

THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

Published Monthly by the Associate Alumnae of Hunter College of the City of New York

(Entered at the New Rochelle Post Office at the pound rate of postage.)

VOL. XXVII.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., MARCH, 1922

No. 3

THE BREAKFAST

At its Alumnae Breakfast Hunter celebrated its fifty-second year with an enthusiasm and expression of loyalty which has been rivaled only by our Golden Jubilee. Nearly seven hundred alumnae were present at the Hotel Astor on Washington's birthday to hear Mrs. Popper welcome an association which in two years has added six hundred new members to its ranks. Mrs. Popper then pointed out that Hunter is now a college on the approved list of American Universities. It has a faculty of the highest rank; a standard of scholarship that is second to none; an alumnae association whose loyalty to its Alma Mater has stood every test. Only one cloud dims the horizon—Alumnae Hall, which is to be "a haven for the faculty, a gathering place for the students, and headquarters for the alumnae", is still an unfulfilled dream. Our president once more appealed to us to make it an accomplished fact.

Miss Katherine D. Blake, who had, as she told us, accepted the position of toast master "because no graduate of Hunter can ever refuse to do anything that Hunter may ask her to do", then took charge of the program, which she opened by reading greetings from Dr. Davis, who was regrettably prevented by illness from being with us, and from Miss Anna M. Hunter. In response Mrs. Smith moved that a telegram of sympathy be sent to Dr. Davis, and Mrs. Hahn moved that a message of love and greeting be sent to the daughters of Dr. Hunter.

The principal speaker of the day was Mrs. Douglas Robinson, who spoke on the subject of "Theodore Roosevelt's Loyalty to Lincoln and Washington." In her message Mrs. Robinson declared that to inspire others with patriotism we must call to mind the patriotism of our great men—Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt. Without difficulty one can see a striking similarity between the characteristics of Washington and Roosevelt. Both were men of persistence, courage, and fortitude. But Washington, the Father of his Country, had a reserve which held him somewhat aloof from others. Roosevelt, the Brother of his Country, differed from Washington in this one respect—he was anything but aloof. His hand was on every man's shoulder. Patience and daring helped Washington achieve great results. It was with a similar patience that Roosevelt, naturally impatient, urged America to join in the fight for democracy when America still failed to see that the struggle was hers. Love of country urged him on. In his admiration Roosevelt al-

ways linked together Washington and Lincoln. He knew that others had been as great as these men; he knew that others had been as good. But never had he found any man who was both as good and as great as Washington and Lincoln.

The truth of Mrs. Robinson's argument that patriotism is aroused by remembering great men was proved by the following delightful little incident: Mrs. Robinson at one time visited Forty-second Street Library while a Roosevelt exhibit was being held. Stopping before a case she pointed out various letters to a friend and said, "My brother wrote these to me." A little public school boy who stood near looked at her wide-eyed and asked, "Are you Teddy's sister?" "Yes", was the answer, "and he would be glad to hear you call him 'Teddy'." To be close to every one was Roosevelt's greatest wish. Mrs. Robinson then told the little chap that seeing the exhibit would make him a better American. The answer came quickly, "I'm a good American now." Then, wistfully he added, "I'm foreign-born." But after a brief pause the boy added, "But he said that didn't make any difference." This boy was a better American because he knew a great man.

Another speaker was Mrs. Walter Comly, President of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, who spoke on "Loyalty to our Ideals." She mentioned that Hunter played a large part in bringing strength, opportunity, and success to the Federation. She urged that we be loyal, not only to our state and nation, but loyal to ourselves, for only so could we "give to the world a spirit and kindly love that would make the world better."

Among the other guests who addressed the association were Mary Shaw, the actress, who spoke on woman's influence on the stage; Mrs. Heniger, who made an announcement concerning Miss Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession"; Mrs. Richard M. Chapman, President of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, who thanked Hunter for having given the Federation one of its best presidents, Mrs. Lilly; Mrs. Ella Wilson Kramer, and Miss Ruth Lewinson, trustees of the College, who each gave us a word of greeting.

The musical part of the program consisted of a series of melodies charmingly sung in German, French, and English by Mrs. Estelle Bloomfield Adler with Mrs. Albert Vertchamp at the piano; and of several enjoyable selections played by our college orchestra, conducted by Miss Flora Rubin. All united, under the leadership of

IN MEMORIAM

Josephine A. Meyer

In the death of Josephine A. Meyer of the Class of 1903, who passed away from us on the second day of the New Year, our Alma Mater suffers the loss of one of her best-beloved and most brilliant alumnae. Miss Meyer had attained notable success of several kinds; yet so great was her many-sided energy that those who knew her well and recognized her potentialities could not but regard her as still in the stage of promise. And one feels that whatever further height she might have reached had she lived, she would still herself have been, in the rareness of her personality, more sig-

nificant than anything she produced—a center of radiant influence, an embodiment of highmindedness and happy courage, and the incarnate soul of generous friendship.

In her student days "Jo" was a shining light in the College activities. As editor of the *Echo*, she showed high critical abilities and standards, patience, and tact. She herself contributed to the magazine much original work. With two collaborators, she wrote the Christmas Play of the year—an unforgettable delightful affair called *The Witch of Plymouth*. At graduation she ranked as an honor student. She was interested in classical studies, and was a member of the Classical Club. She took part in the production of a play of Plautus by that society, not long after her graduation; and she designed for the occasion a striking poster, for her pencil was as facile as her pen. Her clever caricatures illustrative of Horace were the delight of the Department of Classics. Some of these were published in *The Bookman* under the title *Elucidations of Horace*, in 1903.

After graduation Miss Meyer carried on her art studies with Henri and Penfield, the strength of her line work being due to the influence of the latter teacher. She worked at illustration, writing all the time as well. She became a contributor to *Harper's*—for which she wrote one of her strongest stories, *The Passing*,—to *Putnam's*, *Lippincott's*, and other magazines. A remarkably good story entering into the psychology of boyhood, called *The Twilight of the God*, was published in *Harper's Weekly* about 1912. The publishers suggested that the author should expand the theme into a book dealing with the life of high-school boys. This work she accomplished in less than two months, the result being *The Green C*, an admirable book for boys, illustrated by herself. She contributed to *Everybody's* a story called *Fighting Stock*, which was reprinted in England, in *Cassell's Magazine*, in 1915.

Before passing to the work which was to become her main interest, it is well to mention a curious interlude in her experience, which gave her much satisfaction as the successful doing of a piece of solid work for a worthy end. She worked hard for a while at Columbus, Ohio, in illustrating with graphs, charts, and tables, the Report of the Ohio State School Survey Commission, 1914.

It was naturally a source of pride to Miss Meyer that she was one of the founders, in 1915, of that remarkable organization, the Washington Square Players, which later developed into The Theatre Guild. To the success of this organized company she contributed greatly, in a variety of ways. She collaborated in the writing of plays, wrote pantomimes, sometimes designed and executed costumes, or assisted in scene-printing, and read critically innumerable plays. Above all, she felt that she had found the true outlet for her powers in

the opportunity for acting under sympathetic conditions. Among other parts she played finely the Mother in Maeterlinck's *Interior*, and one of the primitive women in Miss Gerstenberg's *Overtones*. She took part in Tchekov's *The Bones*, and in the medieval French satire, *Pierre Patelin*; she played an old woman in *The Vision of St. Anthony*, and as perhaps the climax of her stage success, that other old woman, Mary Trask, who is the central figure in the poignant one-act play, *The Clod*.

Illness interrupted her career as an actress; but on her recovery she returned to the stage, and appeared for a short time in a play under the direction of Arthur Hopkins. Her health again failing, she was obliged to abandon active work. But, though not officially on the executive committee of the Theater Guild, when it was triumphantly revived from the ashes of the earlier organization, she was consulted by her former comrades; and she continued to be Play Reader for the Guild up to a recent date.

I have as yet said nothing of Josephine Meyer's poetry. Though not abundant, it is distinguished by its vitality and clear sincerity. Always a lover of Stevenson, she was in spirit not unlike him; and it is rather through this kinship than through any tendency to imitate, that she has left to her friends two poems about death which can bear to be read side by side with *Under the Wide and Starry Sky*. Both of these poems, it happens, were published in *Ainslee's Magazine*. In *Epitaph* occur the lines asking us to think of the writer

"—When in some broad open space
You meet the night-sky face to face;
And up from the daisy-fields some
noon
Send me a thought because it's June.

* * * *

Oh, recollect I felt the worth
Of all the lovely things of earth,

* * * *

And you, in the love that was my pride,
Remember I lived, forget I died."

As deeply satisfying is the tiny poem called *Finale*, with which we may fittingly end the earthly story of a gallant and gracious life:

"I dove down deeply into the dark,
Seeking the horror of Death, to find
Death is not ugly or lonely or stark—
Death, he is quiet, quiet and kind.

I rose up slowly into the light,
As one returns to his fireside's glow
After regarding the stars in the night—
And Life is quieter, now that I know."

Helen Gray Cone.

Carrie M. S. Hill

A member of the Class of 1870, Miss Carrie M. S. Hill, whose name appeared on the menu card of the 1870 banquet in the Permanent Exhibit, died on the day of her retirement from P. S. 36 Manhattan, where she had served for nearly 52 years.