

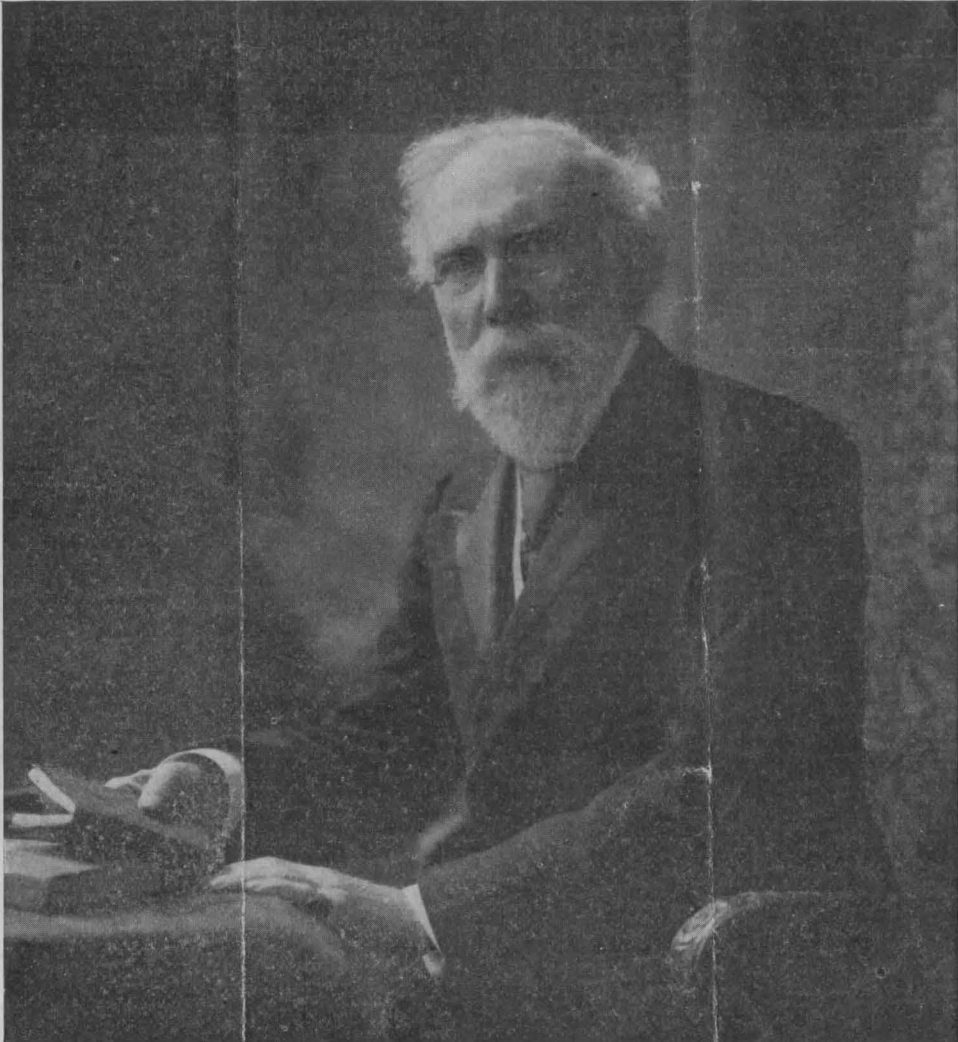
# THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

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Meet is it, that our Alma Mater, grown  
To fuller stature with the ripening years,  
Should take fit place, acclaimed and nobly known,  
In the fair order of her marshalled peers:  
What name then like a proud plume shall she bear,  
Or scarf of favor, or bright banneret,  
Dear as the purple flower her old walls wear,  
Which, shorn away, shall bloom in memory yet?  
Ah, what brave name but his, whose faith forecast,  
In darkest dawn, what now the noontide sees?  
So shall she knit her future to her past  
With silken bonds of gracious loyalties;  
So, blent forever with her crescent fame,  
Reverent remembrance triumphs in her name.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

# THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

Published Monthly

by

ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE OF  
HUNTER COLLEGE

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He had given us a lifetime of service, of devotion, of unremitting effort; he had given us the advantages which otherwise would not have been ours; he had given us the greatest good, the means and the power to make the highest use of life; but he had never thought of giving us the priceless boon we clamored for—his name! Yet we have won it. We have taken it from him; it is ours and still it remains his; and the result of the glorious paradox is rejoicing unlimited, happiness beyond expression save as it is revealed by the warm hand-clasp, the smiling lips, and the tearful eye.

In many countries of Europe, it is customary to celebrate the "name-day" in preference to the birthday. This custom we followed, and we celebrated our "name-day" with a will on Thursday, May 28th.—The stage was set; the scene was one of great beauty for the chapel was

Decked in flags and garlands gay

In honor of our greatest day.

The "discourse of sweet music" charmed the immense audience which had gathered in appreciation of our new honor.

Outside the procession formed: dignitaries of city and state and church; men and women famous as educators, as writers, as leaders in every walk of life. The march struck up; the audience waited, breathless. Applause greeted the sweet young ushers who were clad in white with lavender sashes; but all waited.—Presently he came, and the applause became deafening as the well-beloved form appeared. Every one in that great assemblage arose and applauded enthusiastically until the long procession reached the platform.

We were all in the mood for the prayer

which opened the exercises.—Then speaker after speaker showered encomiums upon our beloved first President. Humorous remarks relieved the tension. Mrs. Kramer, in timely fashion, reminded the speakers of the time limit; President Davis wittily referred to early man as a "hunter"; Mayor Mitchel said he had not lost much time before visiting our College. He promised us material as well as spiritual support; and his mention of the Board of Estimate was very welcome.

Two of our Alumnae recited poems written for the occasion. Tribute upon tribute was paid to Thomas Hunter. When he was called on to respond he feelingly described the ordeal of listening through an entire evening to praise on every side, nothing but "praise, praise, praise." His plaint and complaint were unique. His beautiful words moved us with his wonted power. This greatest of all our gatherings wound up in wonted fashion with the Ivy Song.

It was over. Was it over? No. Ever will this unparalleled celebration remain in the memories and the hearts of the illimitable number of those who love Hunter College.

## MISS BURR'S POEM.

Recited at the Hunter Celebration.

He is the Genius of our College days;

Unto how many, when in Springtime  
falls

A shower of purple petals on the ways,

The scent of the wistaria recalls

Clearer than sights of yesterday, these  
halls—

And always as a setting for his face.

We knew how sweet the benison it  
brings,

That dear benignity with silver  
crowned.

Like viola d' amore's double strings

The memories of our girlhood's years  
are bound

So closely to his name, that in its sound

We hear a chord of well-beloved  
things.

We cannot give our memories to you,

O little sisters of the years untried!

But o'er the garden where those mem-  
ories grew

We write for you the name that was  
our pride,

With every Springtime to be glorified

By loyalty and love forever new.

Amelia Josephine Burr.