Tree Day

Year after year Tree Day has gathered to itself the beauty of ceremony and tradition; the planting of the tree, to grow tall as the class grows old, is the center of the day; the excuse for the pageant; but it is almost forgotten beside the exquisite ornament which it has called forth. The procession, the speeches, the dancing that we saw last Friday were wonderful fruit for so slight a thing as Freshman Tree-Planting.

It was half-past three when the procession began to move onto the green, a great length of harmonious color under a sky of southern blue. At the head, and so far from the others that she seemed alone, moved Eleanor Raymond, the Senior mistress, with perfect self-command, dignity and grace. Behind her the Seniors walked two by two, a severe contrast in line and color with the mistress in her flowing Greek gown of carnelian blue, and with the juniors who came after in lavender and white. Behind them, the Sophomores made sudden, startling brilliancy. They were a Roman marriage procession, whom Helen Goodwin and her committee had costumed with great care for the ancient truth and therefore with Roman luxuriance of color. The colors in themselves were often harsh but they were so softened by the green background of trees or resolved, like a discord in music, by the succeeding color, so that the effect of the whole, with purples, reds and yellows, was rich and vivid harmony. In the midst of this splendor of color and flashing helmets the bride moved in white, slender and erect, her face shadowed by the flame-colored veil—one of the most charming figures of Tree Day. Yet beautiful as it was, the Sophomore procession would have been unsatisfactory if it had not been succeeded and completed by the Freshmen, the delicate evening after summer sunshine. As priestess, Marjery Mackillop, led her village, old men and maidens of Greece, with sweet high seriousness. The introduction of the grey tones of the old men at the head of the procession was a clever touch; it provided the transition between Freshmen and Sophomore colors and added a note of sobriety to the pale pinks and blues which might otherwise have seemed too brilliant and unpleasant. It was a gracious and fitting introduction for the procession itself to the real Tree Day.

Tree Day really began with Mary Zabriskie's speech, a cordial welcome to the Alumni and a sincere appreciation of the devotion to one good of our President, the Dean and especially, because this Day was, for her, the culmination of a long service, to Miss Hill. The class of 1910 might well be proud of a speaker so simple and direct; it has also good reason to rejoice in the cleverness of the orator Caroline Klingen-mith. It is not often that wit is joined with "duty," and more specially still that the marriage is a happy one. This time it was delightful for all except 1910 and even they were so captivated by the evident enjoyment, and by that anomaly, a dainty "slam" that they did not mind the slight hurt. In the giving of the Spade, Kate Parsons and through her, the Class of 1911 displayed unusual courage; it was, contrary to all precedent, a Sophomore speech without any critical criticism of the Freshman class, without any taste of that bitter class feeling which so antioxidants and unpleasant and which has stayed with us far too long. To make a clever speech, without the resource of sarcasm and ridicule, at the Giving of the Spade was not an easy thing; that the result showed no traces of the labor which it must have cost was one sign of its perfect literary finish—if any one needed such an index. The humor was gentle and kindly calling forth appreciative smiles rather than loud laughter, smiles that lingered and were apt to break into unladylike chuckles—delight when the spade was manipulated with special charm in its search for the new joker. The Receiver of the Spade, Catherine Peabody, was not quite as gracious as she might have been, but she was certainly keen. The clear incisive utterance gave finish to her expression and with her little gesture added a pointed charm. No doubt her task was as difficult as that of 1911 for it was equally without precedent; but she acquitted herself with remarkable grace and ease.

The Freshman orator, Elizabeth Hart, showed another side of verse and a dignified, earnest speech, pleasing in its careful modest thought and perfect form. It sounded a more sober note, preparing a little for the beauty of the dance.

Led by the High Priestess and her Virgins attendant, a company of fresh and Winsomewomen and a great crowd of youths and maidens move in procession to a sacred tree. The procession, adorning the tops of the form, and the Priestesses worshipping hang offerings of flowers upon the sacred boughs. Then off from this company of wise men, of youths and maidens robed in the pale shades of an iridescent wing, and now then a chance yellow catching the sun more vividly, danced a slender girl. Up to the priestess she danced, then back and back again, as light on her feet as some wild wood thing; perfect control and yet perfect lightheness of body, light and delicate and yet unerringly sure. The dance was the spontaneous expression of joy; every movement was joyous, every curve of the slender body now almost flying in swiftness, now poised in tender emotion. The wind caught the yellow skirt of the slender girl, pressing it against her in tiny quivering folds as she moved a moment of slow, in fullness as she advanced again. It was an exquisite forgettable thing, a poem as truly as ever was a poet's words. For a while she danced alone; then, the flowers sprung from the delicately colored background of the crowd danced with her, the two sometimes together and, swaying with supple grace, sometimes apart, light figures against the sober hemlock or bright in the sun against the crowd. Then the rose-bridal danced alone, not quite so exquisite in the finish of her dance, not quite so graceful but still a very wonderful and interpretative dancer. Soon with her were five other dancers with baskets of roses, then more again in the rainbow tints playing with golden balls or with wreaths and garlands, all dancing because that was the natural expression of the love of life, the happiness that filled their beings. Through this joyous crowd the leading spirits of dance threaded their way now leading it forward, now back with eager movement. The whole impression was one of spontaneous grace; no where did one feel the movement studied or forced; it flowed with the smoothness of the thought and with swifter emotion. For the first time at Wellesley we have seen the pure natural dance, and for us all it has been a keen delight.

The Senior dance can not well be compared with the Freshman because it was so different, although of course in technical skill, in control and suppleness the more practiced class was superior. The dance was a different problem from that of the natural dance. A more beautiful place for the dance drama of Narcissus and Echo it would be hard to find: the pool shaded at its edge by tall grasses and laid in the hollow of a huge tree whose yellow curve and lap against the sky is broken rhythmically by gray trunks of trees that cast long shadows in the afternoon sun and beyond, the veil of a summer haze, quivering with light. The color too was more appealing than that of the Freshman dance; the green leaves, the brown of soil and gray of stem made the little figures of the wood nymphs seem in true harmony part of the forest home in which they moved in happy dance; across these more somber tones the rainbow hued water sprays sparkle daintily and sparkly glisten and shine by the glory of color of Artemis and her merry archers. The wood creatures are by shy things gliding silently between

continued on page 4
College News

The Maudos Press

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EDITORIAL

What are you going to do this summer? There are such hordes of you that the imagination cannot grasp the million and one things that you will do. Many of you are going to spend the first week of vacation compiling a next and intellectual looking list of the books on which you are going to improve your mind, and end by doing embroidered shirt waist to the accompaniment of hot-dogismo. If you are more frank about it, you will open and firmly decide to do nothing but grace this summer's hops at the Lake and go boating. Perhaps you go back with a welcoming sigh of relief to the quiet and cool and different-ness of your little country town; perhaps you, this year more than others, suspect, so don't pity her,—perhaps you buckle on the burden of summer teaching, or do temper-trying office work; perhaps you return home only to rush ecstatically into visions of matrimony; perhaps, if you are a new Alumna,—but no, out of sentimental consideration we do not surmise, 1909, what you will do this summer. Enough that you are with us while the year's at the spring. From the viewpoint of these hurried days it seems that you will all do something, but the Editor's reliable and widely-experienced Friend remarks that a goodly third of you will do nothing at all, but luxuriously lie by the fire and keep off dirty work. Perhaps, but there is no time to think and there is no excitement. This, says the Editor's Friend, is the inevitable grain from the field that has been unduly satisfied with the activities and has come to thirst for excitement. She is, she must be, the girl who does not care to read voraciously; we respect her for her frankness in making this confession. She is, perhaps, the girl to whom her life seems drab after the apparent red and gold of college,—the girl who longs to do something but never finds anything she wants to do.

We hereby make a suggestion to this bored mortal. At first glimpse it will undoubtedly prove obnoxious. This is it: Read your note book for 1908-1909. In the hope that the reader has not at this point cast aside the sheet in disgust, the editorial fantasy proceeds to elaborate this morsel of advice.

Far from finding your notes stale or profitless, you will discover many of them, especially those of last fall, quite newly fresh; you may find, to your astonishment, that whole pages, representing whole days, whole weeks, have a startling unfamiliarity. You will probably come down with a hump to the realization that only about one-third of the stream that has been flowing past you has made any impression. You may remember that you never cut a Bible or a Philosophy lecture this year,—but perhaps you won't remember much else about them. If your assimilating power has been too comfortably dormant and you have a conscience, this discovery may alarm and discourage you and you will straightway plunge into pessimistic meditation on how fitfully little you have gleaned from college. This is not the effect which will ultimately hold, so cheer up.

Even a slight and cursory skimming of your year's work,—calm, deliberate, not fevered by the frenzy of cramming,—will show you that underneath it all, it was there, learned; that the blurry words of that lecture when you were so sleepy, had found their way into your head in some miraculous manner and only needed crystallizing into permanence in your inner moments. And you think quite seriously of how easily you might have lost it. It is a question of but a little time to fix a whole year's work, to balance it into perspective. A thrilling thing to think about, but it is the finishing touch of a single week without which the labor of eight months is likely to dwindle into nothing.

All this has been hurled at the blasé creature who finds nothing to do. The Editor's imagination has suffered a fearful stretch to conjure up such a being. If she does exist, let her in all seriousness, consider the above; if she doesn't,—well, the Editor thinks the advice is good enough to serve up to the rest of you,—even you who are "simply rushed to death, my dear." Take the time for it, for it means something lost if you don't. Spend less time pasting up your Memory Book and sentimentalizing over this program and that cornt—that violet and this corner of forensic. You'll remember what the program and the violet stood for without reference,—should your earnest-eyed friend who has his doubts about the higher education for women, ask you what your economics course stood for, it is doubtful if you could find the answer without reference to your notes.

Therefore, concludes the Editor, screw up your fountain pen and showing back the Editorial chair,—be sure you pack your note book.

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College Calendar

Wednesday, June 16. Alternate date for the Shakespeare Dress Rehearsal.
Thursday, June 17, 4:30 p.m. Students' Recital of original compositions at Billings Hall.
7:30 p.m. The Dress Rehearsal of the Senior Play.
Friday, June 18, at 7:30 p.m. Alternate date for the Dress Rehearsal of the Senior Play.
Saturday, June 19, at 7:30. The Shakespeare Play.
Sunday, June 20, at 11 a.m. Services in the Houghton Memorial Chapel. Sermon by the Reverend Edward M. Noyes.
7 p.m. Vespers.
Tuesday, June 22. Float.
Wednesday, June 23. The second performance of the Shakespeare Play. In case of rain, the 1908 opera in the Barn.
Friday, June 25. The Senior Play. In case of rain the Musical Clubs' Concert.
Saturday, June 26, at 3 p.m. Garden Party.
5:00 p.m. Picture Dancing.
7:30 p.m. Alternate date for Senior Play. The Musical Clubs' Concert.
Sunday, June 27. Services in the Houghton Memorial Chapel. Baccalaureate Sermon by the Reverend George A. Gordon, D.D.
7:00 p.m. Baccalaureate Vespers.
Monday, June 28, at 3:00 p.m. Alternate date for the Garden Party.
7:00 p.m. Singing on the Chapel steps.
8:00 p.m. President's reception and open air concert.
Tuesday, June 29, at 11 a.m. Commencement exercises. Address by Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver.
Wednesday, June 30. Alumnae Day.

College Notes

On Thursday, June 3, and on Tuesday, June 8, an auction of miscellaneous articles was held in the Gymnasium with Miss Dorothea Lockwood as auctioneer. The usual collection of High School frat pins and suspicious gold belt buckles formed the bulk of the articles offered for sale; an entirely new feature in the form of a grab-bag added to the excitement of this year's auction. The proceeds, amounting to about twenty-seven dollars, are to be added to the Students' Building Fund.
The Farnsworth Art Museum will be open on Baccalaureate Sunday and on the Sunday preceding, June 20 and 27, from 2:15 to 5:30 p.m. Visitors are cordially invited.

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Tree Day—continued
tall trunks of trees so the drama did not rise to a climax until Arc-thusa woke the fountain. Then energy overcoming inertia was translated into beautiful movement; the calling of spirit was ex-pressed by motion rhythmical, exquisite in line and at the same time so compellingly forceful that it seemed as though the fountain must burst forth, that no bonds could be forged strong enough to hold and retain it. But Arch-thusa, who is named among mortals. Margaret Barlow, did not dare to stay when the hunting horn was heard; shaly the delicate nympha of wood and water retreat in the divine hunting place and the young Narcissus lead the chase. The wooing of Artemis was very dainty in its interpretation and in the freedom of a technique perfectly at home, the spirit of a touch, a fine lightness of body and, with that, keen dramatic sense made the conception and expression of every mood, vivid and beautiful. And the wooing of the huntsress was not like that of the pale Echo; the difference in characterization, if one may so use a word for so slight a thing, was caught and expressed distinctly. Echo is of a timorous nature, more easily discouraged, more entirely destroyed by a defeated hope. All this and much more of delicate shading Susannah Annin expressed in her dance, the flitting timid approach of uncertain hope, the slow wavering retreat of shadowy despair. Narcissus as a youth differed from both the others in the character of his dance; it was with slower movements; though still light that he followed the beckoning Artemis or sought the reflected beauty of the pool. With Artemis, he evidently enjoyed the wooing but cared not too much for the woer; and so he danced, teazingly hesitating. But it was different indeed when he knelt by the pool where the lovely face smiled up into his own and in the poetry of motion told the story of his enchantment, his yearning, passionate love and final despair. Sydney Clapp was there a marvelous dancer indicating the most subtle emotional changes with expression of great beauty—the ball yielding to Echo then the return, decisive, a final break with all the world for the enchanting face of the pool, then the pleading in the long curves of the tense body, the broken movements of pain, the final despair. The dance was not only remarkable for the dramatic quality; it was exquisitely beautiful.

Ah, youth, why linger with the vision there
Thou canst not clasp it to thy heart, art thou
It smiles when thou dost smile and sighs with thee
And every mood of it seems fitted to thine own
Tis not for thee.

Fair nymph, if thou art not for me, I sighs—
Then must I die—but here,
Where yet mine eyes behold
In joy the wondrous beauty of thy face,
Then come; O creatures of the woods and streams
And vow Narcissus faithful to thy love!

Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale

"Come hither to me, you gallants so free
All you that love mirth and mirthy bear
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire."

To the strains of "Zephyr's Melody" Monday evening was one of genuine and uninterrupted pleasure, from these first lines of the ballad of Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale, to the last echoes of the sweet minstrel's voice, as he disappeared with Ellen through the shadows of Sherwood forest. The old ballad which Miss Burdick gave with spirit and convincingly, told the story of the scenes which Allan-a-Dale, the Ballad of Robin Hood and his men, while he is desiring over the loss of the maiden he loves, for Ellen, to please her father, is to wed Sir Stephen of Wigs, Beards, Etc., to Hire for Amateur Theatricals and all Stage Productions. Grease, Paints, Powders, Burnt Cork, Rouges, Etc.

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Trent, Robin Hood, falling in love (as did the audience) with the grace and the sweet voice of the minstrel, invites him to join their band of merry men, and promises him to rescue his bride. The jolly Friar Tuck is summoned from Fountain Dale, and just as the wedding procession is nearing the church, Robin Hood enters with his followers, Ellen is restored to Allan-a-Dale, and they are married by the "curtial friar" on the village green.

The presentation, as given, was dramatized by members of the society, from their study of the Old English ballads, and succeeded remarkably well in interpreting the directness and the intensity of the ballad spirit as well as in giving a Index charming charm of the life in Sherwood forest. Technically, the arrangement of the scenes, the adoption of the ballad narrative to dramatic action was skillfully and very effectively done. There was a surprising lack of awkward pauses in the action, or of amateurish commonplaces, and the interest of the audience was never for a moment permitted to lag. Especially commendable was the avoid-ance unnecessarily drawn-out preparation for the main action, the audience was spared the conventional ten minutes of hackneyed hints as to what has gone before, and who was expected to do what, instead we were taken immediately into Sherwood forest, as and what we wanted to hear, was told us with all of the direction of the old ballad. The order of scenes, and the cast as was follows:

Scene 1. Sherwood Forest, the headquarters of Robin and his band.
Scene 2. Edge of the forest near Ellen's home.
Scene 3. Fountain Dale.
Scene 4. The village green, an inn behind the trees, and a church nearby.

Characters.
Robin Hood ... Isabel Ridgway
Little John ... Selma Smith
Will Scarlet ... Ruth Reeder
Allan-a-Dale ... Helen Mapes
Friar Tuck ... Helen Platt
A Franklin ... Ruth Stanford
Ellen, his sweetheart ... Katherine Wilbur
Wife of the Sheriff of Tren .. Jane Goodloe
A Tinker ... Robert Madison
Other members of Robin Hood's band, village girls, etc.

At the risk of making a very trite and time-worn remark, we cannot pass by the beauty of the out-door setting, and especially we would commend the society for making most effective use of the advantages at hand. As the real camp-fire flickered in the twilight, and blazed up under the swinging kettle, lighting the faces of the green-clad men gathered about it, to one remembered such mechanical devices as calcium lights; it was a fitting time for the camp-fire to be lighted, and no better device could have been found, to transport the audience from modern Wellesley to the depths of Sherwood forest. No doubt was left when Robin Hood, with Will Scarlet and little John, came pushing their way through the underbrush and rustling leaves underfoot, to join the company about the fire, and the scene was carried out with such merri ness and spontaneity, that with Allan-a-Dale, we would accept Robin Hood's invitation—never leave our company but stay always in this sweet green forest."

The play was well cast throughout. Miss Platt, as Friar Tuck, did a capital and very creditable performance. Miss Mapes rendering of Allan-a-Dale, her singing of the old ballads gave the audience a great deal of pleasure, and there is something very sweet and appealing in Ellen, which is well as a finish and a dramatic instinct that never permits her to fall out of her part, while she is on the stage. Miss Conan, as
The Alice Freeman Palmer Memorial

On Monday afternoon the unveiling of the Alice Freeman Palmer memorial took place in the Houghton Memorial Chapel. After an organ prelude and a short prayer by Dr. Warren, Miss Hazard, but vs. Palmer's little poem "The Tempest," which was then rendered by the choir. Miss Hazard then introduced Mr. Abbott, the conceiving and donor of the memorial, who traced its history and dedicated it.

Mr. Abbott told how, shortly after Mrs. Palmer died in Paris in 1902 and her husband returned with her ashes, it was suggested that this place was so fitting for her sake keeping as the upper chapel of Wellesley College, where her life, through a beautiful memorial, might continue its inspiring influence upon the girls that come and go. He pointed out that the memorial kept alive is the most beautiful and the sculptor, for the design of the marble the beauty and inspiration of her life but is not with the character and soul to put into the work to make a lasting influence in this college.

At the end of Mr. Abbott's talk, the memorial was unveiled and President Hazard accepted the gift.

In the name of the College I accept this beautiful memorial of the life and labors of one who had much to do with its making. I accept it on behalf of a faculty, to which she came in the freshness of her youth and enthusiasm. I accept it on behalf of the Trustee, to whom she contributed the wisdom of her experience. I accept it on behalf of the students whom she inspired in the classroom, and that larger body whose president she was. I accept it not only on behalf of all that has gone before, but of all that is to come. The College is more than any group of people, faculty and students, gathered at any one time. It is the resultant power of the efforts of the endeavor, the inspiration of all who have lived in it, and of those who shall live; a stream of life; a continuity of thought which has kept the elements of eternity. To the life of high endeavor Alice Freeman Palmer brought her great contribution; and I accept this visible and tangible token which has the enduring quality of beauty as a perpetual reminder that it is all and for the days that are to come, the gift of a life.

Miss Hazard then introduced Professor George H. Palmer, known to be in the person of the College through his biography of his wife, "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," "The Nature of Goodness," and "The Field of Ethics," to recall the personal traits and characteristics of our former president.

Dr. Palmer said he could not better characterize her than in the words of a little child whose mother, sometime after reading in his hearing an account of Mrs. Palmer, asked him who Alice Freeman Palmer was.

"She was an American woman," said the child.
"Yes, but what did she do?"
"She lived."
"Well, so do we all live."

"No, she lived by doing things," persisted the little boy.

This, said Dr. Palmer, was a fair summary of her. She was a woman, feminine to the core, sensitive, sympathetic, keen in the enjoyment of beauty, always a companion. She was an American through and through. The great central thought, however, is that she lived—in every fiber of her being. She felt absolute delight on every side. Her happy soul, believing that the world was God's world, was filled with a desire that everyone should enjoy it as well as she. Also, she lived by doing things. The exclaiming of the girls-day for day during the week in the inspiring lines of the marble figures. Dr. Palmer then pointed out the danger of the double meaning of the word example. Persons who are examples may be too, but it is an inspiration into the lives of which we can enter and feel all our individual powers quickened.

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Lost Books

Will whoever borrowed the following books, kindly return them as soon as possible?

Sophocles — trans. by Jebb.
Man and Superman — Shaw.
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine — Fox.

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Crew Cup Competition

After the last of the three crew competitions which have taken place on Friday, June 4, Tuesday, June 8, and Thursday, June 10, the final results were announced by Jeannette Keim in College Hall Center. To the crew of 1909 the Hunnewell Cup was awarded. This in addition to the banner worn at Indiana that gives the reason to be doubly proud. Individual塌rkards were given to each member of the winning crew.

The W's were awarded as follows:

Florence Doe, Ruth Elliott
Eleanor Raymond, Winifred Finly
Julia Locke, Edith Middlewood
Marguerite Suydam, Helen Owen
Frances Taft, Anna Skinner
Marguerite Fitzgerald, Constance Eustis

The novice cup was awarded to Cecilia Hollingsworth, 1912.

The judges of the competition were Mr. Courtenay Guild and Mr. Stevens.

Notice

All boats to be used in Float Pageant must be brought to Stone-Hall Cove or to College Hall Cove by 10:00 a. m. June 22. All other boats must be to some other part of the lake since every boat in these coves will be decorated for the pageant. There will be a short rehearsal at 7:30 p.m. June 21. If you cannot please send a substitute to row your boat since we cannot arrange the order of procession without all boats which are to be in the pageant.

Leslie Conner,
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Vesper Service
Sunday Evening, June 13, 1909.
Service Prelude: 606.
Processional Invocation.
Hymn: 854.
Service Anthem: "Saviour, again to Thy dear name" Llewellyn
Psalm: CXXV (Gloria Patri) Scripture Lesson.
Address: Prayer.
Organ: Prelude to Parsifal Wagner
Choir: Jesus, Lover of my soul H. C. M.
Organ: Song without words in F Major Mendelssohn
Prayers (with Choral responses)
Recessional: 789.
The Wellesley College Choir
Soli by Miss Mapes and Miss MacFarlane.
Professor MacDougall, Organist.

Important
September Examinations
All students who wish to September to remove conditions (entrance or college) or deficiencies or to take examinations for advanced standing must make written application to the Dean on or before September 1, (see Extracts from Legislation, Article III, 2). Attention is called to the fact that this regulation applies to those cases in which it is proposed to remove the condition or deficiency by a paper. Cards of permission to present such papers will be sent out at the same time as cards of permission to examinations.

No student will be admitted to examinations to remove conditions or deficiencies or to examinations for advanced standing unless a card of admission is presented signed by the Dean.

Students making application for admission to examinations for advanced standing must enclose the written permission from the Dean authorizing them to prepare for such examinations.

The schedule of entrance examinations is given in the current Calendar, pages 29, 30. The time and place of the examinations in college subjects cannot be fixed until after September 1. But these examinations will not be given earlier than Tuesday, September 28, nor later than Friday, October 1.

Unless informed to the contrary, the student will understand that her application has been granted and if a stamped and addressed envelope accompanies the application, she will be sent her card of admission and informed of the time and place of the examination for which she applies. If no envelope accompanies the application it will be assumed that the student will be in Wellesley before Tuesday, September 28, and will apply for the card of admission at the Dean's Office.

If the examination for which application is made is one requiring a fee, this fee must be enclosed with the application. (See Extracts from Legislation, Art. III. 4, 5.)

(Signed) ELLEN F. PENDLETON, Dean.
June 9, 1909.

Farnsworth Art Museum
Attention is called to a recent gift to the college, a very beautiful gold coin of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which was obtained in Egypt by Mr. William Blydgett, a member of the board of trustees, and presented by him to the college. The coin is placed in the cabinet containing the Egyptian antiquities in the sculpture gallery of the Farnsworth Museum, and is a valuable addition to the collection of originals.

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Miss Caswell, 130 College Hall.

Alumnae Notes
In addition to notes concerning graduates, the Alumnae
column will contain items of interest about members of the
Faculty, past and present, and former students.

The recent quest for lost addresses of former students of the
college in which members of the college past and present have
so kindly aided, brings out interesting records of scholarship and life.
Some selections from this material are now given.

Mary Elizabeth Page who entered college in 1875, married
Rev. John H. Parr of Chicago, Ill. A part of their married
life was passed in Illinois, but later Mr. and Mrs. Parr went south-
ward where they conducted a mission school. Some disturbance
arose as a result of which the school buildings were burned and Mr.
and Mrs. Parr barely escaped with their lives. Mrs. Parr died
as a result of the shock and exposure about 1880.

Ada F. Ayer entered college in 1875 from Medford, Massa-
achusetts, and is now a teacher of violin in Mount Allison College
Sackville, New Brunswick.

Gertrude Metcalfe entered college in 1877. After teaching
in high schools, Miss Metcalfe gave her attention to journalism
and for several years was editorial writer, music critic, etc., on the
Oregonian, Portland, Oregon. At present she is editor of "Mazama"
a record of mountain居民 in the Pacific Northwest, having been
historian of the organization since 1902. The word "Mazama"
is derived from the name of the mountain goat which makes its
home high up among the pinnacles and glaciers of the Cordillera
range of Western America.

Edith G. Van Doren entered college from Meridian, N. Y., in
1882. Miss Van Doren reports herself as living at the homestead
on the farm (a charming place to judge from the picture enclosed)
with her parents and brother, "just thinking in the vacant spaces,""in
doing her little work better, she trusts, for her connection with the
"college beautiful." Her cousin, H. May Van Doren, who entered
college in 1898, is now Mrs. Galen Nichols.

Charlotte S. Everest entered college in 1886 from Champlain,
N. Y., married Dr. H. E. Shumway in 1901, and has taught in
various schools under the American Missionary organization.
This work has taken her to Orange Park, Fla., and to several places
in Porto Rico. Mrs. Shumway is now teaching, in Beach Institute,
Savannah, Ga. She received the degree of A. B. from Cornell
University in 1906.

Mary Eleanor Whiting (Mrs. Clement Renan) entered college

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Former students of Wellesley, not graduates, are reminded that they are eligible to honorary membership in the Wellesley Alumnae Association, with the privilege of attending meetings, though not of voting or holding office. By the payment of the one dollar fee they may have all publications for the year, including the Alumnae Register, sent to them.

Miss Charlotte H. Greenbank, 1890, and Miss Florence M. Osborne, 1899, accompanied by Miss M. L. Carr, Radcliffe, 1899, and Miss Ethel Osborne, sailed from Boston, June 12, in the Canopic of the White Star Line, for Naples. They will be abroad three months, and expect to visit Italy, Switzerland, Paris and the British Isles.

Miss Florence Durstine, 1901, is Financial Secretary of the Realty Company of the New York Women's University Club. The attention of Wellesley alumnae is called to the advantages of membership in the University Club. Miss Durstine will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding the club. Her address is 67 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Engagements

Miss Helen Wales Bates, 1907, to Mr. F. Everett Window, of Brockton, Massachusetts.

Miss Edith Simpson, formerly of 1908, to Mr. Richard Halter, Michigan School of Mines, 1907, of Chihuahua, Mexico.

Marriages


BARNEFIELD—ARNOLD. June 8, 1909, in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, Miss Maud Holdridge Arnold, 1904, to Mr. Ralph Tillinghast Barnefield. At home after September 13, 97 Summit Street, Pawtucket.

Deaths

May 7, 1909, in Ottumwa, Iowa, a daughter, Marion Jordan, to Mrs. Merrill C. Gilmore (Ethel Jordan, 1896).

May 19, 1909, in New York City, a daughter, Louise Carey, to Mrs. Herbert B. Brougham (Nettie I. Hill, 1899).

June 2, 1909, in Cleveland, Ohio, Elisha S. Whitlock, father of Edith Whitlock, 1886.