6-24-1893

The Wellesley Magazine (1893-06-24)

Wellesley College
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Tree-day, '93.

TRUE to his custom, Father Time has completed another cycle, tossed it to the garner of the past, and brought us to an anniversary that confers upon the daughters of Wellesley a triple benefaction.

To-day, an ear pressed close to our hearts may hear the lingering vibrations of chords touched in the past—the music of gladness and the voices of friendship of other days.

To-day, we joyously hold the hand of the present, and receive from it a wealth of smiles and caresses, while Nature, in full festival, tells us again the story that there is no death, and that our own lives may burst forth in beauty and sublimity from every winter of cloud and storm that may close in upon them.

To-day throws into our lives memories that will grow more precious as
the years gather behind us; memories that will restore to us, in our diverging paths, the sweet and friendly faces into which we now gaze. Herein is the trinity of beatitudes that Tree-day bestows.

To you, our treasured friends, our benefactor, Mrs. Durant, our president, our faculty, our fellow-students, we have already in our hearts given an affectionate welcome to our Tree-day exercises. The presence of some of you, our faculty, is like the children gathering again at the old fireside to live over in sympathy the joys that are gone. Your gladness of countenance tells that out in the fields of the world there are flowers and radiance. From this sweet assurance we draw new hope for ourselves.

To you, who have led us in our mental march, who have given us joy along with instruction, we can utter no more than the promise of endeavor to make the future a compensating reflection of the wisdom we have gained from you.

To those of our friends who tarry awhile longer in these halls of opportunity, we turn again. We beg to be remembered for whatever of good we have done; to be forgotten only wherein we have failed or erred. Heaven grant that we leave some remembrance of example, some sweet fragrance of character which may inspire those who take our place to nobler striving than ours has been. If we leave you nothing else, we bequeath sincere good wishes, with the hope that they may prove magnets of power and of success to those who receive them.

And now, classmates, we who at no distant day go from Wellesley—perchance some of us, all of us, go out to “the trivial round, the common task.” Let us even there endeavor to make life a beautiful symphony rather than a grave catastrophe. Let us resolve to-day, not only to “know the good,” but to do the good. Let us resolve not to wait to turn saints until the the world has offended or disappointed us. But, if the world have any propositions to make to us, which call for circles of gold and white robes in the end, let us consider well before we leap, lest Wellesley be charged with giving to the world those who play the fool.

It has been said that all those who build a house or plant a tree have already achieved largely of life’s success. We, then, who have committed to earth’s bosom a child, to be nourished in memory of our love and gratitude, hope this child will grow into graceful proportions, as a symbol of our own possibilities

Emily Howard Foley.
'MIDST the din and confusion of our hurrying life-work there come to us opportunities, rare, it is true, but all the more precious, when we can rest for an instant from the turmoil about us, and pause to look back upon the path already traversed, as well as forward along the way that lies before. To-day we have reached one of these little ledges of time, and, as we tarry here, two broad vistas open up; the one receding far into regions left behind, the other stretching onward, ever broadening before our vision, glorified by the light that shines through the mist-enveloped future, and bids us follow on.

But, though the future allures us with its “mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going,” yet the past, with its “hints and prophecies of things to be,” claims a share, at least, of our thought. For the past was future once; only the brief moment of the present divides the one from the other. Divides? Nay, rather like cement, which shall endure throughout all time, it unites them with a strength that shall never fail, till all three, past, present and future, shall blend in one and merge themselves into timeless eternity.

Would we see, then, more clearly the way before, let us carefully review the path that lies behind, knowing that upon the foundation of the past the present is laid, and above the corner-stone of the present is reared the structure of the future.

That force is never lost is a law supreme, not only in the material world, but equally potent in the world of human life. Whatever has been, is; whatever is, shall be; or, in the words of our poet: “There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before.” Every effort put forth in behalf of humanity, to further the good of mankind, is immortal. Transmuted, converted, it may be,—so much so, that it needs the eye of the Divine to discern its continued existence; but the truth remains, that its influence shall be felt through time and through eternity.

But what can we forecast of the future from a study of the past?

Glancing down the epochs of history, one is struck with the recurrence of similar events and periods. Time repeats itself; over and over again are met the same influences, the same tendencies, and apparently the same re-
sults. Examine, one after another, the various realms of civilization,—the realms of art, of literature, of science, and above and over all, the realm of life; in each do we notice this repetition, this recurrence.

Take science, for example. Here we find, first an age of discovery and investigation, an age in which scientists are absorbed in searching out the inmost secrets of nature, and intent on disclosing them to the world. Then comes the age of verification and application; the object of the search has been attained. Now, all are engaged in testing the validity of their conclusions, and applying their theories to practical purposes. After this, what follows? The knowledge already gained is but a stepping-stone to heights yet unexplored, is but an incentive to further search; again the spirit of investigation animates the world of science. Thus has its course swung round into a period in character the same as before, in character the same, but in achievement quite different. The circular movement of scientific progress is like the spiral, each of whose cycles is but a higher development of those already completed.

Turning to the realm of literature, we find that its progress, in turn, illustrates the same principle; in this branch of human culture, we also discern the spiral movement. In literature, the cycle begins with the creative period, a period when men seem endowed with new insight, and inspired by fresh enthusiasm. Perfect freedom and spontaneity characterize the style of the period, while the thought is potent for its truth and originality. As this burst of creative genius spends itself, it is followed by a new epoch, an age of criticism. Now, the work of the previous period is subjected to the keenest scrutiny, and under the critic’s microscope must stand the test of analysis.

In this realm a period of criticism is absolutely essential to growth. It acts as a fertilizing agent, causing a fresh awakening of sleeping powers. Thus another creative age is introduced, and with it the beginning of a new cycle. Such a movement we see in the centuries just passed. The revival of learning of the sixteenth century aroused creative genius. The seventeenth and eighteenth marked a critical and transitional period, while in the present century we are gradually returning to a creative age.

But how is it in the realm of art? Can we apply the same principle here? In point of creative genius the height which was reached by the old
Italian masters has never been, and perhaps will never be, surpassed. The lofty aspiration of Raphael, the mighty grandeur of Michael Angelo, define the high-water mark of creative art. There is, however, in the artistic realm, another element than the creative, viz.: the scientific, or technical, and it is along this line that the advance has been made. As creative power furnishes the conceptions which are to materialize into forms of beauty, so technical knowledge enables the artist to work out in perfection of detail the idea he has in mind.

May we not say, then, of these various realms, that they are advancing, not in such a manner as to leave behind all that has been of value in previous epochs, but rather compare their progress to the spiral composed of different cycles, alike in character, yet essentially varying in achievement. Thus the attainments of one cycle form the foundation of those of the next; in the following cycle the new thought introduced, the new influence brought to bear, serve simply to recombine in different proportions the material gathered in the past.

Let us now seek its application in the realm of life,—to humanity. Mankind is advancing, from century to century, towards the fulfilment of its promises, towards the realization of its ideals. In the cycle through which it has passed are two stages. The first marks the epoch in which humanity is considered only as a whole. The individual, as an individual, counts as nothing. Only as he is a constituent of humanity in general is he recognized. Under such a state of affairs there could be little progress, for it is in the development of the parts that the whole grows to fuller and nobler proportions. The transition occurred; then came the movement towards individualism, as illustrated in the seventeenth century. Action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions, and, as formerly all had been in the interests of the general, to the exclusion of the individual, so now, all tends towards furthering individual interests to the exclusion of those of the general. Each man, impressed with his own individuality, is bent upon maintaining his own liberty, upon asserting his own rights. Thus has humanity passed through two stages. Its path has taken it from the general to the individual, and now it has again swung round to the general, unlike the former, however, for in the light of the past, it is seeking the development of the general only by means of the perfect development of the
individual. Both are working towards complete harmony, and, as men singly work out their salvation, not at the expense of, but in sympathy with one another, so the organic whole rises from height to height. Like the march of an army must be the advance of humanity. Only as each soldier obeys the commands of his general, only as each man steps to the time of the music, can the mighty column gain higher ground.

This is the point which mankind has reached to-day. The spirit of fraternity, of fellowship, the feeling that we are all members of one and the same whole, is inspiring the world. Sects, races, nationalities are mingling and blending into a grand and harmonious union, which is gradually working towards perfection.

Fellow classmates, as we stand upon the confines of the century just passed, facing the unknown and unexplored realms of the twentieth century, we pause to consider the possibilities of the epoch we are entering. The cycles of the past have done their work. Upward, still upward, have they forced the spirals of civilization, and upon the present generation devolves the exertion of raising it to a still greater height. Oh, the debts we owe to the workers in the past who have consecrated both mind and heart to teaching us the possibilities that lie within us! Shall we not be as generous in our limited circle of opportunities in doing our share?

We cannot over-estimate the importance of college men and women as a factor in our social, political and intellectual world. It is a factor whose value is increasing yearly, whose influence is spreading itself more and more into all branches of human progress.

To a college woman, how many doors fly open that to another may remain forever closed! How many opportunities present themselves of which another does not dream! The world is all gates, all opportunities, all strings of tension waiting to be struck. Ah! do we realize our position as college graduates? Without a full recognition of our powers and responsibilities, our noblest possibilities will never be fulfilled. "Know thyself!" Self-knowledge is, in very truth, the secret of achievement. Why is it that this century has gained the height upon which it rests, unless it be because of the spirit of self-examination which so permeates it.

This, however, is but one aspect of the question. With the knowledge of the self, of the real as it exists, there must be a conception of the ideal as it
may exist, with the introspection there must be a looking outward. Only as the former are complemented by the latter, is there a certain basis for final attainment.

And now, as we step forth into new spheres, to be surrounded by new influences, to be filled with new interests, let us place our ideal higher than ever before. Our vision is indeed limited. Through the veil of the future the human eye cannot see. But we have the assurance that beyond the mists and the shadows there is the full radiance of the ideal made real. Upon this assurance we rest our hopes. With this as a certainty we cry:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven, with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea!"

LUCY ELIZABETH WHITE.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

TO-DAY I leaned down over the pansy bed around our fair white birch letting the cool flower faces kiss my forehead, looking to those wise daughters of the earth for inspiration. A literary dig passed by and tossed her head at me.

"There’s pansies, that’s for thoughts!” she cried.
"Just so,” I replied.

She then came up and delivered the following discourse:

"Some of them you’ll find too dark to be recognized at a distance, some perhaps are a little too fresh, and others are wilted, second-hand, as it were, after being sported about at the ’95 class social. Well, that’s not your fault. ‘As the tree is bent, so the twig’s inclined.’ Have you ever noticed the application of that last quotation to the present sophomore attitude? Just listen and I’ll interpret it to you, showing, meanwhile, what original work is. As the tree is bent—tree—naturally, from fond associations, when we say tree
we think oak-tree. Oak-tree, there; so far, so good. As the tree is bent—bent with age, responsibility, senior dignity, ceremonies of '92, so the twig—here is a delicate suggestion, subtle and poetic, of the sweet pea—so the twig's inclined. Context here shows inclined to mean imitative, burlesquing, etc. Here we have the interpretation plainly before us. As the '92 oak, by reason of its strength, dignity, etc., is bent after the old customs, e. g., Tree-day, so the '95 sweet pea, grasping, sprouting little upstart, is inclined to mimic the custom of our ancestors.”

At last that literary dig was gone, and I was alone with my pansies. The white birch touched my head with a branch. I looked up in response, and saw, trooping across the campus, a host of dryads, each with a branch in her hand.

“Those are for your sake,” whispered the birch.

“What,” cried I, “fly brushes! tell them '93 doesn’t need—”

“Hush,” said the whisperer, “can you see what they are?”

“Birches?” I asked. “The impudent creatures don’t intend to birch us with our own birches?”

“Nay,” said the tree, “your hasty judgment no more becomes your scholar’s cap and gown than does a stiff breeze blowing from the lake. See, they will strew your path with leaves, they, once the lofty, would-be sharers of your inmost secrets, those of Senior Day, who yearned to open your bosom ere they rent their own, even they, tall, willowy dryads, come ready to lay their symbols at your very feet, yea, to be stood, or knelt, or sat upon. Hasten to yonder hill.”

Here all the wise little faces under the tree smiled approval and begged to go as Tree-day messengers. So I gathered a basketful of “pansies for thoughts,” and here they are for you. Some are sober, some are gay, some would like to be sweet. None of them have any thorns. If you are scratched or pricked it will be from nettles that have crept in from the grass, not from the pansies themselves.

Which shall I throw you first? There really is no order. I can’t tabulate pansies very well. We’ll leave the A B C’s for the Juniors—alas, no, not for the Juniors, for the great A. C. has decreed that tabulation shall be torn from them and given to the freshmen for moulding their infant course as to majors and minors. The grouping system has already been personi-
fied by the twos and threes that huddle together in the corridor to discuss the matter. But after all their tabulation, their alphabetical insignia are to be curtailed, for the aforesaid A. C. will no longer allow them to claim aught but A. B. But this is not to the point. I was about to say that, having no group system in this basket, I will toss out any flower I find.

First, here's for congratulations to our devoted, next younger sister, on her chosen leader. The chosen does not always mean the attained, for—

"Why do the children of earth ever cry?
Answer me why.
Save for the thing that in their 'On High'
Shines unattainable,
Why, tell me why!"

The chosen is, alas, too often the unattained. This is sometimes owing to peculiar conditions of sensibility, over-emotional sensibility, or too sensitive sensibility or not sensible sensibility—but once on record the children of men cried for the unattainable, owing to "parliamentary sensibility." It is no joke, though it may be a Laugh(l)in(g) matter to be a stateswoman. To give up that which we have before we get that which we have not may mean un-presidented class meetings, "absence from chapel by request," but the cause is worthy. Despite Max Muller's definition of language as the expression of ideas, it seems that '94 has found a word that is "only a term." That word which to the freshman represents the highest ideal, which to the sophomore is fraught with awesome respect, the word senior to wordly wise '94 is "only a term." '94's constitution at present date contains a "resolution of interpretation," to the effect that senior president does not mean junior president. It is, however, a comfort to know that '94 does not claim that all words stand for ideas. Let us hope all bitter ones are "only terms." Now, at the close of your junior year, we hope, '94, that the rapids of your stream are passed, and that by peaceful waters you may cluster about your chosen leader as the tender saplings grow about the willow tree. May she be swayed by your love for her, yet be ever poised. When her form shall bend like the aged willow, and silver leaves shall crown her head, may her face be radiant still with your affection, and may you rest content with her celestial calling, asking not that she be clothed in gold and white.
Well, we must not dwell too long on pathetic subjects.
A senior asked a freshman what her class flower was.
"White rose," said the freshman.
"Any particular white rose?"
"Why, no; we didn't specify. Not the bridal rose, but any other."
"Yes, well it'll always be convenient for funerals," and the senior heaved a sigh.

'95 is generally considered a bright class (I pause for applause), but one time she showed great lack of—something. The class of '90 no doubt laughed in her sleeve when the discoverers from Norway, England and Spain could not and did not discover that their sycamore was '90's maple. '95 likes change, and having once changed the site of the tree to escape the wrath of the upperclassmen, easily changed the tree to avoid their ridicule.

What does this little pansy say? Oh, that's good! This is about a dear little freshman, so I'll send the pansy that way. She wanted to entertain her friend to the best of her ability, and so, out of due respect to our Glee and Banjo Clubs was just about to invite him to the concert when she heard of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and invited him to the Shakespeare play instead. (So kind of her.) Speaking about dramatics, private theatricals are great fun. This pansy will give you the outline of a play.

Man approaches Waban's shore
In a little light canoe.
Swings a double-paddled oar;
Never smiles or looks at you.
Moors his craft and wanders far,
Seeking some one out of sight.
Stands a girl dressed like a tar,
Gladly watches him alight.
Quickly speeds she to the brink
Of the lake, and boards canoe;
Takes not long enough to think
Whether this she'd better do.
After paddling round and round,
Like a restive dragon fly,
Madly runs the craft aground,
Terror gleaming from her eye.
Leaps she quickly on the shore,
Gives canoe a backward kick.
Ah! she does her act deplore!
Heaven help her catch it quick!
Springs she on a crew boat now,
Keeps her balance while it swings,
Up and down from stern to bow.
Grasps the runaway and flings
To the shore the light canoe.
Makes a speedy dash and lands.
Scampers fast as squirrels do
Up the bank of pebbly sands.
Glancing round, we see the man
Slowly drawing near the scene.
Keeps as sober as he can;
Looks as though he'd never seen
In his life so much of fun.
Quietly he takes his place,
Speaking not to any one.
Smiles now cover all his face.
Silently he takes his track.
Swiftly speeds the light canoe.
One smile covers all his back
Till the darkness hides from view.

I must turn over my thoughts to more serious matters. I have something in the way of caution, yes, of suggestion and even of reproof to give to the freshmen. Some of you, I know, will feel very much bored, but that is the way in life. We all have to take our turn at being bored while our neighbors are being lectured—whether the lecturer be one of our own collegiate constituency or one from elsewhere. Just here let me give a general caution which I am sure you will all recognize as right, viz., that it is just as not to express in the public coach on a Monday afternoon that we “suppose there will be another lecture to-night. What a bore!” especially when the lecturer of the evening is in the coach.

Now I give my attention to the class of '96. There seems, my dears; there, there, don't cry, I'm not going to eat you up, I'm just going to address you as the college women I know you are. There seems, my dears, to have arisen among you a little misunderstanding owing to similarity of sound. Faculty and freshmen are words which to most people convey two distinct ideas, although elevator darkness sometimes admits of accidents. But these words have caused some complications in the library. May I request that from this time on the freshmen do not register books in the faculty box. A
Piercing cry of complaint might possibly bring you a box of your own if such should be deemed wise.

I seem to have mislaid a communication which I was asked to read to the faculty. It was of no great importance, however, but contained a few suggestions on keeping office hours.

While I turn from one class to another, I hope the rest of you won’t stop listening, like the junior who said the only point in the philosophy lecture she heard was that on self-interest. Please listen now to a freshman tale. It is really meant to be sung.

A freshman stood on the brink of a hole.

"Gard’ner!" said she,

"Can’t you do something to shrink up this hole?
Look at the size of the tree!
Too small, too small;
’Twill never do,
’Twill never do
At all, at all!"

The gardener deeply and heavily sighed.

"Lady," said he,

"Can’t you do something, and bury your pride
Under the roots of the tree?
Why did I dig
This hole for you?
It is for you
Too big, too big.

"But pray now tell to the freshwomen dear,
Pray do," said he,

"Their tree will add to its size each year
To a surprising degree.
’Twill grow, ’twill grow,
So now, say I—
And— by and by—
I told you so!”

The freshman smiled and her courage arose.

"Thank you," said she,

"We'll rival the trysting-place every one knows,
Planting a tupelo tree.
O tupelo,
Romantic tree,
Romantic tree,
O tupelo."
College is considered a great place for cultivating selfishness. There are among us, however, people who have generous impulses. A dear freshman said to a senior the other day that she was so glad '93 had gained from the council their Senior Day,—for, said she, "Poor things! they ought to have some pleasure. The faculty give receptions for their amusement, the juniors have a day, the sophomores show off at Float, and the freshmen have Tree-day." I wonder, by the way, if she is the freshman who is said to patronize "even the Wabanites."

Speaking of Junior Day reminds me that '94, keeping up her reputation of wise fools, has avoided all elemental conflicts of garden parties, and all seductive charms of proms., at Tupelo, and has settled down to cosy little tea-drinkings at home. Never mind, we are glad to say that '94 is stronger in mind than in appetite. Perhaps you remember the stand for temperance taken at the launching of the Wabanannung a year ago. Only sugar and water splashed the prow of that gallant boat. But they received their reward. Their bottle broke. No reflections here on '95's ambition for champagne, but just a few thoughts on the Soangetaha’s launching. The elements do not favor too rapid progress, and do not want '95 to be fast. The cohesion of molecules renders a champagne bottle as tough as the idea. When everything goes wrong, dogs are great helps in applauding. 'Tis well to provide rescuers, since faintness from providing strong-hearted boats with strong-liquored bottles may cause captains to capsize.

In connection with captains capsizing — did you hear what a capital thing occurred at the time baby '97 first lisped her own name? Little '96, feeling proud of her one superior year, locked the infant up for the sake of hearing it cry. According to popular phrase, night-caps may be out of style, but on this occasion '95 took the opportunity to be unpopular with '96, and capped the climax. Moral — Haze your equals would you win glory.

Now I’ll tell you a story without a moral.

Once on a time there were two people — only two, they seemed to think. One was a fair-haired princess from the West. Her throne and domain, although in the heart of the other one, were in full survey. She wrote poetry, and the other one praised it so that it became famous throughout the world. The other one had coal black hair and a fiery Southern heart. Now, although the other heart was fiery, and the one was ignitable, and the other
was no Old-man, and the one was very Winning, they were not crushes, oh no, but very sensible friends. They meant to deceive nobody—and—nobody was deceived. Shall I throw this pansy to seniors or to freshmen? I think I'll throw two.

Specials, let me, in the name of the class of '93, thank you that, rejoicing in the freedom your dress indicates, you have taken the liberty to make our Tree-day a specially festive occasion. Planting no tree to symbolize your growth from year to year, you have given to our college a tree of matured growth, to hold over our heads the flag of our national union. The graceful folds of the flag that flies in the summer wind to-day but typify the gracefulness of your act. As long as the stars and stripes mean aught to us, may Wellesley welcome you and your successors.

Freshmen, I know you are weary of my remarks, but I am not a junior, and do not pretend to give briefs; moreover, this speech was not meant for a daily theme, so spare your criticisms of "commonplace," "flaw in tone," and "poverty of thought," and let me advise you, if you are tired, to go to bed early, and not sit up, as some of you have done, rubbing your eyes and waiting for the ten o'clock bell to ring.

'94, in bidding you farewell, let me say that it is nearly time for you to lay aside your gay green robes for the sombre garb of the burden-bearing senior. Mind you do not don the gown until you have shouldered responsibility to sustain it.

'95, you hold triumph to-day over what you have won. '93 also has triumphs. Paraded before us they may not be, but triumphs they are. Last year the fact was ignored that '93 was the leader in the boating reform. This year '93's class spirit and interest in college athletics moved her at the eleventh hour to give up the crew of the old type and to compete with the younger classmen on a physical basis. We trust that the dress rehearsal for Senior Day will prove to all '92 sneerers that '93 can successfully entertain her friends without recourse to the suggested "Relation of the Spherical Triangle to the Inner Life."

Good-by, '96; I hope you have many a play-day before you, but the hoary eyes and faded hair on either side will testify that college life is more than a game.

I will ask the Mistress of Ceremonies to kiss '97 for me when she tucks her up in her cradle.
My basket is nearly empty, — with only a few faded blossoms left for the nearest and dearest of all. Perhaps, '93, you have had the greater heartsease for the fewer thoughts. Take these, my classmates, as a parting gift, and find in them —

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

MARY EMMA DILLINGHAM, '93.

TO THE LAND FROM WHENCE THE SHADOWS FALL.

I.

CHILDREN FROM OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE.

March of the Singers. Die Meistersinger.—Wagner.

The buttercups are nodding in the meadows,
The daisies white are waving to and fro,
The sunshine falling softly casts strange shadows,
       Dark shadows on the path which winds below.

The daisies white are waving to and fro,
The path winds onward, whither none can see;
The world is bright with springtime's golden glow;
The heart is filled with Nature's melody.

The path winds onward, whither none can see,
The shadows and the glory blur the sight.
We enter in the dimness doubtfully.
We lift our eyes with joy to meet the light.

CHORUS OF THE COMING RACE.

Children from out of the everywhere,
We seek for a something good and fair.

We come from out of the everywhere,
The dreamland of childhood over there,
Into the Real, into the Here,
Seeking a something to make life clear.

The shadows and the glory blur our sight,
Our hearts beat high with wonder and surprise;

Dimmer and dimmer grows the waning light,
The shadows rest within our lifted eyes.

Our hearts beat high with wonder and surprise,
With wonder and surprise just touched with pain.
Before us, strange, unknown, the future lies,
Childhood, receding, will not come again.
Oh, wonder and surprise and wakening pain,
Oh, shadow-darkened path which winds away,
The shadows promise light which will not wane,
The way of pain leads on to fuller day.

**Chorus.**

Children from out of the everywhere,
We seek for a something good and fair,
And if on our way we meet with pain,
Pain is but proof of a higher gain.
We come from out of the everywhere,
To seek, not joy, but with earnest care,
To find in the Real, to find in the Here,
Even through trial a purpose clear.

Oh, shadow-darkened pathway leading on,
We see the sunlight lying just behind,
Strange visions float before us and are gone,
Strange murmurs are borne to us on the wind.

The sunshine lies behind us still and bright,
Before the shadows thicken one by one,
We falter, half turn backward to the light,
But dreams of light more radiant draw us on.

**Chorus.**

Children from out of the everywhere,
We seek for a something good and fair,
A something beautiful high and pure,
To make life richer, to make faith sure.

Before the shadows thicken one by one,
And one by one old pleasures fade away;
The earnestness of life is just begun,
All doubtingly we wait a new strange day.

As one by one old pleasures fade away,
Slowly new thoughts and feelings take their place,
New purposes enrich life's melody,
We see dim visions of the Coming Race.

New thoughts, new feelings, and a new desire,
New hopes just wakening in the fuller light,
The Coming Race which, ever climbing higher,
Will stand at last upon the mountain height.
II.

All the glad day,
All the sad day.

*Motive of the Rhine.*  
*Rhinegold.*

In its depths the mighty river
Calmly flows towards the sea,
On the surface sparkle ever
Sun gleams from the great light giver,
By the waves caught merrily.

Chorus of the Gnomes.

We work and we play, we work and we play,
All the glad day,
All the sad day,
Seeking life's pleasures with heart's full of glee,
Seeking life's purpose with faith, earnestly.

We work and we play, we work and we play,
All the glad day,
All the sad day.

Sometimes into a serious strain
Of deep and solemn melody,
A melody just touched with pain,
There comes with rich and sudden gain,
A note of joyous harmony.

A note which strikes into the heart,
And finds a gladsome echo there,
Until they both become a part
Of Nature's joy; and, with true art,
Show us that life is good and fair.

Chorus.

We weep and we smile, we weep and we smile,
All the glad while,
All the sad while,
'Mid sunshine and showers a bright hope we keep,
For youth-time is joy-time and sorrow must sleep.

We weep and we smile, we weep and we smile,
All the glad while,
All the sad while.

The path is steep and rugged still,
Still grim and dark the shadows lower,
But, life's best promise to fulfil,
We struggle on with earnest will
Towards heights which far above us tower.
Wild flowers on our way we find,
And, if, perchance, they seem less rare
Than those whose fragrance sweet the wind
Wafts from above, yet, in their kind,
We cherish them as passing fair.

So gathering flowers day by day,
Still pressing on to light above,
New beauties greet us on the way,
We catch sweet strains of melody,
And learn with joy that life is love.

CHORUS.

We love and we pray, we love and we pray,
All the glad day,
All the sad day,
Through tender love seeking our trust to make sure,
Through earnest prayer seeking our faith to keep pure,
We love and we pray, we love and we pray,
All the glad day,
All the sad day.

III.

ON OUR ARMS THE SHIELDS OF TRUTH.

Ride of the Valkyrs.

To reach the summit one must climb
O'er sharpened rocks which cut the feet,
And, with a patience true and sweet,
Still find in struggle strength sublime,
A strength to meet the greater need
With higher thought and worthier deed.

CHORUS OF THE VALKUREN.

On our arms the shields of Truth,
In our hearts the hopes of youth.

The cold, dull stones o'er which we fare,
The cruel stones which pierce our heart,
Time will take up with skilful art,
And fashion into jewels rare,
Making each one a precious gem
To set within the diadem.
The lowering mists which blur our sight,
The clouds which darken all our day,
The hand of time will sweep away,
Until we stand in deepening light,
And, far off, see the sunset gleams
Weave in the mists our fairest dreams.

CHORUS.
Children of the gods, we still press onward,
Heeding not the shadows in our way.

A deeper thought comes to the soul,
And, with deep thought, a faith serene,
Which looks not back on what has been,
But, pressing onward to the goal,
Finds itself ever stronger grown,
And takes life's purpose as its own.

Well say the sages of to-day,
In toil we find our highest good;
For toil still brings the nobler mood,
Which, putting shallow thoughts away,
Looks far below the surface sweep
For jewels hidden in the deep.

Through toil we pass, not on to rest,
Rest comes but to the lower mind,
But on to work of higher kind
Which, laboring still to find the best,
Will gain from labor joy most sweet,
And through work make life's round complete.

CHORUS.
Children of the gods, we still press onward,
Heeding not the shadows in our way;
On our arms the shields of Truth,
In our hearts the hopes of youth.
Children of the gods, we still press onward,
Onward to the brighter, fuller day.

IV.
ONWARD.


The path lies all behind us, and we stand
Upon the height, and there turn to look back
With wistful eyes o'er the familiar track
Which we have climbed to reach this golden land.
A golden land, in truth, where long-time dreams
Take shape and breathe the spirit of our hope,
A land where love has fuller, broader scope,
And where faith grows more sure in Truth’s clear beams.
A golden land, and yet, and yet, we hold
Within our hands wild flowers, withered, brown,
A golden land, and yet we still look down,
With tear-dimmed eyes, on paths we loved of old.
Our hearts beat high with happiness, and yet,
In consummation lingers vague regret.

**THE CHORUS OF LIFE.**

Looking far backward over the past;
Over the years which have slipped away,
We can see the beautiful whole at last,
The whole made perfect in memory.

We stand upon the heights, and all around
The soft winds breathe, the radiant sunbeams fall,
And to each other with glad hearts we call:
"Rejoice! Rejoice! our resting place is found."
"Not so," we listen breathless to the word.
"This is the first step only, not the end,
Higher and higher still ye must ascend,
Upward, until at last ‘Well done’ is heard.
Lift up thine eyes,” commands the still small voice,
"Lift up thine eyes to loftier heights above.
Climb on and up until triumphant Love,
Bending from heav’n, sayeth ‘Now thou shalt rejoice,
Rejoice and rest, for the long journey o’er,
In Love’s realms peace is thine forevermore.’"

**CHORUS.**

Looking on into the future days,
Into the years which lie dim before,
We trust to the wisdom of God’s ways,
And wait for life with a purpose pure.

“Grow not dismayed, for thou, through toil, hast won
A purpose true to help thee on thy way,
A pure ideal, grown higher day by day;
Which, like the star of promise, leads thee on.
Grow not dismayed, for thou, through work, hast won
A foretaste of the sweet, eternal peace,
Which cometh when at last earth's voices cease,
When the long, weary day of life is done.
Grow not dismayed, for, through love, thou hast gained
An answering love from hearts which trust in thine,
A love which makes this life in part divine,
And the divine—life's highest dream attained.
An earnest purpose, promised peace and love.
Grow not dismayed, rest waits for thee above.

CHORUS.
Looking beyond Time's misty veil,
Into the depths of eternity,
Knowing, in truth, that love cannot fail,
We wait for the glory which is to be.

JOSEPHINE PRICE SIMRALL.

ORATION.

FRIENDS OF NINETY-THREE AND FELLOW-STUDENTS:

Like all true and skilful players of the noble and gentle game of tennis, we are glad to come together with you, almost at the end of the tournament of this year, to see how the score which we have kept of the games compares with yours, and to show you what symbols are an inspiration to us, and what the colors are under which we strive.

When we entered the lists last fall we found our court carefully and distinctly marked out for us, not with white, but with red tape. The line was of goodly breadth, tightly stretched, and it caused the unwary to stumble. Inside this boundary we looked about us, and noticed that some of the other courts were hard-worn, but ours was fresh and fair. Now, however, we note with anxiety that ours, too, has lost some of its primitive beauty, and is becoming somewhat worn, especially about the spot from which we have served,—a place commonly known as Domestic Hall. After we had taken our places we made for ourselves the best racket we could, for Ninety-five would not help us, but kept as quiet as an uprooted class-tree on a twice-told Tree-day. Nevertheless, we gained some points. First, we were sorry not to allow you, Ninety-five, to behold the quiet dignity of our first class-meeting. No doubt the sight was invaluable; but the little window above the door of Elocution Hall is meant for purposes of ventilation only. We remember another time when we expected a right good game with Ninety-
five with balls of old Boreas' make; but alas, — so well did they know wherein lay the better part of their valor, that "all bloodless lay th'untrodden snow" that winter's day, and the campus by the East Door has needed no new sod this spring. We have not given up hopes of having it sometime, however. We are going to wait a year, so that Ninety-five may have time to think the matter over. They usually try to correct their mistakes if you only give them time enough. Ninety-six, for her part, is always "ready" when the order comes to "play." (A schedule of only thirteen periods a week and, once in a long time, a theme, has obviously been planned for playing.) Not long since, the new rules for the game gave our side the vantage and showed us the prize for which we might all compete, — that high, mysterious thing which bears the letters B. A. Our noble opponent in the opposite court, however, after considerable difficulty, gained a similar vantage, so the score is "deuced." Counting up thus, all the points seem to us quite clear, unless, possibly, the score of the game we played last mid-year. Then it seems a little confused; for, though we are sure that we gained many points, we have a feeling that we lost something (or some one) at the same time. Still, soon after those weary days we recovered ourselves, and then we chose our crest and the pennant under which we play.

Just here let me say that for your benefit, Ninety-seven (for it is hardly to be expected that you can grasp this all at once), for your benefit, then, a notice of the following will be posted on the elevator bulletin board, and will be left there during one entire descent of the machine from the fifth floor; so that even you will have time for an exhaustive study of it. But to resume.

When Ninety-six first took her vow of love and loyalty to our "College Beautiful," she determined to show her faith by her works; and accordingly she chose her tree from the loveliest spot in Wellesley — from Tupelo. The encyclopedia says that the tupelo tree originated in North America; but we know more than the encyclopedia, for we know the exact Point whence it came. Our colors are white and crimson. Do you remember how the sun rises over the snow? Then you know the very shades we have chosen. Do you think of the one flower which could lie against the snow and yet be peerless? It is the white rose which we have made ours; and the meaning of the stainless rose and the white and crimson over the snow, is, by our interpretation, "Be your ain' sel'." 

JOANNA STODDARD PARKER.
PRESENTATION OF SPADE.

Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! Greetings from the class of '95 to the class of '96. 'Tis the will of our most gracious sovereign that I extend to you the congratulations and advice of her noble people.

Indeed, we do sincerely congratulate you upon the arrival of this occasion. For to-day an opportunity is given you to bring out whatever wit, ingenuity and energy there may be hidden so long and well among your ranks. The fact that for many, many months you have been a quiet and uninteresting body is no sign nor cosine that you have no latent power. Hence, our little folks, we are waiting eagerly to see if there be among you any spirit, any energy, any wit. Our beloved queen and her devoted people wish you all possible success with this your Freshman Tree-day, reminding you that to-day you must show whether you are "to be or not to be" equal to '95. Would that you could win something like the renown which will ever follow '95 for the far-famed and glorious rites with which yonder proud sycamore was consecrated!

And now I am to advise you. What a thankless task before me! Yet a '95 was never known to shrink nor waver before unpleasant duty, so I begin at once. Begin, yes; but end, "Aye, there's the rub." For this is a broad and comprehensive subject. And then, unlike some classes which I could mention, it is not '95's character to boast and dictate. It has been her custom to practice and let who will preach. Therefore, with inexperience as well as with reluctance, I undertake this difficult task. I will not burden your minds with many admonitions, but will sum up my counsel in these few words of exhortation: "Be careful to live up to your best knowledge. Slight no opportunities. Do much, for much will be expected of you, as ye have us for an ensample." Follow us, and you too will be successful. Victory after victory have we won. Do you wonder we appear triumphal to-day? Listen to our proud story.

It was far back in the beginning of our history that we triumphed over '94 and convinced her of our ability to "paddle our own canoe," if not to padlock a door. Cold water is very persuasive. After this physical test came another and graver conflict. Our mental strength was tried in the balances and not found wanting. Then it was that with a little grinding and groaning of the machinery the standard of our College Beautiful was
raised to its present lofty height. Long had our wise instructors waited for a class able to do this. We stood the test, or rather the examinations, and are proud now of that triumph.

Who, think you, started this interest in scientific rowing on Waban's water? Don't forget to be thankful to '95 for this inheritance. She was the originator, the pioneer, who paved the way for you. She preserves her fundamental position now, and never relaxes. She advances and double advances, but never retreats. '94 has truly only half a shell. But '95 does nothing by halves. Just look for one moment at the Soangetaha. '94 is always just five feet behind.

But do not think '95 is notable only for her athletic achievements. Turn to a proof of her interest in the intellectual pursuits of the college. What greater proof could you have than her gaining the new curriculum, which marks an epoch in the college history. With '94 disappears the old, worn-out and narrow course, while '95 has the honor of ushering in the new and beautiful regime. Do you wonder we triumph? Not thoughtlessly, not impulsively, not ignorantly, do we enter this broad and noble course. We considered carefully, argued long and deeply, and petitioned reverentially. Our faculty friends, begging '94's pardon, did not consider us presuming, but appreciated our needs and granted our requests. Nay, more, our grand and good college president congratulated us upon our success and wished us God-speed.

And now a word about your history. Being unable to remember anything that you had done, I went to the records to refresh my memory. Alas! nothing but blank pages met my eyes. The ink was dried in the bottle. The keeper of the records had fallen asleep. A monstrous spider crawling over the pages was the only thing which expressed life. You will agree with me that your life here has been uneventful. To be sure, you were for an unprecedented number of months an ignorant, confused band with no leader. What wonder, then, that you knew not which way to turn, and that in your perplexity hosts of you took the path leading homeward during that dreadful mid-year period. Before that time you numbered two hundred or more, but now you are only Ninety-six.

I rejoice to find that you have a faint, flickering spark of interest in athletics. Do not be discouraged because every champion you sent into the
tennis field was quickly vanquished by a sturdy sophomore; try it again, you may win in time. We admire your pluck in arraying yourselves to-day in your trophies of defeat.

Do not let your zeal for athletics carry you too far. For freshmen to haze freshmen is a most unprecedented act. What induced you to treat your little sister '97 in that way? Your motive, I confess, appears very hazy. Why did you not follow '95's example and bury that relic of barbarism? You be sure that had it been lawful, '95 would have properly chastised you. When you get older and wiser you will see these things as we do.

I hope I have not wounded or angered any by bringing up the past in this way. Fortunately, as you sign yourselves “nemo,” I shall have nemo for an enemy. If any are hurt I would remind you that you have plenty of Pond's extract, furnished by the class of '95, which is a sure cure for sores and wounds.

With these words I give you this spade. Look how well it has been kept while in our possession. With reluctance we place it in your ignorant and inexperienced hands. Yet we have confidence in you, we trust you. See to it that you prove worthy of this trust and become a pride to your fellow classes and an honor to your Alma Mater.

Alice Windsor Hunt.

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RECEPTION OF SPADE.

Half-joyful, half-sad is to-day for you, '95, as the half-mourning colors of your costumes indicate. The days of your monopoly of Tree-day exercises are over. The time has come for you to part with this spade which has done double duty for you this year. It comes now to '96, no matter how reluctantly you may part with it, for '95 must take to heart the lesson which college classes, as well as nations, must learn,—that whatever good was the possession of the dead Past must be handed down to the living Present.

'95 and '96 represent to-day two civilizations, ancient and modern, the civilization of Rome, the civilization of the present time. The parts have been well assigned, for '96 is here to receive a traditionary gift from '95 as
from an age gone by, whose virtues it possesses and surpasses, whose vices it scorns to imitate.

'96 assumes no character for the moment, dresses in no "brief authority," but appears as her "ain sel," a type of to-day, in her modest, conventional tennis dress. '95 has a role to fill, and it is amazing how well she succeeds. How fitting an accompaniment is the gaudy coloring and barbaric display of your ranks to the undignified self-praise, blatant boasting, to which your herald has given expression. We trust it was only for the sake of preserving perfect harmony in representation that you suffered this boastful spirit of old times so to display itself, and, furthermore, we hope that this is also the reason why you have brought from their resting-place those old, old traditions of the sophomore's superiority to the freshman, etc., etc., traditions which should be laid on the shelf with other curios illustrating the manners and customs of the ancients. For this time-worn and (pardon me) rather flavorless method of creating an amused pity for freshmen is indeed a relic of bygone times, and has little piquancy in this age of admiration for honest worth — eh, '96?

Now that you have kindly opened our eyes to your own value, we see that you are an exceptional class. We admit that, coming as you do, between the fresh sweetness of '96 and the brilliancy of '94, the "twinkle, twinkle" of your little star has not hitherto greatly dazzled us. But if, compared with '94, you have seemed to lack attractiveness, we know that following in their footsteps, you have gone to greater lengths in a good course. In fact, in one pointed instance you are five feet or so ahead.

Still, "things are not always what they seem." You know that sometimes even trees "play 'possum," and that among the ignorant peoples who settled America (last year, I believe), the plebeian maple got the devout veneration intended for the aristocratic sycamore.

It is rather below us to reply to the groundless innuendoes which you have greeted us with. Let '96 in her tennis costume suggest to you a new reading of the relations of the four college classes in general. We consider ourselves participants in a friendly game, in which victory depends not only on muscle [though those "elegant stretchings" have given us plenty of that], but on quick and active brains, in the possession of which nothing can shake our belief. Are we not fresh from higher algebra? Is not that proof sufficient?
Speaking of Math. brings to my mind a comparison for '96. Why not call '96 the last "factorial" in the series of classes whose names I see written here on this historic spade? You have not forgotten what a "factorial" is, I trust?" Some of you look rather unintelligent,—simply on this point, of course. No, you could not forget. You may have forgotten your maps of Abraham's wanderings and of the location of the tribes, but your Math. formulae, never! You will see the point, then, when I say that '96 is the last and highest "factorial" so far written in the series of Wellesley's classes; besides a new intrinsic value of her own, she unites in herself all the valuable qualities of the classes who have preceded her.

'96, then, gives you thanks for the good which you have handed down to her. To be sure, there are some over-bold souls among us who have mourned the non-hazing spirit which you have shown. They came to college with very picturesque notions of these,—eh,—second year articles, and hoped to show their mettle in various and sundry contests with these terrible sophomores.

To such benighted ones we would say: Gaze upon the classes above you. Mark the brutalizing effect of hazing, and be thankful that you have escaped. So we would counsel you; yet in the presence of a few near and dear ones, we would fain confess that had such conflicts taken place, there would have been more material to work with upon this occasion, and we might not have chosen to assume this rather uncomfortable position of unbending rectitude, although we know that it is becoming.

In the bushels of chaff given us to-day, there were a few grains of commendation. [For what we have received we are duly thankful.] Although the words of praise were few, they show your kindly spirit toward us, and that the trials of your freshman year are still vivid enough to you to make you "wondrous kind" to us. The lavender and the white, the white and the crimson have much in common. In the times which you represent, the white banner of truth was as much the standard of the noble, as it is to-day. Let the white, then, be combined with whatever color; the white and the lavender, the crimson and the white, will always float together under the Wellesley blue.

Lucy Jane Freeman.
Editorial.

FLOAT may not be, among Wellesley students, the most popular of Wellesley’s festivals, but certainly to the outside world it represents the red-letter day of the College Beautiful—if such an expression may be appropriately used of an evening celebration. It is the one day on which every student may invite her friends without let or hindrance, and the yearly-increasing crowds who attend show how highly the invitations are prized. And as the numbers of visitors increase, running well up into the thousands, the sight they come to see increases in attractiveness. Half the undergraduates remember when the heavy, clumsy crew-boats, nearly half as broad as they are long, were the only boats used for the occasion, and the charms of Float consisted solely of the pretty crew suits and the college songs. Now, all that is changed. Scarcely a year and a half since, Ninety-four broke the ice by seriously proposing to have a boat instead of a tub, a boat in which speed really might be achieved, and in which rowing need not degenerate into a mere display of fancy strokes. There were difficulties in the way, but difficulties exist only to be overcome and when at last they were surmounted, when an answer had been found for every adverse argument, when it was finally conceded that as a general thing speed is an advantage in a boat and that college girls might perhaps be trusted to sit in single seats without falling out—when, in short, the Wabanannung was an assured fact, then, although we did not know it, the battle had been won and boating at Wellesley placed upon a different footing. The enthusiasm with which Ninety-three, Ninety-five and the Specials took up the idea proved that the times were ripe for reform, and no one who witnessed our last Float could fail to see what a change has already been accomplished. Ninety-four’s zeal, it must be admitted, scarcely seems to have kept its rowing up to a standard commensurate with the make of its boat, but no such charge can be brought against the other classes, and the long, slender boats, the scientific stroke and excellent rowing displayed at our last Float would do credit to a college in which the science of boating is of much longer standing than in ours.

The swift success which has attended the efforts at improvement in this direction leads one to question why something of the same kind could not be done for our other athletic sports. Why is it that boating has taken
such a vigorous stride forward while our other associations for open air exercises either die an early death or linger along in a languid, anaemic condition? Is it not because we have no such incentive to well-doing in them as in rowing? We come back to college every fall with the best intentions. We believe that outdoor amusements are as valuable, as necessary, as our regular work and we propose to devote a fair share of our time to them, but alas, for our good resolutions. We are busy to-day, and if we put off our game of tennis, or the walk, or the bicycle ride we had planned, what harm will it do? We can be out longer to-morrow. But to-morrow again brings its urgent reason for postponement, and so we find ourselves back in the old way, which we had meant to improve so much. Very different is it with the members of the crews. It is an honor to belong to them, and every girl understands that it is a distinction which she must work to deserve. Friendly rivalry with the other crews and the knowledge that the reputation of their own particular class must stand or fall by their performance on Float Night are the motives which animate our rowers and make them practice steadily, systematically, seriously. It is the lack of some such incentives which makes our other athletics languish. Just how this stimulus is to be supplied for them it is hard to see, but whoever succeeds in solving this problem will have done more toward securing the physical, and therefore the mental, development of Wellesley students than has been done for years past. "To every lock there is a key;" who will find the key for this?

ONE gets the impression, particularly if one is a humble-minded freshman, that we think a great deal of our seniors here at Wellesley. But, after all, when one comes to consider the matter, our seniors are not treated as well as they might be; the pale cheeks and heavy eyes which one sees beneath most of the caps in our corridors just before Commencement make one feel that perhaps the state of a senior is not such a very happy one. Just ask one of them—if you can get her to stop long enough to speak to you—what is the matter, and you will hear something like this: "An examination to-morrow, three final papers to finish, class supper to prepare for, Senior
Day rehearsals, society meetings, and forty other things!" and away she rushes, with her gown fluttering behind her.

The society duties, and Senior Day, and all the endless rehearsals, and guests, and such things, must inevitably come with the close of the senior year; but they could be managed very well, were it not for the three or four papers that burden almost every member of the graduating class almost up to the day she receives her degree; and here the college might help her.

At other colleges the seniors enjoy themselves in these weeks, while our girls are straining every nerve to reach the goal at the end of the long race. It is no wonder that most of them go home tired out mentally and physically. The thing that makes the difference is senior vacation, two weeks of free time in which to write final papers. We all realize how difficult it is to write a paper unless one has consecutive time to do it in, and one or two Mondays do not suffice for a thesis. A girl must, therefore, write a page now, half a page then, and so gradually patch together a paper, which could have been written in less time and with far more satisfactory results, if she had only been able to give it uninterrupted thought. Many of the departments have begun to realize how much better such work would be, and have given a kind of little private vacation of their own when final papers were required: but to be excused from recitation in one subject is of little avail when there are other appointments. There should be freedom from all college duties, not excepting domestic work, which is more burdensome than ever at this busy time.

Such an arrangement would undoubtedly result in superior work from the seniors, and, what is even more to be considered, it would relieve the nervous strain, which is so often disastrous to a constitution already worn out by a year of hard work. Commencement Day would not show so many languid figures and colorless cheeks as it now does, if we had a senior vacation.

We recognize the difficulties in the way of having such a vacation at Wellesley as things are at present. A girl who leaves some required lower course until her senior year must of necessity take the work with the lower classes and under the same conditions. But under the new curriculum it is probable that a senior will be doing advanced work in all her studies, and it will be an easier matter to arrange to have regular work end two weeks before the final examinations.
But, even if it be a difficult matter to arrange, a senior vacation seems almost a necessity when one looks at the tired, nervous girls who are to go out into the world as the product of four years of college training. The reputation of the college, her high standard of scholarship, the health of hundreds of students, demand it.

The seniors are not the only ones who feel strongly on the subject of vacations and no vacations: there is not a girl in college who wants to return on the sixth of next September, as "the powers" have decreed that we must. Wellesley has the reputation of accomplishing much work, but she gains it at the sacrifice of health and pleasure. Ten weeks' vacation after the hard year's work is not enough to restore most girls to perfect vigor, particularly when the work is recommenced at the hottest part of the summer, when the July heat and the August haze seem to unite to make life a burden. We could begin with far more energy and keep up the work with more steadiness if we began our college year two or three weeks later, as most other colleges do. Two or three weeks make a vast difference in the tan on one's cheeks and the strength of one's muscles, a difference that would tell all the year in the work; and the result would be less worrying, less nervousness and more real concentration and thoroughness in our studies.

The Editorial Board is not in a pessimistic frame of mind, as one might infer from these remarks, but we take an active personal interest in these questions. We must next year suffer from both the short summer vacation and the lack of a senior vacation unless some relief be gained forthwith, and therefore from selfish, as well as public reasons, we raise our lament.

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The Free Press.

I.

THE CHAPEL QUESTION.

Wellesley students are so generally in favor of voluntary chapel that it seems hardly necessary to state arguments for it. However, since the subject has been brought up, I should like to remind those who are interested of some old reasons why, and so keep the ball rolling until some one who is abler brings what we want to pass.

In the first place, the students who go to chapel in the right spirit would go
even if not compelled to, so what is the use of making them go? And, in the second place, those who go because they have to only study or whisper, or let their minds go wandering way off somewhere, so what is the use of making them go? It may be said that there ought not to be such girls, and I think so too, but the fact remains that there are. And can we really blame people for doing these things when their views and beliefs are entirely different from ours, though, perhaps, just as honest, and who only conform to our services because they must?

I have heard it said that the chief good in compulsory chapel is that it brings the college together in the morning. We can see plainly that there are advantages in this, but why must it be for a religious service? Why may not the college assemble for the announcements, and only those who wish stay for the services which follow?

The only reason I can find for requiring attendance at religious services is that our good Puritan ancestors did so, and we like to follow their example. We do not like changes and renovations. It is a wonder to me that we have done away with the tithing man. Why isn't it as important that people should keep awake during services as that they should attend them at all? To be sure, I am reminded of the tithing man every time I see a section book, but I do not understand why it would not conform better to our present system if we had some one to gently tap the drowsy or inattentive on the head with a pole.

I believe that good never came of forcing religious matters upon people, especially upon people who study and think. I am sure that religion is too great a thing to need the assistance of rules and regulations to further its advancement, and I think it is wrong that people should go through with religious forms with their minds on other things.

No doubt our chapel attendance would be smaller if we were not required to go, and if the good done is measured by the number of chairs filled I should by all means stand in favor of the present system. I think, however, that an empty chair is as susceptible to good influences as a hurried, impatient girl, who has gone to chapel to save excuse blanks; and though I consider our chapel exercises pleasant and restful, on the whole, I look forward to the time when we shall be as free in chapel attendance as our college is broad in other matters.

Winifred Watson, '96.

II.

At this time when we are all more or less looking back upon the events of the year that is so nearly spent, and many of us are considering what are the influ-
ences that have been working for good, and what for evil, I wish to bring up before the readers of the Magazine one of the tendencies of our life this year, the influence of which is far from beneficial. I shall begin by stating the fact: there has been more talking in the library this year than there has been for the past three years,—farther back than that I cannot go. We have not had a phonograph, by means of which we could take a quantitative measurement of the amount of talking, but the proof of the fact lies in the evidence of our own senses, and the cause lies, I think, in two things: indifference and ignorance, and the second is the outcome of the first.

Conversation in the Library is due to indifference on the part of upperclassmen, to ignorance on the part of under. The exodus from under to upper classes is regarded as a sort of exodus from the restraint of all college rules, and the upper class girl considers it her prerogative to do pretty much as she pleases; the underclassmen, the newer members of the college, naturally turn to those who have been here longer for an example in such matters, and regard talking in the Library as the right and proper thing. This may not be the cause in all cases, it may not be so in the majority, but whatever the cause the fact remains the same. The Library, instead of being the refuge for the student who wishes to do her hardest thinking and most scholarly work, has become the place where one goes to meet one's friends, the general trysting-place for conversation, discussion, argument, and the earnest student finds her mind becoming distracted, her thoughts wandering, in the babble of words about her.

We admit that in a college library, where every one there knows every one else, where many of us are looking up the same subject and using the same books, a certain amount of conversation is both necessary and helpful, but we cannot admit the necessity or helpfulness of talking aloud or in an audible whisper, or across the table, or calling from one of the open windows to a friend walking across the campus.

It is true, too, that we work under a disadvantage in our Library, from the fact that the doors are always open upon one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the building. Since this difficulty cannot be obviated by keeping the doors closed or having spring doors, on account of the steps and danger of collision, it devolves upon those who are wont to gather around the Library door to show something of the spirit of consideration and common courtesy for those inside.

I do not claim to speak from the standpoint of the "earnest student." I should have to plead guilty to many of the charges above mentioned, but I do speak as one who sees that, at the rate at which things are going now, all that will be
necessary, within a short time, is the paraphernalia for serving chocolate and wafers for making the Library the scene of the the most popular and sociable "afternoon teas" in the records of society. And I think we must all see that co-operation of the students among themselves and with the librarian is the only means of a reform movement which will give next year the scholarly atmosphere which the Wellesley College Library ought to have.

Elizabeth Bartholomew, '94.

III.

We wish to assure our readers before we go further, or rather before we go at all, that we consider Wellesley girls to be almost as near the heights of perfection as it is possible for any one to be and still remain on this mundane sphere.

But, my dears, in order that you may be a little nearer the heights, we wish to draw your attention, which is always easily done, to a few minor matters which we have noticed of late.

We had an idea a few days ago. Perhaps we should explain here that it is very seldom we do have an idea, that is why we always speak of such an occurrence with a certain note of pride in our musical, Patti-like voice. But to return to this idea; as we were saying, we had an idea a few days ago. It struck us with considerable force; in fact, with such force, that we sat down and pondered. We finally came to the conclusion that the poet was right—he isn't very often, you know—when he said:

"Alas! there always came a day
When I found that my doll's feet were clay."

For the conclusion to which we were forced was that the Wellesley girls were not, as we had in our innocent credulity hitherto supposed, resting peacefully and complacently on these heights of perfection to which we have just referred. The fault which we found to be the most colossal, glaring fault was this, that you are exceedingly thoughtless of the comfort of others. You would not have thought it, indeed, we could scarcely believe it, but we had it on very good authority, that seventy-five girls had to wait one evening for two hours in order to get a quorum, and only ten more girls were needed to form that quorum. Ah, they did not sing that night, "Where are the nine?" but "Where are the ten, where?" Furthermore, we have known of committee meetings where all the girls but one had to wait, perhaps half an hour, for the other one to arrive. Oh yes, dear child, this late one came eventually, and she came smiling and amiable. It was well that she did, for she was compelled to do the smiling for the whole committee that evening.
We came to Wellesley to attend the Float, and we anticipated a most glorious time. We had a very good time, but it would have been vastly more satisfactory had not the three young ladies and their respective guests, who were just in front of us, insisted on standing all the evening. You see, don’t you, that you cannot always see through Wellesley girls. (That sentence looks contradictory, but it isn’t.) They are too complex, too deep, to be fathomed at a glance; furthermore, they make friends with people like themselves. So when there are six of these not-able-to-be-seen-through people standing just in front of you, it spoils your view. We could not see the boats or the fireworks, and we felt that we would rather float around some other place just then. Have we made ourselves clear?

Another place, my young friends, where you show your thoughtlessness is at the concert.

Do you know that, at the last concert which we attended at Wellesley, we sat near the door of the gallery? Probably you did not know it. In fact, it did not create the excitement which might have been expected. However, be that is it may, we sat near the door.

Now there were two maidens who sat just outside the door, which, of course, was kept open. No, they were not alone, they had two guests. They talked, we repeat it, they talked. They laughed aloud, we would repeat that also if we thought it would add to its force. In short, they made themselves obnoxious to those of us who were trying to enjoy the concert. We supposed they enjoyed, not the concert, but themselves. We do hope that they felt the black looks which we cast anon—or oftener—upon them. All the dark, lowering looks which we had treasured up from our innocent childhood, were thrown, literally thrown, at these people; but it took just one hour filled with such looks to make them realize they were in the slightest degree annoying. Of course, not many of you are so hardened in your evil ways as were these people, yet they were Wellesley girls.

And, children, there is another thoughtless way you have. You are unduly familiar with each other. You are too ready to adopt a nickname which, perhaps, a girl’s intimate friends have given her, and which she does not care to hear used by every one. This idea may never have entered your young heads, but it has frequently entered ours, that people will permit their intimate friends to call them by names which would be very distasteful to them indeed if used by any and every one.

In the same connection, you are not respectful to each other. If a girl among
you is so unfortunate as to get the reputation of being cute, as you call it, she may always expect to be chucked under the chin, or to be pulled by the hair, or to be addressed by some undignified nickname, or, in short, to be treated as a child. Please think of this.

Finally — oh, do not think for a moment that I have exhausted the subject of your thoughtlessness — in reality, I have only begun, but my time and space are both limited.

Finally — as we said — we stood on the north porch of the main building not many days ago. The barge came rattling up with its usual reckless speed, but by a great effort the courageous driver finally stopped the fiery steeds. The girls began to flock out of the building. They filled the barge — indeed, many girls were compelled to stand. The driver had just called "All aboard," when one of the girls came out with her mother, a frail, elderly woman, with beautiful white hair. Her daughter said good-by to her, and helped her into the barge, where — she stood. Several of the faculty also had to stand, but that, of course, is a common occurrence. Girls, many of you who are young and strong, were seated in that barge. We watched the barge as it rattled away, until a curve in the road hid it from our view. So far as we could see, some girl's white-haired mother stood.

Is it saying too little to say that you — we — are thoughtless?

IV.

Fraulein Maria Michelson, in Göttingen, Germany, a cultured lady and experienced teacher, offers a home to American ladies intending to study German and to attend lectures in the Annex of Göttingen University. Price of board, $6 per week. References given by Prof. Carla Wenckebach, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
College Notes.

On Monday evening, May 15, a complimentary concert was given to the Wellesley students by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen and Mrs. Alarie Stone. Selections from Gounod, Haydn, Thomas, Dvorak, Lidgley, Cowen, Bohm, Wickede, Martin, Roeder and Saint-Saens were charmingly rendered.

The sophomores held their class social the afternoon of May 15, on the campus. Some of the faculty and a select number of fellow-students witnessed their burlesque of last year's Tree-day. The affair was a great success. The occasion was the correction of '95's botanical blunder.

Miss L. Gertrude Angell has been elected '94's senior president.

During the week, May 15-22, Dr. Webster and Prof. Hayes went to Chicago for the purpose of attending the International Congress of Women, which was then convening at the World's Fair. Prof. Hayes spoke on "Dress Reform." Dr. Webster spoke on "America's Debt to Zürich," and also took part in the discussion which followed.

On Saturday, May 27, at 4 p.m., in the chapel, Prof. Hayes gave an interesting account of the Women's Congress at Chicago.

The students of first year German gave the play "Aschenbrödel," on Saturday evening, May 20, in the gymnasium. The dramates personae were: The Prince, Miss Grace Caldwell, '95; Cinderella, Miss Dorothy Allen, '96; the sisters, Trude and Trine, Miss Frances Hildreth, '95, and Miss Florence Forbes, '95; the herald, Miss Elizabeth Snyder, '96; the step-mother, Miss Grace Perkins, '95. Miss Alice Hunt, '95, was stage manager.

On Sunday evening, May 21, Miss Price, secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, spoke in chapel concerning "The Northfield Conferences for '93."

Dr. Langdon, formerly Minister to Italy, who has traveled in that country extensively and is personally acquainted with many of the political leaders there, lectured on Tuesday, May 23, before the class in modern history.

The seniors held a Vesper Service in Stone Hall Parlor, Sunday evening, May 21.
On the afternoon of May 24, Mr. George MacNeil and Mr. O'Sullivan addressed the class in political economy on "Trades Unions." Mr. MacNeil is a pioneer in the Trades Unions movement, and Mr. O'Sullivan is labor editor of the Boston "Globe."

On the evening of May 24, Mr. John Burroughs gave an interesting account of some of the birds about his own home. The next day the members of the bird-class took an early morning walk with Mr. Burroughs and tried to see the birds through his eyes. They were helped to identify many by their notes, or by their appearance, and became very enthusiastic over the songsters of our grounds.

On May 24, Prof. Katherine Lee Bates, as chaperone, accompanied a party of Wellesley Magazine representatives to the New Inter-Collegiate Press Association Banquet at Worcester, Mass. The ladies attended the Amherst Glee and Banjo Club concert in the evening, after which a business meeting of the association was held in the parlor of the Bay Street Hotel. The assembled guests then adjourned to the dining-room, where the banquet was in order. Miss Helen Bennett, one of the representatives, responded in a very pleasing manner to the Wellesley Toast of "College Aquatics."

During the weeks, May 15 to June 2, Miss Sarah Hickenlooper, formerly a member of '94; Miss Elizabeth Kellogg, '93; Miss Bessie Blakeslie, '91; Miss Mary Colby, formerly of '95; Miss Sue Taylor, '91; Miss Fannie Woodford, '92; Miss Kate Tyler, '92; and Miss Annie Coulter, '92, have visited the college.

The concert of the Wellesley Glee and Banjo Clubs, on Monday evening, May 29, was an unusually enjoyable one. "College Bells," sung by Miss Wilcox and the club, won great applause.

Prof. Charles A. Brown of Newton lectured before the sophomore Bible classes on May 30. His subject was, "The Canon of the Old Testament."

On Tuesday, May 30, Prof. Curtis of Boston University addressed the senior Bible classes on "Modern Studies of the Life of Christ."

"The College Girl in Temperance Reform" was Mrs. Boole's subject for the Thursday evening meeting of the Christian Association, June 1.

On Thursday evening, June 1, Prof. Sarah A. Emerson gave a stereopticon lecture on "Palestine" before the freshman and sophomore Bible classes.

Miss Hill's new boat was awarded to the '93 crew for Float Day.
On Saturday evening, May 6, the Specials held their social in Elocution Hall. Their history, given by Miss Grace Johnson and Miss Preston, was in the form of a play, the interest centering around a Wellesley educational exhibit at Chicago.

On Monday evening, May 22, a Temperance Debate was given by the Juniors on the question, “Is the Norwegian System a Practicable Method of Meeting the Evils of Intemperance?” The affirmative was taken by Miss Buffington and Miss Benson, while Miss Field and Miss Bixby supported the negative. An open debate followed in which a number participated.

On Tuesday evening, May 30, near the woods by Longfellow’s Pond, “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” was presented by the Shakespeare Society, to a large and enthusiastic audience. The actors so entered into the spirit of their several parts as to make each incident a vivid reality. In the passion of the love-scenes, the grotesqueness of Bottom and his comrades, and the exquisite delicacy of Puck, was displayed a great variety of talent. The scene, with graceful figures in soft colors against a background of dark woods, and all in a faint radiance of reflected light, was one long to be remembered.

**Cast of Characters.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Actress</th>
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<tr>
<td>Theseus</td>
<td>Annie Tomlinson</td>
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<td>Egeus</td>
<td>Phebe Campbell</td>
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<td>Lysander</td>
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<td>Demetrius</td>
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<td>Snug</td>
<td>Mabel Shuttleworth</td>
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<td>Bottom</td>
<td>Caroline Newman</td>
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<td>Flute</td>
<td>Alice Hamlin</td>
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<td>Snout</td>
<td>Katherine Lord</td>
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<td>Starveling</td>
<td>Helen Stahr</td>
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<td>Hippolyta</td>
<td>Mildred Feeny</td>
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<td>Hermia</td>
<td>Grace Miller</td>
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<td>Helena</td>
<td>Caroline Randolph</td>
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<td>Oberon</td>
<td>Mabel Wells</td>
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<td>Titania</td>
<td>Sarah Capps</td>
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<td>Puck</td>
<td>Florence Converse</td>
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<td>Pease-blossom</td>
<td>Grace Weymouth</td>
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<td>Cobweb</td>
<td>Adeline Bonney</td>
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<tr>
<td>Moth</td>
<td>Alice Hunt</td>
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<td>Mustard-seed</td>
<td>Millicent Peirce</td>
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Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

Scene: A wood near Athens.
TREE-DAY.

Brightest of weather was secured by '93 for her Tree-day. The sun himself was so personally interested that he positively refused to retire behind the clouds, and his warm rays rendered the shade of spreading branches most agreeable to the expectant guests gathered before the north door at the hour of two.

The strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," floating sweetly on the breeze, heralded the members of the Special Organization, each a white-robed goddess of liberty, crowned with her country's flag.

No sooner had the music ceased than a less melodious horn was heard, its shrill blasts frequently repeated. Forth, in all their pride, marched Roman conquerors, bearing aloft their sovereign in her car of state, and dragging the numerous trophies '95 has captured in her triumphant college course. Lavender and white were the victors' robes, and upon each shield was brilliantly emblazoned the words "Ich Dien."

Lo, from the neighboring hill, wandered fair dryads, in trailing garments of softest green, a gleam of silver flashing from their wreaths of forest leaves. With light footstep flitting over the campus, they drew up in martial array to welcome, with their waving of green branches, those that next should follow.

A merry sound of rattles, a bumping of tin carts on the stones, and, tenderly guided by the aids, the babies of '97 toddled forth to take their places in the great assembly. Very sweet indeed did these little ones appear in their curls and caps and dainty white robes.

A procession of trim tennis suits, in white and crimson, a maze of tennis rackets, and athletic '96 came swiftly forward to her first great tournament.

Sweetly faint organ music floated down from the chapel windows, and over the campus, in stately, solemn array of caps and gowns, moved the class of '93, while at their feet fell the waiting dryads' branches.

'93's mistress of ceremonies introduced the president, heartily "bespeaking welcome in the name of all"; the scholarly orator, "facing the future, having proved the past"; and the gentle exhorter of undergraduates, with her basket of pansies and the thoughts their bright faces inspired.

The opening words of "The Land from Whence the Shadows Fall" came with strange sweetness, as, robed in white and gold, the children of the coming race came forward with their solemn chant. Again, a crowd of gnomes approached, leaving their Rhinegold at the summons of the Poet. Beautiful Valkuren followed, and then came the triumphant step and shining faces of those
who, "knowing, in truth, that love cannot fail, wait for the glory which is to be."

The senior exercises over, a long procession wound up and down the campus, a beautiful sight, halting at last before a small but flourishing tupelo tree. After the class song, '96's mistress of ceremonies introduced the orator, who welcomed most delightfully the assembled multitude. The herald of the Roman conquerors then presented, with a flourish of trumpets as well as words, the honored spade, which was most fittingly received by the ambassador of '96.

"The Game of College Life," from the freshman point of view, was played, wherein a glorious victory was scored by '93 and '96 against '94 and '95. A graceful dance, with many beautiful figures, completed the fine work of '96.

A flag-raising was then celebrated by the special students. Their president, Miss Shuttleworth, made the following presentation address:

"In past years the special students have stood quietly at one side on Tree-day and looked with almost envious feelings upon our fellow students as they planted a class tree or said farewell to one planted three years before. It therefore gives us great pleasure to be able this year, through the courtesy of the seniors, to plant a tree of our own.

"We have chosen one which you undoubtedly think is highly appropriate, since it has been through the mill and been stripped of the first bloom of young life. But we wish to remind you that it is highly polished and fully developed.

"We have also seen fit to plant our tree in a soil quite unlike that in which yours has been planted. But we think its position quite in keeping with our character, since it is firmly rooted and will not be trodden under foot.

"With the greatest eagerness have we waited for the coming of Tree-day, when we felt sure our tree would unfold its one large leaf, not of green, like the leaves of all of your trees, but of red, white and blue. As you see, we are not to be disappointed, our tree is what we intended it should be, a tree of liberty, and its leaf the banner of liberty.

"Besides planting our tree to-day we have thought best to bid it farewell. Not only is it very easy for us to do this, far easier than it has been for the seniors to say farewell to the tree which they have cared for and watched so long, but it gives us great pleasure.

"In the name of the special students I present to our dear Wellesley College this tree of liberty with its flying banner."

Miss Shuttleworth's speech was followed by a few words from Miss Shafer, who expressed her pleasure that the patriotic gift was so closely associated with Tree-day, Wellesley's own peculiar festival, that this flag must mean to us, not only "our country," but also "our college." In the name of the students she thanked the specials, and hoped their flag would long wave over Wellesley's
towers, emblem of that country for whose service our years here are to fit us, of
that liberty whence springs all true education. Miss Shafer closed by saying that
since she felt that Tree-day belonged peculiarly to the students and alumnæ of
the college, she would leave the welcome to the flag to be given by that loyal
daughter of Wellesley who has sung well the praises of the College Beautiful.

The Glee Club then rendered the following Flag Song, the words by Miss
Katharine Lee Bates, and the melody by Cramer, adapted and harmonized for
quartette or chorus of ladies’ voices by Junius W. Hill.

To the leafy academe,
To the woodlands fair and wide,
To the haunt of youth’s high-hearted dream,
   Welcome, welcome, welcome,
   Banner of our pride.

CHORUS.

Float thy sylvan realm above,
Claim our maiden service due,
For woman’s heart is strong to love,
   And Wellesley loves, Wellesley loves are true.

By the white of woman’s soul,
By the wing of woman’s prayer,
By her visions far of shining goal,
   Welcome, welcome, welcome,
   Banner of our care.

To the frail unsounded band
   Who will wage thy warfare just,
Till the right be sped through all the land,
   Welcome, welcome, welcome,
   Banner of our trust.

When, after the presentation, the stars and stripes floated proudly on the breeze,
enthusiasm knew no bounds, and cheer after cheer filled the air, all joining at
last in “America.”

At the first notes of a chant by white-robed priestesses, the dryads sped to the
spot where their ivy was to be planted.

IVY POEM.

We greet you first, fair children of the shade,
Ye dryad-watchers in Pan’s templed groves!
Our summons ye have heard, and have obeyed;
We welcome you, and thank you for your grace.
And then to thee, great Pan, we greetings bring,
To thee, strong comforter of man, whose arms
Do cradle all thy creatures tenderly,
And fold them, when they weary are, to rest
Within thy bosom, till new life they gain,
And burst forth into Spring at thy low word.
To thee, O Pan, and dryads fair, all hail!

O dryads, do ye now recall the days
When on the verdant lawns ye lay at ease?
No care was there to dull your clear-edged laugh,
Of man's invasion in your solitudes.
Bid now those happy days return again,
So innocent and free of harm and ill!
O Golden Age, do thou bring back to us
Thy fancies, light and spotless, and reveal
The childhood fair of gray eternity!
Let us again frail fancy-bubbles blow,
And catch therein the rainbow's arched glow.

Within that golden youth-time, ere men grew
So gross, that thought was worn and crushed by flesh,
And lost all visible grace, 'ere it was born,
A dryad loved and wed a wandering thought.
She was the child of Pan and dancing light:
A mortal child was he, that winged thought,
Yet fair and strong, and when his shadow fell
On withered violets, their heads they raised,
And azure life did once more flush their cheeks.
They two, the dryad and the winged thought,
Loved, lived and died together, and in one grave,
Beneath the gray cliff's mossy height, from which
The silvery stream plashed down, were silent laid.
The child their love gave life we bring to you,
To you and Pan we bring—the ivy-vine.

A being, born of Pan's fair child and man's,
Of thought and nature, strange, yet kin to both,
It mantles o'er the homes and haunts of men,
Or twines its clasp about some hoary trunk.
It wears with serious mien your garb, O nymphs,
And stretches out soft fingers for your clasp.
It gropes for you, though men have loved it well,
Aye, honors heaped upon it without stint.
They bid it creep, a gentle, loving thought,
O'er all their temple's harsh imperfectness.
They let it press and dent the tresses fair
Around the brow where clear-eyed genius thrones.

Nay, patience, while I fable for you still,
What in those golden days was whispered me.
The ivy shares in men's glad fancies; holds
Within itself that impulse strange, the heritage of man,
A living hope. The dryad, child of Pan,
Did lend the changeling all her perfectness
In form and grace; but winged thought hast given
The law of growth; hast given it command
That, from the dark mould springing, it should climb,
Should timidly and slowly somehow climb,
Until the crest is reached, and earth lies prone;
E'en as the song, which struggles from men's hearts,
And, still their burdens bearing, creeps up—up—
To light and immortality. Yea, take the vine,
And couch it now within Pan's tender arms,
And draw the brown cloak round it. To Pan
And you, ye dryads, have we brought this charge.

The golden days are past, and bubbles burst.
Yet still the ivy lives, and patiently
Is climbing toward new heights, and tenderly
Is blotting out all roughness in its way.
And still it gropes for you, and fain would lean
Its weakness on your strength. O dryads free,
Receive the changeling: be it to thee a link
Between yourselves and mortals of this earth.
Be it to you a sign of golden days,
Which fast are hid within the future's haze,
And now but dimly seen, until they shine.
To you and Pan we bring the ivy-vine.

Julia Buffington.

The planting of the ivy closed the exercises for the afternoon. After cheering, and the taking of photographs, the merry throng separated for supper, the alumnae to Simpson, the seniors to Norumbega, the juniors to College Hall, the sophomores to Stone Hall, the freshmen to Freeman, and the specials to Wood.

College songs in the first floor centre ended the happy day for all but seniors, and by them the college buildings were serenaded until long, long after ten.
The Legendas were on sale Tree-day evening, June 2, at the first floor centre, Main Building. They are very dainty and attractive in the white and gold of the '93 colors. They contain, perhaps, more views than any previous Legenda, and the "Winter Kodaks" in the back are very suggestive to the Wellesley mind.

Monday evening, June 5, a students' concert was given in the chapel, and was one of the best ever offered. Miss Adelaide Smith, '93, Miss Grace Blodgett, '93, and Miss Etta Penniman, Special, graduated from the School of Music. Miss Smith deserves especial mention, in that she has completed what is the regular five-year course in but four years.

The Shakespeare Society gave a repetition of the play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Friday evening, June 9. An admission fee was charged, the proceeds to go towards the Shakespeare Chapter House.

The evening of June 10 was "Float" night. There was, as usual, a large crowd present; it is estimated at about five thousand people. None but invited guests were present. The tickets bore the signature of Helen G. Eager, captain of the senior crew; this precaution was taken in order to prevent duplicates, which were worked so successfully last year. The crews assembled at about 6.30 p. m. and marched from the south porch in couples, seniors and sophomores walking together. They passed down the path and along the shore of the lake to their respective wharves. The senior crew-suits were remarkably pretty, with their little white Oxford caps and the big gilt "'93" on the breast of the sweaters. The juniors appeared, as on last year, in their dark red suits and green sweaters, with the silver figures on the front. The sophomores were dressed in dark olive-green suits, although their waists, which were lavender and white, displayed their class colors. The specials were in blue and red, and there were eight freshman crews. Skirts seemed well-nigh impossible in connection with the sliding seats; consequently, they were removed before entering the boats, and the crews took their places, arrayed in short Turkish trowsers of the same pattern as those used in the gymnasium. The effect of this change, however, was scarcely perceptible from the bank, and most of the on-lookers were unaware that it had taken place. As usual, the cries were given, as each boat left its wharf and swept into view.

The exercises were very pretty. There was no racing, but after rowing about, the crews gathered in a group near the shore and gave their songs. The '93 crew-song was as popular as ever. A line of floating red lights stretched across the lake, and on the opposite shore there was a display of fireworks. The cal-
cium lights lit up the group of boats, and from time to time the color was varied. Miss Grace Grenell of the senior crew led the singing and wielded the baton. There was, as usual, some trouble among the girls in finding their guests, but it is certain that every one enjoyed the exercises.

Sunday evening, June 11, a talk was given in the chapel under the auspices of the Christian Association, by Mr. and Mrs. Kaumarka of Bombay, India. The religion of India was discussed and illustrated by several of their images and gods; also the child-marriage prevalent in that country, and the married life. Mr. Kaumarka has been studying at Yale, and Mrs. Kaumarka has just graduated from a medical school. She is going back to start a dispensary in India.

Among the former students lately seen about the college are Miss Sue Lumm, Miss Mary Vale, Miss Mary Colby, Miss Eva Cobb and Miss May Lemer, '93.

On June 12 a concert was given by the Beethoven Society, assisted by Wulf Fries. It was especially fine, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

At a business meeting of the Glee Club, held on June 13, the officers for next year were elected. They will be: Florence T. Forbes, president; Nellie I. Rankin, leader; Mary E. Chapin, business manager; Helen M. Cushing, librarian.

The seniors held their class supper on Wednesday, June 14, at the Woodland Lawn Hotel, Auburndale. The class historians were Carrie A. Mann and Frances A. Lucas. The order of toasts was as follows, Caroline Freear being toast-mistress: Our President, Delarue K. Howe; The Class, Emily H. Foley; The Menu, Grace E. Grenell; Our Honorary Member, Elizabeth A. Trebein; The Crew, Edith White; Class Affairs, Caroline N. Newman; '93 at 8.20 a.m., Frances Lucas; '93's Annex, Frances Pinkham; Housekeeping, Elizabeth R. Kellogg; The Daily Theme, Mary N. Young; The “Petit Cabinet,” M. Louise Brown; The Spirit of the Institution, Winifred S. Foster; Senior Day, Mary B. Hill; The Reformation, Anna B. Tomlinson; Shl, Mary E. Dillingham; '93’s Brilliant Future, Mary McPherson. They returned at about 2.30 a.m., awakening the echoes and also their sleeping neighbors by the inspiring Wellesley cry.

**SENIOR DAY.**

Long ago, in the dawn, as it were, of our college history, Wellesley rejoiced in an annual Class Day. The classes of '79 and '80 celebrated this occasion "with pomp and great solemnity," and then for some reason the day was given up. For twelve years Class Day was an unknown term in the Wellesley vocabu-
lary; but then came a change, and the thirteenth year has witnessed our third celebration of this kind. To the class of '93 belongs the credit of re-introducing the custom, and that it is a credit no one can doubt who saw the manner in which they did honor to the day. It had been decided that the morning should be devoted to an entertainment by the senior class, and the afternoon to social enjoyments, and Friday, June 16, was the day selected. The seniors had planned their ceremonies for the open air, but, true to its unlucky character, Friday morning dawned so cold and damp and threatening that it was evident the festivities of the day would have to be conducted under cover. This was disappointing, but there is always the chapel to fall back on, and at eleven o'clock a Prologue, resplendent in crimson and gold, mounting the chapel platform, explained to a crowded audience the plan of the entertainment.

A meeting of the States General of France was the subject selected for representation. The time chosen was at the beginning of the fifteenth century, under the reign of Charles VI. It was a gloomy time for France, for under the feeble control of her king, weak in mind and body, matters had gone from bad to worse, and now the Hundred Years' War was about to break out again. Henry of England had sent to demand in marriage the hand of the Princess Katherine, with an immense dowry, as the price of peace. Charles, afraid either to consent or refuse, summoned a meeting of the Three Estates to discuss the situation.

The following is the programme in full:

**Convocation of the States General of France, Held at Paris, in the Court of the King's Palace, June 16, 1415 A.D.**

**Dramatis PersonÆ.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Performer</th>
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<tr>
<td>King Charles the Sixth</td>
<td>Emily H. Foley</td>
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<td>Chancellor of the Realm</td>
<td>Annie B. Tomlinson</td>
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<td>John, Duke of Burgundy</td>
<td>Edith White</td>
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<td>Charles, Duke of Orleans</td>
<td>Mary E. Dillingham</td>
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<td>Constable d'Albert</td>
<td>Mary L. Barker</td>
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<td>Marshal de Boucicaut</td>
<td>Marion E. Bradbury</td>
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<td>Isabel, Queen to Charles</td>
<td>Lucy Hartwell</td>
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<td>Master of Ceremonies of the Court</td>
<td>Mary McPherson</td>
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<td>Heralds</td>
<td>Ella S. Hoghton</td>
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<td>Pages</td>
<td>Ethel A. Jones</td>
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<td>Jester</td>
<td>Helen R. Mason</td>
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**Winifred Meyer.**
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<td><strong>CLERGY.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>PRESIDENT.</strong></td>
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<td>Cardinal of Cambray</td>
<td>E. Grace Dewey.</td>
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<td><strong>SPEAKERS.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Archbishop of Rheims</td>
<td>Lila Tayler.</td>
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<td>Archbishop of Bourges</td>
<td>Alice M. Jones.</td>
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<td>Archbishop of Paris</td>
<td>Alice M. Reed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eustache de Pavily</td>
<td>Frances H. Lucas.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PRESIDING OFFICER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.</strong></td>
<td>S. Antoinette Bigelow</td>
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<td>John Gerson</td>
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<td><strong>CARDINALS.</strong></td>
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<td>Emeline S. Bennett.</td>
<td>Clara S. Helmer.</td>
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<td>Frances E. Pinkham.</td>
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<td>Elizabeth L. Allard.</td>
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<td>Emily Ham.</td>
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<td><strong>BISHOPS.</strong></td>
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<td>Archbishop.</td>
<td>Nannie M. Pond.</td>
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<td>Eleanor H. Schleicher.</td>
<td>Fannie A. Sanderson</td>
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<td><strong>MONKS.</strong></td>
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<td>Mary P. Dennis.</td>
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<td>Laura Whipple.</td>
<td>Mary W. Lincoln.</td>
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<td>Florence L. Munroe.</td>
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<td><strong>ACOLyTES.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>NOBLES.</strong></td>
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<td>Duke of Brabant</td>
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<td><strong>PRESIDENT.</strong></td>
<td>Mary B. Hill.</td>
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<td><strong>SPEAKERS.</strong></td>
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<td>Sire de Dampierre</td>
<td>Carrie A. Mann.</td>
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<td>Count d'Armagnac</td>
<td>M. Louise Brown.</td>
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<td>Count de Nevers</td>
<td>Mary N. Young.</td>
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<td>Viscount de Narboune</td>
<td>Laura C. Green.</td>
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<td>Sire de Coucy</td>
<td>Mildred S. Feeny.</td>
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<td>Kate F. Andrews.</td>
<td>Florence Hoopes.</td>
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<td>Gertrude Bigelow.</td>
<td>Laura H. Jones.</td>
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<td>Anne P. Burgess.</td>
<td>Mary C. Larned.</td>
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<td>Rose I. Faucher.</td>
<td>Elinor F. Ruddle.</td>
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CITIZENS OF THE GOOD TOWNS.

PRESIDENT.

Provost of Paris

M. Guy Reimond, Advocat der roi
Burgher, from Orleans, Maine
Pierre Martin, Bourgeois of Chalon
Anthoin du Pont, Provost of Lyons
Louis de Grenelle, Advocate

SPEAKERS.

Elizabeth A. Trebein

Caroline Frear.
Marion N. Wilcox.
Caroline N. Newman
Agnes W. Damon.
Grace E. Grenell.

BURGHERS.

Bertha F. Anderson.
Alice M. Barbour.
Bertha H. Clough.
Anne K. Moore.

Adelaide Smith.

SCHOLARS.

Florence M. Tone.

Fauny K. Bartlett.
Harriet B. Chapman.
Charlotte E. Chester.

MERCHANTS.

F. Gertrude Coolidge.
Alice G. Coombs.
Ida E. Woods.

PRIEST.

Lydia O. Pennington.

Clara B. Count.
Winifred S. Foster.

Lilla J. Simonds.

BUTCHERS.

Alice J. Hamlin.
Maria A. Kneen.

ARTISANS.

Louise L. Edwards.
Ethalene Flournoy.
Martha M. Hopper.

Prologue and Chorus.

Master of Ceremonies.

Scene: Court of the Palace.

Act I. Appeal of the Chancellor to the three estates to support the King in his defense of France.

Act II. Discussion of the three estates in full assembly.

Act III. Response to the King's appeal by the President of each estate.
Space does not admit of any detailed criticism of the speeches made, but without exception they showed decided originality and reflected well the spirit of the time. In fact, this statement applies to every part of the entertainment, from the dress of the participants up to their language and bearing. The scorn of the nobles for the burghers, the haughty indifference of the churchmen to the fierce attacks made on them by the other estates, and the bitter discontent of the commons, chafing under a sense of wrong and indignity, were all admirably rendered. The dress of the actors, besides reproducing accurately the garb of the age, afforded some beautiful color effects, the coarse and sombre dress of the citizens forming a good background for the silks and velvets of the nobles, the brilliance of the clerical robes, and the royal attire of the court party. Much careful and original work must have united with literary and artistic ability to reproduce so well the spirit and the details of a fourteenth century scene.

Afterwards, the guests were conducted to luncheon at the cottages. Singing by the Glee Club and a promenade concert by the Germania Orchestra filled the afternoon.

**Alumnae Notes.**

There is a Wellesley Register at the World’s Columbian Exposition in Chicago in the section devoted to the interests of the Wellesley College Exhibit. This section is in the Massachusetts division of the Educational Exhibit in the South Gallery of the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building. The Register contains the names and addresses of all Wellesley people in Chicago and its immediate neighborhood, including the members of the Chicago Wellesley Club and those who have been pursuing courses at the University of Chicago.

All Wellesley people who are visiting the Fair are asked to register their names and temporary addresses with the date of arrival and proposed departure from the city. It is hoped that thus many meetings of old friends may be rendered possible.

All Wellesleyites desiring to meet others of their Alma Mater may probably do so on Tuesdays at two in the afternoon in the Massachusetts State Building, World’s Fair Grounds.

Signed,

Caroline L. Williamson, Pres. Western Well. Ass.
Helen Hill, Cor. Sec. Western Well. Ass.
May E. Cook, Cor. Sec. Chicago Well. Club.
The officers of the Western Wellesley Association would extend a most cordial invitation to all Wellesley people, past and present, to meet with them at the annual luncheon which will be held on Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1893, 2.15 p. m., instead of Sept. 11, 1893, at the Auditorium Hotel, Cor. Michigan Ave. and Congress St., Chicago, Ill. The price per cover will be $1.50. Will all who intend to be present kindly send their names before Aug. 20 to Miss Helen Hill, 119 35th St., Chicago., Ill.

CAROLINE L. WILLIAMSON, Pres.

The Wellesley Club of New York invites all Wellesley girls who expect to be in or near New York during 1893-1894, who desire to connect themselves with the Club, to send their names at any time during the summer or fall to Miss Louise Brown, Secretary, 1 West 81st St., New York City. Any one who has studied at Wellesley is eligible to membership.

MARY A. EDWARDS, Pres.
LOUISE BROWN, Sec.

Miss Kate L. Clarke, '86, spent May 28 at Wellesley.

Miss Sadie K. Harlow, '91, spent Sunday, June 4, at the college.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, wrote the ode for the opening of the Woman's Building of the World's Fair.

Miss Evelyn E. Parkes, '92, delivered the address to the Alumni of Cook Academy, June 7, 1893.

The engagement of Miss Elinor Kimball Bruce, '92, to Mr. William B. Snow of Stoneham, has been announced.

Among the guests who attended the Tree-day exercises were: Miss Elizabeth Brown, '82; Miss Hester Nicholls, '84; Mrs. Helen Jewett Young, '84; Miss Retta Winslow, '88; Mrs. Hattie Farnsworth Gulick, Miss Tufts, '84; Miss Edith True, '87; Mrs. Alice Vant George, '87; Miss Barrows, Miss Mabel Curtis, Miss Dresser, Miss Ida Wallace, Miss Charlotte Greenbank, '90; Miss Alice Clement, Miss Fannie Woodford, Miss Adelaide Alexander, Miss Bessie Blakeslie, '91; Miss Stanton, Miss Furber, Miss Thayer, Miss Bancroft, Miss Hardon, Miss Cornelia Green, Miss Emily Stewart, Miss Mabel Clark, '92.

Dr. Elizabeth Hoyt, a former Wellesley student, has returned from a year's study in Europe, and settled at Concord, Mass.

Miss Florence Wing, '92, is visiting in Chicago. Her address is 3985 Drexel Boulevard.
The summer address of Miss Harriet J. Hand, ’86, and Miss Charlotte Hand, ’92, is Cottage City, Mass.

Miss Emily Stewart will spend the summer at North Scituate, Mass.

Miss Helen W. Rogers, ’92, will study art during the summer with Mr. John Leslie Breck, at Annisquam, Mass.

Miss Mary Emily Cobb, ’88-’90, was married to Mr. Calvin Cresser, on May 18, 1893, instead of Mr. John Crosser, as announced in the May number of the Magazine.

There was a meeting of Alumnae in the faculty parlor on June 20, for the purpose of organizing an Alumnae Chapter of College Settlements Association. It was moved, seconded and carried that a Wellesley Alumnae College Settlements Chapter be formally organized, with a president, secretary and treasurer, for a year, and that a committee be appointed to draw up a constitution and report at some subsequent meeting. Miss Bertha Palmer, ’91, was elected president, and Miss Grace Andrews, ’89, was elected secretary and treasurer. Miss Kendrick, ’85, Miss Ward, ’92, and Miss Hoopes, ’93, were appointed as committee. Miss Carol Dresser, ’90, then told the meeting some of the work done at the Boston Settlement, 93 Tyler Street. It has been running but six months, and in so short a time it is impossible to have very tangible results. There has been no head worker, and the work has not been definitely organized. Thus far there has been a meeting of a small boys' club on Tuesday evenings. On Wednesday evenings a club of older boys, known as the Adelphi Debating and Literary Society, meets at the Settlement. Thursday evening is the musical evening, and the residents are at home to their neighbors. Saturday afternoon is devoted to the children of the vicinity. There is a day, too, for money deposit, and drawing books from the library. Although, at first, some people of the neighborhood thought 93 Tyler Street a home for destitute women, they have now come to regard the residence of these college girls there quite naturally and simply.

At present the Alumnae Chapter of the association will run on the basis adopted by the Undergraduate Chapter during the past year. Those who pay the full fee, five dollars, are entitled to five votes, and those who pay less are entitled to votes in proportion to the amount paid.

Annie Sybil Montague, Pres. pro tem.
Maude R. Keller, Sec. pro tem.

The Boston Wellesley Club held its spring meeting on May 27 at Hotel Thondike. The club agreed to a revision of the by-laws, submitted by a committee
appointed in February for the purpose, and adopted a proffered suggestion of devoting the February meeting to a talk upon some subject of general interest, given by a guest or by a member of the club, followed by an informal discussion. Miss Morss of '91 gave an interesting account of important changes at Wellesley, as well as various items of college gossip, after which the meeting resolved itself into a social gathering.

The annual meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held at the home of Mrs. Campbell, Germantown, May 21. Miss Anna Brown read a communication from the finance committee of the Alumnae Association concerning the endowment fund of $1,000,000 to be raised for the college. The following motions were made and carried: first, a committee should be appointed by the chair to procure hand-books and circulars setting forth the needs of the college; second, a second committee to be appointed to arrange for an entertainment to be given in the fall, and to report to the club at the first fall meeting. Miss Brown was made chairman of the first committee. The secretary’s and treasurer’s reports were then read and accepted. The following members were elected officers for the coming year: President, Miss Minnie Wiggin; vice-president, Miss Bessie Mackay; secretary, Miss Elizabeth Baker; treasurer, Miss Anna London Campbell; director, Miss Katherine Dill.

ELIZABETH BAKER, Sec.

Wellesley '92 held its first reunion in the east gallery of the Art Building, at 9 A.M., Wednesday, June 21. About fifty were present. In response to the roll-call, a report of the year’s work was given by individual members. After transacting some business, light refreshments were served, and the meeting became delightfully informal. It was not prolonged because of the meeting of the Alumnae Association at 10 A.M.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, is literary editor of the “Graphic,” a well-known Chicago paper.

A commencement reception was given by Miss Shafer to the seniors, Saturday evening, June 17, in Norumbega, Prof. Morgan, Prof. Whiting and Prof. Knox assisted in entertaining.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered Sunday, June 18, by Dr. Cuthbert Hall of Brooklyn. It was a noticeably fine and strong address. His subject was “Life, the Great Elective,” and he chose for his text Luke xx1: 19, “In your patience ye shall win your lives.” Two selections were given by the Beethoven
Society. The Vespers in the evening were unusually beautiful. Mrs. Smith, honorary member of '93, Miss Hunt, '96, and Miss Foss, '94, sang several solos, and Prof. Hill presided at the organ. The Glee Club and the Beethoven Society were both present and gave a number of selections. Two violin solos were rendered by Miss Sherman, who also accompanied the singers in several instances. The meeting was conducted by Dr. Hall.

Monday afternoon, June 19, a concert was given by the Glee and Banjo Clubs in the college chapel. There was a large audience present, and as usual the girls were received with great enthusiasm. Almost every selection was encored.

The Bernhard Listemann concert in the evening proved, as was expected, very fine. The chapel was crowded, a large proportion of those present being outside friends and guests.

After the concert, a serenade was given by the Glee Club to the seniors. Nearly all the college houses were visited.

June 20 dawned fair and bright although a little warm. The Commencement exercises were held at 3 p.m. After the organ prelude by Prof. Junius W. Hill, which included the "Overture to Lohengrin," by Wagner, and "Pastorale" (Capucine), by Kullah, came the reading of scriptures by Dr. Beecher of Auburn, N. Y., followed by prayer from Dr. Philip Moxom of Boston. Then came a selection, "The Bells Were ringing," from Abt, by the Beethoven Society. G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., LL. D., president of Clark University, was then introduced as the orator of the day. He gave a very able address on the "Heart as the Source of Life," making four main headings, Health, Music, Love and Religion. A "Serenade," Beschmitt, and the "Ride of the Elves," Mendelssohn, were given by the Beethoven Society, after which came the conferring of degrees by President Shafer. How precious are those little white rolls tied with Wellesley blue! The Beethoven Society then rendered "Faithful and True," from Wagner, and after the benediction came the organ postlude, "March from Tannhäuser," also by Wagner. Dinner was set at 4:30, but it was not until after five that the people assembled in the dining-room. After the repast, President Shafer gave a brief summary of the general work of the college, including the new curriculum, and mentioning also the needs and wants of the college. Dr. Hall then spoke a few minutes upon foreign education, and was followed by Dr. Mackenzie, honorary member of the class of '85 and president of the board of trustees. Dr. Mackenzie spoke as an American proud of the American institu-
tions, and ended by introducing President Shafer, as the late recipient of Oberlin's degree of LL. D., conferred but the day before. Of course the girls cheered, cheered as only Wellesley girls can cheer, and could scarcely be quieted to listen to Miss Shafer's few appreciative words. Next, Miss Wilcox spoke in behalf of the faculty, on the "Relation Between the Faculty and the Students." Mr. Grenell spoke for the "fathers," and Miss Luce, '83, for the Alumni, coming from them with a gift of one thousand dollars for the college. Mrs. Junius Hill spoke for the "mothers," giving a tender mother-welcome to the graduates back to their homes. Dr. Ruth Lathrop, '83, spoke upon the "Medical Work for Women," ending by saying that "The path of glory, whether Homepath or Allopath, leads but to the grave." The Glee Club gave two selections, not including "Alma Mater," in which all joined at the close. The usual reception was held at 8 p.m., the Germania Orchestra furnishing music. Later in the evening, '93 gave her last serenade to her beloved college, and Commencement Day was over.

The officers of the Banjo Club for the ensuing year are as follows: Helen James, '95, president; Mabel Keller, musical leader; Winifred Augsby, '95, business manager; Dora E. Allen, '96, factotum.

Miss Mabel Keller has recently been elected captain of the Special crew.

The Glee Club will sing at the Women's College Conference at Northfield, Mass., June 22-29.

Among the many courtesies that have made pleasant these last days for the graduating girls, not the least have been those of the Glee and Banjo Clubs, who added much to the enjoyment of Senior Day and Commencement Monday by their music. The class of '93 desire to express their warm appreciation and hearty thanks to the clubs for the pleasure they have given to the seniors and their guests, and to add best wishes for their ever increasing success.

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WELLESLEY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the association was held in the college chapel on Wednesday, June 21, at ten o'clock. The president, Miss Edith Tufts, '84, called the meeting to order. The reports of the secretary and treasurer for the past year were read and accepted. The committee on finance reported that an
appeal had been published through the press of the country stating the needs of college. Arrangements were made whereby the three alumnae representatives on the board of trustees should be elected in the coming year. Miss Helen Sanborn, '84, reported that she had paid over to the Chapel Fund the surplus of $212 from the Norumbega Fund. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Alice Luce, '83; vice-president, Miss Harriet Constantine, '89; treasurer, Miss Amoretta Winslow, '88; recording secretary, Miss Caroline Cook, '84; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Alice Vant George, '97. The association adjourned to the College Dining Hall, where 125 sat at lunch. The following toasts were responded to:

The Class of '93, Emily Howard Foley, '93.
"O blithe new comer!"
The Class of '83, Alice Hanson Luce, '83.
"We have some salt of our youth in us."
College Societies, Edith White, '93.
"Hand
"Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship."
College Music, Anne L. Bosworth, '90.
"O music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid."
The College Post Office, Sarah Coolidge Brooks, '85.
"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."
Senior Day, Anna Stockbridge Tuttle, '80.
"Great things thro' greatest hazards are achieved,
And then they shine."

MRS. HANNAH BRADBURY GOODWIN.

On the first day of June there passed into rest, one of Wellesley's oldest and firmest friends, a trustee for sixteen years, Mrs. H. B. Goodwin. A trusted friend of the founder of the college, she assisted him largely in the upbuilding of his plans for Wellesley. For twelve years she was the secretary of the Students' Aid Association, and gave much of her time to her work in behalf of girls who desired an education. Never has any one been with us whose life has more fully embodied the spirit of service than did Mrs. Goodwin's. Her motto was Wellesley's own, "Non ministrari, sed ministrare." She gave of all she had, but more than that she gave herself, distilling her very life in her joyous service to all the
interests of the college. Her charity was a charity of mind and heart as well as of purse.

We all recall her shrinking modesty, her sweet, gentle womanliness, which made us forget sometimes that she was a woman of unusual attainment in many departments of human culture. The simple goodness of her life overspread all that she was and all that she did.

Wellesley and Wellesley's interests lay close to her heart. Although often suffering acute physical pain, she put all thought of herself aside, that she might the more pour out her life in service to her fellows. Nothing was so small as to be insignificant, if thereby she might minister to others. She had a rare gift of sharing her best with those who came in touch with her, and many, whose moments with her have been few, feel that in her death they have lost a close, personal friend. The class of '89, of which she was an honorary member, the board of trustees and the executive committee, every Wellesley girl, is the richer because this beautiful, brave, lavish soul lived and wrought among them.

A. N. G., '87.

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**Society Notes.**

At the regular meeting of the Classical Society, May 20, the following programme was presented:

- Cyclic Poets and Ibesoid
- History of Preservation of Homeric Poems
- The First and Second Prehistoric Cities in Site of Ancient Troy
- The Third City
- The Work in Greece

Margaret Simmons
Alice Brewster.
Grace Albee.
Mary Chapin.
Beatrice Stepanek.

Two new members were ushered into the Society: Miss Ida Brooks and Miss Annie Leonard, both of '95.

At the business meeting of the Society, the following officers for next year were elected: Miss Florence Davis, president; Miss Alice Brewster, vice-president; Miss Annie Chute, recording secretary; Miss Grace Albee, corresponding sec-
secretary; Miss Brooks and Miss Stepanek, factotums; and Miss Chapin, Miss Moulton and Miss Simmons, executive committee.

Prof. A. C. Chapin has recently accepted a membership into the Society.

At the meeting of Phi Sigma, held June 3, the following programme was presented:

BROWNING AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1. Browning as a Scientific Poet, Katherine Gleason.
2. The Subjectivity of Browning, Marion Mitchell.
3. Presentation.
5. Song, Caroline Hough.

At a meeting of Zeta Alpha, held May 20, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Julia S. Buffington, president; Marion Canfield, vice-president; Kate Nelson, recording secretary; Mary Louise Boswell, corresponding secretary; Mary Isham, treasurer; Winifred Augsbury, first marshal; Clara L. Willis, second marshal; Alice W. Kellogg, editor of the "True Blue."

AGORA.

May 3 — Election of officers: President, Gail H. Laughlin; vice-president, Louise McNair; recording secretary, Caroline Field; corresponding secretary, Ora M. L. Slater; treasurer, May Young; sergeant-at-arms, Arline H. Smith; executive committee, Gail H. Laughlin, Sarah H. Bixby, Sarah C. Weed.

June 13 — Inauguration of president: installation of officers. At the meeting on June 13, the following members were initiated: Professor Wenckebach, Grace Caldwell, '95.
Marriages.

At Cleveland, Ohio, June 14, 1893, Jennie May Cory, formerly of '90, to Frederick Lindsay.
At Auburndale, Mass., June 7, 1893, Alice Newell, '83-'84, to Francis Newhall.

NOTICE.

That the Philadelphia Ice Cream Co. not only serves a nice quality of Ice Cream, but we wish to call your attention to their Ice Cream Soda which is served at their store,

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The school is also intended for those who, not contemplating a college course, desire thorough instruction in special branches.

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The instruction in German and French is given by native teachers.

The number of resident pupils is limited to twenty-five, who are under the personal care of the Principal.

The price for board and tuition in all branches, except Music and Art, is $450 for the school year, which opens the first Thursday in October and closes the third Thursday in June. Early application is necessary to admission.

MISS DELIA T. SMITH, PRINCIPAL.
Births.

Born, in India, April 30, a daughter, Charlotte Chandler, to Mrs. Gertrude Chandler Wyckoff, '79.

Born, March 13, 1893, a daughter, Charlotte, to Mrs. Amanda Ross Richmond, special, '86-'89.

Born, May 26, 1893, a daughter, to Mrs. Millie R. Todd Smith, '91.

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