RECORD
Dedication.

That this the book we now send forth
May meet with no refusal
And that its lines may seem well with
Your very kind perusal
Since thru no merit of its own
It could suffice to please you
We send it out - not all alone
With lines uncouth to tease you
But add to pardon all its faults
A noble dedication
And give our volume to the cause
Of true co-education

Class of 1913.
The Girls.

Carrie Adler.

"A mind content, a conscience clear."

Mary Baylson.

"Her eyes like stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too, her dusky hair."

Lillian Bates.

"She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."
Elsa Berger.
"Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud.
Tis virtue that doth make them most admired.
Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."

Ethel Downsborough.
"Self-possession is another name for self-forgetfulness."

Margaret Henderson.
"A face with gladness overspread soft smiles by human kindness bred."
Nellie John.

"A woman mixed of such fine elements
That, were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what
she was."

Evelyn Miles.

"Her speech was all music,
Like moonlight she shone."

Mary Patterson.

"For him in vain the envious peons
roll
Who bears eternal summer in his
soul."

Alice Rodman.
  "Order is heaven's first law."

Jessie Rodman.
  "She picked something out of everything she read."

Florence Schlarbaum.
  "She is a woman, therefore may we wood.
  She is a woman; therefore may we won.

Myrtle Schock.
  "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety."
There happened on one final day
A most peculiar thing.
In chemically enhanced ecstasy
I relented myself a cup of 'tag'
And this is what one might change to say
I heard the little song,

POEM.

A charming song and full of grace
One hand reached, and I
So smooth and fair to see
My song I sung right merrily,
But look around one warily
With an observant eye.
There happened on one "final" day,
A most peculiar thing.
In Chemistry I chanced to stray,
To brew myself a cup of "tay:"
And this is what,—most strange to say,
I heard the kettle sing,—

"A shining soul, and full of glee,
And kind within, am I,
So round so smooth so fair to see,
My song I sing right merrily,
Yet look around me wary,
With an observant eye."
III.

"Some maidens did I there behold
And marked them very well,
I never hear them snarl or scold,
I ne'er an ugly trait beheld.
But each is worth her weight in gold.
Their names you sure can tell.

IV.

"There's one who has so much to do,
And does it all so well,
So jolly and so steady, too,
So kind and cheerful and so true,
(And good to tell your troubles to)
The girl whose name is Bell.
There's one, a slender little lass,
So laughing, yet not lazy.
In all her tests she's sure to pass,
Yet won't neglect her looking-glass.
A name that suits her well she has,
It's Margaret - a daisy!

With her, another girl is there,
So quiet and demure.
With hazel eyes and golden hair
With gentle voice and manner fair.
Untroubled Myrtle is by care
Her work, herself, is pure.
A merry girl, with manner gay
With eyes that snap and shine
Comes in to drink a cup of "toy."
And many times I've heard her say,
In Lillian's impetuous way,
"Annapolis for mine!"

Then there's another girl I see,
Who surely loves to work
She's just as busy as can be
She studies with each sip of tea
She's going to be a Ph. D.
For Carrie is no shrinking!
A gentle maid, with waving hair,
And manner shy and shrinking
Sits pensive in a corner there,
And seems so mild, and looks so fair.
Oh Elsa! with that bashful air—
Of whom can you be thinking?

X

But that's a thing we know quite well,
When Florence comes to tea
Who's told her of a wedding well?
Well, here's a hint that I can tell,
A sight that would make sore eyes well
Our Florence seems to see.
There's one called Evelyn, tall and fair.
With physicists she can cope
And should you meet her anywhere
You'll know her by her golden hair
And by the 'Survey' she will wear.
Beside a telescope.

XII.
From teaching high school girls
All day
A quiet little fairy
Comes stealing, in her gentle way,
Among the others glad to stay.
And always welcome, I may say.
I've heard them call her Mary.
"Another many, frequently comes in to talk a bit. In everything that happens she is interested, especially if in a Latin class it be. Where somebody is "it."

"From High School comes with quiet grace. Her Dresden china maid with daintiness form and fragile grace. With manners perfect and no trace of aught impetuses in the face of Alice always stood.
"A maiden with abstracted frown,
Sometimes drope in to tea,
With heavy bag she's weightes down
You'd think her on the way from town
Says Ethel, then in study brown
"It's just psychology."

"Last comes the girl whose name is Jess
In many things proficient
She'll solve a problem, make a dress
In twenty minutes, more or less
In everything she does I guess
She strikes a note efficient."
And now the list is all complete
(The kettle’s voice grew tearful)

“Where there are gone, so gay, so sweet
When me no more their voices greet,
When in this room no more they meet
This place won’t be so cheerful.”
Prophecy

For fifteen years I had been away from Philadelphia, and when at the end of that time I returned to my home city, the numerous changes that had occurred bewildered me. On the day of my arrival I was sitting in my room at the new Bellevue Hotel when a card was brought to me. "Hilda Lowe" read, with joyful surprise. Pretty soon my old friend Hilda came in, and we sat and talked of the good old days at Penn. "You will be surprised at the things some of the Pennsylvania girls are doing," said Hilda. "If you come with me this afternoon you will see that Pennsylvania's daughters are making quite a stir in the world."
So that afternoon, Wilda and I walked along Chestnut Street, at Thirteenth Street a great crowd had gathered. We pushed our way to the front and there, chasing the mob, was a strangely familiar figure. "Isn't that Myrtle Schuch?" I asked Wilda.

"Yes" said Wilda, "that is the vice-pendent. Myrtle asking for votes for men. See she has the sign for men. She has the sign for the men's suffrage league on, the white lily because the head of the league is her. Ralphille one of Myrtle's best friends." We stopped and listened a while, and then moved on.

At Broad Street, Wilda took me into a Beauty Parlor. The proprietoress of the shop, a tiny lady with pure white sleeves came up to us.
and, giggling joyously, asked us if we would not try some pickle lotion. "It is my own invention," she said, and has caused the total disappearance of my freckles. "I looked at her closely, and realized that this was Mary Ann Henderson. It is scarcely to be wondered at that I did not recognize her at that time. There were the dear familiar freckles which formerly were her chief characteristic. We bought some of her wonderful invention and left.

"I have a great surprise for you," she said. "We are now going to visit the Mayor." We went to City Hall and, after a long wait in an anteroom, were admitted to the Mayor's office. Imagine my surprise when I saw the Mayor's office. My surprise was quite a long talk with her and it astounded me to hear the
quiet, unassuming. Many talked with
so much authority of municipal of-
fices. The entrance of a guard brought
our conversation to a close.
As we crossed Broad Street, after leaving City Hall, floored with
interest at the woman policeman
controlling the traffic. Despite the
unfamiliar uniform, I recognized
her as a Berger. "She's a Berger, a police
woman!" I said. "Why she was one of
the most renaming and modest of
油价 at Penn."
A car clanged past us
Crowded with children; standing
in their midst was Ethel Howard.
"Ethel was talking them
brought. Ethel was talking them
to the Park for an outing," said Bill.
"She is devoted to social work
da. "She is devoted to social work
and has done more good in that
way than another Philadelphia
woman."
We next went to Wananamaker's store. As we stopped at the embroidery counter, I saw a girl giving directions to the sales girl. "Yes, twelve boxes of H. M. C.," she said. "Send it as soon as possible to Miss Marshall's school." I looked at Hilda. "That looks like Jessie Rodman," I said. "It is. She is giving lessons in embroidery at Miss Marshall's school."

As we walked along one of the aisles I noticed a crowd of people at one of the counters. We joined the group in time to hear Alice Rodman give a lecture on "How to keep near twenty. "Your Yours a flay."

After we left Wananamaker's we went to the university. When we reached Thirty-Fourth Street,
span a group of new and beautiful buildings. "That is the women's college." Welda informed me. We went in one of the buildings and as we walked down the hall we saw a sign on the door — the 'wellington' hall.

At last, we left the Women's College and walked about the campus. Opposite College Hall I noticed a new and imposing house. We wound over to look at it, and I saw on the doorplate, "Baylson's Board and Rooms for University Professors.

We took a walk up Walnut Street, and as we passed a pretty porch front house we saw Florence Chifbaums sweeping the porch.
“Florence is happy,” said Mrs. Alder, though married. We left the university and came back to town. "I have tickets for the opera tonight," said Mrs. Alder, and will go to hear Miles in Pohengrim and see Adler. We had box seats, and could see all that was going on. Evelyn Miles was greeted with great applause. Her voice was noted by all who were present, and her beauty and charm caused much comment. Her hair caused much comment, indeed. As to whether it was real or not, as to whether it was real or not, as to whether it was real or not. At the close of the opera, a special ballet was held, and Carrie "Carrie Alder" came tripping up. "Where is the proper Carrie Alder?" I whispered, how?"
 Adler of former days? "Oh," said

"Carrie's prosperity was all

ashamed. She has longed to go on

the stage since she was a mere

child."

As we left the Opera House we

saw Lillian Bates, devotedly hugging

on the arm a naval officer

in full uniform. She looked per-

fectly happy, and we entertained

no doubts as to her fate.

When I reached the hotel that

night, I sat and thought over

all that I had seen and decided that

Pennsylvania's daughters cer-

tainly were doing their part

in Philadelphia affairs.
Autographs

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Carrie Adler '12
Blanche S. Roggenburger
S. Evelyn Miles
Myrtle J. Schock
Margaret W. Henderson
Mildred Coolidge
Anita P. Shollenberger
Katherine Read
Helen S. Gilmore
May E. Slaght
Hilda Röme
See Varvville
Sophie C. Fell
Ethel Downsborough
THE CO-EDS OF PENN IN 1912.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28

1. Sarah F. 2. May Sligh
3. F. L. Kohr (1912) 4. Blanch Rappenhauer '11
5. Mary Boylan '12 6. Joe Moeller
15. Marion Prince 16. Helen Gilmore
17. Julie Holtzhauser 18. Margaret Henderson
19. Alice Rodman '12 20. Olive Halderman
23. Iva Sprawls 24. Harriet Peck
25. Florence Scherbaum '12 26. Mildred Cotherow
27. Evelyn Miles '12