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A NEW YEAR'S LETTER.

Luxor, Upper Egypt.

New Year's Day, 1907.

I have two cable messages to thank my dear girls for—one from the first Student Government meeting of the year, and one on Christmas Day, from the Dean in behalf of the whole college. I hope you did not have the difficulty I had in sending my Christmas greetings from Alexandria.

"Estatis Unis, Estatis Unis?" the puzzled official questioned; and then, with an air of pleased discovery, "C'est Brazil!"

We landed in Egypt just two weeks ago to-day. The autumn had been spent quietly on the shore of Lake Geneva; a month in charming Vevey, and a month high up in the Alps. A woman greatly beloved, everyone knows, but the Chastées de Bonay and Chastelard, in some ways even more beautiful, of these one seldom hears. The quaint mountain villages are full of life and interest. It is the canton de Vaud, famous in medieval annals, with stride of reformers, and the seething of new ideas. Here two Charles the First's judges took refuge, and were protected from the demands of his son that they should be delivered to vengeance. And here in pre-historic days were the lake-dwellers, those mysterious primeval men, whose remains balance the efforts of learning to place them in time.

Then came an enchanted fortnight; the first day through the Simplon Tunnel in seventeen minutes to Milan, where we lodged in the very shadow of the cathedral. After a few days there, to Florence, over the mountains and through Bologna, where one longed to stop. I know Florence well, and it was a delight to tread its familiar streets again and stand at the foot of the wonderful Campanile. Our Lady of the Flower was never more lovely, or her city more fascinating. You must get Miss Jackson and Mr. MacDougal in Billings Hall Library to show you some books I sent over from there. Then came Rome with a service in St. Peter's and a drive on the Appian Way, that road of the dead, thick set with memorials, the most beautiful of which is the garlanded tomb of Cecilia Metella, a woman greatly beloved. The Campagnas with its ruined aqueducts looked old and wonderful to us, and Miss Bates' enthusiasm rose when for the first time we saluted Father Tiber. But we did not know then what was in store for us! A lovely six-hours' railway journey brought us to Naples, with a beautiful sunset on the bay and Capri glowing in the distance. It was fortunate we had that, for that was all the sun we had in our two days. The rajas descended and the winds blew the next morning—a good wet day to see the Aquarium and Dr. Dorhn, the celebrated naturalist, who is its director. Our Alice Freeman Palmer Fellow was a guest at the Palace Zoological Station last year, and our Professor Wilcox, if I mistake not, has done research work in it. We had not time to go to Pompeii, but spent a long afternoon in the Museum, where the chief treasures are. The lovely Capua Venus is there, and the bronzes found in the villas of great men, and the long gallery of portrait busts—Homer, looking so like our dear Edward Everett Hale one feels like speaking to him, and Socrates with his round face and pug nose, and the smiling, merry lips, yet the lips that drank the hemlock without a quiver. Such lifelike faces are they, they might be met on Boston Common to-day.

The less said of the voyage the better. The Mediterranean ought to be blue and calm, with soft and gentle waves. It can be, as we found, wild and tempestuous, and our ship we discovered was nicknamed the "Rolling Billy," and was famous for smashing dashes and upsetting passengers—a reputation she quite lived up to on our trip. Stromboli saluted us in passing with a globe of fire, a splendid sight in the dusk of a dark and stormy day.

And then came Alexandria! Palm trees, and camels and blue-robed slender figures with white turbans on their heads, and the few women in the streets moving furiously along, veiling their faces with their black shawls, or with a queer bit of yellow box-wood stripped across the forehead, from which the veil hung just below the eyes. It is the mouth, apparently, which has to be covered, not the eyes. How can one ever forget the first journey in such a land! Camels were strolling disdainfully about the fields sometimes hidden almost entirely under loads of straw, so that just their noses and their legs were visible; buffaloes turned the great wheels which brought the life-giving water; donkeys went pattering about, sadly shaking their long ears over the hardness of their lot. Through cotton and sugar fields the train sped, through mud villages shaded with palms, and in a quick three hours, like shadows against the blue sky, rose the Pyramids!

We went to see them the next day—those vast structures which had known forty centuries before the Christian era began. And in the sand, half buried at their foot, lies the sphinx, with the calm, majestic face and the blind, searching eyes, looking always to the east for the sun in his arising. But we did not linger in Cairo, hoping to see it later, and hastened on to this center of the world; Pylon column which was mistress of learning and of art before Rome was dreamed of, the hundred-gated Babel. And here we are, and hope to stay a while. Here is the Temple of Apis, one of the wonders of the world, with its papyrus columns like great bundles of kingdoms, and the huge temple of Pentaur, the royal scribe, celebrating the triumph of Ramses II over the Hittites. He is supposed to be the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, the Pharaoh of the oppression. Here he stands and sits in statues forty feet high. In front of the temple and on the embankment of the Nile are the splendid obelisks, whose mate Napoleon took as his most precious trophy to Paris, where many of you have seen it in the Place de la Concorde. A little farther down the Nile is Karnak, the shrine of the three gods—Ammon, the All-father, Mut, the Mother, and Khons, the Son. This is the Theban triad, the three-life principles. How shall I tell you of the great avenue of sphinxes leading to the entrance? And once more, sitting creatures they are, with the body of a lion, close together, an endless procession, and every column and pillar and in the center the sisters of that beautiful obelisk known as Cleopatra's needle, which is now on the one end of the embankment, and the magnificent foundations, in the history of man. From this great temple the funeral cortege passed, of kings too, on their way across the Nile to that city of the dead, to which the road of the Sphinxes leads. Charon literally rowed across the Styx, and there are those who say that Jupiter is simply a translation of Ammon-Ra. The All-father was adored in all his manifestations, and Jupiter—perhaps there has been in this land—the unity was forgotten, and each attribute became a deity, until the First Cause was merged in the intermediate.

One comes back to the present with almost an effort from these great achievements of the past. The truly great patriarchs move in the streets; the Nile flows in its yellow flood as it has for thousands of years; the tuft of these changeless skies looks down on the dust from which man was made. One has new measures of time, new standards of value.

For this is the world.
Time was not and is.
The grave and life's bliss
Together are furl'd.

Here's old, and here's new.
In the old write your name,
It still is the same.
And what if it grew
Just to be only one.
One in each, one in all,
In great and in small,
While centuries run?

For on Christmas Day
Life itself comes to birth
To encompass the earth.

The Truth, and the Way.

CAROLINE HAZARD.
Years ago, the favorite subject for the Friday afternoon "Composition" was "The Four Seasons." The youthful student of English composition described in detail, according to precedent, the four seasons—Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter, giving the exact dates when each season began and ended. From the impression received, one might expect to go to sleep on the night of March twenty-first with the wind howling and driving the snow against the window pane and to awake in the morning by the twitter of all the spring birds to find the ground covered with the first greens of spring. Fortunately for the school children of today the method of instruction in English has been somewhat changed and they are seldom asked to cope with that time-worn subject, "The Seasons." It would indeed, be a difficult subject to write upon in these days. We defy anyone to divide this year into the earlier seasons. We do not doubt, however, that the robins who visited us when we first returned to college, have since regretted that they did not heed the divisions of the year as marked off in the compositions of our grandmother's days.

Through the kindness of President Hazard, copies of Miss Charlotte Coman's address in memory of Henry Fowler Durant which was delivered here last February, have been sent to all seniors. Those who did not have the pleasure of hearing the address will find it well worth while to look over one of these copies. In founding Wellesley, Mr. Durant did not simply provide the pecuniary means and leave someone else to supply the care and interest. He put his own life into the work; he was the builder of the college. College Hall, where we go in and out each day, was not the work alone of an architect and builders who were merely interested in the building as a building. It was the result of much planning and personal thought of Mr. Durant, himself. Mr. and Mrs. Durant studied to find out what would be best even in little details. They planned this college for us not in differentially as for a body of unknown girls in whom they had no personal interest, but as one would plan a home for those whom he loved.

It is perhaps a small thing, for example, that we have windows on the stairways in College Hall out of which we may catch glimpses of Lake Waban as we hurry from class to class. This is not, however, a mere chance, a happening as it were, in the plans of the architect. They were planned for our pleasure by Mr. and Mrs. Durant.

In accordance with Mr. Durant's express wish, there is no picture or statue of him in College Hall, but there are innumerable little conveniences and luxuries which we have come to take as a matter of course, which are in truth, the best sort of memorial of the personality and painstaking love of the founder of Wellesley.
COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Wednesday, January 23, at 4:20 P.M., in Billings Hall, Symphony Lecture by Professor Macdougall.

Thursday, January 24, at 7:30 P.M., in College Hall Chapel, regular mid-week prayer meeting of the Christian Association.

Friday, January 25, at 8 P.M., in the Faculty Parlor, lecture by Mr. John F. Moors of Boston upon the "Relief Work in San Francisco."


7 p.m., vespers with special music.

Monday, January 28, at 7:30 P.M., in College Hall Chapel, lecture by Dr. Rufus Richardson upon "Excavations at Mycenae and Crete."

Tuesday, January 29, at 4:20 P.M., in Billings Hall, recital by students in the Music Department.

4:15 p.m., in College Hall Chapel, lecture by Mr. C. T. Copeland of Harvard University upon "Tibeting."

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Monday afternoon, January fourteenth, the Juniors of the Shakespeare Society gave a masquerade dance at the Barn.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Christian Association was held in the College Hall Chapel on Thursday evening, January 17. After the reports of the last business meeting, of the treasurer, and of the work of the Maids' Committee were read, a number of new members were received into the Association.

Miss Heber entertained the Scribblers' Club at the Tau Zeta Epsilon House on Friday evening, January eighteenth. Miss Tatum read.

On Friday afternoon, January 18, the Student Volunteer Band held a business meeting.

At the vesper service, on Sunday evening, January twentieth, an address was made by Miss Helen Dudley of Dennison House, Boston, at the invitation of the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlements Association.

Miss Edith Ward, 1908, and Miss Louise Somers, 1908, have resigned from the Glee Club, and Miss Lizzie Laughton, 1908, and Miss Martha Cecil, 1909, have been elected new members.

The class of 1907 held a prayer meeting at the Shakespeare House after the vesper service, on Sunday evening, January twenty. Miss Minnie Hastings led the meeting.

Immediately after the vesper service on Sunday evening, January twentieth, the Sophomores held a class prayer meeting in the Students' Parlor, College Hall. Miss Elizabeth Adamson was the leader.

The Cross Country Club met at the Fiske Gate on Monday afternoon, January 21, for a five-mile walk to Echo Bridge. The club returned by electric.

Mr. Marshall Darragh of New York City is giving a series of Shakespeare Readings in Jordan Hall, Boston, at 8:15 P.M., Mondays, January 14, 21 and 28. The plays presented are respectively, "Comedy of Errors," "Hamlet," and "Midsummer Night's Dream." Tickets may be found at the Registrar's office.

Even after delay which is much regretted, the College announces the death of Mr. V. C. Sweetman, a valued friend and the donor of a scholarship which has enabled many students to complete the course at Wellesley. Mr. Sweetman died last November.

THE VALUE OF A GENERAL SECRETARY.

Just at this time, when we are all thinking how much we wish to give to the support of the General Secretary for next year, it may not be amiss to say a few words in general concerning the value of a General Secretary to a college association.

First of all, let me try and answer an objection. When the advisability of having a General Secretary first began to be discussed, in 1901, I remember hearing one girl say that she believed it would weaken the Association to employ a General Secretary, because it would diminish the work of the officers, and the strength or weakness of any organization depends upon the amount of work which its members put into it. Granted, but the General Secretary does not diminish the work of the officers, but increases it. That is, to employ a General Secretary means that the Association shall do the same amount of work that it did before, and that of this work, the Secretary shall do the greater part, and the officers less, but rather that the whole Association shall do more work than it has ever done, that the officers shall do as much as they did previously, and that the General Secretary and a great many members who have never done any work before, shall do the rest.

To put the same fact in more positive terms, the General Secretary is a source of strength to the Association, because she plans for it a larger field of work than it could do without her, and then divides this work not only among the members of committees, but among many girls who are not connected with the Association in an official way. Of course, too, she does a large share of the work herself, but her principal service is in organizing and planning the work, a feat, which the President, with all her academic duties, has not time to do adequately.

Again, the General Secretary represents the Association to religious organizations outside the college. The Association has sent delegates to a convention; when they return, neigh-

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MR. DREW'S LECTURE ON CHINA.

On Monday evening, January 11, Mr. Edward Drew, Commissioner of Customs in China, delivered a lecture on "The Awakening of China." In the sixties, Sir Robert Hart, at the head of all Chinese customs, applied through the State Department at Washington for a few young American men to enter service. Harvard, Yale and Union each nominated one of their recent graduates. Mr. Drew was the choice of Harvard. He has made a study of China ever since he has been in the Chinese service, and so is extraordinarily well acquainted with all the customs.

Mr. Drew began by briefly showing the relations existing between China and the other nations, and emphasized the fact that the Chinese have been unjustly treated by them; that the Chinese originally treated the foreigner well, until the latter displayed such greed, that the Chinese "closed the clam-shell" and allowed foreigners to trade only at the port of Canton, and in return we force ourselves upon them. Here Mr. Drew went back to show the conditions which existed in China before 1860. At this time Europe insisted upon extending the number of open ports, and by force France and Great Britain took Pekin and proceeded to dictate a treaty whose terms were most unfavorable to China, and which the Chinese, naturally enough, did not feel bound to obey. The conditions of this treaty were those which no power would impose upon an equal, for they insisted that European ships should trade along the coast and that China should not raise the tariff. In this connection Mr. Drew assured us that the Chinese were not slow to recognize the incongruity between the action of Christian nations and the teaching of the Golden Rule by the missionaries from these same nations. To the intelligent Chinaman, these conditions appear in all their injustice and he says, "We'll have no more of it; we'll throw it off."

Then in 1895 came the war between China and Japan which opened the eyes of China and gave her a new ambition. Scholars arose in China who grew more and more powerful and finally persuaded the Emperor that what their country needed was reform along many lines. Immediately the Emperor set to work to reform China in three months. Numerous edicts were issued and finally plans were laid for the arrest of the Emperor Dowager. But the Emperor had been too fast and the result was his own capture by the Empress Dowager, and he is still in a state of virtual tutelage to her. The edicts are now issued, "We are instructed by the Empress Dowager to—"

Between 1896 and 1898 the European powers tried to wring concessions out of China and the partition of China was begun which resulted in the Boxer Insurrection. This wave of fanatic patriotism showed plainly to the foreign powers that China was tired of their invasions, and it saved the country from further partition. Mr. Drew believe that while there was no excuse for the insurrection in its awful extreme, yet the Empress Dowager cannot be blamed for casting her lot with the Insurgents. Her edicts issued about this time show a high degree of patriotism. After this insurrection the foreign powers again laid upon China an enormous indemnity, the full amount of which has not yet been collected. $22,000,000 are now in the United States treasury, although the claims for losses have been met. Mr. Drew suggests that this be given back to China.

A new wave of reform is now sweeping over China as a result of the Russian-Japanese War. China is attempting to make a new constitution, to promote education, to strengthen the military organization and to establish a sounder financial system. In all of these reforms the wisdom of the Empress Dowager is clearly shown; she realizes that it will take much time and experience to perfect these attempts and for that reason she has sent delegates to the different nations to report the best methods to be used in her country. We remember the visit of the commissioners to this country last year. There is a tremendous impulse toward higher education; a sweeping away of old systems and a seeking for new ideas.
What Should Settlements Mean to Our Immigrant Population?

Miss Scudder, speaking at vespers on December 9, said in part: "The contrast is strong between this audience and the rows of dark Italian faces which I confronted a week ago in a hall at the North End. Desire was upon me to tell these people what was the greatest glory of our American life. And what should I say? Our splendid material development can hardly be pointed out complacently to people living in the poverty-stricken North End. Our political system, as known to recent immigrants, is no subject for gratulation. Our religious life hardly touches them. I cast about for something in our nation untainted and uplifting; and I found it in the great movement of social reform, which if we look truly at its many aspects, summons men to a new chivalry and constitutes the romance of our democracy."

"It is easy at Wellesley to forget the unity of this movement, for we hear of it only in fragments. We listen to talks on child labor, on the Anti-tuberculosis League, on Trades-unions, on the Civic Association, on Settlements; or a strag Socialist may present to us a more synthetic idea of the movement for social regeneration. The exponents of these activities are often not aware of their connection. The doctor fighting tuberculosis may be opposed to trades-unions; the agitator against child labor may be indifferent to the Civic Association. Yet all are converging toward the nobler society of the future, where there shall be no chance for disease, where all children shall be happy and free, all cities fair. Quite unconsciously, a new fellowship, a fellowship of social service, has arisen in the modern world.

"One often hears it said that the social reform movement is superficial and non-religious; that if once men are converted, social wrongs will vanish of themselves. Perfectly true! And the movement of social reform is the exact measure of the degree to which conversion has already taken place. For no man in whom the Spirit of Christ has been born can to-day escape from social compunction or refrain from social effort. One hears much about the great, the heroic cause of foreign missions. Well and good. But the movement of foreign missions will be empty and corrupt,—returned missionaries are the first to tell us so,—unless we work busily at Christianizing our non-Christian civilization at home. Foreign missions? They are here, the foreigners, Armenians, Greeks, Slavs, Latins, come to make part of the very flesh and blood of our Republic! We watch the most dramatic movement history has known since the Goths overwrought the Roman empire.

"Something about the movement of social reform I tried then to tell the Italians. But I talked to them of unfamiliar things—politics they know, religious propaganda they dread, but of these efforts they had never heard. The very phrases used, such as Standard of Life, were strange to them. Yet the whole movement is intimately related to the immigrant peoples. It is their children whom we wish to protect from slavery, their women whom we must save from the sweat-shop, the parts of the city where they live which we long to cleanse and beautify. How can we win their co-operation, how draw them into conscious unity with our efforts toward the higher life?"

"Just here, should come in the function of settlements. What other agency have we that can show a true hospitality to these people?"

The speaker then gave an account of the educational and social work done for Italians at Denison House.

"Surely, we should be glad that Wellesley College is able to take an active part in this inspiring movement. To many good causes, the college can contribute chiefly money, but the College Settlement cause, controlled by the chapters in the colleges, is in its special sense its own,—an extension of the college, a vital part of the college life, in which every undergraduate should share.

"One is often asked, is the settlement movement religious? In reply, attention may be drawn to a suggestive book by H.
ALUMNAE NOTES.

This column will contain items concerning Alumnae, former students, and past and present members of the Faculty. Other items will occasionally be added which are thought to be of special interest to the readers of the Alumnae Notes.

Among the Christmas poetry of 1906 the following were noted: in the Outlook, "The Star of Bethlehem," by Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of English Literature; in the Churchman, "The Shepherds," by Sophie Jewett, Associate Professor of English Literature.

A poem by Florence Wilkinson, 1892, "A Salutation to Russia" appeared in McClure's for December.

"Education" for December published a paper on "The College Entrance Examination Board's Questions in English" by Martha Hale Shackford, Associate Professor of English Literature.

Professor Samuel McCabe Lindsay, husband of Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, 1883, has resigned his position at the University of Pennsylvania to accept the professorship of Social Legislation at Columbia University and to become head of the School of Philanthropy of the city of New York. Miss Elice Langdon Stern, B.A., 1899, M. A., 1902, is teaching in Princeton, Illinois; her address is 1212 Peru street.


Mrs. Arthur Kenyon Rogers (Helen Worthington Rogers, 92) is doing a fine work in her capacity as "chief probation officer of Marion County," Indiana. It is generally conceded that she has been the chief instrument in organizing the best juvenile court in the country. She has a staff of volunteer probation officers of six hundred members. The judge of the court is of advanced age, and relies on her judgment implicitly.

Last spring the people of Louisville sent for her to organize their juvenile court, and she is recognized as the front of movement in the state.

Miss Gertrude Schopperle, 1902, has been awarded the Elizabeth Allen Paton Fellowship by Radcliffe College for the year 1906-07. It is given annually to a graduate student who has begun some piece of research work in the Department of English or of Modern Languages, "as a recognition of character and scholarship without regard to financial circumstances."

Miss Maude W. Collier, 1906, has accepted a position in the Emma Willard School, Troy, New York.

Miss Helen Hazel Els, 1906, is assistant librarian in the public library of Grand Junction, Colorado.

Miss Emma G. Tueller, 1906, is teaching in the High School of Franklin, Vermont.

Miss Ethel Foster Reed, 1906, has accepted a position to teach in Plainfield, New Jersey. Her address is 141 Grove street, Plainfield.

Miss Ruth Frances Woodsmith, graduate student 1905-06, is in charge of the departments of Latin and German in the High School of Ouray, Colorado.

DEATHS.

September 6, 1906, at Stamford, New York, Lulu E. Packer, 1901.


January 14, 1907, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Emily Stewart Howard, 1892, (Mrs. Arthur L. Howard).
THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

Tuesday evening, January 15, Dr. Alexander Francis lectured in College Hall chapel, on the condition of the Russian Peasant. Dr. Francis was introduced by Professor Kendall, and after some humorous remarks, which he stated were for the sole purpose of becoming accustomed to his own voice, he said that he would tell a series of personal incidents which would serve as side lights on the subject.

Not many weeks ago, Dr. Francis arrived at a small town on the Volga, and was met at the station by a friend, a girl of twenty-one, who was an ex-guard of the city police and the explanation of her office was most amusing. After the Czar had granted the constitution, the citizens of the town had determined to have a guard of women to show that they were governed not by force but by their own free will. Accordingly the cossacks were disbanded and a guard of young women formed. But in a very short time the citizens begged to have the cossacks restored, they had found the petty tyrannies of the girls greater than they could bear.

In illustration of the servitude of the Russian peasant, Dr. Francis told of the loss of two of his servants. His cook, a village woman, neglected to send back to her village her yearly tax. The women sent for her and she was obliged to leave her situation, where she was comfortable and happy and to go back to her village where peasant employment was impossible and where, because of long absence, she had no interests and few friends. The other servant, Ivan, had come under the influence of a Lutheran missionary, and received the sacrament in the Lutheran Church, thereby cutting himself off from the Russian Church and exposing himself to severe punishment. He did not receive the worst possible sentence, however, but was sent back to his own village, the object being to separate him from foreign influence and so bring him back to the mother church. It is by this short sighted method of punishment, that Anglicanism has spread throughout Russia.

Dr. Francis spoke of the way in which Russian subjects are treated, how, what would seem to an American their personal rights were not respected. As an example he mentioned a young Russian girl, who had become entangled in some radical social movement and had fallen under suspicion. One morning, in her own home, a servant brought her the card of a friend, asking her to come down to her carriage, as she was too weak from a recent illness to come in. The girl, as she leaned into the carriage, was drawn inside, and driven away. Her brother, with whom she lived, searched in vain for months, but at last a man brought to him a bit of paper, on which the number fourteen was written in blood. This he guessed to mean cell 14, in the government prison and there with much difficulty he found his sister, but could help her in no possible way. Here she was kept in absolute solitary confinement, and later sent to Siberia, and all this without the merest pretense of a trial.

Concerning the revolution, Dr. Francis said it was being carried on in exact imitation of the French Revolution. Post cards, with pictures of the various events of the French Revolution on them, were being circulated among the peasants and they were incited to imitate the different deeds. "As the French brought their king from Versailles, so let us bring the Czar from Peterhof. Let us wave red flags and march to the Marseillaise, for thus the French did, and just as long as this condition lasts, and the Revolution remains, not in the hearts of the people, but merely as sham, so long will the Revolution and the things it stands for be a failure."

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and the Revolution remains, not in the hearts of the people, but merely as sham, so long will the Revolution and the things it stands for be a failure."

MUSIC NOTES.

On Monday evening, January 21, 1907, the college had the pleasure of hearing Olga Samaroff, pianist. Madame Samaroff delighted her hearers by her charming personality and grace as well as by her superb rendering of the numbers. She showed her power and force in Chopin's music. For a young woman and moreover for one who has come into prominence so recently, Madame Samaroff has met with great success. Her tour of this country, which she has been making this past year, has been exceedingly successful. She has played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and met well-deserved applause in all musical circles. The college feels very grateful for having been permitted to hear her at Wellesley.

PROGRAMME.

Prelude, Chorale and Fugue..............Cesar Franck
Prelude in F major, Op. 28, No. 23.
Prelude in D minor, Op. 28, No. 24........Chopin
Etude, Op. 25, No. 3.
Sonata, B minor, Op. 58.
Rhapsodie, G minor.
Capriccio, B minor........................Brahms
Notturno................................Sgambati
Toccata................................Delibes
Mephisto Waltz..............................Liszt

In Billings Hall, Tuesday afternoon, January 22, 1907, students in the Music Department gave a recital.

There will be a "Symphony Programme" in Billings Hall, Wednesday afternoon, January 23, 1907, at 4:20 P.M., in anticipation of the concert, Saturday, January 26.

Following is the Concert Programme:
The Mystic Trumpets (after Walt Whitman)....F. S. Converse
"Harold in Italy" Symphony..................H. Berlioz
Soloist, Mme. Melba.

Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Foster of our Music Department are to give a Pianoforte and Violin Recital at Mt. Holyoke, Tuesday, January 29, 1907.

Professor Macdougall is to give an Organ Recital at Williams College on Wednesday afternoon, January 30, 1907.

NOTICE.

Wanted exceedingly. — A good topical song to be sung at the Glee Club Concert. It should have two or three verses with a chorus. Any good tune may be used.

Reward. — One excellent ticket for either concert.

Will every one try as hard as she can and as soon as she can, and give all her products to Miss Lucille B Drummond, leader.
It was with a distinct shock of surprise that I first saw, at a lecture given in Biltings Hall by one of Germany’s eminent professors, a Wellesley student listening. This professor had been sent by the Kaiser to one of our greatest universities for men, that the American student at home might have an opportunity to gain that idea of German scholarship which so many have gone to Germany to seek. He had consented, perhaps with some curiosity and interest, to lecture before the students of one of America’s foremost colleges for women. He spoke eloquently, enthusiastically; there was need of close attention if one would grasp his wealth of phrase and idea—and one, at least, of his hearers sat before him sewing, as she might have sewed in her own bedroom at home! It seemed to me hardly courteous to the German visitor (and Wellesley girls I had found above all else courteous); it seemed to me hardly fair to the College which offered this opportunity of gaining new ideas, a broader culture; it seemed to me most of all unfailing in a student of a great woman’s college.

Since that day I have learned much, and my surprise has not decreased. "Oh, lots of the girls sew during lectures!" I have been told quite frankly, and only two days ago one girl asked another in my hearing, "Do you always sew in that class?"

But to-night my surprise has deepened into indignation as, for the second time, I have seen disrespect paid by two Wellesley students to a public lecturer. This time an American speaking at first hand of one of the most vital questions of the day, "The Awakening of China," I put aside all question as to the possibility of a student’s giving her best attention to two things at once; such divided attention is, on the face of it, discourteous to the speaker. It alone would prove distracting to any man whose heart is in his subject, were it not accompanied by the rhythmic motion of white arms rising regularly above the shoulders of those in front as the embroidery thread is pulled through, the passing forward and back again of embroidery hoop and trailing white linen, and the whispered, admiring consultation. Nor is its manifest implication of time wasted save one embroider encouraging to a man who brings to the students of Wellesley the fruit of years of study, labour, enthusiastic interest. Surely there is need of some finer sense of fitness! Students I have called you throughout—but it is indeed a misnomer, girls of Wellesley College, if you will tolerate among yourselves so light a regard for men and things intellectual, so great a disrespect for occasions academic.

AGNES FRANCES PERRINS.

The other day a lady was waiting in the Trinity Court Station. Several groups of Wellesley girls came in and remained near her, also waiting for a train. She said she was impressed by the uniform dignity and exceptionally well-poised behavior of every one of those girls. So many adverse criticisms come to us, that I think it is only fair to give place once in a while to more pleasant comments.

III.

Just before the holidays there was a short Free Press article which many, may be, did not notice, but which to my mind dealt with an important tendency of these days. The notice was to the effect that while the Junior Play was very fine, admirably done, a great success, etc., it was too elaborate a production for college girls. The author of the article said there had been too much time spent upon it.

Now, as a member of the Junior class, I wish to answer that and also various other judgments which have been put upon our undertakings, such as Sophomore Promenade and Sophomore Barnswallows. The Promenade is hardly in the same class, but Sophomore Barnswallows and Junior Play go together. The question, it seems to me, is whether it was worth while to give so much time to perfecting a performance such as "The School for Scandal" or whether it is not just as well to give simple Barnswallows such as the "Smythe Family" of this year, or the first Barnswallow of last year, "The Elopement of Ellen"? While these are highly entertaining and were admirably well acted, I think it would have been better to have paid more attention to the students of Wellesley; the College is not only few of these girls capable of doing any thing of the kind. Also it gives to the college, and all who are connected with it, the opportunity of passing judgment upon the best the class can present. Pass judgment they surely and inevitably will, therefore, why should not the class, in justice to itself give them the best it has? Moreover, where the question of time is concerned, girls should be allowed to give up their time if they so desire.

If I think that every girl in the Junior Play this year will say that the time given to that came from her play time rather than her study time. Too often we think that a girl must necessarily be doing poor work because she is in theatricals.

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IV.

I wonder how many of us allow ourselves to enjoy people as much as we should. College is a place where we are bound not only to improve our minds, but also to learn to know the girls we are thrown in contact with.

Many girls have come from small towns where there are comparatively few women's schools. College to that girl is the opportunity of forming her friends for life. She may grow back to that same little town, and then she will share by letters and visits the varied life of some more fortunate girl. Oftentimes we come in tired after a day's work and it is a great temptation to sit quietly at the table and let someone else carry on the conversation. Each of us, however, has a duty, if to our companions, to ourselves, to make an effort to know as many people as we can.

D.

THREE NOTES.

HOLLY STREET THEATRE—Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in "Repertoire," Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday night, Saturday Matinee "Hamlet." Friday night "Merchant of Venice." Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Matinees and Saturday night "Mice and Men."

COLONIAL THEATRE—Ethel Barrymore in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." Saturday Matinee only.


BOSTON THEATRE—"Ben Hur."

TREMONT THEATRE—Lew Dockstader.

Exhibitions Now Open in Boston.

St. Botolph Club—Pictures by Boston Painters.

Boston Art Club—Seventy-Fifth Exhibition.

Rowland's Galleries—Mr. Redfield's Paintings.

Doll & Richards—Mr. Jefferson's Paintings.

Doll & Richards—Rembrandt's Etchings.

Kimball's Galleries—Mr. Woodbury's Watercolors.

Boston Camera Club—Mr. Pratt's Photographs.

Goff's Galleries—Miss Coetit's Paintings.

Vose's Galleries—Ideal Figure Pictures.