But what distinguishes this play was not individual work. It was the evident feeling throughout the cast for the lines and situations, the evident earnest attempt to embody and realize that feeling. The grouping and by-play were unusually good, the latter quite exceptionally so. Phebe’s dancing and Amiens’ songs deserve special mention, and the conversations were something new, and an addition. Altogether, enhanced by the color in the costuming, by music, by dancing, but above all, because of the players love for their beautiful lines. “As You Like It” stands a worthy successor to the other Shakespeare plays given at Wellesley.

C. B. D.

**Float Night.**

The most beautiful Float Night that Wellesley has seen in years, followed a day of cloud, wind and rain. When the guests assembled on the shore, which was thickly dotted with Japanese lanterns, the lake was as smooth as glass. When darkness fell, no one who was so fortunate as to see it, will ever forget the picture—the great glade of the calcium lights making a huge area of brightness, into which slipped canoes, bright crimson or green or black, some of them paddled by girls, kneeling in their prows; some by men, swinging easily along; some propelled by less picturesque oars. But however they were sent through the water, whether hung with gay lanterns or not, it gave the spectator almost an eerie feeling to see them glide so silently into the light and then as silently disappear into the darkness. There was a sail boat, too, winging here and there like some great white bird; and the Hunnewell gondola, with its huge white prow, glimmered in the shadows. Sky-rockets blazed through the darkness, and made it seem even blacker when they disappeared. And the band played his witching music, and black-coated men and light-tressed girls and bundled-up mothers walked and talked and laughed and enjoyed everything.

The rowing of all the crews was excellent, but of the six, Nineteen Three, Nineteen Four, the first and second crews of Nineteen Five and Nineteen Six,—the Senior’s rowing was perhaps the very best. When the shells came together to form first a great W, and then the traditional star, the effect was absolutely perfect.

There was not a breath of wind, nor a ripple to disturb the formation of the shells. For this same reason—the great stillness of the night—the singing was heard at its best advantage. The class songs and the Senior, Junior and Sophomore crew songs were enthusiastically received, and the final song, “Where, oh where are the grand old Seniors?” never sounded more solemn and beautiful. It sobered everyone, even guests unfamiliar with college life, for they all realized that another year was over, and another class going out to “the wide, wide world.”
College News.

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Editor-in-Chief, Carolyn P. Nelson, 1905.
Associate Editor, Helen R. Norton, 1905.
Literary Editors,
Martha Nola Shackford, '96
Mary Esther Chase, '95
Mary Estelle Cottrell, '95
Managing Editor,
Carrie M. Holt, 1903
Betsy M. Todd, 1903

Crimson and Rose.

Rose is the tint of youth.
When all the world is young,
All beauty and all truth.
Before its pathway hung;
But the beauty flows in a crimson tide
In the rosy cheek of the blushing bride.
Rose is the morning dream,
The hope of love begun.
But crimson is the stream
Of light at set of sun.
And the rosy glow, and the crimson ray
Both turn to sweetest silver gray.
Be rosy while ye may,
Sweet hopes with morning bright.
Bring in the perfect day.
And crown achievements bright;
With rose to begin, and crimson to close.
The days shall be sweet as the heart of the rose.

C. H. 1905.

Another college year is over, and in this number the News must say farewell to its friends for the summer vacation. When we come together again in the fall, things will be changed somewhat: 1904 will be gone, 1905 will be wearing the cap and gown; and a new Freshman class will be stored in every available spot in the Village. It is very hard for Freshmen who live in the Village to appreciate the ideals of college life and to realize the responsibility which rests upon each one of them as members of the Student Government Association. Girls come to college right out of boarding school, where they have been more or less restricted; they are borne off their feet by the freedom of college life and are apt not to remember "noblesse oblige." Next year practically all of the Freshmen will be in the Village, and the only way to avoid the evils which are likely to befall an organization like our Student Government Association, is for those girls who have been in College one, two or three years, who have been imbued with the spirit of Student Government, to feel themselves personally responsible for the Freshmen, and bounden in every possible way to give them what they lose by not living on the campus. We wrote to Freshmen during the summer, welcoming them to college; we met them at the station in the fall and escort them to their houses; we take them to the Christian Association reception and the Sophomore Promenade, and then we let them alone, and consider that our duty is done by then. But it is not; it is only just begun. We must not let the Freshmen go at this point. It is incumbent upon us, as girls who have had some experience, and loyal members of Student Government, individually to seek out the Freshmen, to visit them in their rooms in the Village and help them start in with the right ideals of College life, that they may not have to begin all over again when the Sophomore year moves them up to the college buildings.

The editors feel that they are but voicing the general sentiment of the college in expressing to Professor Macdougall their thanks for the beautiful organ music during the trying time of examinations. For some time it has been Professor Macdougall's custom to play fifteen or twenty minutes after chapel during examinations, and we have begun to look to these few minutes as a great alleviation of the strain of that time. Last week the music was particularly enjoyable and we thank Professor Macdougall most heartily.

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Commencement Program.
June 10, 7:30 P.M., Senior Dramatics.
June 20, 4:00 P.M., Garden Party, Art Building.
7:30 P.M., Singing in College Hall Center.
June 21, 11:00 A.M., Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. George S. Gordon, Houghton Memorial Chapel.
9:00 P.M., Vespers.
June 22, 3:00 P.M., Glee and Mandolin Club Concert in College Hall Center.
9:30 P.M., College Concert and Senior Reception.
June 23, 11:00 A.M., Commencement exercises, Houghton Memorial Chapel. Orator, Richard Watson Gilder.
3:00 P.M., Tree Day Dances.
7:00 P.M., Class supper.
June 24, Alumni Day.

THE GARDEN PARTY.
Saturday, June the 20th, was the day set for the Garden Party. If, in accordance with the weather program for Commencement Week, it rained, the program was to be repeated in the afternoon. Everyone was confident that it would be only a shower, but the rain did not stop, and so the Garden Party was transferred from the hill to the Art Building. Even garden parties that are not held out of doors may be very delightful, and the Garden Party proved no exception. There were a large number of guests present, and everyone seemed to have a good time. The many pretty gardens appeared very less attractive outdoors, but the picture of Garden Party was not spoiled. The guests entered the Art Building by the north door, and were escorted by the Senior Aides bearing wands tied with rose and red ribbons to the gallery to meet the receiving line, Miss Ainslee, President Hazard, Miss Durant, Dean Pendleton, Miss Landis. Ice was served by Junior assistants, and a very sociable time followed. After dinner was served in one of the side corridors, the music of which added much to the spirit of the occasion.

SINGING ON THE CHAPEL STEPS.
There was no singing on the Chapel steps. Saturday evening, the rain did not stop for that, but there was singing in College Hall Center, and very good singing, too. The girls' voices, which are often weak in the open air, sounded clear and strong in the Center, and rather than losing by being indoors, the singing was much improved. The program began with the singing of "Where, O Where are the Verdant Freshmen," then followed "Necat the Oars," "The Sign of the Four," and "Juanita." The class songs beginning with "50's," "60's," "70's" last, and "Alma Mater" and the Wellesley cheer ended the program.

The Glee and Mandolin Club Concert.
Again the rain interfered with the program of Commencement Week, and the Glee and Mandolin Club Concert was given in College Hall Center Monday afternoon, instead of by Longfellow Pond. To say that the concert was well attended would be to speak far too mildly—the concert was crowded to the doors and the corridors on the second and third floors in the vicinity of the chapel were filled with those who attended the concert, at least in spirit, if not in person. At the request of the leader of the Glee Club, the Freshmen and Sophomores gave up their seats so that as far as possible all courtesy was extended to the guests. The selections, both by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, were well given, and to judge from the applause, the concert gave entire satisfaction. "Nursery Rhymes," "A Little Dog Barked at the Big Round Moon," dedicated to the Wellesley Glee Club and Miss Daniels' solo, "Oh, no, little girls, oh, no," were received with especial favor. During the concert, the weather took such a decided change for the better that the last number on the program, "Alma Mater," with the Wellesley cheer was given from the balcony over the north door, where the guests gathered about the circle in front of College Hall. Following the Glee and Mandolin Club concert, a short band concert was given out of doors and a general promenade followed.

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CLASS REUNIONS.

EIGHTY-THREE REUNION.

We began to arrive on Saturday afternoon, and by dinner time eight of us were at College Hall. Our number did not increase till Monday, so that the eight kept together, visiting and attending services. All day Monday and Tuesday we added to our number so that by the time we were in Auburndale at the class dinner, there were present the following eighteen:

Mrs. Harriet Scoville Devan, Mrs. Kate Squires Muller, Miss Clara Skeele, Mrs. Gertrude Belden Chestresmith, Mrs. Susan Greene Scoville, Mrs. Mary Dudley Felker, Mrs. Florence Runnells Bowers, Miss Clara Paris Harrington, Mrs. Kate Darling Filer, Mrs. Adelaide Eaton Abbe, Mrs. Harriet Cook Nelson, Mrs. Julia Godden McCoy, Miss Sarah E. Dickinson, Mrs. Mary Devor Wason, Mrs. Clara Ames Hayward, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, Mrs. Emma Sherburne Eaton, Mrs. Nellie Page Bates. After dinner Mrs. Eaton read letters from a dozen of the absent members and distributed photographs of some of the husbands and children of the class.

Mrs. Devan presided at the toast mistress.

Mrs. Abbe responded to a toast to "Wellesley as she was and is." At this point, the program was unceremoniously interrupted in order to catch the last car for college.

On Thursday, Mrs. Muller entertained us at her home in Arlington, and afterward took us to drive.

MARY DEV. WASSON, '83.

REUNION OF CLASS OF EIGHTY-EIGHT.

The class of Eighty-Eight held its Fifteenth Reunion at Norumbega, on Monday, June 22, at 1:30, P. M. There were those present out of a class membership of sixty-five. Five of the class children and one brother-in-law participated in the festivities.

The tables were beautifully decorated in the class colors with blue corn-flowers sent by one of the absent members, Mrs. Stella Wren Barnes, and the dinner cards bore the class seal showing the class flower, the violet, and the class motto.

Mrs. Newman was the guest of honor.

The Class President, Mrs. Christabel Lee Safford, presided, and acted as toast mistress. The following toasts were given: Eaton's Skiing, Brust Venturi, Helen A. Perry, Our Missionaries, Gertrude Wilcox Weakley, Our Pedagogical Successes, Margaret T. Algol; Our Homely Members, Theadora Brown Silver; Our Spinsters, Jessie Claire McDonald, Middle-aged Privileges, Mary Estelle Cook; Bohemian Life, Mary L. Wheeler; Our Hostesses, M. Callista McCauley; Our Globe Trotters, Edith Cooper Hartmann.

The class roll was called by the Secretary, Margaret T. Algol. Among the items of interest reported concerning members of the class were: the publication by Chicago University of a book on Labrador by John Henry; the election of Dr. Ethel Hardy; the fact that Elizabeth Abbe was on the eve of receiving a degree as Doctor of Philosophy from Yale.

Signed, Bertha Bailey, '88.

NINETY-THREE REUNION.

The class of 1893 held its Decennial Reunion at the Vendome, at 7 o'clock, Saturday, June 29, 1903, with sixty members present.

Annie Tomlinson Sanford acted as toast mistress and after an address of welcome by the President, Emily Foley Foster, toasts were responded to by Grace Grinnell Farmer, Gertrude Bigelow, Marlon E. Bradbury, Mary N. Young, Adelaide Smith, Josephine P. Simrell, Elizabeth R. Kellogg, Caroline N. Newman, and an "Uncle Remus," story.

The luncheon cards were water-color sketches of the class tree, the white birch, with the Tree Day Song, which were done by Mary B. Hill, who is in Colorado.

Greetings from the class baby, Katharine Hocker Jenkins, in the form of her photograph, were at each plate.

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NINETY-EIGHT REUNION.

The class of '98 held its fifth annual luncheon at The Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, Saturday, June 20th, at 12 o'clock. Some of the toasts responded to were, 'Seniors—Five Years Ago,' Helen Capron; 'The Class Babies,' Helen Douthon; 'Alma Mater,' Jesse Degen.

Immediately after the luncheon a short business meeting was held at which Charlotte Marshall and Edith Irwin were appointed a committee to collect funds for the various class reunions. All members of the class are urged to cooperate with the committee by sending promptly to them all items of class interest.

Helen Douthon and Frances Roussan were appointed a committee to arrange for class luncheons or meetings in future reunion years. In response to the class roll-call, reports were lacking from only five members. Seventy-five members of the class were present at the luncheon.

Edna Patterson Farrar, '98.

NINETEEN HUNDRED REUNION.

The triennial reunion of the class of Nineteen Hundred was held at the Hotel Belknap, Boston. Sixty members were present. At the business meeting before the luncheon, it was unanimously voted not to accept the resignation of the class president, Hannah Hume, who sells for India in October. Her fiancé was present at the luncheon. The table decorations were purple and lavender sweet peas and white iris, sent by Miss Helen Gould, honorary member of the class. Ella S. Mason, '100.

NINETEEN-TWO REUNION.

The first reunion of the class of 1902 was held at the Westminister Hotel, Boston, June 19, at 12 o'clock. Luncheon was served to seventy-five, exactly half the class. May Mathews was elected matron, Ednah Philbrick, Constance Draper, Bess Manwaring, Elizabeth Campbell and Elvira Slack. A business meeting followed, in which it was decided to have luncheons on the years when there was no reunion. Steps were taken toward a memorial for Mae Rice. Nancy Philbrick was elected editor of the 1902 Record, to be published in 1907, and Mary Montgomery was put in charge of the annual class letter. A telegram from Hughinesis was the only regret to her. Congratulations were sent to the Class of 1902 at its reunion, and an acknowledgment received. Statistics were given to show that during the past year fifty-two 1902 girls had been teaching, and sixty-six at home.

Constance Draper, '02.

Senior Class Supper.

At 6:20 P.M., June 23, the members of 1903 met at the Newton Club for their Class Banquet. Besides the official seniors and their honorary member Miss Caroline Hazard, there were present fifteen returned Prodigals who had taken untimely leave of their class for matrimonial ventures—and others. Miss Frances Warren presided as toast mistress, and kept the gales of laughter with her irresistible and inaudible fund of wit.

Miss Hazard responded to call for speech with a few gracious words on the fitting introduction of Florence Whiting. Miss Avis Evans were purple and lavender sweet peas and white iris, sent by Miss Helen Gould, honorary member of the class.

After the last course, the engaged and married girls, led by Mrs. Lucia Proctor Freeman and Mrs. M. Robson Travers, marched around the room, while the unattached sang the Wedding March.

The toasts were as follows: "1906," Sue B. Ainslie: "The Faculty." Clara Richards; "The Engaged Girls," Ednah Whidden; "The Other Classes," Mary B. Jenkins; "The Serious Side." Elie Aline White; "Mirth Elise Van Tine Roberts. All were clever, but Miss White's toast was especially well given.

At the close of the toasts President Hazard spoke to the class, as alumna, of the new responsibility and trust involved in the turning of the Tassel. The bouquet broke up at ten, and the class, after escorting President Hazard's carriage to the college gate, went serenading until about half-past one.

Program of Commencement Day.

Organ Prelude, Overture to Ruy Blas. Mendelssohn
Preconsonante, "Angel voices, ever singing," Invocation.
Response, "He shall Give His Angels Charge," (Words by Alice Freeman Palmer.)
Psalm cxxxvi, (Read from the Melanchon Bible.)
Gloria Patri, (Gregorian.)
Address by Richard Watson Gilder.
Anthem, "Blessed are They Light," H. C. M. Conferring of Degrees.
Announcements by the President.
Benediction.
Organ Postlude, March from Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg. Wagner.

The Wellesley College Choir. Professor MacDougall at the Organ.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Dr. George S. Gordon, pastor of the Old New South Church, in Boston. Dr. Gordon preached on "The Religion of Friendship," from John XV., 16: "But I have called you friends." He said in part:

"Since the morning of time, friendship has been one of the ways by which the soul of man has taken on excellence, and by which it has pursued the highest possible and the story of the love between Jonathan and David is an immortal romance. The words of Ruth to Naomi are the classic utterance of pure, passionate and permanent affection.

When you look at it in our ordinary human life, how beautiful it is! The child's power to climb up into the life of its parents; the whole hope of childhood is there. A pupil looking up into the eyes of her teacher.

Now here we have capacity following with admiration the great leaders of their time; all looking to the selected leaders of the race as they stand majestic on the field of history, lifting their face to the great constellations that shine forever of the elect and glorious teachers of humanity. This is one of the civilizing powers; this is one of the developing forces of life.

And the great Master Christ, speaks to us. He offers himself to our friendship. He becomes more. He becomes to his disciples a philosophy of friendship. He discovers in every human being the capacity for friendship, and he offers himself as guide into it.

First, there is a capacity for friendship with those who are above us. Jesus is the great introducer to that kind of friendship, and he is the great revealer to each man that he has a capacity for it.

Jesus shows this capacity for friendship in another way—by bringing us into friendship with those who are on the same level with ourselves. And this is a higher attainment. Friendship for those who are of the same class and on the same level with us; it is genuine. It means simply the discovery of God on the level of our own life.

But there is a higher form yet. The discovery of God in what lies below us—below us in the range of being, below us in worth of being, below us in power. The development that comes to a man through entering into fellowship with that which is above him, and with that which is about him, we now trace through his feeling with that which is beneath him. Here then is my final word to you. Take your capacity for friendship to the Master of the Christian world, and ask him to interpret it. Go with him, and he will teach you to reverse to enter, and to possess the God who comes to you from above. Keep close to him, and he will teach you to do something more difficult—to enter and to hold in all reverence and gratitude the God who comes to you from above, and to hold him in reverence and gratitude who are about you, who are of your own time and who stand on your level. Keep close to him, and he will carry you a step further; he will teach you the capacity for friendship with those who are of the same class and who are members of humanity, and through love and pity to enter into the sense of the God who dwells in the dark and terrible side of society.

BACCALAUREATE VESpers.

The last vesper service of the year was held on Sunday night. Unfortunately, the rain continued to come, but so did the people. The visitors who didn't know our musical vespers, came for various reasons, chiefly parental, and the Seniors came because no weather could keep them away from the last of those splendid services that have been so evidently a valued contribution to their enjoyment of the last three years. It was the first time we remembered hearing the Choir sung unassisted on a special vesper evening; their forces have always been augmented by Boston singers, bass and tenor. But they have proved their ability now to more than supply a large organization, and to need no low voices to give it with the greatest credit.

The order of service was as follows:

Service Preludce. (Proclaim, "Jerusalem, the Golden") Messter invocation
Hymn, "O Saviour, Precious Saviour," Mendelssohn
Anthem, "I am the Light," Mendelssohn
Address by the President of the College.
Violin, "Romance" Svendsen
Prayers.
Recessional, "Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise." E. J. Hopkins

President Hazard's address dealt with the elements for strength in life that girl and boy must have from their college years; it made a memorable supplement to the sermon of the morning.
The idea of preaching ideals to idealists like these girls! I hear some of the older English women saying over what a lot they are idealists all; even more, they are to one another, and to many others, themselves embodied ideals, and this hour is the very beginning of all this; of this concreting idealism. It is like laying a duty upon birds and poets to sing, brooks to babble, dreamers to dream.

True enough—gloriously true! But my hope is to say, if possible, the other thing: that word may be made effective in that unknown future, when these bright ideals may be, some of them, get to be dim, ineffective, and dispensable—a bit house-worn, perhaps, and so no longer impinging in the idealic styles of special necessity among our people and in our time.

The dictionaries do not always furnish us with just what we want: the dictionary is not the Academy, but the dictionary may come in finding the desired shades of meaning for your title word, namely, ideal. "An imaginary object or individual in which an idea is conceived to be completely realized, hence a standard or model of that which is or should be," is a standard of desire, an ultimate object or aim, a mental conception of what is most desirable. I am not to speak of ideals of art, no, not of aesthetic ideals or educational ideals, but of ideals of life.

Ideals of life may be separated into several kinds: one, implying conscious or unconscious emulation of some one individual or creature, or a group of individuals; waiting for days and man on fan-er. This may even descend to imitation of appearance—dress, cut of hair, tricks of manner. Approaching this sort of idealism are the fashionable, the i.e., imaginatively exciting the mind's eye and imaginatively existing in certain desired conditions or with certain traits and powers. In the first case one has an idea of a certain situation or an ideal life, and one tries to live up to a conception of a more interesting, more successful, more useful, more admirable, in fact, a better self. Again, we cherish ideals of moral qualities, ideals of duty, industry, good manners, of good behavior, pluck and what not, gathered from various sources.

Life's ideals, you see, may be real or imaginary persons, or groups, or combinations. But, if the detached virtues or accomplishments. These various ideals interblend, but always they serve as standards, low or high, according to our intellectual and moral culture or native virtue.

These are, of course, misnamed, that it is it has only to do with the purely impracticable; to be something entirely outside of life. The misconception comes from adhering to a definition of the word which is legitimate enough, and is due to something which exists only in idea, something, perhaps, which is fanciful, unattainable. They give a moral significance to the toil, and they take the standards and conditions and to which we are using the term more broadly, and, in the broad sense, it is clearly demonstrable that the every-day life of every man, woman and child is governed by his or her ideals. It must be a less than human thing to stand in the path of the race of man, and, in the race of man, that utterly eliminates the influence of standards of ideals from any life. Take the dullest individuals known to you lived, and then had duties and conditions, and then had their ideality; their toil days are utterly lacking in influences from fixed ideals. One way in which you may test this is to run essays for the imaginative, the social or religious group, and then find out what a figure you cut in the eyes of the narrowest and best of spirits in the whole community. You are likely to discover that these have very definite aims and ideals; their ideals may be small, even enough, base; they may be what you call superstitious, yet some of these ideals may be, also, in their way, admirable.

The Russian peasants seem a solid lot: think of the tragedy of the late coronation, where in a panic-stricken crowd, they perished like poor, stupid sheep. But some, at least, of their ideals are of a kind that poets praise I thought so, when I saw lived, a group of individuals, living for days and man on fan-er. They had the idea of the holy fire that incident. It was a pitiful sight when one remembered the long, hard toil, the duties and conditions, and the struggle of man, in the shoulder of wheat and the sowing of the harvest. He made a woman's life, that is, a woman's life, in another state of existence, but it was a spectacle, not without color of ideality, in the unfolding sense.

The old idealist, the benefactor, the returner and the poor fellow with a brain incapable of carrying a great thought without an errant gait, whom we call crank or fanatic—all these have their ideas and are striving, indolently or fortuitously, to attain them. It is the ideal of many truths to be prize-fighters, pick-pockets, or all the round crooks. Not long ago, at College News...
byways of Great Britain. As for Emerson, it is something for you and me to know that this unique genius added new glory to the tongue we speak; that this great citizen loved and believed in the ideals of his own day. (Brander Matthews' 'Great Men') The public, however, did not always make sacred the very time, the very country in which we lived; that we to greatness are not altogether alien, for close to our ears hangs the echo of the eulogy we bestowed on the personality of the great. I have been thinking much lately of two women who not long since passed beyond the veil. One died in the fullness of years; the other in middle age. The one was a life almost entirely olivescent; the other was one largely public. The lives of both were inspired and glorified, from beginning to end, by the noblest of ideals. I wish I could bring these two lives vividly before you, Mr. President, and I feel so much what I mean! Here is what I wish for each of you. Go out into life furnished like them—not necessarily with definite ambitions, though that is well, but with something in your souls that will be the splendiferous and unforgotten standard of every action and desire. Take hold of the daily life—the life of to-day—in the same unexulted spirit of purity, of service, of serene faith in divinest things!

Herself unpublic and unobtrusive—one of these women was in her family relations, the center of a group of remarkable men and women. Not even her husband, while known to be a frequentist, was of the class of men prominently 'public.' With all his reserve, he was a man of such sterling character, and one having so deeply at heart all matters of good citizenship, that he was a great influence on our people, and could have been counted upon in the cause of civic righteousness: his means and his counsel ever in war and peace, at the disposal of those who, to use a common phrase, had 'public business.' So many of his personal taste and cultivation were actively exercised in furthering worthy movements in the pioneer days of reform in the last century. His was a true and intimate couple, in moral and intellectual attributes and enthusiasm.

The names of those near to them by birth or marriage are a roll-call of honor: Lowell, the patriot-poet. Curtis, the civic liberality for her sphere: Barlow and young Lowell, the intrepid soldiers; Minturn, the good citizen; daughter, whose lifetime of devotion to the poor has enriched her in the hearts of many; boyhood friend whose monument on Beacon Hill was not needed to keep in remembrance one of the truest heroes that ever went solemnly to a sacrificial death. Others, too, I could name in the immediate circle—which, even if not by generation near men and women of force, of good-will and wise philanthropy.

With her the virtues of citizenship were not an acquiescence but a passion. Graciously helpful to individual distress; giving out affection and hope tenderly and freely from her own generous stores, her sympathies covered countries and races. There was no endeavor of patriotism that she did not befriend. She inspired the soul of her home men and women breathed the very air of heroism. To her the republic was like a mother beloved, whose pure fame must not be clouded. To those whose ideals were not only a passing aberration: who must be generous, righteous, noble. Let it not be forgotten of her that she loved music—and helped to bring its rest and benediction to the masses of the people. She herself had in her no good thing in life. To her life was indeed ideal.

Of the other woman scarcely do I dare speak in these halls, where her memory and tradition are like a living presence. Here was a life in industry and energy marvelous and undaunted, dedicated to large and ever larger uses, and inspired from first to last by the loveliest ideality. Deeply she felt the impulse and clearly she saw the object of her labor—in herself, surrender, and service: for others, the lifting of the mind and soul through the tritest methods of education to the highest possible levels. Few can hope to match her exceptional accomplishment, but her spirit—her spirit is here to-day an ennobling and becoming ideal in the hearts of teachers and students and all who cherish the beautiful memory of Alice Freeman琼. Judgment, tact, opportunity and success are the complements of her charitable and affection, but above all was the inspiration of the unseen. Always she seemed to hear in the air above her, and ever follow with a bright and perfect confidence, the rasing wings of the angel of the ideal.

To leave on one side the attractive contemplation of ideality as illustrated by these two women, there is the power in the life of both which need to be upheld very especially in our own day and among our own people. Naturally, speaking to women the thought uppermost is that of 'home'—yes, the 'institution,' the 'house,' the 'family.' That nothing more hopelessly, forlornly trite could be put forward on an occasion like this. But the singular thing about it is that this word 'home' in the town where I live no one dares mention it. radically, if there is a single person present the details of whose social antecedents are not known.

And, in fact, I am somewhat sensitive about bringing it here and now to your attention, for one never knows what—against the social amenities—blood may be drawn by a stroke in the dark. In the last campaign, at the story of the divorce, it was made clear that divorce will never be as popular as marriage until it includes presents. (There, I did not mean to mention the hateful word!) The very member that would be married the other day was opposed to divorce. Hunt used to say that she considered some things settled—and that marriage and the home were among these things; but that and I believe with very few exceptions these may not. I cannot bring myself to multiplying words on a theme like this, in a presence such as this—but can any one say that there is not a practical side to ideality, when the lack of a high ideal has made despair to all, when it has made us drag down in so many minds and in so many lives that state which should be the noblest in the existence of humanity; that should have allied to it such a sense and standard of mutual for- bearance, of mutual service, of self-control, of dignity, of consecration?

Another theme that has long seemed irresistible is that of the virtues commonwealth. And it should be a citadel of philosophers in all ages. We, in America, once well nigh assumed that the centuries had reserved for us and for our children this immemorial aim from above—from the wisdom of the good and wise. And to-day we scarcely dare to open the morning paper for dread of the revelations that may stare us in the face of new and even more hideous civic corruption. In one city government after another, and in state after state, the corruption of office, the process of scandal follows scandal: till one is in danger of growing morbid and dishheartened at the blackmail, bribery and partnership which have largely governed public life. The most visible scandal—indeed, the scandal of the last campaign was of the very kind that demoralizes citizenship, and, if unchecked, would destroy the nation itself.

And the evil is not merely political and governmental; it goes deeper—often into methods of business and finance, sometimes into the relations between capital and labor, frequently into the relations between men of affairs and the professional political manipulators. There is a pitiful, an unpatriotic lack of scruple on the part of men, who, while protecting property from the attacks of demagogues and adventurers in office, might be their most able selves to resist the temptation of corrupt practices. As few, if any of you, expect to have the opportunity of voting at elections, you may think that this is such a matter of remote from the possible activities. You will find that it is not.

When you go out from this college into the community, you will discover that women who neither vote nor wish to vote are directly assisting very effectively in political reforms of a local or national character. And they are the ones who are raising the greatest question of the campaign—when they promoting to-day the pressing cause of civil service reform, and I do truly hope you may each be able to lend a helping hand. But you are not necessary to this reform, you are not the only which you anticipate. You will be doing a good work for the state and for society if you follow your professional, or your private, household life—(in the spirit that has been a part of the direct and indirect teaching of this institution of learning—to each of you so dear. You will be helping the honest citizenship of America. If, even without specific work for public political reform, you simply maintain and exalt, and are never, never ashamed of your youthful ideals of honor, of honesty and of moral courage.

Soon enough the question of political or financial scrip will be brought home to each of you—most likely through the best that is in you, through your friendly interest and natural affections. It may even be revealed to you that your own tacit declarations are working against the success of an institution whose spirit you know, making it hard for him to refuse a usual acquiescence in some sort of rascality, in order that your comfort or your luxury may not be endangered.

You will not only be an influence for good or evil in the contacts of family and society, but you, with your culture, will have been shaping the opportunity; not for the political system or the government, but for the community that governs government and life. What shall be your part in giving tone to your own home and to your own community? Will this not depend upon whether or not your own better ideals are to be right and true in your life and reflected in the life of those near to you, making it hard for him to refuse a usual acquiescence in some sort of rascality, in order that your comfort or your luxury may not be endangered?

The envy of wealth and worldly success—what is more degrading? But who can keep, in entering a well-to-do household, from being flattered by the difference between what is there and the simple comfort of life? Has anything other than intense industry and application, unusual ability and opportunity, been paid for these possessions? Has honor been surrendered? Has tact compliance with business or political crookedness been the price? Is the
The effort had been in keeping silent while a partner or associate trustee made a cor-
desult. In a word, is this fortune built upon hard work, in-
government and, in the battle, that men and women of honor and patriotism and moral bravery are waging all over this
in the cause of decency and good government?

Imagine yourself the woman of that house. What will be your respon-
sibility for your moral attitude? It does not

I spoke of the monument to Colonel Shaw over there in Bos-
ton. I was staying across the lake yonder at the time of its
unveiling. You know how great and how significant, a touching occasion. Particularly interesting it all
was to me, for I had seen the work grow year by year under the
hand of the patient master—our great sculptor, St. Gaudens—
strain and effort and inspiration—very, very close and near.

What a thrilling monument it is! When sculpture such as this,
and the glorious Sherman just unveiled in New York are erected in
these days, I hope that there are those who possess the
artistic interest of the old Italian towns. You know the

"Shaw" well. In these closing words, let me recall its features.
I hope you will let me say so, also to ask you to asso-
ciate this monument with the thought that I have expressed
upon you to-day. Remember the swing of the salut
soldier, with the cheerful faces of their race kindled into new determina-
tions; the drooping, drooping, drooping flag of the
remember the sensitive, exquisite, resolute devoted

President Hazard's Commencement Address.

As this class of 1903 leaves the college walls, it is perhaps
appropriate to pause for a moment and review the changes which
have taken place in the college.
The class of 1893 graduated one hundred and thirty-one
members: this class has one hundred and forty-nine members. The
majority, which was only about one hundred and eighty-six in
1903 are eighty-hundred and eighty-six in this year
one-third in the four years. This growth of the college has
not been a growth along in numbers, but in extension in many
departments, and in the courses taken in the
riculum. In several departments notable advances have been
made, especially in the growth of the departments of Art and Music,
which has been most notably observed.

In 1893, while all the externals were in a flourishing condition,
and the busy life went on, to those who had charge of the admin-
istration of the college, there was a heavy cloud on the horizon.
The college was burdened by debt; it had small financial re-
sources and was living on its income from day to day. It was
most important to make this beautiful fabric secure, and the
work was one of extreme delicacy, that of putting in foundation
stones while the structure was already standing in apparent se-
curity. This has made the patience and ingenuity of all
concerned with the administration.

In the freshman year of this class, in 1900, through the strenu-
ous and devoted exertions of the alumnae, the college was re-

The work has gone on steadily of increasing the foundation
thus auspici-
ously begun. This year, it is with great satisfaction that I can announce that Mr. Rockefeller's gift of $100,000 has
been placed in the Art Building, to be known as the Day-Kimball do-
nation. Deducting these sums it gives us over $150,000 as per-
nent, the college endowment, off-setting Mr. Rockefeller's gift, the sum of $35,000. In this new endowment money is includ-
ed $85,000 for the endowment of the Chair of Music $10,000, for a
chair fund for the support and encouragement of our singing at
Wellesley, and $15,000 for the endowment of the Chair of Eco-

Within the four years, from commencement time, 1893, until
this college has received over $730,000. Of this, $200,-
\000 went to cancel the debt, and $150,000 is for the new heating-

Within the four years, the sum of $800,000 in endowment has been accumu-
larried, and the President Bolling Pomeroy bequest of $500,000 will give us a new dormitory. These
sums, therefore, cannot be counted as college endowment. There
is also in excess of $150,000 of scholarship endowment received within the four
years. But deducting these amounts, it leaves our endowment
nearly $850,000. By October of this year we have good hope
that it will surpass this amount. The thanks of all Wellesley
alumnae and students are due to Mr. Rockefeller, both for his
courage and substantial gifts, this result could not have

It is impossible to pass over this commencement season with
out some brief mention of the great loss which the college has
sustained in the death of its former president, and honored trus-
tee, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer. How she would have rejoiced
at this completion of the year's work in which she had so warm
and keen an interest! Her heart was here at Wellesley and her
devotion untrusting to all that concerned its welfare. At the
Meeting this morning, while the reading, while the app
in her name, and in honor of her memory, the Alice Freeman Palmer Fellowship, which is endowed in the sum of $25,000; the income to be used by one person appointed
by the President for the benefit of students who have made great
in the hands of the alumni. It is founded in Mrs. Palmer's own
spirit, open to any young woman, a graduate of any American
college, to use in the scholarship and to aid in the training
that the study of the liberal arts, however, not more than twenty-six years of age, and who has distinguished
herself in the special studies to which she has devoted herself.
It is the gift of a dear friend of Mrs. Palmer, whose benefactions to
the college have already been great and of permanent and pers
sive influence.

But I venture to say that no gift to the college could be more rich in association and in inspiration than this gift of
Alice Freeman Palmer. We have been so greatly re-
ecive from the hands of Mrs. David P. Kimball.

Another loss closely associated with Mrs. Palmer's death, is that of Professor Wenkloch, for nineteen years connected with the college, a man of great learning and devoted service, which has been famed throughout the land. Her partnership and
tship and friendship to Mrs. Palmer was always intense, and I cannot but feel that the last farewell bestowed upon the al-
chairman, the form—the ideal, eternally leading, eternally
lifting, eternally inspiring.
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The last event before Commencement itself, was the reception given by President Hazard to the Seniors and their guests on Monday evening, June 22. The first and second floor corners were crowded, and, in the Browning Room, President Hazard and Dean Pendleton received all the evening. The College Concert, which came at the same time, was given on the second floor by an excellent orchestra. The reception differed from most of those that we are accustomed to in its profusion of people we did not know. Its scarcity of those we did know and the vociferous, uninviting efforts of the few to make us meet all the many. It was a merry ending to a dismal enough day,—the coolness of the night prevented any discomfort in the crowded halls, the spirited music kept us all in lively mood, and the hope of a clear to-morrow sent us home happy.

Notice—1903-1904.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Wellesley Magazine, per year. $1.25
Single copy. 15
College News, to non-residents, per year. 75
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ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The editor of this column wishes to express her gratitude to all who have contributed alumnae news during the past year; she wishes, also, to make a plea on behalf of the newly-elected editor, for more generous contributions in the future. Many alumnae hesitate to send items, which would be of interest to their friends, not realizing that it is only by personal contributions that this information may be obtained.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Lewis, '91, has accepted an appointment in the State University of Missouri. Miss Lewis goes to the University as Advisor of Women, a title for which Columbia University furnishes the only precedent. Miss Lewis will offer one or two courses in graduate and undergraduate work in English Literature, and will also be Head of Recreation Hall, a new stone building just completed for the accommodation of twenty-five women students of the institution.

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b. "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast" Mendelssohn
II. a. "Mobile Prince" Brown
b. Valse, Amoureux Mendelssohn
III. a. "Love's Question" E. Meyer-Helmund
b. "A Little Dog Barked at the Big Round Moon" Grace Wilbur Conant
IV. "Trip Round the World" Arranged by Aubrey Stauffer
V. a. "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" J. W. Hill
b. "Nursery Rhymes" Arthur F. M. Constable
VI. a. "Cupid's Garden" Arranged by Louis Xenobyrin
b. "The Passing Band" G. L. Lansing
VII. a. "Mens Sana" Words by Katherine Lee Bates
b. Selected

Glee Club

IX. "Alma Mater" Selected by Glee and Mandolin Clubs

Degrees Conferred June 23, 1903.

MASTER OF ARTS.
Katie Marie Opperman, (B. A., University of Indiana, 1903.) Cochran, Ind. Botany and Zoology.
Alice Belle Stratton, (B. A., Carleton College, 1903.) Northfield, Minn. History.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.
Cora Mabel Adams, Udcita Doty Brown, Lillian Hortensia Bruce, Helen Louise Baldwin.
Susan Belle Anshe, Clara Christobel Cannon, Mabel Florence Champlin, Rosamund Clark.
Louise Woodward Allen, Martha Elizabeth Clark, Mignon Baker, Edith Clifford.
Mary Frances Anderson, Saule Cornell Barrett, Helen M. Coale, Florence Mendall Cocks.
Lottie Atwood, Elisabeth Bass, Elizabeth Dickson Conover.
Norah Baird, Edith Rostie Batt, Mary Haines Crambie.
Alice Louise Baker, Christine Louise Brinkman, Alice Ethel Coates.
Alice Lounsbury, Clarice G. Coates, Aliceeda Chrystal.
Vera Catherine Bowen, Ethel Mildred Dean, Grace Mildred Dixon.

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