2-20-1907

The Wellesley News (02-20-1907)

Wellesley College

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TO THE GIRLS OF '87.

Did you all feel as I did, I wonder, on New Year's morning of this year—"This is our year—this year with a?" You are all surely planning to return to our dear old haunts next June, are you not? to renew old friendships, to see our Alma Mater once more, and to play that we are girls again.

Who'll dare say, for those few days at least, that we won't be girls again, in spite of our sixteen, a few grey hairs, a suspicion of corpulence in the figure and our deepening wrinkles? Ah well, things have changed in twenty years, but we must begin to look for ourselves if the best does not still survive and the good grow better.

Wellesley never can be to us the old Wellesley we loved without the beautiful eyes and gracious smile of Miss Freeman to welcome us to its halls! How much the girls loved her, nor have enjoyed the friendship of Miss Helen Shafer! Fraulein Wenekebach, too, was a vital part of the old Wellesley we loved, and who can fill her place? Many others we shall miss but there are some dear faces of our former teachers who will welcome us back. I suspect Harriet Martinson will be in her usual seat with her back to the dining hall and all material things. Niobe, too, will be in her former corner and pose, and we shall recall the remark annually attributed to a Freshman, "Aren't the girls clever here?" the startling question. There is a beautiful one down stairs with both arms broken off!" Ah, those first homemaking days with the flowers from the upper classmen and our first reception given us in College by the Sophomores! Do you remember how we compared notes after that gathering and found that at least three of us had asked the attractive little Professor Andrews if she, too, was a Freshman? But that had become to her an annual joke and she took it graciously. Of course we remember being presented to President Freeman and our surprise to find that she gave us all but one word of introduction. One of those first evenings at college, we were serenaded by hilarious groups of Sophomores who drooned out "Home Sweet Home" on combs covered with tissue paper. We really could no longer be homesick after such jocular cheer and given the cold of introduction. At College Hall the day began at six o'clock, with twenty strokes on a Japanese gong, but now, I hear, electric bells have taken the place of that quaint old heathen relic. It does not make early rising a whit easier, I fear, for the sleepy Freshman. "Silent Time," our twenty minutes "alone and quiet" at the beginning and end of the day is no longer observed. But was it not really good for us to have those few minutes to ourselves everyday? What has become of "Domestic Work" as we knew it? Gone down the "dust shaft of Time," I believe. And yet how pleased elderly gentlemen guests used to appear when they learned that the Wellesley girl could not only write Greek with the accent, but really knew how to domestico work! But how horrified our mothers would have been, could they have seen the civilized paraphernalia with which our dishes were washed! Home chins could not long have stood our cleaning methods under lightning speed. It was work, but it took our minds from study and, incidentally, some of us had a lot of fun in Domestic Hall. I recall that naughty Sophomore, who, after paying five dollars for "breakage and wearage fee," said since she had never broken more than a quarter's worth she should have some satisfaction for her fee. No one stopped her fun till she had a good pile of broken cups and other treasures of Domestic Hall at her feet.

How welcome home letters were those early days at college! I believe they are no longer poured out of big mail bags on the office floor and distributed by a number of "mail girls" after each piece has been marked with room and house. How we used to listen for the light step of the mail carrier as she came along the corridor slipping letters under doors and tapping lightly on the door of each. No such primitive method prevails now. You will find a real Post-office in College Hall not far from where Polyhymnia used to leave thoughtfully on her Syrinx manuscripts.

Of course, most of us have seen the beautiful chapel that blesses the college life. It recalls to me those mass meetings and eager debates when the Chapel Fund Association was formed with Sappho and Bacchus Breckenridge for President. How readily we pledged our little and how very small the total sum we could raise seemed. But the organ in the new chapel stands as a monument to the enthusiasm and loyalty of the girls of that day. I shall never get how bravely and wisely Miss Freeman cheered us on in our big enterprise, even though it had such a small beginning. The revival of the Exposition letter which came just after our day. But how pleased we were, if by the latter part of our Sophomore year, we received a bid to one of the two existing societies; the Shakespeare or the Microscopic Societies. When one day Miss Holbrook, our inspiring Shakespeare professor, casually intimated to us that a Shakespeare girl that some day, we might possibly have a cottage of our own. I for one, thought that old age would surely overtake me ere such a dream could be realized. But, there it is, the beautiful Ann Hathaway Cottage, a joy to all Shakespeare girls!

Indeed you will find a confusing number of attractive society houses dotting our hills at Wellesley.

The Whiton Observatory is a building much needed in our day. We shall surely want to visit it next June and compare it with other first class observatories. In our time, nearly all entertainment, sacred or secular, were given in the old chapel. Now an addition has been built to Music Hall adequate for many of the pleasant smaller gatherings of college life. We all know that no longer sleek looking cows straying off from the old barn. Instead hosts of merry "Barnswallows" make that place headquarters for much of the college frolic.

Dormitories and cottages have increased greatly since our last visit to Wellesley. Our old friends and Freeman were built. Soon may the glad time arrive when all, even of the Freshmen, may live in college buildings. Indeed, many of us feel that we young girl college liberties, remove home restraints and then put her in the village away from the example and advice of her more mature and experienced seniors?

You remember the visit of the Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, do you not? her beautiful spring day? Arrayed in her royal robes with its yellow feathers, the queen was with the Boston alumni and other officials quite a company. We all cost as she entered the chapel and sang "Aria" and then Miss Freeman made a gracious address of welcome, calling us "uncrowned queens of the American homes.

But we used to have to hurry off to tardily going guests, and how some of them would come up to chapel the next morning and tell us of missing the train and of comforts in a neighboring hotel; so over crowded already with guests, that just corners slept on and under the dining room tables! You may be surprised that what we considered the crying need of the college was so to speak, still crying! You will look in vain for the well equipped gymnasium. But there is a ample athletic, football, base ball, and, field hockey teams are actively engaged, skate dancing is encouraged. Ah—well—those were happy days, but all the oaks or the ride on the lake at sunset.

Shall we ever forget our last Sunday evening at college our last class meeting before we really held the long coveted diplomas in our hands? Tears came, and most merry and voices always joyous grew serious.

But surely we will come back and remember our old haunts next June; we shall not be the dear old motto there, and I am safe, the same ideal of a well-rounded womanliness still the college ideal for its students. Many of us find that we must go back for a look at the dear old place, for have we not Dorothys and Helens, —God bless them, —who are proud of their mothers' college and must we not see that all is well with our Alma Mater before we let our girls enter into its forbidding life!

Yours in the old love for Wellesley...

Harriet Farnsworth Gulick, '87.
Henry Fowle Durant.

(Written by Marion Pelton Guild for the Springfield Republican in November, 1907)

In June, 1900, Wellesley College completed the first quarter-century of its active life. Among our chief institutions of learning its place is secure, and the great work which it has done in these twenty-six years may be known and read of all men. But who planned it? How did it begin? What are its distinctive aims? Suppose we go back, for a moment, to its opening day. To the omnibus-load of excited girls who came pouring in through its hospitable doors, rumor had already brought the name of Henry F. Durant, a brilliant Boston lawyer, the friend and reputed successor of Rufus Choate, who had strangely withdrawn from his profession in mid-career, to take up a life of religious work. We knew that he had built these stately halls, where we were to drink deep, as we hoped, of the Pierian spring; but the why and wherefore we were yet to learn.

In the busy weeks of organization that followed, when he was as nearly omnipresent as a mortal man could be, we became familiar with his look and manner. We soon saw that his whole heart was bound up in Wellesley College. We became aware of a persistent atmosphere about such as does not exist in most institutions. One after another, we learned the pathetic story which explained it, a story which has been curiously paralleled by that of another great educational center, Leland Stanford University.

Mr. and Mrs. Durant had had one little son, a child of unusual beauty and promise. In his ninth year he had sickened and died; and it was the agony of this experience which had turned the bereaved father to the true Father of all, to whom his devout wife had long before consecrated herself. It was this, too, which opened the hearts of the sorrowing parents in deep and abiding tenderness to all young people everywhere, and led them, by many changing and slowly-maturing plans, to the founding of Wellesley College. They dedicated the noble park by Waban Mere, with its wooded hills and sunny meadows, to the training of other people's children, to "the service of God in and by the higher education of women." For these adopted daughters they built the college beautiful, with its magnificent equipment, its minutely-planned conveniences and delights. And for us the remainder of Mr. Durant's life was poured forth like water in all services by which he could strengthen his foundation materially, intellectually and spiritually.

Mr. Durant lived to see the college in operation for six years. During those critical first six years he was its real executive head; but he would take no title in connection with it save that of treasurer of the board of trustees. He would not allow his name to be given to this institution, which is his only living child, because, he said, "the college belonged to Christ, not to him." He is not mentioned even in its charter; and one of the last messages of his life reiterated the old, emphatic denial: "Say very positively, I

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BOSTON.
COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, February 21, at 7:30, P. M., sectional prayer meetings of the Christian Association.

Friday, February 22, Holiday.

4 to 6, P. M., reception given by the Agora Society.

7:30, P. M., in College Hall Chapel, First Glee Club concert.

Saturday, February 23, at 7:30, P. M., in College Hall Chapel, Second Glee Club Concert.


7, P. M., vespers with special music.

Tuesday, February 26, at 4:20, P. M., in Billings Hall, Recital by students of the Music Department.

Wednesday, February 27, at 4:20, P. M., in Billings Hall, symphony lecture by Professor Macdougall.

COLLEGE NOTES.

President Henry Churchill King of Oberlin College preached a sermon in Houghton Chapel on the Day of Prayer which roused uncommon and wide-spread admiration. All who had the privilege of hearing him and those who unfortunately did not, may be interested in a brief statement of the main points in the morning sermon.

"The Significance of Jesus Christ to the Modern Mind."

1. Christ is the greatest in the greatest sphere that of the moral and spiritual; and this by common consent of all men. As Fairbairn says "Christ is transcendent among founders of religion.

2. Christ alone is the sinless and non-penitent one. No other ever intelligently made this claim; for no other was it ever intelligently made.

3. With the highest of all ideals. Christ consciously rises to that ideal, and compels us to admit that he does. This is a fact unparalleled in the history of the world.

4. Christ has such a character that we can transfer it feature by feature to God with no sense of blasphemy and no sense of lack.

5. Christ is consciously able to redeem all men.

6. Christ has such God-consciousness and such sense of mission as would topple any other brain the world has ever known into insanity, but which simply keeps him normal, rational, living the most wholesome and simple and noble life the world has ever seen.

7. Christ is the only person in the history of the race who can call out absolute trust.

8. Christ is the only life ever lived among men in whom God certainly finds us and in whom we certainly find God.

9. Christ is the ideal realized. What is there that one would add to, what that one would take away from the life of Christ that it might be more completely than it is the ideal realized.

Students intending to teach will be glad to know that visits are soon to be made to the College by representatives of various agencies. Mr. Fisher, manager of the Fisher Teachers' Agency, will be in the Browning Room from 4 to 6, on Wednesday afternoon, February 27, for the purpose of meeting students who are intending to register with some agency.

Miss Emmons, manager of the business agency conducted by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, will be in the Browning Room from 4 to 6, on Friday afternoon, March 1, and will be glad to meet students who wish employment next year. This bureau charges no fee for registration.

On Saturday, February 9, the Boston Wellesley Club held a banquet at Hotel Vendome. Following are the toasts:

The Early Days, Associate Professor Montague

"Instructed by the antiquity times
She must, she is, she cannot but be wise."

The College "Life" of to-day, Associate Professor Edwards

"But sports and pastimes are my chief elective"

The Greatest Need of the Modern College, Professor Calkins

"Fasten your ear to my advisings."

Julia Sterns, formerly of 1908, has been visiting at college. She is going abroad this week.

Elizabeth Perry, formerly of 1908, is going abroad this week. On Friday, February 22, the usual celebration and good fun will take place in College Hall Center.

Miss Clara Gillin entertained "The Scribblers' Club" at the Agora House, Friday evening, February 15. Miss Laura Hibbard read.

Miss Elizabeth McMillin, 1908, left college last week, she will return after Mid-years next year.

At vespers, on Sunday evening, February 17, a memorial service was held for the founder of the College, Mr. Henry Fowle Durant. An address was made by Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, 1876-79. The service commemorated Mr. Durant's birthday.

The Artist Recital planned for Monday evening, February 18, was not given on account of the illness of Madame Schumann-Heink.

The Cross Country Club met at the East Lodge, Monday afternoon, February 18, for a walk to Morseville. The return trip was made through Natick.

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BOSTON
ALUMNAE NOTES.

This column will contain items concerning Alumnae, former students, and present and past 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.

The following, written by Miss Susan A. Searle, 1881, is taken from "Mission News," published in Kyoto, Japan, January 9, 1907.

Miss Searle has been for many years the honored principal of this school, a fact which modestly veils under the use of the third person.

KOBE COLLEGE.

On Monday morning, November 19th, at the close of chapel exercises, the whole school formed in procession, each academy class led by its Bible teacher, and took up the line of march for the new academic building. A long procession it was, more than two hundred strong, that passed over the new road not far from the Kasumigaoka, between the serving building and the servants' quarters, across a narrow street to the upper lot. When all stood in order under the roof of the students' entrance, the principal, standing in the doorway, led in a short prayer of dedication and after singing the doxology in English, we entered the Holokwan (Enveloping Light Building). It seemed fitting that the Bible classes should be the first to meet in the new building.

On Friday afternoon of the same week we formally bade farewell to the old chapel building. Our guests were two who had for many years been teachers of students of the school, but the exercises were worthy of a larger audience. At least one former student would not leave till she had gone into every room of the old building, and her eyes were not the only wistful ones that day.

We are using the largest room of the new academy building for a chapel, though when gathered there we are very much crowded. The college classes all meet in the Science Building. The old chapel building has been torn down, and the foundations of the new one are being laid. The Christmas entertainment was held in the college gymnasmum, and included a well rendered Christmas cantata.

Miss Washaba of our faculty has been chosen president of the Woman's Board of Missions recently organized by the Kumiai Churches.

(Signed)

Susan A. Searle.

The Christmas story in Art. an illustrated article by Miss Edouard, M. Hurll, 1882, appeared in the Congregationalist, December 22, 1906.


Volume XII of the University of Pennsylvania Publications in Philology and Literature will contain Thomas Heywood's "Rosa Lingis and Loyall Subject," edited by Kate W. Tibbals, 1889, Wellesley, Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania, 1894, recently illustrated in English Literature at Wellesley.

Louise McNair, 1896, acting principal of Hosmer Hall, St. Louis, Missouri, announces the death of Miss M. H. Mathews, for twenty years principal of the school. It is gratifying to learn from Miss McNair that the school will continue in its work.

Marion Lee Taylor, 1895, is studying for her doctor's degree at the University of Chicago. Her major is German and her minor English.

Miss Helen H. Holmes, 1899, who has been for a number of years connected with Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School in Boston, has been this year acting as kindergarten supervisor at the State Normal School of Providence, Rhode Island.

Miss Harriette W. Howe, 1889, spent a large part of 1906 in travel first in the West Indies, then in a delightful trip through England and Wales, and the northern countries of the continent. Her home in Hampton, Virginia, she hopes may welcome many of the students who are on the Outing to the Jamestown Exposition.

Miss Marie Seward, 1905, has accepted a position at Elkhart, Iowa, to teach science and Mathematics.

The Chicago Wellesley Club held its mid-winter meeting December 26th, with a goodly number in attendance. The committee on the Library Fund reported that something more than $650 was solicited and contributed by members of the club. They have also raised $518 this fall by a charity benefit." (Extract from report of Miss Harriette B. Wilcox, 1903, President of the Chicago Wellesley Club.)

Miss Julia Davenport Randall, 1897, is at the South Dakota State Normal School, Spearfish, South Dakota.

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MARRIAGE.


BIRTHS.


DEATHS.

September 19, 1906, Emily Stonest Bean, daughter of Mrs. Mary Stonest Bean, 1889. December 12, 1906, in San Francisco, California, the mother of Mabel Pierce, 1904.

MUSIC NOTES.

There will be no Symphony Programme Recital on Wednesday, February 20, 1907, because Professor Macdougall gives a recital at Smith on that date.

On Tuesday, February 26, 1907, in Billings Hall, at 4.20, P.M., Miss Torrey of the Department of Music will give a vocal recital.

Following are the dates of the Lenten Organ Recitals, which will be held once a week during Lent in the Memorial Chapel, this year on Thursdays instead of Wednesdays as formerly.

February 28

March 7—Mr. Summer Saltar of Williams College Department of Music.

March 14

March 27—Mr. W. H. Sleeper of Smith College Department of Music.

Edward Macdougall Fund.

Previously acknowledged, $ 1.00

On hand, 73.12

Mrs. Webster, 5.00

Total, $79.12

I want to make this up to $100 before remitting.

H. C. MACDOUGALL.

FREE PRESS.

Since there has been so much discussion over the question of an open Sunday, it seems as if one more point of view would not be amiss.

Everyone will agree that our present quiet Sunday is one of the best things we have, but would it lessen its pleasure and value to extend our hospitality to our friends for that one hour between the close of vespers service and the train back to Boston? Most of the men who come to vespers are from Boston and Cambridge, and after vespers there is nothing to do but to walk, or to spend that hour in a gloomy and deserted station. Surely it would be much more proper, and more courteous to the men, to give them the advantage of our parlors until train time.

If it is done in the true spirit of Student Government, many girls, I think, will be very grateful for the concession, no advantage will be taken of the privilege, and our Sunday will be as quiet and as pleasant as it has always been.

1909.
PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

MY LAST EXAM.

(With apologies to "My Last Cigar.")

'Twas on those seats of Billings Hall,
A slushy winter day,
I sat upon the varnished seats,
And wrote my thoughts away;
And as the blue-book's pages filled,
With memories of my cram,
I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last exam.

Chorus
It was my last exam,
And the last exam I
breathed a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last exam.

I leaned upon that patent desk,
I dipped down in my ink,
My face was like a railroad map;
For scowling made me think.
Oh, what had I, at such a time,
To do with looking calm?
Oh joy! my beating heart proclaimed
It was my last exam.

Chorus.
I heard the signals as they rang
Fast drawing to the end;
I scribbled on to question two,
My back was all abroad.
And still the time swept madly on
I rushed like Uncle Sam,
I heard the bell, oh spare the tale!
It was my last exam.

Chorus.
My desk gave out with one, wild bang,
The ink came down like sin,
I gazed upon that blighted book,
Where once proud joy had been,
And then I found I'd stuck quite fast
When that desk fell with a slam.
And on those seats of Billings Hall
I flunked my last exam.

Chorus.

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Assaults the shrinking eye
—Shrill as the whistle, when at night
A train goes thundering by;
It shrieks unmarked, few seem to know
When it has ceased to be;
But when it stops a moment, oh!
The difference to me!

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AN AMERICAN HENLEY.
Mayor's Office,
New London, Conn., February 9, 1907.
Editor of the College News,

Dear Madam:
In England the college people appear to enjoy the week of the annual boat races as much as any week of the college year. The Henley offers an opportunity for the young men and young women of the colleges of the country to gather on the banks of the Thames for a few days of boat racing and good times. It is essentially a gathering of college people.

It seems remarkable that this country, which in most respects has been so quick to seize upon and improve upon the good things offered by the rest of the world, should have ignored this one feature which might, perhaps, be made to contribute greatly to the pleasure, not only of those interested in rowing, sailing, canoeing and yachting, but also the graduates, the undergraduates and the relatives and friends of the students who would enjoy the events of Henley week.

Is there a possibility that Wellesley would be interested to take up the matter of an American Henley with enthusiasm with a view of standing, perhaps with one or two of the other colleges, at the head of the movement so far as it would affect the colleges for young women?

The Yale-Harvard boat race takes place here on the Thames River on Thursday, the first of June. Would Wellesley consider arranging one or more events to be held here during the same week?

It is expected that in addition to the oar races there will be a series of races open to launches, sail-boat races, and a series of races limited to cadets from the war ships, which it is expected will be in the harbor at that time.

An army and navy ball is planned for one evening, invitations to which will be carefully guarded. The college young women who come here for Race Week will all welcome.

The banks of the Thames River, near New London, would seem an ideal place to spend a week in June, and there is no reason which appears on the surface which should prevent an annual gathering here within a few years of several thousand college people for boat races, water sports and a week of outdoor life and recreation by way of celebrating the close of the college year.

At the present time the groups of Yale and Harvard men near "Red Top," with their many guests and friends, appear to have the best kind of a time while here on the banks of the Thames.

There are many cottages on each side of the river which can undoubtedly be secured for the accommodation of the crews and their friends, or by groups of from five to ten students.

At Ocean Beach on the Sound near the mouth of the Thames River there are a dozen or more cottages completely furnished which the committee is authorized to offer rent free for boat race week in June to any clubs, associations or any group of college people who wish to spend that week in our city.

Many those who require accommodations of a first-class hotel, the new Griswold, build by Mr. Morton F. Plant, on the east bank of the river, would offer every convenience, or the Pequot House on the west shore of the river.

In your opinion there is a possibility of creating among the students of Wellesley some enthusiasm this first year.

We may combine with the proposed Henley an Old Home Week celebration so that those considering going on throughout the week to entertain those who visit New London at that time.

If Wellesley feels like taking an interest in this matter, we shall then prepare letters for the other colleges for young women throughout the country. We are already writing Yale, Harvard, and other leading universities.

Yours truly,

S. HENRY J. MUNROE.
Secretary.

The above letter was sent to College News, and is now published that it may be read by the student body for whom it was intended.

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Sexton’s Pharmacy.
(Continued from Page 2.)

HENRY FOWLE DURANT.

The goal to which he pointed us was at once deeply religious and broadly intellectual. His own leading characteristic was his white heat of religious fervor. He fought whatever he believed to be his Lord's battle with the fiery zeal of a Boanerges, a crusader, an Ironsides of Oliver Cromwell. He was a good lover and a hard hater. Toward his fellow-workers he showed an enthusiasm of brotherliness; toward the poor, the suffering, the children whom he sought to lead to their Father, a divine pity and tenderness.

It goes without saying that such a man sought first to bring us to his master, Christ, as the beginning of all true development. He tried to emphasize this determination in every possible way; in the formal statement of the design of the college; in the Bible placed in its cornerstone; in the crosses on its towers; in the selection of its trustees and faculty; in the provision for extending study of the Scriptures; in the chapel service; in bringing eminent ministers and biblical scholars to address us; most of all in his own rare but eloquent sermons, and in numberless private talks with individual students, where he threw the whole force of his magnetic personality into his appeal.

His faith in our intellectual capacity was most inspiring. Twenty years ago I believe in the intellectual equality of men and women was a very different thing from what it is now. Despite the noble record of Oberlin and Ann Arbor, of Mount Holyoke Seminary and Vassar College, the higher education for women was still an experiment. It seemed to be a common opinion in the community that we were taking our lives in our hands in attempting to scale with our brothers the dizzy heights of common success. And we ourselves were duly acted in consequence. But when we were actually classified and ready for work, it was found that only a few of the students had been able to pass the most simplified requirements for admission to a college course; and in the absence of proper fitting schools, Wellesley had to devote the greater part of its attention, for the first few years of its existence, to preparatory teaching. Its success, however, was so great, and outside conditions changed so rapidly, that before Mr. Durant's death he had the happiness of seeing the preparatory department dropped, and the whole force of the college applied to its legitimate ends. Yet even in the great crisis at the beginning he did not for a moment falter, or lower his intellectual ideal for us.

One would like to go on and show how largely the present curriculum of Wellesley is the outgrowth of his keen foresight. Everywhere the students are receiving a radical advance in the method or scope of the institution's work; there must be some among them who recall his wish for just such an advance, or his initial steps in the selfsame direction.

In all Mr. Durant's intercourse with the students there was little respecting of persons. He was a real democrat, a practical Christian, in holding every human soul to be precious and sacred, aside from any consideration of race or circumstances. Money, in particular, did not count with him. He himself had been a poor boy struggling for an education. He knew by experience that active and ambitious minds are found more often among the poor than among the rich. His natural fastidiousness was overborne by the current of his burning sympathy with all true aspiration; and when he went beyond the line of impartiality, it was apt to be in championing the less favored of his flock. It was among his strongest desires that Wellesley should offer its opportunities first of all to poor girls. Who that heard it can ever forget his impassioned pleading in their behalf, or the characteristic recklessness of his "One calico girl is worth a dozen velvet girls!"

In the lighter and more esthetic phases of the college life, no student ever felt his interest deplored. He was in his element. While he was building the college he was determined that it should not only fitted for its practical ends, but also as exquisite as possible in every detail. The visitor to Wellesley sees everywhere the fruits of this principle, from the preservation of noble landscape effects and the high grade of the general architecture, down to such details as the great basin of tropical plants in the central hall, and even the patterns of the ballstraides.

Mr. Durant loved pictures, and knew a great deal about them. He was always on the lookout for fine paintings for the college, and it was by his wish that many of the artistic treasures there were scattered, where the students might enjoy them daily, rather than shut up in a gallery or museum, which would require a special visit.

It was one of his particular pleasures to surprise us with something new. "I have a secret to tell you," he would say to one of us, with finger on lip and eyes brimming with delight: "there's a new picture coming at such a time, and we're going to hang it here,"—indicating a reserved space on it. Come and see how you like it. But you mustn't tell; I want to surprise the girls. Remember, not a word now." Whereupon his confidante would go about with a proud sense of superior knowledge, until she found out that one after another of her friends had been informed likewise, because the big fatherly heart absolutely could not keep its enjoyment to itself.

The country about Wellesley the students love to paint. It is inspiring comrade and guide. He seized with a sure instinct on real imaginative power wherever he found it. He told us how, as a young man, he had come across a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems, long before they were generally read in America; how eagerly he had devoured them, and how ever since he had loved and honored the great woman-singer. He fitted up a beautiful reception-room in her honor, emblazoning her bust by Story.

Mr. Durant particular about whether the Wellesley girls to enjoy the full the outdoor glories of their college home. On our occasional walks with him, he would point out all sorts of beautiful details: the lights and shadows on the lake, the changing loveliness of the trees, the hush of the groves, the chipmunks and squirrels that were not frightened away by friendly feet. He desired that we should spend some time every day in the open air and urged us to develop in ourselves a love for the great out-of-doors from which he was encouraged by his presence and his help. In much of our intercourse with him we could not help feeling that he saw in us what we might be, rather than what we were, but I think his chivalrous courtesy stimulated in us the desire to be worthy of it as nothing else could have done.

He had a passion for flowers. Once, in his own home, after a day of exacting toil, he stood looking with whimsical tenderness at some roses. "If a fellow hadn't anything better to do," he said, "it would be nice to be a rose." The Wellesley violets will always breathe sweet thoughts of him, for he loved them best of all. He liked to have us scud the woods and fields for the various wild flowers, and one year he had hundreds and hundreds of crocuses and snowdrops planted on the eastern slope of the Novotny hill, that the girls might "have all they wanted of them.

One could go on almost endlessly, enumerating such lovable kindnesses. But enough has been said, perhaps, to show how his exquisite fatherliness found vent in the charities that soothe and heal and bless, and that are such significant factors in human life.

The old order changed, yielding place to new. Students will enter Wellesley College who have never heard its famous name, as he, in his noble modesty, made it possible. But we believe that his influence will always be mighty there, and that the ideal which he set before the young institution will be in all essentials the ideal of its future, as it has been that of its brief but eventful past.

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THE SCHOOL AND SETTLEMENT AT HINDMAN.

On Monday evening, February 11, Miss Katherine R. Petit and Miss May Stone, Wellesley, '98, spoke in the Faculty Parlor in a very charming and entertaining way about the Mountain Whites of Kentucky and their "Log Cabin" Settlement at Hindman.

This district is a large unknown one in Eastern Kentucky, covering ten thousand square miles, and having a population of four thousand people. Kentucky is a large state and this portion is one-fourth of the whole, or more significant, covers more space than the state of Massachusetts. Miss Petit said their interest was first aroused in this part of their state by the newspaper accounts of a seven-years' feud, where all the available men in the district had been killed off. So, just for curiosity, they visited this strange region. They found these people, however, of the same stock and descended from aristocratic ancestors as their more fortunate and advanced countrymen in the western portion of the state; but when the former had come from Virginia through the Cumberland Gap they had stopped in the mountains while the latter, as they themselves were, had forged ahead.

In this very Creek, a Methodist Circuit Rider would conduct a school for about two months in a district and then move on, but only one member of a family could usually attend his school. Now there are district public schools carried on from July first until the fall rains and cold weather set in; but the teachers of these schools are simply the uneducated mountain boys and girls. Some of these teachers know nothing more in arithmetic than the multiplication table, and Miss Stone told of how, out of fifty-six, none opened their schools with devotional exercises, only seven knew the Lord's Prayer, many never even having heard of it or knowing where it came from, and only two or three of the number owned a Bible. Most of these teachers, moreover, had never seen an American flag. In one case a woman told Miss Stone she had been going to school for seven years but then stopped as she became tired of one and the same book, a Second Reader. Visiting one of these schools, Miss Stone found it conducted in a very old one-room log cabin with two small windows. There were no desks, only a bench and a few broken chairs, so most of the fifty children sat upon the floor. The primary reading class of five had one book for the class and teacher.

Realizing the great opportunity of such an opening where the people spoke in the language of Elizabethan England, and where they counted Christmas as coming on January sixth, as it had been computed when their ancestors left England, Miss Petit and Miss Stone determined to start a settlement in this unknown district. They had found here families of ten or twelve living in a one-room log cabin; they had found them barely getting the poorest kind of a living from the barren land, raising sheep to shear, spin and weave their wool to make their clothing, cutting for the most part bacon and corn bread and always sleeping at night in their clothes.

The question came up where to settle and while they were deciding it, one day an old man, eighty-four years old, came twenty-four miles, bare-footed, to beg them to "put at" at Hindman in Knott County; in a beautiful valley at the Forks of Troughstone Creek, forty-five miles across the mountains, and up narrow rough streams from the railroad, the most remote county in all the Southern Mountains. This old man told "how the people'll never know nothing unless you learn them."

So, in August, 1902, the W. C. T. U. Settlement School at Hindman started, Miss Petit and Miss Stone living in tents during the building of their four log cabins, which was an undertaking, as they themselves had to measure and mark the trees in the forest and superintend the building, getting up for several months at 3 o'clock in the morning and not stopping work often until nine o'clock at night. The Settlement now is doing a large work and having great influence upon all the lives of the people in a religious, industrial and educational way. In the school they have kindergarten, primary, intermediate, secondary and industrial departments, the latter including woodwork, sewing, cooking, basketry, school gardening and nursing. The one trained nurse is teaching the people to live hygienically as well as healing them. May Young, nine years old, holds the Wellesley Scholarship at the school, and Miss Stone described her as pretty and attractive and giving great promise.

Those who heard Miss Petit and Miss Stone only wish all the college might have heard them personally tell many funny stories and of this work among these strange, antiquated people in the midst of our own civilization,—people who do not know but that they are living in Africa, as two boys of sixteen and nineteen years old thought when they came to school, and who have never heard of any country called the United States.

Art Exhibitions Now Open in Boston.

Copley Hall: Arts and Crafts Exhibition.
Boston Art Club: Water Color Club Exhibition.
St. Botolph Club: Mr. Murphy's Pictures.
Kembell's Galleries: Paintings by Weissenbruch.
Vose's Galleries: Pictures by De Bock.
Doll & Richards: Mr. Smith's Water Colors.
Dunton & Gardener's: Miss Hyde's Color Prints.
Cobb's Galleries: Mr. Spaulding's Water Colors.
Williams & Everett's: Pettes' Collection.
Rowland's Galleries: Sale Collection.
Galleries: Opening Exhibition.

THEATRE NOTES.

TREMONT THEATER: Mary Manning in "Glorious Betsy."
MAJESTIC THEATER: Lew Fields in "About Town."
HOLLISS-STREET THEATER: William Faversham in "The Squaw Man."
COLONIAL THEATER: Otis Skinner in "The Duel."
PARK THEATER: Hattie Williams in "The Little Cherub."
BOSTON THEATER: "Way Down East."

THE WELLESLEY INN.

On the nights of the Glee Club Concerts, Feb. 22 and 23, The Wellesley Inn will serve only the regular dinner. Price, $1.00. Hours, 5.30 and 6.30, P.M.

Reserve tables early.