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LOWELL, THE AMERICAN.

"Our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone."

—Lowell.

As lovers of Lowell, we have such a personal feeling of friendship for him, that it is well-nigh impossible to put ourselves into the critical attitude with the microscope in one hand and the scalpel in the other; and on being asked to write of him we feel as we do toward our dearest friends—we like him so much that we have never a word to say for him. That is our first sensation. Then, having chosen a theme, and narrowed our field of vision to Lowell as an American, we begin to realize that it is a piece of real self-sacrifice to limit ourselves to but one phase of this many-sided man, who was at once poet, scholar, and man of affairs; who could understand the gossip of the birds and read the mystical signs of the seasons; who could sound the note of freedom with a "dolorous and jarring blast," or write with words of "honied ease" of the birds and flowers, who were his "happy peers"; who could tip his arrows with the keenest, kindliest satire, and could never resist the chance for a pun or a rollicking bit of fun; and who did it all with a Yankee handiness, a grace, and ease that
belonged peculiarly to himself—the most all-round man of letters that America has yet produced.

But on sober second thought, the theme, "Lowell, the American," seems most comprehensive, for it is on his Americanism (in the broadest sense of the word) that Lowell’s fame is to rest. Bryant had the same spirit, but without Lowell’s fervor; Whittier was American to the core, but his special stress was upon the brotherhood of man; Holmes is racy of the New England soil, but we remember him most as the master of light verse and the poet of occasions; Longfellow is more bookish and English in his inspiration; Emerson stands more for pure thought. But patriotism is the passion of Lowell’s poetry, and America is the theme of his noblest verse. He seemed to draw his inspiration from the soil whose product he was, and into which he had struck roots "two centuries deep" through a long line of Puritan Lowells. Whether laboring for American scholarship and the purity of American speech, or by "Biglow Papers" provoking "the world-wide laugh" that was to shake half

"The walls of slavery down ere yet the ball
And mine of battle overthrew them all,"

as Dr. Holmes phrased it, a year or two ago; or representing his country at our "Old Home" in such a way as to make our English cousins respect us (I had almost said, love us), he was merely translating into life and action his ruling motive—that love of country which could inspire the impassioned stanzas of the "Commemoration Ode":—

"O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O’er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath’s pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"
Only the good fairies visited Lowell’s cradle, and they had all manner of good gifts to bestow,—a noble ancestry, a poetic temperament, a happy childhood, a congenial home, and a pure social life. Add to this his birthright as an American, the famous New England conscience, a ballast of common sense and a love of freedom, and we do not wonder that the product was an enlightened, nineteenth century Puritan. Lowell likewise put in a claim to the intellectual achievements of England, taking Shakespeare for his own, and insisting that New England had a much better right to Milton than England itself, thus adding much to his inheritance.

Lowell’s education—aside from that he garnered like a bee from the wild flowers of sweet Auburn, and the dandelion on his lawn, to whom he said, “Thou art my tropics and my Italy”—was gleaned from his father’s library, and by “reading all the books he came across except those prescribed by the Harvard curriculum.” He was suspended from college (for not attending Chapel services held at sunrise!) and was not allowed to read his class poem at commencement, but, true to the student nature, circumvented “the powers aboon” by riding down from Concord in a covered wagon and peeping through the curtains at the ceremonies. But he bore no grudge on this account, and was always proud to be a son of fair Harvard; and said of his college days, “Never were eyes so bright, never had wine so much wit and fellowship in it, never were we ourselves so capable of the various great things we have never done.”

When the time came for the choice of a career, he wrote to a college friend, “Above all things I should like to sit down and do something literary for the rest of my natural life.” But a literary career was something unknown in those days. America had no literature, and no leisure in which to cultivate one. Law was, therefore, decided upon, in the lack of a decided bent for anything save poetry, and we hear of the father exacting a promise from his light-minded son to write no more verses, though it was hard enough to vacare Musis, “the swate, deluderinc creetur.” The next letter says, “I intend to study law, and probably shall be chief justice of the United States.”

Though this prophecy was unfulfilled, we think he has a nimbus radiant enough for any saint. He kept at law long enough to write a story entitled “My First Client” (so that he must have had at least one), and then we sec
him scampering after the muse again, that “lithe, perpetual escape.” But if the muses played the part of gay coquettes with him, his tenth muse, his humor, never played the deserter, and was soon to stand him in good stead. It is interesting, as showing the trend of Lowell’s mind, that his class poem, which he afterwards referred to in these words,

“Behold the baby arrows of that wit
    Wherewith I dared assail the woundless Truth!
Love hath refilled the quiver, and with it
    The man shall win atonement for the youth,”

was a satire upon the Abolitionists and Transcendentalists; and that while under discipline at Concord, he first met Emerson, whom he characterized as “a good-natured man, in spite of his doctrines.” In later years he was only too glad to own his debt of gratitude to Emerson, signing his letters, “Your liegeman,” and paying him such tributes as this, “He is as sweetly high-minded as ever, and when one meets him the fall of Adam seems a false report.”

Dr. Lowell had said once to a guest upon Lowell’s absenting himself from family prayers, “No, James is not serious yet, but he has a good heart, and is the foe of every mortal wrong.” Gradually his opinions changed, until he proved himself the foe of at least one mortal wrong. The first note is in a poem written two years after leaving college.

“Proprieties our silken bards environ;
    He who would be the tongue of this wide land
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron,
    And strike it with a toil-embrowned hand.”

The next is in a letter: “My wings were never so light and strong as now. So hurrah for a niche and a laurel! I have set about making myself ambitious. But I only mean to use my ambition as a staff to my love of freedom and man.” But there were still unimagined chords to be struck. The young poet, who in the first happiness of an inspiring love has, like “the musing organist,” been building

“A bridge from Dreamland for his lay,”

now draws nearer to his theme. He is still but twenty-five years old, but he has not forgotten that his grandfather, Judge John Lowell, was the author of the antislavery clause of Massachusetts’ constitution, and soon we hear
the stirring, rousing words of "The Present Crisis," which sound like nothing so much as the burning exhortations of the prophets of Israel, and which cannot be read to-day by the younger Americans, to whom the slavery contest is but an echo of the past, without a thrill of new devotion to their fatherland. Lowell was the last man one would expect to eome out of his cloistered retreat to be jostled by the crowd; but "the Puritan drop in his veins" had rebelled, and one after another the reform poems appeared, each to add its influence in driving Public Opinion into a corner.

Lowell's poems of the war, covering a period of twenty years, from the "Stanzas on Freedom" to the greatest of them all, the "Commemoration Ode," are now, thanks to American school readers, well-worn; but there is in them, as there is in a poem like "Sir Launfal," something which appeals to those for whom the giant minds, Homer, Dante, or Milton, have no voice, —"a striking on the heart," to use Hazlitt's phrase. When the nineteenth century is called to account by the generations yet to be, I think that the one great achievement that will be set down to the glory of America will be the abolition of slavery; nor will the name of Lowell be forgotten for his share in it. The gun that he used,—as good as Grant's guns, in its way,—was the old-fashioned flint-lock of his ancestors, with a long range, and his ammunition the very old-fashioned notions of freedom and justice; but like "the embattled farmers" at Concord, he "fired a shot heard round the world."

Lowell said once, "I know Yankee, if I know nothing else." "I am the first poet that has endeavored to express the American idea, and I shall be popular by and by; only I suppose I must be dead first." That he did know Yankee he has proved by "Biglow Papers"; and before his death he became so popular that he once threatened to employ a professional forger to answer his requests for autographs, and declared his intention of migrating to Scarborough, Maine, from which place a letter had been forwarded to him with the postmaster's inscription, "No such party known here." That Lowell was able to east the Yankee, who had previously appeared only as a caricature, into an enduring mould, is his best gift to American literature. For two centuries New England had no poetry. It was all pulpit and struggle in those days, and the sturdy Puritans were too near to see the poetry.

"Biglow Papers" had all the unconscious drollery of the Yankee, and
back of it his moral earnestness. They were not humorous for the sake of raising a laugh, but to save a nation. This unique kind of satire, this earnest humor, if I may use so incongruous a word, is a plant indigenous to New England. The letters of Hosea Biglow, backed by "the swaller-tailed talk o' the parson," filtered through the masses, showing up the rents in the specious antislavery arguments, till, little by little, the whole country was aroused, and Lowell awoke one morning to find himself famous. "I was a little startled," he said, "to read my name in the list of great satirists, and don't feel quite sure how they will take it." Holmes said, after reading the first volume, "It made me wriggle all over." That was precisely the effect upon the people, but it aroused at the same time a sense of national righteousness. Such verses as these could not fail of their purpose:—

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,—
She, that ought to ha' clung forever
In her grand old eagle nest."

"'The North hain't no kind o' bisness with nothin',
An' you've no idee how much bother it saves;
We ain't none riled by their frettin' an' frothin',
We're used to layin' the string on our slaves,'"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;
Sez Mr. Foote,
'I should like to shoot
The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon,' sez he."

"'The mass ought to labor and we lay on sof'lies.
Thet's the reason I want to spread freedom's aree;
It puts all the cunningest on us in office,
An' reelizes our Maker's orig'nal idee,'"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;
'Thet's ez plain,' sez Cass,
'Ez thet some one's an ass;
It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon,' sez he."

And these upon cowardly politicians and time-serving editors:—

"Ez to principles, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short."
"Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all its proudes' features,  
To think 'twas wrote for black, an' brown, an' lasses-colored creatures,  
Thet couldn' read it ef they would, nor ain't by lor allowed to,  
But ought to take wut we think suits their naturs, an' be proud to?"

Besides crusading against slavery, "Biglow Papers" has preserved the New England dialect in all its purity, as Burns did the Ayrshire speech. They are the great classic on the New England idiom, which was so familiar to Lowell in his childhood that it seemed his natural speech.

"I ken write long-tailed, ef I please,  
But when I'm jokin', no, I thankee;  
Then, 'fore I know it, my idees  
Run helter-skelter into Yankee."

"An' yit I love th' unhhighschooled way  
Ole farmers hed when I wuz younger;  
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,  
While book froth seems to whet your hunger."

The second series has not the intense feeling of the first, but it has more permanent qualities as poetry. "The Courtin'," that perfect Yankee idyl, is fitted to stand with a Bucolic of Virgil, or Burns's "Duncan Gray cam here to woo." Its atmosphere is

"Like a holsome hayin' day, that's warm but isn't sultry."

It is a bit of old New England "caught in the magic of speech," and is like the pungent, savory odor of the herbs in a New England garret.

"Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line," has less of the "dreffle smartness" and argumentativeness of Hosea Biglow, and more of the potent imagination and subtlety of Lowell. It has something of that "warm glow, blithe movement, and soft plianey of life," that Arnold ascribes to the Attic style. Here is a bit from his description of the halting New England spring:—

"For half our May's so awfully like Mayn',  
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;  
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs,  
Thet kin' o' haggle with their greens and things,  
An' when you mos' give up, 'without more words,  
Toss the field full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds;  
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,  
But when it does git stirred, there's no gin out!"

In nothing is Lowell more American than his love of nature; not that to love nature is solely an American trait, but that he loved our common,
everyday home scenery, brooks, meadows, and little hills,—scenery we pass without notice to go in search of a Niagara, Pike’s Peak, or a Yosemite. Lowell found a beauty in the Charles, “crooning his poems” to the meadows,—and in Beaver Brook, as it

“Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round”; in “the dear patient oxen, who, as they wallow along through the furrows, are the only good commentary on Virgil’s Georgics”; in “the balancing of a yellow butterfly over a thistle bloom,” which provides him “spiritual food and lodging for a whole forenoon.” He was as familiar with the vernacular of nature about Elmwood as with the Yankee dialect. “I love Nature,” he said, “not to be always on her high horse and with her tragic mask on.”

All the birds were friends to him; and he would do anything for his friends, so we do not wonder at this: “I am turned contractor of hammock netting for the orioles, taking my pay in notes. I throw strings out of the window, and they snap them up at once. They sit in the cherry tree hard by and warble, ‘Hurry up! hurry up!’ I never found out before that this is what they first say. A vulgarism, I admit, but native.”

He always has a good word for winter, and likes the sort of a day that “would gladden the heart of a polar bear”; a day when “the thermometer is four below zero, and the whole earth is shining in the sun like the garments of the saints at the resurrection”; a day when “the world looks like a lamb in white fleece (though some of us know better),”—“a long stretch of snowy peace, with no track of the interviewer’s hoof in it.”

The change of the seasons, the whimsical freaks of the weather and sky, were a constant delight to him, and more entertaining than a romance. He never tires of the subject, and makes so commonplace a thing as New England weather full of piquancy sometimes, as in this: “I am in Boston, and it is a rainy, dull day, such as we Americans, when we are in London, swear we never have in America. But we brought this wet with us from the Old Home, and have improved upon it, of course. When it rains here ‘tis after the reckless fashion of our people, as if we would spend all at once. None of your effete-monarchy drizzles such as you have in London—penurious as the last drops from a washerwoman’s wringing;”
The poet nature was strong in him, though for many years it had little outlet, and he says of himself, "I was born to sit on a fence in the sun, if I had my way, in those latter days of May when the uneasy bluebird shifts his freight of song from pillar to post, and the new green of spring is just passing from the miraculous into the familiar." His delight in nature was not like Arnold's, finding in it a consolation and sympathy for human sorrow, but rather like Chaucer's, pure, like that of a child, happy and contagious, making one echo his lines in "Sir Launfal,"

"'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living!"

When Leslie Stephen first saw Lowell, in 1863, in his retreat at Elmwood, he thought him a complete specimen of the literary recluse. Few of Lowell's friends then suspected his possibilities as a public character, nor did he himself. When the position of English Minister was offered him he said: "You can fancy how many of our countrymen are speedily convinced that I am wholly unfit to represent the great Republic — and all of them pass through London! But, after all, the Senate hasn't confirmed me yet." However, the Senate did confirm him, and all know with what high seriousness he fulfilled his trust, and how he took England by storm. Though he insisted that he was not of the stuff that lions are made of, and loathed public speeches, he had to submit to being lionized, which he did with a good grace, and had to punctuate his days with speeches, which proved morsels just suited to London's palate, long surfeited with English dullness, and ever on the watch for something piquant and new. His savoir faire, his charm and tact, and his instinct for avoiding dangerous pitfalls, were partly the reasons for his success.

But most of all was Lowell a success because he was true to himself and his country. Whatever he may have left behind, it certainly was not his household gods, and, as Henry James said, his patriotism was the article in his luggage most ready to his hand. The London Spectator has called Lowell the ambassador of American Letters at the Court of Shakespeare; but he was more than that. In his speech on Democracy at Birmingham, he proved himself the ambassador of the American Republic to English
Monarchy. He was never afraid to uphold the ideals of that country to whom his highest thoughts had ever been dedicated. England honored him for this, and by it he added much to our moral credit as a nation. Canon Farrar, at the service in memory of Lowell at Westminster Abbey, said, “He was one of the sacred unions that bound England to America more closely.”

We have said that America was Lowell’s inspiration. It remains for us now to discover what kind of a goddess he worshipped. Lowell was not a politician in the ordinary sense of the word, but he was a politician of the higher sort, who is something more than a partisan. In politics, as in religion, he was an independent,—a conservative. He did not believe that the bottom was ever likely to drop out of the world; and near the end of his life, when his dreams were over, said, “I have still the same confidence as ever, impudent Yankee that I am, in the sense and nerve of the people.” He did not believe that America was great merely because she was big, and had a fine contempt for American boasting and vanity; he did not believe that America had a patent on Democracy as her own invention, nor did he think it would “go of itself any more than the perpetual motion.”

Indeed, he went farther than that; he boldly asserted that democracy was no more sacred than monarchy—that it was man who was sacred. He did not think America the only country on the globe, but recognized our inheritance from older lands. I think he had a special fondness for anything that had roots, whether a tree or a belief, prizing as he did “whatever helps to give continuity to the being and doing of man and an accumulated force to his character.”

Lowell was not a fanatic in his love of America any more than he was on the antislavery question, though proud to sign his name to it. He could sympathize deeply with the South, who, as nobly as the North, staked her all. He did not think America a chosen people with a first claim upon Providence, but he loved her, as he said in his “Epistle to Curtis,”

“So as only they
Who love a mother fit to die for may.”

Lowell’s patriotism was, as we see it in the Commemoration Ode, for example, a magnificent fabric woven out of his purest thoughts and highest
aspirations. His ideal for America was for a state founded upon pure manhood,—upon "that excellent new thing we call Americanism, which is, I suppose, that 'dignity of human nature' which the philosophers of the last century were always seeking, and which, after all, consists in not thinking yourself either better or worse than your neighbor by reason of any artificial distinction."

Lowell’s last days—

"Calm days that loiter with snow-silent tread" —

were spent, as he had often wished, at his lifelong home, where he could hear again his

"Elmwood chimney’s deep-throated roar;"

and could see the birds

"Swim on sunshine, masterless as wind;"

and could watch the leaves fall, one by one,

"Balancing softly earthward without wind."

One by one the friends were going, and I fancy "the yaller pines" must have sung to him now,

"Scheiden! ach, scheiden!"

"The lesson for us," he says, "is to close up, and I think we are drawn nearer by these things,—though Death seems less solemn than he used, now that we have seen him so often look at the number on our door on his way to knock at a neighbor's." But Cambridge is no longer a quiet village; it has "wriggled itself out of its chrysalis" into a gay butterfly, and the house at Elmwood is "full of ghosts." "The telegraph," he laments, "has cosmopolitanized us in spite of ourselves; the whole world has but one set of nerves, and we all have the headache together;" but "Nature grows more and more companionable as one grows older, and the Earth more motherly tender to one who will ask to sleep in her lap so soon." Thus after a life as fair and untarnished as Sir Launfal's "maiden mail," having found

"Her
Whom the gods love, Tranquility,"

he entered at last into "the chamber whose name is Peace," and which "opens toward the sunrising."

Janet E. Davidson, '92.
THE WORLD'S SLEEP.

Haste, cover yourself in the shrouded skies,
Faint moon, with your broken ring;
And, curious stars, bind fast your eyes
With the clouds that the rain winds bring.
Deep, motionless night, with your mantle dark
Of silence and shadow deep,
Bend closer while watching, the long hours mark,
And let the old world sleep.

Whispering wind of the wandering feet,
Steal back to the forest shade;
Break not the quiet so still, so sweet,
That over the world is laid:
For the world is so weary, so sad with woe,
Wake it and it will weep;
Compassionate wind, breathe soft and go,
And let the old world sleep.

LITTLE MEENIE.

I seldom allow myself to leave everyday practicalities, and drift into that midway world of meditation and reminiscence; but to-night the snow has muffled all things, and the noise of the world comes to me from afar off; my fire burns dreamily, and its faint murmur says over and over, "Remember." Its flickering blaze shows remote corners, unfathomable in the darkness; it falls half across an open piano and a great bowl of roses receding in the gloom; but a soft light brings out from among the shadows and gently enfolds a quaint old banjo. I can only follow the musing firelight, and the room is but a frame for my picture. Ever, in my dream, beside the great banjo stands a wee girl, with two very laughing blue eyes, and two very long yellow braids, tied with two very small red bows. A tiny, spotless white cap, a wonderfully short plaid dress, and bright red stockings, add a world of color and life. Two chubby hands hold daintily the tiny skirt; one small foot is lightly pointed outward; and the bright head is saucily atilt—waiting for the music. Ah, Meenie, little Meenie!

I cannot write to-night, I cannot play; I would not, but only think; and, in memory, I am a boy, just twelve years old, a silent, sensitive child, living wholly within myself, creating a queer world of my own. I
delighted in writing stories, and yet more in playing for hours, seeking
to find what weird, fantastic tales the keys would tell to me. I was an
only child, and every wish, every whim of mine was satisfied; every
effort was made to bring me out of my queer world of dreams, and to
interest me in a real world and its people. But my only friend and con-
idant was my old music teacher, the embodiment of a beautiful ideal to
the sensitive, dreaming boy.

I can see him now, and his wee house in a long, dark, narrow part of
the city. But we forgot that the house was small; we forgot that the street
was dingy; we forgot that life was not one long fairy tale, or even that we
lived at all, when we sat together and the old professor played. If I could
paint, I should give that picture to the world, and the world in turn would
give me love and honor—the little room warm and rosy from the great log
on the tiny hearth; the slanting rays from a departing winter sun peeping
eviously through the small window; and around, beautiful banjos and
mandolins, guitars of gay cavaliers, violins of an age gone by, all lovingly
silent; while in front of the piano sat the little German, his head thrown
slightly back, his white hair curling softly about his face and falling across
his high forehead; his hands caressing the keys, persuading them, and then
waiting for the answer; and his eyes resting lovingly on the little form
beside him,—a tiny girl, with a rosy face laid against a great violin. And
the beautiful strains rose and rose until the heart of the boy listening was
bursting for joy.

Professor Helveti lived in the little house, in the world, I might say,
with Meenie and music for his only companions. I never knew his story,
but his eyes told me it was one of sorrow; and his life, that it was one of
self-sacrifice. When I knew him he lived in the little house, and worked
early and late on his beautiful instruments. I often wondered why a man
with such marvellous talents did not live higher in the world; but perhaps
his life had been lived ere I met him. To him Meenie was life and soul,
and his cherished wish was that some day she might go to his loved
Germany to study, and then give the world a second Paganini. The
child certainly had remarkable talent, and ever since she had been able
to hold a violin, she had worked steadily at her music; but now that she
knew all her father could teach her, he could only make violins, and he
worked determinedly on them and their sweet-voiced companions, that the little girl might go elsewhere for training. But all his savings were put into the next materials, and so it ever was; simple, beautiful soul, loving the little girl too much to give up the work, loving his work too much to keep from it any money that might make it grander. I have learned since that he also loved the world, and gave to its suffering out of his need.

Guests rarely came to the little house. To them and every one the Professor was beautifully courteous, but silent. He could never be induced to play in public. Meenie and I were his only audience, his only pupils; but the little house was not cheerless, at least for Meenie and me. The Professor was always bright with us; and such a rosy, ehuhby, dimpled source of life and laughter as Meenie, I have never seen. At first, I used to sit in mute astonishment. I could not conceive of finding pleasure in such incessant motion. Her hands were always busy. She had a host of dolls, with a host of long German names; and all the dolls were musicians. Each had her favorite instrument; but the prettiest one, Meenie’s most loved Gretchen, always played the violin. Meenie could cook, too,—very queer dishes, but I never refused to eat them. But the little girl loved music as well as I—ah! better, Meenie, better; and when she held her great violin, and the little room o’erflowed with melody, I felt that Meenie knew me as I knew myself. I forgot to wonder at her; I forgot to be silent with her. I was soon a professor of music, and was giving all the dolls lessons,—all except Gretchen.

I used to think—I still think—Meenie had the biggest heart in the world. I loved my own father and mother with all my heart, I thought; but when I saw Meenie with her father, my own love seemed petty. Baby that she was, she never lost an opportunity of showing her devotion. In the midst of her play she would run up to her father and pat his head, bent so earnestly over the work for her. If he seemed tired, Meenie would play to him; when he was worried—I could never tell, but Meenie knew—she was never noisy; but when he was glad, she was bubbling over with mirth.

Then, when I knew Meenie better, she danced for me. I shall never forget that afternoon. The Professor was in the happiest spirits, and Meenie was irresistible. The Professor played the banjo, and the little girl seemed
scarcely to touch the floor. Her every movement was grace. The long braids came loose, and a mass of golden hair fell about her. First with the castanets, then with the tambourine, she danced, until my admiration was limitless, and the old Professor was radiant. Then Meenie stopped, and I forgot her and the yellow hair and the tambourine; I saw only the Professor's banjo. It was unusually large, and now that I forgot the dancing, I realized that its tone was superb. The handle was inlaid with pearl, and the frets and rim were of silver. My admiration for it pleased the Professor, and he told me that he had made it himself a long while ago; but when I asked him if he would sell it, his face grew very sad, and he said, "Never, Frederick, never;" and then added, pathetically, "unless I shall have to." When I knew more of the Professor I learned that he only played his banjo when he was happiest and brightest; and his love for it seemed nearer akin to that for Meenie than any other.

So we lived a bright dream life, Meenie and I; and we believed that one day we should all live together in a great house with three beautiful music rooms, and that the Professor should make silver and pearl banjos, or even gold ones if he liked, to keep and not to sell; and that Meenie and I should always play together. But one morning I awoke from my dream, as we must inevitably do, and it was a strange awakening.

For weeks the Professor had been in the most jovial spirits. He had played the beautiful banjo, and Meenie had danced, and I had hurrahed and applauded, and begged the Professor for the banjo; but he had always smiled half sadly, and had answered, "Not yet; Frederick, not yet." I thought, too, the Professor was working harder, for even to me he looked older; but I was too happy to think. Then, one sunny afternoon, when the dance was finished; and the little girl, flushed and breathless, had thrown her arms about her father's neck, my joy was made complete. The Professor said very simply, "Freddie, I'll sell you the banjo to-night, lad."

My father, always indulgent, gave me the money, and I promised him that I would strive more earnestly to overcome my greatest fault. That night I carried home my long-wished-for treasure; but my heart was thumping very queerly, and I could not forget that Meenie and the Professor had both kissed me when I left, and I could still hear Meenie calling as they stood in the little doorway, "Freddie, be dood to fater's banjo." I have
been good to it, and I shall always be, little Meenie; but why did you not tell me you were going to leave me? I should never have told,—but you did not; and the next morning I found the wee house empty, all the sweet songbirds gone, and the kind old man and the beautiful child. I thought my heart was broken, poor, sensitive little boy,—but it wasn't; and I kept my promise to my father. When I learned to know other girls, though, they were not like Meenie; and when I went to college, and when I left it and went out into the world, I never forgot my two dear playmates for a moment, and I always felt that some day we should yet live together in the beautiful house, Meenie and I, if the Professor could not be with us.

I waited and waited twelve busy years; and then I grew tired of waiting, the old restlessness came back to me. I could not pass the little house in the dingy street, it was so different now. The banjo seemed always to look at me with a sweet, reproachful face,—the Professor's own. I left the great city, and wandered to the queerest, remotest places I could find, leaving now and then some address by which to trace me. I had traveled almost a year, and had gone back to my starting point, ready to set sail for home. But something I found there detained me. It was a letter, covered with postmarks and directions. Poor little letter; it had been forwarded from home, and had followed me to many countries, arriving always when I had gone, until at last, almost worn out, it had come here to await me. And this was what it said. Ah! yes, I remember it all:—

Dear Freddie: You have perhaps forgotten Meenie and the little house, but I know you have not forgotten the Professor, and for his sake I ask this. He cannot live, the doctor says; and constantly he begs for his banjo. I have never known just why he loved it so; but he gave it up for me, and now I ask you to let me redeem it.

Meenie.

Let her redeem it! Why had I ever taken it? But I was only a boy, I could not know; and now it was too late. But then I thought of the beautiful house, and the music and joy unending, and I did not go home; I went to Germany, to the quaint old town of music, but Meenie was not there. They looked at me questioningly when I asked about her; and then perhaps they saw that I loved her as they did; and they told me how she had brought their little world to her feet, and was soon to have brought a greater one, but her father had died; and then—they did not know.
I waited, hoping, wondering. The next day was Sunday, and I found my way to early mass. I had only been seated a few moments when a long line of nuns glided silently into the cathedral; first the black-veiled sisters, then the novices in white; but among them I saw only one face, almost as white as the spotless veil, and strangely beautiful. I sought out the convent of the Immaculate Conception. I asked the sweet-voiced Mother Superior if I might see the young novice, Meenie Helveti. At first there was no answer; and then I heard the words, almost inaudible, "Sister Marie Theresa took the final vows to-day."

I have the beautiful house now, and music every day, but there is only one music room, and that is mine.

Agnes L. Caldwell, '96.

SUNSET.
The golden glory quivers on the lake;
A robin's vesper note sounds clear and true;
Beyond the far hill line, one long, pale cloud
Lies like a thought of God across the blue.

M. H. McL.

MARGIE.

It has been my good fortune to know in this world one hero,—and Margie. The hero is John Corrigan, who has the finest brogue and the dirtiest clothes I have ever met with. In a village with twenty saloons to fifteen hundred inhabitants, he refused, when lying at the point of death, to take the stimulants the doctor assured him were necessary to save his life. He lived peaceably within forty feet of the most quarrelsome neighbors a man could have, while his wife refused to speak to them for fourteen years. He is two of the best things it is possible to be,—a faithful laborer and an honest man; I think probably he cannot sign his name. But I started to tell, not of him, but of Margie.

My acquaintance with Margie began seven years ago, when we were boarding in her grandfather's farmhouse one summer. She was at that time three years old, and in as fair a way of being spoiled as a child ever was. Her mother was dead; her grandfather and her three strapping uncles were hopeless ne'er-do-weels, and at that time, as more or less ever since, their
principal use of their leisure was to worship at the shrine of the beautiful child; and their leisure, alas, was all the time, except the very little employed in fishing, chopping wood, or otherwise helping out the household arrangements. Her grandmother was a breezy, big-hearted countrywoman, but, like the others, painfully thriftless. A family of millionaires could not have had more time to devote to one baby. Lastly, there was her father off in a Connecticut factory, sending a good part of his earnings to be spent on the child who kept for him the memory of his lovely wife.

Yet the combined and untiring efforts of these six, with their friends and neighbors, had so far been insufficient to make Margie wilful, selfish, or vain. The only time I can remember her showing anything at all like imperiousness, was when, in the question of a certain ever-fascinating rag bag, which was for some reason refused, she amiably said, "Give it to me quick, before I cry." It was said without the slightest petulance and with perfect sweetness; it was, in fact, merely in the way of an argument, for when the rag bag was still withheld there was not a sign of the threatened catastrophe.

It is very hard to refrain from trite quotations in the case of Margie,—references to gems of purest ray serene, and questionings of Perdita's being the only low-born lass whose actions smacked of something too noble for her place. With all her gentleness, Margie, at three years old, had a pride, and sensitiveness, and instinctive good breeding that were simply astonishing when you considered how little she could have gained these things from her environment, and how they were quite as unaccounted for by heredity. She had a resolute little courage of her own, too. She would bravely talk to my mother, for whom she had the deepest awe; and she would of her own free will force herself to pat Fluff, the Yorkshire terrier,—rather gingerly, indeed, as if he were hot, but still pat him, although she lived in terror of him.

Naturally, we agreed among ourselves that Margie would never grow up. A child as beautiful as an angel, with a disposition so supernaturally sweet, who was allowed to sit up until ten o'clock every night, to eat cookies continually between meals, and to drink strong tea or coffee three times a day, is not one of the children that thrive in this world. But then, we argued, perhaps it would be better for her not to grow up, the dear child! She was too lovely and delicate a creature for this earth,—least of all for the
surrounding she was placed in. She was a poor little humming bird, somehow by mistake slipped into a nest of honest, idle sparrows; only with the difference that if she lived she would grow into a sparrow herself, and use sparrow speech, and live sparrow life; and the process of change would be infinitely more painful to her than it could be for us to see. We used to grow quite metaphysical, talking over the case; and having analyzed it to our own entire satisfaction, would launch into generalities and pessimism, and grow quite happy again at our own cleverness.

Well, as I have said, that was all seven years ago. In those seven years we have had, besides the satisfaction of feeling that you have found the two alternatives between which the future is bound to choose, the added satisfaction of seeing the future choose a way entirely different from both, and altogether happier than either. We have seen Margie go through the dreadful years from six to nine, when teeth come out, and length and leanness increase, and pertness is lord of all; but we have never known her disagreeable for an instant. We have seen her the pet not only of a family but of a neighborhood, yet remaining with as little egotism as a child could have; we have seen her the playmate of the sparrow children, without gaining a trace of their rudeness, and of children from homes that are considered far better, yet a sort of indescribable fineness placed her far above them all; and always without the least priggishness,—a thorough child among children. I am not vaporizing about something I am not sure of; I am describing a little girl whom I know very well; and I am not eulogizing the virtues of the departed, for in spite of everything Margie is a strong child to-day, thanks to an out-of-door life in a glorious climate.

So neither of our prophecies has been fulfilled. Margie lives and thrives, and is still unroughened and unspoiled. But I wish I could forget a look that kept coming over her face the last time she came to see me. She still comes once in a while, and we talk over old times and the Yorkshire terrier. It was a dreary day enough, and I was very busy, but still the atmosphere was not depressing enough to account for all the wistful sadness of that expression,—the look of a child troubled with a sorrow it cannot understand. It is only in fairy tales, alas, that we can end with, "And they lived happily ever afterwards;" and life differs in some respects from most fairy tales. At least, Margie's does.  Florence McMahon Painter, '97.
MY BROTHER'S FIANCEÉ.

It was the first day of the fall term. My roommate and I were kneeling in the middle of the room unpacking. Four or five other girls stood about watching us at work, and bewailing their less fortunate lots, for their trunks had not as yet “come up.” In the meantime they were helping us to increase the general confusion about, taking the articles as we handed them up from our trunks, subjecting each new gown or hat to a series of comments and questions, and then adding it to the fast-growing heaps on the chairs, tables, and couch, or laying it on the floor in a “muss,” such as can be understood and appreciated only by that most experienced of “mussers,” the college girl, packing or unpacking.

Suddenly I drew from my trunk a photograph, and giving it a hasty glance, I waved it excitedly above my head, crying, “Aha; behold my future sister-in-law!” “Oh, where?” “What’s her name?” “Is she nice!” “When was it announced?” “Why didn’t your brother wait till he had seen us before he chose a partner?” “Oh, isn’t she nice!” “Let me see!” came tumbling about my ears in such a volley of words that I could only sit and laugh as the girls all leaned over me and scrambled to get a look at the picture, for “my brother Jack” had been well drummed into those young ladies’ ears during all our Freshman year, and by this time they regarded him quite as personal property.

While our visitors, however, had manifested such lively interest and enthusiasm over my little announcement, my roommate had remained on her knees before her trunk, saying not a word, but watching us with a surprised and puzzled look on her face. She was just beginning to speak when the heavy rumbling of cart wheels fell upon our ears, and one of the girls jumped away from the group leaning over Margaret’s photograph, ran to the window, and crying, “Ah, my trunks at last!” darted quickly from the room. This was a signal for the other girls to follow, on a quest for their own baggage, and my roommate and I were left alone.

“You don’t mean to say, Edith, that Jack and Margaret have at last acknowledged themselves engaged?” my roommate said. She had visited at my home only a month before, and had learned then how for two years Jack had been devoted to my particular friend, Margaret Bassett; how we
in the family—and town, too, for that matter—all took it for granted that some understanding existed between the two, but how utterly impossible it was for any of us to know anything definite about the matter until they themselves chose to enlighten us. But to enlighten us was the one thing that Mr. Jack and Miss Margaret didn’t see fit to do. Was it because they had lacked drawing out? Well, not exactly! Both in my capacity as sister and as confidential friend, I had labored as only a sister or a confidential friend can labor. All summer long I had denied myself the pleasure of getting up to an early breakfast with the family merely for the sake of sharing my lazy brother’s later meal. Each morning as he had come down I had taken pains to impress it upon his mind that if it had not been for me, the maid would have let his breakfast get cold. Each morning I had sat and poured his coffee, serving him with sisterly patience and sweetness; I had drawn him into speculative talk as to what we should do after we left college, and had assured him that the only prospect of his ever getting rich lay in marrying money, hoping to hear him deny it, or show some sign of disagreement, for Margaret is by no means a wealthy girl. I had made him sofa pillows, racket covers, and college flags galore, but it all availed me nothing toward the question at stake. I knew just what he thought of every other girl in our circle of acquaintance, and just what intercourse he had with each one, but whenever our talk drifted around to Margaret, it became stilted, so to speak, and as nearly conventional as Jack’s language can be. A certain constraint would suddenly make itself felt, and the conversation never seemed to thrive, nor ever get beyond a certain point.

As confidential friend my success was no better. No matter how much I confided to her—and I confided to her everything I knew, and more—no matter how much she confided to me in return, the one subject of her relations to my brother, Margaret most carefully and studiously avoided; I suppose because he was my brother.

And so, when my roommate came to see me, though we all felt well-nigh certain that Jack and Margaret were engaged, no one could absolutely say so, and we had all concluded that they had decided—most wisely, my mother said—not to announce any engagement until Jack should be graduated from college. Therefore it was most natural that my roommate should be surprised when I suddenly put my “future sister-in-law” on public exhibition in this style.
"Well, no, my dear," I said in answer to her question; "I hadn't heard any engagement announcement before I left home, but I had seen one. While I was in the midst of my packing, the very morning of the day I came away, Margaret and her sister—you met Mary,—Mrs. Shaw,—didn't you?—came in to say good-bye. Both my father and sister came into the room to see them, and as we all sat there talking together, suddenly I saw something that made me fairly jump with surprise. I was terribly afraid the rest saw me start. Margaret had raised her hand to stick in a hairpin, and there, right on her engagement finger, was a beautiful great big diamond! Why, I couldn't take my eyes away from it. It didn't seem as if I could sit there much longer without making some sign, but with so many people in the room I couldn't approach such a subject, you know! I was trying to think of some excuse for taking Margaret into another room for a moment, when just then Mrs. Shaw rose, and said they must hurry home. So I decided I should have to give Margaret her 'address of welcome' into our family by letter, and gave up the thought of saying anything about it there. But Margaret looked a little surprised at the enthusiasm of my farewell; it was rather more joyful than usual, you know. As soon as I could get hold of papa I asked him if he had seen the ring, saying of course that meant the announcement of the engagement. He looked properly pleased and appreciative for just about three minutes, and then the queerest, most puzzled, anxious, but amused expression came over his face that ever I saw there.

"'What's the trouble?' I said; 'aren't you delighted at the prospect?'

"'Yes, indeed,' he said, in an absent-minded way; 'but where, how, and when do you suppose that son of mine ever saved enough money to buy a diamond ring?'

"'Oh!' I returned blankly, and for a moment I had awful visions of other fellows who might have given Margaret that ring. Just then, however, the doorbell rang, and there was the hackman for my trunk, and my trunk not half packed! Then I just had to fly around to finish packing and catch my train; so now, you see, I must begin on my address of welcome. Goodness, whatever shall I say?"

My roommate gave me a compassionate smile, and said, "It's fortunate for you that you have only one brother to do this sort of thing for." I was quite ready to adopt those sentiments at the end of an hour and a half, when
I began to copy the results of my labor. I told Margaret how it had always been the desire of my heart that she should be the additional member of our family. I dilated on my brother's good taste in his choice of gems, not only gems of the mineral world, but gems of humanity(!); and after dwelling long and earnestly on my hopes that life might prove harmonious and realize our anticipations on both sides, and that she might never be disappointed in her choice, it was with unbounded happiness that I signed myself her sister, etc.

The letter, duly read and approved by my roommate, went. In the hurry and confusion of the first days of the college year I forgot all about it, and about home affairs in general. But when, the next week, I opened the following letter and began to read, I remembered:

My dear Edith:

You don't know what a surprise your last letter was; we haven't got over laughing at it yet. Mamma, and Mary, and I, whenever we think or speak of you, just sit down and shake with the funniness of it. My dear, that ring is Mary's! You know her cook left suddenly, and when I went in there the next day (Mrs. Shaw lived in the next house to Margaret), Mary was preparing to knead some bread. She slipped off her rings and gave them to me, and I forgot to give them back before we went down to your house. I am very sorry to have to disappoint you so, my dear, but do try to bear up.

Then there was a skilful transition to other matters, and the writer concluded:

As always, your loving friend,

Margaret.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the shock of disappointment and mortification that followed, I began to consider my further course of action. Should I, a Sophomore, allow myself to be overcome by such a trifle? Margaret had not denied that she was engaged to Jack. I pondered long and earnestly. At last an inspiration seized me—the one inspiration of my life; and may it continue so to be! I seized my pen and wrote:
My dear Margaret:

Yes, I was disappointed when I first read your letter, but after looking it over more carefully I have decided that I have no reason for feeling so, after all. For I notice that you carefully avoid denying that you really are engaged. and, after all, that is the point, and not that little episode of the ring. But far be it from me to seem to be forcing your confidence! Just let me ask one thing of you,—keep my letter. I am sure that it will be more or less appropriate some time. And when that time comes, as I know it is bound to do, take it out and read it.

Your loving and hopeful friend,

Edith.

That time does not seem to have come yet. I am still waiting and hoping. But it is not my fault, is it, if Margaret is not my brother’s fiancée?

Cornelia Park, ’96.

A PROBLEM.

If eighteen girls in sixteen minutes ask a nineteenth girl if she has “done anything” on her brief; and if each question and answer requires on the side of the questioned one the loss of three tenths of the store of patience she keeps on hand; and if all nineteen girls are obliged to remain within one large room for two hours; what will be the result (1) when the brief is taken into account, (2) when the store of patience is exhausted, (3) when the nineteenth becomes one of the eighteen and one of the eighteen takes the place of the nineteenth?

Joanna Parker, ’96.

SKETCHES.

IN A HOP FIELD.

In every direction there were avenues of hop vines. I stood in the middle of a labyrinth of sunlight and shadow and looked away down through the vistas to where the eye lost itself in a confusion of clusters and leaves. Here and there were groups of chattering Indian girls in straight, blue
frocks, with strong, full arms upraised in the pieking. Now and then a singsong voice would drawl, "Box full," and the overseer would come with hop pole and tickets, smiling good-naturedly under his broad hat as he ran his arm up to the elbow in each freshly gathered heap.

And the last thing I remembered as I walked down the healthful green avenues was Matie Laseh'pelle with hop vines like a scarf around her neck, and hiding the brim of her hat, and falling with stray bits of hair over her forehead as she stood like a brown, propitious dryad, all sunshine, and smiles, and leaves.

A BROWNIE.

After school we went to the woods for ferns and wild flowers to decorate the chapel. The children went ahead carrying baskets. We followed a cool, muddy path for half a mile or more, then somebody said, "You may go now, boys," and in the twinkling of an eye there wasn't a child in sight, and there remained only the impression of a dozen backs whisking into the green.

Then the brownie came with his hands full of Indian Pipe, and laid it in my lap with his bewitching, individual smile. His mouth went up at the corners, and he raised one eyebrow after the other, glancing at me sideways with his funny, round, black eyes. He did the same way when we differed in school, except that the corners of his mouth went down. He was a quaint, brown thing amidst all the green. O yes, he could show me where the Indian Pipe growed; he knewed where they was lots.

"Run on," I said: "I'll follow you."

What a chase the little brown will-o'-the-wisp led me! Under logs, over logs, through bushes, under bushes, over stumps, straight on, till way down by a swamp we found the "ghost flowers," pure, and white, and glistening.

And I can no more think how the brownie found the Indian Pipe than I know what guides a sparrow.

Winifred Watson, '96.
TO THE BOARD WALK.

One morn sad voices told us you were gone:  
With measured, slow, and heavy tread they bore  
Your shattered form away. Too late t' implore  
Forgiveness, that we loved you not! Alone  
You dwelt, down-trodden and oppressed. 'Tis done,  
Your life of usefulness to us; no more  
You'll guide our erring footsteps, nevermore  
Uphold us as our hurried course we run.  
Faith bids us hope that you will come again  
From out the dark place where they laid you low,  
To wander o'er the hillside and the paths  
Across the lawn; to guide, perhaps, through rain,  
Or hail, or sleet, or winter's deepest snow,  
Some other footsteps with your cross-laid laths.  

Katharine Fackenthal, '95.

A SENSITIVE PLANT.

"Oh, Grandma! Please may I go over to Miss 'Gusty's a little while?" Marjory's voice was shrill with eagerness, and she raised her flushed face anxiously as she spoke. Mrs. Jordan looked to make sure that the chubby hands and pink pinafore were clean; then she said, "Yes. But don't run and get all het up," she cautioned.

"Will you take a note to Miss 'Gusty for me?" called Aunt Mattie from the kitchen. "It's right on the desk." Careless Aunt Mattie! She had forgotten that an unfinished note to her dearest friend was also on the desk. Marjory willingly took the bit of paper, folded it, and giving grandma a good-bye kiss, trudged off.

The warm sunshine of late afternoon was pouring into every nook and corner of the old-fashioned garden, where poppies, hollyhocks, verbenas, foxglove, and larkspur had sprung up in wild but delightful confusion. A riotous bed of sweet peas just now held the attention of Miss 'Gusty, who was on her knees trying to straighten the tangled vines. She was so intent upon her work that she did not notice Marjory fumbling at the gate, until the child called, "Miss 'Gusty! Miss 'Gusty!" Then the woman scrambled awkwardly to her feet and came with rapid strides down the walk. As she caught sight of the little girl the stiff lines of her face relaxed into a smile;
and pulling back the heavy weight and chain, she said playfully, "Ye haint been to see me for a l-o-o-ng time."

The child entered, laughing. "Don't you 'member I came yesterday?" asked she. The woman knotted her brows for an instant, as if in doubt. "Well, I declare, so ye did," she admitted, at length. Then they both laughed together, as Miss 'Gusty took her note and stopped in the middle of the path to read it.

The little girl bent down to a sensitive plant at her side and brushed her fingers gently over it. The leaves drew together with a shudder, as it in pain. "Oh! it always hurts," murmured the child, compassionately. She did not hear Miss 'Gusty's quick gasp. "What a funny plant you are!" she cried, as, at a second touch, the curious leaves again shrivelled up. "Well, I won't do it any more. Miss 'Gusty, have the robins eaten up all your berries?" Miss 'Gusty smiled faintly. "Let's go'n see," she said, tucking the scrap of paper into the loose front of her dress.

Her face grew suddenly old as the smile left it, and she walked along without speaking until they had reached the bushes. Then, with an effort, she aroused herself, and soon had the child interested in a story, as they picked the crimson fruit. When they had filled a tiny basket for Marjory to take home, they sat a few moments on the piazza in the cool shade of a rose-covered lattice. Miss 'Gusty brought out a plate of caraway cookies and a tumbler of shrub, with which they were just beginning to play feast, Marjory being a princess and Miss 'Gusty her servant, when Annie Brewer came along, and thrusting her head between the fence pickets, called out, excitedly, "O Marjory! there's a bear down street that can dance, and your gran'ma says you can go and stay till the whistle blows. So hurry!" And Marjory, in her haste, came near leaving her basket behind, and could hardly wait for her sunbonnet to be tied.

Miss 'Gusty shaded her eyes with her hand as she watched the children disappearing down the long, dusty roadway. She stood motionless in the same position even after the two little figures had passed out of her sight. Her indigo print dress hung in skimpy folds barely to her ankles. Her pale hair was drawn back into a tight knob beneath her rusty garden hat. Her face was deeply wrinkled; her eyes, once blue, were now faded into a dull gray. She had always worked hard, and she looked even more tired than old.
As she turned to go in, she stooped with a sudden impulse and touched the sensitive plant almost fiercely; but she sighed as she entered the house. Her mother was sitting by the window. "Ain't ye goin' to git supper?" she quavered; "it's 'most six o'clock." Mrs. Strong's withered figure drooped in the great armchair. Her thin hair was white and her face was shrunken. She wore a lace cap, with soft lavender bows upon it. Her black cashmere gown clung to her limply. Everything about her seemed weak and undecided. Miss 'Gusty, on the contrary, was energetic and firm; she had too much will, the neighbors said. To-night she prepared the tea with determination suited to a more important cause. Mrs. Strong noticed the unusual grimness, but, having learned from past experience not to question her daughter, she kept silence for a time. When the dishes were done, however, and Miss 'Gusty took up her knitting, in spite of the fact that the clock was on the stroke of seven, her mother's curiosity got the better of her. "Why, 'Gusty Strong!" she exclaimed, "hev ye forgot choir rehearsal?" "Did I ever forgit it?" was the only reply; but the needles clicked warningly. Mrs. Strong sank back in helpless wonder.

The evening dragged along. At nine the elder woman, still wondering, said "good night" and went to bed. Shortly after, Miss 'Gusty brought in the bird from the porch, locked the outside doors, and wound the clock. Then she went into her own narrow room, which opened out of Mrs. Strong's, and turning the key softly, sat down upon the edge of the bed. She was trembling from head to foot, though her face was rigid. She drew forth the crumpled note, but held it for a while without unfolding it. Finally she read in a slow whisper, as if to convince herself that the words were real,—

Dear Mame:—

Call at seven for me, please. I suppose we shall sing the same worn-out hymns to-morrow. Why doesn't some one tell Miss 'Gusty that she is too antiquated to be useful? The idea of having her for a leader! Such a voice! It seems too bad that——

Miss 'Gusty's eyes were blinded with unusual tears. She buried her face in the pillows and cried as she had never cried before, save once. Her
memory went back, over the years, to the day when she had stood for the first time in the choir gallery, and raised her fresh young voice in praise to God. She thought of Nathan Edwards, and how he used to walk home with her after meeting. She thought again, with weary bitterness, of the pretty face which had come between them, and of her stern resolve that no one should know she cared. She thought of the dreary Sundays that had followed those early, happy Sabbaths. And then she recalled the pride she had felt later, when she was appointed choir leader. Her joys had been so few, she clung to this one almost pitifully.

She had always served the church well, but from this time on, her church work had been her life. She loved even the little square, white-walled vestry, with its box stove and rows of high-backed settees, where every Saturday night, for twenty years, she had conducted rehearsals. Here, too, every Sunday afternoon, for more than twenty years, she had taught a class of restless boys and girls. Of late, this same cramped room had been the meeting place of the "Band of Promise," which she had organized and built up. She had delighted so much in these quiet pleasures.

That evening, when Miss 'Gusty did not appear with the other members of the choir, there was much wonder. Never before, in all her long term of service, had she missed a rehearsal without sending some word. When, at half-past seven, she had not come, Willard Adams took her place and led. He was a round-faced, sunburned young man, with a great deal of self-confidence. He sang loudly and kept good time. The other singers were evidently pleased with his leading.

Once or twice during the evening Mattie Jordan felt rather disturbed. She hoped there had been no mistake about that note. She even decided to call, on her way home, and see if Miss 'Gusty were sick. But a half hour later, when she passed the Strong house with Willard Adams and Mamie Reed, Miss 'Gusty had quite slipped from her mind.

After all, no one was much surprised when 'Gusty Strong resigned her position in the choir. "I sh'd think she would be tired of it by this time," said good Mrs. White, and she voiced the general feeling. When it was discovered that Miss 'Gusty had also given up her class and her mission
work, there was some talk, of course, but it soon died out. It was universally agreed that a younger person was really needed to interest and govern the children. Mattie Jordan, however, never discussed the subject.

MABEL A. CARPENTER.

**AT NIGHTFALL.**

Slowly sinks the glowing sun,  
All is quiet as a nun;  
Drowsy dronings have begun  
Of the bees.

On the lofty elm-tree's crest,  
Ere he takes his evening rest,  
Twittering softly from his nest,  
Calls the wren.

Out of neighboring marshy bogs,  
Comes the sound of lusty frogs,  
Calling from the mossy logs  
To their friends.

And the distant hills around  
Echo to the church-bell's sound,  
Bidding rest and peace abound  
O'er the land.

Constance L. Rothschild, '96.

**BEAUTY AS FOUND IN SPENSER.**

The "Faery Queene" is everywhere enriched and ennobled by an all-pervading sense of beauty which gives a touch of the ideal to even the most commonplace incident. Each of its many pictures has a distinct quality. Though they are sometimes interspersed with horrible, even loathsome scenes, yet these, by their darkness, make the gleams of beauty all the brighter.

This continual contrast is the conscious or unconscious revelation of the importance which Spenser attaches to beauty. To him it is something divine and "heavenly born," "mother of love and of all worlds' delight." Every creature acknowledges the holiness of beauty. The gods stand all astonished at the fair face of Mutabilitie,

"Such sway does beauty even in heaven bear."
The lion on beholding the beauty of Una

"His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And at the sight forgat his furious force."

This susceptibility enters into all Spenser's favorite characters. Guyon, in the Bower of Bliss, can scarcely control "those wandering eyes of his." Britomart, too, in the house of Busyrane, "did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy her greedy eyes with gazing a long space." But the human beauty of Britomart herself is more effective than the grace of art. All feel the spell of her loveliness, and the most true feel it the most deeply. Such is Scudamore, who, at sight of her, "did worship her as some celestial vision."

The loveliness of beauty as appealing merely to the eye, is closely felt in Spenser's attitude toward natural beauty. Nature surely has her part in the "Faery Queene," but so much more is it a poem of humanity, that we only occasionally catch sight of her. She is always associated with peace and quiet. What seems to us sublime is often only dreadful to Spenser. The sea is to him a "weary gulf," rich "through the overthrow and wrecks of many wretches"; the "craggy cliff" "a dangerous and detestable place." But the quiet country, the "grassy greene," the "crystal stream," and pleasant forest glades where Nature is always in friendship with man, are very dear to him. When we reach one of these spots in the "Faery Queene," we feel that Spenser has indeed seen it, and felt it, and loved it. When he wishes to show us a "dainty place," "as it an earthly paradise had been," he takes us to "a pleasant glade,"

"With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spatius plaine,
And in the midst a little river plaide,
Among the pumy stones which seemed to plaine,
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine."

But it is only in "fair, sunshiny weather" that this beauty can appear. Since beauty is ever associated with gladness, the face of Nature cannot be beautiful without the gladdening sunlight. Night is a blemish, defacing all, "ne letting see the beauty of the Maker's work." From this may arise the continual allusions to the sun when other reference to Nature is
absent. To say that the sun is risen, is, to Spenser, to say that beauty has come to the world. Though this childlike enjoyment of the external beauty of Nature prevails throughout the "Faery Queene," yet Spenser feels deeply the mystery of this beauty, the force of which this is but the "garment, bright and wondrous sheene." The spirit of Nature wears a veiled face, but when she appeared on Arlo Hill, it was said

"That it so beauteous was
And round about such beams of splendour threw
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass."

It is at the presence of this mystic power, that

"The Earth herself of her own motion
Out of her fruitful bosom made to grow
Most dainty trees, that shooting up anon
Did seeme to bow their blooming heads full lowe
For homage unto her and like a throne did showe."

The love of Nature is strong in Spenser; but it is in the struggle of the human soul after the ideal purity and beauty, in the hope for the ultimate blending of the sensuous and spiritual, that his greatest work lies. With his high conception of beauty, a human face cannot be lovely without a beautiful soul behind. "All that fair is, is by nature good." His tender chivalry leads him to see the most perfect revelation of beauty in woman. All his favorite heroines, with their perfect beauty of face, are absolutely pure. It is true, Spenser acknowledges "that goodly beauty, alle heavenly born, is foul abused." But it is noticeable that women of this class are rare in the "Faery Queene," and when they do appear, their deviation from nature is often suggested by the false positions in which they are placed. Duessa is beautiful, but only when she becomes the false Fidessa. As the fair is the good, so is the converse true.

"All that's good, is beautiful and fair."

Though Spenser acknowledges that

"Oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drownd,"

yet we shall scarcely find a mind of this sort in all the "Faery Queene."

But when purity manifests itself in a beautiful woman, he sees the loveliest thing on earth. Una, the most familiar of Spenser's heroines,
though a type, is distinctly a woman. One is chiefly impressed with her perfect purity. A suggestion of sadness like her black stole clings about her. She always has some hidden care in heart, the woman made perfect through suffering. Even when the dragon is slain and the knight safe, Una is "left to mourn." Yet, through all, her "heavenly grace" is undimmed. She remains "as bright as does the morning star appear," and her mission is ever to "make a sunshine in the shadie place."

Strongly in contrast with the meek and gentle Una is the maiden Belphoebe, the type of "fresh, flowering Maydenhead," perfect in "grace and goodly modesty." As she appears in the greenwood, she brings a divine freshness. She comes in the joy of her youth to do a kind deed, and goes on her happy way again. Like her character, her beauty is fresh and strong, "able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead." Her sister Amoret is the type of the pure woman whose life is ruled by love, the "Lodestarre of all chaste affection." Her face is always gentle and lovely, "shining with beautie's light and heavenly virtue's grace." With her dwell Shamefastness, Cherefulness, Modesty, Courtesy, Silence, and Obedience, and she sits, "even in the lap of Womanhood." She only is pure enough to wear the girdle of Florimell.

But the beauty of "gentle Amoret" lacks the vitality of Britomart's. She is a splendid, active woman, rejoicing in conflict, yet governed, like nearly all Spenser's women, by motives of love. She is the first champion of purity, the enemy of all that is ignoble, yet, through all, keeps her modest simplicity unspoiled. In her is pictured the vanquishing power of beauty. Everything base, and indeed everything noble, falls before her spear, and acknowledges her supremacy. But without her spear the power of her loveliness conquers the just, as in the contest with Artegaill. When Artegaill raises his sword to strike, the steel itself sinks down to do obedience "to so divine a beautie's excellence."

"And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,  
At last fell humbly down upon his knee,  
And of his wonder made religion."

But the perfect beauty, the "beauty excellent," is suggested by the character of Florimell. With her "angel's face" adorned "with all divine perfection," she is
"The bountiest virgin and most debonnaire
That ever living eye, I weene, did see."

"The surest sign whereby ye may her know,
Is that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

Even the false Florimell, who possesses her form without her soul, surpasses all other ladies in outward loveliness. But Florimell herself is fair with

"The great Creator's own resemblance bright."

For her all true knights long to fight, and for her safety all Faeryland is anxious. Every human being, even the most obtuse, has yet enough of the godlike to adore Florimell; for

"To adore thing so divine as beautie were but right."

She flees from all who approach her, and like the ideal beauty is hard to reach; but all who see her, even in the distance, fall under the spell of her great loveliness. Even Prince Arthur, though true to his Faery Queene,

"Oft wished that lady faire mote be his Faery Queene,
Or that his Faery Queene were such as she."

Marmell is permitted to receive her, through his great love, as love is the pathway by which we approach the divine beauty. Florimell is a witness to the absolute truth of beauty. Before her purity nothing false can stand. When the snow maiden, the falseness that pretends to beauty, is placed beside the real Florimell, she melts away and vanishes. When

"The noble Ladie was ybrought
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace,
Whereeto her bashful shamefastness ywrought
A great increase in her faire, blushing face,
Then did he set her by that snowy one,—
Like the true saint beside the image set,—
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether should the honor get;
Straightway, so soon as both together met,
Th' enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought;
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought
But th' simple girdle which about her wast was wrought."

Annie K. Tuell, '96.
A GIRL I KNOW.

I like to look at her best when she droops her head so that I can see the delicate outline of forehead, nose, lip and chin. There is something vaguely impersonal about this outline, as if, though it happens to express her peculiar self well enough, it had originally been only a mask, inherited together with some few of the family individualities which it indicates,—a mask which some stern grandfather or sentimental grandmother might have worn just as properly. It is marked now with her own signs of possession, however; the straight, determined mouth and finely cut chin, which might so easily have been harsh or unfeeling, are innocent and pathetic; the eyes which might have been bright and keen, are merely wistful. It is a face which even now is sometimes sweet and tender, though the features have not yet thoroughly learned the trick. In the whole face, with its flush of faint pink over forehead and cheeks, and relief of soft, light hair, there is something indescribably pure and touching and remote.

Edith Orr, '98.

LAKE DUNMORE.

Thou dost not need such songs as we may sing,
Thou fair, bright gem amid the mountains laid.
Thine own soft ripples hymns are murmuring
To those whose homage pure to thee is paid,
As just at eventide they wander still
On shore, and look across thy blue expanse,
To where the sunset glow has touched each hill
With colors gay that on the forests dance.
Ere long they sadden into shades of night,
Yet night herself with love for thee is filled,
When moonbeams fair the shadows put to flight,
And over every place soft light distilled.
Then, best beloved of all the mountain lakes,
The night thy beauty all the tend’rer makes.

Anna M. Bingham, '97.
EDITORIALS.

I.

To those students who were in or near Boston during the recent vacation, the German Opera is probably a familiar theme. The last season has seen all music-loving, theatre-going Boston plunged into the depths of such a sea of music and drama, Italian, French and German, as even Boston itself had hardly known how to dream of before; and all Boston discussed the Grand Opera—reminiscences of last night's entertainment with the breakfast, comparisons at luncheon, and anticipations at dinner—it was the one grand topic of the day. Criticism says that all this was well worth while, that the German Opera in Boston was a decided success, a true bit of the Fatherland, with its strong German voices and its grand music. On the whole, it was well staged and sustained, with, however, some few flaws due to a certain lack of scenic arrangements. Mr. Damrosch's interpretation of the Wagner music was excellent, strong with all the force and intensity which characterizes that wonderful leader.

Professor Wenckebach, in anticipation of the Opera, gave her advanced German classes here some preparation for the parts from the Nibelungen Lied, "Die Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," and also, in a talk given in the chapel, explained and compared some of the principal motifs of the Nibelungen music. We take this opportunity to thank Professor Wenckebach for the consequent better ability to appreciate the Wagner Opera.

II.

In individuals, justice is a natural instinct; in corporations, it is the result of slow and painful growth. Whether the well-known statement that "corporations have no souls to lose" has any bearing on this subject, is an open question. At any rate Wellesley's experience would go far toward verifying this statement.

It is a source for rejoicing that Wellesley students are no longer the despised hangers on of Riverside and Auburndale; from this time forth they
may journey to the Hub as the self-respecting inhabitants of a respected town. This privilege should have been ours long years ago; indeed, we were deceived into the belief that it was ours at the beginning of the year. Did not the accumulated eloquence of Wellesley pour itself out in the good cause of justice? Were not the obdurate hearts of those mysterious beings who manage railroads moved by that eloquence? And, alas, were not their hearts hardened again like Pharaoh's of old, so that they "would not"?

But however trying the process has been, the result is most gratifying and likewise illustrates the wise old saw that "good things come slowly." If reforms were contagious, one might hope for justice in another direction. Imagine the amazement of visitors who travel from Boston to Wellesley for the small sum of fifteen cents, and are then transported from the station to the college in a luxurious barge for twenty cents. Verily, it would be true economy to have steam cars invade our grounds and to establish a railway station at College Hall.

III.

Ten years of hard work and undaunted purpose had their successful culmination on Saturday evening, April 20, when Professor Churchill's reading crowned the completion of the Monroe Fund of Wellesley College. The history of the Fund is an interesting one. In the spring of 1885, Professor Currier, ever seeking for new ways and means to give to her classes the best possible knowledge of the great art of expression, conceived the idea of starting a fund, the interest of which should bring to Wellesley inspiration and suggestion, and example in its work. The following autumn the ideal plan began its real existence, Professor Churchill generously giving the first reading in its behalf. During the ten years that have followed, many friends of Wellesley have proved faithful friends of the Fund also, and step by step, through discouragement sometimes, it is true, and by hard work always, the amount, $5,000, has been raised. The Monroe Fund stands to-day completed, an ever-existing witness "to the wisdom and energy of Professor Currier in adding to her department a permanent testimony to the need of vocal training for women who are to use the higher education to the best advantage." It was a great delight to the friends of the Fund that Professor Churchill, one of its stanchest and oldest helpers, should honor
its completion, as he did its beginning, ten years ago; in his own happy phrase, "that salutatory and valedictory should both be mine to give." And the crowded chapel and hearty enthusiasm of Saturday evening abundantly testify to the appreciation of the Wellesley students, and their gratitude to both originator and friends of the Monroe Fund.

IV.

This is a day of progress, and this number of the Magazine will go down history as recording no less than three radical reforms in the Wellesley world. We rejoice in "reduced rates"; we are glad of privilege to develop our artistic faculties, if we have any, in musical and histrionic directions; but the new departure within our very walls is the one which most truly delights all members of our college community. When the President announced from the chapel platform that, dating from the first of May, the library would be open on Sunday, the hearty applause that followed was but slight expression of our appreciation of the fact that "all things come round to (her) who will but wait." The additional privilege of drawing books from the library on any day, instead of only on Saturday, as heretofore, is also a great step in the direction of that wider and fuller college life which has always been the ideal of every true student at Wellesley. But now that we have attained to our long-wished-for use of the library and its precious contents, it behooves us, as students, to show our appreciation by a strict adherence to all library rules, feeling sure that they are only such as are demanded by the needs of all; and by a still greater deference to that wise Public Opinion which is after all the only arbiter of the questions of our college life, and which will forever decree that the working aspect of the Wellesley library be reserved for its six days' use.

FREE PRESS.

1.

Every dweller in the Wellesley world takes a just pride in its ideal grounds and their many beauties. But are the satisfied maidens within its borders always as careful as they might be to preserve these good gifts of nature?
Nothing can be more charming than the gleam of white birches—those “most shy and ladylike of trees”—among dark wintry boughs, or green leaves, and they have hitherto added much to the convenient loveliness of Tupelo. But the dark, unsightly blotches which have, within the last year or two, appeared in such numbers on the fair white trunks, are a source of real pain, not to say exasperation, to all who enjoy the place for its own sake.

I make a plea for the few birch trees which yet remain untouched by the knife of the souvenir fiend, and beg, in the name of the community at large, that they be let alone. Of course it is convenient to run down and secure a bit of bark for a birthday greeting or the like, but, is it not a case of the “greatest good to the greatest numbers?” and does the pleasure of the moment to the few compensate for the years of disfigurement on which so many must look?

I should like to add that it seems a great pity we can ever permit ourselves to countenance this sort of vivisection in any case, even in the remote woods and mountains. It surely would be a more lasting satisfaction to carry away from our summer outing, in true Wordsworth fashion, a vision of the perfect white loveliness, rather than to bear off in our trunks rolls of birch bark, with the seldom fulfilled intention of napkin rings, frames, baskets, and such trifles, which cause a momentary glow of satisfaction and then serve as one more dust bearer.

C. E.

II.

There are many circumstances in Wellesley life that tend to give the Wellesley girl a truer appreciation of the value of time than she ever had before. She learns to look upon a five minutes’ extension of the time between breakfast and chapel as a precious addition to her day, and she finds that the half hour from 1.00 to 1.30 is not to be despised. Office hours teach her that this commodity is quite as valuable to others as to herself.

It seems strange to her that this keen appreciation of hers is not shared by all other members of the College. After waiting in vain for three half hours on three different occasions to see Professor Blank “in office hours,” she is forced to the conclusion that Professor Blank does not regard the time of a college girl of great importance. She goes out to another building on a
cold, stormy day to consult her instructor on a point of some importance to her, and finds that her instructor has not thought it necessary to brave the storm for the sake of keeping an appointment with the one or two girls who might wish to see her.

After several such experiences—for it may happen that she needs to consult those who think the keeping of office hours is unimportant—it is not altogether surprising if she cause them inconvenience by trying to interview them in the corridor, on the stairs, or after class.

L. B., '95.

III.

At this time of year, when all Wellesley people are worn with the year's work, it becomes a matter not only of interest, but of necessity, for each student to consider ways and means of lightening the strain. Now, the possibility of easing the burden does not always lie with the student, but there is one matter which each student could, if she would, regulate for herself,—she could keep her room free from purposeless and time-wasting visitors. It is sad indeed to hear a student complain that a "Please do not knock" sign is ignored by her friend. Surely a few words of courteous but firm dismissal would prevent a second intrusion by the same person, and in time the custom of observing such notices would be established; for college girls, although often thoughtless, are quick to respect the honestly-expressed wishes of their friends. There is a time for everything; but the time which we have set apart for study or much-needed rest, the time, moreover, when we have said to the world at large, "Please do not disturb," is not the time for receiving calls. Can we not then take a firm stand in this matter, and, by adhering to our principle neither to trespass nor to be trespassed against, gain for ourselves and our friends time and strength?

H. M. K, '95.

IV.

Since the '95 Magazine Board has retired, and since the '96 Board is both generous and promising, I think a word of appreciation might without injury be slipped into the Free Press by one who has had almost nothing to do with the Magazine in any capacity. The Magazine of the past year has,
it seems to me, been very readable, not only because the so-called heavy articles have been on matters in which most of us could be interested, but also because the long-desired short stories, sketches, and artistic bits of biography have appeared with gratifying frequency. It is noticeable, too, that there have been a comparatively large number of contributors, so that we have not become too familiar and too critical with any one; and we have had opportunity to discover that, taken altogether, we can do more than one kind of writing. The Free Press has made us talk, even think a little, although it has not been as fierce as it might have been if we had had other things than lunch stands and the racket in the library to get excited over. The Free Press is our own department, however, not the Board’s; and if we do not have energy enough to look about us and write up what we see, the loss, too, is ours. Altogether, the Magazine of the past year has seemed especially good, not only to the writer, but, as she has had excellent opportunity to discover, to many other of its readers.

J. P., ’96.

EXCHANGES.

Lake Waban, long free, is dancing gaily in the sunshine; the campus has turned from brown to a rich dark green, and the air is tremulous with the chatter and whir of busy birds. He who runs may read and rejoice over the signs of new life on every hand. Even the industrious reviewer, for a time deaf to the robin’s call and blind to all outdoor temptations of bud and blossom, finds so much of the season’s warmth and cheer reflected in the exchanges before her, that she catches their glad spirit and joins, with a thrill of delight, in the old, old song, “Spring has come again.”

Perhaps it may be partly owing to the uplift of April weather that the magazines of the month are unusually fresh and readable. The calendar influence is shown, of course, in the choice of Easter subjects, and in poetical allusions to “blue skies,” “gentle breezes,” and “rain-awakened flowers,” but, on the whole, there is an abundance of good, original work to mark these (in many cases) initial numbers of Ninety-six boards.

The Syracuse University News is, indeed, a “maiden effort,” making its appearance, for the first time since it was established, as a Woman’s Edition. This is the outcome of a suggestion that such a paper should be
issued for the benefit of the University Athletic Association; and the editors have proved in a remarkably interesting way, the proposition set forth in their salutatory, that "Co-eds' and athletics are not mutually exclusive," at least in Syracuse. An article by Belva Lockwood on Genesee life when she was a student there, a brief history of the institution, and sketches of Society Life, Noted Alumnae, Gala Days, and kindred subjects, together with attractive cuts of the college buildings, chapter houses, etc., make this number valuable as a souvenir.

Another special April number is the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly*, which is given up entirely to alumni. Aside from an appreciative study of "The Influence of George William Curtis on American Life," the most noteworthy contribution is the poem "Success," by Wilder Dwight Quint. We quote the first and last stanzas:

The great gods trample the fruit of chance into a vintage rare,
And a maddening stream comes trickling down to mortals struggling there.
Few indeed are the drops that fall from that wine-press red as blood,
But to gain one taste of such drink divine men battle in filth and mud.

The great gods smile with pitying scorn at the wrangling, sweating crew.
With mocking sloth their vintage tread, and the rearing cups bestrew.
Few indeed are the drops that fall, yet each falls by design;
For men may battle in filth and mud, but the gods allot their wine.

The new *Minnesota Magazine* fulfils in its second number all that it promised in the first. Its illustrations are notably good, and the general make-up is excellent. The exhaustive treatise on "The Psychology of Music," by Dr. W. X. Sudduth, is a very scholarly production. W. Oakley Stout's serial poem is also worthy of mention, although "Ralah's Revenge" hardly warrants such an ambitious portrayal.

By far the "heaviest" article of the month is Henry B. Gardner's discussion of "The Monetary Situation in the United States," in the *Brown Magazine*. In this number, also, a timely plea for "The Cap and Gown" is advanced by A. R. T. Truex with considerable spirit; and Martha R. Clarke, departing from the latter-day model of New England "pastels," gives us in "Mère Marette Sorcière," a story with an undisguised moral.
An entirely different, but quite as effective, lesson is taught in "A Bold Bad Man," by Amey O. Aldrich in the Smith College Monthly. Exquisite humor and suggestive description combine to make this sketch the best we have seen in the Contributor's Club. A clever account of "The Passing of John Banks," by N. E. Barnhart, holds one's interest to the end.

Possibly the best short story of the month is "As It Happened," by Franklin E. Reese, in the Columbia Literary Monthly. This bright college tale with an ending which is, happily, only the beginning, leaves the reader in "a sweet maze of pleasant thoughts." It is charming.

"As It Might Have Happened," by E. C. Williams, in the Western Reserve Magazine, seems to us of almost equal merit with the above from an artistic standpoint, though there is no resemblance whatever between the stories themselves.

We regret that the Amherst Literary Monthly for April has not yet reached us. From the March number we clip this fine "Sonnet," by W. J. Boardman, whose writings, both in prose and verse, are of an exceptionally high order:

Compassionate of the wan face upturned
From squalid rags that ill kept out the cold,
I gave, from my scant store of hard-earned gold,
A poor man's alms. Straightway the beggar turned,
And, spitting, cursed my gift so small; he spurned
Me in his rage. I went with bitter ire
And burning heart. When, sweet as new-strung lyre,
Low spoke a voice divine: O Heart unlearned!
The lot of Him the Chosen Nation slew
Was even this, to live for them that railed—
For ingrate, nay, for hating man to die.
Do you complain because this beggar threw
Thy pence aside? For pay had thanks availed.
Giving unthanked, you gave to God on High!

THE OLD LIFE.

Dost thou remember, dear, the old life too,
As I remember—the old apple tree
Wherein the bluebird sang to thee and me,
And the gnarled boughs where the faint lichen grew?
Dost thou remember, dear, the old life too?
As that long surge of planets breaks and runs
Back like tossed spray, and the white storm of suns
Swingeth incessant 'twixt this world and you,
So far, so far! yet from the central skies,
From the remotest calm you speak to me.
My beautiful one not with forgetful eyes
Laughs from those peaks of immortality.
Like a white pearl the little old life lies
Fathomed in that deep eternity.

—Smith College Monthly.

EASTER EVE.
The cold, damp dews of evening slowly fall
Upon the sealed stone and soldier's steel;
No stars relieve the darkness of the night,—
The blackness is a thing almost to feel.
Slowly the hours wear on; the Roman guard
Tremble, they know not why. Some mighty dread
Falls on their souls. Lo! from the sealed tomb
What light is this that o'er the scene is shed?
Far in the east an answering gleam replies;
With mighty fear the craven watchers quake,
As from the tomb and in the glowing east
They watch that first glad Easter morning break.

—Mount Holyoke.

SOCIETY NOTES.

On Saturday evening, April 27, an initiation meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held at 7 p.m. Miss Coolidge, first-year Special, was initiated. Miss Esther Bailey, '91, and Miss Ethel Stanwood, '94, were present.

The subject of the April programme meeting of the Classical Society was Euripides, and the programme was as follows:

I. Introductory paper on Euripides . . . Professor Chapin.

II. Scene from Iphigenia in Aulis.
   (Lines 1317-1749.)
   Agamemnon . . . . Helen J. Stimpson.
   Clytemnestra . . . . Anna Chute.
   Iphigenia . . . . Margaret B. Simmons.
   Messenger . . . . Edith D. Dexter.
On Friday, April 19, Miss Chute and Miss Stimpson entertained the Society at Wood.

The regular programme meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall, Saturday evening, April 27. The subject of the evening's study was "Romeo and Juliet." The programme consisted of:

II. Verona in the Fourteenth Century . Louise Loomis.
III. The Montagues and Capulets . . May Merrill.
IV. Dramatic Representation: Act I. Scene V.
V. Talk: The Poetic Beauty in Romeo and Juliet . . . . Mabel Wells.
VI. The Wit and Humor of the Play (Nurse and Mercutio) . . . . Mary Allen.
VII. Dramatic Representation: Act II. Scene II.

The regular programme meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held Saturday evening, April 13, with the following programme:

Settlement of the West . . . . Helen Dennis.
The Indians . . . . . . Helen Gordon.
The Mormons . . . . . . Rebekah Blanchard.
Western life as seen in Bret Harte . . . Floyd Smith.
Picturesque bits of Southern California . . M. Brotherton.

The regular meeting of the Agora was held April 27. The impromptu speeches were: The Difficulty between England and Nicaragua, Alice Howe; The Attitude of the European Powers toward the China-Japan Treaty, Belinda Bogardus; The New Speaker of the House of Commons. The following programme was presented:

The Tenement House . . . . Professor Coman.
Rescue Work . . . . . . Arline Smith.
The Tramp and Out-of-work Problem . . Cora Stoddard.
A regular meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon was held on April 27. Miss Mary Jauch, Special, was received into the Society. The following programme was presented:

Origin and Aims of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood
The Art Work of Sir John Millais
Music
The Art Work of William Holman Hunt
Music

Edith Butler.
Margaret Starr.
Mary Lunt.
Alice Norcross.
Ellen Cushing.

Miss Ruby Bridgman, '94, was present at the meeting.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.
Saturday, May 4.—Reading in afternoon. Concert.
Saturday, May 11.—Lecture. Miss Peck.
Sunday, May 12.—Bishop Lawrence.
Monday, May 13.—Lecture. Miss Peck.
Sunday, May 19.—Rev. J. D. Pickles.
Monday, May 20.—Concert.
Sunday, May 26.—Rev. P. S. Moxom.
Monday, May 27.—Glee Club Concert.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On April 13, Dr. Edward Everett Hale read in the chapel at 4.15 from his best-known work, "The Man Without a Country." In the evening the members of Miss Hart's classes in Freshman Rhetoric, and other invited guests, had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Hale in the Faculty Parlor.

Easter Sunday, President Andrews, of Brown, preached in the chapel.
Miss Ida Benfey, of New York, read in the college chapel on Monday evening, April 15. Her selections comprised the story of Jean Valjean from "Les Miserables," Miss Wilkins' "Village Singer," and a short humorous reading. Miss Benfey made her audience feel that she was completely mistress of her art, and delineated character with singular precision and power.

We are interested to learn that Miss Elva Young, '96, is editing a book of songs of Women's Colleges. The want of a book of this nature has long been felt, and we wish Miss Young the support and success her undertaking merits.

Patriots' Day was not celebrated officially at the College, except by the appropriate singing of "America," at prayers. Some members of the bicycle club made the perfect weather and the holiday an excuse for a long ride; several parties of determined-looking pedestrians were observed wending their way toward "Pegan Hill" and other points of interest; some patriotic members of the College, we understand, visited Concord and Lexington; while some, woful tale, celebrated their holiday in the library.

Miss Josephine Batchelder has been chosen editor in chief of The Wellesley Magazine, to fill the place left vacant by the resignation of Miss McLean. Miss Hefferan has been chosen associate editor in place of Miss Batchelder.

Miss Currier gave a reception to the members of the department of Elocution Saturday afternoon, April 20.

Saturday evening, April 20, Professor Churchill gave a reading in the chapel. His programme was varied and interesting, comprising selections from Dickens, Mrs. Stowe, and Browning. The evening was extremely interesting and amusing as well to those who had heard Professor Churchill before as to those to whom it was a new experience. He has the rare faculty of making the scenes which he presents live before his audience.

Mr. Ferguson, of Cohasset, preached in the chapel Sunday morning, April 21.
Sunday evening Rev. Thomas Gulick spoke in the chapel on the McAll Mission.

Miss Clara Nichols, formerly of '95, was at college April 20. Miss Nichols intends to resume her work next year.

Rumor hints that the personnel of the College will consist of the usual number of students next year, but no Faculty. Each day brings rumor of some professor or instructor who is to be absent. The bereaved undergraduate can only comfort herself with the thought that it cannot all be true.

Miss Gail Laughlin, '94, is to be with us once more, though not of us. Miss Laughlin intends to live in the village during the spring, still continuing her work in Boston.

Monday evening, April 22, the Shakespeare Society was received at Wood. A guest writes: "The hospitable doors of Wood were thrown wide on the evening of April 22 to welcome the Shakespeare Society and its guests to their birthday celebration. Assuredly the great master's festival was right royally kept, with play and players, feasting and jollity, and many a dainty gift. The society rejoiced in the presence of many of its alumnae members, Miss Hodgkins being the guest of honor of the occasion. Toasts were proposed and responded to, and the evening ended with the hearty Shakespeare cheer, and many expressions of 'What a good time it has been!'

On the same evening a most enjoyable concert was given in the chapel by Miss Estelle Andrews, of the School of Music, assisted by Max Heinrich and Carl Faelten.

The Saturday afternoon lectures on current topics were brought to a close April 27, by a lecture by Mr. E. Charlton Black, of Cambridge, on "James Barrie." Mr. Black's charm as a lecturer, we learned, had not been exaggerated by report, and all who were able to attend enjoyed the hour extremely. This lecture seemed a fitting close for a course which has been so delightful and instructive in all its features.
On Saturday evening, April 27th, the Literature Department gave an informal reception in honor of Miss Scudder, who has just returned from Italy after more than a year's absence. Miss Scudder spent a month in London just before she sailed, and gave a most delightful talk upon the social movements in England, and the leaders of the several parties. It is good news to all old students who have known Miss Scudder that she will resume her work at the College next year.

Mr. John Graham Brook lectured in the chapel Saturday evening upon the "Norwegian System."

Sunday, April 28, we had the pleasure of welcoming once more to Wellesley, President Hyde, of Bowdoin. President Hyde preached in the morning, and spoke to the Class of '96 in the evening.

The Senior prayer meeting was addressed Sunday evening by Miss Stratton.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

The March meeting of the St. Louis Wellesley Association was held at the home of the Misses Vieths, 4482 Lindell Boulevard, Saturday, March 2. Miss Anna Vieths was in charge of the programme for the afternoon, the subject being "The American Woman in Music." This was the fifth literary meeting of the year. The subjects of the preceding meetings have been: The American Woman in Art; in Poetry; in Prose; in Philanthropic Work. At the February meeting, when papers on "The American Woman in Philanthropic Work" were read, Miss Annie Bronson King, the head worker at the Lucy House, the St. Louis social settlement, gave an informal talk of much interest concerning settlement work. Although the character of the meetings is social and literary, a no less important feature of the work is the raising of a fund whereby a St. Louis girl may be sent to Wellesley.

The Wellesley Club of New York was entertained Saturday, April 20, by Mrs. Frances Pearsons Plimpton, at her home, 125 East 35th Street. The annual election of officers took place, resulting as follows: President,
Bertha Bailey, '88; Vice President, Grace Underwood, '92; Secretary, Effie Banta, '91; Treasurer, Caroline Raven, '86–'88; Executive Committee, Mrs. Mary Edwards Twitehell, '89; Mrs. Anna Phillips See, '86; Miss Marie Jadwin, '84–'86; Reception Committee, Mrs. Minnie Lyman Hitchings, '76–'77; Miss Dora Emerson, '92; Miss Caroline Randolph, '94.

The annual luncheon of the Club will be held Saturday, May 11, at the Plaza Hotel, Fifty-Ninth Street. Among the guests of the Club at that time will be: Mrs. Irvine of Wellesley, Bishop Potter of New York, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie of the Outlook. It is hoped that there may be a full representation of the Club and its friends.

In Albany, March 23, at the home of Miss N. M. Pond, about ten Wellesley girls met to form a Wellesley Club. It was voted to call the club the Eastern New York Wellesley Club. The officers elected were as follows: President, Elizabeth Stewart; Secretary, Myrtilla Avery; Treasurer, Emeline S. Bennett. It was voted to have an annual meeting in the form of a luncheon, and that other meetings be subject to call. On Saturday, April 6, the first annual luncheon was held in Albany at Hotel Kenmore. Covers were laid for twenty-four. After the luncheon, the president and toastmistress, Miss Stewart, arose and welcomed the members. She gave a brief account of the formation of the Club, and also explained its object, which is to be purely social. The toast list, as given below, was announced by Miss Stewart, and responded to by the college girls:

TOAST LIST.

"These are idle fancies of the brain
Not worthy of thy thought."

"Nay, my good lord, these be such things
As sages think upon."

—Shakespeare.

Signs of the Times . . . . . . . Miss Davidson.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

—Tennyson.

Wellesley's President . . . . . . Miss Brooks.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

—Wordsworth.
The Class of '95  Miss Hyatt.

"Look on the life whose record is unrolled."  — Holmes.

College Athletics  Miss Avery.

"Oh, 'tis excellent to have a giant's strength!"  — Shakespeare.

The College Girl in Society  Miss Jones.

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"  — Morton.

The Wellesley Summer School  Miss Eastman.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."  — Tennyson.

Alma Mater  Miss Pond.

"All hail to the College Beautiful!
All hail to the Wellesley Blue!"  — K. L. Bates, '80.

The Wellesley Cheer  Mrs. Dewey.

"Over the grass and flowers and waves, wake sounds
Sweet as a surging rain of silver dew."  — Shelley.

"Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing."  — Shakespeare.

Since the Club was organized, forty Wellesley girls of Albany and vicinity have become members, and those who were present at the luncheon were as follows: Mrs. Melvil Dewey, Mrs. Winifred Edgerton Merrill, Mrs. Peirson, Miss Linda Puffer, Miss Synder, Miss Ada Alice Jones, Miss N. M. Pond, Miss Van Epps, Miss Biscoe, Miss H. St. B. Brooks, Miss Janet Davidson, Miss May Millard, Miss Grace Eastman, Miss May Eastman, Miss Grace Betteridge, Miss Myrtilla Avery, Miss Elizabeth Stewart, Miss Emeline Bennett, Miss Yates, Miss Bertha Hyatt, Miss Huested, Miss Harwood, Miss Florence L. Ellery.
The Wellesley Alumnae Chapter of the College Settlements Association will meet on Commencement morning at 9.30, sharp, in Room D, Main Building. All alumnae, former students, officers, or teachers of the College, whether members of the Chapter or not, are invited most cordially to be present.

Caroline L. Williamson, '89,
Elector.

Grace Andrews, '89,
Secretary and Treasurer.

The Vice Electors of the Wellesley Alumnae Chapter of the College Settlements Association are:

Miss Alice M. Allen, '85, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.
Miss Susan Peabody, '86, 105 Washington Avenue, Evansville, Indiana.
Miss Catharine Burrowes, '87, Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill.
Miss May Estelle Cook, '88, 721 Walnut Street, Oak Park, Ill.
Miss Calista McCauley, '88, 349 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
Miss Katharine Horton, '89, Windsor Locks, Conn.
Miss Mary Lauderburn, '90, Wellesley, Mass.
Mrs. Mary Young Allison, '90, 1535 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Mabel Godfrey Swormstedt, '90, 1455 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Miss Ada S. Woolfolk, '91, 95 Rivington Street, New York City, N. Y.
Miss Dora Emerson, '92, 222 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, N. Y.
Miss Lydia O. Pennington, '93, 2030 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
Miss Helen Foss, '94, 2043 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Helen Drake, '94, 93 Tyler Street, Boston, Mass.
Miss Mary Isham, '94.

These electors are chosen with reference to organizing and promoting the work in classes, and also in localities. A Vice Elector is in close proximity to every large Wellesley Club, and there is an especial concen
tration of forces in the vicinity of Wellesley and Boston for the sake of bringing the College and the nearest settlement into closer relations. Money may be forwarded through them to the General Association.

Alumnæ present at the Shakespeare birthday celebration, Monday, April 22, were Miss Sanborn, '84; Miss Bigelow, Miss Hall, and Miss Allen, '85; Miss E. Green, Miss C. Green, Miss Hardon, and Miss Stimpson, '92; Miss Anderson, '94; Miss Evans, Mrs. Rothery.

Miss M. Anna Fuller, '84, is teaching in the High School, North Adams, Mass.

Miss Esther Bailey, '91, spent Sunday, April 28, at the College. Miss Bailey is teaching in the High School, Somerville, Mass.

Miss Sarah H. Conant, '87, is teaching in the High School, Circleville, Ohio.

Miss Margaret Crownshielcl, '87, is teaching in a private school, 22 East 54th Street, New York, and is studying psychology in the University School of Pedagogy.

Miss Clara B. Mowry, '89, is teaching in the High School, Melrose, Mass.

Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, has been spending a few weeks at the New York College Settlement.

Miss Sarah M. Bock, '90, has been visiting Mrs. Etta Parker Park, '90, at her home in Stoneham, Mass. One day was given up to a small reunion of '90 girls, including Miss Annie Smith, who is studying at Tufts Medical School, and Mrs. May Tyler Jones. Another day was spent with Mrs. Jones at her home in Wakefield, and another with Mrs. Blanche Whitlock Carlton at her home in Andover, Mass.

Miss Mary Martin Yardley, '90, holds a position in Rowland Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Miss Elizabeth E. Morse, School of Art, '91, has accepted a position to teach Art in Murdock School, Winchendon, Mass. She will also have charge of drawing in the public schools the present term.
Miss Alice Stevens, '91, was at the College April 27.

Miss Blanche L. Clay, '92, visited the College April 11. Miss Clay is taking a course in literary expression under a New York instructor.

Miss Bessie Greenman, '92, is teaching in the Arlington, Mass., High School.

Miss Josephine Emerson, '92, visited the College April 19 and 20.


Miss Clara M. Kruse, '94, is teaching in the public schools, Central City, Colorado.

Miss Caroline W. Field, '94, is teaching in the High School, Belfast, Maine.

Miss Bertha C. Jackson, '94, is teaching in the High School, Cummington, Mass.

Miss Mabel W. Learoyd, '94, is teaching Latin and Mathematics in McLean Seminary, Simsbury, Conn.

Miss Delia Smith, '94, has resigned her position at Moingona, and is now deputy in the post office, Boone, Iowa.

Miss Mary Clemmer Tracy, '94, is teaching in the public school, West Haven, Conn.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The first issue of the College Settlement News appeared April, 1895. The first aim of the paper will be to cater to the interests of the different settlement clubs. Each month there will be given a short summary of the work of the preceding month, announcements of meetings, entertainments,
Club nights, etc., descriptive articles of new lines of work to be undertaken, and any information that might prove interesting to its readers. Club members are invited to send in contributions of short articles, and from these the best will be selected for publication. If any special capacity should be shown by any of the members in the line of literary efforts, such a member will be invited to participate in its editing. The April number contains, in addition to announcements, an account of the Starr Garden Park and the prospective Kitchen. The price of this paper is fifty cents a year; single copies five cents.

The dramatic presentation of Mary E. Wilkins' story, "A Gala Dress," given by three Wellesley girls at Denison House, April 18, was greatly enjoyed by both neighbors and residents. The parts were excellently well taken by Miss Willis, Miss Brown, and Miss Blanchard, and the old-fashioned costumes were also much admired.

The "spring fever" has attacked Tyler Street. The children are drawing their pennies out of the Stamps Savings Bank to purchase bats and balls, hoops and jumping ropes, and the attendance at the clubs is falling off as the fascination of the streets returns with the warm weather. Even in this unfavorable region of brick walls and pavements the new life of the year makes itself felt, and the longing to have part in it draws old and young out-of-doors. You dwellers among green fields, is there no part of your spring you can share with us? The fare to Wellesley is only fourteen cents now, and a few hours in Wellesley's woods and beside Wellesley's lake would be a long-remembered pleasure to many a town-tired neighbor of Denison House.

The South End Free Art Exhibition, on Washington Street, near the corner of Dover, opened Friday, April 19, with eleven hundred visitors. There are many fine pictures in the exhibition, among them two by Greuze, two by Verestchagin, one attributed to Perugino, two landscapes by Claude Monet, the large picture of the bow of an Atlantic steamship, by Albert Munsell, and a nocturnal marine piece by Ross Turner. The most remarkable painting in the collection is George De Forest Brush's new Madonna and Child, loaned by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears.
The robin picture has been taken out of the closet, where it spent the long winter, and put back again in its old place on the wall, and the kindergarten children know that spring has come. Even in Rivington Street the spring has a magic of its own; the children felt it in those first sunny days, even before the winter’s chill was gone, and demanded songs and stories about birds and flowers.

Yard day has begun again, and every Saturday morning finds the Settlement yard full of happy children, reveling in the generous possibilities of a sand pile, the joys of mud pies, or the inexhaustible delight of swinging and romping.

Several new cooking classes and a class in drawing under very competent teachers have been started recently. Twice during the past month informal lectures have been given before the residents by a friend of the Settlement, who is in close touch with the labor movement. The subjects of the lectures were: “The Coming Social Revolution,” and “The Doctrines of Proudhon.”

The engagement of Miss Emily Stewart, ’92, is announced.

Miss Clara Helmer, ’93, is taking courses in History with Professor von Holzt, at the University of Chicago.

Miss Harriet Blake, ’94, is president of an art society in Philadelphia.

Miss Marion Canfield, ’94, has organized a banjo club in the school in which she teaches, Garden City, L. I.

Miss Lydia Pennington is engaged in philanthropic work in Cleveland.

Miss Margaret Doolittle, formerly of ’93, is teaching at Gambier, O.

Miss Elizabeth White, ’93, is teaching in Evanston, Ill.

Miss May Lemer, ’93, is teaching at her home in Harrisburgh.

Miss Ora Slater, ’93, spent Sunday, March 24, at the College.

Miss Marion Mitchell played for the Wellesley Hills Woman’s Club, March 20.
Miss Gertrude Angell, '94, has been visiting Miss Campbell, '94, in Washington, Miss Foss, '94, and Miss Blake, '94, in Philadelphia, Miss Helen Drake in Boston, and spent the last days of the term at Wellesley on her way home.

The address of Mrs. Ellen Brooks Beaver is Mrs. Wm. P. Beaver, New Kensington, Penn.

Miss Harriet Merrow, '86, is teaching in the State Agricultural College, Kingston, R. I.

Miss Nancy C. George, '88, is teaching in the High School, Woburn, Mass.

Miss Cornelia Stinson, '90, is at home, 4436 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Esther Bailey, '91, is teaching in the Somerville, Mass., High School.

Miss Jane M. Furber, '92, is studying kindergarten in Boston.

Miss Sarah P. Williams, '92, is Preceptress of the Little Falls Academy, Little Falls, N. Y.

Miss Mary R. De Vou, '92, in addition to her work in the New Century Club and the Working Girls' Club, spends Tuesdays in teaching at the Froebel House, Wilmington, Del.

Miss Louise Cook, '94, is teaching in the High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Caroline Field, '94, is teaching in Belfast, Me.

Miss Stella M. Osgood, '94, is teaching at Gilmanton Iron Works, N. H.

Miss M. Grace Stone, '94, is teaching in Paris Classical Institute, Paris, Ky.
MARRIED.

Hockenberry–Hemperly.—At Myerstown, Penn., June 27, 1894, Miss M. Amelia Hemperly, '81, to Mr. J. C. Hockenberry, Superintendent of Public Schools at South Chester, Penn. Mr. and Mrs. Hockenberry sailed June 28 for Jena, Germany, where Mr. Hockenberry is spending a year's leave of absence in the study of Pedagogics.

Mall–Glover.—On Thursday, March 28, Dr. Franklin P. Mall to Mabel Stanley Glover, '92. Dr. and Mrs. Mall will spend some time in Germany during their vacation.

BORN.

August 10, 1894, a daughter, Helen Farnsworth, to Harriet Farnsworth Gulick, '87.

January 26, 1895, a daughter, Dorothy, to Mrs. Alice Day Kuntz, '87.

April 15, 1895, at Arlington, Mass., to Mrs. Lena Brown Preston, '90, a son.

DIED.

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