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WE DYE OR CLEANSE ALL MATERIALS.
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PROGRESS OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN AMERICA.

An attempt to find the starting point of university extension would carry the student back a thousand years to the time when the world commenced to realize that education belonged not to the church alone but to the people as a whole. The slow progress of this movement was marked by such sure signs as the summoning of Alcuin from England by Charlemagne, to assist in organizing a school system for France; the invention of the printing press; the various translations which transformed the thought of the Middle Ages, and the foundation and growth of the great British and Continental universities.

During the present century a step in advance has been taken in the attempt to extend higher education to those who cannot give their whole time to such training. The earliest work of this distinct character in
Great Britain was at Glasgow, where a number of workingmen assembled for lectures from Dr. George Birkbeck. About two years later, in 1802 and lasting till 1833, lectures were conducted by Rev. William Turner, a Unitarian clergyman of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The outgrowth of these lectures was the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, now a strong extension centre, affiliated to the University of Cambridge.

In 1823-24, Dr. Birkbeck resumed in London the work begun in Glasgow by establishing the Birkbeck Institute, and in 1842 this was followed by the People's College at Sheffield, which suggested to Frederic Denison Maurice the famous Workingmen’s College of London, which, with Queen’s College for Women, is so inseparably connected with his name and work.

In this country, as early as 1808, Prof. Benj. Silliman of Yale gave a course in popular science in New Haven. The work in America differed from that in England in developing the lyceum lecture system for popular instruction, though in 1831 a workingmen’s college was established in New Haven, much on the modern extension lecture plan. Later, the lyceums broadened into teachers’, mechanics’ and farmers’ institutes, summer schools and, most important and far-reaching of all, the great Chautauqua system for home study.

Extension lecture courses, as popularly understood, originated in the north of England with Prof. James Stuart of Cambridge University, who, in 1867, gave a course in pedagogy and allied subjects to some classes of teachers. From this he developed the system now in use and, in 1873, when the written examination was added, the plan obtained formal recognition from the University of Cambridge. The success of the work led, in 1876, to the formation of the London society for the extension of university teaching, for the avowed purpose of providing for the needs of the great metropolis, the lecturers being chosen freely from both Cambridge and Oxford. In 1878, the work was definitely assumed by Oxford, but meeting with indifferent success was abandoned till 1885, when it was reorganized and has since been conducted with great vigor. The courses consist of twelve lectures each, but at Oxford courses of six or more lectures are allowed, though certificates are granted only for twelve lecture courses.
A distinct advance was made when Cambridge, in 1886, extended to extension students the privileges of affiliation to the university. Two groups of six courses are arranged with sequence in subjects. The candidate for affiliation must take one of these groups entire and two courses from the other group; in addition to this he must pass an examination in elementary mathematics and Latin and one other language. Such students, called "students affiliated to the University of Cambridge," are excused from the "Little-go" examination at entrance and from the first year's work. This is of great value in raising university extension work in England to university grade, even though few students succeed in finishing the somewhat rigid course of training necessary for affiliation.

The first definite attempt to introduce the plan in America was in 1887, in an address by Prof. H. B. Adams of Johns Hopkins University, at a meeting of the American Library Association at the Thousand Islands. The idea was immediately put in practice in connection with the Buffalo library, under the superintendent, Mr. J. N. Larned. A course of twelve lectures in economics was given by Prof. E. W. Bemis, now of Chicago University. He prepared a syllabus with analyzed notes and bibliographical references and conducted a class, besides giving personal help to any who cared to meet him at stated times at his desk in the library. Another course followed this at Buffalo by Mr. Lunt, and Dr. Bemis repeated his course elsewhere.

In January, 1888, the subject was formally presented to the library committee of the regents of the University of the State of New York, and in July of the same year to the University Convocation by Mr. Melvil Dewey, then chief librarian of Columbia College, and from the first an enthusiastic advocate of university extension. One year later Mr. Dewey was elected secretary of the university and through his influence the extension work has been organized as a distinct department of the university. In May, 1891, the Legislature appropriated $10,000 for organizing the new department, thus putting New York on record as the first to establish a State department for university extension.

In 1890, under the leadership of Dr. Pepper, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, a society was formed in Philadelphia and its secretary, Mr.
George Henderson, now of the University of Chicago, was sent to England to study the movement. Meantime, Prof. R. G. Moulton, "the apostle of university extension to America," came to this country through the Red-path Lyceum Bureau of Boston and lectured to enthusiastic audiences in the Atlantic and adjoining States, giving several weeks to the Philadelphia society.

The great success of his work in Philadelphia, and desire for unity in efforts and methods, led, in the winter of 1890-91, to the reorganization of the Philadelphia society into the American society for the extension of university teaching, with the same headquarters and officers. An advisory council of college presidents and other educationists was appointed and an official organ, *University Extension*, was established.

During the winter of 1890 the Society for University and School Extension was founded by Brooklyn teachers and allied itself with the ablest professors of the neighboring college.

At about the same time the Western State universities of Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota and others, and the Newberry Library in Chicago took up the movement and were enthusiastically supported by the townpeople of their districts, while as far west as California the subject claimed the serious attention of educators and literary men.

In New England, university extension has made somewhat slow progress, though excellent work is being done at those centres where it has found a foothold. Conspicuous is the work of Brown University, which in 1891 created a distinct department with Prof. Munro as director. In Connecticut, work is conducted in affiliation with the American society. The governing board has two representatives from co-operating teaching institutions and a delegate from each active centre, besides an official representative from the American society who is *ex officio* member of the executive board. In Maine, lecturers are also sent out from Bowdoin and Colby, and several independent centres have been established in various sections.

In New York, the minimum for an extension lecture course, recognized officially as a full course and used by registered regents' centres, is ten lectures with class and paper work. Organizers and inspectors are sent out from the department to centres, and traveling libraries of books referred to in the
syllabus, as well as lantern slides, maps and other illustrative material are lent to regents' centres. At the end of the course an examiner sent from the university conducts an examination prepared by the department, but covering only the ground indicated in the syllabus. In this way the work of both lecturer and student comes under university inspection, and the presentation of the same questions from a slightly different point of view gives another advantage over an examination prepared by a lecturer. The following, quoted from an article by Secretary Dewey in the Critic, August 22, 1891, gives this subject more in detail:

"It has been found impossible to secure from most students continuous, systematic work, without holding before them the attainment of suitable academic recognition. The student in college has to study for his work in life. He is surrounded by earnest fellow students and an atmosphere tending to keep him interested and enthusiastic in his work. He gets, three times a day, the inspiration of contact with his teachers. The extension student meets his but once a week, while his days are filled with his regular business or labor, and distractions swarm about him. If then, as is true, colleges find academic credentials a necessary incentive to the completion of a balanced course, is it strange that experience has proved it vastly more necessary for the extension student to have constantly before him the possibility of such formal recognition of his work as he can prove himself to merit? To command the respect of the public, or of the student himself, these tests must be conducted with dignity and care, and the credentials must be issued by an institution of recognized standing.

"This part of extension machinery, which is most difficult for societies to secure, is the very part that the university of the State can supply best and with least expense. We have already in full operation the most carefully organized system of examinations in this country, if not in the world. Five times each year, at intervals of about sixty days, we hold examinations at convenient points throughout the State, the same examination sometimes being held at the same time in over three hundred different institutions. The preparation, printing and distribution of question papers is surrounded by safeguards unknown to ordinary scholastic examinations. Every examination is supervised by the principal of the institution or his deputy and by a regents' examiner holding his commission under the university seal. The
results are all reported under oath. In short, the precautions taken are such that these tests command the highest respect for their absolute integrity. Pass-cards, certificates and diplomas are now awarded for all subjects taught in the academies and the regents have also adopted plans and taken initial steps for adding all college and university studies for which there shall be demand. . . . By ordinance of the regents, their examinations are open to all citizens, regardless of age, sex, color, nationality, residence, or connection with any school. The university of the State is therefore in a position to give the best test and the most prized credentials more readily than any other body. Societies for the extension of university teaching are thus enabled to hold before their pupils the possibility of winning university credentials, and extension students in this State have every inducement to follow systematic courses.”

The extension department of the University of the State of New York unlike others, includes all agencies — outside the regular teaching institutions — for the dissemination of higher education throughout the State, such as libraries, museums, lecture courses, study clubs, reading circles, summer schools and other organizations of a similar character. Under the new university law, traveling libraries of one hundred volumes are sent out to communities which guarantee proper use, and promise to make serious efforts to establish a local public library as soon as interest warrants. Additional privileges are accorded to public libraries submitting to State inspection.

The new Catholic summer school of America, situated in Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, was this year chartered by the University. This is their national summer school, a Roman Catholic Chautauqua, and as such marks a definite point of progress in the educational development of a large mass of our population. In the New York extension department are, therefore, the two great summer schools: Chautauqua, which is international and non-sectarian, and the Catholic summer school, which aims to include all Roman Catholics in America, though not excluding any outside the church who wish to study with them.

In the other Middle Atlantic States, the usual course consists of six lectures, with class and paper work and the examination at the end of the course, corresponding to the standards of the American society situated in Philadelphia.
The University Extension Seminary, opened last fall, is another activity of the American Society. The courses are for the training of extension teachers and organizers, and last year had ten students enrolled from Eastern and Western colleges. Still another feature of the society's work is the summer meeting, which held its first session in 1893 in Philadelphia. Two hundred students enrolled and work was of unusually high grade. Among the lecturers were leading professors of this country and England.

In the South, centres have been in existence from the first in Kentucky and Tennessee, while one of the most loyal supporters of university extension in the United States is Col. William Preston Johnston, president of Tulane University, New Orleans.

In the Central States the greatest activity centres about Chicago University, with its extension division in active operation. President Harper, still retaining his principalship of the Chautauqua system, has introduced a similar spirit into the Chicago work, and an effort is being made to guide and strengthen all efforts for self-improvement outside the ordinary schools. Twenty-seven centres are organized within the city limits, and about fifty more in Illinois and neighboring States.

The university extension division has six departments, each with its own secretary. They are

1. Lecture study. This corresponds to university extension lecture courses as popularly understood, and is similar to the plan adopted by the American Society. In addition a scheme has been worked out corresponding to that of Cambridge, for giving university recognition to systematic work.

2. The class work department is didactic, aiming to duplicate, at a distance from the university, work done on the campus. The instruction is given by special extension teachers, university instructors, docents, fellows, graduate students and others. Students who wish this work to count toward a bachelor's degree must take the regular examination given at the university.

3. The correspondence teaching department conducts a similar line of work by correspondence. Printed instruction sheets are mailed to students and credit for the work is given, the same as in residence, with certain conditions of examination and the requirement that not more than half of the work for a degree may be done in absentia.
4. The examination department arranges examinations for accrediting the work of the other departments.

5. The library and publication department sends out to the centres loan libraries of forty or fifty volumes, and other selected libraries to classes. It also has in charge the official printing for the division.

6. The department of district organization and training looks toward more complete organization of the work, in the federation of centres and training of lecturers and organizers in extension methods and ideas.

In Ohio, three separate organizations are actively engaged in extension work. The Cincinnati society, drawing its inspiration from the city university, designs its work largely for teachers, and is therefore less popular in character. The courses last for thirty weeks, and class work is made an important feature. In Cleveland, the Western Reserve University has brought about the formation of a society for the extension of university teaching. The teachers here attend in large numbers, but the system is not so directly didactic as in Cincinnati. A third society is a federation of fourteen colleges in the central and southern parts of the State. The plan of work is not yet published, but organization is now going on. Dr. Gordy, of the State University at Athens, is an energetic extension lecturer, and has helped to infuse a real extension spirit into the work done by the Ohio University.

In Michigan, some centres draw their lecturers from the State university at Ann Arbor, while others are affiliated with the University of Chicago. The citizens of Flint are making special efforts to arouse an interest in the movement throughout their district and effect a permanent organization with high educational ideals.

In Wisconsin, a distinctive feature has been established in their farmers’ institutes. Twelve thousand dollars is annually appropriated by the Legislature to the university for conducting these institutes, which are held at different points throughout the State during the winter months. They are in charge of a superintendent, who is a member of the faculty and has his office in the agricultural building on the university grounds. Speakers of these institutes are chosen from the university and from the intelligent farmers of the State. In addition to these institutes, a series of summer schools for teachers are held in the summer and during the last two years these have nearly doubled in attendance and educational results.
In Minnesota and Indiana, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae has been from the first identified with the work, the lecturers in both States often being sent from the State university. The first course in Indiana was given by Prof. J. W. Jenks, whose success at that time has followed him undiminished in his work with the New York department, since his transfer from Indiana to Cornell. In Winona, Minn., a series of lectures was given last winter by Prof. Freeman of the University of Wisconsin, and several of the Western Indiana centres draw their lecturers from the University of Chicago instead of from the State university.

The University of Kansas sends out members of its own faculty to centres in the State, and credits earned in extension work count toward a second degree.

In the Western States a serious difficulty is the great distances that must be traversed by the lecturer, and the cost of transportation. In Wyoming and Colorado, much has been done, in spite of this difficulty, and results will grow as the population increases.

In California, from the beginning of the State university at Berkeley, in 1874, lectures were given by professors in adjoining cities and towns. Definite effort is made to make the university of practical benefit to the people at large through its bulletins from the agricultural department; a like service for astronomical science is done by the Lick Observatory. In 1891, a scheme for university extension instruction was planned and put in practice. Each subject has sixteen sessions of two hours each, and consists of lectures, quizzes and classes. The work in California has been from the first scholarly and severe. No attempt is made to introduce a popular element, and attendants are generally students wishing to do thorough work.

There are now three general conferences for university extension in America: one at Albany during the first week of July, in connection with the University Convocation of the State of New York; another at Chautauqua, usually the first week in August, and a third is held during the Christmas holidays at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the American Society. The New York meeting was this year omitted, because of the Extension Congress held in Chicago in the same month.

This is briefly the situation in America to-day. The best plan of work for England may differ from ours, because the training and outlook of an
American are so unlike those of an Englishman. But two primary factors are personal instruction and library privileges. These must be part of any efficient plan for raising the American people to a higher standard of educated and refined civilization, the only safety of a sovereign people.

Myrtilla Avery, '91.

TO MY MOTHER.

Strong daughter of the Truth, with uplift eyes
To catch the sweetness of thy Father's face
And learn His will for thee, keep thou thy place
Far vanward, where the hymns of glory rise:
Guide, thou, my weaker footsteps, who art wise!
Teach me to know the great and wondrous grace
Of thy fine selflessness, and speak apace
The word of life that in thy heart's depth lies.
Like Him who is the Pattern for us all
Thou art, in less degree, the way, the life,
The truth, to me, thy child. . . . No shades can creep
Along thy pathway, neither sound of strife
Fall on thine ear; for thy soul's peace, so deep,
Is hid with Christ in God, beyond recall.

M. G. M., '92.

THE GOSPEL OF REPOSE TAUGHT BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Like a young man newly come from the wrestling ground, annointed, chapleted and very calm, the genius of the Greeks appears before us. Upon his soul there is as yet no burden of the world's pain; the creation that groaneth and travaileth together has touched him with no sense of anguish, nor has he yet felt sin. The pride and strength of adolescence are his, audacity and endurance, alternations of sublime repose and boyish noise, grace, pliancy and stubbornness and power, love of all things fair and radiant in the world, the frank enjoyment of the open air, free merriment and melancholy well beloved. Of these adolescent qualities, of this clear, stainless personality, this conscience, whole and pure and reconciled to nature, what survives among us now?
History is all one and without the Greeks we should be nothing. But, just as an old man of ninety is not the same being as the boy of nineteen, nay, cannot even recall to memory how and what he felt when the pulse of life was gathering strength in his veins, even so, the intense introspective spirit of humanity, inspired by non-pagan tendencies, now looks back upon the youth of Hellas and wonders what she was in that blest time. The world has grown old; we are gray from the cradle onward, swathed in the husks of outworn creeds, rocked in the unsatisfied desires of many races, the anguish of the death and birth of successive civilizations has passed over our souls. Life itself has become a thousand times more difficult than it was in the springtime of the world; for, between us and the Greeks flows the "nine times twisted stream of death." Life, according to the modern formula, is conflict. In the midst of this conflict, this "struggle to be what we are not and do what we cannot," in sympathy with the voice that cries—

"The times are out of joint; O cursed spite,
That I was ever born to set them right,"

Matthew Arnold reluctantly appeared. Then, as though the task of spiritualizing what he deemed an era of unparalleled materialism had been imposed upon his shoulders, he sought what Keats and Wordsworth had already found sympathy with, the repose of the Greeks.

Nowhere, at any time, has a higher point of repose been reached than in the sculpture that was pre-eminently the art of Greeks. The Greek was one with nature. This was the key-note of their sympathies, the well-spring of their deep thoughts, the principal potentiality of all they achieved in art. To pierce the veil of this mysterious mirror is to understand their sculpture and literature; for what is Apollo but the magic of the sun whose soul is light? What is Aphrodite but the love charm of the sea? Or what is Pan but the mystery of nature, the felt and hidden want prevailing in all? In the adolescent age, mankind, not having yet fully arrived at spiritual self-consciousness, was still sinless and simple. There was a harmony of man with nature in a well balanced and complete humanity; the bloom of health was upon a conscious being, satisfied as flowers and stars are satisfied with the conditions of temporary existence.

To this state of Paradisal innocence succeeded the fall. Repose was lost, for the bestial side encroached upon the spiritual, and the sense of beauty
was perturbed by lust. Then Christianity convicted man of sin. The unity of man with nature was abruptly broken. Flesh and spirit were defined and counterpoised. Man abiding far from God in the flesh sought God in the spirit. His union with God was no longer an actual state of mundane innocency, but a distant, future, dim celestial possibility, to be achieved at the sacrifice of this fair life of earth. It was not for nothing that Christianity, in the widening of spiritual horizons, closed the ancient and inaugurated the modern age. While life is no longer definite as it was to the Greeks, like a jewel in its well defined consistency, the hope that went abroad across the earth so many centuries ago has raised our eyes to heaven. Life, to-day regarded as a conflict or otherwise, whether from the standpoint of science or religion, is undetermined; it is only one term of an infinite series, the significance whereof is relative to the unknown quantities beyond it. The advent of "evolution" has not yet restored the mind to the passionless bride, divine tranquillity, which the Greeks enjoyed, and until that time flesh and spirit cannot be reconciled. Yet, it is not

"In vain our pent wills fret,
And would the world subdue
Limits we do not set,
Condition all we do."

For the straining after the infinite, the passion for the impossible is now held, instead of the disease it was in the eyes of the Greeks, to be the truest sign of the soul's health; which eventually betokens reconciliation of flesh and spirit, and therefore repose.

These are the conditions that must define Matthew Arnold's position in the nineteenth century. In so far as he is fundamentally a truth-seeker, his attitude reveals symptoms of health in his soul. But where is the repose? He never arrived at any expression of absolute truth; not even such as Clough gives us in his belief that "Tho' I perish, truth is so!" On the other hand, in so far as he comprehended a mode of existence in which the world itself is adequate to the soul, he satisfies the tests of Greek repose. But with no delights in the mere pleasure of living on the one hand, and without any definite Christian hope on the other, his soul's health is beset by incurable complications, for which unconscious Greek ideals refuse a remedy no less than do our nineteenth century theories of development.
Many complications reveal themselves in his attitude and in order to understand this fully we must find his interpretation of life. According to his own conception, poetry is a criticism of life. His poetry, therefore, must be accepted as his most sincere interpretation of life. He sees life by identifying himself with the intense introspective struggle around. He becomes the personification of its conflicting forces. At the same time firmly poised amid confusion, critical rather than creative, and girded by stoical rather than religious tendencies, he penetrates to the heart of the undetermined issues. He breathes confusion and doubt. He sees men on all sides “slaves or madmen” and “knows not what to pray for.” “His own soul abides in mystery.”

There is ever

“The old unquiet breast,
Which neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possessed,
And never quite benumbed by the world’s sway."

He is

“Here on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.”

Conscious of his own ignorance he cries out in his superiority,

“O frivolous mind of man,
Light ignorance, and hurrying unsure tho’t,
Though man bewails you not,
How I bewail you.”

It is evident his fellow men can give him no help.

Then he longs for repose. He even thinks it more desirable and blessed to be well deceived, to be lapped in sweet delusion, and is filled with longing and regret for a faith he might have clasped. He clearly discloses what would have been his course if he had lived in the early days of the faith, where in “Obermann Once More” he exclaims:

“O had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Filled earth and heaven and caught away
My ravished spirit too!”
For him the old faith had passed away, the new "not yet born." He hears the world say, "Your faith is now but a dead, time-exploded dream," and he wanders "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born."

Meanwhile, without faith, discountenancing revelation, he finds in man "a moral plan, clear, prescribed," and thus following his self-made creed he keeps the stern moral level of the ascetic by endurance, patience and passive courage.

"So it must be! Yet, while leading
A strained life, while overfeeding,
Like the rest, his wit with reading,
No small profit that man earns,
Who through all he meets can steer him,
Can regret what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him;
Who each day more surely learns
That an impulse from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence
To the words 'Hope, Light, Persistence'
Strongly sets and truly burns."

In somewhat higher strain he says:

"Hath man no second life?
Pitch this one high!
Sits there no judge in heaven our sin to see?
More strictly then the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try
If we then too can be such a man as he."

Futility of desire leads to suppression of all emotion. His conception of sin is lack of self-control or immoderate desire. Therefore self-control, "a struggling, tasked morality," is his method. His nature yearns for

"Moderate tasks and moderate leisure,
Quiet living, strict kept measure
Both in suffering and in pleasure."

Empedocles, the mouthpiece of Arnold's own self, finds discontent in aught save moderate desire, and exclaims:
"That so often here
Happiness mocked our prayer
I think might make us fear
A like event elsewhere;
Make us not fly to dreams but moderate desire."

Without the hope that leads to action he yet, like

"The east bow'd low before the blast;
In patient, deep disdain
She let the legions thunder past
And plunged in thought again.

"So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit gray;
A conquering, new-born joy awoke
And filled her life with day.

"Poor world, she cried, 'so deep accurst,
That runst from pole to pole,
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst
Go, seek it in thy soul!'"

He holds a faint hope "that the river of Time" may acquire a "solemn peace of its own," and that years hence, perhaps, "may dawn an age more fortunate, alas! than we"; but it is not for him. It is only —

"As the banks fade dimmer away
As the stars come out and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea,"

that the hope of the race can know fulfilment.

Like his master Goethe, he is conscious of an intense spiritual unrest. He employs his whole soul to control it. He strove to gain Goethe's "wide and luminous view." Like him,

"He pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on nature's plan,
Neither made man too much a God
Nor God too much a man."

He represents Empedocles winning a thousand "glimpses of the truth"; but he "never sees a whole," and seeking for rest and satisfaction he finally sinks within himself.
"Once read thy own breast aright
    And thou hast done with fears.
Man gets no other light
    Search he a thousand years.
Sink in thyself, there ask what ails thee, at that shrine."

"Sink in thyself," "Resolve to be thyself, and know that he who finds himself loses his misery."

This is Arnold's creed. This is the consummation of the conflict. He has longed for freedom and repose, which only come with perfect development, and the only alternative for a strong soul, that refuses the higher Christian peace, is stoical "self-repose." Therefore, to find truth in his own soul is his Herculean task.

As a disciple of culture he pushed self-development to the extreme. The result is painfully witnessed in the intellectual despair and final death of Empedocles. For him, it is true, "Life still left human effort scope," but the narrowing scope of a treadmill; and since life "teems with ill," his words become a wail:

"Nurse no extravagant hope;
    Because thou must not dream, thou needest not despair."

It is because his creed has failed him that Empedocles leaps finally into the crater. He could no longer live with men as they do, nor wholly suffice unto himself. He has not been true to "his own, only, true, deep-buried self, being one with which we are one with the whole world." He cannot say he has "lived ever in the light of his own soul, for he has lived in wrath and gloom," far from his own soul and far from warmth and light. As in the case of Empedocles, the chief opponents in this mad struggle for self-control must arise in the man's own soul. This conflict within a man "The Buried Life" beautifully depicts.

"Hardly have we, for one little hour,
    Been on our own line, have we been ourselves.
And long we try in vain to speak and act;
Our hidden self and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well, but 'tis not true."

There comes no rest to the weary man,

"Even when man forsakes all sin,
Is pure and just,
Abandons all that makes
His welfare insecure,
Other existences there are that clash with ours."

As a worshiper of culture he longs for religion because trust comes with it; but the means to attain peace through Christianity is self-sacrifice, which directly opposes Arnold’s creed. So there is no religious refuge for him.

It is true he believes in a Power, who said—

"See I make all things new"

a Power

"That through the breadth and length
Of earth and air and sea
In men, and plants, and stones,
Hath toil perpetually,
And travails, pants and moans,
Fain would do all things well; but sometimes fails in strength."

a universal God, who, as Arnold longs to do,

"Proceeds at any nod
And quietly declaims the cursings of himself."

But this God is as intangible and unsatisfactory a personality as Arnold’s "Power that works for righteousness," which he gives us in his prose works; and from as impersonal force, despite the fact that "energy of life may be kept on after the grave," tho' not begun, Arnold himself obtains but little consolation and inspiration. As to the inspiration of a great life, in his elegiac poems he strikes

"One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again."

But it is only a wave, whose ebb leaves Arnold more deeply sunk in self than before. He sees "the millions suffer still and grieve"; but for this intellectual grief and suffering, which alone appeal to him, he has no remedy save his own empty creed of "self-repose."

Thus far the highest point attained in the conflict, according to nineteenth century conceptions of truth, is the point of calm endurance and stoical self-repose. This point, in reality, approaches much closer to the repose of the ancients than to any "rest that remains" to us in the future. For a retrogressive process has guided Arnold’s steps from the heights of unattainable truth, from the mysteries in the world around him, into his own self-con-
sciousness. From the point of view of "self," his elaborate culture reaches out in all directions, and balancing the materials gathered from the past, thinks it finally finds repose in the perfect harmony of the Greek life. Having thus arrived at the highest point of self-possession and freedom possible under these conditions, Arnold is able to teach a gospel of repose. If he is not satisfied with his own rendering of it, at least he is sincere. In artistic treatment he realized the value and need of the pure objectivity of the classic subjects and classic form. The laws of simplicity of form, purity of design, of self-restraint, of parsimony, both of thought and material, which gave to the expression of the mental activity of the Greeks its predominant sculpturesque quality, are the very essence of Arnold's creations, and distinguishes them above all else from modern romantic art. In this clear-cut, sculpturesque quality the technical beauty harmonizes singularly with the spiritual. Just as in the Greek art spirit and matter were blended in one unity. Here Arnold's very self-imposed limitations and self-renunciation before the mysterious unknown, especially so far as it enters unconsciously into his art, aid in perfecting the work. For ancient art aimed at the perfect within definite limits, because human life was then circumscribed by mundane limitations and its conditions unhesitatingly accepted.

But, while Arnold's art touches and sways in sympathy with the grand major chord of spontaneous, pulsating Greek life, it is weighed down by longing and regret and reverberates in one long minor, whose key-note is "self." In the Greek art, in spite of a tinge of sadness, as if it were the shadow of an overhanging fate, self-sufficiency always gives an air of cheerfulness. In Arnold the unconscious self-sufficiency of the Greek has given way to conscious self-repose. Nevertheless, a prominent characteristic in Arnold is the buoyancy with which in his best moments he either throws off the pain or takes refuge in some soothing digression. His serene sense of fate looks into the face of the fates and reads them with the large and frank insight of the ancient poets, without any moral fallacies or religious reservations. The effect is a very close approach to the Greek repose of inaction. Like a Venus, which is typical of a large class of Greek art, it is in comparative repose, not because it is above disturbance, but because it is removed from it.

With the Greeks, as has already been said, the key-note of repose was their union with nature. Man, being now distinct from nature and standing on
the outside, can enjoy its beauties as the Greeks in the very midst of them never could. Arnold understands this. Nevertheless, he seeks the classic relation of man and nature. Unlike Wordsworth, whom he attempts to follow, he is not sufficiently master of his own self to mingle his words and those of Nature, nor yet with his deep soul, knowledge, unrest and sadness can he adopt the spontaneous and unconscious delight in the earthly beauty and joy of the Greeks.

The nearest approach to the latter is in the lines where he is carried beyond himself, as in "Thyris," in a description of the break and smell of musk carnations—

"Sweet William with his homely cottage smell
And stocks in fragrant bloom,
With whitening hedges and unrumpling fern,
And bluebells, trembling by the forest ways,
And scent of hay new mown."

Nature often affords Arnold a joyful setting for some dark picture, as in the dark, despairing silhouette of Empedocles against the joyous refrains of Callisles. Yet, the note of regret is that of Arnold, not of the nature-loving Greek lad, as he sings:

"Far, far from here
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illysian hills, and there
The sunshine in the happy glen is fair,
And by the sea and in the brakes
The grass is cool, the sea-side air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flower
More virginal and sweet than ours."

Arnold's most characteristic feeling for nature is sympathy with its broad, free, open aspects, which are a source of strength and comfort apart from his own soul. By this means he often seeks to restore and refresh the minds he had perplexed and bewildered by painful problems. In this way even his elegies acquire a buoyancy. He enjoys plumbing the depths of another melancholy; but, even so, the effect is not that of Shelley's most melancholy lyrics. It does not make us faint under the poet's own feeling of desolation. Thus in both poems on "Obermann" he turns in the end to nature. In the one he says:

"Farewell! Under the sky we part, in the stern Alpine dell,"
in the other, "The vision ended; he awoke and turned along the banks of Noye,

"To where in haze
The Valois opens fair,
And glorious there without a sound
Across the glimmering lake,
High in the Valois' depth profound,
I saw the morning break."

Throughout the tale of Sohrab and Rustum's combat is heard the flow of the Oxus stream, and at last

"The longed for dash of waves is heard and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

The whole of the poem entitled "Self-Dependence" embodies his most heart-felt appeal. It marks the loftiest height of struggle as well as depth of dark despair.

His cry

"O'er the sea and to the stars he seuds"
"Calm me, ah, compose me to the end
Ah once more, I cried, ye stars, ye waters
On my heart your mighty charm renew,
Still, still let me as I gaze upon you
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

So passionate is his appeal for strength to subdue passion that

"From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit seas' unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer
'Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they?'"

From his own soul and nature, alike, Arnold hears but one voice. "Be thyself." This problem is unsolved, he then seems to say, But insoluble or not, let us shake off melancholy; let us recall the pristine strength of the human spirit and not forget that we have access to great resources still.

Arnold's secret, after all, is not to minimize the tragedy or sadness of the human lot, but to turn our attention from the sadness or the tragedy to the strength which it illustrates and the calm into which the most tumultuous passions subside. In his essay on poetry, Arnold assures us that in
poetry, as a criticism of life, the spirit of our race will find, as time goes on and other helps fail, "its consolation and stay." But in the gloomy solitariness of such introspective self-repose and pagan stoicism what light or strength can we receive? The calmness of a Venus removed from the distraction of our earthly feelings cannot but seem inadequate as a healthful solution of our problems. Truth must be found through action. There can be no repose for man under present conditions until there is equipoise of the fulness of these earthly feelings, when man and nature are again united; but not united in the forced relation Arnold teaches. Arnold's gospel of repose is an impossible one because it goes backward, not forward.

It is for a greater than Arnold, and more universal and hopeful singer to complement the half truth which Arnold mourns. Browning likewise found truth within the soul.

"There is an inmost centre in man
Where truth abides in fullness, but
To know truth one must open a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape."

He bids the soul release its truth that it may grasp eternal Truth and make the loftiest conception of life, the attainment of Truth, along the line of self-development. The new freedom of man must consist in submission to the order of the universe as it exists. The beautiful Greek life cannot be restored. Nor need we cling to the convent or the prison life of early Catholicity. The healthy acceptance of the physical laws to which we are subordinated need not prevent our full consciousness of moral law, and the final discovery that there is no antagonism between our flesh and spirit, but rather a most intimate connection must place the man of the future upon a higher level and a firmer standing-ground than the Greeks. Experience and demonstration will then show what the Greeks felt instinctively. Then repose will be permeated and strengthened by the ever-enduring influence of Christianity; the tact of the healthy youth will be succeeded by the calm reason of maturity.

J. K., '91.
OUT ON THE CLIFFS AT TWILIGHT.

Out on the cliffs at twilight,
With sea-winds in one's hair,
The breadth and sweep
Of the mighty deep,
And the sigh of the ocean's prayer.
One hears it confess
Its sinfulness
In the sob of its ebb and flow,
While soft-sweet,—
Close at one's feet,
The waters come and go.

Out on the cliffs at twilight;
The flowers their silence keep:
The roses fold
Their hearts of gold
In their petals and go to sleep:
But their fragrant prayer
Is in all the air,
As they rustle to and fro,
While soft-sweet,—
Close at one's feet,
The waters come and go.

Out on the cliffs at twilight,
Only one's self and God,
A lone star-ray
Athwart the way
That no man's foot has trod.
Will He hear up there,
If one says a prayer?
The fire-flies flit and glow,
While soft-sweet,—
Close at one's feet,
The waters come and go.

L. B.
THE AMERICAN WOMAN DRAWN BY HOWELLS, JAMES AND WARNER.

A fact we boldly face is that most people decidedly prefer stories to essays and novels to history. Hence, a large portion of the average intelligence regarding social customs of by-gone times or countries not one's own is derived from the pages of fiction. I fancy most of us owe our picture of English society at the close of the last century to Jane Austen, filling the quaint, old-fashioned outlines with "Pride and Prejudice" or "Sense and Sensibility." England in the days of Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot is quite as real to our imaginations as the streets of Boston, and the people who make it thus alive with their virtues and their follies are the true pen-creations of these master workmen. Indeed, our conceptions of social life in the England of to-day are tinctured not a little by the words of Thomas Hardy, William Black and Walter Besant. May we not, therefore, reasoning from a close analogy, conclude that we American women with our beloved American ways are being constantly investigated and seriously considered on the other side of the Atlantic, from materials supplied by our popular novelists? And have we not, with all our American pride and self-sufficiency, some slight curiosity as to the facts from which these friends are drawing their conclusions? Do we not whisper, be it never so softly,

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as thers see us!"

Among the rather numerous novelists professing to delineate in realistic manner our typical American social life, William D. Howells, Henry James and Charles Dudley Warner stand out most prominently, and we, believing ourselves for the moment English born and bred, may rightly seek within their pages an enlargement of our somewhat indefinite ideas regarding these far-away cousins of ours in "The States." With this most laudable ambition we take up "April Hopes"—a detailed description of some festive occasion called a Harvard Class Day, out of which, in the course of a few hundred printed pages, ripens, in society parlance, a "desirable match." We are straightway introduced to a Boston lady of fashion, Mrs. Pasmer, who, we are told, could say "Thank you," with all "the deep gratitude which so-
ciety cultivates for the smallest favors," and, though "keeping a conscience in regard to certain matters which she considered essentials, lived a thousand little lies every day, and taught her daughter to do the same." That this butterfly is possessed of considerable innate energy is shown by her firm decision that her daughter shall marry a good American—if she cannot get a noble Englishman. We are permitted to be amused eavesdroppers at several conversations between our Mrs. Pasmer and other ladies, who, according to Howells, "called each other by their girl names, as is rather the custom in Boston with ladies who are in the same set, whether they are great friends or not." Thus it is we learn that charming girls mope the whole evening through at Boston parties, with no young men with whom to talk; that unless a girl fairly throws herself at the young men's heads she isn't noticed; and that the young married women met last winter, just after a lot of pretty girls had come out, magnanimously resolving to give the buds a chance in society. We certainly agree with Mrs. Pasmer in thinking this a strange state of things in America, and are therefore somewhat prepared for the following:

"Don't you think it is well," asked Mrs. Pasmer, deferentially, and under correction, as if she were hazarding too much, "to see somebody besides Boston people sometimes, if they're nice? That seems to be one of the advantages of living abroad."

"Oh, I think there are nice people everywhere," said the young man, with the bold expansion of youth.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Pasmer. "We saw two such charming young people coming in and out of the hotel in Rome. We were sure they were English, and they were from Chicago!"

Though devoting himself to the Pasmers, our author pauses to briefly sketch a Miss Henderson, in whom we instantly recognize that strong-minded young woman of whom we have heard occasional rumor. "She walked with long strides, knocking her skirts into fine eddies and tangles as she went, and she spoke in a bold, deep voice, with tones like a man's in it, all the more amusing and fascinating because of the perfectly feminine eyes with which she looked at you, and the nervous feminine gestures which she used while she spoke."

From the conventionalities of "April Hopes" we pass to their complete
absence in "The Lady of the Aroostook." This time we are introduced to a young girl from the wilds of northern Maine, who, summoned by her aunt in Venice, travels there by herself in a sailing vessel, the only lady on board. She is not at all aware of the singular situation and, because of the gentlemanly behavior of the other passengers, "who were Americans, and therefore knew how to worship a woman," does not realize its unpleasantness until, long after, she gains a knowledge of the world's customs. Lyddly, described as clothed with the stylishness that instinctive taste may evoke, even in a hill town, from study of paper patterns, Harper's Bazar and the costumes of the summer boarders, is quite typical of many of Howells' heroines in her "fearlessness before others and timidity before herself."

In "The Rise of Silas Lapham," absorbed by the strength of the hero, we feel that the women are made of very secondary importance. There is Mrs. Lapham, the Vermont school teacher of unspiring conscience, suddenly transplanted to great wealth and Boston society, and finding acclimation extremely difficult, if not impossible. There is Penelope, little, brown and quaint, whose erudition is bounded by the circulating library; and Irene, with her exquisite beauty, perfect taste in dress, total ignorance of Macaulay and Motley, and belief that the chief end of books is to furnish a room.

We English are not a little surprised and unpleasantly jarred at the company we next meet in Henry James' "Bostonians"—a queer mixture of utterly unattractive women, who lecture on temperance and woman suffrage, spiritualism and theosophy. The atmosphere in which the Beacon street lady moves, with incongruity enough, breathes neither refinement nor philanthropy. How we are enamored with this phase of the American woman as it is here presented, judge by descriptions such as these: "Miss Birdseye belonged to the Short Skirts League as a matter of course, for she belonged to any and every league that had ever been founded for almost any purpose whatever. She looked as if she had spent her life on platforms, in audiences, in conventions, in séances; in her faded face was a kind of reflection of ugly lecture lamps. . . . Mrs. Farrinder, at almost any time, had the air of being introduced by a few remarks. This little society was prolific in ladies who trotted about early and late with books from the Athenæum, always apparently straining a little, as if they might be too late for something. Even poor Miss Olive Chancellor of Beacon street, with her
immense desire to know intimately some very poor girl, is foiled in her several attempts regarding three pale shop-maidens in that she took them more tragically than they took themselves."

Yet, no whit daunted in our quest, we take up "Daisy Miller: a Study," and know not quite what to make of that astonishing creature, with her wonderful prettiness, her charming vivacity, remarkable frankness and completely overwhelming disregard of Continental notions of propriety. We wonder whether we are to take her as a typical American girl, and are not a little uncertain about acknowledging our relationship. "We've got splendid rooms at the hotel," chatters the unconscious object of our stern scrutiny, "the best rooms in Rome. . . . It's a great deal nicer than I thought; I thought it would be fearfully quiet; I was sure it would be awfully poky. I was sure we should be going round all the time with one of those dreadful old men that explain about the pictures and things. But we've only had a week of that, and now I'm enjoying myself. I know ever so many people, and they are all so charming. . . . I, thank goodness, am not a young lady of this country. The young ladies of this country have a dreadfully poky time of it, so far as I can learn; I don't see why I should change my habits for them."

"I am afraid your habits are those of a flirt," said Winterbourne, gravely.

"Of course they are," she cried, giving him her little smiling stare again.

"I'm a fearful, frightful flirt!"

With Winterbourne we wonder as we read whether she is innocent or reckless; whether she is too light and childish, too uncultivated and unreasoning, too provincial to have reflected upon her ostracism, or even to have perceived it; while at other times we truly believe that "she carries about in her elegant and irresponsible little organism a defiant, passionate, perfectly observant consciousness of the impression she produces." Yet, when, dead of the fatal Roman fever, caught through a recklessness difficult to understand, she is laid beneath the thick spring flowers in the little Protestant cemetery, we half affirm with Giovanelli, "She was the most beautiful young lady I ever saw, and the most amiable—and the most innocent." And at least we fully agree with Winterbourne, when he said, months later, that it was on his conscience that he had done her injustice—she would have appreciated one's esteem.
We turn yet once again to Henry James, attracted by the "Portrait of a Lady," a second type of our young cousin, and it, too, is very different from the girls we know. A marked characteristic of Isabel Archer is her confidence both in herself and in others, and it is carefully explained that American girls are used to a great deal of deference. That she was a little presumptuous is said, indeed, to be part of her charm. Among other things we are told that her habit was to carry fatigue to the farthest point, and confess it only when dissimulation had become impossible; that her conversation had much of the vivacity observable in that of young ladies of her country, to whom the ear of the world is more directly presented than to their sisters in other lands. We are amused to learn that her way of taking compliments was rather dry—she got rid of them as rapidly as possible; not because insensible to them, but simply unwilling to show how infinitely they pleased her. Finally we hear that her independent spirit, which we quite admire, is a mark of the American girl, who ends, we are told, by regarding perpetual assistance as a sort of derogation to her sanity. In the "fine purpose of her freedom, the resolution with which she seeks to be the maker of her destiny, even the subtle weakness into which all this betrays her," we with her critic, are not unwilling to take her as representative of womanly life to-day.

From Howells and James we turn to Warner, and in "Their Pilgrimage" we soon stumble over other efforts to seize that fleeting phantom, the American girl. We place them side by side with those we have already discovered.

This is the first—"Miss Nettie Sumner, perhaps twenty-one, who corresponded to what the internationalists call the American type, had evidently taken school education as a duck takes water, and danced along in society into apparent robustness of person and knowledge of the world. A handsome girl, she would be a comely woman, good-natured, quick at repartee, confining her knowledge of books to popular novels, too natural and frank to be a flirt, an adept in all the nice slang current in fashionable life, caught up from collegians and brokers, accustomed to meet men in public life, in hotels, a very jolly companion, with a fund of good sense that made her entirely capable of managing her own affairs."

And this is the second:—"There was still another young lady, modest in
bearing, self-possessed in manner, sensible, who made ready and incisive remarks, and seemed to have thought deeply on a large range of subjects, but had a sort of downright practicability and cool independence, with all her femininity of bearing, that rather puzzled her interlocutor. It occurred to Mr. King to guess that Miss Selina Morton might be from Boston, which she was not, but it was with a sort of shock that he learned later that the young girl, moving about in society in the innocent panoply of girlhood, was a young doctor, who had no doubt looked through and through him with her keen eyes, studied him in the light of heredity, constitutional tendencies, habits and environment as a possible patient. It almost made him ill to think of it."

We bring our weary search to a more than timely close with "A Little Journey in the World." We cannot read far without coming across keen summings up of the American woman. "It seems to superficial observers," Warner remarks, "that all Americans are born busy. It is not so. They are born with a fear of not being busy, and if they are intelligent and in circumstances of leisure they have such a sense of their responsibility that they hasten to allot their time into portions, and leave no hour unprovided for. This is conscientiousness in woman, and not restlessness. There is a day for music, a day for painting, a day for the display of tea-gowns, a day for Dante, a day for the Greek drama, a day for the Dumb Animals' Aid Society, a day for the Society for the Propagation of Indians, and so on. When the year is over, the amount that has been accomplished by this incessant activity can hardly be estimated. Individually, it may not be much. But consider where Chaucer would be but for the work of the Chaucer clubs, and what an effect upon the universal progress of things is produced by the associate concentration upon the poet of so many minds."

"There is nothing in which these American women are not interested," observes a foreigner, and we are all ready to echo his statement—"nothing about which they cannot talk, and talk intensely. They absorb everything, and have the gift of acquiring intelligence without, as one of them told me, having to waste time in reading. Yes, New York is an interesting city."

But that which arrests our attention, and arouses our interest more than aught else, is the study of Margaret herself. Margaret, at the outset of her little journey in the world— with her sincerity and enthusiasm, her desire to
feel the freedom of her own being, to be interested in everything in the world; the Margaret who so puzzled the Englishman by an apparent absorption in the gayety of a German one day, and a whole-hearted devotion to her mission school and the condition of women the next. Margaret, in the gay vortex of New York society, restless in a life, fascinating, exciting and profoundly unsatisfactory, with its atmosphere of "knowing everything and not caring about anything very much." And Margaret, nearing the end of the journey, having learned the meannesses, the jealousies, the cringing by which social success is often attained, becoming in her gayety cynical, in her judgments bitter; losing her vitality in the feverish strain; with the nobler possibilities of her higher life hopelessly crushed in the hardening process of a material existence—"a beautiful woman, in all the success of envied prosperity, with a dead soul."

A vigorous shake, and we are once again restored to our American consciousness. Perhaps, as American women, we still possess unaltered that feeling of self-satisfaction which is so markedly a part of the American spirit. There may be certain strange twinges of mortification—possibly a new sense of deep regret—be that as it may, we have made our quest for the truth, we have tried to know ourselves a little better.

Alice Welch Kellogg, '94.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

"There's nothing quite so pretty as them cinnamon roses." Old Mrs. Pettiford stepped back from the rose bush and untangled her dress from the thorns; she drew her gray shawl closer about her shoulders and shivered a little. The morning breezes lifted the thin locks from above her temples and fluttered her scanty skirts; the breath of new-mown clover fields came sweeping down from the hillside. An old elm by the roadway cast its shadow quite over the garden and made it rather cool. Mrs. Pettiford stepped into the sunshine.

Click, click, over the little board side-walk came the sound of small boot-heels. There was a soft light in the old woman's eyes and it grew softer as she listened. She leaned farther over the gateway, and the roses in her fin-
gers shook till they dropped their dew. A girl coming briskly up the street slackened her steps as she saw the old gray shawl.

"Grandmother," said she; her voice sounded sweet and strong. The light in the old woman's eyes grew still softer, and she stretched out her handful of cinnamon roses in her trembling, feeble hands.

"I kind o' thought you'd like some o' my posies, Elizabeth," said she. The girl smiled. An amused little dimple crept into her cheek. The morning sun lit her somewhat dull hair into unexpected brightness. The silky folds of her drab gown fell gracefully about her. She was a tall girl and enjoyed the tallness with the dignity it gave.

"I should think so, grandmother," she said. The amused dimple had disappeared and the gray eyes were only tender. She leaned forward just a little, and the knotted fingers fastened the old-fashioned roses softly against her dress. The gray shawl fluttered against her shoulder and struck against her face. The old woman drew it carefully away. "Have a good time, dearie," said she. Elizabeth laid her cheek against the wrinkled one and one arm went quite about the little bent figure. The light in the old woman's eyes had grown very, very soft. She turned slowly, with the light still in them, and went weakly into the house.

To Elizabeth the world was a glory as she hurried on; the light in her eyes was a glad light; the softness had not yet come. She smiled cheerily at her neighbors, and nodded to passers-by; she remembered to pick up her skirts before descending the hill; yet all the while, in a happy little vein of her own, she was thinking quite to herself, and the deeds which she did outwardly were purely mechanical ones.

The cinnamon roses clung lovingly to her breast and bowed their heavy heads. Elizabeth looked down at them. "Cinnamon roses," said she in her thoughts, "I wonder if the girls will laugh. Yet how beautiful she thinks them. Dear heart, could she ever grow old-fashioned to me?" Again the tenderness had chased the dimple quite away.

Old Mrs. Pettiford opened the door softly and went into the kitchen. Rachel stood in the pantry, and Mrs. Pettiford was afraid of Rachel. "You haven't been giving them old-fashioned pink things to that child, mother!" said she. Mrs. Pettiford flushed guiltily. "Not that it much matters, after all. Elizabeth's no fool; she's thrown 'em away by this time. Ketch her
wearing sech things anywheres she wants to look well. I'm going to have that old bush dug out. I've been telling Ezra right along I wanted he should take his first spare minnits and root her up. It's big and homely, and nobody wants to see it blocking out all our view.” Mrs. Pettiford grew quite pale. “Dig out my rose bush,” breathed she. “My rose bush that yer Pa planted 'fore ever you or Marthy were born!” Rachel kneaded her bread energetically, and considered it no occasion for argument. The white puffs of dough fell neatly from her deft fingers into the bright tin. She lifted the pan and carried it to the oven. Mrs. Pettiford, looking timidly at her, crept silently away. Out in the long, cool entry one could hear her retreating footsteps. Then came the opening of a door. Old Mrs. Pettiford had entered the sacred front parlor.

The blinds were drawn down and a musty smell as of things long kept from light came sweeping up to meet her. The ghostly shroudings of the pictures and the stiff outlines of the hair-cloth furniture made the room look almost uncanny. Mrs. Pettiford crossed the floor and fell feebly upon the sofa. She had closed the door behind her, so there was nothing to disclose her hiding-place. Close up to her throat she clasped the worn old shawl and lay quite still. Quietly from under her lashes slipped one tear after another down the wrinkling of her cheeks.

The short, strong, noontide shadows had lengthened for afternoon. The men had come home to dinner and gone back again to the fields. Rachel did not even wonder or stop to miss the absent face. “Marm often ran across to Martha's and stopped over there for the day.” She washed and wiped her dishes, fed the chickens and sat down to her darning. The sunlight fell warm and yellow across the painted floor. Rachel sat by the window. Towards night Ezra came across the garden towards the rose bush. He had a shovel over one shoulder and a spade in his left hand. Rachel was glad Marm was out of the way.

“Ezra!” The voice broke sharply through the quiet of the kitchen and the hush of the afternoon. Ezra started and dropped his spade; Rachel looked up from her basket.

Elizabeth stood at the foot of the steps, holding her drab hat in her hands. In the accusing of her eyes was a world of comprehension. The curves of her face were hardened. She seemed changed into a woman.
“I didn’t go for to do it,” said Ezra, “yer aunt told me ter.” He stopped for sheer lack of ideas. “Put that earth back in its place,” said Elizabeth. “Aunt Rachel, I am ashamed of you. Grandmother’s cinnamon rose bush!”

Rachel looked humbled. Elizabeth’s lack of respect was for once unnoticed. She bent down over her darning and was silent. Elizabeth swept by her into the hall-way and ran up the stairs. Rachel could hear her calling as she went. She entered her grandmother’s room and turned to the well-known window seat. There was no one there. She searched the chambers and the attic, then down again to the parlor.

The chill of the room struck her as she crossed the threshold, and the instinct of love made her look at once to the sofa. Mrs. Pettiford was lying quietly, still wrapped in her shawl. Her cheeks were dry now, and their whiteness was almost startling against the black hair-cloth. Little wisps of hair had strayed down over her forehead and had been unbrushed away. She opened her eyes as Elizabeth came in, with a movement as if she were hurt. Her lips quivered.

“Dear grandmother,” said Elizabeth, “they shan’t ever dig it up. Ezra shan’t ever take it away”; and there was no need of explanation, for her grandmother understood. She reached up and took one of the girl’s pretty, daintily gloved hands and drew it softly under her cheek. Her eyes were fastened on the withered cinnamon roses. “You did wear them, dearie,” said she. “You were not ashamed to wear them. Rachel said you would throw them away.”

Elizabeth bent her head and touched them with her lips. The light in the old woman’s eyes had grown infinitely soft.

Lillian B. Quinby.
COMPENSATION.

A summer's eve, a moonlit sky,
A sea, soft water's purl,
A tiny boat, and two spoon-oars,
A pretty Wellesley girl.

I watched her face, methought it glowed
With trust and sweet content.
I paused and resting both my oars
On tend'rest theme was bent,

When lo, she, grasping at those oars
This scornful speech did throw —
"I cannot stand it any more,
I'll show you how to row!

Like this — see there — you strike out so —
Like that — 'tis new to you?
'When did I learn?' Oh, long ago,
'I'm on a Wellesly Crew!"

I sat in silence meekly by,
And swallowed all my pride,
While ev'ry pretty, tender word
Was straightway petrified.

They ne'er were spoken, and I fear
They ne'er may spoken be.
But I can row the Wellesley stroke,
So what is that to me?

Alice Welch Kellogg, 94.

"A CHIEL'S AMANG YOU TAKIN' NOTES."

AFTER an absence of several months, the chiel once more roams within the realms of the College Beautiful, and is delighted with the changes which meet his eye. Alma Mater has made some improvements during vacation. She points with pride toward the fifth floor centre, on the southern side, where has arisen a well-appointed zoölogical laboratory, with comfortable twirling chairs and with dissecting tables, to be used by the students in severality. But the room is more especially fitted for holding class elections. Tracing one's course through the western trunk-room, and hailing the same elevator of ages past, though perhaps grown more squeaky and shaky, one may descend to the third floor and then glide swiftly toward the
senior parlor. Here may the last year's juniors rest their weary frames and ponder over what might have been, what is and what shall be. The chief charm of this apartment consists in the beautiful lake views from its windows.

Now Alma Mater leads you out of doors into the free air, over the grassy slopes. Here behold the monuments of physical development! The merry enthusiasts in the novel basket ball move back and forth across the campus. Wellesley's zeal for out-door sports has become fired. Even unwary professors, betaking themselves to waiting classes, are detained by the pleasure of watching the game. The moments fleet away. The class still waits; and finally, drawn by a force of attraction which (we are informed) two bodies have for one another when separated, it moves towards the windows of the recitation room, and likewise watches the game.

The Wellesley Annex, on the outskirts of the ground, needs no comment from the chieft. It speaks for itself in words so plain that all who run may read, and vice versa.

* * * * *

All members of the Table who were within convenient speaking distance of the Opposite had turned in her direction and were listening expectantly. When thinking very intently she was accustomed to lean forward a little, open her lips slightly and look far off into space. This movement generally ripened into a remark; and whatever came from the Opposite was worth the speaking. The concentrated gaze of the Table called her to self-consciousness. She leaned back in her chair, closed her lips and momentarily retired behind a blush. The sophomore—the complacent sophomore—with a know-how-it-is-myself expression, magnanimously led her from behind the beautiful rose-colored screen by suggesting, "I believe you were about to say something." Once more the Opposite raised her clear blue eyes, steady eyes, into which one looked long, and in looking felt rest. Her speech was as clear and steady as were her eyes; but more decided, much less dreamy. She spoke with a downward accent at the end of each pause, and her voice was full. To one not acquainted with her peaceful disposition, she seemed to speak with a touch of pugnacity; but she was only very emphatic. "What I was thinking is, that I positively cannot endure those persons who find everything so very easy," she remarked. A look of pro-
found approval on the part of the Table greeted her declaration. The Table generally agreed with the Opposite. She was an individual of discretion and common sense. The chiel, an invited guest of the company, was about to ask for illustrations of the persons in question, but just then he happened to notice that the Professor had folded her napkin, and was alternately sipping water and examining her spoon handle with the air of one who was expecting to continue operations indefinitely. He cast around the table a scattered glance of investigation, at the conclusion of which his meal tapered off suddenly, but so gracefully withal, that every one present thought he expressly desired to leave in his saucer exactly three trembling, tempting, delicious pieces of lemon jelly. The pleasant company broke up, the Opposite and Professor marched off together, and the chiel's intended request was never made. But of late he has been realizing the significance of the Opposite's remark.

He has observed that persons who find everything very easy are extremely annoying factors of college life. Perhaps their happy-go-lucky conduct causes annoyance because it interferes with the pleasurable exercise of that uncharitable element of the human make-up which reaps consolation in the fact that, no matter how ill one may fare himself, there is always some one else who fares worse. But before proceeding to express himself further, the chiel asks the pardon of any one who accuses him of indulging in spiteful reflections. He considers, however, that what he has observed and experienced warrant him in supporting the Opposite's views.

The girl who finds everything easy frequents Written Reviews with a pen which goes scratch, scratch, scratch over the surface of her paper at a tremendous speed; and, while her neighbors are nibbling their pencil points and wishing paradoxically both that the hour were over and that the bell would delay its ringing, she has already smilingly folded up her paper and scribbled her name thereon. While other students read hours and hours, in trying to find information which definitely covers the points of their history outline, the girl who finds everything easy spends just half an hour over the work, and then cheerfully proclaims that she has happened upon a book which covers the points exactly. The book? In the history alcove a few minutes ago. Where is it now? That is the question. Translations never take her longer than twenty minutes, and her literature papers seem to spring forth
spontaneously. They are always done. The only employments which occupy her any length of time are rowing, driving, dancing, chatting and similar efforts. She could be forgiven for her brilliancy if only she would refrain from her oft-heard remark: "That's easy!" But she does not thus refrain, and so, in retaliation, the chief invites all hard-working students, who are wicked enough to yield to the invitation, to take comfort in the thought that the girl who finds everything easy is not a solid, superior sort of student. Happiness and light-heartedness indeed are necessary for healthy life; but sympathy for others and from others is also essential; and so may we ask the exasperatingly brilliant, cheerful persons who find everything so very easy, to suppress their exuberance of spirit for the sake of cultivating a fellow-feeling.

But let them not be harshly judged. No doubt "That's easy" is merely another way of saying "I succeeded in doing that, and therefore it is not hard."

Mary K. Isham.
EDITORIAL.

The death of any distinguished person calls vividly to mind the work he has done in the world, and so it was natural that when, a month ago, Mrs. Lucy Stone passed away, the story of her life should be retold from end to end of the country. Pulpit and press have joined in recounting the opposition she met, the obstacles she surmounted, and the change during her lifetime in the position of women, a change in the bringing to pass of which she had so large a share. As we think of what she had to face when she first gave utterance to the opinions which now are such mere matters of course, there comes to many of us, with a faint shock of surprise, a fuller realization of what the conditions of a woman's life were so short a time ago. During the last forty years how the horizon has widened for woman, what increased possibilities life has come to hold for her! Step by step, she has come, she is still coming, into possession of herself, into the recognition of her own individuality, of her own separate work in the world. That the change is for the better is admitted even by those who do not sympathize with the hopes Mrs. Stone cherished for the political advancement of women; while many of us, especially among college women, realizing what our lives must have been had woman's former status remained unaltered, feel that we owe to her and her co-workers a debt which we can never repay, which we can never even adequately express.

But Lucy Stone has left behind her more than her work; she has bequeathed us the example of her life and we may well ask what message it has for us. Not, I think, merely the lesson of what may be accomplished by courage and love and resolute adherence to purpose. These qualities she possessed in a high degree, but she might have had them all and yet have accomplished nothing. The secret of her success lay in her intense convictions. She believed absolutely in the righteousness of woman's cause and from her belief came her efforts and her success. And herein lay the chief difference between her and the men and women whose lives pass away and leave no trace behind them; it is conviction, not courage or resolution, that is wanting. Courage is not a rare virtue; there is an exhilaration in contest, and opposition, even when hardest to bear, brings with it a certain inspiration. Most of us fail, not because we are too timid to enter the
strife, but because we do not believe in anything strongly enough to fight for it. We live in an age of transition, when the old faiths are losing their hold upon us and the new have not appeared to nerve us to action. In the change and uncertainty of the period, in the breaking up of old habits of thought, the disappearance of old landmarks, the merging of old distinctions it is hard to gain clear and firm beliefs. It is far easier to drift with the tide, to talk philosophically of the zeitgeist, and, admitting that we do not believe, rest satisfied, without deciding even for ourselves what it is we do not credit, and why. It is easy, but from such drifting comes no fruition of high thought or noble act. It does not greatly matter what our belief is; every variety of faith, firmly held, has produced grand and harmonious lives. The essential thing is to believe something, to know what it is and why we believe it. Once given an earnest conviction it is easy to work for its accomplishment. And such a conviction is possible for every one. The cause for the prevailing vagueness of belief lies far more in our weakness than in the character of the age. To find out what we can believe and what we must reject requires for most of us a mental effort, strenuous and persistent. Still more, it means a definite cutting loose from beliefs once dear, from faiths once sacred to us, for if we are to believe clearly we must first of all know what we disbelieve, and much which we once held as absolute truth we must regretfully lay aside as something tender and beautiful, but for us, at least, no longer true.

From this twofold sacrifice we shrink, preferring to consider that nothing is altogether true and nothing entirely false, that there is no good quite worth working for and no evil really deserving of opposition, and our lives become mere bits of driftwood on the stream of circumstance because we will not make them anything more. For there is for each one of us something which we may believe if we will, and this conviction—a conviction which underlies all worthy action, which is, indeed, the only motive for action—is the only thing in life of real importance. If we meet with opposition, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, they are but trifles; the outer world is easily faced if we can but master ourselves. And even though our efforts bear no fruit that we can see, though to all appearance our lives have been spent in a vain struggle, yet will they not be wholly lost, for we shall have escaped the only utter failure possible to humanity—the failure of him who has never been defeated because he has never striven.
II.

There are marked indications of the growth of a scientific spirit among the students of our college. The large classes electing botany, zoology, chemistry, physics, experimental psychology and applied mathematics are forcible witnesses to the tastes of the average student in these directions. Better far than numbers, however, is the enthusiasm manifested. Who, without sincere love of original investigation, would cheerfully devote hours to ascertain comparative pressures of tiny bottles filled with shot? Who, without real interest in nature’s plans, would patiently master the phyllotaxy of cones? Who, without a genuine delight in animal life, would fill her room with spiders, lizards, moths, and make careful note of every development? Wellesley maidens, armed with curious nets, haunt hill and dale, lake and stream. They scour the woods, they scrutinize the ground. Even freshmen catch their caddis flies, and quite eclipse their elders in accurate delineation of twig sections.

III.

When asked, “And what does Wellesley afford in the way of athletics?” we need no longer hesitate in confusion as we answer “Boat-crews and—and so forth.” We now speak emphatically and proudly of our crews and their increasing strength and might. But these are not alone in their glory. We can add walking, and bicycle clubs, and tennis associations, and scientifically conducted games. The latter proclaim that the tireless and zealous spirit who has established golf and basketball on our campus has not been daunted by the cramped quarters of the gymnasium, but has seized the wider opportunities afforded by our wealth of ground. This has been a happy move. Out of doors, indeed, we are assured of plenty of room; for if the campus fails to contain us there are, over by the west lodge, vast, unworked fields which, owing to their evenness and secluded situation can be utilized to great advantage for sports. Of the crowded condition indoors we ought not, however, to complain; because it may partly be accounted for by the interest which the upper class girls, those for whom the gymnastic work is optional, take in their physical development.

It is a pleasure to witness with what pride and good nature the girls display the bruises and sprains and scratches which naturally accompany first
attempts in basket ball. Surely these knocks and buffetings are received in a good cause. Girls! we know not what we do when we refuse to place our names upon the lists of those praiseworthy individuals who canvass the buildings for personal, bodily subscriptions to their open-air entertainments. Let every girl deliberate long and wisely before she rejects the benefits of fresh air, healthy exercise, social intercourse and an incalculable amount of genuine fun. We all pray that athletics may live long and abundantly prosper. And when athletics is strengthening our lungs, and heightening the color of our cheeks and brightening our eyes, let us stop for an instant, and join with the Wellesley Magazine in three long hearty cheers for Miss Hill and physical training!

The Free Press.

I.

We people of this Wellesley world may be over-conscientious in certain respects, but we can hardly be said to thus err in the little matter of committees and quorums. We may peacefully rest on the assurance that, however much alive to the hoarding of our precious individual time, we can never be accused of experiencing any extraordinary anxiety regarding the golden moments of our fellow-sufferers. It is forty minutes after the appointed hour, when we present ourselves unabashed at a rehearsal, which is thereby so prolonged as to compel seven girls to cut chapel on the morrow. (No mention shall be made of their rash expenditure of a patience which will therefore be found wanting, when needed for more worthy objects.) We habitually absent ourselves from class meetings even when we know that a large quorum is essential. We thus gain an hour for academic work, and sixty girls lose the best part of several evenings, before beginning the accomplishment of necessary elections. If chairman of some committee, we bring ill-digested plans before the helpless creatures, whose time, unprotected by the law is wholly at our tyrannical disposal. We playfully idle with the subject on hand, delivering ourselves meanwhile of a variety of personal remarks, whose bearings on the particular question under consideration would fail to be brought out by a high power microscope. Then lo! to our mild surprise, we discover that fleet-footed Time has not paused for our own convenience. Each member of the weary and famished committee is half an hour late to dinner, and our future corps of laborers is forever after a trifle less cheerful and enthusiastic, unless more conspicuously noble than average mortals
Verily, whatever our faults, and we frankly acknowledge that we are not quite perfection, we never have shown indications of nervous prostration due to anxiety for the protection of our neighbors' time.

K., '94.

II.

The students of Wellesley College have long been accustomed to regard the library as one of the chief glories of the institution, and to many of us it has become endeared by several years of association, and by the memory of hard battles fought and won within its walls. To these, and to others, not at all affected by sentimental considerations, but who regard the library as a convenient, and, indeed, the only, place for study in the Main Building, the condition of the room this year has been a source of great annoyance. Not long ago I repaired to this place of wisdom for a quiet wrestle with the philosophy of Carlyle. Soon, however, was borne in upon me not "the noise of rushing waters," but the tramp of many feet. There must be something peculiar about the ordinary Wellesley walking shoe, it never was very fairy-like, but surely the unprecedented interest in athletics must have had the effect of increasing the strength of the shoes, as well as of the wearers. Are the Wellesley girls shod with iron now-a-days, or why do they come down upon their heels with increasing emphasis and decision, especially in the library where a general carefulness in movement is supposed to be in order? Indeed, after listening to the tramping through alcoves and in and out among tables for an hour, one is ready to wish that our library were modelled on the plan of a Moslem mosque, where the students should put their shoes from off their feet before entering!

At last, however, some few of these sure-footed damsels seemed to settle down in peace, and I returned to Carlyle, but for a moment only! What was that buzzing? Only the sound of many voices! The library is such an excellent place to discuss all your affairs with your best friend! I retired to an alcove only to find it occupied by five juniors, who seemed to be holding an impromptu class meeting. Above me, in the gallery, some kind-hearted soul was reading aloud in a distinctly perceptible monotone. In despair, I looked toward the door, and saw a vision of hope looming up in the vicinity—a member of the faculty! Surely, her calm presence will have a perceptible quieting effect upon the multitude. With firm and emphatic step she advanced to our librarian's desk (for we really have one!), but the conversation did not cease, there was added thereunto an increment which was the despair of every quiet-loving student in the room.
I waited to see what would happen next, for the scene was more fascinating than even Carlyle. Soon my meditations were interrupted by a rapid breathing into my left ear, and my chair began to tip backward in a most alarming manner. In terror I looked over my shoulder, only to see a harmless student, who was examining the titles of the row of books on the table in front of me, and who was simply using my chair to support her weary frame as she did so. Even as I looked, she passed along on the backs of the other chairs, leaving me to study in peace, when bang!—what was that? A book had descended upon my notebook, apparently from the ceiling, and shook the whole table as it did so. There is no cause for surprise in the mind of the casual observer, that is only a little way we have here at Wellesley of returning books—no book to be returned except as it is tossed at a distance of from two to four feet. The student is thus trained in accuracy of aim, and is also enabled to proceed some yards on her way rejoicing before the book lands. Next, my attention was called to the dictionary fiend. I do not know whether the species is peculiar to the Wellesley library or not, but do most devoutly hope that it is! This year the fiend seems to be oftener a freshman than anything else. She possesses herself of a large dictionary, seats herself beside you, and begins a vigorous shuffling of leaves and banging of covers, interspersed with little grunts indicative of satisfaction (or otherwise) and shows a zeal in well doing which is truly beautiful to see and hear. Just then the bell rang and my study of Carlyle was finished.

E. F. P., '94.

III.

Although the idea of compulsion in regard to religious matters is so unpleasant to us all, do we not exaggerate the evils, if we may so call them, of our present chapel system? It seems to an observer, that the excuse system, used here at Wellesley, is a happy compromise between the extreme radicalism of doing away altogether with a required chapel attendance, and the extreme conservatism which brooks no disregard of arbitrary law. To an extent, therefore, our chapel service is now voluntary. If any excuse presented by a student is accepted by the authorities, then it rests with the honor and womanliness of each student to regulate her own attendance. She may, or may not, as she chooses, allow trivial matters to interfere in this regard. Of course, to those who wish to cease attendance upon this service, the system offers no advantages, but are the large majority of Wellesley girls of this class? Most of those who object to the present regime, would probably attend chapel nearly as often as now under an
entirely voluntary system. If, then, we are thus allowed to regulate our attendance, should we denounce the system as one of "compulsory chapel"? Let us not growl, merely for the sake of growling.

E. N. K., '94.

IV.

Miss Calkins calls the attention of those who are interested in the subjects of "Colored Hearing" and of "Forms" to reprints from the summary of results of the Wellesley "Census," which may be found in Alcove 3 of the library and in the psychological laboratory.

Book Reviews.


"The White Islander," a romance of the Indian massacre at Mackinac, was originally published in "The Century." The story gains much, however, by being read in book form, for, with the exception of the brilliant situation in the last chapter there is not enough of surprise or of action to carry the interest forward. The heroine, Marie, is a young French girl, who has from childhood formed a part of the family of the Indian Chief of Mackinac, her only acquaintance having been the Chief Womatom, a half-witted English boy, the Indian grandmother and the French priest. The keynote of the character is given in the priest's words: "There are women who have a vocation for loving as plain as others have for the holy life." The chief interest of the story lies in the portrayal of Marie's development from girl to woman under the influence of this master passion, and of Womatom's inner struggles between honor and native treachery. The wily character of the chief is very subtly portrayed. Mrs. Catherwood's work has received the stamp of approval of Francis Parkman, the historian, as to its historical accuracy.


A delightful book for these hazy Indian-summer days is Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "To Gypsy Land." The author is a niece of Charles G. Leland of Philadelphia, who has made gypsies and gypsy-lore the study of his life. Mrs. Pennell imbibed the love for the Romany people from her uncle, and while a young girl, living in Philadelphia, she began her search in quest of the genial gypsy. The
book is, in the main, an account of the travels of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell through Hungary, but no portion is quite as romantically interesting as the first chapters in which the author describes her gypsy friends of the City of Brotherly Love. The plaintive, impassioned music of the Romany Czardas is in the words, moving now to laughter, now to tears. A part of "To Gypsyland" was published in "The Century," the new matter includes thirty illustrations by Mr. Pennell.

Classic Myths in English Literature. Edited by Charles Mill Gayley, Professor of the English language and literature in the University of California. Published by Ginn & Company.

This book is edited as an aid to the study of English literature, its aim being to make familiar the commonplaces of literary allusion, reference and tradition, and thus to open up the imaginative reaches of our finest English poetry to its readers. The work is based upon Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," but all myths have been omitted save those which have "actually acclimated themselves in English-speaking lands, and have influenced the spirit, form and habit of English imaginative thought." The portions retained have been re-arranged and revised and Prof. Gayley has added several chapters on the origin, elements, preservation and distribution of myth. The Greek myths of the creation, the attributes of Greek divinities, the houses concerned in the Trojan War and old Norse and German heroes. A distinctive feature of the book is a commentary which contains not only explanations of textual difficulties, and the various interpretations of the myths under discussion, but also references to poems and masterpieces of ancient and modern sculpture and painting which illustrate them.

The Cliff-dwellers. By Henry B. Fuller. Mr. Fuller, who is known to the public through the Chevalier de Pensieri Vani and Chatelaine de la Trinité, has written a novel about Chicago. The "Cliff-dwellers" are business men who spend their days in the high down-town buildings constituting the city's "mountain scenery," and it is a suggestive fact that the interest of the story centres in business life and business men rather than in social circles. If we grant the people of the book to be typical Chicago characters, their lack of tone and finish justify all the jeers it has been customary to hurl at the society of the Windy City. Not a ray of sweetness and light penetrates the dismal atmosphere in which the Cliff-dwellers grub for money, and the few glimmering aspirations of the hero from Boston only suffice to disclose the utter commonplaceness of the scene.

A few phrases impress the reader. The large business firm which "has its brains in Boston and its stomach in Chicago" stays on the mind, and the asser-
tion that in this latter city "the predominance of the prominent citizen makes superfluous the existence of the eminent citizen" may have a grain of truth as well as of picturesqueness. Cornelia Mac Nabb, who "will show pa and ma all the sights, or her name's Mac Mudd" is as breezy and enterprising as Chicago herself, but the other women share her slang and bad manners without displaying her characteristic dash and real ability. Cecilia Ingalls, who like Cecilia de Noël, is quoted by everybody for chapters without appearing on the scene, is rather inadequate, and the charge that it is for such women that houses like the Clifton are built and men like the Cliff-dwellers struggle and perish, impresses one as flimsy and insincere. The flinty old banker, whose family is the first on which the story hangs, is not likely to coin millions for anything, so nearly altruistic as a beautiful wife—his own entertainment and the instinct for accumulation are his sole incentives.

The carelessness, the daring and the rush of Chicago life are well reflected, and if the book were written by an outsider, one would say his glance had been quick and true, although superficial. The force, the character and the cosmopolitanism of the place do not appear and their neglect can hardly fail to brand the author as another "prophet not without honor save in his own country." Mr. Fuller paints the bigness of Chicago and perhaps that is enough to do in one novel, but he has left aside her greatness. He has pictured her money-getting but has not touched her money-giving. The Clifton may be the biggest business house in the city, it can not be the soundest. The Cliff-dwellers might achieve the packing-house, or possibly the auditorium, they could never even conceive the White City.

Books Received.


Exchanges.

Athletics occupy a large space in the October magazines. Wellesley is not alone in her appreciation of out-door sports.

The "Williams Literary Monthly" opens its centennial number with a very interesting description of the college in 1856, given by Washington Gladden, "one who belonged in a remote antiquity to the fraternity of college editors." He describes Williamstown, the college buildings, faculty and academic courses, as well as societies, college papers and athletics of that day.

The "Bowdoin Orient" of Oct. 18 gives a number of proposed college yells. None of them seem exactly satisfactory.

The "Inlander" is one of the best of the literary magazines. "Waiting at Creed's Crossing," a story in last month's issue, is both pathetic and full of that truth to nature which touches all humanity.

The "Trinity Tablet" appears upon our table in a new form. As it indicates in its editorial, it has "doffed its fancy garments and settled down as a plain member of the working world." It contains some very good verse, the best being translations from the French and German.

The October number of the "Mount Holyoke" devotes itself quite largely to verse. The Kodak is unusually good.

The "Unit" speaks quite strongly in favor of the cap and gown.

The "Wesleyan Literary Monthly" is almost entirely given over to fiction. Although the first number of this magazine was issued in June, 1892, yet it has been decided to begin the volumes uniformly with the October issue.

The verse of the "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" is of a higher order than that of most of the magazines. Its fiction is almost always pure and interesting.

The October number of the "College Student" contains a very scholarly article, "On Reading," by Prof. J. B. Kieffer, Ph. D.

We quote from the "University Beacon": "A tract of one hundred and sixty acres of land in Natick has been sold to a syndicate which intends to build a college for women similar to Wellesley." Truly, if we trust the Beacon, we go far away to learn home news.

The department, "Brown Verse," in the "Brunonian" has an especial charm for the reader of college literature. The verse for last month was quite varied in quality.
The "Cornell Magazine" begins, with its October number, the sixth year of its existence. It reprints such articles of its constitution as are of public interest. The number is an especially attractive one. It devotes eight pages to an article on "Aquatics," which, however, is more interesting to Cornell students than to outside readers.

The "Lafayette" announces with great rejoicing that the final adoption of the cap and gown has at last been made. It remarks later that "the class of '86 introduced caps and gowns, but they were so unmercifully guyed by townspeople that they disposed of them."

The October issue of the "Yale Literary Magazine" contains the Deforest prize oration, "Joseph Ernest Renan," by Winthrop Edwards Dwight of New Haven. It also has a very interesting paper on "Literary Criticism in College Writing," the truth of which cannot fail to strike home to every college student. Do we often write as we talk? Does not "exceeding solemnity" characterize the typical college essay?

The "Columbia Spectator," Oct. 9, rejoices in the acquisition by Columbia College of Prof. George R. Carpenter, who will fill the place left vacant by Prof. John D. Quackenboss. The face of Prof. Carpenter, as it looks forth from the pages of the "Spectator," seems very familiar to a Wellesley student.

The verse for the preceding month is both plentiful and of unusual quality. The "Vassar Miscellany" has perhaps the best. Nearly all the poetry wears the fall coloring, and it is noticeable that the subjects most often favored are "Autumn" and "October." We quote the following:

**CLOUDLAND.**

Over the hills at the close of day,
Gazing with listless-seeming eyes,
Margery watches them sail away,
The sunlit clouds of the western skies.

Margery sighs with vague regret,
As slowly they fade from gold to gray,
Till night has come, and the sun has set,
And the clouds have drifted beyond the day.

What are you dreaming, my little maid?
For yours are beautiful thoughts, I know;
What were the words that the wild wind said,
And where, in the dark, did the cloud-ships go?
Come through the window and touch her hair,
Wind of the vast and starry deep!
And tell her not of this old world's care,
But kiss her softly, and let her sleep.

—Herbert Müller Hopkins, in "Columbia Literary Monthly."

GENTIANS.
(After Aldrich.)

I know a broken woodland,
That melts into a meadow,
All filled with slender reed-grass,
Where, searching high and low,
You'll find the blue-eyed gentians,
The shy, fringe-lidded gentians,
September's own blue gentians,
That in the marshes grow.

There purple astors tremble,
The golden-rod, sweet miser,
Is hoarding his last treasures,
And loath to let them go.
And there between the showers,
Uplifting doubtful faces,
You'll find the first blue gentians,
That in the marshes grow.

WHEN MORNING BREAKS.

When morning breaks what fortune waits for me?
What ships shall rise from out the misty sea?
What friends shall clasp my hand in fond farewell?
What dream-wrought castles, as night's clouds dispel,
Shall raise their sun-kissed towers upon the lea?

To-night, the moon-queen shining wide and free,
To-night the sighing breeze, the song, and thee;
But time is brief. What cometh, who can tell,
When morning breaks?

To-night, to-night, then happy let us be!
To-night, to-night, life's shadowy cares shall flee!
And though the dawn come in with chime or knell,
When night recalls its last bright sentinel
I shall, at least, have memories left to me,
When morning breaks.

—Edward A. Raleigh, "Cornell Magazine."
College Notes.

The out-door athletics are now in full swing. Each freshman is required to choose and engage in some particular sport. Tennis, basket-ball, base-ball, golf, and scientific pedestrianism, have all enthusiastic adherents. Basket-ball seems to be the favorite and every afternoon the campus is taken possession of by eighteen shouting and excited players. Not only the freshman, but all of the upper classes have gotten up basket-ball teams. We now rival our brothers in the way of black eyes and injured limbs.

Ninety-four has completely reorganized its class-crew. The members of the new crew are: Marion Canfield, captain; Grace Edwards, Effie MacMillan, Helen MacMillan, Edna Pressey, Mabel Dodge, Laura Mattoon, Theodora Skidmore, Helen Stahr, Alice Wood, Eleanor Chace, Artemesia Stone, Isabelle Campbell and Mabel Learoyd.

On Saturday evening, October 14, the senior, junior and sophomore classes held their annual elections. The following is the result of this and subsequent meetings: Officers of '94: Vice-president, Helen Foss; recording secretary, Ruby Bridgman; corresponding secretary, Marion Anderson; treasurer, Isabelle Campbell; first historian, Mary Clemmer Tracy; second historian, Louise Boswell; factotums, Harriet Friday and Mabel Learoyd; executive committee, A. Theodora Skidmore, Roxana Vivian, Eleanor N. Kellogg. Officers of '96: President, Joanna Parker; vice-president, Martha H. Shackford; recording secretary, Helen F. Cooke; corresponding secretary, Julia H. Lyman; treasurer, Cora E. Stoddard; historians, Sarah Hadley; factotums, Mattie A. Bullis and Amy F. Boutelle; executive committee, Sarah L. Swett, Clara L. Willis, Clara Keene. Officers of '95: President, Helen Kelsey; vice-president, Grace D. Sweetzer; recording secretary, Louise Warren; corresponding Secretary, Mary Field; treasurer, Edith La Rue Jones; historians, Sarah Weed and Martha Waterman; factotums, Helen Blakeslee and Sybil Boynton; executive committee, Louise McNair and Gertrude Jones.

Miss Sherwood is to live in Boston this winter, coming out to Wellesley three days in the week. Her Boston address is No. 11 Irvington Street.

Miss Tuttle has been at the college several times for a few days' visit.
The class of '95 had a social on Monday afternoon, October 16. The Sophomore history was given.

On Monday afternoon, October 23, the first "afternoon tea" was given by nine members of the junior class in College Hall. A number of outside guests were invited and the affair was very successful.

Dr. Shafer spent about two weeks in Chicago during October. On her way she attended the centennial anniversay of Williams College.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 21, Mrs. Stebbins, the head of the Delsarte School in American, spoke in the chapel. Mrs. Stebbins illustrated and explained the Delsarte methods, and compared them with the Swedish system.

The Tennis Association has been temporarily dissolved.

Miss Vivian, '94, and Miss Boarman, '97, had a runaway accident. The wagon was smashed; Miss Vivian escaped unhurt, but Miss Boarman sustained some injury.

'96 had their first class-history on Monday afternoon, Oct. 23. A minstrel show was the feature of the entertainment.

The Beethoven Club of Boston gave a concert in the chapel on Monday evening, October 23. In spite of the rain, the chapel was crowded with an audience full of enthusiasm for the old favorites.

Miss Emily Porter, '94, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill-health.

Mr. William Clarke of the London Chronicle gave a series of three lectures at Wellesley. The first lecture, Monday, October 16, was on the Development of Socialism in England. Mr. Clarke stated that socialism originated in England, the home of machine manufacture, and not in France or Germany. He then gave a sketch of the various socialist movements up to the present time. The second lecture, October 25, was on the Government of London, particularly the London County Council and the aims of its progressive socialist majority. The third lecture, October 30, was on the London Working Classes. After the lecture the members of the Agora were invited to meet Mr. Clarke in the faculty parlor. Mr. Clarke is a member of the Fabian Society of England and was sent by that society as a delegate to the Labor Congress in Chicago. He has been giving lectures in Boston at the Wells Memorial and at Perkins Hall.

Miss Harriet Blake gave a tea on Monday, Nov. 6, to the new members of the Shakespeare Society.
Many Wellesley people went in to the meeting to describe the work and outlook of the College Settlements Association which was held at Chickering Hall, Boston, on October 30. Extremely interesting and encouraging reports from each settlement were given, and Miss Scudder spoke eloquently of the future of the college settlement movement.

Hallowe'en was celebrated by each of the college buildings in its own way. College Hall had the usual fancy dress supper, and it was particularly good this year, although a few of the tables did not dress. At Stone Hall some of the seniors gave a farce which was followed by a sheet and pillow-case party, and dance in the parlor. Those who did not dance roasted apples and chestnuts and marshmallows before the fire; the Eliot had a candy-scrape; Norumbega had a sheet and pillow-case party; Howells' farce "The Sleeping Car" was given at Simpson; Freeman had a fancy dress ball, and Wood had a Hallowe'en party, with the especial attraction of outside guests.

On Monday evening, November 6, Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich gave an organ recital in the chapel.

On Saturday evening, November 4, the seniors and the members of the class in American literature were invited to meet Mrs. ex-Governor Claflin in the faculty parlor. Mrs. Claflin read extracts from her recently published book, "Reminiscences of Whittier." Mrs. Claflin was for many years the personal friend of the poet, and she made his personality seem very real to her audience.

Dr. Pauline Root of India spoke at the November missionary meeting; she gave a brief but extremely interesting account of her work as a medical missionary among the women of Southern India.

Miss Scudder addressed the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlements Association on November 3. She told of her experiences while in residence at Denison House, and of the practical and theoretical aspects of the Settlement work at present.

The residents of Denison House are anxious that every Saturday afternoon some of the Wellesley girls should go in to assist them in amusing the children who come to the settlement to play. Any one who cares to go may make arrangements with Miss Helen Kelsey.

Among the visitors at college during the past month have been Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, 'So; Grace Underwood and Martha McCaulley, '92; Carrie
Hardwick, Alice Campbell, Betty Keith, Agnes Damon, Florence Monroe and Fan Sanderson, '93; Katherine Lord, Mabel Mason, '95; Dawn Fernald, '96.

Fräulein Beinhorn of Brunswick, Germany, is to assist the German department as instructor.

Professor Niles took the class in geology on an excursion to Newton Upper Falls on Monday, November 6.

Plans are out for the new athletic field. It is to be 100 yards long and to afford accommodation for running, jumping, base-ball, cricket, golf and football. The site chosen is between Stone Hall and the lake and work is to be begun on it this fall. The class of '97, with the energy of youth, have undertaken to raise $1,250 for this purpose, before Christmas.

A mass meeting was held in the gymnasium on Wednesday evening, Nov. 15, to celebrate the results of the recent elections. Miss Laughlin, as president of the Agora, presided. After the singing of some patriotic songs, Miss Laughlin introduced the discussion by saying that the meeting was to celebrate the triumph of no party, but the triumph of purity and justice, in the defeat of Judge Maynard and the Tammany Ring in New York, and of the New Jersey legislature which licensed race-track gambling; in the triumph of Illinois over Anarchy; in the legalization of woman's suffrage by Colorado. In response to Miss Laughlin's call for general remarks, Miss Buffington rose to proclaim her joy as a patriotic Democrat at the defeat of Tammany. Miss Peterson spoke of the recent victories as a triumph over indifference. Miss Kellogg spoke on the suffrage vote in Colorado, what it meant for the past and for the future. Miss Young told how all party lines had vanished in New Jersey before the desire to defeat the "Race-track Legislature." A song was sung which was composed especially for this occasion, and the Simpson girls enlivened the meeting with frequent yells.

On the evening of Nov. 15, an enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the Gymnasium, to celebrate the recent elections in New York, New Jersey, Illinois and Colorado. Gail Laughlin, Julia Buffington, Anna Peterson, Alice Kellogg, '94, and Elva Young, '96, were the speakers. The national songs were given, under the leadership of Helen Foss and the Glee Club.

Pipes are being laid to put water from the village water-works into College Hall. This will give a greater supply of water on the fourth floor, and also give an increased pressure in case of fire.
Mr. Horace Scudder spoke in the chapel on Monday evening, Nov. 13, on the Educational Law of Reading and Writing. Mr. Scudder showed that the substitution of truly great literature for our school readers would, at that age when the imagination and the imitative power are most active, greatly widen the spiritual and mental life of the child and of the man.

Miss Wilson invited the class of '95 to hold their class social at her home in South Natick on Saturday evening, Nov. 11. Hostess and guests alike had a royally good time.

Prince Wolkonsky, Russian Imperial Commissioner to the World's Fair, visited Wellesley on Friday, Nov. 10, in company with Mrs. Palmer. The prince addressed the students in the chapel on the Higher Education for Women in Russia. After the lecture, he was greeted by the girls with the usual cheers, and went to Norumbega for dinner.
Society Notes.

On Saturday evening, October 28, the Shakespeare Society accepted the kind invitation of its alumnae members, Misses Conant, Bigelow and Hall of '84, to hold its regular meeting at their Home School in Natick. The following new members were formally received: Mary Mudgett, '96; Carlotta Swett, '96; Cornelia Park, '96, and Ada Belfield, '96. The regular programme was given and was as follows:—

Two Gentlemen of Verona.
II. Foreshadowings in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" of later and greater drama . . . . Elizabeth Bartholomew.
III. Talk. Launce and Speed Typical of Shakespeare's Wit . . . . . . . . . Sarah Ellen Capps.
IV. Dramatic Representation—"Two Gentlemen of Verona." Act II. Scene III.
V. The Character Quadrangle in "Two Gentlemen of Verona" . . . . . . . Adeline Lois Bonney.
VI. Dramatic Representation—"Two Gentlemen of Verona." Act V. Scene IV.
VII. Lyric Tendency of the Play . . . . . Jean Evans.

After the adjournment delightful refreshments were served and an informal social time was enjoyed. The Society then bade its hostesses farewell and drove off cheering for Shakespeare, Wellesley and Eighty-four.

The first programme meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on the evening of October 6.

Subject for the Semester:—

Studies of Cotemporary American Life.

I.
The Social American.

I. Types of American Homes . . . . . . Anna H. Blauvelt.
II. Fads and Fashions . . . . . . . . Clara L. Willis.

Illustrative Costumes:
"1798" . . . . . . . . . Marion Canfield.
"1803" . . . . . . . . . Adelaide V. Schoonover.
"1840" . . . . . . . . . Agnes L. Caldwell.
"Dress Reform" . . . . . . . Helen N. Blakeslee.
III. Song

IV. Studies:
   a. The American Boy
   b. The American Girl

V. The Social American, drawn by Howells, James and Warner

At the regular meeting of Zeta Alpha, held October 28, the following programme was presented:

Studies of Contemporary American Life.

II. The Business American.

I. Alliances Offensive and Defensive
II. The Uncrowned Kings of America
III. Music
IV. Ranching in the West
V. Mexican Song
VI. Woman in Business

Miriam Wickwire Newcomb, '94, Edith La Rue Jones, '95, and M. Denison Wilt, '97, were initiated into the society's membership.

The Art Society met in the Art Gallery, Oct. 13. Lucy E. Willcox was formally received into the society. Prof. Denio then read a paper, introductory to the work of the semester on "Native and Foreign Artists in France to the Close of the Sixteenth Century." After the report of "Art News" by Caroline King, the following tableaux were presented:

I. Court of Ladies of Queen Anne of Brittany
II. Charlotte of Sevoy, wife of Louis XI.
III. Dance by Torchlight at Court of Burgundy
   La Duchesse
   La Bon Duc Philes
   Mademoiselle de Chemay

At a meeting of the Art Society, Oct. 28, Miss Christine Brooks, '94, was received into the society. The subject of the meeting was French Art in the Seventeenth Century, the Age of Louis XIV., and the following programme was presented:

Historical and Literary Aspects of the Period, including
Fashions and Social Life

Alma Hippen.
Art Organizations of the Period . . . . Ruby Bridgman.
Chief Artists of the Period and their Work . . Effie McMillan.
Tableaux: Illustration of Costumes of the Period.
  Caroline King, Alice Wood.
Mme. de Sévigny . . . . Christine Brooks.

At the regular meeting of the Classical Society, Oct. 21, the following programme was presented: —

The Decoration of Attic Homes . . . . Miss Simmons.
Painting as used in the Temples of Greece . . Miss Thayer.
Polygnotus . . . . Miss Perkins.
The Romans as Borrowers in Painting . . Miss Leonard.
The Music of their Religious Rites . . . . Miss Kahn.
The Music of the Drama . . . . Miss Kneen.

The subject to be studied by the Phi Sigma Fraternity during the present semester is, The Russian Novelists. The first programme meeting of the year was held on Oct. 18. The following programme was presented: —

Gogol.

1. Russian National Hymn . . . . Mary W. Miller.
3. Sketch of the Development of Russian Literature, Emily Shultz.

The second meeting of the Alpha Chapter, Nov. 4, was on Turgénef. The following programme was presented: —

2. Turgénef as a Realist . . . . May Pitkin.

At the regular meeting of the Agora held Oct. 28, Misses Annie E. Cobb, '96, Clara Benson, '95, Sarah Hadley, '96, Edith Rhodes, '96, and Helena DeCou, '96, were initiated.
Programme.
History of Silver Legislation up to July, 1890 . Miss Eleanor Kellogg.
The Sherman Bill . . . . . Miss Arline Smith.
Free Coinage and Other Propositions of the Silver Men . . . . . . . Miss Ora Slater.
The programme was followed by an informal discussion of the Silver Question.

Alumnae Notes.
A meeting of the Wellesley Club of New York was held Saturday, Oct 28, at the home of Miss Louise Brown, 1 West 81st street, New York. The president, Mrs. Herbert K. Twitchell, presided. After the transaction of the necessary business the club had the pleasure of listening to a piano solo by Miss McMahan. Two letters were read from Wellesley — one from Miss Mary S. Case of the faculty, and one from Miss Edith Jones of the class of '95. The members of the club were very much interested in hearing of the recent changes which have come to the college. The remainder of the afternoon was spent socially.

Miss Malina A. Gilkey, '76-'78, is in the Mercantile Library, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Mary H. Putnam Hart, '78-'81, is spending a year abroad.
Miss Marian Marsh, '80, formerly instructor in the chemistry department, has returned to her work at the Woman's Medical College in New York.
Miss Laura Jones. '82, is studying at Chicago University.
Mrs. Daniel Jones, mother of Alice Jones, '83, died in Stoneham, Oct. 20, 1893.
Miss Louise H. R. Grieve, Sp. '83-'84, received the degree of M. D. last June from the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. She will continue her studies this winter at the Post-Graduate Hospital of New York.
Miss Lucia G. Grieve, '83, is taking a post-graduate course in Greek and Oriental languages at Columbia College, New York.
Miss Ellen A. Vinton, '84, has returned to her position as teacher of English literature in Norfolk College, Norfolk, Va.
Mrs. Hayward, formerly Miss Clara Ames, '84, is at home in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Annie Manning, '86, received the degree of M. D. last June from the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. During the summer she has been Dr. Victor's substitute in the surgical clinic of the New York Infirmary.
Miss Martha Moorhead, Sp. '86-'88, is a practising physician at 46 St. John street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Miss Augusta Johnson, '86-'88, has been enjoying an extended trip in the West, visiting Mrs. Charlotte Allen Farnsworth in Boulder, Col., and Miss Jane Freeman in Montana; also Yellowstone Park with Miss Groff.

Miss Elizabeth Wallace, '86, has been in the Massachusetts State Building at the Columbian Exposition during the summer. Miss Wallace holds a fellowship at Chicago University and has charge of one of the dormitories.

Miss Florence M. Fisherick, '89, is teaching in Meriden, Conn.

Miss Katherine Horton, '89, has been in England with Miss Evelyn Barrows.

Miss Ruth Abbott and Miss Caroline Drew, '89, are at the Curtis School for boys, Brookfield Centre, Conn.

Miss Isabel Stone, '89, has had charge of the exhibit of the Daughters of the Revolution at the World's Fair.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, has been at Hull House, Chicago, during the summer.

Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe, '89, has lately had stories in "Short Stories" and a quatrains in "Music." Some verses of hers have also come out in "Vogue," and the "New England Magazine" published a sonnet in the spring.

Miss Louisa B. Gerl, '89, is preceptress in Hancock Union School and Academy, Hancock, N. Y.

The address of Mrs. Herbert Kenaston Twitchell, formerly Miss Mary A. Edwards, '89, is 214 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Sarah Groff, '89, has not been abroad, as was stated in the October Magazine. She spent the summer in Montana with Miss Jane Freeman, '90. She included Yellowstone Park and the Fair in her trip.

Miss Mary Fish, '90, is first assistant in Deering High School, Deering, Me.

Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, retains her former position as principal of the High School, Somerset, Mass.

The following members of '90 remain in the positions they held last year: Caroline E. Noble at Hempstead, Long Island; Mary E. Woodin at Millington, N. J.; Annie M. Linscott at Hyde Park, Mass. Alice M. Richardson, '90, is in the library at Northfield, Mass.

Miss Helen McGregor Clarke, '90, is teaching in the Connecticut Literary Institution, Suffield, Conn.
Miss Jane Freeman, '90, is making her home with her brothers on a cattle ranch in Montana. Her address is Castle, Meagher Co., Montana.

Miss Anne L. Bosworth, '90, is at the Rhode Island College of Agricultural and Mechanic Arts, Kingston, R. I.

Miss Mary V. Fitch, '90, is teaching in Scranton, Pa.
Miss Alice C. Baldwin, '90, is teaching in Philadelphia.

The engagement of Miss Mary Fitch, '90, to Mr. Warren E. Fuller of New York is announced.

Miss Esther Bailey, '91, is teaching in the High School at Arlington, Mass.
Miss Grace Eastman and Miss Myrtie Avery, both of '91, are in the Regent's office, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Josephine Redfield, '91, is teaching in the Steran School, 4106 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Lewis, '91, is head of the English department at Coates College, Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Elizabeth Stewart, '91, is teaching at her home, Gloversville, N. Y.
Miss Louise Danielson, '91, is teaching at Southington, Conn.

Miss Grace Jackson, '91, is doing graduate work in Latin and Greek at Chicago University.

Miss Jane K. Weatherlow, '91, is pursuing graduate work in English at Chicago University.

Miss Clara Buck, '92, and Miss Edith Thomson, '92, are at home for the winter.

Miss Alice Newman, '92, is studying in the Library School, Albany, N. Y.
Miss Dora Bay Emerson is studying quantitative analysis in Chicago University.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, is taking courses in poetics and social science in the Chicago University.

Miss Therese Stanton, '92, is teaching in Miss Williams' school, 4 Linden street, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Frances Lance, '92, who is teaching in the Marblehead High School, is studying Anglo-Saxon under the direction of Miss Weaver, at the college.

Miss Sara Williams, '92, is teaching in Warren, Ohio. Her address is 812 St. Paul's street.
Miss Mary Reed Eastman, '92, is at the Normal School, Albany, N. Y.
Miss Mabel Glover, '92, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore.
Miss Myra Jacobus, formerly of '92, is at home in East Los Angeles, engaged in teaching private pupils.
Miss Frances C. Lance, '92, is again teaching in Marlborough, Mass., this year.
Miss Gertrude Cushing, '92, has returned to Wellesley to take her second degree in literature.
Miss Blanche A. Clay, '92, is at her home in Boston.
Miss Florence A. Wing, '92, will spend the winter in Chicago, where she is studying violin with Max Bendix. Her address is 3985 Drexel Boulevard.
Miss Gertrude L. Woodin, '92, is assistant in the High School at Westfield, N. J.
Miss Marion Weston Cottle, Sp. '92-'93, is with Mrs. Sherman-Raymond at the Hoffman House, Boston, where she is studying violin with Mrs. Raymond and Prof. C. N. Allen.
Miss Lila Tayler, '93, is teaching mathematics in a college preparatory school at Pittsburg, Pa.
Miss Mary Brigham Hill, '93, is studying literature at Harvard.
Miss Eleanor Schleicher, '93, is teaching at Eagle Pass, Texas.
Miss Bertha Anderson, '93, is in the Misses Anable's school, New Brunswick, N. J.
Miss Grace G. Rickey, '93, is teaching in the High School, Woodstock, Vt.
Miss Ida E. Woods, '93, is at the Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass.
The engagement of Miss Mabel Scandlin, '93, is announced.
Miss Annie B. Tomlinson, '93, is studying economics at Yale.
Miss Josephine Simrall, '93, is at home in Covington, Ky.
Miss Harriet Chapman, '93, is studying medicine in Cleveland, Ohio.
Miss Sarah H. Hickenlooper, formerly of '94, is studying at the Art Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Maud Thompson, '94, will spend the winter in Redlands and Santa Anna, Cal.
College Bulletin.

President Shafer will be at home to students and other friends at Norumbega on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

Thursday, Nov. 16. Dr. McKenzie.
Sunday, Nov. 19. Dr. Walcott Calkins.
Monday, Nov. 20. Concert.
Monday, Nov. 27. Professor Goodale.
Thursday, Nov. 30. Thanksgiving Day.
Sunday, Dec. 3. Dr. D. Merriman.
Sunday, Dec. 10. Dr. J. L. Hurlburt.
Wednesday, Dec. 13, 5 p. m. College closes for Christmas vacation.
Marriages.

Hitchcock — Hill. At Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, Nov. 1, 1893, Helen Hill, '76-'78, and Rev. Charles Edward Hitchcock.


Tibbets — Cilley. Sept. 13, 1893, Grace Cilley, once of the class of '90, and Captain Tibbets.

Jones — Tyler. At Tylerville, Conn., June 22, 1893, Mary Noyes Tyler, '90, and Frederick Hall Jones.


Dillingham — Frear. At Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, Aug. 1, 1893, Mary Emma Dillingham, '93, and Walter Francis Frear.

Deaths.

In Phoenix, Arizona, Oct. 18, '93, Mabelle Little, '94.

Whereas — It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His Providence, to take to Himself our classmate and friend, Mabelle Little, be it

Resolved — That we, the Class of Ninety-four of Wellesley College, extend to her family, in their sorrow, our most heartfelt sympathy, finding comfort for them and for ourselves, in her beautiful life and character, and

Resolved — That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and be published in the Wellesley Magazine.

{ Fannie Bradley Greene.
  For the class { Mary Louise Wetherbee.
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