsing hope fond effort brings
To arteries aglow, inspires to song
My voice from morn till fragrant eve, tho' long
The sunlit hours between. The living springs
That quench the thirsting veins, keep thou, oh Life,
Alive and warm in sprightly course each day,
That heart may speak to heart its worthiest notes.
Bid me to soar and pierce the shadows rife
That hide thy thoughts from my divining ray;
From heights sublime the sweetest music floats.

L. Stephens MacIntyre.



SENIORS

CLASS MOTTO

Not Eminence, but Worth.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	.	.	.	INA MARY WRIGHT
VICE-PRESIDENT	.	.	.	EDNA HIGH THOMAS
SECRETARY	.	.	.	VEROQUA SHELDON PETTY
TREASURER	.	.	.	MINABEL GARRETT

CLASS COLORS . . . RED AND WHITE

CLASS FLOWER . . . RED CARNATION

CLASS YELL

HOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE !

SIS, BOOM, BAH !

EMERSON, EMERSON, RAH, RAH, RAH !

ONE-A-ZIPA, TWO-A-ZIPA, THREE-A-ZIPA, SEN !

WE ARE THE CLASS OF NINETEEN-TEN !



RUTH VIOLA ADAMS, KTX E. Hartford, Conn.

Class Historian

"A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence."

"Rufus, don't you know that students are allowed only three social evenings a week in the parlor, or away from home?" Somehow or other people can't resist that smile. In spite of all her gayety she never neglects her work, and she even manages to take extra burdens on her frail shoulders,—such as coaching the minuet for the "Romeo and Juliet" scenes. Loyal, generous, always cheerful, ever ready to smile and lend a helping hand to one in need, she will always be remembered as one of the most popular members of our class.

This dear little captain of Division A
Is ready to help wherever she may;
Though the best dancer in College
She contains much knowledge,
And shows it in many and many a way.



MRS. JANE PHELPS ALLEN Whitehall, N. Y.

Y. W. C. A. Board (3)

"Strong in will, rich in wisdom."—Tennyson.

"Happy," on entering Emerson College, expected to specialize, but she soon became "perfectly fascinated" with the regular course. She claims the right of reasoning everything for herself, and when honest doubt appears she is frank in admitting it. One has but to see her in her home surroundings to realize that her love for the highly artistic, the true, and the beautiful, must have lured her to Emerson where she takes naturally to Moral Education, Personal Development and Psychology. Her cure for all discouragement is, "'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do." Her aim in life is to do all the good she can.

Though Mrs. Allen is retiring
Her strong influence is inspiring.
This stately matron from Whitehall
Is independent above all.



ETHEL LILLIAN AUSTEN Auburn, N. Y.

"Who is 't can read a woman?"

Miss Austen entered Emerson as a Senior, so she has been with us only one year. We regret that she has not spent a longer time with us, as we know she has much to give each one. Faithful always in all things, we know that when she has something to do it will be well done. From her favorite quotation we judge that Ethel has some very pleasant day dreams. We know from her work in Normal class that she will have much success when she begins teaching, and we wish her good luck.

O! Miss animated Austen!
It's good you came to Boston.
For here we are slow,
And you'll have to say "Whoa,"
In part one, Volume one,—Miss Austen.



VASHTI CECILLEA BITLER, ZΦH Eureka, Kan.

Stunt Committee (3)

"Never do anything you don't want to do."

This maiden with the cyclonic temperament of the wind-swept plains of Kansas will never learn that Boston baked beans are to be eaten on Saturday only, for she will persist in ordering them on week-days. Vashti has a system of "Dont's" which serve as a guide to her daily course. "Never let studies interfere with comfort"; "Never let Frat meetings interfere with sleeping hours"; "Never have many clothes, only one dress for each day and a few you never expect to wear"; "To live without conventions is not to live at all. Never overstep the boundary of social rule." Queen Vashti is a type distinctly her own, moulded after the Grecian goddess,— "Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

This queenly Senior, Bitler,
For self-rule is a stickler.
We can tell by her name,
That she's destined for fame,
And we know she will get there, will Bitler.



DEALSY IONE BROOKS, KTX Fresno, Cal.

Jr. Prom Com. (2), Year Book Board

"A light heart lives long,
A charming personality is much to be desired."

"My word, come in here and study Psychology." This is the Thursday night cry of this industrious maid, who never neglects anything, be it playing jumping-jack for Mrs. Whitney, or tripping the light fantastic. Always having lived in the West, she is a typical western girl,—bright, quick, lovable, and she has a fondness for "r's," and she is continually on the lookout for Kipling cuttings, and the postman. When she leaves we know she will be happy and successful wherever she goes, because her optimism is convincing and dispels all gloom and dark procrastination.

This maid hails from fair Fresno,
Where all the raisins grow.
She's full of wit and full of go,
And always sees that all's just so,
And sweet is this maid from Fresno.



KATHLEEN BANKS BROWN Hollidaysburg, Pa.

"She has the patience of angels."

Unassuming, quiet, and patient is this little maid from Pennsylvania. So still is she, we are hardly conscious of her presence until we realize that she is gone. She is one who is ever faithful, whether the task be great or small. We realize this trait, when we find her waiting in the corridor for eight-fifteen rehearsals. Her sweet disposition in all situations is a shining example to us all. Those who know little Miss Brown appreciate her unselfish nature. She is an adept in child impersonations, and she made a hit in Recitals by showing us "Who's Afraid?"

Miss Brown from Pennsylvania town
Never, never wears a frown.
"It doesn't matter what's wrong,
'Twill come all right before long."
This is the motto of Miss Brown.



ALMA MARIE BRUGGEMAN, K I X Pittsburg, Pa.

Students' Council (3), Stunt Com. (3)

"The sweetest music is not in oratorios, but in the human voice when it speaks from its constant life tones of tenderness, truth, and courage."

"Brownie," "Mrs. Brugg," call her what you will, is one of the best beloved members of the class. She is earnest, conscientious, and always on the lookout for something that may be of help to others. She is a maiden with an artistic temperament, which shows itself both in her Burnes-Jones coloring, and her fondness for pickles. We often hear queries from the chaperon—"Why is Alma so fond of walking?" If by chance you should happen to meet this maid, just call to her and she will surely greet you with a hearty "Hello."

With inky fingers, hair so rumpled,
Distracted eyes, papers crumpled,—
An inspiration's on,—so let's be gone!
She works by jerks, she works by starts,
She's worked her way into our hearts.

BEULAH D. CADY, ΔΔΦ Little Falls, N. Y.

"Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light."

Beulah claims to have been discovered by Mrs. Black. In the opinion of the Senior Class this is not counted the least of Mrs. Black's kindnesses. Beulah's youth perhaps accounts for her constantly changing ideal in life. During her Freshman year her one aim was to be the proud possessor of the largest number of photographs of a certain person, in all his characteristic poses. When a Junior, she gave her time and thought to fancy dancing, and on her schedule were also found 'lunch' and 'recreation'; thus life became more serious with her. This year, however, she has convinced us that she did come to Emerson for something besides fun.

Rehearsals are Beulah's delight,
And there she will work with a might.
And often she stays up all night
Playing havoc with her sight
To have all her words learned just right.





JANET RICHARDSON CHESNEY, ΦΜΓ

Farmington, Conn.

"I'll be an artist and I'll do things."—Kipling.

"Little Jinnit" is a good combination of art and originality. She can do most any part in our one-act plays, but you should hear her tell about it! With all the adjectives, verbs and pronouns she uses,—aside from her gesticulations,—she lays Webster and Del-sarte in the shade. Some predict Grand Opera singing for her future; others a great "star," and others, who speak in subdued tones, whisper that she could become a ballet dancer. With all her many talents, great reports should come back to E. C. O. from Janet.

We often get into the 'rut'
Of taking many a chapel cut,
But here's a truly faithful one,
For such an offence she's never done!



RHODA I. CHRISTENSEN Minneapolis, Minn.

Year Book

"Once a friend—always a friend."

"Christie" came to study in the "city of culturists" in our Junior year. Her characteristic is an ability to think for herself; her work, that of a good student minus the over-strain; her chief occupation, inflicting small, unnecessary accidents upon herself; her delight, gaining considerable information about Harvard and Tech; her aim, a platform "Ar-r-r-tiste"; her temperament, not particularly pliable on first acquaintance but afterwards true blue; and her accomplishment, a vivid and varied vocabulary; to quote the lady:

"Being a breeze, I moseyed Kotoshly from the
West,
And have gotten a private hunch
That you're high-rolling lads and lassies in the East,
And a deucedly jolly bunch."



ANNA ALICE CLEARY

Rochester, N. Y.

Year Book Board

"She was a phantom of delight."—Wordsworth.

"Nan" hails from the Flour City. She is one of the jolliest girls we know. She has received a degree in the art of "curing blues." She never frowns, even when we give her a harsh look for being late for rehearsals. "Nan" entered our class last year as a Junior Special. She not only shines in oratory, but she is also a graduate from a Conservatory of Music in Rochester. She has favored us on many occasions with many charming vocal selections. "Nan" is simply wild about Dramatic Art, and we all know how well she played "Jack Bates." But "Nan," why did you have to go to the costumer's twice?

Here's to our "Nan," cheerful and witty,
She's always ready to sing us a ditty.
May she always and ever be
Truly goddess of jollity.



BERTHA LEONORA CLOGSTON Williamstown, Vt.

Y. W. C. A. Board (3)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."—Jonson.

Oh yes, that quiet girl. But did you ever notice the slumbering fun in her eyes? Did you ever hear the rippling laugh and her quotations from history? Ask her about Vermont and Montpelier Seminary. "Ber" is a true lover of her native state. She is devoted to horseback riding and loves the freedom of the open air. We've heard great tales about basketball at the Seminary, and we judge she was a star player. Her course at Emerson has given her confidence to do the work she sees to do, broadened her personality, and modified her conservative ideas. Few know her intimately, but she's like a diamond in the rough,—a rare gem when you find her out.

From Vermont, the Green Mountain State,
Comes a maiden so very sedate;
But some others know
She's not always so.
For reference,—see her room-mate.



GERTRUDE NEWBOLD COMLY, KTX

Syracuse, N. Y.

"She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness; and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the centre."

If you are ever tempted to doubt the truth of the old saying that "it's quality not quantity" that counts, just go to Gertrude some time when things seem all wrong and the world looks mighty blue; and after you've talked with her see if you don't change your mind. Then perhaps you think a small body means a small voice; I guess you didn't hear the fiery Tybalt roar forth his enmity against the house of Montague. If you wish to know how she expresses herself when language is about to fail her, just read the following:

There was a young lady of studious looks,
And in spite of her teachers and all of her books
All she would say
To express her dismay,
Was, "Posi-tive-ly" and "Peter Snooks!"



ALICE J. DAVIDSON, KTX

Saco, Maine

Chairman Fair Com. (3)

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."—Grey.

Miss Davidson is one who performs her appointed task, and then goes her way in a quiet, unassuming manner. It is only after she is gone that we realize what a treasure we have had in our midst. She is never hurried or fussed, and she always has time for everyone. We find her ever thinking of others, and if she is given a task to perform there is never a doubt nor a fear but that it will be finished and finished completely. We expect much of Miss Davidson, and we pay her our highest tribute when we say she is our friend.

This maid with auburn hair, called Alice,
May never be Queen in a palace.
Tho' her sweetness and ease
Would grace any queenly part,
And, methinks, she is Queen of one heart.



SARA KING DOBSON Moncton, N. B., Canada
Canadian Club

"A courage to endure and obey,
A hate of gossip, parlarce, and of sway."—Tennyson.

"Diana" came to us in our Junior year. She had already saturated the Emersonian principles at the Moncton High School, from which she graduated, and later at Acadia Seminary, where she studied Expression. She carries with her the marks of a genius,—the ability to plunge ahead regardless of her surroundings. She has shown this by the work she has done. "Diana" seems to have a quiet disposition, but she listens to what the other man says and then forms her own judgments. Her great aim in life is to teach well and uplift humanity. Fortunate indeed will be the charges who come under her rule.

O, "Diana" of E. C. O.
Fame will follow where'er you go;
With your voice so sweet
No one can compete,
Without you our class is incomplete.



STELLA HARRIET EELLS, ZPH Freeport, Ill.

"She was one makeup
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea."
—Sir Henry Taylor.

We have not known Harriet long, but her life with us has been so simple and charming that she has fully won our hearts. She came to us from the Cumnock School of Oratory and her work has shown that not only during this year, but also in the past, she has been a good student. To do well each thing she undertook to do was surely her motto, for one of her great burdens was the seeming impossibility of arranging for a sufficient number of rehearsals for Dramatic Art. One thing is certain,—she wants to know things, and her lack of hesitation in asking questions shows that she means to accomplish her aim.

So be steadfast, fair maid, in thy very high aim:
Do keep asking and you'll surely learn from the same.
If a bold questioner in your life ever came
We fear he would take part in your struggle for fame.
'Twould be very simple—just by changing your name.



RUBY PAGE FERGUSON, ZΦH Sioux City, Iowa
Year Book Board

"Happy art thou, as if every day
Thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."—Longfellow.

Bringing a decidedly western breeze with her, Ruby blew into our midst and remained to scatter sunshine. Whether rehearsals piled high, or quizzes loomed before her, she always smiled and took things as they came. Her one great failing is an overpowering hunger for chocolate cake. She has a decided 'aspiration upward' and looks forward to a career. We hope to see her playing lead to a great actor some day. She came to us from a western university where she had gained confidence in herself and the ability to do the right thing at once. With her courage and grit we are sure Ruby will win laurels in the fields of action.

I know a maiden fair to see;
She can both coy and friendly be,
With eyes so soft and blue
She gives a side-wise glance at you
And says, "If you'll be spry, I'll not pass thee by."



BERTHA WHITEHEAD FISKE Madison, Conn.
Class Reporter (2) Stunt Com. (2)

"Good counsellors lack no clients."—Shakespeare.

Who is it that we always ask when in doubt? Bertha! Does she know? Every time. She is always ready to give all she has to her friends, and her heart is large and sympathetic. Bertha has steadily climbed the ladder of success in her work in Expression, and notwithstanding several outside duties, and a social evening now and then, her lessons are always prepared, and we expect good work when Miss Fiske's name is called. The bump of humor is certainly not undeveloped in this young lady, and she gets and gives much enjoyment by her ability to see the funny side of every situation.

There was a maid called Fiske,
At dancing she was very brisk.
As a coach we know she is no risk.
We cheer with a smile, as she passes the isle.
Hurrah! for the jolly, brisk Miss Fiske!



MINABEL GARRETT, ZΦH Albion, N. Y.
Class Treasurer (3) Y. W. C. A. Board (3)

"When one sees virtue such as this,
One thinks that something is amiss;
And somehow something is down here
Whose station's higher up, I fear."

In looks and thoughts, Minabel is the very flower of our class garden. She is just what her name indicates,—a "belle." When you behold this dark flower, which blooms alike in sunshine and in rain, you must needs examine it to understand its power and its beauty. You will find a stem of remarkable reliability and firmness, bending only to the wind from the right direction; the petals breathe forth sensibility, sympathy and sweetness; the centre—the heart—is true blue. Wherever the fates place this specimen of the flower world, there is fragrance, and all may deem themselves blessed who enter the bounds of its sweet perfume.

In our garden, so bright and fair,
Blooms this flower, sweet and rare.
We know well, for her work does tell,
That success her work will crown,
For the fates have smiled on Minabel.



GRACE ALLEINE GEIPLE, ΦΜΓ Glen Rock, Pa.
Junior Prom. Com. (2) Y. W. C. A. Board (3)

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet
That her motion blushed at herself."

Our Gracie's favorite occupation is eating beans, and her chief ambition is to teach one year—only. She is an inveterate chatterbox, and rushes wildly about the classrooms of college. We are compelled to admit that in spite of her tricks and capers, she is a very studious little woman. In Literature, Psychology, and Forensics she takes special delight, while her most constant companion is her gesture note-book. Her favorite character is Hamlet, with whom she has spent many happy hours. Tho' Hermione, dead, has strong attractions for her. She says that "suping" for Post Graduate plays isn't all it is cracked up to be.

A humble young 'Supe,' named Alleine,
Attempted to move a dead Queen,
Was greatly cast down, when the Queen with a
frown,
Exclaimed, "You've positively ruined my scene!"



EMMA B. GOLDSMITH Middletown, N. Y.

Y. W. C. A. Board (3) Year Book Board

"Strong reasons make strong actions."

—Shakespeare.

Those who have known "Goldie" well during her entire college course feel that she is one of the best examples of a girl with the highest ideals, towards which she climbs unceasingly, unflinchingly and successfully. She has "evolved," and is growing constantly, going cheerily through the process with a serene faith in the result. But don't imagine that "Goldie" is a grind. Just get her to do one of her far-famed, eccentric old ladies for you. The perk at her eye and the droop at her mouth will convulse you with laughter, for her impersonations are screamingly funny.

O truly "evolved" Emma!
To stop you would be a dilemma.
Tho' comedy is her delight
There's depth within the soul
Of our faithful, loyal comrade, Emma.



CHRISTINE FRANCES HODGDON, KTX

Malden, Mass.

Chairman Stunt Com. (2) Year Book Board

"A friend in deed is a friend indeed."

Christine's particular talent for conversation and a keen interest in those about her have made her a division captain for the entire three years. Not only is her 'down east' dialect a constant source of pleasure to her friends, but also her voice, which with its throbbing tones gained her particular notice in the "Romeo and Juliet" class. She enjoys the distinction of having the most beautiful hair of any girl in college; and she is a living example of the fact that it is not always those with the greatest appetites who have the largest stature. She says her future is undecided. We do not think so.

This gracious young lady, Christine,
One truer there never was seen;
If near her you stand
You will hear "O, isn't it grand?"
'Tis the outlook on life of Christine.



GERTRUDE F. HUBBELL Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

"Give every man thine ear but few thy voice."
—Shakespeare.

How well Shakespeare's line describes Gertrude! She listens patiently to everything, tries hard to work out all suggestions, and makes very few comments. She is as modest and quiet as the daisy. She's little, but—O my! Her list of selections number some few thousand, but her forte is Dramatic Art. Will any one tell us if the teacher makes the difference? All we can say is that she seems a bit partial to that side of the work. Her chief trait is that she is always there at rehearsals,—and there on time.

O maiden sweet and most petite, to us you are a
joy,
You're always there, you're always fair, and never
do annoy
By talking harsh in accents loud, or asking ques-
tions simple.
You are a treasure without measure, with your dar-
ing dimple.



CHARLES JACKSON Paterson, N. J.

"His smile it was childlike and bland."

Mr. Jackson joined our ranks this year. He has the greatest faculty of appearing in the cast of both the Dramatic Art classes. Often he is the leading man, or the juvenile lead, or—only the curtain-puller. When we first met him, we concluded he was a dreamer, constantly living in the ethereal world. This is how we explained his habit of raising his chin and looking from half-closed eyes; we thought he was looking down upon us poor mortals from his exalted (?) height. We soon found out that that was Charles' way of deceiving us, for he is really a jolly, good comedian.

O here's a jolly, good fellow
Named Jackson, Charles Jackson.
He can shout, roar and bellow
As though he was the tallest fellow
That ever came to Emerson!



EDITH LINLEY JONES Minneapolis, Minn.
 Stunt Com. (3) Year Book Board
 Commencement Com. Class Prophet
 "She is so constant and so kind."—Keats.

What in the world is the matter with those girls? Such laughter! Just glance again at the group and it will not be necessary to ask, for in their midst may be seen Edith, or better known as "Jonesy." Far and near is this girl known for her original jokes. She can sing, too, and we regret that she is not going to make that trip across the water to improve this talent. Alas! Alas! Edith has given up her public career, and she is sure that she will be happy and content to return home to entertain in a more limited sphere. The virtues and strength of this beloved girl will make a home worthy of a King,—and we envy him!

Here's to the girl with the jolly laughter,
 Here are our hopes for her life hereafter,
 May friends and joys and happiness all last her,
 And whate'er she attempts may she master.
 Here's love to the girl with the laughter.



HELEN MARJORIE KINNE, KFX Syracuse, N. Y.
 "Never put off for to-morrow what you
 can do to-day."

Marjorie usually lives up to this motto, but occasionally she misses a cog in that great wheel called "Our Daily Duty,"—though always with some good reason. Her keen, systematic methods point toward her great business ability. There is no one who loves fun more than Marjorie. You will often find her buried in the depths of a comfortable chair, watching others perform, really preferring to have a grand-stand seat for the gayety, instead of entering into it herself. Marjorie has a certain gentle reserve of manner that serves as a weapon, with which no one dares to trifle.

This young maid from Soline City
 Is said to be clever and witty,
 And she's so neat, from head to feet,
 We want her to be in our ditty.



LEONA LOUISE KRESS Rochester, N. Y.
 "It is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes life worth looking at."

—O. W. Holmes

This dear little maiden does much in her own sweet way. Her big, brown eyes reveal her sincerity and earnestness. Leona carries a big secret in her heart that few could guess. What is it? You can depend upon her for rehearsals, and she delights her classmates by her readiness. If you would like to hear some good child dialect go to her. Her characters in Dramatic Art are definite and true to life. She has studied French dancing, and some of us have seen exhibitions of it that are worthy of much praise. A position awaits her, and success therein is the wish of her classmates.

Leona the humble,
 Leona the true,
 Here's a wish for success
 From your classmates to you.



EDNA MAE MEANS, ΦΜΓ Tama, Iowa
 Chairman Commencement Com.

"If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it to the last article."—Shakespeare.

Out of the West came Edna Means to take her place among the chosen class of 1910. And she has already made many friends among her classmates. Her short stay makes us realize what we have missed in not having had her for the past two years. One finding herself in Edna Means' cast, usually comes on time and works late. The members of the cast say she's an inspiration, prompt, loyal and ever ready to help. With her usual characteristic swing, she whiles away her time in E. C. O. Edna will do great things wherever she goes, and our love and best wishes go with her.

To the land of Boston baked beans
 Came a damsel called Edna Means.
 A great commotion was soon made,
 For she put us all in the shade.
 She's a brick and true blue,—this lady of Means!



IRENE ELIZABETH MERRELL Rockville, Conn.

"Thy prosperous labor fills the lips of men
with honest praise."—Tennyson.

There can be no doubt in our minds as to the future of our friend, Irene, after hearing the criticisms she has received in class this year. Her interpretation of Romeo was certainly deserving of praise. She portrayed the love-sick man with much realism. Her constant wish is for more assignments. Irene is always jolly, happy, and ready for a good time. She is extremely fond of dancing and she spends most of her lunch hour in Room 1, "tripping the light fantastic." Irene is especially fond of the "Makeup" class, and she has become quite proficient in the art of daubing. However, she informs us that she has had professional experience.

O maid from the Nutmeg State,
Whom the "Balcony Scene" made great,
From teaching you shrink;
'Tis useless, you think,
Because a ring decides your fate.

SARAH JANE MORGAN

Nashua, N. H.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

—Goldsmith.



Hark! What is that peculiar sound which fills Gainsboro Street? It is Sallie rehearsing her scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Here we have a young lady just bubbling over with energy, and her chief regret is that she is constantly obliged to bottle some of it up. At the Gym she is our star, and her achievements are the delight and envy of us all. She hasn't decided yet what she is going to do, but we all wish her the best of success in whatever she undertakes, whether it be teaching, platform work or—(?)

She can dance, she can sing,
She can act most anything;
All her work has been good,
And it's only right that she should
Have all good Fortune can bring.



RUTH INEZ MORSE St. Johnsbury, Vt.

"To one that with us works and trusts with faith that comes of self-control."—Tennyson.

This conscientious little Miss from old Vermont, has been with us through the joys and sorrows of our entire course. She brought with her the sturdy freshness of the Green Mountain State, and also much of its Maple Sugar sweetness. And now she is going back home brimful of knowledge. Have you ever passed through the corridors or entered a class room, (before the recitation began of course), and heard these words of a certain song, "For she's my daisy!" If so, you have met Ruth. She has spent much time trying to gain height through poise, and now she lends dignity even to her pet character, "Caliban."

There is a maid named Ruth
Whose face is fair, in truth.
She is small, but oh,
Please don't tell her so;
Surely she can "do things," can Ruth.



NELLIE FELTER MUNRO, KFX Binghamton, N. Y.

Endowment Com. (2), (3) Junior Marshal (2)

"The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours!"—Tennyson.

The only time that Nellie gets excited is when the fire bells ring. Then "be quick and get your valuables." She is usually calm and reserved. When dignity or good presence is needed, unconsciously we turn to Nellie; and we know we shall find it, even though we need it in the part of a "Judge." We have no hesitancy in expecting it of her. Her sound advice is always a joy to those who come in contact with her. Her seeming coldness is soon dispelled and as we come into closer relationship we find a heart full of love and friendship.

Nellie is her name;
She has won great fame;
She can play the "Judge;"
Yes, and make good fudge,
Now don't you wish that you could do the same?



GEORGIA MAUD NEWBURY, KIX Seattle, Wash.

"In arguing, too, she owned her skill,
For vanquished, she could argue still."

This western maid's record was so advanced that she entered the Senior ranks without the least difficulty. From Portland Academy and the University of Washington she brought a great store of knowledge. Her interest in Debate has been evident in her class work. She is always willing to lend a helping hand, and her good cheer dispels all clouds. Many think she has missed her vocation, for she has acted several times in the capacity of "Doctor" with great facility and remarkable results. However, since she has chosen the field of Art, we wish her unbounded success therein.

Here's to George, the quick, the witty!
Her mannish walk and her western talk
Have inspired this little ditty.
So join with us one, and join with us all,
A health to her who joined our class last fall.



FLORENCE O'BRIEN Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

Canadian Club

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

In the fall of 1909 there came to Emerson a demure little brown-eyed Canadian, "Awshewa," a care-free maiden, happy as the birds in May. She is a post-graduate of Whitby College, Ontario, Canada. She has a sweet, gentle and refined disposition. She gives every man her ear but few her voice, and she makes no hasty decisions, but very cautiously solves the problems of the universe for herself. She is always prompt at rehearsals, even when she has to play "Stephano." "O'Bam" likes to copy notes, and besides she is cultivating the art of letter-writing. Alas for the postman.

From the land of Canadaw,
Comes the maiden, Awshewa;
Awshewa the gentle, happy
Maid of mirth and maid of dreams,
Wonder from thy eyes forever beams.



ADELAIDE PATTERSON Minneapolis, Minn.

Commencement Committee

"The art of being kind."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Adelaide joined us in our Senior year, and she has been such an addition to our class that we earnestly wish that she had been with us throughout our entire course. She has had a varied career, travelling extensively and doing all kinds of things; but teaching is her "first love." Her most marked tendencies are a fine appreciation of music, a strong admiration for Rudyard Kipling, a quiet but none the less large sense of humor, a talent for debating, a habit of working hard, and, above all, that great gift of the judicial way of looking at life.

In September of our Senior year,
Miss Patterson did join our ranks, and here
We've met her, both in class and social life,
And much she's brought to us of worldly lore,
We regret we did not know her more.



VEROQUA SHELDON PETTY Essex, N. Y.

Class Secretary (3) Year Book Board
Class Poet

"Ah! She was fair, exceeding fair to behold."

—Longfellow.

Famous for beauty, she has shown the qualities of soul that match the exquisite lineaments of her face. If, perchance, in Dramatic Art her loveliness be too surpassing, we are sure that in the amenities of actual life her dancing eyes, bewitching smile and blushing cheeks will always gladden hearts and win friends. She just loves to read child dialect, and her impersonations of teasing boys, of the tormenting age, are delightful. She says she wants to teach, but we think she has been permanently engaged to give private lessons.

This is the girl from New York State,
We're glad we had her for a mate;
She's neither prim nor yet sedate;
She's full of fun, she's full of work.
Whate'er her task, she will not shirk.



EDNA MAE PHILLIPS Urich, Missouri

"Her air at once both coquettish and coy,
Both studied, though both seem neglected,
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected."

A receipt from Missouri. Try it, and you'll be shown. Take two parts of good common sense, one part of genuine good humor, a pinch of wit and a tablespoon of pluck; stir lightly until well mixed; add a cup of gaiety and a half dozen side glances; bake for years of experience; set to cool, with enough dramatic ability to flavor, not forgetting the best brand of a contralto voice. Please mix in becoming moulds, and you will have a nut-brown mass which will be immensely enjoyed by any partaker.

We hope you'll try this good receipt,
Because we're sure it can't be beat.
It is flavored with the ginger
Of wisdom, wit, and will,
And the taste is guaranteed to linger.

NATHANIEL E. RIEED, ΦAT Dale, Texas

Students' Council (2) Business Manager
Magazine (2), (3)

Vice-President Students' Association (3)

Class Orator.

"What a piece of work is man."

Mr. Rieed is equally at home on the reading platform, or before the students in chapel, striving to make them realize their individual responsibility, or talking a business man deaf, dumb and blind, until he readily consents to advertise in the Magazine. His career at Emerson has been a strenuous one. His enthusiasm and college spirit have been an incentive and inspiration to us all. The entire college owes Mr. Rieed a debt of gratitude for his unselfish work in the Students' Association and for his work on the Magazine. His hobby has been to establish student government, and through his diligent efforts the students do govern many enterprises that involve the student body as a whole.

O Mr. Rieed so lean and lank,
In your classes hold first rank.
And for your college spirit, we thank thee,
And may Dame Fortune ever smile on thee,
But never her daughter, Miss Fortune.





ALICE MAE RUDISILL, ΔΔΦ Altoona, Pa.

Chairman Junior Prom Com. (2)

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."—Pope.

Rudy came to Emerson because she heard that Boston was a nice place to loaf. Having lived in Altoona, it didn't take her long to get acquainted with a small place like Boston, and she soon became a "walking city directory." Very early in her career the theatres claimed all her attention. Then, having used up all her cuts, she was forced to attend classes quite regularly, and for the first time their worth and interest were brought to her attention. As a Senior, she has convinced both the Faculty and her fellow-students that beneath her fondness for the light and frivolous, there is a growing appreciation for the serious things of life.

From fair old Penn's delightful land
Miss Rudisill did come to join our band,
Through a three years' course of fun and pain,
She's followed her studies with great gain.



KATHERINE GERTRUDE RYAN Butte, Montana

"Still water runs deep."

Paddy seldom speaks, that is when she is merely an acquaintance, but when the ice is broken,—oh my! She is always ready to be one of the crowd. Gertrude is a jolly good fellow to those who know her, and her clever witticisms and congeniality are an addition to any party. What is she to do when she leaves her Alma Mater? Well, far be it from us to speak rashly, but we know she just dotes on heavy tragedy. And why should she have those pleading brown eyes and that dreamy temperament, if she is not to be before the public? But tush,—we prattle something too wildly.

O, Gertrude has come out of the West,
Gifted with temperament and artistic zest.
She's wild about Shakespeare, and Ibsen and Byron,
And sure success is headed to Miss Ryan.



ALICE SANDIFORD Cambridge, Mass.

Editor Magazine (3) Editor Year Book

"Right noble is thy merit."—Shakespeare.

Here is "Our Editor"; the busiest person in College. She came to us a dreamy Freshman with big brown eyes, full of wistful questionings and silent meditations. At first Alice was very shy, but after breaking her shell of reserve through generous doses of Evolution, she revealed the depth of her nature in her work. She delights in Shakespearean roles, and we expect to hear great things of her along this line. Her literary taste and ability may be explained by her residence in the learned and august city of Cambridge. When Alice chooses a friend it is for all time. Like Emmy Lou, she had one "n'intimate friend," and when Lee could not return to College this year, Alice was content to plod along alone rather than supplant her old love by a new.

Our busy Editor, named Alice,
Whose heart is like a gold chalice,
Has been with us for these three years,
Of fun and frolic, hopes and fears,
This very dear classmate, named Alice.



ELMA SMITH Downey, Cal.

"Oh, East is East and West is West
And ne'er the two shall meet."

It was Kipling who said that, and he is right. Yet when Miss Smith crossed a whole continent in the fall of 1909 to work with us in Emerson,—well, perhaps it was only an exception to the rule. Be that as it may, she brought her western enthusiasm and hearty coöperation, shedding good cheer on the present and sympathetic assurance on the future. We shall often think of her talk in Chapel when we launch into the sea of Pedagogy. Elma is always ready for a good time, and those who were in the Thursday Makeup class will never forget the fun she used to create.

Pleasant, earnest, ever ready,
Always in her place;
Purpose strong and effort steady;
Towards success does Elma face.



EUNICE FAY STORY Uxbridge, Mass.

Stunt Com. (1) Junior Prom (2) Class
Secretary (2) Students' Council (3)

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."
—Tennyson.

Eunice is small of stature and light of step, but a perfect demonstration of vim and vitality. With her almost limitless capacity for work and play, she is well armed for a career. And what an amount of work she can tackle, and master, too. You may be sure she is always up to something, doing it with might and main. Then there is her voice: who would ever imagine that such a little body could produce such deep, vibrating tones? When we stop to recount her many gifts and talents, what can we expect but success in her future work.

We have a little story,
She's sure to come to glory;
When far away, we'll always say,
"We went to school with Story."



CLAIRE LOUISE STOWELL Potsdam, N. Y.

Year Book Board

"For never saw I mien, nor face
In which more plainly could I trace
Benignity and home bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence."—Wordsworth.

It was not long before we knew why Miss Stowell came to Emerson. Her quiet, earnest endeavor, supplemented by her dignity and sympathetic fellowship, have made us glad that she entered our class, even for so short a time. And we regret that we have not been permitted to know her through the entire three years of our work. We shall never forget the romantic, young lover, in his red satin suit of Colonial Days, who fell so desperately in love with Nance Oldfield. There's a secret in thy heart, Claire Louise, for how could you portray so well the feelings of Alexander Oldworthy?

There is a Senior straight and tall
Who's loved by one and all.
Her name is Claire Louise,
She's quiet, gentle and reserved,
And the praise she's won is well deserved.



EDNA HIGH THOMAS, ΔΔΦ Birmingham, Ala.
Students' Council (2) Junior Week Com. (2)
Stunt Com. (3) Vice-President (3)

"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred!"

—Wordsworth.

"Oh, yes, hon." Of course that is Edna. She is a little bundle of earnestness from Alabama, who does everything just the best she knows how. Surely a spirit, for she subsists on frozen cream and delicate teas from the spray isles. Her one fault is lack of sentiment, a banana split being the only thing that can inspire this quality. Tommy will do anything for you if you tell her she is getting fat. And really she almost makes us forget the actual truth when she impersonates a negro mammy. Her southern dialect has been a delight to us all.

Just a breath of sweetness,
A little darkey talk,
Just a dream of gentleness
With no desire to walk,—
That's Tommy.



ELIZA M. THOMAS Weldon, Illinois

"As witty as she is wise, and as wise as she is witty."

Eliza hails from the prairies of Illinois. Most of her education was received near Chicago, which may account for her great accomplishment,—“getting there.” Click-clack-click! Why, that's Tommy on a dead run for rehearsal, her green bag performing double somersaults as it trails in her wake. We all know of her ever-ready wit, and can we ever forget Tommy's drawl? It is a whole picnic to talk to her. We know Eliza best, however, by her earnest, patient, determined application to her work, her good fellowship, and her ability to ask sensible questions. Good luck and success to you, Eliza.

We have a friend by name Eliza,
We certainly always shall prize her.
The things she could see, from A down to Z
Would simply amaze and surprise yer.



HUGH WILLIAM TOWNE. ΦAT East Jaffrey, N. H.

Junior Prom. Com. (2)

"As strong as a lion, as tender as a woman."

Hugh is a dandy fellow! This is the unanimous verdict of all in our class. His unusually rich, musical voice has always been a source of inspiration to his fellow students and of gratification and relief to his teachers after their long and tedious efforts to develop a few mellow notes in our harsh tones. We cannot conceive of anyone or of anything that could disturb the genial disposition of this "poised" member of the Senior Class. He has had the pleasant duty of giving us our epistles from home and consoling us when they did not contain the expected check.

You've a voice so sweet and mellow
As the deep notes of the 'cello;
You've a face at once so bright and sad
That you're like the knight—Sir Galahad.



ERMA STEVENS TUBBS Shickshinny, Pa.

Magazine Reporter (3)

Y. W. C. A. Board (3) Year Book Board

"Duty by her is to pleasure turned."

Tubbie is one of the most widely known members of our class. Why? Did you ever try to cut chapel? She has a capacity for hard work and an unquestioned ability to hold her own in an argument. Her immediate ambition is to get back to "Penn.," and teach the young how to shout. We know that the Emersonian principles, in the hands of such an exponent, cannot fail to be successful. Her work in Normal Class has shown that even though she may have to use a stool to see over the heads of her pupils, yet none will escape her.

Singing, smiling, all the day;
Helping others on the way;
Working with her might and main;
Erma will her goal attain.



DELLE B. WADLINGTON Gracey, Kentucky

“Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?”

Seems like we all ought to know that Delle's from Kentucky. She is dignified and reserved, but under it all the fire still burns. One toss of her head, one glance from those eyes, and the race is on. Delle has “let go”; and of course she is the winner of the race. We have known this conscientious girl to be even two minutes late for a rehearsal,—“cause I just can't work unless I eat my breakfast!” Her work at Emerson, added to her past career as a teacher, fortells the success that awaits her in the field of pedagogy.

From the Blue Grass of Kentucky
Comes our Delle to study Art.
Those who know her sure are lucky,
For she's witty, bright and smart.



LUCINDA VAN LEER WAINRIGHT,

Manasquan, N. J.

“A mind at peace with all below.”—Byron.

Large bodies move slowly, but this thought need never worry Wainy's brain, or lie heavy upon her ninety-eight pounds. Besides she couldn't be slow if she tried to. A student to her finger tips, Lucinda has embraced all the opportunities offered here at Emerson, and she has also studied the violin at the Conservatory. Wainy a grind? Banish the thought. She's better than that, she's a student and a jolly companion, ever ready for one more good time. She is always ready “to a tale unfold” of recent larks. Quiet? Yes, until very well acquainted, then—Merely!

Answers yes or no to questions;
Turns about and lo! is gone!
Always looking for suggestions
As to place our work is on.



EDNA MILLS WEATHERSPOON

Granville Ferry, N. S.

President Canadian Club (3)

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Miss Edna Weatherspoon, graduate of Ladies' College of Mt. Allison, New Brunswick, came to E. C. O. at the beginning of the second semester of 1909. Since this time she has never failed to answer at every roll-call, rain or shine, and she is never late for rehearsals. Edna has such a still, quiet way that one could be with her a long time and never really know her. But her sterling worth is all the more appreciated by those who call her friend. Ask Edna about the sleigh ride through Cambridge, when she met for the first time,—but that's telling.

Here's to the girl from over the border;
 Here's to the girl who loves promptness and order;
 Here's to the girl who does what she ought'er;
 Here's long life and success to Emerson's daughter,
 From over the border.



MARGUERITE VIRGINIA WEAVER, ΦΜΓ

Birmingham, Ala.

Class President (1) Endowment Com. (3)

Chairman Stunt Com. (3)

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
 To warn, to comfort and command."—Wordsworth.

Marguerite brought with her all the sunshine and cheerfulness of the sunny South. She is one of the jolly entertainers of our class, having a stock of original stories and jokes, which she always uses most effectively. Marguerite also has the happy faculty of being able to appreciate other people's jokes as well as her own. And when she laughs in her own peculiar way she spreads the contagion of good cheer and breaks down all barriers of reserve and unhappiness. Marguerite has shown us that it is possible for a woman to be a moving force as an organizer without losing any of her sweet femininity.

This little southern lass,
 The jolliest girl in class;
 She has such sweet and winsome ways
 And a laugh so big and deep
 She has won our hearts for keep.



GRACE MARTYN WEIR Pittston, Pa.

Y. W. C. A. Board (3) Business Manager
Year Book

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she beamed upon my sight.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!" — Wordsworth.

Whole-hearted, enthusiastic, fun-loving, sympathetic, versatile Grace! From her sunny head to her dancing feet, she is one personification of graciousness. We have found her the jolliest of companions, and the gentlest of comforters. This versatility is equally true of her other talents; for she can make an audience ache with laughter or weep with sympathy; or she can ply the needle or bake a cake with equal success. Her Scotch determination amounts almost to "strong headedness," but then that's one of her charms, and she wouldn't be Grace without it. We hope many may have the good fortune of knowing her.

This bright and bonnie lassie, Grace,
Wi' lightsome heart and sunny face,
Trips along the path so gayly;
Naither lass can smile so sweetly.
We couldna do without our Grace.



JOSEPHINE WOOD WHITAKER Arlington, Mass.

"We meet thee, like a pleasant thought."

Miss Whitaker is not a regular Senior, but a Special. However, most of her work has been with our class. Her patience is never exhausted. She will wait for hours, if need be, for the tardy members of her cast, without murmuring a complaint. But patience has its own reward, for her scene work is always good, and several times it has been especially commended. She gave us the best impersonation of the "courtly" Polonius that we have had this year, and her work as Benvolio in the death scene in "Romeo and Juliet" was indeed a revelation.

The record of Miss Whitaker
As a student at Emerson
Is without a blemish or a blur;
She came to study, and not to have some fun.



FANNY ELIZABETH WOODBURY, ΔΔΦ

Francestown, N. H.

"Much she knows, yet to know all is her ambition."

Fan is a girl with an ambition. She can't help it, she was born that way. She wants a career, and her natural proclivities, being aided by a dark beauty of an Italian type, make it natural that she should choose her walk in life to be behind a hurdy-gurdy. To develop her powers along this line, she came to Emerson, where she has displayed a wonderful ability along other lines (which shows her versatility). Whether or not she will follow what is jokingly attributed to her as her particular calling, we know that she possesses real ability in Dramatic work together with a distinct and charming personality.

There is a young lady named Fan
Who wishes to learn all she can.
She came to this College
To acquire some knowledge
To impart to her hurdy-gurdy man.



INA MARY WRIGHT, ΦΜΓ Bloomfield, N. J.

Chairman Junior Week Com. (2)
Class President (3) Salutatorian (3)

"To know her is to love her."

Ina's level head is ever at work to do right by every member of the class of 1910. She is loyal, faithful and a true friend. So "Wright" and justice govern our class. Ina also has the distinction of being one of the neatest girls in College. She loves to play basket ball and also to vault (?). Ina has the happy faculty of graciously straightening out the tangled threads of our petty tribulations and woes. She wants to go West, but we are teasing her to spend another year at Emerson before she does.

When in sore distress or any plight
We go at once to our Miss Wright,
Who tells us, "Do not fume or fret,
All that goes wrong seems sad, I know,
But life causes things to go just."



ETHELYN SOPHIE ZILHAVER

Cambridge Springs, Pa.

“Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.”

And last but not least comes Ethelyn. There is some satisfaction in being distinguished by the position one holds in the line of life. This brown eyed lass came to us from the Friends' State. She brought credits from the Edinboro State Normal School. Our acquaintance with her work in the classroom has shown her ability as a successful teacher. But she declares her plans do not that way tend, and since she also denies any aspirations towards the footlights, we wonder (?). Yet there is one thing certain, we know her future is not a blank.

A lass is here with eyes of brown,
And golden hair upon her crown;
Complexion white with lips of red,
Enough to turn any wise man's head!





SENIOR CLASS

Class History of 1910

Sept. 25, 1907, a new body of enthusiastic, intelligent looking students entered Emerson College. What a collection of tear-stained, homesick, gay, and expectant faces awaited the opening exercises! But not one of us doubted that a brilliant future was ours.

Through the wisdom of the Faculty, we were safely launched in our frail bark of Evolution on the ethereal sea of Aspiration, with Miss Weaver at the helm, and the Faculty administering generous doses of Evolution, we were guided through many difficulties, and were finally landed on the obedient mount of Endeavor.

At the end of our Freshman year, having thoroughly assimilated the sixteen steps of Evolution, we believed we could discourse learnedly on any or all steps. In fact, we thought we were through with them forever. And thanks to the untiring efforts of Dr. Alden and Mrs. Willard, we were beautiful exponents of the physical work, too.

Sept. 28, 1908, the same class crew fondly bidding farewell to the Evolutions, followed our new President aboard a beautiful airship which went sailing through the imaginary avenues of Prose Forms, Poetic Interpretation, "Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth."

All went well until, as we were getting on friendly terms with Hamlet, we were asked to analyze this worthy gentleman and present data to Mr. Tripp. Is it strange that many saw ghosts as they sat puzzling through the witching hours of night? But we lived through the trying ordeal and Dr. Alden allayed our fears by diagnosing the ghost illusions as only slight signs of temporary insanity due to over stimulation of the imaginative qualities of our tired brains. President Southwick came to the rescue by granting a ten days' rest at Easter Port. This thoughtfulness of the President tided us over. But of course, when we reached final Vacation Port, we were tired again and with that soothing sense of "something accomplished, something done," we took an ideal summer's rest at ethereal station, "Will B."

Oct. 5, 1909, a grave body of Seniors gathered about our "Wright" capable leader, and soon found ourselves ascending by lines of aspiration upward toward the pinnacle of High Art Mountain. With bright, happy, expectant faces we met Miss Smith in Normal Class. She was to test our ability to guide others along the ever broadening route of artistic endeavor. How surprised we were to learn that we must bring out our dusty Evolutions to aid us in the teaching realm. We soon became resigned, however,

and confidently struck out with "Animation"; "Smoothness" followed; "Volume" increased through the power to "Form Elements" until we began to "Slide"; yes, more and more "Vitality" into the "Forming of Pictures." How we would teach when given the opportunity! Miss Smith must have made a "Literary Analysis" of our efforts, for with "Vitalized Pictures" she soon convinced us that our literary "Taste" was not adequate to enable us to determine easily and quickly "The Ratio of Values" in the work of our imaginary pupils. All had tried, few had really succeeded. A new plan was adopted. We were seated in two long lines, facing each other. Then the teaching became more and more critical, until, when both teacher and pupil considered the work fair, the committee of judges pronounced it bad and gave suggestions. Finally, these efforts were illumed by a growing perception of real values that gave "Magnanimity of Atmosphere." Discipline was then mastered. One day Miss Newbury's twin stutterers, Miss Weir and Mr. Jackson, were "Creative" of much amusement, until Miss Smith brought us into the laws of "Obedience" and pronounced us budding teachers.

Our enjoyment of the Normal work could only be enhanced by recalling our realistic attempts at dramatics. Under the guidance of Mr. Tripp in the "Tempest" class, we learned something of the art of making love from Ferdinand and Miranda. The Tempest scenes could only be eclipsed by Romeo's attempt to puncture Mr. Towne's Mercutio in the duel scene. We learned his toughness then and there, just as later we had occasion to discover the tenderness of poor old Polonius, when he was violently stabbed through the parted screens in the closet scene of "Hamlet." Our greatest success lay, however, in the presentation of the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet."

But stay! Did 1910 reach the pinnacle of High Art Mountain toward which its airship was directed from the start? Yes, all were landed on the side of the Mountain where, with shy reluctant steps, the members began the arduous climb up the narrow paths that finally reached the top, and—

"Since purpose and effort must avail
 To win the goal of power and place;
 And talent often times may fail,
 Where will, persistent, gains the race."

E. B. G., '10.

Senior Stunt

EXTRA

EXTRA

Emerson Observer

Weather for Thursday, December 2, 1909, for Boston and Vicinity, FAIR

H. D. CHAMBERLIN, PUBLISHER

Vol. 1

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1909

No. 1

Terrific Damage Suit

Brought Against Faculty of
Emerson College

CLASS OF 1910

Sues Faculty of Emerson College
Of Oratory

FOR DAMAGES DONE THEM

During the Three Years Spent
in Said College

FIRST SUFFRAGETTE CASE

EVER TRIED IN AMERICA

Characters for Trial

JUDGE	- - - - -	I. M. Stearn, Nellie Monroe
PLAINTIFF	- - - - -	Class of 1910
DEFENDANT	- - - - -	Faculty
PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS	- - - - -	Emily Pancurst and Bertha Fiske
DEFENDANT'S ATTORNEYS	- - - - -	Susan B. Anthony II and Janet Chesney
ASSISTANT ATTORNEYS,	- - - - -	Dr. Philip, Carrie Nation, Georgie Newbury Beulah Cady
CLERK	- - - - -	Edna Phillips
COURT OFFICERS,	- - - - -	Sara Dobson, Ruth Morse, Faye Smith, Delle Waddington
CRUER	- - - - -	Edith Jones

SENIOR STUNT (Continued)

JURORS

Gertie Puck	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Adams
Kate Bradley	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Patterson
Miss Callie Bann	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Witherspoon
Kippy Seemore	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Tubbs
Juliet Getchey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Brooks
Harriet See	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Morgan
Carleton Ash-tree	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Rudisill
Prissy Gesturate	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Weir
Bridget Overdone	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Clogston
Howling Willie	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Eells
Miss M. D. Sigh	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Kinny
Faus Sampny	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Sandiford
Miss Samantha Allen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Wade
Miss Spinny Left-Over	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Comly

FACULTY

Pres. Southwick	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Bitler
Dean Ross	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Ferguson
Mrs. Black	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Stowell
Mrs. Puffer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Christenson
Miss McQuesten	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss E. Smith
Mr. Eldridge	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Staufft

CLASS

Misses Wright, Carter, Means, Davidson, Woodbury, Hodgdon, Thomas, Austen, Cleary, Kress, O'Brien, Ryan, Zilhaver; Messrs. Towne, Rieed, McIlrath; Mrs. Allen, Miss Goldsmith.

WITNESSES

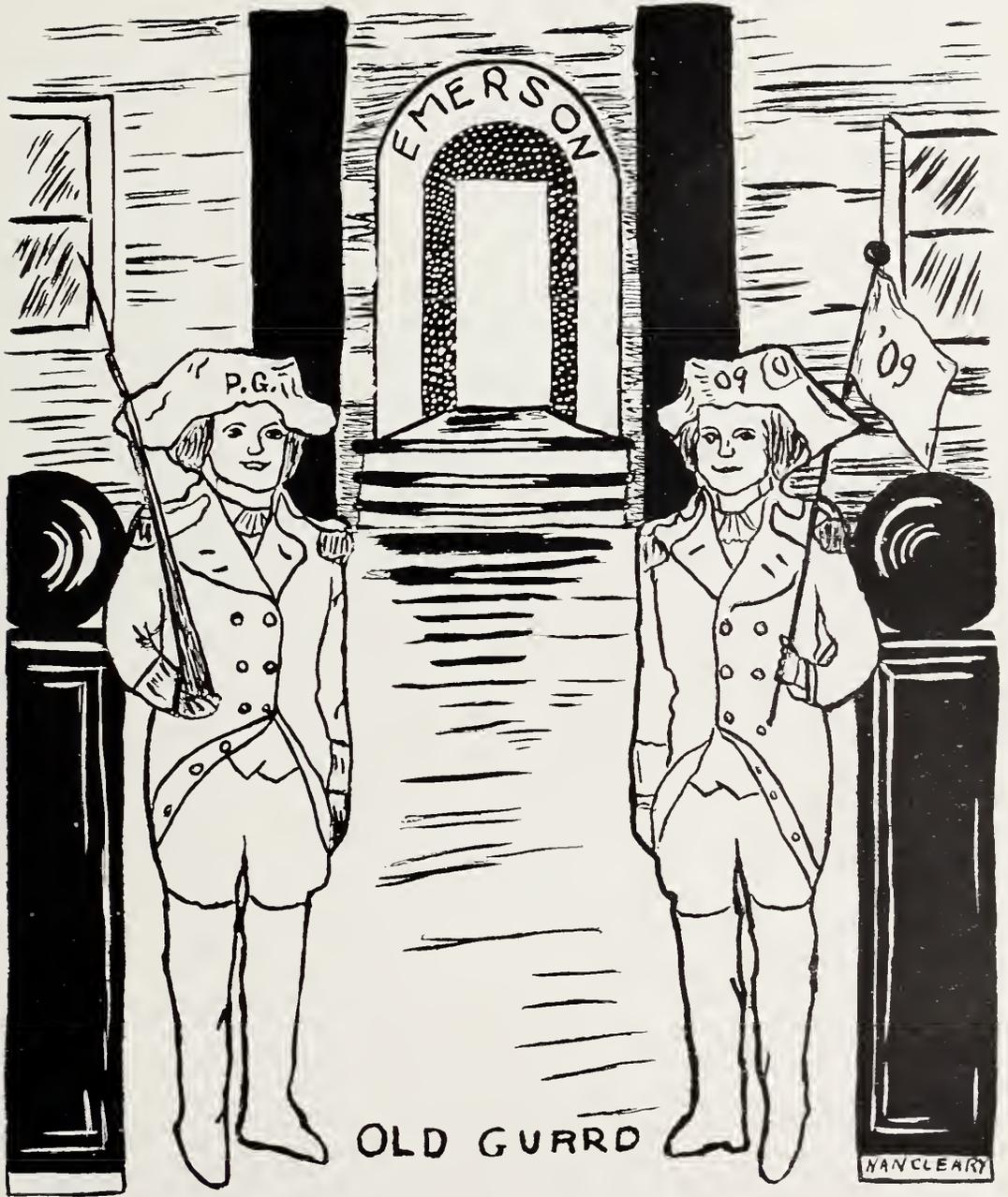
FOR THE FACULTY.						FOR 1910
Pres. Southwick	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Wright
Miss McQuesten	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Davidson
Mrs. Rogers, (Miss Geiple)	-	-	-	-	-	Elizabeth, (Miss Hubbell)

OTHERS

STENOGRAPHERS	-	-	-	-	-	Misses Story and Petty
KODAK WOMAN	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Merrell
NEWSBOY	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Jackson

REMARKS

We feel sure that each side in this case has a fair chance. The great suffragette leaders are with us, and this may mean a great step towards the Woman's Rights Question.



Songs of May

Lightly, brightly,
Gladly, gay.

Sing me the song of a spirit free!
Free from the hour of searching power
When unblest beings, quivering, cower
Under the shadow of wisdom's tree.

Lightly, brightly,
Gladly, gay.

Sing we the song of a new-born life!
Our hearts are attuned to its happy strings,
Our spirits led by the grace that brings
Conquering souls of men through strife.

Lightly, brightly,
Gladly, gay.

Sing we the song of the mountain peak!
Tho' we may not climb to its towering height,
Struggle and stress make the effort bright,
Lending its grace to crown the weak.

Lightly, brightly,
Gladly, gay.

Beckon we to the throng below!
Lift our voice in silvery speech
Throbbing hearts of the host to reach—
Summits shine with the after-glow.

—L. Stephens MacIntyre.





POST GRADUATE CLASS

Post Graduate Class

Class Motto—"Loyalty."

Officers

President.....	Bernice Wright
Vice President.....	Mary S. Bean
Secretary.....	Lila B. Stillman
Treasurer.....	Rebecca Swartwood

Class Colors—Green and White

Class Flower—White Carnation

Class Yell

Loyal one, loyal all;
 Loyal one and all are we,
 Loyal to our Faculty;
 S-S-S-Ch-Ch-BOOM-BAH!

Class Roll

Elizabeth Maria Barnes, Jacksonville, Ill.	Agnes Geraldine McNally, Fall River, Mass.
Helen Mary Bean, Belmont, N. H.	Anna Mam, Coney Island, N. Y.
Mary S. Bean, Wichita, Kansas.	Edith Helen Marshall, Oak Bluffs, Mass.
Susan G. Bitler, Cincinnati, Ohio.	Bertha L. Muzzy, Worcester, Mass.
Ruth L. Blodgett, Atlanta, Ga.	Mary E. Rogers, Cortland, N. Y.
Bertha Eleanor Carpenter, Lawrenceville, N. Y.	Lila Belle Stillman, Uniontown, Pa.
Mildred Clark, Cumberland Hill, R. I.	Ethel Relecca Swartwood, Auburn, N. Y.
Luella Victoria Cook, Middle Granville, N. Y.	Daisy M. Thomas, Springfield, Mass.
Minnie Area Farron, Darelson, Conn.	Syl h'e Walton Thomson, N. Y.
Elisabeth Foss, Boston, Mass.	Ethel Mand Tomlinson, Buffalo, N. Y.
Alice May Hamlin, South Waterford, Me.	Lucinda V. Wainright, Manasquam, N. J.
Mabel Victoria Jencks, Elgin, Ill.	Maude J. Williams, Poultney, Vt.
Lizzie Stephens MacIntyre, Chatham, Ont.	Bernice E. Wright, Elgin, Ill.
	Rosella Zura, Providence, R. I.

The Old Guard

When the Emersonian family was reunited last September, about a third of the illustrious class of Nineteen Nine returned to sit in the seats of the Mighty, and uphold the dignity of the Old Guard. Great as this responsibility was, we assumed it with perfect confidence, and we hope, when we leave, we shall have proved not unworthy of the trust given to us. Although we have been deprived of our beloved captain, our class stands united to make the most of our few remaining days, and leave behind us a record which may do credit to our Alma Mater.

As is quite natural, there are several members of our class with very decided ideas of their own. If some of these ideas have the opportunity to flourish unmolested, there is absolutely no telling what may be the outcome. There are our valient suffragettes, of which there are several, who intend to revolutionize politics in this country. Two or three of our members are possessed with the mania for aerial navigation, and when rehearsals do not interfere, they may be found at work on their airships. Several of the class are showing marked dramatic ability, and Dame Rumor has whispered that we may be represented on the stage ere long. We have one little lady who insists that it is "perfectly grand to be an old maid—if you have enough money." And still another dreamy-eyed Miss thinks that she would "really like to teach, if it were only a little more romantic!" Then there are two or three who are most bitterly opposed to the "old maid" theory, and who expect soon to—but more of this anon!

How reluctant we shall be, in a few short weeks, to part, in some cases forever, perhaps. Somewhere there is a place for each one of us, a task to perform, which we must answer for some day. The time draws near when we must go forth from our beloved Alma Mater, and face the demands of a busy world. We are going to realize then, as never before, that people want to know "what we can do." It is then we must "work like fiends," or some one else will take our place. We will find out that it really pays to keep the "corners of the mouth turned up." But above and beyond all these, we will realize what our College has meant to us, what a training school for life it has been, and we will through all the coming years be loyal to the banner of purple and gold, the emblem of our Emerson.

E. R. S.



CAST OF CHARACTERS IN "THE MARRIAGE OF WIT AND SCIENCE"

Post Graduate Student

The Graduate Class of 1910

OF THE

Emerson College of Oratory

PRESENT

The Mariage of VVyt & Science

THEY WILL BE ASSISTED BY THE

Harvard Quartet

JEWELL BOYD VVIRT PHILLIPS
LESTER BARTLETT JOHN THOMAS

AND

JANET R. CHESNEY EDNA M. MEANS

FOREWORD. The old Moral-play, "The Mariage of VVyt and Science," was probably published in 1570, having been licenfed to Thomas Marfh, "neare vnto fainct Dunftones chvrche," in 1569-70. The plot and chief characters are borrowed from an earlier Moral-play by John Redford, but it deferves attention, as in execution it is altogether one of the moft perfect fpecimens of its class. The author, vvhoever he vvas, has beftowed great pains vpon his vndertaking, and the conftruction of it is fvfficiently ingenious, conveying, not vvithout fome humor, a very useful leffon.

The play vvill be divided into four parts, and the quartet vvill render a fevv Elizabethan fongs between the parts. The curtain vvill be drawn only at the clofe.

The performance is given under the aufpices of the Southvvick Literary Society.

Post Graduate Stunt—Continued

The Mariage of Vvyt and Science

A NEW AND PLEASANT ENTERLUDE

The PLAYERS' NAMES

<i>Prologue</i>	HELEN MARY BEAN
<i>Nature</i>	ELIZABETH FOSS
<i>VVyt</i>	ELIZABETH M. BARNES
<i>VVill</i>	ROSELLA ZURA
<i>Reafon</i>	HELEN E. HOBBS
<i>Experience</i>	DAISY M. THOMAS
<i>Science</i>	LILA BELLE STILLMAN
<i>Infruccion</i>	BERTHA ELEANOR CARPENTER
<i>Study</i>	MAUDE JESSIE WILLIAMS
<i>Dylygence</i>	RUTH LOUISE BLODGETT
<i>Tedionfues</i>	MARY S. BEAN
<i>Recreation</i>	MILDRED L. CLARK
<i>A Dancer</i>	BERTHA LEONA MVZZY
<i>Idellnes</i>	MINNIE A. FARRON
<i>Ignorance</i>	E. REBECCA SVARTVOOD
<i>Shame</i>	HELEN MARY BEAN

(The characters are named in the order of their entrance.)

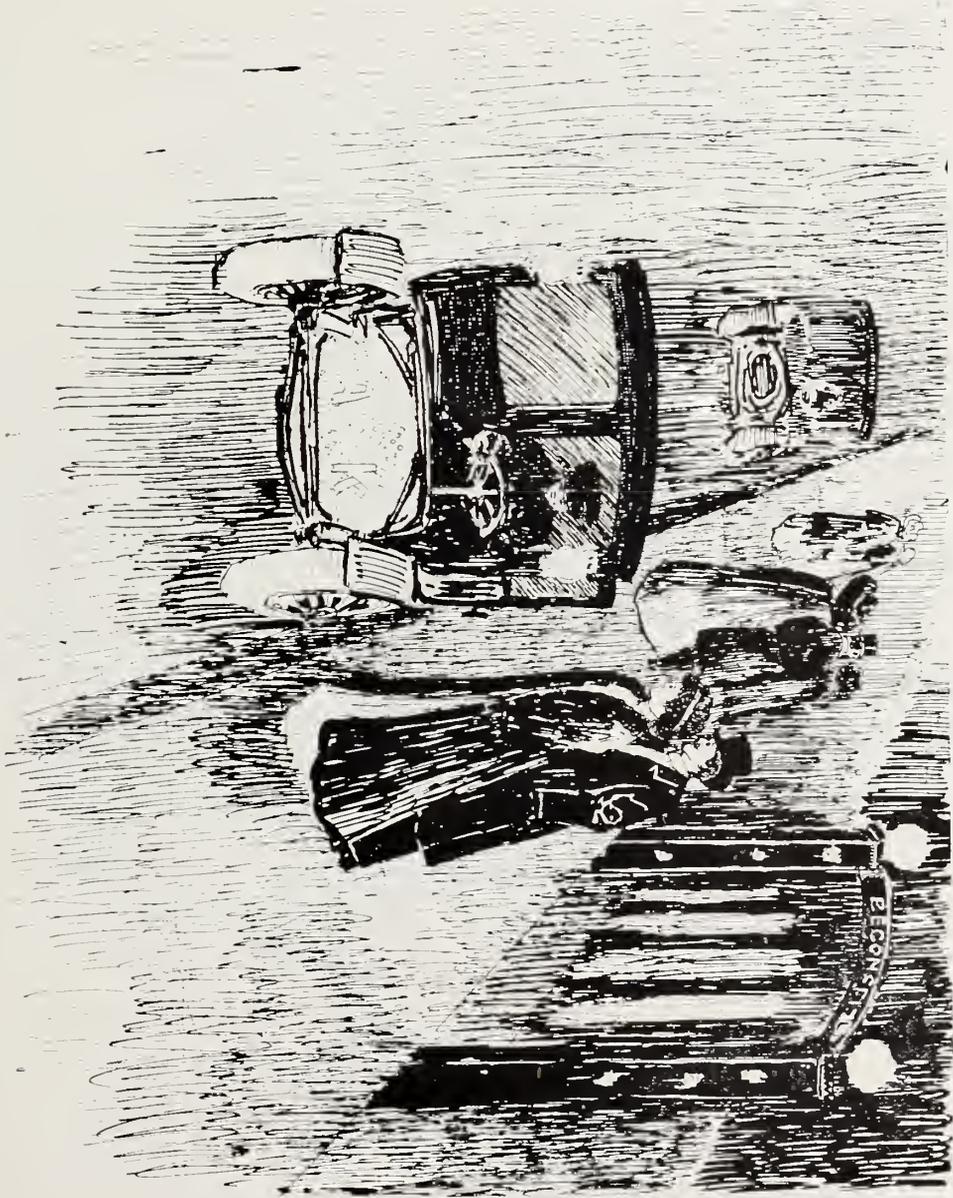
ARGUMENT

WVYT, the fon of Natvre, has fallen in love vvith Science, the daughter of Reafon and Experience. VVyt wifhes to obtain her hand in mariage at once, bvt is informed by his mother, Natvre, that Science is only to be vvon by labor and perfeverance. Natvre, however, gives him VVill for his servant, and defires him to try his fortune.

Science is coy and retiring, bvt is prevailed upon by her parents to admit fuitors. VVill delivers to her VVyt's portrait, and fhe agrees to receive him. VVhen VVyt arrives Reafon introduces him to his friend Infruccion, vvho has tvo fervants named Study and Dylygence; and Science confents to marry VVyt after he fhall have been for three or four years vnder their tvition. She alfo requires him, as her knight, firft to conquer Tedionfues, her deadly foe. Coming haftily to the encovnter, not dvly prepared, Tedionfues gives VVyt a blow vvhich ftuns him, bvt he is recovered by Recreation.

Recreation foon leaves him, and VVyt falls into the hands of Idellnes and Ignorance. VVyt falling afleep, they ftrip him, and pvt vpon his back the fool's drefs of Ignorance, fo that when Reafon and Science find him they deny all knowlledge of him. VVyt, upon advice of Reafon, furveys himfelf in a glafs and becomes fenfible of the change; Shame, introduced by Reafon, then feorges VVyt vntil Science interpofes for mercy. VVyt repents, is taken again into favor, and vvith the aid of Infruccion, Study and Dylygence again encovnters Tedionfues in the fight of his miftrefs. This time VVyt is victorious, and the play ends vvith his vnion to Science.

JUNIOR PROM



Junior Class

Class Motto

"Only live fish can swim up stream."

Officers

President.....	Eleanor Wilbur Pomeroy
Vice President.....	Ruth Cleveland Barnum
Secretary.....	Lois Annabel Beil
Treasurer.....	Bertha M. Wiley
Class Reporter.....	Evelyn Foster Cash
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Alice M. Bartlett
Cheer Leader.....	William D. Martin

Class Colors—Gold and White

Class Flower—Daisy

Class Yell

Alpha-Beta-Gamma-Delta
 One-two-three-four-five-six-seven
 Alpha-Beta-Zeta-Eta
 One-nine-eleven!

Class Roll

Marguerite R. Albertson, Bridgeton, N. J.	Laura V. MacKenzie, Bkessburg, Pa.
Keturah R. Andrew, Brookline, Mass.	Sheila B. McLane, Holyoke, Mass.
Esther Appleby, Syracuse, N. Y.	William M. D. Martin, Cromwell, Conn.
Ruth C. Barnum, California, Pa.	Marie E. Neahr, Gloversville, N. Y.
Lucille Barry, Paterson, N. J.	Edith S. Newton, West Haven, Conn.
Alice M. Bartlett, Rockland, Me.	Lura I. Pelletier, Stella, N. C.
Lois A. Beil, Tacoma, Wash.	Eleanor Wilbur Pomeroy, Pembroke Me.
Alice F. Best, Fremont, N. C.	Elizabeth B. Powers, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Olivette Broadway, Monroe, La.	Belle Pugh, Wanscen, Ohio.
Jessie L. Brown, Medford, Mass.	Mabel C. Randall, Cambridge, Mass.
Esther H. Bucklin, Ithaca, N. Y.	Madeline I. Randall, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Meda M. Bushnell, East Leroy, Mich.	Allie H. Rice, Riceville, Tenn.
Victoria M. Cameron, Roxbury, Mass.	Annabelle Rich, Woolrich, Pa.
Evelyn F. Cash, Pontiac, Mich.	Violet A. Richter, Medfield, Mass.
Harry D. Chamberlin, Boston, Mass.	Ruth I. Robinson, Weedsport, N. Y.
Eva H. Churchill, Roslindale, Mass.	Helen E. Rodger, Hammond, N. Y.
Alice E. Conant, Plainfield, N. J.	Iku Sargusa, Tokyo, Japan.
L. Westcott Crandall, Oneonta, N. Y.	Henrietta M. Simpson, Newton, Mass.
Mary A. Edwards, Oshkosh, Wisc.	Faye Smiley, Albany N. Y.
May Emma Greene, Brookline, Mass.	Laura W. Smith, Millis, Mass.
Virginia Haile, Chatham, Va.	Maud M. Smith, Williamsport, Pa.
Grace C. Ham, Exeter, N. H.	Frances Speakman, Menmouth, Ill.
Estelle K. Henry, Cleveland, Ohio.	Helen W. Symonds, Springfield, Mass.
Annie A. Howes, Southboro, Mass.	Myrtice A. Tucker, East Greenwich, R. I.
Gertrude E. Knapp, Franklin, Mass.	Marion G. Webster, Hancceck, N. H.
Sarah T. Knox, Manchester, N. H.	Jessie M. Weems, Quincy, Ill.
Grace B. Loverin, Tilton, N. H.	Wintie B. Whitesel, Harrisonburg, Va.
Josephine W. Lyon, Port Jervis, N. Y.	Estella O. Wilcox, Sunapee, N. H.
Margaret M. McCarthy, Mellen, Wis.	Bertha M. Wiley, Sidney, Ohio.



JUNIOR CLASS

1911 Alphabet

- A is for Autumn, best time of the year
When back to the College the Juniors appear.
- B is for books, Prose Forms, Hamlet and such,
We really must buy though they cost us so much.
- C is for Chapel; and now we migrate,
For being new Juniors the left side we take.
- D is for Dancing class where we all go
And try to be graceful, but my! What a show!
- E is for Eleanor, president tall
Who works very hard, and is loved by us all.
- F is for Forensics, we act here, in main,
Like stump speakers shouting in any campaign.
- G is for Gilbert, who teaches us all
To play many scenes, and with words none at all.
- H is for Hallowe'en, and on that night
We had all the Freshmen just dancing with fright.
- I is for innocence which we affect
When called on for lessons we always neglect.
- J is for Junior Recitals at night
At which we all speak, while our knees shake with fright.
- K is the knowledge which Juniors acquire;
We work and we toil, and to fame we aspire.
- L is "Let Go," 'tis our motto this year;
Express our work freely without any fear.
- M is for march in our good Junior week;
Effective it was though no time we d'd keep.
- N is for nonsense, 'tis here in a mass,
We refer you to themes of our Rhetoric class.
- O is the common expression we use
When given long lessons and think we're abused.
- P is for Prom when, through two feet of snow,
The dancing is o'er to our taxies we go.
- Q is for questions, which Dr. Ward gave,
No Junior could answer this side of the grave.
- R is rehearsals, the bores of the year
To which only half of the cast e'er appear.
- S is for Stunt, and most all do agree
And say 'twas the best they ever did see.

- T** is for talent we all have, of course,
A fact which we know all our friends will endorse.
- U** Is for unity classes all need,
Without it none yet have been known to succeed.
- V** is vacation which almost is here,
We'll soon say good-by with many a tear.
- W** is whispering in the back row,
Which always results from the room we must go.
- X** is an unknown quantity here
It stands for the men of the College, I fear.
- Y** is for Year Book, so witty and bright;
If you've read it through, you will know we are right.
- Z** is for zenith to which we aspire
And hope when we're Seniors, great things to acquire.

—Estelle K. Henry, '11



Junior Stunt

Early Puritan Life and the Courtship of Miles Standish
Presented by the Class of 1911, November 18, 1909

Synopsis of Scenes.

- Act 1. The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620.
Act 2. Death of Rose Standish. First treaty with the Indians.
Act 3. Courtship of Miles Standish.
 Scene 1. Love and Friendship.
 Scene 2. The Lover's Errand—"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Act 4. Thanksgiving 1621.
 Home of Priscilla. Report that Standish is dead.
Act 5. "All's well that End's Well." Home of Priscilla.

Characters

Indians		Amos,	Miss McKenzie
Chief Sitting Bull,	Miss Beil	Benjamin,	Miss Albertson
Guard Fleetfoot,	Miss Smiley	Joseph,	Miss Webster
Rain in the Face,	Miss Pomeroy	Michael,	Miss Maude Smith
Little Bear,	Miss Barry	Paul,	Miss Appleby
Big Beaver,	Miss McCarthy	Children	
Thundercloud,	Miss Ham	Luke,	Miss Bushnell
Running Water,	Miss Bartlett	Peregrin,	Miss Rodger
Black Eagle,	Miss McLane	Melissa,	Miss Laura Smith
Rainbow,	Miss Symonds	Women	
Laughing Water,	Miss Pelletier	Priscilla,	Miss Barnum
Pine Tree,	Miss Conant	Rose Standish,	Miss Green
White Wolf,	Miss Howes	Nurse Patience,	Miss Whitesel
White Beaver,	Miss Madeline Randall	Mercy,	Miss Powers
Pilgrims		Constance,	Miss Weems
Miles Standish,	Miss Cash	Hope,	Miss Cameron
Preacher,	Miss Mabelle Randall	Phoebe,	Miss Haile
John Alden,	Miss Henry	Faith,	Miss Richter
Johnathan,	Miss Wilcox	Mary,	Miss Best
James,	Miss Rice	Elizabeth,	Miss Brown
Josiah,	Miss Knapp	Prudence,	Miss Andrew
Obadiah,	Miss Pugh	Charity,	Miss Bucklin
Malachi,	Miss Wiley	Content,	Miss Simpson
Hesea,	Miss Newton		

Executive Staff for the Junior Class

Eva Churchill
Josephine Lyon

Lois Beil
Estelle Henry

Musical Director, May Green

Assisted by Mabel Randall



"WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO LET GO!"

1912

Do you ask whence comes this clamor,
Whence this animated cry?
'Tis from Freshman Evolution;
And you ask the reason why?

Ah, fair readers, list! I'll tell you—
One dark day, September last,
Into Boston came some wanderers,
Trembling, fearful, and down-cast.

Kind fate led their foot-steps thither,
To the hall you now may see:
There by steps of Evolution
To become brave, poised and free.

Timidly they ventured onward,
Helped by teacher and by friend,
But the courage they've developed,
Soon will help them gain their end.

Welcomed by the upper classes,
They have learned to love this hall,
Where their foot-steps have been guided
From the early days of Fall.

List! They now rejoice to-gether
O'er the friend that they have won,
And in accents low and tender,
Praises sing to Emerson.

—Ione V. Stevens, '12.

Freshmen

Officers

President.....	Victor David Button
Vice President.....	Edna Mae Gilkey
Secretary.....	Sylvia A. Leland
Treasurer.....	Lillian Rose Hartigan
Magazine Reporter.....	Inez Banghart

Class Colors—Green and White.

Class Yell

Hipte miliga holiga sopsa hipsa he ho!
 We are the class of 1912, we are so!
 E-m-e-r-s-o-n
 '12-'12-'12

Class Roll

Loraine A. Allen, West Newton, Mass.	Vivien A. Jacobs, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Charles W. Bailey, Knoxville, Tenn.	Anna M. Keck, Johnstown, N. Y.
Abbie A. Ball, Millington, Quebec.	Edna Lois Kerr, Peoria, Ill.
Inez M. Banghart, Maquoketa, Iowa.	Leah King, Bloomfield, N. J.
Beulah Batchelor, Camden, N. Y.	Christine M. Koester, Seattle, Wash.
Alfaretta G. Bell, Yonkers, N. Y.	Julia E. Krantz, Adamstown, Md.
Winifred H. Bent, W. Somerville, Mass.	Mary A. Lahman, Franklin Grove, Ill.
Minna D. Brown, Cisca, Texas.	Mildred L. Leadbitter, Portland, Me.
Nellie C. Burke, Ellensburg, Wash.	Sylvia A. Leland, Bar Harbor, Me.
Victor D. Button, Sheldon, Iowa.	Ruth A. Libbey, Reading, Mass.
Olive B. Clark, Milford, N. D.	Lenella B. McKown, Boothbay Harbor, Me.
Beatrice Clifford, Ware, Mass.	Emily L. Maps, Long Branch, N. J.
Margaret R. Clough, Groton, Mass.	Alla M. Martin, Elgin, Ill.
Marian L. Colby, Hartford, Conn.	Bertha B. Michalosky, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Alicia E. Conlon, Thorwold, Ont.	Evelyn C. Oelkers, No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
Margaret A. Davidson, Ellensburg, Wash.	Florence E. Phelan, Rochester, N. Y.
Frederick R. Dixon, S. Glastonburg, Conn.	Eugenie M. Pinney, Morrisville, Vt.
Ella F. Eastman, Exeter, N. H.	Alice M. Pulver, West Copake, N. Y.
Armmella, Freeman, Brookline, Mass.	Elizabeth J. Rae, Madison, S. D.
Lizzie S. Gibbs, Worcester, Mass.	Frances G. Riorden, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Edna M. Gilkey, Shohola, Penn.	Ruth R. Roane, Springfield, Mass.
Emile R. Goss, Barnard, Vt.	Mary W. Safford, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
May E. Greene, Brookline, Mass.	Edna R. Sibley, Lynn, Mass.
May T. Hackett, Bristol, R. I.	Elizabeth C. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y.
Hilda M. Harris, Newfield, N. J.	James H. Stark, Mansfield, Ohio.
Mildred E. Hamilton, Reading, Mass.	Ione V. Stevens, Detroit, Mich.
Hilda M. Harris, Newfield, N. J.	Mary M. Sullivan, Westerly, R. I.
Ivy M. Harris, New York, N. Y.	Marian L. Tucker, State Farm, Mass.
Lillian R. Hartigan, Brookline, Mass.	A. Lillian Walker, Kittery Point, Me.
Eleanor H. Rodgers, Massena, N. Y.	Mary E. Walrath, Fort Plain, N. J.
Sybil L. Howendobler, Perry, Okla.	Jean C. Welsh, Gorham, N. H.



FRESHMAN CLASS

The Search for the Magic Scrolls

Once upon a time there was a legend that in a far country were magic scrolls which, if they could be obtained, would give to the possessor great power and fame. So one day a band of pilgrims from far and near assembled to go in search of this treasure, taking for their standard a purple banner, on which was inscribed in letters of gold the motto, "Expression Necessary to Evolution."

At the beginning of the journey they were met by a Fair Lady who explained the importance of their undertaking and left them full of Animation. They traveled on for many days over a Smooth plain, when suddenly there arose before their eyes the dazzling brightness of the City of Enjoyment. Here they were met by a jolly, little band who showed them the magic beauty of their home. Mystic dances, feasts, and famous fudgeons so entranced them that they remained there, until one day a charming Goddess appeared on the height just beyond the city beckoning to them. This vision reminded them of their ideal and inspired them to resume their journey.

The travelers entered a forest and came upon a Hermit. He told them that, although the forest was filled with evil goblins and the way was extremely difficult, it was easy for him to tell from their appearance and the colors they carried that they would be equal to the task.

The forest grew denser and blacker, and the road finally led them to the mouth of a huge, damp cave. They entered and immediately the mouth of the cave closed. The air was filled with awful groanings and hissings. Slimy creatures glided out from the grewsome shadows, weird shapes glaring at them added to their terror. Now they decided to test the power of the magic Button that was in their possession. As soon as it was produced it sent out rays of light, in response to which a good Spirit appeared who guided them through this chaos until they came to a great lake. This Ward told them that in order to cross the water they would have to shout for the Ferry-man. Their feeble attempts at a yell aroused his sympathy and, disappearing for a moment, he soon returned with a Friendly Giant from whose throat there issued such a Volume of sound that the whole place resounded, and the boat appeared. As the grateful band entered the boat, the Pilot insisted on "a good smart look," saying that if they did not "look pleasant" the boat would sink.

Upon landing on the other side, they were confronted with new diffi-

culties. The way led through a mountain pass, watched over by a Faithful Guard who said "No entrance without pure diction." Just then a Dainty Sprite who was passing by, noticed their downcast faces, and offered to help them. So delightful were the hours spent with her that it was with deep regret they parted.

Pleased with their ability to Form the Elements, the Guard allowed the Pilgrims to pass, giving them a little packet with instructions to open it when they encountered the Dragon.

Continuing their journey, they were climbing a steep mountain side when they met a Gracious Fairy who helped the travelers by making them feel as "light as a feather." She pointed out a Learned Scribe, who was going over an immense pile of papers, and explained that he was laboring thus for their good. No sooner had this Fairy left them when a horrible Dragon rushed out from behind the rocks.

The Searchers for the magic scrolls expected to slay him at once, but they were forced to fight several days and would have been overpowered if it had not been for the little packet which they suddenly remembered, and opening, read

"In overcoming the Dragon, Self-Consciousness,

Armor availeth not; fight free handed and without fear."

Immediately they threw aside their armor and were delighted to see the Dragon turn into a sturdy youth called Confidence.

They were mourning over their wounds when a Kind Hearted Zepher, bearing healing spices and potent herbs, whispered "Disappointments are His appointments."

Cheered on by this breeze, they next came to a gully in the mountain where they met two Companions, who kindly but firmly insisted that there was nothing to do but "Let Go and Slide," no matter what sort of Pictures they made.

Glad to have heeded this well-timed advice, they soon found themselves on a wide plateau, and started toward a palace on a distant cliff which they had seen for some time. But before they had traveled far they came to several paths running in almost exactly the same directions. While they were pondering which one they should take, they noticed a sign-board. But they were unable to read the strange symbols. Just then a Genial Inhabitant approached and they inquired of him which road led to the palace as they were unable to read the sign. He looked amazed and answered, "Why you should be able to read Visible Speech."

Following his direction, they came to the Temple of Literature through which they were conducted by a Jovial Monk. He told them the History of

the Books and, being a just man, he sent them on their way without detaining them for an examination.

After leaving the palace, their next difficulty was to cross the Bog, Sraey-Dim. Here they were forced to travel day and night to keep from sinking. No sooner had they reached firm land than they held a carnival in Stunt Grove to celebrate their journey through the marsh land.

On the last day of the rejoicing, a Benevolent Knight came toward them with out-stretched hand, praising them for their good work and telling them that they were the best band of Pilgrims he had seen for a long time. They were grateful for his kind words and they replied that they never could have survived the struggles, if it had not been for the cool spring of refreshing water which appeared in their camp every morning.

Journeying on until night, they entered the land of Climax. A Powerful Giant captured them there, and for their own good—although it did not seem so at the time—imprisoned them in Castle Analysis and there they are to this day.

N. S. N., '12



NOTICE



We want you to cum to

The Korn Huskin'

IN OUR BARN

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910

We are going to have some people
there from the

Emerson College of Oratory

All Welcome

NATHAN PETERKIN *and* MRS. PEGGY PETERKIN

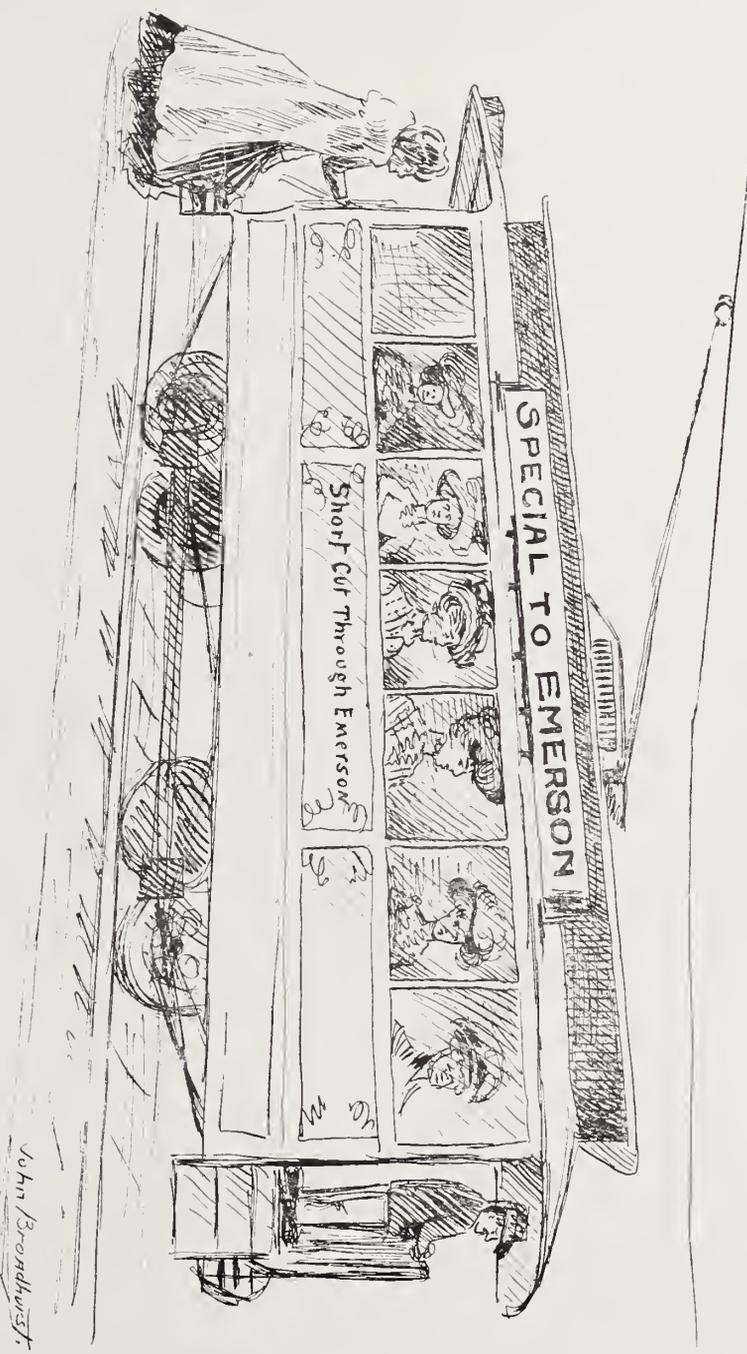
The Old-Fashioned Husking Bee

Cast of Characters

Uncle Nathan Peterkin, host	Elizabeth Rae	William	Ruth Roane
Thomas Jefferson Peterkin, home from	Frederick R. Dixon	Sarah Maude	Hilda Harris
Emerson		Alonzo	James Stark
Josiah Winkleton, nervous old bachelor	Nellie Burke	Mother's Pride	{ Alicia Conlon
Algernon Fitznoodle, dude	Victor D. Button		{ Beulah Batchelor
Betsy, fussy old maid	A. Lillian Walker		{ Marion Colby
Little Lord Fauntleroy	Ella Eastman	Emerson Girls	{ Leah King
Solomon Levi	Olive Clark		{ Margaret Davidson
Scipio	Minna Brown		{ Elizabeth Smith
Ah Sin	Lenella McKown		{ Mildred Hamilton
Bobby	Mary Sullivan	Rakers	{ Julia Krantz
Aunt Peggy Peterkin, hostess	Evelyn Oelkers		{ Ione Stevius
Kitty Malony	Emil Goss		{ Marian Tucker
Maggie	Lillian Hartigan	Milkmaids	{ Ruth Libbey
Patrick O'Ryan	Edna Gilkey		{ Jean Welsh
Mollie	Emely Maps		{ Elnoe Hodges
Tootsie	Mrs. Safford	Squash Meadow Duo	{ Alla Martin
Obadiah Maximus	Lorraine Allen		{ May Hackett
			{ Winifred Bent
			{ Christine Koester

Ushers: SYLVIA LELAND, ABBIE A. BALI
Committee:

FREDERICK DIXON, ANNA KECK, INEZ M. BANGHART



John Broadbent

Special Students

Gladys Berry, Dorchester, Mass.
George W. Burke, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Grace C. Clark, Warren, Mass.
Ruth Cobb, Cambridge, Mass.
Isabel Frank, Boston, Mass.
Annie A. Harthorn, Skowhegan, Me.
Jessie E. Hudson, Seattle, Wash.
Bradford T. Kendrick, Readville, Mass.
Stephen C. Lang, Boston, Mass.
Orrissa E. McNally, Malden, Mass.
Caroline Richards, Boston, Mass.
Susan S. Strong, New York, N. Y.
Chester E. Thompson, Freeport, Me.
Frances Weir, Dorchester, Mass.
Josephine W. Whitaker, Arlington, Mass.
Charles H. Whitsey, Ashtabula, Ohio.
Cassye A. Young, Danville, Va.
James P. Foster, Boston, Mass.
Myrtie M. Hutchinson, Melrose, Mass.
Jeannette Moore, West Wrentham, Mass.
Rita A. Murdock, Boston, Mass.
Rose E. Murdock, Boston, Mass.
Richard G. Preston, Woburn, Mass.
Lucile De Reynolds, Assonet, Mass.
Rosalie S. Sellek, Cambridge, Mass.
Marian M. Thomas, Brookline, Mass.
Mrs. Louise E. Tupper, Westport, Mass.
Ethel Warley, North Chelmsford, Mass.
Helen E. Wilkins, Watertown, Mass.



GYM TEAM



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Students' Association

President.....Elizabeth M. Barnes
 Vice President.....Nathaniel E. Reed
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Marion G. Webster

Students Council

Mary S. Bean, 1909	Eleanor W. Pomeroy, 1911
Lila Stillman, 1909	Lura Pelletier, 1911
Rebecca Swartwood, 1909	Eva Churchill, 1911
Ina Wright, 1910	Victor Button, 1912
Alma Bruggeman, 1910	Alla Martin, 1912
Eunice Story, 1910	Ruth R. Roane, 1912

Students Endowment Committee

Helen Bean, P. G.	Wintie B. Whitesel, 1911
Alice Hamlin, P. G.	Virginia Haile, 1911
Marguerite Weaver, 1910	Marian Colby, 1912
Nellie F. Munro, 1910	Ione V. Stevens, 1912

Board of Trustees of Endowment Fund

Dr. William J. Rolfe	Charles P. Gardner*
Dr. E. Charlton Black	Dr. Richard Burton
Thomas Wentworth Higginson	C. D. Burrage, Treasurer

*Deceased

In April 1908, the students of Emerson College organized themselves into a Students Association, the object of which is to control all and only such things as belong to the student body as a whole. The Association is officered by an advisory board known as the Students Council. This Council consists of the three officers of the Association as officers ex-officio, and twelve other members, three chosen from each class. There is also an Endowment Committee made up of two members from each class. This Committee, under the immediate direction of the Board of Trustees, collects, and turns over to the Trustees, all moneys for the student endowment of the College.

The Association assumes control of the Emerson College Magazine, which is published once a month throughout the College year. During the past year the Student Council has been working quietly but dilligently, and has discussed and put under way several plans for the betterment of the student body as a whole.



MAGAZINE BOARD

Emerson College Magazine



Published monthly by the Students'
Association of Emerson
College



Editor-in-Chief

ALICE SANDIFORD, '10

Business Manager

NATHANIEL E. RIEED, '10

College News Editor

ESTELLE HENRY, '11

Associate Editors

ELIZABETH BARNES, P. G.

ERMA TUBBS, '10

EVELYN CASH, '11

INEZ BANGHART, '12

The Emerson College Club of Boston

OFFICERS:

President.....	Mrs. Annie C. Burdette
Vice President.....	Mrs. H. J. Marmein
Second Vice President.....	Mrs. Carrie N. Payson
Treasurer.....	Miss Edith A. Haddock
Secretary.....	Mrs. Anna M. Phillips
Magazine Correspondent.....	Miss Mary Johnson

ORGANIZATION: 1907

MEETINGS are held on first Tuesdays from November to May, inclusive.

MEMBERSHIP: Any some-time-student at Emerson is eligible and welcome to membership.

PURPOSE: To keep in touch with each other; to join hands with the College work; to perpetuate the spirit of "Auld lang syne."





Princess Tomasi Shuteen Aemata

Canadiana Clark

Alice Sandford



OFFICERS YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Young Women's Christian Association

President.....	Mabel C. Randall
Vice President.....	Alleine Geiple
Secretary.....	Wintie Whitesel
Treasurer.....	Minabel Garrett

Cabinet Board

Social Committee.....	Erma S. Tubbs
Bible Committee.....	Ewing W. Carter
Missionary Committee.....	Mrs. Addie Jane Allen
Silver Bay Committee.....	Grace M. Weir
Intercollegiate Committee.....	Lois Beil
Press Committee.....	Emma Bull Goldsmith
Membership Committee.....	Alleine Geiple
Extension Committee.....	Evelyn Cash
Visiting Committee.....	Ruth C. Barnum
Ushering Committee.....	Bertha Clogston

The Y. W. C. A. sent two delegates to the Silver Bay Convention last year. The inspiration received there led to an early laying of plans for this year's work, and many new students were greeted by cheery notes a week or two before school opened. Others were met at trains and aided in finding boarding places. Every effort was made to make them feel that they were Emersonians from the start.

On the opening day, visitors at the College were made guests of the Association. The following Friday evening was the occasion of the reception given in the College rooms. The missionary department has held interesting classes during the winter months under the direction of Miss Helen B. Calder, who gave "The Unfinished Task," the same course which she gave at Silver Bay. Interest has also been shown in settlement work, and several members have conducted classes in Cambridge and elsewhere. At Christmas dolls were dressed, which made happy the children of the Hull Street Mission.

At the regular meetings many delightful speakers have been present, leaving behind them a message of helpfulness and good cheer. Nor has the Visiting Committee forgotten its work. Flowers have been frequently sent to students who were absent because of illness, and friendly calls made upon them by Association members.

Notes from an Address to the Student Members of the U. M. C. A. of Emerson College

February 18th, 1910

BY JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

It is a pleasure to speak to the students of Emerson who are the nucleus of Christian influence in the college life. An organization of this kind is a prophecy of the Universal Church of Christ, where all creeds and dogmas are submerged in the unity of fundamental faith in the teaching of the Divine Nazarine, whose life and spirit are the perpetual inspiration of those who believe in His divine mission to reveal the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the truth of the Spirit of Love, and the perfectibility of the human soul through obedience to the law of the spirit as superior to the desires of selfish instinct.

The free will of man is his God-given prerogative which lifts him, through intuition, from the animal plane where instinct is true because the world of nature manifests the will of the Most High in all realms not affected by perversion through man's interference. Free will is the basis of freedom, and the open door to evil as well as good; for, if man were the **puppet** of God, he would not have the strength born of struggle, nor the exaltation of standing on the heights which are to be attained by aspiration, will, and faith in the ideal. When we suffer, we learn: and, by the knowledge gained through the contact with violated law, we may preserve our being from misuse, inertia, and the submission to intruding forces of selfishness and ignorance.

The love of Christ has shown us the meaning of sacrifice,—which is not self-inflicted suffering, nor submission to the greed of evil; but the endurance of that pain which comes to the pure spirit in a blind and selfish world. The perfect sympathy of this Divine Example is the revelation of God's perfection, and the hope of those who believe in the Christos within each human being, which lights the path to the fulfilment of the prayer which He gave:—"Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

We see that the Golden Rule is simply the enunciation of the law from the spiritual point of view. He who would invoke the good of life must dispense the blessings he would reap.

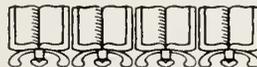
The place of woman, too, as expressed in all organizations peculiarly her own, is that of spiritual quickener, and revealer of the more intuitive phase

of consciousness; while man expresses the forceful power of intellect in its more definite aspect. The sympathetic, intuitive, divining power is woman's. Courage and bravery may also be said to be masculine and feminine aspects of the same quality: courage being the absence of fear, and bravery the resolution to face all danger for the sake of some object of devotion.

Whatever may be the form of expression given to woman by which to affirm herself, she should never forget that her power is that of the sunlight, not of the thunder: and wherever she may find herself among the conditions of life (only her intuition and resources can determine that), she should maintain the character of her peculiar grace, and not forget that Joan of Arc, even on the battlefield, preserved a maidenly purity and the power to quell all coarseness, by her halo of self preserving womanhood.

In the ideal of perfected man we look for the tenderness and sympathy of woman, too, to crown the strength and intelligence of manhood; in the ideal of woman we desire to feel the strength and intellectual clearness of the man: but each should retain the birthright of distinction which may give the color over which play the iridescent shimmer of the superadded qualities. The **type** should be sacred. Finally, as students of personal expression, we should remember that it is our peculiar province to go forth as revealers of some significant truth of being, which we must embody. There are a thousand people who know how a thing should be expressed, where one is given inspiration and the concentrated force of appeal which springs from motive and understanding. These are the possession of those who see the divine possibility of perfection in the simplest act; and those who see that the meaning is not in the circumstance, but in the attitude of the spirit in performing the action.

Now, let us remember our aim,—to follow the Spirit of Christ in its universal significance while using our influence as women to whom womanhood is sacred, and as students of expression whose aim is to reveal truth and beauty, and to maintain the attitude of spirit which shall glorify the simplest acts with the radiance of love and aspiration.





CANADIAN CLUB

Canadian Club

Founded 1906

President.....Edna Weatherspoon
 Vice President.....Florence O'Brien
 Secretary.....Sara Dobson
 Treasurer.....Alecia Conlon
 Magazine Reporter.....Mrs. L. S. MacIntyre

Student Members

Alecia Conlon	Mrs. L. S. MacIntyre
Sara Dobson	Florence O'Brien
Mildred Leadbitter	Edna Weatherspoon

Graduate Members

Jennie Archibald	Mr. Sumot
Helen Badgeley	Hazel Tait
Josephine Crichton	Bessie Beal
Margaret Fulton	Elizabeth Colwell
Mr. Sheldon	Mary Creaghan
Miss Stoop	Mildred Forbes
Eva Griffith	Henrietta Rackham
Clara Haynes	Winifred Sinclair
Alice Mitchell	Elizabeth White
Verna Sheldon	Amy G. Witter

Honorary Members

Mrs. E. Charlton Black	Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross.
------------------------	--------------------------

Once we were seven,
 Now two are gone
 But not to bonds of slavery;
 We're now but five,
 Yet all alive
 With true Canadian loyalty.

Canadian Club

Yes, all are here ready to answer present to the roll-call, the President in the chair even at the photographer's. Just as quick are we to be up and doing, particularly if the occasion be a reception tendered us by the Harvard Canadian Club, or a dance given them in return. We do not live for frivolity alone however, but really do now and then manage to pick up a grain of knowledge much to the astonishment of our American cousins, who have long labored under the delusion that Canada was slow.

A Nova Scotian by birth, direct from the Annapolis Valley immortalized by Longfellow in *Evangeline*, comes our President, Miss Weather-*spoon*, who will carry on the work of immortalization during "The play of the Weather." Saucy little Miss O'Brien, a most charming Vice, the inspiration of a city called "Toronto the Good," in Ontario, will continue her interesting work of manifesting the visible speech of the eyes. Our Secretary, Miss Dobson, is a native of Moncton, New Brunswick. She answers readily to the name of Diana, and, like the man in the moon, is frequently lost in a cloud; while our worthy Treasurer, Miss Conlon, comes from the heart of Ontario's garden, the bright little town of Thorwold. She ever reminds us of a fragrant lily by the stately rectitude of her graciousness; most consistently do we look up to her and stand low in her presence. Mrs. MacIntyre, our scribe, comes from Chatham, Ontario, and according to Mrs. Hicks, bore the weight of a hundred and fifty years on her shoulders as she entered College. Be this as it may, care was shaken off in the revelry scene of "Twelfth Night," where it was buried deep by Sir Toby.

As for the purpose of our Club, right loyally have we maintained its standard during the year and with credit, we hope, to its founders. In Commencement week of 1909, Mrs. MacIntyre established the "Cameron MacIntyre Library Corner." The first addition to its shelves consists of Sir Gilbert Parker's works. These were presented by Miss Cameron and Miss MacIntyre, for whom the Library corner was named. Our Club of 1910 has just had the honor of making the second contribution, the works of Professor Goldwin Smith, another Canadian author.

Before this College year closes, we expect to have a hundred dollars worth of books on the shelves. We also hope to add to this number each year, thus proving that though numbers may be small, it is the multiplication of their values that makes them of infinite worth.





DELTA DELTA PHI SORORITY

Delta Delta Phi

Founded in 1901

Chapter Roll

Alpha,	New York Froebel Normal
Beta,	Chicago Kindergarten College
Gamma,	Emerson College of Oratory

Honorary Members

Henry Lawrence Southwick
 Walter Bradley Tripp
 Charles Winslow Kidder
 Mrs. Charles Winslow Kidder
 William G. Ward
 Mrs. William G. Ward

Edna High Thomas
 Alice Mae Rudisill
 Beulah Diantha Cady
 Wilhemena Ewing Carter

1911

Associate Member

Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick

Wintie Bowman Whitesel
 Estelle K. Henry
 May Emma Greene
 Gertrude Emerson Knapp
 Jessie Weems

Active Members

1910

Frances Elizabeth Woodbury

1912

Alice Pulver

Chapter House, 39 St. Stephen St., Boston, Mass.







ZETA PHI ETA SORORITY

Zeta Phi Eta

Founded at Cumnoek School of Oratory, 1892

Colors, Rose and White. Flower, La Franc Rose

Honorary Members

Henry Lawrence Southwick
 Edith Coburn Noyes
 Bertel Glidden Willard
 M. Eden Tatem
 Edward Phillips Hicks
 Mary Elizabeth Gatchell
 Archibald Ferguson Reddie
 Elizabeth M. Barnes

1910

Ruby P. Ferguson
 Vashti C. Bitler
 Minabel Garrett
 Harriet Eells
 Ida Faye Smith

1911

Active Members

In Facultate

Maud Gatchell Hicks
 Gertrude I. McQuesten
 Elvie Burnett Willard

Faye Smiley
 Sheila B. McLane
 Marie E. Neahr
 Ruth C. Barnum
 Lois Beil
 Lura Pelletier
 Helen Symonds

1909

Mary Bean
 Mildred S. Clark
 Minnie A. Farron
 Agnes McNally

1912

Marian Colby
 Nellie Burke
 Inez Banghart





PHI MU GAMMA SORORITY

Phi Mu Gamma

Founded at Hollis Institute, Va., 1898

Chapter Roll

Hollis Institute, Virginia	N. E. Conservatory, Massachusetts
Brenan College, Georgia	Emerson College, Massachusetts
Judson College, Alabama	Potter College, Kentucky
Miss Graham's School, New York	Louisiana University, Louisiana
Veltin School, New York	Centenary College, Tennessee

Iota Chapter, Established 1908, Emerson College

Color, Turquoise Blue and Black

Flower, Forget-me-not, Jewel, Pearl.

Members

In Facultate

Miss H. C. Sleight
 Mrs. E. C. Black
 Mrs. M. G. Hicks
 Mrs. F. L. Whitney
 Mr. W. B. Tripp
 President Southwick

In Urbe

Mrs. Maude G. Kent
 Miss Marguerite Chaffee
 Miss Bertha Whitmore
 Mrs. Charles F. Pierce
 Miss Edith Wright
 Mrs. M. L. Hunt
 Mr. Edward Hicks

Active Members

1909

Ruth Louise Blodgett

1910

Ina Mary Wright
 Marguerite Virginia Weaver
 Edna Mae Means
 Grace Alleine Geiple
 Janet Richardson Chesney

1911

Evelyn Foster Cash
 Meda Mae Bushnell
 Josephine Westfall Lyon
 Virginia Haile
 Eva Hammond Churchill

1912

Sybil Lourana Howendobler
 Elizabeth Rae
 Edna May Gilkey
 Frances Geraldine Riorden

Chapter House, 177 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.



CAST OF CHARACTERS IN "MICE AND MEN"

Mice and Men

A Comedy in Four Acts by Madeline Lucette Ryley

Presented by Iota Chapter, Phi Mu Gamma Sorority of Emerson College of
Oratory for Post Graduate Scholarship under the personal
direction of Mrs. Hicks

Jordan Hall, Thursday Evening, March Third, Nineteen Hundred and Ten

Characters

Mark Embury (a scholar, scientist and philosopher),	Ina Wright
Roger Goodlake (his friend and neighbor),	Marguerite Weaver
Capt. George Lovell (his nephew),	Josephine Lyon
Sir Harry Trimblestone,	Evelyn Cash
Kit Barniger (a fiddler and professor of department),	Edna Means
Peter (Embury's servant),	Meda Mae Bushnell
Joanna Goodlake (wife of Goodlake),	Ruth Blodgett
Mrs. Deborah (Embury's housekeeper),	Janet Chesney
Peggy ("Little Britain")	Alleine Geiple
Matron (of the Foundling Hospital),	Edna Gilkey
Beadle (of the Foundling Hospital),	Eva Churchill
Molly (a kitchen maid),	Virginia Haile
Foundlings: Misses Riorden, Rae, Howendobler, Smith, Lamping, Young, Schreimer	
Masqueraders: Misses Howendobler, Riorden, Rae, Gilbert, Griffin, Hoffman, Smith, Lamping, Young, Schreimer, Closterhouse.	

Make-up, Edward P. Hicks

Manager, Evelyn Cash.

Assistant Manager, Eva Churchill





KAPPA GAMMA CHI SORORITY

Kappa Gamma Chi

Founded Ohio Wesleyan University, 1890

Charter Granted, 1902

Colors, Green and White Flower, Lily-of-the-Valley

Honorary Members

Mrs. William Howland Kenny
Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross
Miss Lilia Estelle Smith
Mrs. Edwin M. Whitney

Gertrude Newbold Comly
Alice Jessenia Davidson
Christine Frances Hodgden
Helen Marjorie Kinne
Georgia Maud Newbury
Pocahontas Staufft

Active Members

1909

Bernice Ella Wright

1910

Ruth Viola Adams
Dealsy Ione Brooks
Alma Marie Bruggeman

1911

Edith Sarah Newton

1912

Alla May Martin
Evelyn Catherine Oelkers
Ruth Rosaliad Roane
Elizabeth C. J. Smith







PHI ALPHA TAU FRATERNITY

Phi Alpha Tau

Alpha Chapter

Founded at Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

Roll of Chapter

Alpha,	Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
Beta,	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisc.
Gamma,	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Delta,	Leland Stanford University, Berkley, Cal.

Officers

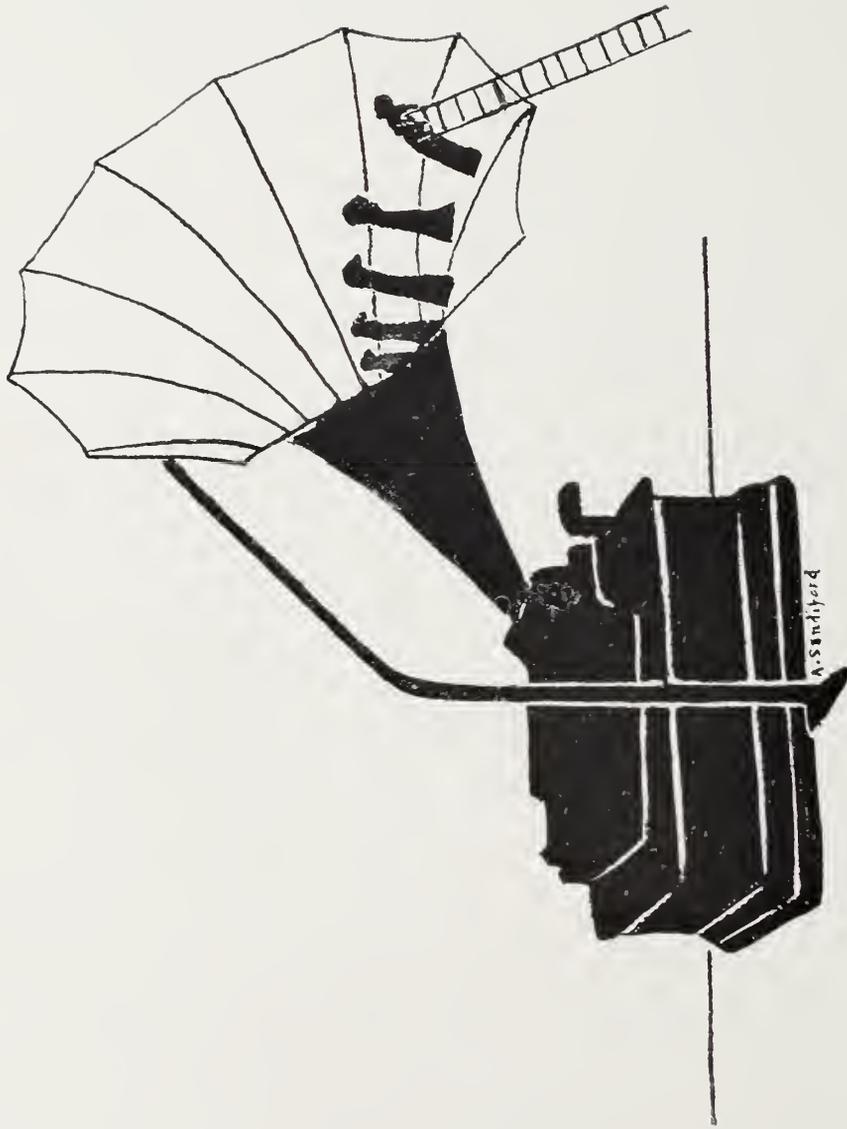
President.....	Nathaniel Edward Reed
Vice President.....	Hugh William Towne
Secretary.....	Harry D. Chamberlin
Treasurer.....	William Roy Mellrath
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Robert Howes Burnham

Members

Fratres	Fratres in Facultate
Victor D. Button	E. Charlton Black
Harry D. Chamberlin	Allen Arthur Stockdale
Frederick Rudolph Dixon	Robert Howes Burnham
William Roy Mellrath	Henry Lawrence Southwick
Nathaniel Reed	Walter Bradley Tripp
Hugh William Towne	William G. Ward

Honorary

E. Charlton Black, A. M., L.L.D.	Charles T. Grilley
Richard Burton, Ph.D.	Edwin Whitney



Why was the Glee Club Swallowed Up?

LITERATURE



A Toast to Emerson

Here's to old EMERSON, so dear to us all!
 Hail her with three round cheers!
 May never a blot stain the purple and gold,
 Telling of wrongs or of fears.
 May every blessing and joy be hers.
 Forever uphold her name.
 So fill up your glass and drink to her now,
 To her glory and lasting fame!

L. R. H., '12.

Our Task

There's a place in the valley of Time
 That is known as the Strand of Life;
 And there in a glory sublime
 We take up our task and our strife.
 We begin in the day's rosy break,
 With the smile of youth on our lips;
 And sweetly our burden we take
 As one who great Jove's nectar sips.

So, at first, our labor seems light
 As we plod on life's weary way.
 There's nothing our pleasure to blight
 In the sun's bright illumining ray.
 But each hour it heavier grows,
 And each day a deep shadow falls;
 Till around us they silently close
 While the voice in weariness calls.

And 'tis thus through the world we roam
 Till sunset deepens to night,
 When we lie down to rest—at home,
 And put down the test of our might.
 The smile from the aged face is gone,
 As slowly the last minutes tell
 When comes the re-birth of the dawn;
 Then God whispers, "All is well."

Annie A. Howes, '11.

A Song of May

Sunlight and shadow o'er all the hills
 Where far off toward the west,
 Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep
 Do take their mid-day rest.

Nearer, beside the brook which flows
 Noisily o'er its stony way,
 Bloom in mossy seclusion, the violet,
 Telling the world 'tis May.

May is here! rejoice ye swains!
 Lassies, too, be gay and sing;
 Winter with its snow and ice
 Flew before the glorious spring.

Time for mirth, and dance, and song,
 Nature seems to say:
 Life is good; is full of love.
 Sing ye hearts, 'tis May!

—Sheila B. McLane, '11

To My Little Song-Bird, Iku

Sing little bird to the waking East,
 Where the dawn of a fresh to-morrow waits;
 Where life springs high on the wings of hope
 As Aurora opens her golden gates!

Sing little bird of thy new-born life;
 Sing of its sunshine, sing of its rain,
 Sing of its love, its hopes and its fears,
 All akin in this world of pain!

Fly little bird on thine airy wings,
 Fly through the clouds to the azure light,
 Singing and soaring, soaring and singing,
 Earth and the Heavens alike are bright!

Rosy the sky from the ruddy glow,
 Lost is the bird in the shadowy night;
 Its song lives on in the hearts of men
 Flooding the ages with music and light!

—L. S. MacIntyre, '09

The Little Dreamer

I know a little lad with eyes
 Of darkest brown, and gaze
 So wond'rous sweet and sad. He tries
 To brush away the haze
 Of this great world and wide; to find
 A hidden meaning here
 In all things,—even in the wind
 When 't blows so bleak and drear!

He cannot see why we should say
 We have our daily tasks to do.
 "When I get big," he says, "Ev'ry day
 Will bring me something new
 To do." Ah well! My little lad,
 The time will come to you
 All too soon, when each sweet hour and sad
 Brings something new to do!

—A. S., '10

His Question

"Why do lovely roses fade?"
 Asked my little son one day,
 And beneath the rose tree's shade
 He paused a while at play.

"This rose," he prattled away
 Holding one for me to view,
 "Was pink and sweet but yesterday
 When I found it wet with dew.

"And now its color's faded;
 All gone is the pretty pink.
 Tell me, mother, was it shaded?
 What spoiled it do you think?"

"Little son," I sadly said
 As I watched his eager face,
 "That mystery cannot be read
 By one of mortal race.

"Only to God is it known;
 'Tis he who holds the key.
 The roses on the bush are newly blown
 All fresh and sweet for thee."

But silent, he pondered his thought,
 His face too grave for his age,
 A thought which wise men sought
 Vainly of the seer and sage.

Joy had gone from his playing
 So he leaned against my knee.
 He sent my thoughts straying
 To things that used to be.

Why do lovely roses fade?
 These words came again and again.
 I thought of four long years ago,
 I had two darlings then,

But days made dim my sorrow
 For time can heal all things;
 Even when you dread to-morrow
 Always some joy it brings.

"I think," I answered softly
 Drawing my wee questioner near,
 "That all things high or lowly
 In God's eyes seem equal, dear.

"We would forget the blessings sent
 Who see them day by day,
 So God teaches they are but lent;
 Just beams from the heavenly ray.

"The brilliant sky He paints for you
 On western clouds at close of day,
 Seems scarcely completed for your view
 Ere colors and canvas fade away.

"Could you but make it longer dwell
 Or see it more each day,
 Would you note the beauty as well
 As you do each fading ray?

"And darling," here the tears would flow
 And sobs choked my voice,
 "That's why little sister had to go
 Without our will or choice.

"God made her fair as any flower
 And sent her here to dwell
 Until wisdom and tender power
 Led Him to claim our little Nell.

"When her mission here was ended
 We mourned, like all who love;
 Yet grief with joy was blended
 For we knew she was safe above.

"All mysteries will be revealed
 In God's distant, vast unknown.
 Then, naught shall be concealed,
 But to all an answer shown.

"Then, darling, we shall see it all
 Without the earthly dim and shade;
 For face to face, God will tell us
 Why lovely roses fade."

The Struggle

Dark are the clouds about him;
 Wind and storm howling beat
 Against the rugged rocks
 Lashing the sea at his feet.

Only one step and over the brink
 Into the lashing wave;
 No one will see, no one will know,
 As he sinks to his grave.

But a hand clasps him tightly,
 Holds him like an iron rod;
 A voice speaks calm and sweet,
 And brings him words of hope from God!

Half blind with the struggle,
 At last he yields to right;
 And slowly, halting, frightened,
 At length he reaches the light.

—Sheila B. McLane, '11

Twilight Prayer

'Tis the hour of twilight.
 Hush! The vesper bells are calling
 You to pray'r, ere daylight
 Creeps away; and shadows falling

Over all, invite thee
 To some peaceful nook to hearken
 To that voice so sweetly
 Calling memory to waken.

Pause one little hour in
 Deep and silent meditation;
 Drop thy care, and all thy sin,
 Petty trials and tribulation.

Nature's sweet and soothing
 Hour is coaxing you to calm;
 Then do not spurn her charms;
 Man's weak spirit needs such balm.

Winds are gently lulling
 You to rest, with whispers soft and low
 Even as thy mother
 Often used to do so long ago.

Are the years so many,
 And is thy soul so weary,
 Or are thy cares so heavy
 That life seems sad and dreary?

Nature knows thy needs by
 Thy tears, thy smiles; then drop thy care
 And listen once more to thy
 Mother's voice in twilight prayer.

—A. S., '10

The Modest Daisy

Once in a garden green and fair,
 Smiled upon by sun and show'r,
 There lived a blossom old and rare
 Of brilliant hue, a gorgeous flow'r;
 In pride it lifted up its head
 Nor deigned to see its brothers,
 But proudly raised its petals red—
 It was taller than the others.

And near it grew a daisy white
 Beside the lofty garden wall,
 And almost hidden out of sight
 By gently waving grasses tall.
 In humbleness its head bent down
 Concealed from view its heart of gold
 And blushed beneath the other's frown
 That seemed so proud and cold.

A lady wandered by the place
 In simple gown, with stately air,
 A tender smile on her sweet face,
 Seeking a blossom for her hair.
 She paused upon the border wide,
 Allured by the poppy's glow,
 And musing for a moment, sighed,
 "How much we live for show."

Then looking down there in the grass,
 She spied the nodding daisy swayed,
 Seeming a little country lass
 Who with sporting breezes played.
 She knelt and plucked the dainty thing
 With tender gaze and lips apart;
 Soft pushing back the petals ring,
 Gazed down into its golden heart.

"How little can we tell," she said,
 "Though a life be showy and wide
 And seems a brilliant poppy red,
 How little there may be inside.
 For many, like this blossom plain
 Wrapped in its snow-white fold,
 May have beneath their garments lain
 A heart of the purest gold!"

—Annie A. Howes, '11

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."



PA'S LETTER

Dear Joshua, I have writ ter you
 Ter tell yer 'bout the fun
 That Mandy's havin' in the east,
 Down thar ter Emerson.
 She's larnin' all about the voice
 An' how ter make it free,
 An' when she come out here last fall
 She didn't talk a bit like me!
 Her voice jumps down from a to z
 An' she opens her mouth up wide;
 But she says down ter college thar
 The teachers call it slide!
 She says she don't git much spare time
 Ter write the folks ter home,
 She has ter work so pesky hard
 Rehearsin' "Jooliet in Rome."
 (I wonder who the critter was,
 An' if the crowds would go to see
 How she does actin' on the stage
 If they knew wot it's costin' me!)
 She's goin' ter the "Joonyer Prom,"
 An' wants a'bran new dress.
 She thinks her last year's meetin' gown
 Ain't good enuf, I guess.
 But I must close this letter now
 An' send the gal a draft,
 She's writ me fer more money
 An' I 'spose she thinks I'm saft.
 But she'll earn money pretty soon
 An' be good,—like you are.
 So now I'll jest send you my love
 An' remain yer lovin' pa.

—Annie A. Howes, '11

Student (Before visiting a teacher's agency). How will I manage to be engaged?

Student. Perhaps it would be well to see your future fiance first.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.

"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"

"Atchoo! Atchoo! Kind sir," she said.

When all our thinks in vain are thunk,

When all our winks in vain are wunk,

What saves us from an awful flunk?

Our notes—maybe!!

THEY'RE MAKING OF US ARTISTS AT THIS COLLEGE.

"What is that bell aringing for?" said Freshie in the hall.
 "To Chapel come, to Chapel come," a grave young Senior said.
 "What makes you look so pale, so pale?" said Freshie on the stair.
 "I sat up late last night to learn my lines," the weary Senior said.
 They're killing the poor Seniors, you can see it every way;
 It's rehearsals in the morning, and rehearsals all the day.
 Oh! But your time is coming, and it isn't far away,
 When they're making of you Artists at this College.

"What makes that girl sigh so loud?" said a visitor one day.
 "She's Romeo, she's Romeo," a dramatic Senior said.
 "Why did that tall one fall down flat?" someone asked at the play.
 "She's Caliban, she's Caliban," a thankful Senior said.
 O they're training the poor Seniors to even fall upon the ground;
 To be the hopeless Juliet; and to dance like Ariel round.
 And if they failed to do this, they would in cuts abound,
 For they're making of them Artists at this College.

"Get in that cot next to mine," said Junior in a fret.
 "I cannot come till late to-night," a Forensic Senior said.
 "You've waked me up a score of times," the patient Junior pled.
 "Be thankful you can sleep at all," her worn out room-mate said.
 For they're making of us Artists, and it is a rapid race;
 "I was trying to project my voice at an oratoric pace,
 And I've simply got to make a noise, or bring Mr. Tripp disgrace
 When he's making me an artist at this College."

"What's that so black in Senior seats?" said President from his chair.
 "It's 1910 in cap and gown," our worthy Dean replied.
 "What was that noise I heard just now?" said P. G. entering late.
 "A last Senior yell for Emerson," said a weeping graduate.
 Yes, we're Artists now from Emerson; we've reached the closing day,
 We have learned what it means to live, and with tears we go away.
 Oh! Freshmen, Juniors, do not envy us; you, too, will dread the day
 That they've finished making of you artists at this College.

V. S. P., '10

TAKE ME BACK TO EMERSON.

Take me back to Emerson,
 That's where I long to be;
 Evolution everywhere;
 Catacombs below the stair.
 Take me back to Chickering Hall;
 That's where I long to be.
 It's the atmosphere for me;
 Shooshan's fragrance everywhere
 Mingling with our notes so rare.
 Dear old Emerson,
 Take me there, take me there.

LULLABY FOR STUDENTS AFTER EXAMINATION.

Student, rest! Thy plugging's o'er;
 Sleep the sleep that knows no grinding;
 Dream of Mid Years then no more;
 Days of bluffing, nights of cramming,
 In our school's enchanted hall;
 Hands unseen thy marks are making;
 Awful groans of weeping fall,
 Every theme with weeping dewing.
 Student, rest! Thy plugging's o'er;
 Dream of blue books now no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows no grinding,
 Morn of toil, nor night of cramming,
 No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Chapel's bell, or voices roaring,
 Dean nor captain summon here
 Must ring tardy pupils' tramping.
 Then sleep the sleep that knows no grinding
 Till another term is ending.

A. S., '10

THE LAW OF ASSOCIATION.

Dr. Ward tried an experiment in Logic, and asked each student to give the word or thought first occurring to him. Here are a few of the results:

Miss Bitler, A good time.
 Miss Patterson, Perseverence.
 Miss Story, I've got to get the chink.
 Mr. Reed, The Honor System.
 Miss Cady, Welsh Rarebit.
 Miss Staufft, I want something to eat.
 Miss Merrell, Dance with me.
 Miss Chesney, My specks.
 Miss Munro, Independence.
 Miss Edna Thomas, Laws!
 Miss Sandiford, Senior sketches.
 Miss Newbury, By George.
 Miss Jones, I wonder if he'll write today.
 Miss Ferguson, The footlights are calling.
 Miss Dobson, I must find the reason.
 Miss Weir, Hurricane.
 Miss Hubbell, Rehearsals.
 Miss Cleary, I'm late again; I must find another excuse.
 Miss Weaver, HAU, HAU, hau.

OVERHEARD IN MR. ARAM'S STUDIO.

Miss W. Have you seen the proofs of the Gym picture yet?

Miss C. No, how is mine?

Miss W. Fine! It looks just like you.

Miss C. O, dear, I won't like it if it looks like me.

Anxious Senior. I do not ask for a beautiful picture, Mr. Aram, but please make me look intelligent. I want to send them away to School Boards.

The members of the Gym class were posing for their pictures when Miss S exclaimed, "O, here comes Mr. Ried. I guess he thinks it is the Magazine Board."

First Senior. How many times have you sat for your picture?

Second Senior. Six times.

First Senior. Look out, it may become a habit with you.

Miss D (Arguing in debate that the custom of hazing in colleges is demoralizing). "Think of compelling girls to climb telephone poles, and hanging boys over the end of a bridge all night! Surely you could think of something more elevating!"

Mr. Tripp. You will notice there is poetry in those words.

Senior. Do you mean in the text or in what I said?

Mr. Tripp (After an eloquent pause). I was referring to Shakespeare.

Senior (In character of Prospero). "At first sight they have exchanged eyes."

Mr. Tripp. You had better examine your text. Ferdinand and Miranda exchanged hearts, but not eyes.

IN NORMAL CLASS.

Student. Miss Smith, if you were giving a man lessons in the theory of the Evolution of Expression, would you take him through "The Brook" and "The Ocean?"

(Uproar from the class; astonishment on student's face.)

Miss Smith. No, I don't think I would,—literally.

THE STUTTERING DUET—WEIR AND JACKSON.

Normal class is where the Seniors show their metal!

Dr. Ward in Psychology. You know some people are born with a gold spoon in their mouth.

Miss F. Well, I was born with a brass one in my mouth.

Mr. Gilbert (After seeing Miss B's pantomime). The class wants to know about your sweethearts.

Mr. Tripp. Your Petruchio wasn't good.

Miss M. Well, I never could get a man.

(Miss M. contradicts herself, for she is wearing both a frat pin and a ring.)

THE CHEERFUL FRESHMEN.

From the work-shop of Emerson College there issued forth a humming sound, so vital and well polished that it suggests an abundance of resonant chambers, and made quite pleasant music.

"Most men want poise," clean, cut, musical, and audible at every pause of the street's harsher noises, as though it said, "I am ready, I can, I will outdo the trolley cars."

It was a perfect embodiment of enunciation, articulation, and modulation; free from all flatness, hardness, thinness, or defect of any kind. Bostonians slackened their pace and were disposed to linger near it. Upper class-men who had come to College "dead-wood" that morning felt vitality stealing on them as they listened to it, and by degrees they became quite sprightly.

Chickering vibrated with its echoes; still the same magical "most men want poise" came gaily from the work-shop of Emerson College. Who but the Freshmen could have made such pleasant music! Faithful they work day after day, heads erect, chests active, minds and bodies well poised, the freest, smartest, most talented class in all the College.

It seems impossible that any of the innumerable Freshmen could fail to become famous teachers, orators, actresses, or geniuses of some kind; in company with Maud Adams, Miss Marlowe, or in the faculty of Wellesley, Vassar, or Emerson College. These are the Freshmen's future sphere of action.

Juniors, Seniors, and P. G.'s, they will leave behind forever. "Most men want poise," no teacher hammering away on dull monotonous pupils had wrought such notes from other classes. None but the gifted, brainy, talented Class of 1912 could have them.

H. and D., '12

Miss F. Isn't love making the same in all ages?

Mr. Tripp. Yes, it is the same in all ages, but not at all ages.

It was said by Dr. Black,
So it must be a fact,
That a difference lies at least
Between being just a beast
And being a just beast.

THE GRIND

Under the shelter of E. C. O.
 The grinding student sits;
 The shark, a steady grind is she
 Which all, save she admits;
 And the products of her mighty brain,
 Her honors, never quit.

Her hair is crisp and tight and flat.
 Her face is full of sorrow;
 Her brain is crammed with learning great,
 Her lessons for the morrow.
 While her inkstained fingers feebly grasp
 The work her neighbors borrow.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear her "rush the Prof.,"
 And metally recites her section
 While flunkers stop to cough.
 And Dr. Ward's tests stir in her great pride
 For the "A's" she gets so oft.

Toiling, rushing, sharking,
 Onward thro' college she goes.
 Each morning sees her work go on,
 No evening sees its close;
 Always attempting, never done,
 She gains but slight repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, O Emerson dear,
 For the lessons thou hast taught,
 For her college days are o'er,
 Her battles all are fought.
 She stands behind a lunch counter now,
 Where frankforts hot are bought.

—Grace C. Ham, '11

THE FLUNKERS.

Under the shelter of E. C. O.
 The flunking student sits;
 The flunker, a lazy thing is she,
 Which ev'ry Prof admits;
 And the products of her empty brain
 Are "E's" that never quit.

Her hair is soft and loose and fluffy,
 Her face is free from lines of sorrow;
 Her brain is void of any knowledge,
 She's sure to flunk to-morrow.
 She doesn't think about her work,
 And trusts that she can borrow.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear her "bluff the Prof.,"
 And when she's called upon in class
 She's sure to have a cough;
 Or when the lessons scarce begun
 She's found the land of nod.

Bluffing, flunking, cutting,
 Onward thro' college she goes.
 No morning sees her work begun
 Long since she saw it close.
 Late to bed and the last to rise;
 To chapel she sometimes goes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, O Emerson dear,
 For granting her her dip;
 Her college days at last are o'er,
 Done is her college trip.
 She's on the Concert Platform now,
 With millions to applaud.

—Grace C. Ham, '11

Questions Taken from a History Exam.

1. Give a history of the world from the creation.
2. Trace the career of a restaurant steak.

Dr. Ward. You may live forever without drinking Hood's Buttermilk. That's some consolation for you.

EVOLUTION AND I.

I had a dream long, long ago,
 'Twas in the book room at E. C. O.
 Said a small red book from the top-most row,
 "Come dear Freshie, many things to you I'll show."

"Evolution dear, do take me out of here,
 I'm nearly dead with hunger and with fear."
 "Alright," the dear little Miss Evo cried,
 "Now we will have some animation fried."

Next came Smoothness served so hot and nice,
 But lofty Volume was as cold as ice.
 "And now," quoth Evo, "Here is something better,
 The Elements are served on a sep'rate platter."

The next course that came was best of all,
 Slide and Sliding Volume in a hot fried ball.
 I ate so much of this delicious dish
 I formed some pictures in a nightmare twitch.

"My dear little Evolution, kind and true,
 I cannot Analyze this meal for you,
 My stomach and my head are running round my side!"
 I woke to find that I had had a Vital Slide!

ECHOES FROM PARADISE LOST.

For Dr. Ward be on your guard;
 This secret I will tell,
 He talks about old Satan
 And his palace down in ———.

Miss Smith. Now shut your eyes for a moment and imagine you are listening to the most exquisite music. Now what did you hear?

Miss K. Chopin's Funeral March.

Miss G. Lohengrin's Wedding March.

Mr. Towne and Mr. Reed are the favorite "hymns" in the Senior class.

Miss S., gazing at the jumping rope raised to 5 ft. 6 in., "When I get over that the twins'll have teeth, two rows."

BEWARE! An epidemic of the "Atomizer Movement of the Hands" has spread through the Senior class! To avoid this hideous disease practice with the hand on the cube.



THE SKELETON'S COMPLAINT

Skeleton—Hello, give me Miss Sleight, please.

Miss Sleight—Hello.

Skeleton—Will you please come down here and put me away?
The students are working me to death, preparing
for your quiz.

Mrs. Mac. Professor — has put off that examination for another week.

Miss S. O, the dear! I could kiss him.

Mrs. Mac. proceeds to inform the Professor of Miss S.'s generosity. But as far as we can learn, Professor has never embraced the opportunity.

Irene M. The champion vaulter of '30. Consult Miss McLaughlin for evidence.

Mr. Rieed. I declare, I'll not go down to the photographer's again without a chapern.

Why do all the Faculty run around the corner and dodge into recesses, or shut themselves up in the dressing room, when they see Miss S. coming? Because they know she is going to ask them to give a literary contribution to the "Maggie."

Wouldn't it be great if the Faculty got cuts for cutting Chapel?

Dear little Juniors, wise little Juniors,
We will now give you a little advice;
If Dr. Ward tells you to read the Spectator
Be sure that you do it before you're told twice.

There are ways around and betwixt, but not for Mrs. Hicks.

The Junior Class of 1911 is something of a curiosity in College, because it has not, as other classes have, followed in the deep-worn ruts of its predecessors. Its members did not attend the first Senior Recitals, because they held their Stunt rehearsals at that time; they held the Junior Prom out of town so that we would all enjoy a good long ride back and forth, and they did not give individual invitations but rather one grand big welcome, so that all would come!

A PUZZLE.

Once on a time there was a town, and in this town lived David's son, who had a long weather spoon by means of which he would bury a waddling ton of brown cress in big tubs right in his garet; and he fed his cady with stuffed eels and a new berry; and he made the weaver shake like a reed. The smith of the town told us this story and asked us to name our children in such a way as to commemorate this event, so we christened nineteen of Nineteen Ten's children to make this tale live forever. Can you guess the nineteen.

Visitor. Whom did the President mean when he said that the baby was learning to walk?

Student. The Freshmen.

Visitor. O! Where is their rattle?

Student. They don't need one. They have a Button.

Senior. What was Dr. Alden telling you that made him look so sad?

Freshman. He was telling us to always have a good smart look.

Commencement

O Seniors dear, we meet to-day
To bid farewell, and tribute pay
To those whose loving care revealed
The path through wisdom's tangled field;
To friends so true, and classmates dear
We've grown to love for many a' year;
And give our thanks for those bright gifts we've won,
To our dear Alma Mater, Emerson.

Three gladsome, happy years have flown
So quickly by. We scarce had known
That time could steal away so fast,
But pleasures cannot always last,
Nor can our friends be always near.
Then let us join together here
In parting, hand in hand, our spirits one,
And preathe a pray'r for our dear Emerson.

We know not what the years will show,
For friends will come and friends will go;
The fates may smile, the fates may frown;
We hope with success our work they'll crown.
If ere we're tossed on life's rough sea,
Dear Alma Mater, we'll be true to thee.
We'll ne'er forget these happy years or one
Of life's sweet lessons learned at Emerson.

A. S., '10



Senior Commencement Programme

Baccalureate Sermon Rev. Allen F. Stockdale

DEBATE

Miss Kinne,
Miss Patterson.

Miss Munro,
Miss Elma Smith

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXERCISES IN GREEK COSTUME

Mrs. Allen
Miss Bitler
Miss Brooks
Miss Bruggeman
Miss Goldsmith
Miss Hodgdon
Miss Kress
Miss Stauff

Miss Clogston
Miss Davidson
Miss Eells
Miss Geiple
Miss Eliza Thomas
Miss Tubbs
Miss Zilhaver

PANTOMME

Miss Austen
Miss Brown
Miss Cleary
Miss Comly
Miss Phillips
Miss Rudisill
Miss Sandiford
Miss Stowell

Miss Hubbell
Mr. Jackson
Miss Merrell
Miss O'Brien
Miss Wadlington
Miss Weir
Miss Woodbury

SENIOR PLAY

"Heartsease"

Lord Neville,
Major Twombly,
Sir Geoffrey,
Eric Temple,
Captain O'Hara,
Padbury,
Darville,

Miss Newbury
Miss Weaver
Miss Dobson
Miss Means
Miss Faye Smith
Miss Fiske
Miss Garrett
Doxton,
Quigg,
Chairman,
Lady Neville,
Margaret Neville,
Alice Temple,
Lady O'Hara,

Miss Morgan
Miss Weatherspoon
Miss Ryan
Miss Edna Thomas
Miss Story
Miss Morse
Miss Christensen

SENIOR RECITALS

Miss Cady,
Miss Chesney,
Mr. Towne,

Miss Ferguson,
Miss Hobbs,

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Salutatory, Miss Wright
Historian, Miss Adams

Orator, Mr. Reed
Prophet, Miss Jones

Poet, Miss Petty

POST GRADUATES

Readers

Miss Mary Bean,
Miss Muzzy,

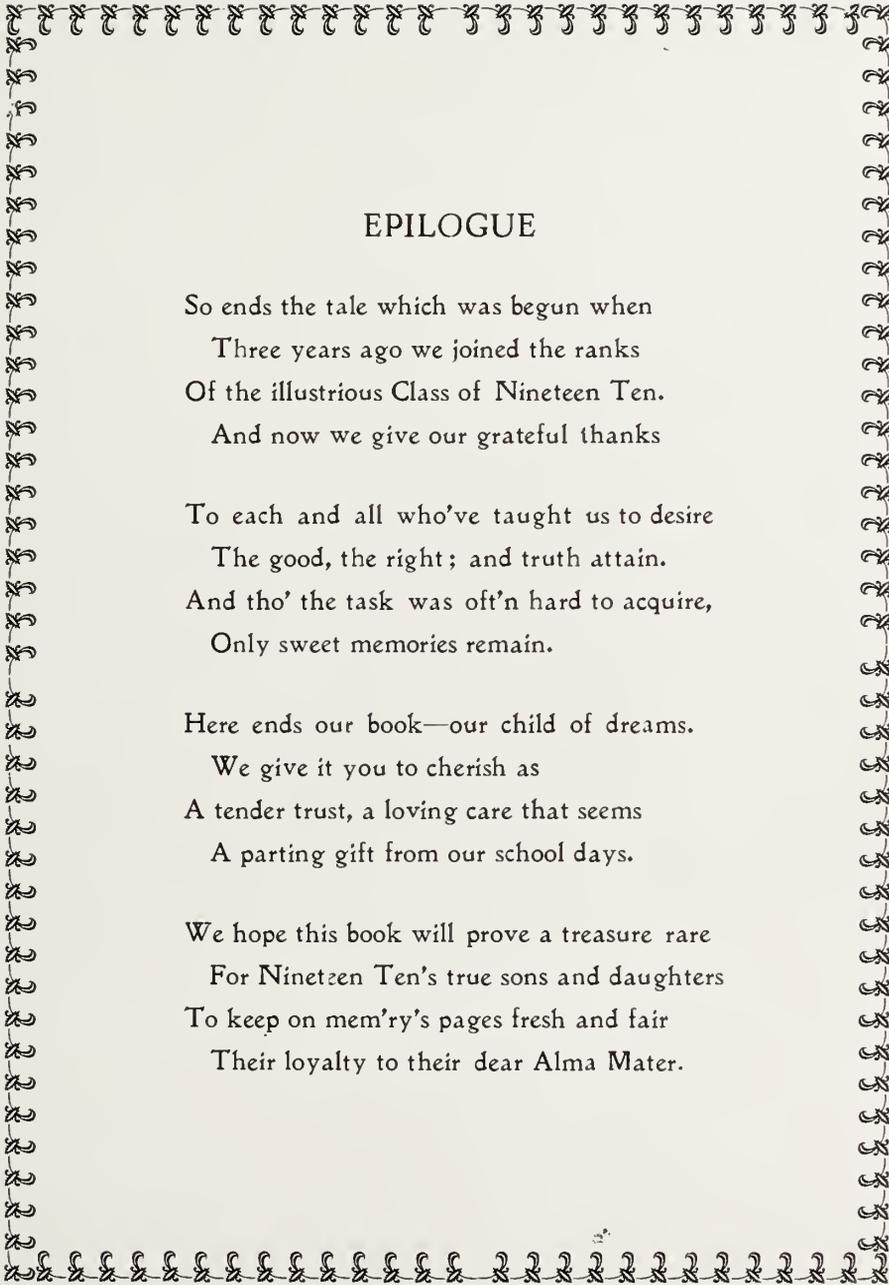
Miss Mann,
Miss Wright

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Duke Senior,
Duke Frederick,
First Lord,
Jaques,
Le Beau,
Charles,
Oliver,
Orlando,
Jaques,

Miss Barnes
Miss Jencks
Miss Hamlin
Miss Foss
Miss Blodgett
Miss Rogers
Miss McNally
Miss Carpenter
Miss Wainwright
Adam,
Touchstone,
Corin,
Silvius,
William,
Rosalind,
Celia,
Phcebe,
Audrey,

Mrs. MacIntyre
Miss Swartwood
Miss Helen Bean
Miss Rogers
Miss Williams
Miss Farron
Miss Stillman
Miss Clark
Miss Zura



EPILOGUE

So ends the tale which was begun when
Three years ago we joined the ranks
Of the illustrious Class of Nineteen Ten.
And now we give our grateful thanks

To each and all who've taught us to desire
The good, the right; and truth attain.
And tho' the task was oft'n hard to acquire,
Only sweet memories remain.

Here ends our book—our child of dreams.
We give it you to cherish as
A tender trust, a loving care that seems
A parting gift from our school days.

We hope this book will prove a treasure rare
For Nineteen Ten's true sons and daughters
To keep on mem'ry's pages fresh and fair
Their loyalty to their dear Alma Mater.



OMEGA

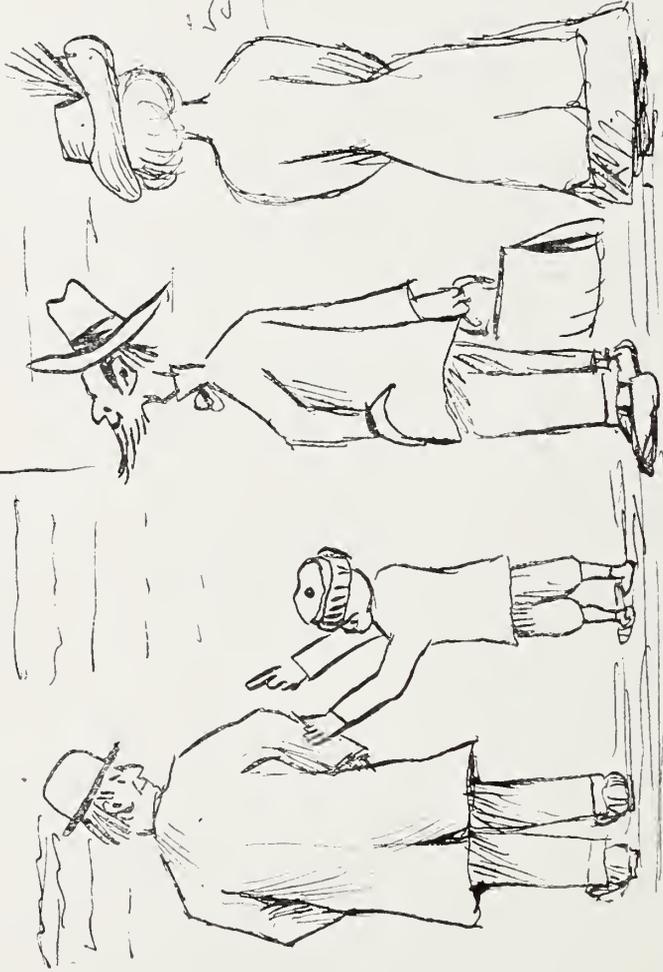
Acknowledgment

The Editor of the Emersonian, in behalf of the Class of Nineteen Ten, wishes to express appreciation and grateful thanks to those who have contributed material and given their services to this Year Book; to the Dean for his kindly interest and helpful suggestions; to the artists outside our own College who have contributed sketches; to the photographer for his patience and courtesy; to the printer and the engraver for their co-operation; to the business houses, institutions and individuals who have given us advertisements; and to all others who have supported the Class and helped to make the third volume of the Emersonian a success.

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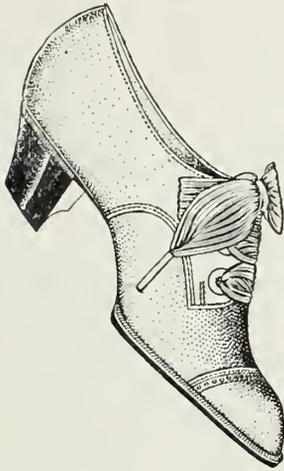
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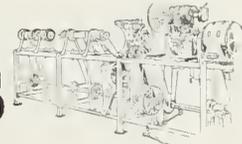
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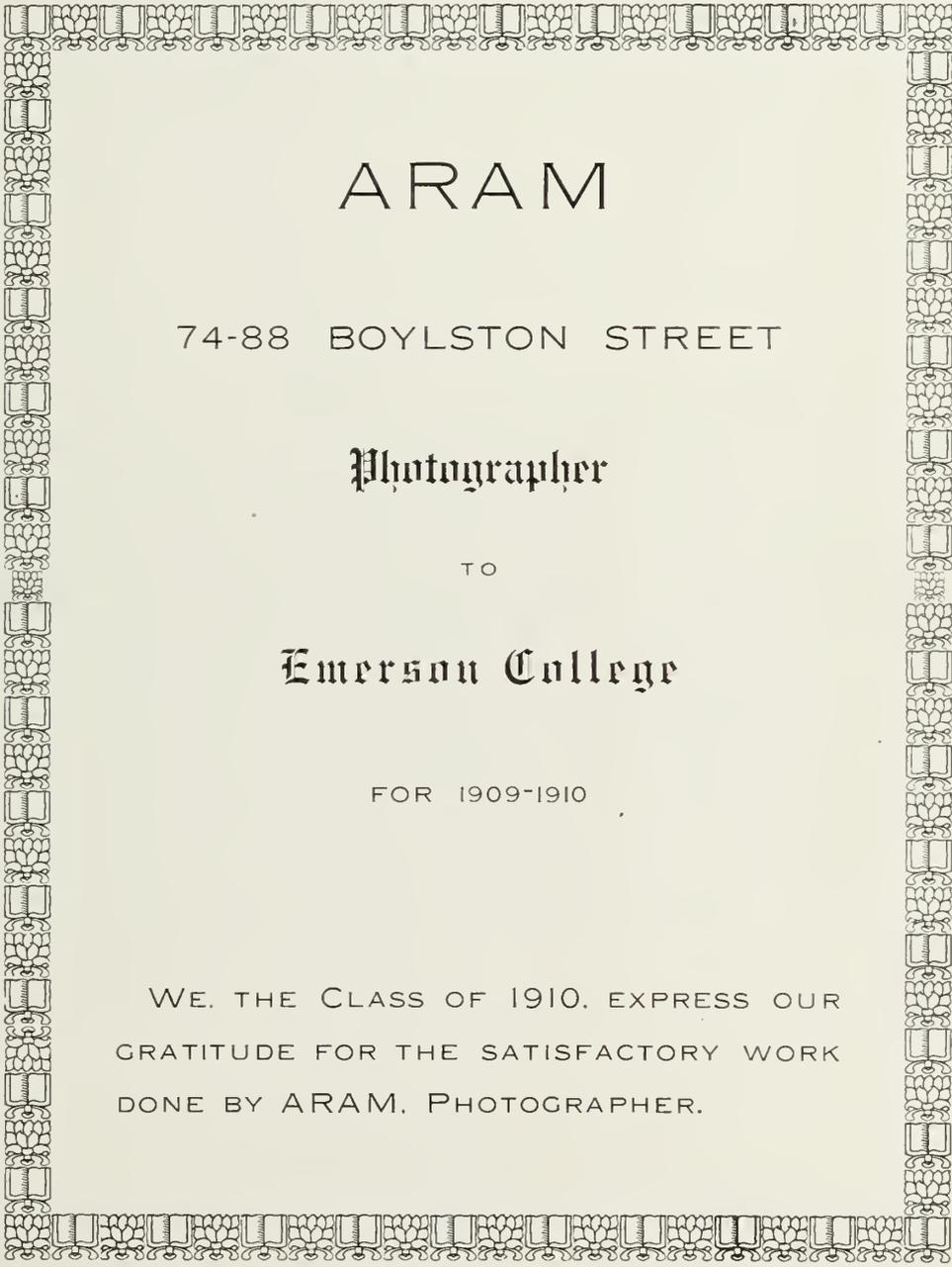
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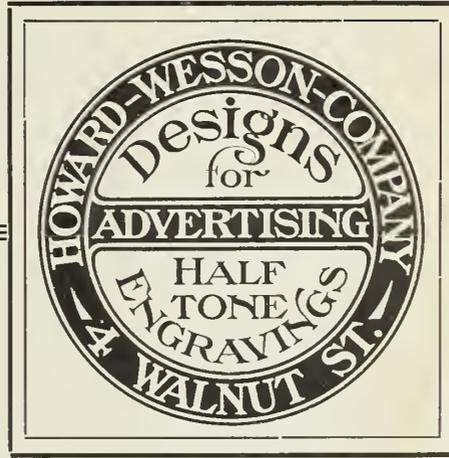
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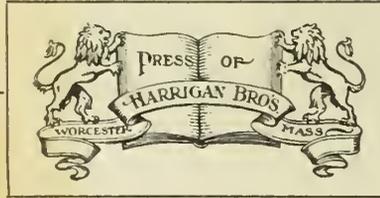


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