More yearbooks from the classes of Penn's College for Women
TO THE SENIORS, SOPHOMORES
AND FRESHMEN—

Greetings

The Junior Class thanks you for your splendid co-operation and ready enthusiasm in this—the first striving towards a College Record Book for the Girls of the University of Pennsylvania. To you, who have aided in either a financial or a literary way, we extend our heartiest—Thank You.

THE JUNIORS
VALE

Dear girls of Class Fifteen, we say "Farewell";
Your College days have vanished in the past,
And mem'ries sweet shall troop in legions vast
Across the Future's path, old tales to tell;
The hallowed rooms where joyous laughter fell
Are silent now, the twilight gathers fast;
But o'er the stretch of years our love shall last,
Enshrined in Friendship's Temple—there to dwell.

Our days together were alas, too few;
We could not learn to know you as we would;
But ever in our hearts remembrance sweet
Shall guide along your paths our willing feet;
But now we come in sad and pensive mood,
With tender love to bid farewell to you.

Cecelia G. Gerson.
CLASS HISTORY

Some of us have spent three years at Penn, some four, but now we are all ready to take our degrees. Our first introduction to the girls of Penn came at the Freshman Reception. Not long afterward there was the Sophomore Supper, and then we began to feel that we belonged at Penn. Each year there were class stunts to give and attend. These, with the teas given by the fraternities, formed most of our social life until the spring of 1914, when the annual dance at Houston Hall was established. In 1915 the girls gave the first Undergraduate Party there. In our Junior year it was our turn to prepare the record books and class day for the Seniors, and we introduced a novelty by having the prophecy acted as it was read. At the end of each year the undergraduates are accustomed to give a play to the alumnae.

Since we came to Penn, the number of girls there has been steadily increasing and new privileges have been granted. We remember the opening of the Women’s Dormitory in 1913, and the mention of the rest room in College Hall, given to us in 1915, brings visions of room committees, the pound, and frenzied efforts to keep it tidy. In the fall of 1914 all the departments of the University, except the Wharton School and the Arts Department of the College, were opened to women and the School of Education was founded.

PROPHECY

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary over many a sad and lonely thought of a Senior Record, suddenly a voice right near me, whispered soft but very clearly, "Come with me and I will cheer thee." So I followed eagerly. The voice lured me on till I came to a cave by the sea, and then said, "Go in, old witch Snark will show you the future of your friends." Trembling slightly I entered, and there in the dark cave was Mother Snark stirring up the contents of the caldron. I sat down on a cold, wet stone till the fire grew bright and the brew hot. Thick vapors soon arose from the caldron and in them there appeared gradually a brilliantly lighted opera house. The performance had just started and in the leader I recognized Fannie Liebermann. When the curtain went up I was surprised to see so many familiar faces. There was Cora Buckwalter, the world’s famous diver, remarkable for her poise and grace. Marguerite Rudderow seemed to be the star of the evening, while Evelyn Why as a comedian set the audience roaring with her jokes. In a box sat Florence Buckley and Mary Colley bursting with excitement and applauding wildly.

Just as I was getting over my surprise, however, the opera house was suddenly transformed into an orphans’ home. In the dormitory a stout, kindly matron was hurriedly getting the children to bed. I could hardly believe that this was Alice Russell, but that same little knot of hair assured me. I looked more closely about the room, and sure enough, there was Margaret Chambers rocking a baby to sleep. "Same little Margaret," I thought. Then as I looked, the door opened and a nurse, all in spotless cap and dress, entered quietly and quickly tested the bottles of milk on the table.

5
I just decided in time that this must be Rosine Heuscher, for the scene vanished again and one of intense excitement took its place. A crowd was gathered around a platform decked with yellow pennants. Mary Elfrey was the chief suffragist speaker and she introduced the Honorable Caroline Kenworthy, who was running for Congress on the Feminist ticket. A little farther down the street the anti-suffragists had set up an opposition. Upon the platform I noticed Dorothea Paul and Achsah Lippincott.

But again the vision vanished and another took its place. This time I saw a big ocean liner just ready to leave port for the Philippines. On deck, waving a last farewell, I recognized Betty Davis and Laurea Wessels with two tall dark men. Walking up and down the wharf, keeping order amid the crowds of people, was Beatrice Ryers, who had evidently taken to the blue coat and brass buttons in spite of her former opposition to suffrage.

The vapors grew lighter and the picture again changed, this time to a wetly country home. On the porch sat Janet Jamieson darning stockings while a fat blue-eyed baby crawled about her feet. Out on the lawn under a tree, with nothing in the world to do but dream, was Genevieve de Turck. "It doesn't seem possible," I thought, when suddenly everything grew dark and cold.

"There is one more," said the witch.

"Yes, Carrie Pohner," I replied.

"I cannot show her to you, but can only tell you that she is in Greece living in peace and happiness."

As soon as the witch finished speaking I heard the same soft voice whisper to me again. I followed it and arrived safely at home only to awake suddenly and find it was all a dream.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When Billy Sunday's confrère spoke to us hastily?
The first Undergrad picture on the steps of College Hall?
The performance of Pêle-Mêle in Houston?
The splendid work done by the 1915 President of the Undergraduate Association?
The Second Dance given by the girls under the direction of Class 1915?
The novel entertainment of 1917?
The Sophomore Current Events?
The Senior Circus?
The Junior girls?
The lovely dance at Belfield?
The Junior-Senior Frolic?
All your class sprees?
Our good old times together?

AND

Aren't you glad you came to Penn?
CLASS OF 1915

Florence Buckley, 4363 Sansom Street.

"Knowledge enriches the richest of us."

Corn Buckwalter, 206 South Fifty-third Street.

"Faultily Faultless."

Mary Colley, 4633 Sansom Street.

K K I "Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

Margaret Chambers, 6739 Torresdale Avenue.

"How men undervalue the power of simplicity, but it is the real key to the heart."

Rebekah Davis, 3206 Mantua Avenue.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Δ Δ Δ President of 1915 Class.

Ge:evieve de Turck., 1336 North Fifty-Fourth Street.

"A college joke to cure the dumps."

K K I President of Undergraduate Association, 1915.
Treasurer of Undergraduate Association, 1914.
Mary Elfray, 843 East Ontario Street.

"Greek and Latin are only luxuries."

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Resine Heuscher, 1546 North Sixth Street.

"Nothing is denied to well directed labor."

President of her class, 1912, 1913, 1914.

---

Janet Jamieson, Cynwyd.

K K T

"As quiet as the sun,
And as sweet as her smile."

Vice-President of Undergraduate Association, 1914.

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Fannie Lieberman, 307 Carpenter Street.

"Now comes the mystery."

Secretary of Undergraduate Association, 1913.

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Achsah Lippincott, Fifteenth and Cherry Streets.

"She had learning enough to have given dignity to a bishop."

K K T

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Carrie Poehner, 1234 West Columbia Avenue.

"Can I have said something bad without knowing it?"

Cheer Leader—1915.
Dorothea Paul, 5223 Knox Street.

Δ Δ Δ "Nothing is more adroit than irreproachable conduct."

Marguerite Rudderow, 216 North Fifth Street, Camden, N. J.

Δ Δ Δ "Be good, sweet child,
And let who will be clever."

Alice Russel, 3422 Disston Street.

"A babe in a house is a wellspring of pleasure."

Beatrice Ryers, 2415 South Twenty-first Street.

Δ Δ Δ "There is no royal road to geometry."

Lourea Wessels, 1718 Diamond Street.

"Six hours sleep is enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool."

Secretary of Undergraduate Association, 1915.

Evelyn Why, 139 West Seymour Street.

"It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding." K K Γ
Caroline Kenworthy, 4835 Cedar Avenue.

"Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason."

Δ Δ Δ

Elsie Bartlett, 268 South Thirty-eighth Street.

"A scientific maid is good to look upon."

THE ALUMNAE

(With apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes)

Are there any Penn co-eds who never have heard
Of our splendid Alumnae? If so, we've a word
That's important to tell them. Right now we'll begin,
That we may, when they graduate, new members win.

First of all, they will learn how, though scarce four years old,
We've accomplished great wonders of which they'll be told.
What with musicales, teas, undergraduate plays,
Things happen so fast, there are not enough days.

There are class stunts, and parties, and luncheons galore,
Life at Penn's not all grind as it was years before.
This all counts for much, but the climax of all
Is the girls' Annual Dance, held in Houston Hall.

This explains very clearly the principal aim
Of the organization that bears the fair name,
Pennsylvania Alumnae. We try to create
Better times for the girls, interests more up to date.

Are there any Penn co-eds who have not yet learned
What their first duty is, when degrees they have earned?
It's to lend us support and to send in their dues,
The sooner the better, there's no time to lose.

—Carrie Adler, '12.
PÈLE-MÈLE
By the Talented Members of the Undergraduate Association
Houston Club

8 O'CLOCK. MARCH 26, 1915

This was the modest poster that flamed from the walls of the girls' room in College Hall. On the eventful evening about one hundred and fifty girls, representing the Undergraduate Association and the Graduate Club, arrived promptly at eight o'clock to discover for themselves the meaning of the strange poster.

The first thing on the programme was a musical comedy written by a few of the girls. It was a remarkable piece of work! It was an instructive piece of work! It explained to the breathless audience just how the woman's college was to come to Pennsylvania. Now that is a very nice kind of a thing to know. There were famous personages in that comedy. Professors, who in the classroom awed us by their gruff voices; on Houston Club stage, charmed us strangely by their modulated tones, by their agility in dancing, by the unusual humor in their remarks. Altogether this first musical comedy given by the girls at Pennsylvania was a remarkable success.

The second part of the programme consisted of old-fashioned games and modern dances, in which all joined. Who says that a woman cannot lead? He who doubts her leadership should have poked his head into Houston Club on the night of the 26th. He would have seen girls everywhere—some bouncing, some gliding, some trotting, but all dancing, all happy, and all seemingly getting along very well. Of course, sometimes it took both partners to steer—but then—what of that? Next, the refreshment committee nobly did its duty and my! Those were goody-eats.

The evening ended with old Houston Club ringing with Pennsylvania songs, not sung, as so many hundred times before by Pennsylvania's sons, but by the new arrivals, Pennsylvania's daughters. But are you still wondering what Pèlé Mèlé means? It is only the name for the Hodge Podge that constituted the evening of March 26th—and yet—it has a meaning. It means that the University of Pennsylvania is entering a new era. It means that the University of Pennsylvania has not only loyal sons, but loyal daughters. It means that the Women's College at the University of Pennsylvania is on its way.

THE DANCE

"Stunts" and dances came so thick and fast after the Easter Holidays that we had much difficulty in finding a night when every Senior could enjoy her last college dance, and when every budding Freshie could grace the occasion. However, on Friday evening, April thirtieth, the 'co-eds' held their second Annual Dance in Houston Hall. The unusual dignity and beauty of the architecture of Houston Hall is best appreciated when no further decorations are added, so we decided to "let well enough alone." A little after nine the merry whirl began and lasted until one. Even the kindly regards of our Provosts and Vice-Provosts of eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, whose austere portraits keep guard in Houston Hall, may have recognized something familiar in the scene, for many a co-ed in her high waisted bodice and hoop skirt could have passed for a colonial dame. Every class was well represented, but we were especially delighted with the good number, good dancing and—good looks of our freshmen.

Our dance was honored by the presence of Dean and Mrs. Graves, Dr. and Mrs. Howland, and Dr. and Mrs. Lichtenberger. We hope that each successive year the girls of Old Penn may have greater and greater success at their Annual Dance, but those who came in 1915 will always say in true, girlish fashion—"We had the time of our lives."
THE CAST


UNDERGRADUATE OFFICERS

Genevieve de Turck, President; Lillian Bock, Vice-President; Louren Wessels, Secretary; Margery McGlathery, Treasurer.
ARTHUR C. HOWLAND, PH. D.
DIRECTOR OF THE COLLEGE COURSES FOR TEACHERS

FRANK PIERREPONT GRAVES, PH. D. LL. D.
DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
SENIOR CLASS

U. of P.  1915  20 Seniors

We say with pride, "we are the largest Senior Class of co-eds that graduated from Old Penn." But may we soon be lost among the hundreds of our sisters who are following thick and fast. Twenty of us, however, will never forget the good times we've had. Soon after College opened our bewitching little President gave us an evening of good times at her home and several other girls followed her valuable example. So, you see, we feel that we know one another pretty well. Aside from good times we had grave business to discuss, for the Senior Stunt was posted for October thirty-first.

What dare I say about the Senior Stunt? We all had a gloriously good time—and hope that you did too. We had a country fair in which each Senior appeared as a "freak" in a side show. Jessie and Evelyn caused undue excitement as wild folk from Borneo, and Genevieve and Louie—well, I don't know whether they ever got all that carbon off their faces. A real Hallow'e'en diet of cider, apples, pretzels, peanuts and gingerbread men was thoroughly enjoyed.

Having entertained our classmates, we selfishly turned to our own good time once more and on Saturday, May 5th, took a boat trip to Wilmington. After several days of rain, spring seemed really to have come at last—the evening was beautiful beyond description.

These are the days we'll remember and we wish to all who may follow us many more good times and just as much good fellowship as we have known. To our sisters of 1916 who are about to take up the work we are leaving, we extend the good old wish: "May you ever and ever prosper to greater and greater heights."

THE JUNIOR CLASS

1916

Our Roll Call? Yes, we have that.
Where are we? We don't know! Yes, we tried to get somewhere, but the best laid plans of mice and men—you know, and sometimes of women, too!

Ah, if I but had a poet's gift to tell you in noble phrases of the lofty heights to which we had hoped to soar, I could draw tears from the eyes of even the sternest of you. For we did have ideals—many, many of them, but the gods were against us!

The Junior Stunt! What, did you never hear of it? To be sure we had the IDEA for one, but then—it was to be a play, an emotional masterpiece, that O'Boleg himself wad surely 'ave been proud av—but, and here again bring out the handkerchief, it was not to be!

Our Junior meetings—and I flatter them by so much dignifying them—were few and far between, and the attendance—sh-sh—well, 'tany rate there were never less than two present—hardly ever more. But then, we Juniors are a busy lot—almost Seniors by now, and YOU know what that means.

We had other plans, too. Swimming parties—out in the open! Basket Parades—but they were to be a surprise. They were surprises! We were the most surprised!! They never happened. A party for the Seniors—give us credit for the IDEA at least—we were rich in them, ideas I mean, but alas, rich in nothing else. What would you we should do? Is the story not a sad one? If it makes you sad, think of us! And they say the Juniors have done nothing.

Nothing! And we have planned and worried enough to have had at least fifty stunts—and all good ones at that.

This for the Junior Class—sorry was our lot—woeful our fate—BUT WE DID HAVE IDEAS!!!
THE SENIORS

Dorothea Paul, Mary Elfry, Carrie Pochner, Genevieve de Turck, Alice Russell, Margaret Chambers, Mary Colley, Lourea Wessels, Beatrice Ryers, Florence Buckley, Achsa Lippincott, Marguerite Rudderow, Rosine Henscher, Fannie Lieberman, Janet Jamieson, Evelyn Why, Caroline Kenworthy, Cora Buckwalter, Elsie Harrlett. President—Rebecca Davis.

THE JUNIORS

SOPHOMORE CLASS
1917

We came back to College last September, eagerly looking forward to an interesting Sophomore year. For us as a class it began with:

The Sophomore Supper, a sumptuous meal served by the Sophomores to the unsuspecting freshmen. We made much of it, but the newspapers had even more to say. The Freshmen were "initiated" according to them—and we let them have it so. Why not? The point of the matter was that we helped start the little dears on their way to perfectly respectable Freshmanhood, and laid the basis of a splendid friendship between the two classes.

The Sophomore "Stunt," given to all undergraduate women, came along in due time. We decided to give "Current Events" and with the difficulties of properly staging the European war, the Dissolution of the Triangle Club, the American Fashion Exhibit, etc., most of us lost our sweet dispositions. Goodness knows what would have happened had it not been for the charming willingness of our guests to appreciate our efforts and ignore our mistakes. They assured us so convincingly that they had a "wonderful" time that they made us believe it!

It is that constant spirit of good fellowship, met everywhere, which has done more than any other one thing to make our Sophomore year successful. For that, and for the many social good times accorded us during the year by both upper classmen and Freshmen, we wish to render heartfelt thanks!

FRESHMAN CLASS
1918

It took us some little time to get accustomed to the new life and surroundings at Penn. In November we elected our Representative, Ida Hopkin, and our Treasurer, Mary Boyd. To these two girls we owe more than I think most of us as yet realize. Our Representative worked hard to make us stand out as a notable and unified class and very soon we all joined that happy bunch of people who think their class is "the best in the world."

During the first semester we were busy going to the parties that our upper classmen gave for us, so we scarcely had time to think of giving anything ourselves. But around Christmas time we decided that we wanted to show these same upper classmen how much we appreciated all their clever stunts and we decided on a Christmas Tea. Such a tea I doubt if there was ever any other that caused so much excitement, thought and care as that did.

Every one of the forty Freshmen helped and on the appointed day it was with joy and pride that we ushered in the upper classmen. They all agreed that we had just cause for pride. The room was pervaded with a superfine mixture of Christmas spirit and College spirit. Of course we had a Christmas tree—a dear little one, glistening with balls and tinsel; and way down underneath was a crowd of little kewpies playing in the cotton snow. Christmas tree branches were stuck in every corner and bright red balls shone out from their dark green. Presiding over all, in the centre of the mantelpiece, stood our miniature girl graduate, who lent dignity and inspiration to our first attempt at entertaining. As for the eats—we were too excited to try them, but one dignified Senior took three cups of tea—so that at least must have been pretty good.

Since that memorable occasion we have entertained only ourselves. We had two dandy spreads where sweet things and flowers ruled the day. Now we are looking forward to a third in the near future.

Our greatest festival is also among the future joys. Our Freshman Stunt! We cannot say much about this for fear of giving away some state secret, but—just a hint—we are trying to make it the best Freshman Stunt ever known at Penn!
THE SOPHOMORES

Katherine Graves, Leah Wolfe, Elizabeth Hill, Mildred Eckels, Elizabeth Downward, Nellie Snyder, Margery McGlathery, Emily Williams, Mary Gallagher, Ida Friedman, Amy Stewart, Caroline Ambler, Elizabeth Eynon, Lillie Hall, Mary Hoffman, Edna Haines, Sophie Spielberg, Mary McCloskey, Adele Urban, Nelda Bachman, Reba Huntsberger, Christina Didden, Minnie Meyer, Gertrude Noar, Laura Oler, Emily Sherry, Elizabeth A. Burns, Dorothy White, Evelyn Hayes, Isabella Jones, Milicent Latshaw, Esther Miller. President—Sigrid Nelson.

THE FRESHMEN

K. K. G.

K. K. G.

BETA ALPHA CHAPTER

Achsaush Lippincott, ’15
Evelyn P. Why, ’15
Evelyn M. Haines, ’17
Milicent Latshaw, ’17
Nellie A. Snyder, ’16
Thusnelda H. Bachman, ’17
Elizabeth A. Burns, ’17
Mary Colley, ’15
Katherine M. Dougherty, ’16
Mary McCloskey, ’16
Katherine B. Graves, ’16

Janet P. Jamieson, ’15
Genevieve de Turek, ’15
A. Elizabeth Hill, ’16
Esther G. Miller, ’17
Lydia K. Adams, ’16
Mary H. Boyd, ’18
Louise Batts, ’18
Helen F. Denny, ’16
Clara Evans, ’18
Pauline J. Sensenig, ’18
E. Cecilia Hanna

Caroline Laufer

"Pledge" Elizabeth R. Hovey, ’18

19
FROM 1913
By MARION PRINCE

Though our class was small in numbers, yet we won our greatest fame
By raising clouds of trouble, and delighting in the same,
And the slightly battered May pole, when we danced upon the green,
Was borrowed from the college by our class,—Nineteen Thirteen.
Perhaps you may remember us; most likely you forget,
But the thought of all our college days is with us even yet;
And though we’re seasoned school-marms, with a pedagogic air,
We often think of college, and we wish that we were there.
So we send you all our greeting, and we wish the very best
That can happen for our sisters, 1915 and the rest.

“THE QUILL” BOARD

Editors-in-Chief—Lydia K. Adams
Cecelia G. Gerson

Assistant Editors—Lillian Bock
Beatrice Barrington

Art Editor—Gladys C. Hall
DER DEUTSCHE KREIS
Der Universitüt Von Pennsylvanien

"Der Deutsche Kreis" was founded in the academic year 1912-13 and Miss Carrie Adler was its first President. Miss Hilda Lowe succeeded to the presidency for the year 1913-14, and the position is held at present by Miss Anna Kleefeldt. This society was established to further the study of the German language and has always been active. In the spring of 1913 we gave a bazaar; in 1914, a play and dance, and in 1915 a card party and dance. We have given to the University over $400 to be used for the erection of a "Deutsches Haus" on the campus. The members of the society in the year 1914-15 are:

Anna Kleefeldt, President; Lillian Bock, Vice-President; Margaret Chambers, Recording Secretary; Gladys Hall, Corresponding Secretary; Iva Sprowles, Treasurer; Beatrice Barrington, Lillian Bates, Mary Baylson, Alice Birtwell, Cora Buckwalter, Bertha Hepworth, Clara Holtzhasser, Lilian Kadisch, Hilda Lowe, Carrie Poehner, Alice Russell, Henrietta Tietjens, Elise Tietz, Rose Lerner.

BOTANICAL CLUB

The Botanical Club existed in the University as early as 1892. Through the different changes which were wrought among the students and professors, the meetings were discontinued. This fall, the club was revived again. The old constitution was kept, and the only changes made were that, instead of only professors holding offices, the students now hold the executive posts.

The object of the club is to promote scientific interests among the students. Weekly trips are taken around the vicinity of Philadelphia to study the plants and such insects as are found. Meetings are held bi-weekly, when talks on scientific subjects are given. We have had many good and interesting papers read, the subject of heredity having been specially considered. During the field trips almost all of the spring flowers have been studied.

The requirements for entrance into the club are that one show his interest in scientific subjects; that a speech must be given before the club for its approval. The candidate for membership is then considered by the executive committee. If the committee approves he is recommended to the club for membership; if not, he is crossed from the list.

The suggestion that the club be co-educational was given by Doctor Maefarlane. The suggestion was taken up and consequently about one-half of the members are women.


The officers of the club are: Roland Holroyd, President; Pauline Sensinig, First Vice-President; Sydney Harburg, Second Vice-President; Clare Richardson, Third Vice-President; William Benker, Fourth Vice-President; Mary Jardine, Secretary; Charles Keeley, Treasurer; Berwyn Kaufmann, Curator; Blanche E. Ross, Second Curator; Ida Hopkin, Executive.

Honorary Presidents: Dr. John M. Macfarlane, Dr. Harold S. Colton.
"A Senior-Junior Frolic at Wildwood-by-the-Sea"

"A Senior-Junior Frolic at Wildwood by the Sea," "What does it mean?" I can imagine each of the Seniors and Juniors exclaimed as she read the heading of her invitation. She was immediately enlightened by the lines that followed:

"Come all ye Juniors to the shore,
If you would know the Seniors more,
Some sport we guarantee there'll be,
Long rambling walks down by the sea.
For those who crave the briny surf,
Their swimming stunts shall make for mirth,
I haven't space to tell the fun,
But just you write and say you'll come.
On June nineteenth, the hour is seven,
You board the train at Reading Station.
When you have reached the Wildwood shore,
A guide appears, to tell you more.
Just tell your folks at home your flight
Will only last until the night.
Now come ye jolly Penn girls, true,
And help to cheer for 'Red and Blue'."

What fun, a real live frolic of college girls! We had heard of such adventures in other colleges, but for Penn—it was something new.

Penn has splendid girls who are full of big spirit. Such are our Seniors. But alas! we only know one another through a chance stumble in the corridors, or a fleeting glance in the "Rest Room" and that is all. We need more than this in order to know each other and feel drawn together by that intangible but wonderful something, called "College Spirit".

It inspires us with pride for our College, and with love and good feeling for every girl. The first of these may come of contact in the classroom, where we learn with pride the achievements of our girls, but the latter can only come through social intercourse and personal enthusiasm. Every girl counts, and every girl has some talent she can offer to create this feeling of unity.

It is to Helen Woodward that the Seniors and Juniors owe their thanks for this Frolic. A better example of "College Spirit" cannot be sighted than that shown by our hostess. She offered to entertain forty girls, two-thirds of whom she had scarcely met, solely with the purpose of giving pleasure to her College sisters. A spirit of good will and fellowship is bound to follow such feeling.

The girls who anticipate a happy day together wish to thank Helen for her splendid "College Spirit".
COLLEGE DAYS

Tune—"Love's Own Sweet Song"

Raise a song of college days,
Days of happiness and youth,
Raise a song to Penn,
Mother of great men,
And of maidens who are true to Red and Blue.
Raise a song and let it ring,
To our Alma Mater sing,
Raise a song of praise,
To our college days,
Days that will all pass too quickly by.

Chorus.
Then here's to all our college days,
That we shall ne'er forget,
And here's to all the jolly maids
That at Old Penn we've met.
No matter what the future holds,
We'll ever happy be
In calling up our college days in memory.

When we're Freshies, that's the time
College life is most sublime,
We go to the teas, stunts and other sprees,
That the upper classmen furnish for our fun,
The record book the Junior writes,
The supper given by the Sophs;
The exams the Senior takes,
These all make us laugh,
When we merely little Freshies are.

Chorus repeated.

When we're Sophs, well that's the time,
College life's not quite sublime,
We have to cook and fuss, it's true, we almost cuss,
When we give the Sophomore supper fine.
Freshies, Juniors, Seniors, too, sit calmly down
While the work we do,
It may sound very nice, but you would not do it twice,
Even if you were a Sophomore.

Chorus repeated.

When we Juniors then become,
The record books make us work some,
Each Senior must get one,
And it must be well done,
By the suffering Juniors, well, it is no fun.
When we're Seniors, then we work,
None of our lessons dare we shirk,
Yet when it all is o'er
We'd do it all once more,
To go through our college days again.

Chorus repeated.

—Genevieve de Turek, '15.
ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES—A thought a line.

WANTED—
A better diver than C. Buckwalter.
A thinner girl than A. Russell.
A littler girl than M. Chambers or B. Ravis.
A quieter girl than M. Colley or F. Buckley.
A noisier girl than C. Poehner.
A girl with less sense of humor than E. Why.
A fatter girl than A. Lippincott.
A girl whom we know less about than M. Elfray or D. Paul.
A sweeter girl than J. Jamieson.
A more hygienic girl than B. Heuscher.
A funnier girl than M. Rudderow.
A better worker than F. Lieberman.
A better talker than L. Wessels.
A more dignified girl than B. Ryers.
A better law student than C. Kenworthy.
A better President than G. de Turck.
A better scientist than Elsie Bartlett.

WANTED—A chair upon which no youth has carved his initials.

URGENT—We need at once 150 girls with good College spirit to show the Faculty of the University what we can do.

LOST—A sweet disposition in the corridor of College Hall. Finder please send it to—any Co-ed.

LIBERAL REWARD—To any one who will make the Girls’ Rest Room restful—in ornamentation, neatness, absence of debris and lunch papers, and plenty of good order.

WANTED—By Professor O’Bolger—a Penn student who has never heard of Shaw.

FOUND—A girl who never studies.

FOR SALE—The College Record Book—THE QUILL—65c.

NOTICE—Any girl seen flirting on the campus will be penalized by the U. G. A.

NEEDED—By Penn girls—Athletics.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—The reputation of the Co-eds for being grinds.

For space on this page address—Department of Good Fellowship—“The Quill” Committee.

ODDS AND ENDS

IN ENGLISH

Professor: The word “appendix” is not included in the New English Dictionary.

Voice from Rear: Perhaps it was cut out.

What would Billy Sunday say if he knew that Tabernacle was derived from Tavern?

IN MATHEMATICS

Dr. Hallet: Keep on transforming the equations. You know, mathematics is full of operations.

Smart Stude: I wonder if that is why we cut so much!

Trust an engineer for the following little sentiment: “If the students in the Medical School are called Meds, and those in the Dental called Dents, why on earth aren’t the Wharton School men called warts?”

(This Book Passed by the Pennsylvania Board of Censors.)