

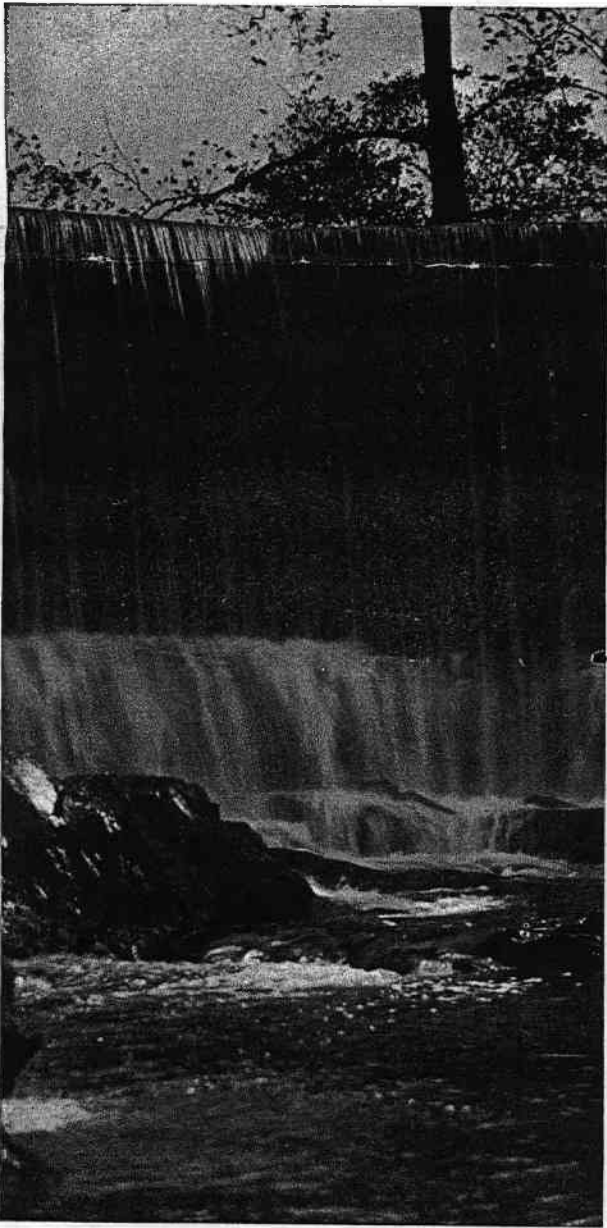
A FEW PICTURES AND VIEWS



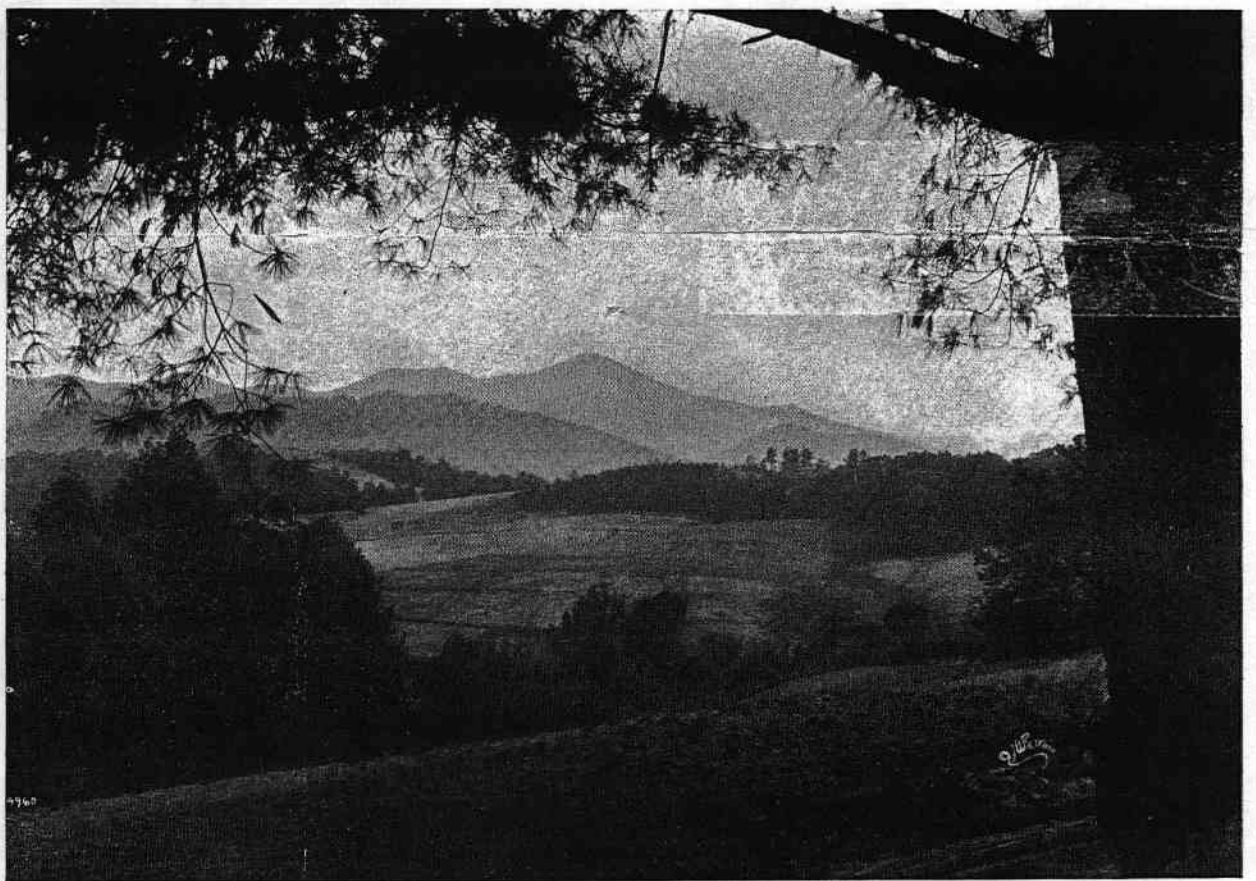
PRESIDENT C. H. TROWBRIDGE



SKINNER HALL, BOYS DORMITORY



WATER FALL AT THE OLD MILL



A VIEW FROM THE CAMPUS

MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The name Mnemosynean is derived from the Greek word Mnemosyne, meaning "Mother of Muses." This society was organized about twenty years ago, and Professor Yost had the honor of naming it. At that time there were two societies for the boys, the Delphians and the Cliosophic, and the Mnemosyneans chose the Delphian as their brother society. The history of this society is something to be proud of, something we are glad to look back upon.

This year has been an unusually interesting one for the Mnemosyneans. The higher standards for which the society has always stood were upheld

this year by an enthusiastic cooperative group of fifty girls. They have combined pleasure and study in such an attractive way that the programs have been very popular. They have not been too formal to be enjoyed, yet literary enough to be instructive. There have been frequent socials, and an occasional joint meeting with their brother Delphians. The society has paid its pledge of fifty dollars to the building fund for the college. Each year the Mnemosyneans and Delphians give a play vehicle which is enthusiastically received. The play presented this year was "Green Stockings," and it was a great success. The Mnemosyneans are extremely fortunate in having Miss Lucille

Smith as their faculty adviser. The future is bright, and they have many plans and ideas to be carried out. But they are living neither in the past or future for at present they have a record that any literary society should be proud to claim.

Prof. Baker: "Miss Roberts, I believe you missed my class yesterday."

Lib (cheerfully) "Not at all."

Davis: "Doctor, can you cure me of snoring? I snore so loud that I awaken myself."

Doctor: "In that case I would advise you to sleep in another room."

A dog to pet,
A cat to purr, a parrot to talk.
What do I need a man fer?
—Davidsonian.

Dean: "How do you expect to make a living?"

Shorty: "By writing."

Dean: "Writing what?"

Shorty: "Writing home."

Jimmy (at Barber Shop): "How long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber: "Oh, about 2 years."

Mr. Baker: What type of wife should I select?

Mr. Duncan: Get a single girl and let the wives alone.