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The Wellesley Magazine

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THE CASE OF A CONSCIENCE.

Miss Ronald often bitterly remarked, in the course of her college career, that she had a natural talent for getting herself into trouble which was quite unparalleled, and that when there were no embarrassing and trying positions ready and waiting for her, that she could generally be relied upon to create them for herself and her friends. The truth of this remark, so often repeated, seemed particularly emphasized by an unfortunate event of her sophomore year. She always blamed herself most severely for what happened in spite of her friends' protestations that they would probably have done the same in her place. But Miss Ronald would shake her head sadly and insist that it had all been her fault, and that she was most sorry for it.

The facts of the unfortunate incident were these: and if they seem unimportant and trivial to those who are only interested in bimetallism, or the Nicaragua Canal, or the Geographical Congress, or Salisbury's new ministry, let that one remember that the point of view is everything, and to one possessed of the true college spirit, college life is of more importance than mere worldly or scientific affairs can possibly be.

It was peculiarly distressing that Mr. Perry Cunningham, who had in an already recorded manner brought much trouble upon Miss Ronald,
should again be the comparatively innocent means of getting her into an embarrassing difficulty. It was certainly with the most blameless intentions that he invited three of his especial friends to drive over to the College with him, and he considered it a great misfortune when two of them hurriedly sent him word at the last moment that they would be unable to go. He would have considered it a still greater misfortune if he could have foreseen the consequences of their unavoidable absence.

As it was, he drove over with only Dalzell beside him, and the back seat of his trap empty, and was only restored to cheerfulness by the very cordial welcome which Miss Ronald and her special friend, Miss Berthwick, gave him. After all, Mr. Perry Cunningham always claimed that it was really Dalzell’s fault, because as that youth had never been to the College before, Miss Ronald and Miss Berthwick insisted upon his seeing it most exhaustively; and after he had been led through endless corridors and into an appalling number of rooms and out upon piazzas, the young women said most positively that he must see the grounds, and the boathouse, and lake, and a great many equally interesting and remote objects. And it was as they leisurely emerged from the porte-cochère, on their way for a look at the tennis courts and the Art Building, that they unfortunately caught sight of the trap and horses where they had been left standing.

"Why not drive over?" suggested Cunningham, eagerly.

"That’s a most brilliant idea of yours, Cunningham," remarked Dalzell, cheerfully; "and I consider it particularly stupid of you not to have thought of it before."

The young women agreed perfectly with the first part of Dalzell’s speech; and although driving off in a trap with young men in that cool style and before the whole college is not a thing which is customarily or safely done, still, Miss Ronald said she could see no objection to going with them as far as the Art Building.

It was after they had taken a leisurely and critical survey of the exterior of that structure, viewed from the trap, that they were tempted. Cunningham said they need only go for a short drive; and Dalzell insisted that as they were safely in, and had escaped detection and all embarrassing consequences so far, that they might as well go on and enjoy themselves thoroughly. Miss Ronald was a little doubtful, but couldn’t remember any rule which provided
for just such occasions, although she was quite sure that she would not care to have the Faculty know of it; and Miss Berthwick, who was only a Freshman, and was not supposed to be up on such matters, said that she had always heard a man was innocent until found guilty, and that she thought that covered the case. She seemed so satisfied, so content with her theory, that the others had not the heart to make any disparaging remarks. So Cunningham asked Miss Ronald if she did not think the drive to Auburndale was perhaps the prettiest to take; to which that young woman replied doubtfully that she supposed it was, and they started off.

But they never got to Auburndale. At Riverside they were tempted again. It was Dalzell that time, and he proposed that they should go canoeing. He remarked enthusiastically and confidently that he and Mr. Perry Cunningham could manage a canoe in a way to astonish Miss Berthwick and Miss Ronald, and he declared that the canoes at Riverside were exceptionally comfortable and well-built, and that it was the poetry of motion to lie back on easy cushions and glide along in a skillfully managed boat.

But Miss Ronald was very firm—at first—and said that it couldn’t be thought of, and that they must go back immediately.

"Don’t you care!" urged Cunningham. "It is awfully pretty farther down the river, and Dalzell and I will give you a jolly good row. After all, what’s the difference between driving and canoeing? It’s just a difference in manner of locomotion."

"And they are both just like heat or light, or any of those harmless things,—‘a mode of motion,’" put in Dalzell plausibly and eagerly.

But Miss Ronald said she thought that she and Miss Berthwick had already provided enough trouble for themselves by going out without permission, or even the formal announcement that they had gone, and that she felt especially responsible for Miss Berthwick, who was only a Freshman; to which that young woman replied that her friend need not worry about her, and that if one could stand being a Freshman, any little additional trouble was of no moment, and that for herself she preferred to take her pleasure first, and to trust to Providence to escape all evil consequences.

It was very late when they drove back, and the conversation, which had been spasmodically gay, languished perceptibly as they neared the lodge gates. At the Art Building Miss Ronald said, with as much dignity as she
could assume, that she would not trouble Mr. Cunningham to drive them farther.

"I'm sure," remonstrated that young man, "that it will be better to take you on up."

"No, thank you," insisted Miss Ronald, in a sadly firm tone. "We will get down here, if you please."

So the two guests, in a politely mournful way, assisted the young women to get down; and there was much hand-shaking, and lifting of hats, and mutual expressions of pleasure and the hope that no complications would arise.

At the door Miss Ronald hesitated for an instant. She would very much have liked to go around and get to her own room by a less public entrance; but she thought it rather cowardly of her, and so she marched bravely in, with Miss Berthwick walking rather dejectedly by her side. Fortunately they did not encounter any one, and Miss Ronald felt much relieved in a guilty way.

They talked it over for a long while that night,—so long, in fact, that their light was burning an hour after it should have been out,—and they agreed that they had done something of which they were very much ashamed; and they half wished, in a melancholy way, that they had been found out and made to answer for their misdeeds. They assured themselves that if they did not go and offer an explanation of the whole affair, it was only because they would forever regard the episode and their lucky escape as a sort of awful warning, and that in future there would be no repetition of such an offense. With such virtuous resolutions they turned off their light in some trepidation when they realized the lateness of the hour.

.

It was about half past nine the following evening, and Miss Ronald was standing in her dressing room, brushing her hair and gesticulating with the brush at intervals as she talked through the portière to Miss Berthwick, sitting idly by the table in the study beyond.

"It's no use trying to keep one's silver things clean; they will tarnish, and there is no time——" she was saying, when there was a knock at the door.
She went quickly to the portières, and as she drew them aside she saw at the door, which Miss Berthwick had thrown open, the well-known face of Miss Holtayne, an instructor and a strict disciplinarian greatly feared and looked up to. There was a moment’s awkward pause, and then she heard Miss Berthwick, with a premonitory note of tragedy in her voice, saying:

“Miss Holtayne! Do come in! How kind of you ——” The words died away in an inaudible murmur.

Miss Holtayne came into the room and stood by the table.

“I would like to speak with Miss Ronald,” she said, in her quietly severe tones.

That young lady hastily wound up her long hair and came forward.

“This is a great pleasure,” she began, smiling in a troubled fashion, and pushing a chair hospitably toward Miss Holtayne. But that lady waved it aside, and took her stand uncompromisingly by the table. As she was very tall this gave her an unfair advantage, and Miss Ronald suddenly felt the utter helplessness of her situation.

“Miss Ronald,” began the older woman, with a touch of severity in her manner, “I have been much surprised and disturbed to learn ——”

But the girl stopped her with a quick gesture. All her pride rose up. She could not stand there and be accused like that, and cross-questioned, perhaps, she said hotly to herself. She was not quite that cowardly. She would tell all there was to be told, herself.

“Don’t say anything to me just yet,” she said, turning to Miss Holtayne, with a little gasp. “I would rather tell you myself all about it, and take the consequences. Miss Berthwick is not to blame—I ought to have known better,—it was my fault entirely. But you see we did not expect to go at all. You will believe it was not planned. The men just came over to call, and then some way we started off to drive—and then Riverside—perhaps you don’t know how pretty it is at Riverside, Miss Holtayne? And those two boys can manage a canoe beautifully—and we, of course, did not intend to stay so late. It was late—awfully—when we got back, and I am extremely sorry, I assure you, for the whole thing.”

She hesitated, and looked up from the silver brush which she had been twisting nervously in her hands, to Miss Holtayne. As she did so, the look of puzzled surprise in that lady’s face stopped her suddenly and completely.
"It was last night we went off driving with two men," she began recklessly and insistently, after a moment's pause. "We went—"

And then Miss Holtayne showed that if she were a strict disciplinarian and a hard examiner, she was also a "thoroughbred." She put up her hand quickly.

"Wait," she said to the girl. "I don't know anything about that story, and I don't want to. I didn't come here for that. I came to say that your light was burning very late last night, and that I would like you to be more punctual about retiring."

She held out her hand to the two girls. "Good night," she said, kindly. "I hope you will sleep well."

As she turned away from the lamplight, Miss Ronald saw an amused smile creep over her shadowed face. Miss Berthwick closed the door after Miss Holtayne, and then came over to the table and stood in awed silence, looking down at Miss Ronald, who had sunk weakly into a chair.

"Wasn't Miss Holtayne simply great?" demanded the Freshman, enthusiastically, after a moment's pause.

"I should say so," assented Miss Ronald, mournfully; "and we are her slaves for the rest of our college course, and it was a very narrow escape, and a most instructive lesson to us; but the thing that impresses me most about it all, is the danger and undesirability of a too-sensitive conscience."

Abbe Carter Goodloe, '89.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Among the late poets of America classed as minor poets, we find the name of Edward Rowland Sill. The fact that he has been until recently so little read and known is not due to the inferiority of his verse, but rather to the fact that he wrote too little, and died at the very beginning of his more serious literary career.

His life was seemingly a quiet one, and his greatest struggles were those of mind rather than of fortune. For this reason his poems tell the story of his real life far better than the few events we know. He was born in Windsor, Conn., in 1841, and there he passed his boyhood. In 1861 he graduated at Yale College, and afterwards engaged in business in California.
He returned to New England in 1867, and studied for a time at Harvard University, intending to enter the ministry.

About this time he became dissatisfied with the life around him, and finding that theology did not meet the demands of his nature, he gave it up. He disliked the conventionality and heartlessness of the life and religion which he saw, and endeavored to seek relief in a more active life of work. He accepted a position as editor on the New York *Evening Mail*, and brought out at that time the only book of poems published by himself,—"The Hermitage, and Other Poems,"—which contains his poetic work before 1868. About that time he married a Miss Sill, of Ohio, who was his cousin. Later, he became the principal of an academy in Ohio; and in 1871 he returned to California, and taught in the Oakland High School. His success as a teacher was great, due largely to his stimulative influence and to his deep sympathy.

In 1874 he became professor of English Literature in the University of California, and began to do more distinctly literary work, writing for magazines and periodicals. He returned to Ohio in 1883, and gave his entire time to literary work. The remainder of his life he lived in the beautiful Sill homestead, in the village of Cuyahoga Falls. He lived quietly, doing much good by bringing brightness and beauty into the lives of those around him.

He was fond of music and flowers; genial, modest, and approachable by every one. His home was a constant source of delight and of culture to his neighbors and friends. He died on August 22, 1887, and it is said that he "went out of the sight of men, singing on the way." He had let his verses go so freely that they appeared in the magazines with his signature for several months after his death.

The keen, tender sympathy of the man can be easily traced in all that he wrote. His nature must have been one of rare delicacy and insight, for he saw clearly and deeply into the problem of human life, with its mystery and its beauty. The tender, ready sympathy, combined with his delicate poetic instinct, made him a man whose nobility was shown in his life as well as in his poetry. As one reads his poems one is conscious that he was intensely serious and questioning, and that his poems are not mere speculations, but that every word is based upon real experience. He wrote in
various moods and on many and entirely different subjects, but all his poems are on the two great themes,—the problem of life, and the beauty of nature.

Life with its purpose and its meaning was, especially in his early life, a great mystery to him. He felt its seriousness, and felt it so deeply that he could not be satisfied to take it calmly and placidly. He longed to know the meaning, which he could not understand, and which he felt must be understood if he was to make his life what it should be. In one of his earlier poems he cries to the stars:

"Unseal, unseal the secret that ye keep;  
Is it not time to tell us why we live?"

Life then seemed to him terrible, and,—

"In its whole blood-written history,  
Only a feverish strife;  
In its beginning a mystery,  
In its wild ending an agony."

Yet through it all he even then realized that we

"Are drifting rapidly,  
And floating silently,  
Into that unknown sea—  
Into Eternity."

While he was in this early state of bewilderment and unrest he longed to separate himself from men, and to be alone with nature, and to hear "The one clear, perfect note of solitude." Although he always loved quiet far better than the noise and strife of active life, and always found solace in the quiet woods and hills, he came to a far nobler conception of life. The closing line of the poem "Recall," "Let the man's mind awake to manhood's power," shows the higher, stronger view which he later held.

Even after realizing the fuller meaning of life Mr. Sill at times deeply felt the weariness and hopelessness of it all. Yet he came to see the ultimate good, and to believe in the Divine guidance of the smallest things. He says:

"The earth ship swings  
Along the sea of fate to grander things."

His optimism was the sort which is the result of experience, and which Mr. Royce says is gained by a true insight into the heart of things.
Mr. Sill believed strongly in experience, and in the experience which comes from work in the world and from contact with men. Loving peace as he did, he cried:

"Take thy place in the crowded land,
Self-centered in free self-command.
Let thy manhood leave behind
The narrow ways of the lesser mind."

He felt that all which is best in men's lives was the result of struggle, and that through the "troubled dreams" man comes to the "holier ones." All life was for him a sort of discipline. Even friendship was to teach something higher. In the beautiful little poem "Retrospect" he exquisitely expresses his belief in the blessedness of experience. He says:

"But loves and hopes have left us in their place,
Thank God! a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in his good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to which we climb."

Just as he felt that all which is of most value in life comes from experience, so he believed that all misery, unhappiness, and sorrow is caused by the self; that,

"There is no natural grief or sin;
'Tis we have flung the pall,
And brought the sound of sorrow in."

"The Fool's Prayer," so earnest in its meaning, shows how, with all the sensitiveness of his poetic soul, he felt the harshness and discord in life; the purity which is hidden, and the good which is unrecognized; the sad blunders and errors of human judgment.

He had a high and noble conception of God; a belief in his goodness, truth, love, and greatness. He saw the broken image of God regathered in the human soul. He continually and pathetically cries for more faith, yet he was sure of God's love, and looked upon death, which he did not understand, as benevolent. His idea of death in "Among the Redwoods" seems much like Shelley's:

"— a resolving back again
Into the world's deep soul: this is a kind
Of quiet, happy death, untouched by pain
Or sharp reluctance."
Mr. Sill’s interest in nature was only second to his interest in the awful problem of life. He loved nature with all the intensity of his great, strong soul, and saw in it more than appears to the casual observer. With the keen, penetrative power of the poet, he discerned the unseen beauty and hidden meaning of it all. It was always the purest and calmest that most appealed to him.

"The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
In stars, and flowers, and waters where they roll;
The unheard music whose faint echoes even,
Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
Thereafter, till he follow it to heaven."

He was unusually sensitive to all color,—to every change and least difference in shade. In describing a bubble he notices all the different tints:

"A hundred rainbows danced and swung
Upon its surface, as it hung
In films of changing color rolled,—
Crimson, and amethyst, and gold,
With faintest streaks of azure sheen,
And curdling rivulets of green."

The light, transparent colors appealed to him more than any others, unless it was the soft, dim, hazy, nameless hues, which were suggestive of the quiet he so loved. The azure and amber effects are most common, and he saw these colors in everything,—from the “azure ripples” to the “azure mountains” of California.

He was easily affected by climate, and loved the South far better than the cold North. Often he imagines the North longing for the South. Just as he loved peace and quiet, so he loved the hills better than the sea. He says of the ocean:

"Thy dumb moan saddens me; let me go back
And listen to the silence of the hills."

It was probably because of this love of quiet that he was much more successful in his pictures of repose than in those of action. In the “Hermitage,” his greatest nature poem, he has several descriptions of woods and outdoor life. Those showing life and motion seem to me to be crowded and overloaded with detail. One, describing his surroundings at night, when “there is no sound except the sleepless brook,” is exceptionally good. He
gives the whole atmosphere of quiet and repose with just enough detail to suggest the picture to the reader.

He loved everything in nature; especially the "dear old earth," and his mood was unusually responsive to nature. But he did not falsely read his own feelings into nature. His poem "Faith" shows his delicate sensitiveness and discrimination. His imagination was quick and lofty. In "Field Notes" and "The Venus of Milo" there are some of the most beautiful of his pure, imaginative expressions. The closing lines of "Field Notes" is especially good in its delicate and fanciful imagery:

"And now the close of this fair day was come;
The bay grew duskier on its purple floor,
And the long curve of foam
Drew its white net along a dimmer shore.
Through the fading saffron light,
Through the deepening shade of even,
The round earth rolled into the summer night,
And watched the kindling of the stars in heaven."

"The Redwoods," too, has much fancy in it, as, indeed, have most of his poems. But it is not tiresome or overwrought. It is the result of his intense love of nature. Many passages like the following show a more penetrative imagination, which seems to be the result of his serious thought about life:

"Oh, if a man could be but as a star,
Having his place appointed, here to rise,
And there to set, unchanged by earthly change,
Content if it can guide some wandering bark,
Or be a beacon to some homesick soul!"

He does not personify nature in a tiresome manner, nor overload his poems with distinct similes. Many of his single expressions are unusually good, and he often uses a sort of suggestive simile. The elegiac poem "Home" has some beautiful lines, which make all nature to sympathize with the scene:

"There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er,
And touches its still face tenderly."

The music of Mr. Sill's poetry is scarcely less beautiful than the thought. He uses a variety of verse forms, and uses them well. His late
poems are almost faultless in form. He seems to have had a keenly sensitive ear, and in several places the rhythm is exquisite. The effect of both rhythm and motion is especially good in these lines, from "A Tropical Morning at Sea":—

"Swung to sleep by the swaying water,
Only to dream all day..."

He was, indeed, a poet of rare genius, and one who was capable of true and deep feeling, and who could express his feelings in language both imaginative and musical. His own life seems scarcely less earnest and beautiful than what he calls real life:—

"Yea, that is life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered and thy crown is won."

Emma Phinney, '95.

THE DAY DEAD.

Golden clouds of the sunset west
Turned wan and gray;
Quivering grass that the wind had pressed,
And quivering, smiled, when the sun caressed,
Low, sorrowing lay.
Flowers saddened, and closing, sighed
When the day died.

s. c. w., '95.

WAS HE WISE?

"The vast sea of beauty,—the vast sea of beauty,"—the classic phrase had been running in his mind all night. The opera was a strange place to be quoting Plato, he thought, with a smile, and it showed what a studious recluse he had been; in fact, how one-sided he had grown in his retirement.

Below them, on the stage, Marguerite had found the jewel box in the garden, and was caroling out her dainty, girlish delight. "I am fair! I am fair!" she sang, and twisted a gold chain round her neck. Twenty years before, he remembered, he had seen Faust. He was a small boy then, and
had gone with his mother. He remembered how he had almost cried with fear of the cruel-looking man in red, who always appeared with flames.

"I am fair! I am fair!" still sang the yellow-haired village maiden. Could she really think that if she looked up at his box?

Shyly he glanced round at his companion and gave a little satisfied sigh. The lights, and the dainty gowns, and the pretty stage garden, and the delicate music sank into a low harmony of sight and sound. It filled his sensitive, aesthetic nature with a vague, dreamlike pleasure. Then the doctor leaned back and took a long, eager glance. The lady sat a little in front of him, her chair turned so that she almost faced him as she watched the stage. It was a white, clear-cut face that was turned toward him. It had a broad, smooth forehead and deep blue eyes. It was patrician, and perhaps a little cold, but withal there was a wonderful spirituality about it that we see in some rare, saintly faces. The soft, light hair was coiled high at the back of the head. The doctor wondered if she ever wore it in two long braids when she was a little girl. What a glorious Marguerite she would make, he thought. And he fancied her in the same graceful blue gown that matched her eyes so strangely, listening at the cottage window to the tender "Margarita!" from the garden. But who should be Faust and call the "Margarita?" Suddenly the young doctor pulled his chair forward sharply, and gazed straight at the stage for many minutes. He stared ahead, and saw nothing but a whirl of light and figures. But the thought still crowded into his mind, "Who should be Faust?" At last he yielded to the witchery of the music and the persistent suggestion of the garden scene; he gave himself up to this wild, happy resolve—he would aspire to be her Faust. As for his love,—would not the daisies always tell her the sweet truth? So the curtain fell on the stage world, and a new rose light streamed through the world that the doctor inhabited.

The evening wore away; the curtain was up for the last act. The lights were low on the stage, and instead of the garden and cottage were the bare walls of a prison. Marguerite was pale and grief-worn. Faust stood by, bowed with remorse,—Faust, whose love had blighted, as the curse of Mephistopheles blighted the flowers.

A new analogy forced itself upon the professor's mind. If his love should ever wither her in any way! Instantly, like a sudden darkness,
came the thought of his poverty. He was still in debt for his university course. He knew he was talented; he hoped that some day his chemical work would win him fortune and scientific fame. But now,—yes, there was no doubt that chemical experiments took a great deal of money, and his salary as lecturer was a very modest one. He had seen women sacrificed to poverty before,—had seen them grow worn and old with the cares of the poor. He realized that poverty means more to a woman, and especially to a wife, than to a man; that to a man it means economy and certain material deprivations, but to his wife it means mental stagnation, or, at the best, a stunted culture. Little by little he fought his way through the strength of his love and the impatience of his youth, and, like the brave man and true that he was, he vowed that he would wait to tell Marguerite of his love until he could offer her a name of renown and a home worthy of her grace.

The curtain fell, leaving deep despair in the scene behind it. Some of the gloom was reflected in the professor's own mind. The rosy light had dulled a great deal, for there were long, toilsome, perhaps unsuccessful years ahead of him. But his honorable resolve was taken, and he was not the one to regret it. He turned with a gay remark to the lady in blue and to the others of their party, and no one knew why he looked so worn and tired that night.

Two, three years passed. The chemist lectured and worked untiringly. He and Marguerite were very friendly, and saw each other when her social engagements and his profession granted time. A few years more, and the pure-faced Marguerite was married. She consulted her friend the doctor in planning the details of the wedding, and his assistance was always at her service.

The chemist's name began to appear very often in the scientific magazines. Lecturers quoted him as an authority on chemical subjects. He published a book which brought him in a large income. But still he boarded in the same plain little house, and gave away money with reckless generosity. He had many friends, but he seldom entered their social gatherings; even they thought he was absorbed in his science.

A few months ago the great chemist died. Two of his fellow-professors were looking through his study afterwards, to decide what should be done with the great library. There were books piled on books; the floor and
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table were strewn with pamphlets and great, dusty tomes. In the midst of all the learned disorder, in a corner opposite the desk, the friends spied a strange thing,—strange for such a man as the dead professor. It was a statuette of Faust and Marguerite. Marguerite was pulling the daisy petals: "He loves me, he loves me not; he loves me, he loves me not; he loves me." The last petal was in her hand, and Marguerite was looking shyly into the face of her lover.

"Strange, isn't it?" said one, after they had looked silently awhile. "How did he come to buy such a thing as that?"

"I wonder what it meant to him!" said the other.

MARGARET YOUNG HENRY, '97.

SOME MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

WITH A PACK TRAIN.

We were well on our way to the snow line. Our pack train wound in and out among the trees, the sleepy-eyed ponies we rode stopping now and then to snatch a bite of grass, or stepping awkwardly and deliberately over a log, which no amount of urging could make them leap. In the mountains even the horses are independent.

At the head of the pack rode the truest of backwoodsmen—Peter Stump by name. His face, under the slouch hat he wore, was as brown and weather-beaten as sun and wind could make it. It was crossed and recrossed with lines of toil and hardship, and yet it had preserved an almost childlike expression about the drooping mouth and deep-set black eyes, and the expression suited him oddly, as a child's hat or garment might have done. There never was a better pair of shoulders than those nature had allotted to Peter Stump. In looking at his shoulders you could forgive him anything—and there was much to forgive.

We rode along a blind trail that led through a forest of red pines set far apart in a carpet of grass and flowers; over slopes where the green of the grass shaded into sweeps of purple lupin or scarlet Indian pink; through vistas beyond which rose the snowy dome of Adams, clear cut against an ocean-deep blue sky.
But hark! That was neither the wind in the pine tops, nor the rushing of the distant White Salmon, but a shower of blows and curses aimed by Peter Stump at some overladen cayuse.

"I'll beat the hide off your worthless back! I'll break every bone in your body! I'll ——" And the sound died away in a confusion of yells, and blows, and curses. The animal had sunk beneath its bulky pack. We left it, stripped of its burden, alone in that Eden of flowers.

But the tumult of rage and grief in Peter Stump's face did not subside that day. He told us with set teeth how much he had lost by the trip. He swore never to make another such an one after he had brought us down from the mountain.

"But," he said, and his face was as simple as a child's, "I ain't agone to go back on my contract, if I lose every horse in the pack. That's the way I was raised." And I believe it.

He came for us. We saw his great frame mounted on the foremost of his horses away down the mountain side. We complained a little that he had brought only two side saddles after promising six; but no man can keep all his promises. It was enough that he had promised at all. So argued our backwoodsman, with honesty written in every line of his irascible, weather-beaten face.

"And now you ladies all mount and ride off a little ways, and then I'll know how many horses is left to pack."

This after a vain attempt to solve the problem mentally. We obeyed, not wishing to question the expediency of the solution. What is arithmetic compared with forest lore? Then we journeyed down the steep slope, safe guided along cliff and over torrent, till evening found us in the valley.

A CASE OF SNOW-BLINDNESS.

We were crossing the first steep snow field on Mt. Adams, steadying ourselves with our alpenstocks, and at every step sinking ankle deep into the melting snow. The "Little Major" and I, dressed for climbing, and with faces protected from the fierce glare of the sun by veils and cold cream, followed in the rear of the company.
South of us were innumerable hills, shaded from green to blue and from blue to purple, with Hood standing sentinel over all; while above us was the great white dome of our chosen host among mountains, clear cut against a wonderfully blue sky. The view was so wide and varied that I had forgotten my smoked glasses till the experienced mountaineer who walked ahead, turned and advised me to put them on immediately. I hesitated, arguing that my eyes were strong. Then followed such a vivid and detailed description of the suffering and danger of snow-blindness that my hand slipped into my pocket of its own accord, and the glasses were astride my nose before I could form an answer.

After a while—perhaps it was my imagination—it seemed that everything was gradually growing dim before me. The mountains south of us assumed a uniform grayness of color, and even the heights of Adams, so distinct in that thin atmosphere, lost their dazzling whiteness. Some one discovered the top of Mt. St. Helens peeping over a ledge at the left, and there were erics of delight and admiration. But, though I strained my eyes in looking, I could see nothing at all.

Across the snow field, a few hundred feet, was a ridge of broken rock. I determined to reach this ridge before telling the others of my terrible misfortune, for I knew I was struck with snow-blindness. I imagined that my eyeballs burned like living coals, and I felt I should probably lose my sight altogether, or meet death in descending the mountain. It was an awful half hour.

And now even the footholds made by those ahead had grown indistinct. I kept behind, leaning back against the mountain side at each step, stumbling, half-falling, and catching myself again with my trusty alpenstock, but keeping on somehow till at last we reached the ridge. I sank upon a rock, trembling with fear and nervous excitement.

"Isn't St. Helens glorious from here!" exclaimed the "Little Major," as she perched herself on a rock beside me, crossing her gaitered feet and letting her broad hat fall back on her neck.

"I can't see it," I gasped.

"Try wiping your glasses," suggested the experienced mountaineer.

I snatched the cause of all the trouble from my eyes, and looked away off at the valleys with their tiny thread-like rivers, and up at the snowy
mountains beyond, and back at the "Major's" round, laughing face with its ridiculous sunburnt nose and background of wavy brown hair, and said, as I wiped the thick layer of cold cream from my glasses, "I mean that I can't see it that way,—Mt. Hood is so much finer."

Winifred Watson, '96.

HAMMOCK SKETCHES.

I.

The hammock hung beneath the large cherry tree in the farthest corner of the yard. It was a remarkable hammock. Once bright blue, with stuffed pillow and gay fringe, it had been strengthened and remodeled by the sailors, and its blue so dulled by the rain, that it now had a style and color of its own. It was a willful hammock, and had to be managed very carefully, for its tricks had turned out more than one rough handler. But how comfortable it could be, how luxurious and yielding! The cherry tree threw a constant shade over the corner where it hung. The lily flags and rose bushes screened one side, and a white-paled fence the other. Beyond stretched a broad field of corn, now cut and tied in glistening, sun-baked stacks. The spot was dark, cool, and enticing. What wonder that it was seldom unoccupied! What wonder that the hammock was wise, and had many stories to tell me!

"So you really go to-morrow?"

The time was nine o'clock in the evening; the speaker, a tall young woman in a shirt waist, with brown hair coiled tightly, and brown eyes shining in the moonlight; the scene, the hammock under the cherry tree. Beside her sat a curly haired young college student, whom she addressed.

"Yes; I've got to begin grinding again. I hate the idea."

"I thought you liked work."

"I do; but you see, I've had such a fine time, and it's so hard to break from the house and you all."

"The first days are hard, but you'll soon grow used to it. We'll all miss you; and I, what shall I do without my boy? Who will always play croquet with me when time hangs heavy? Who'll always praise my music,
and say he likes it when the others have stopped pretending? Who'll stay by me when the older men have left for more attractive girls? Who else can be so patient and long-suffering? And who, oh! who will tie my necktie?

"How absurd you are! As if everyone didn't love to hear you play; and as if—but it's too absurd to say more. Besides, it's mean of you to laugh when I'm so blue."

"Are you blue, boy? Come, be gay; it's your last night, you know. To-morrow you will fly away to dust, and noise, and work; so different from these fields and trees, this quiet, and this irresistible laziness. Do you realize that, my young friend? It has been a pleasant summer, has it not, and I am so sorry that it is over. Do you know that you are quite a different boy from the one I first saw? You were so shy, and acted as if you thought people were pricing your clothes. And now you are quite bold,—almost too impertinent at times. Don't look hurt; impertinence becomes you, I think, though its poor policy to tell you so. Why don't you talk? Don't you hear me chattering away to keep up your spirits? Stop looking at the moon, and talk to me."

"Certainly; anything to please you this last night. Only, it's hard to shake off a little natural melancholy, you know. What shall I talk about?"

"About anything—about yourself."

"Really, shall I?"

"Yes, really, you shall."

"Well, I am going away to-morrow."

"Weighty fact, but I knew that."

"I am very sorry to go."

"Good again, but I also knew that."

"And I am especially sorry to leave you."

"Well, I am not sure but I knew that."

"I am simply overcome with grief."

"Are you, my poor boy?"

"But I am, without joking. You don't believe me, my adopted cousin?"

"Oh yes, I do. Am I not overcome with grief to have you go?"

"Please don't, Cousin Bess; I never was more serious in my life."
"My dear boy, don't let us be serious; you quite frighten me."

"But I will be serious. You told me to talk of myself, and I will now with a vengeance. I have to go to-morrow, but I feel as if I couldn't break away. You have been so good to me, though you do have an awkward way of making fun of me—if you smile now, I shall be angry."

"I am not smiling."

"I know that I am some four years younger than you—not twenty yet! So I realize that it is all very absurd. I even try to laugh at it myself sometimes. Oh, I know what you would say—a month at college will make me forget! Well, maybe it will; I am no different from other boys, I suppose. But it does no harm for me to tell you that I am devoted to you, does it—that I mind leaving you above everyone else?"

"Don't rattle off your words so; don't speak so defiantly. Indeed I will not make fun of you; that would be cruel, and I am not that, though I do laugh too much."

"Cruel! I should think not. You are always kind and gentle; you always do what is right; it's only my absurd sensitiveness."

"I am not different from other girls. Do you not know that to boys of your age, we girls seem a wonder of tactfulness?"

"I remember everything you say, and think of it afterwards, you see. If you only knew how I feel—quite maudlin. I thought I wouldn't make myself so soft and silly by telling you, when we are such good friends, but I can't help it. I know I am making a fool of myself, but I would do it again. You'll forgive me? I couldn't live without your friendship."

"Oh yes, you could. There's nothing to forgive, Cousin Tom."

"Then you will let me tell you how I wish to be where you are,—how I wish to please you,—how invaluable your opinion is to me? Cousin Bess, your boy is your slave; he is, indeed. He will work so hard this winter that his professors will wonder at the sudden fire of ambition that has been kindled in him; and if, perhaps at the end of five years, he has made any success in his own little world, you can look at him proudly and think that you did it all."

"Not half, for the foundation is there. But that's the way to talk. I ought to say I'm sorry that you've been sentimental with me, I suppose, but I am not. Perhaps it gives me an exalted feeling as if I could do you
good, like the girls in books; or perhaps it only appeals to my vanity and selfishness, you know. And now that you have talked about yourself,—but not a bit gayly, you sinner,—let us be gay in earnest, or, better, let us go on the porch and give your true cousins a little of your company; come."

"If you will—but it is so lovely down here—and—I go to-morrow. Why, your eyes are full of tears!"

"Are they? You didn't know that you had touched my stony heart. Or perhaps it is the effect of the moon, which they say makes us silly. It's so seldom, you see, that any one likes me."

"If you talk like that, I will tell you out and out that I——"

"Come, my boy; it really is time we joined the others."

II.

"Hush-a-bye, my little pickaninny,
Brudder rabbit'll catch you if you don't.
Slumber on the bosom of yo' ol' mammy Ginny;
Mammy's goin' to squat you if you don't."

It was noon of a very hot day. In the hammock were three small figures, sitting side by side: a little white boy in ruffled pink blouse and embroidered necktie, and two little darkies in nondescript clothes of a nondescript color, very much like that of their bare arms and legs. The white boy held a banjo, which he was plunking, while, with limpid eyes rolled up, he drawled out the words above. The other two watched him with momentarily widening mouths, and eyes also rolled up in sympathy and admiration.

"Who learned you to play it—who learned you to sing the song?"

"Brother Tom showed me the chords, and he sings the song fine; you ought to hear him."

"Sing it again. Doesn't you want to hear it again, Frankey?"

"Yes. Shing her again, Willie."

The song was repeated. Frankey and Hatty squirmed and clapped their hands with flattering relish.

"That's real fine," said Hatty.

"Pooh! that's easy," answered Will, the banjo player. "You should see cousin May, her fingers fly up and down so fast, and she makes it trill like this,—see. Take your elbow out of the way, Hatty." Will began scraping his finger on one of the strings, shaking his whole body and twitch-
ing like a young sufferer from palsy. "Only I don't do it right, you know. It's hard, you know. But I can sing any number of songs. Have you heard me sing 'O my honey, tell me true?' It's a sweetheart song. It goes:—

"O my honey, tell me true,
If you love me as I love you."

"Give it to me to hold a minute. I won't do no harm to it. I kin sing a song too, can't I, Frankey."
"Hatty kin sing 'Ol' time 'ligion.'"
"Well, I would, you see, only it belongs to Cousin May, and she might not like it. There, I guess she won't mind, and I'll watch that it doesn't drop."

The banjo was reluctantly given up.
"O-o! it's so heavy—it hurts."
"Now, you see, put that hand up there and strike the strings with this hand, so. How funny you do it! Now sing. Ho ho! you certainly do make me laugh, only it isn't your fault, you know. Now sing."
"'O de ol' time religeon, it jess suit me!' Whee! what make the strings sound so. Stop yo laughin', Frankey. What make the strings sound so, Willie?"
"Because you don't do it right, of course, Jimesy! I never heard such noise. I guess it feels sick when you take it. My, I'm almost sore with laughing."
"Le' me take it—O pl-e-ase, Hatty."
"Kin I give it to Frankey?"
"Yes; let Frankey try. It's kinder mean, you know, for us to play and not let him try. But I believe he's almost too little to hold it."
"No; I ain't. I kin hold it good."
"All right. Ha ha! He looks funnier than you, Hatty. Let me keep hold of the end. Now run your finger across so."
"Willie!" The giggling suddenly choked off, and three pairs of eyes looked up in surprise at the astonished face in the window. "Willie, take those dirty children out of the hammock. Bring Cousin May's banjo in the house, and don't take it out again. Mamma'll have to punish you for this!"
"We haven't done a bit of harm. Not one of the strings are broken, even."

"What did mamma say? Leave those children and come to me."

"I don't care; we haven't done any harm." He bit his lips to keep from sobbing outright, and turned his brimming eyes on his whimpering companions. "It isn't anything to cry about. She's not going to whip me. She's really right, because, if we sat here all the time it would wear the hammock out, and it belongs to Cousin May. And I might have broken one of the strings, you know. Stop crying, Hatty, or I'll cry too. And you are not dirty a bit. She didn't mean that, you know. I don't care, we've had piles of fun." And he walked up to be punished.

Dorothy Allen.

TO A CLOUD.

O thou lazy, lang'rous thing,
Floating light on airy wing
    Thro' the sky;
Like a bank of glittering snow,
Sinking soft, majestic, slow,
    There on high!
Like an anthem, music-filled—
Like a sweet air, faintly trilled—
    Yet ever lost;
Full of rest and calm thou art,
Bringing peace to sadden'd heart
    And tempest toss'd.
Downy pillow'd on thy breast,
Weary Phoebus sinks to rest
    As night draws nigh;
Thro' thy portals, open wide,
Silver-sheen'd the morn doth glide,
    In heaven high.

M. O. Malone, '98.

THE FLIGHT FROM ALPHEN BRIDGE.

It was the spring after the great freshet. The floods of the year before had whirled away the old wooden bridge over the Yough, and in its place the good people of Alphen had built a slender, graceful structure of iron.
The high spans of the new bridge became apparently an inspiration to some hitherto unevoked genius among the staid townspeople. At any rate, it soon began to be whispered about that the town contained a second Darius Greene. He seemed, indeed, to be of a somewhat more ambitious type than his unlucky predecessor, since his flight was to be made from the highest point of the new bridge. Whether his inventive genius was also of a higher order remained to be seen.

Where the first faint whisper came from, or who was responsible for the rumor, no one could discover. The aspiring Darius lived through all the gossip and conjecturing, unknown and unnamed. If, at times, big Capt. Ben Sampson did have a knowing twinkle in his little gray eyes when people talked about the matter, no one was any the wiser; for Captain Ben’s eyes were given to twinkling knowingly. Even sharp old Mrs. Wiggins was unable to tell more about the affair than ordinary people. That was rather remarkable, too, because Mrs. Wiggins usually knew twice as much about things as other people, though she herself could not abide gossip.

But Mrs. Wiggins did not have much faith in the story anyway. “If you think,” said she to Captain Ben, “that any sane person, in face o’ the moral o’ that Darius Greene poem, is going to fool any more with flyin’ machines, you must think a sight less o’ the hoss sense o’ human natur’ than I do.” Having delivered herself of this optimistic remark, Mrs. Wiggins folded her hands complacently, and “thanked her stars” that she was no kin of such a “lunertic” anyway, whoever he might be.

Big Captain Ben innocently agreed with her, as that was always the safest thing to do. But his eyes fairly twinkled under the broad brim of his soft, gray hat, and he laughed to himself all the way down to his boat.

The townspeople were divided in their opinion of the story. The doubting ones shook their heads in a dignified way, and said that it was nonsense; the credulous ones thought that they were going to be eye-witnesses of a memorable event; and the wise ones did not commit themselves to any opinion. But the wonderful morning found the inhabitants of the town seeking places that commanded a good view of the bridge. I do not mean to say, to be sure, that the whole town turned out in the expectation of seeing a man fly from their new bridge. Old Mrs. Wiggins, for example, went to pay a visit to her nephew’s wife, of whom she had
taken no notice for more than a year. Her nephew, to be sure, lived in full sight of the bridge, but that was a mere accident. As for pompous Squire Elkins, he had to examine his wharf-landings that morning to see about certain repairs, which, by the way, were not made until five years later.

Be all this as it may, when Captain Ben approached the bridge a little before twelve that day, he saw a goodly part of the inhabitants of Alphen crowding the bridge and the banks of the river. The small boys were simply bubbling over with excitement and wild speculations as to the appearance of the man and his flying machine. The dignitaries of the town lingered half sheepishly by, talking together of indifferent matters.

Captain Ben saw a group of his own particular friends on the steps of the Frisby House, and his eyes beamed with satisfaction at the sight. The Captain joined them, and a moment later all the whistles of the town began to shriek their noontide blasts. Scarcely had the noise subsided, when a stir of movement on the bridge seemed at last to promise satisfaction to the open-mouthed curiosity of the people.

Then suddenly the crowd diminished; not visibly, or to the eye of a chance spectator, but each individual there, separately, and in his own inner consciousness, grew smaller. For there rose from the bridge, not what they had longed to see, a man with wonderfully devised wings, but simply and solely a great white goose. It flapped awkwardly about for a few minutes, and then flew off down the river, cackling derisively the while.

Half an hour later it would have been hard to find out just what had happened at the bridge, there were so few people who remembered having been there. The people who had stayed away never got very satisfactory answers to their inquiries about the flight. Old Mrs. Wiggins has not been to see her nephew’s wife from that day to this, and it is even said that she has cut her nephew out of her will.

The only person who seemed really to enjoy the affair was big Captain Ben. He always took a wicked delight in asking his fellow-townsmen if they had seen the man fly from the new bridge. Especially did he torment his friends who had stood on the steps of the Frisby House.

Edna Violett Patterson, ’98.
FANCIES.

Full many a tale could the old moon tell,
But her secrets she still keeps well:
    How the moonbeams white,
    On a sweet June night,
Lightly dance in dusky dell.

How they slyly peer where the strawberries creep,
Safely hidden in shadows deep;
    And with sudden gleam,
    While the violets dream,
Gently kiss them all in sleep.

How they glitter and shine with a radiance bright,
Like the rainbows in diamond light,
    When the year is old,
    And the nights are cold,
And the world a ghost in white.

How they quickly peep when the dawn is near,
At old Jack Frost’s castles queer;
    How a sunbeam falls
    On the turret walls,
And dispels them all in fear.

Full many a tale could the old moon tell,
But her secrets she’ll still keep well;
    Till her shimmering light,
    On a sweet June night,
Shall have lost its magic spell.


EXTRACTS FROM HELEN HUNTSMAN’S JOURNAL.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, August 2, 18—.

“How do you like Yarmouth?” is the question with which we are invariably greeted by each old resident whom we meet. And we say we like it well, as far as we yet know its long, quiet streets, its fields of daisies and buttercups, and its glimpses of blue sea between the hills. The ocean trip on the Boston was delightful,—that is, it was delightful until Captain Stanwood unkindly remarked, as he took our tickets, that there was a
“heavy swell on.” Upon that, Aunt Harriet produced her bottle of Brush’s Remedy for Seasickness, and I raised my eyes from the beautiful, broad wake the ship was making, with a queer little feeling of lonesomeness in my throat; for although I am very fond of Aunt Harriet, and think it very good of her to invite me to take this trip, still, there are people and people, and one can’t help thinking of that when one is starting on a four-weeks’ vacation, especially, I believe, if it is a sea voyage. But we slept beautifully, notwithstanding the swell, and awoke to find ourselves in full sight of this corner of the queen’s domain. We took a vivid interest in rounding Yarmouth light and swinging into the harbor, and as the cool wind from the northern sea blew fresh in our faces, we declared ourselves ready to enjoy everything to the utmost.

We are at a large, comfortable house on a side hill, just outside the town, with a picturesque outlook of country and sea. When we came onto the piazza that first morning, and caught the gleam of the blue sea line, which meets the western horizon, I could not help exclaiming with delight.

“That’s the Bay of Fundy over there,” said a voice close behind me; and turning, I saw a stalwart old figure, and strong, weather-beaten face, bronzed by the winds of many seas.

“But,” said my Aunt Harriet, adjusting her glasses as she spoke, “I studied the map very carefully before I came, and I am sure that on the common-school geography that is the Atlantic Ocean.” (My Aunt Harriet used to be a school-teacher.)

Our visitor looked at us with a curious twinkle in his eye. “Well,” he said, slowly, “there was another Bosoner along last summer who expressed the same opinion to old Ben Isham, of the Yarmouth, and what do you s’mise he said?”

“What was it?” I asked.

“He said,” went on our guest, gravely, “dem your common-school geographies, ma’am; if you look on our charts you’ll see it’s the Bay of Fundy.”

This was our introduction to the Captain. Aunt Harriet said no more, but there was the look in her eyes which means “Danger ahead,” and I have not yet been able to convince her that he did not mean to be rude, but that a life on shipboard must necessarily lead one to express oneself emphatically.
August 4th.

I am beginning to get quite well acquainted with the Captain. He is a most interesting man. He retired from service several years ago, and lives on a farm, which he seems to enjoy much in spite of the contrast with his former life. His home is near by, and he comes to smoke his morning and evening pipe on our front steps, and tells us the most wonderful stories of land and sea. This morning the conversation drifted from Nova Scotia to Arctic explorers, and he said, with much earnestness: "They keep a-huntin' for that 'ere pole, but they wouldn't know her when they got to her, and I should like to know how they are goin' to bring her home. Nobody could live after he got there. Them that's been far north say as how its just like goin' up a mountain to go north. You see, there ain't much pressure of air, and the farther north you get the less air there is, till at the pole there ain't none!" I wondered if he would be offended at any expression of doubt. Aunt Harriet opened her mouth to speak twice during this recital, and closed it again with a sharp click, as if determined to let no provocation tempt her out of silence.

August 7th.

I am constantly impressed with the genial courtesy and cordiality of the people of Yarmouth. When we are watching for the street cars, people invariably invite us to 'come in and wait,' not with the slightest apparent desire to know who we are, but with a genuine hospitality, which might well put to shame many a conservative little New England town. It surprised me at first that wheels were allowed on the sidewalks outside the business center, but after meeting one or two riders, the reason became apparent. When the bicyclist comes near, he either dismounts or rides by very slowly, raises his cap in the nicest way, and says "Thank you." I was a good deal surprised at the first one, but have found it a general custom.

The characteristic of moderation in all things is very marked. Nearly all the heavy teaming is done by oxen, which have long since become too slow for the States. Nobody seems to be in a hurry. In a street car, this morning, two elderly gentlemen were discussing the news of the day. Presently one of them reached his destination, and signaled for the car to stop. After the bell had been rung, and he had walked nearly to the door,
he slowly wheeled about and observed to his companion, "By the way, Brother Ladd, do you know how much the church lot sold for?" Brother Ladd gave him the figures, and after an additional remark or two the chat ended, and the car moved on. The motorman looked pleased, and there was a half-amused smile on the faces of the passengers.

This is the only electric road in Nova Scotia, although there is a horse-car line in Halifax, the Captain tells me. The Captain's own mode of conveyance is unique. He took me to ride yesterday behind "old Nell," in a curiously fashioned buggy, with a clothesline lash on the whip. He says that he lent old Nell to a "female peddler," one day, and that that is the reason she wants to stop at every house on the road. It was on this ride, too, that he told me of the young man from the States who had "one of them 'ere daguerreotype machines what you take likenesses with."

August 15th.

We went to the Church of England this morning, and joined with a feeling of true loyalty in the prayer for the Queen and Prince of Wales. The rector was very young and very earnest. One notices the extreme youth of those who have entered upon professional life here. At an evening service at a church of another denomination, we listened to a preacher who seemed scarcely out of his teens. I think, however, that he was older than he looked, for he spoke in an interesting way upon "how we bring up our children."

It is the sunset hour as I write, and I am sitting on the rocks by the lake shore, watching the glory fade out of the sky. I think I have not written of the lakes. There is a chain of three called Milton Lakes, extending some miles inland, and finally joining with the sea. The first lies just at the foot of our hill, and the carriage road winds along by the shore, bordered with willow trees, beneath which one may find forget-me-nots growing wild. It is very beautiful here. Aunt Harriet says she likes the spirit of the little lake, which dares contrast its peace and quiet with the restlessness of the sea beyond. I rather like the thought; but it is not always peaceful. It has moods. Sometimes it is very impatient of being a lake, and dashes up against the small stones and pebbles in quick, angry little waves of disappointment. Just now it is very still under rich, dark
clouds touched with rose color. I have never before seen purple sunsets, but to-night the whole western sky shades from pale violet to deepest royal purple. There is no sound. The willows are bending low under the soft, strange light, and the water reflects their weird, fantastic forms. Truly a mystical world, save for the friendly little strip of emerald shore beyond, which lies alone outside the shadows.

... ...

August 20th.

Yesterday we took a trip inland through the Evangeline country, or rather through the edge of it, for we stopped this side of Kentville, at the windy little town of Annapolis Royal. There was not much to see there except the site of an old French fort, said to be of much historic interest,—of just what, I have a very indefinite idea. I can never arouse a proper degree of enthusiasm over old ruins and relics. The present seems far too interesting. I think I fell perceptibly in Aunt Harriet's good opinion of me when I sat down in the shadow of that historic prison, and wrote a letter in lead pencil.

I did enjoy the trip, however, especially the part between Digby and Annapolis, where the track follows close along the winding shores of the beautiful Annapolis Basin for sixteen or eighteen miles. The opening from the Basin into the ocean, called "Digby Gut," looks very narrow, and the view through this little porthole shifts constantly, suggesting the quick-sliding pictures of a camera. And in the background or at the side of each picture lies the little town of Digby, sleeping on the hill, with its queer, low houses, and quaint church spires looking up into the blue. We came home through the sunset on the "Flying Bluenose Express," tired and hungry after our ride of one hundred and eighty miles.

To-day we are glad to rest, and think how well pleased we are with Yarmouth. I like it all,—the soft English hedges, which are kept well trimmed before the houses of rich and poor alike; the bright flowers which one sees in nearly every dooryard; and, best of all, the Yarmouth light, which shines out across the harbor at the edge of the twilight with such a friendly greeting. Even the fogs do not seem depressing, because they are so full of the sweet salt air of the ocean, and feel good when they strike
against one's face. I like to say "God save the Queen" at the end of public entertainments, and wish we said "God save the President" at home. I think I shall never remember to turn to the left when driving, but I have finally learned to speak of a great number of inanimate objects as "she." I was proud of myself this morning when I looked at the clock and remarked to our hostess that she had run down (not meaning Mrs. H.).

August 23d.

A reconciliation has taken place between Aunt Harriet and the Captain. I had begun to fear she would never appreciate him thoroughly; but this morning he came up the walk with a spray of wild flower in his hand, and asked her if she knew what it was. She was so surprised at his question that she quite forgot herself.

"You don't mean to say you don't know roman wormwood when you see it?" she ejaculated.

"Can't help it whether it's Roman or Greek," replied the Captain; "I never see it in Nova Scotia before."

"Well," said my aunt, "what a blessed country this must be for hay-fever victims."

And then followed an animated discussion of flowers and weeds in general; for if there is any one thing Aunt Harriet prides herself on, it is her knowledge of botany. The Captain proved an attentive listener, and at dinner she remarked incidentally that he seemed to have his good points.

The Captain and I are the best of friends. He is very fond of poetry, and quotes at length from many English writers. Byron is his favorite, although he says "there is some of the finest language in 'Lally Rook' that was ever wrote."

August 25th.

Yesterday the Captain took me to Bay of Fundy shore. I think I shall never forget that afternoon. We were not at the highest part of the bay, but there were beautiful broad waves, which broke over jagged rocks with a report like heavy cannon, and with a glory of white surf, colored in the sun-
light, which I have no words to describe. I sat watching them for a long time, and the dear old Captain stood beside me, bareheaded, quoting line after line of Childe Harold. "Yes," he said, at length, as he gazed rather wistfully out to sea, "there's nothing like Byron on a long voyage. Nobody ever knew the moods of the sea better than he did. In fair weather, breeze t'er west'ard, there'd be a passage for that. Come a storm, wind a-howling thro' the riggin', I'd take up my Byron, and there 'twas, all described in the grandest language man ever wrote. Yes, Miss Helen, in fair weather or foul, give me Byron!"

On the Steamer Boston, August 30th.

We have said good-by to our Yarmouth friends, and are fairly started on the home trip. I have just read over my journal, and have smiled a little to see how large a part the Captain plays throughout. But it is true that I have enjoyed him thoroughly, and that much of the pleasure of the weeks in Nova Scotia has been due to the good friendship between us. I remember so well how he looked when I went to say good-by. The door was open, and as I stood at the threshold, I could see him sitting on the low, old-fashioned sofa within. His wife was kneeling before him, trying vainly to straighten his necktie; and as he sat there looking down at her,—for she is a very little woman,—there was the look in his eyes which I am sure he must have had some forty years ago, when, as he tells the story, he found her standing alone by the railing of the boat Research, and thought to himself, "A man never had a better chance to kiss a girl,"—and straightway did it!

"Well, Miss Helen," he said, as he shook my hand, "It may be for years, and it may be forever," and his wife remarked brightly, as she dusted his coatsleeve, "I may be able to shake off the dust, but I can never brush the poetry off him."

There was a queer lump in my throat when I said good-by, and realized that I should probably never see the Captain again; and the feeling is not quite gone yet, though I am happy in the thought of the people who will be waiting for me at the end of the trip.

EDITORIALS.

I.

Once again we beg to remind the readers of the Magazine that the law of common courtesy demands that we trade, as far as possible, with the firms who place their advertisements in our pages. Too often the report comes to us from business men that they gain nothing from their connection with the college periodical, and the inevitable result will be, if not in this, in coming years, that it will be impossible to advertise the best business firms of the city, as it has been able thus far to do. This indifference we believe to be due largely to thoughtlessness of the result involved, and we therefore, at the beginning of the year, would call attention to the last six or eight pages of the Magazine as worthy of the interest of every loyal reader.

II.

The editorial hand sadly grasps the editorial pen, and waits in suspense, for the ideas which, as of old, refuse to come. Sadly—for, alas! vacation is over—vacation, which seemed in anticipation never-ending, but which was in the realization so fleeting. No matter where we spent it, whether within sound of ocean waves, or the sigh of mountain pines, or where the hum of busy city feet rebuked our idleness, it was vacation—and the last college vacation for many of us.

We were not wholly idle. We remember with pain, even after the busy days which have followed, the shopping expeditions, and all the manifold preparations for the year of work. And then we read. As we lay in the hammock on those golden summer afternoons, we elasped “Social Evolution” in our hands, and gradually the sense of unworthiness, which had oppressed us at intervals for the last six months, as we glanced at its unread pages, was lightened. Then, too, we forgot the summer glory, as we thrilled with the tragedy of poor Bessie Costrell’s fate, or followed the course of “An Experiment in Altruism” with unabated interest to the elose.

And now vacation is over, and we who studied in desultory fashion the results of the educational methods of Yale and Princeton, as we paced the beach, take up once more our Economics and Greek, welcoming as we do
so the new faces which are among us for the first time, sighing a little as we think of those whose places cannot be filled, but looking forward bravely and cheerfully to the year of work before us.

III.

Though empty classrooms and deserted libraries would betoken it, the summer recess is by no means a time of inactivity in Wellesley. The results of that activity are patent in many needed and wished-for improvements. The luxury of permanent board walks, which boast two extra planks of width, is not cheapened by the elegance of the sample of macadam, which exists as a presage of the future. Wire fences, to be sure, hardly add to the beauty of the landscape, and cannot expect to be cordially received, yet they are more polite, perhaps, and certainly more efficacious, than the diminutive signboards which are supposed to guard the grass.

In one respect, at least, the friends of Wellesley will rejoice as heartily as we,—in that there is no longer any necessity for turning the staid and solemn reception room into a clothiers’ warehouse.

All these are blessings for which to be thankful, but we rejoice chiefly in the new light which is to be shed upon us. The night-time gropings in Stone Hall corridors will become as a myth and a tradition of ancient times; while the diabolical tendencies of student lamps will no longer vex the souls of weary students.

The spirit of progress is indeed rife among us, and who can deny that the time may come when elevators will be used for rapid transportation, rather than as educators of patience; when the library shall be properly ventilated; and when training in the domestic arts will not be required for a degree.

IV.

In the editorial world there are many themes prone to become stereotyped; and in a life lived over with little variation every four years, originality itself is worn threadbare. Nevertheless, there is one subject, recurring with unequaled regularity, that is ever new and all-engrossing to two large classes. Be it a thing of the forgotten and insignificant past to the many who are gone, or an oft-repeated and tiring subject, to be looked on with
condescension by those soon to come, to the Freshman and the Senior the cap and gown is ever awe-inspiring and revered. We feel that among all the improvements that have come to Wellesley for the new year, Ninety-six in her cap and gown should not be overlooked, and we pause here to pay both tribute. May they become congenial friends; the cap and gown lending of its graces and dignities to the class who wears it, the class adding to those charms.

FREE PRESS.

1.

With the inevitable shower, with the Sophomore and the Dean, the Christian Association early in the year gave its word of greeting to the newcomers. Now a month has passed; we no longer count you strangers, but hope you feel your interests in college to be one with ours. Our Christian Association is the one organization to which every one may belong. It is the one expression of the Christian life of the College, uniting in itself the spirit of the Epworth and Westminster Leagues, the Christian Endeavor Society, and King's Daughters. Its aim is threefold: to aid us in our own Christian development, to unite us in sympathy to one another, and to provide a way through which we may see and help the needs beyond our own college world. Thus we need its help as it needs our support. The Association invites you all most cordially to join in its fellowship and work.

Elizabeth Ziegler,
President.

Theresa Huntington,
Chairman Reception Committee.

11.

Doubtless we who have so recently said farewell to Alma Mater, are more impatient of any criticism of our beloved Wellesley than are the undergraduates, or those who have been longer in the chilling atmosphere of the wide, wide world. So optimistic is our mood, that though we may listen regretfully to the rumor that broad board walks, shining wire fences, and unsightly poles disfigure our grounds, we are certain that these seeming
blots upon the landscape are valuable and necessary improvements. Having such perfect faith as regards all that pertains to the College Beautiful, it was hard to be compelled to hear a criticism made, this summer, by a member of one of the largest of the men’s colleges. After becoming well acquainted with Wellesley and its inmates, he expressed great surprise at the apparent indifference with which one student looked upon those girls outside of her immediate circle of friends, and especially that more effort was not made to know the members of the Freshman class. He himself had been one of a number of fellows who made it their business to find out what men were homesick or lonely, and to get acquainted with those who were entire strangers, or were not well known.

Such an organization would seem to be a most valuable “Society.” To a shy, homesick girl, this great institution is one vast machine, “rolling on in its dead indifference to grind one (me) limb from limb.” The new girls who happen to be prominent receive a great deal of attention, oftentimes too much; while their self-deprecative sisters, and the unfortunate students who must live in the village, not only know few of the older girls, but are not even acquainted with those in their own class.

Such words from one who is out of the hurry and rush of college life may seem amusing, and it is always easy to give advice: but at the beginning of this new year, before the papers pile up and examination time approaches, it may be possible to make the slight personal effort which shall prove that we are not less thoughtful and sympathetic than our brothers.

L. M. P., ’95.

It would seem that the first issue of the Magazine for the year might be allowed to go to press without protestations and complaints, and that this department might for once, at least, record only congratulations and rejoicings over the many improvements that meet us on every hand. Nevertheless, the beginning of a new year is the time of times, sanctioned and set apart by tradition and history, for new resolutions and reforms; and at such beginning there is one reform which it would seem wise to bring home to the earnest consideration of the students at Wellesley.
It happened on one occasion last year to be the duty of the present writer to report, before a mass meeting of the students, upon the work of a certain committee. It was not a mass meeting called in a hurry to meet a sudden emergency, nor one on a subject so little known or of so little general interest as to be unintelligible to the majority of the members of the College. On the contrary, the notices of that same mass meeting had been posted for ten days upon the bulletin boards of the several organizations, giving accurate information as to time, and place, and business to be transacted. The character of the business on hand was such that it should have appealed to the loyal interest of every girl in College, for it concerned no one class, nor department, nor line of college work, but was of equal importance, or should have been, to every member of the Wellesley community. And as a member of that community I blush to write that the attendance at that mass meeting numbered exactly seven, three of whom were the committee whose report was to be voted upon! The Academic Council has as yet forgotten, or neglected, to specify the number required for a quorum at a mass meeting, and the transaction of business was therefore constitutional. But of what use is a mass meeting if not to find a means of expressing the will of the great "body politic"? And how can the will of any seven people who come together by chance, not as elected representatives, be the will of over seven hundred? We are given to finding fault because we have too little share in the management of our college life; but it would seem that we are unwilling to claim the rights and privileges that are ours already, and refuse to bear the responsibilities that plainly belong to us. This is but one instance; many another could be cited; and it has been told because there is one question that should be asked at the beginning of the new year. Frankly, as Wellesley students and as women in the world, are we willing to accept the thinking of half a dozen people unquestioningly upon subjects not only of collegiate but of intercollegiate interests, and to let the results of their thinking mould our college life? Or are we bound, by everything that makes us glory in our womanhood, to take a broad and intelligent view of every question that presents itself to us, be ready to express that view when necessary, and stand or fall with the courage of our convictions? I make a plea for this last, a strong and earnest appeal, which, if rightly responded to, will remedy one great defect on the business side of our life, and make the results of
mass meetings hereafter the true exponent of the spirit of the institution, whatever that may be.  

M. C. L., '96.

IV.

Some of the Freshmen find it very hard to make acquaintances when they first come to college. Instead of having a number of old friends always glad to see them, a perfect sea of strange faces meets them everywhere. Some of these strangers are in the same plight themselves, while the majority of the girls have made their friends, and do not seem to care to know any new people. It is hard for a Sophomore, however, to remember how much she enjoyed the attentions of the Sophomores of the year before. But if the girls who have been here before would put themselves into the places of these newcomers, and realize how a little thought could make the college a homelike place instead of a forbidding one, the Freshman year for many girls would be brighter and happier.

A simple plan has been adopted by two Sophomores which has this very end in view. They invite the Freshmen whom they have met to come to their room on Saturday evenings, to sew or simply to talk and become acquainted with some of their Sophomore friends. Cannot more of the girls do the same?

G. C., '96.

V.

There are still so many people in existence who are a little prejudiced against college girls, that perhaps our failings and shortcomings are noted with too much severity. Yet, knowing this, we should be especially careful that our failings should not be such as to create a bad impression of our College. I am sure that we all wish Wellesley to have the respect of the outside world, and that we sing with sincerity,

"A stainless name we will preserve her,  
Answer to her every call."

But I sometimes wonder if we all realize how easy it is to mar the fair name which Wellesley bears to the world. Of course it is unjust to judge any institution by only one or two of its members; yet we, ourselves, are continually making such judgments, and the average person gains his idea of Wellesley simply from the one or more Wellesley girls he has chanced to meet.
I was forcibly impressed by this truth when I heard this summer that in a town where there had been several Wellesley girls some one said, "All Wellesley girls seem to be alike; they are all so fresh and noisy." We who know Wellesley realize how absolutely untrue such a statement is; but, without doubt, it created a strong prejudice against Wellesley in the minds of those who heard it. I cannot think that any Wellesley girl would willingly give foundation for such an idea of her College. Certainly it ought not to be a hard task for every one of us to do her part toward keeping Wellesley before the world in its best and truest light. C. W., '96.

VI.

There have been many phases of college life written about in these pages; but there is one I have never seen handled, and that is, the Christian life of the College. After personal experience at Wellesley, visits to other colleges, and conversations with other collegians, I have come to the conclusion that the religious life of the College is not maintained as earnestly as it should be.

Large numbers of Freshmen come to Wellesley as sincere, but modest, Christians. For some reason or other the last thing we learn about them is that they love Christ. We get our first suspicion of this when we find them tucked away in the darkest corner of a class prayer meeting.

Why is it that we are not earnest enough to "let our light shine" as soon as we get into college? Why is it that we come to speak with such an unbearable upward inflection of a girl who "says she is going to be a missionary"? Why is it that we soon grow to be so lax in keeping the few wholesome rules laid down for us? Why is it that so many girls entirely lose their interest in Christianity when they have been in college only a few months?

In looking back upon my college years I feel confident that the reason for all these things lies partly in ourselves, as Freshmen, in not courageously taking our stand for Christ as soon as we enter college; and partly in the girls ahead of us who speak slightly of the class prayer meetings, the Christian Association, the Student Volunteers, and criticise "the minister." There is a band of girls which can always be counted on—the little circle who come from Northfield. We all acknowledge admiration and respect for
them. Can we not emulate their sturdy faithfulness in upholding the Master's cause? Oh, Christian girls of Wellesley! Think of the times when, as a Freshman, your worshipful spirit has been stung by the thoughtless words of an upper-class student; and then think how, hardened by this treatment, you yourself may have given others a downward push in the same way: think, and then resolve never to let yourselves be blamed for this again. Let us find a place for Christ in our college life, or let us make it if we cannot find it. God never brought seven hundred girls together without expecting them to help each other to draw nearer to him.

G. S. B., '97.

VII.

If during the famine in Egypt, Joseph had had the grain given out from a window in one of his barns, so that portions could have been assigned to but half a dozen men a day, the Egyptians would have been justified in demanding a different mode of procedure for no other reason than a more speedy distribution. The answer that the window was the most convenient place for the purpose, and that the famine would be over and the demand for grain diminished in a few months, would have been no excuse for the use of the window before that time. To boycott Joseph or pull down the barn would have been excusable means to a necessary end.

But that was previous to 1874. With the founding of Wellesley, Americanized Egyptians should have learned more scientific methods of dealing with the same subject, though we are somewhat at a loss to trace such results in their education. Joseph still does as he pleases; and the barn, the narrow window, the few bits of grain, and the countless, famine-stricken throng still play the same part in this tragic comedy of college life. If physical maintenance were so serious a question at that time, might we not argue that mental maintenance, here, at least, holds now almost as high a place?

Our famine begins with the fall term, its duration depending upon the size of the exit for food; for though grain may grow also in Boston, our co-operative plant is here, and it is here we deal.

It is not the crowd around the bookstore that we would object to, nor the congestion of the east corridor, nor the personal discomfort and injury in the rush for grain, nor the loss of time and benefits forgot upstairs, nor the
physical, mental, and moral strain upon ourselves: these would be trifling matters if Joseph could prove to us that his window is his only door, or that pushing out a side of his barn or moving into an adjoining lot were alike impossible. But no attempts to change are made. Whether this is for a test of our patience or a tax upon the patience of those under whom we work, —our weakness from lack of food having a strong reflex action upon them,— or whether it is because for a greater part of the time a need of the change is not felt, we do not know. What we do know is this, that nine out of every ten girls are unable to begin fairly in any course, simply because they cannot get what they need in time.

The effect of this upon professor and pupil is too sensitive a point upon which to dwell further, and the remedy too simple even to suggest.

B. S., '98.

BOOK REVIEWS.


"The Story of Bessie Costrell" is simply the story of the swift downfall and tragic end of a poor, commonplace life. John Bolderfield, an old laborer of a small English village, had saved a small hoard from his meager earnings, and in his simple heart he worshiped his treasure. The village eyes beheld him as a man of wealth, a miser; and when one autumn he quit the village for a time, and left his treasure box for safe keeping with his niece, Bessie Costrell, Bessie became the envy of the little community.

Bessie's husband, Isaac, a leader in the Dissenting Chapel, was a quiet, dreaming man; hard-working, and interested almost wholly in his religion. He overlooked Bessie's untidy, careless ways, and was secretly proud of his pretty, young wife.

Soon after John's departure, rumor told of an aunt of Bessie's who had left her some money. Ere long the "Spotted Deer," the public house of the village, found Bessie every night within its doors, full of life, bonne camarade with all the world, treating every man in the village.

Anon, John came home. Bessie's sin was found out. Haunted by the sense of her disgrace and by the shame of her punishment, goaded by Isaac's hatred and desertion, she sought death as her only escape.
The plot verges on the trite, the commonplace. Its final outcome, in fact its development, is obvious from the outset. There is little chance for character study. Bessie is wholly superficial, inspiring only pity kept from contempt by the strain of fidelity to Isaac and her children running underneath all her wrongdoing. In Isaac we find more of interest and of development than in any other character. Underneath the silent, self-controlled exterior, we do not suspect an overmastering temper, a man of violent passion. And when we have seen him gentle, even loving, we are startled to find him so hard and unforgiving, so unmoved by pity. The unfolding of his character is done with much skill.

Throughout the book dainty bits of description occur, delicate, suggestive. But in the end we are left with the feeling that we have touched a rough edge, and have left it unsmoothed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Academy Song Book*, by Charles H. Levermore, Ph.D., assisted by Frederic Reddall, Director of Vocal Music in the Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn. Ginn & Co.

*Coleridge's Principles of Criticism*; Chapters I., III., IV., XIV.—XXII. of "Biographia Literaria," with introduction and notes by Andrew J. George, M.A. D. C. Heath & Co.


The July number of *The Psychological Review* contains an article entitled, "Wellesley College Psychological Studies." This includes the reports of
two investigations, conducted in 1894, by members of the class in Experimental Psychology. The discussion by Miss Margaret B. Simmons of the "Prevalence of Paramnesia," is perhaps too technical for the ordinary reader, but the investigation of Miss Nevers is of great general interest. Dr. Jastrow, of Wisconsin University, had conducted an experiment in regard to the differences between men and women, in their interests and in their modes of thinking. Miss Nevers repeated this experiment, and on many points reached directly opposite results. She does not attempt to base any theory upon her figures, but maintains, with manifest justice, that she has shown Dr. Jastrow's conclusions to rest on insufficient data.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall on Saturday, September 28, at 7 o'clock. The following programme was presented:

Shakespeare News . . . . . Emily Johnson.
Trio: Ye Spotted Snakes
    Geneva Crumb, Cornelia Park, Virginia Sherwood.
Paper: Poetic Beauties of the Sonnets, and
Songs from “Winter’s Tale” . . . . Geneva Crumb.

The following members were admitted into the Society: Maud Almy, Elizabeth Higgins, Mary Malone, Elizabeth MacMillan, Edna Patterson, Bessie Sullivan.

The Agora had not held its first meeting before the Magazine went to print.

The first meeting of the Society of Tau Zeta Epsilon was held in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, on Saturday evening, September 28. Miss Gertrude Bailey, ’98, Miss Louise Barker, ’98, Miss Margaret Weed, ’98, and Miss Jeannette Morrow, ’99, were initiated to membership in the Society. Miss
Ruby Bridgman, '94, Miss Edna Pressey, '94, Miss Berta Welch, '95, Miss Alice Norcross, '95, and Miss Lulu Holden, Miss Lucy Willcox, and Miss Edith Sawyer were present at the meeting.

The first meeting of Society Phi Sigma had not occurred before the Magazine went to press.

At the first meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, September 28, Miss Alice R. Wright and Miss Martha M. Smith were initiated. The following guests were present: Grace Addeman, '95, Belle Sherwin, '90, Cornelia Huntington, '95, Helen Blakeslee, '95, Cora Stuart, '90, Miriam Newcomb, '94.

At the programme meeting of the Classical Society on Saturday evening, September 28, Miss Harriet Carter, '97, Miss Grace Chapin, '98, and Miss Marcia Smith, '98, were initiated into the Society. Mrs. Mary Chapin Bowen and Miss Anna Chute, both of '95, were present at the meeting. The semester’s study of Grecian centers of religious and literary influence was begun with a study of Delos.

I. Short talks on:
   Latest News from Classic Lands.
   Excavations at Delos.
   The Delian Confederacy.
   The Sacred Embassy.

II. The Delian Festivals of Apollo . . . Julia D. Randall.

III. Reading from the Homeric Hymn to the
    Delian Apollo . . . . . Irene Kahn.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Thursday, October 3.—Memorial Service.
Saturday, October 12.—Sophomore Reception.
Sunday, October 6.—Rev. W. E. Barton.
Sunday, October 13.—Prof. Lewis B. Paton.
Sunday, October 20.—Rev. E. L. Clark, D.D.
Sunday, October 27.—Rev. C. R. Brown.
COLLEGE NOTES.

The college year opened on Thursday, September 19, and class appointments began the following Tuesday. Thanks to the schedule arrangements made last spring, much of the annoyance experienced during the first days of other years, when conflicting courses and the necessity of abandoning cherished electives brought dismay to most of the students, was unknown.

During the summer about two thousand guests visited the College.

Each summer brings its own changes and improvements to the buildings and grounds. To those who have done penance for several years upon stony or muddy paths, the new walks, especially the pavement along Chapel Hill, are a source of great satisfaction.

The new system of electric lighting throughout the grounds and houses is a most agreeable surprise, although the sight of poles and wires along the avenue is decidedly inharmonious. The center of College Hall, always beautiful, is doubly attractive with its incandescent lights at night, and the comfort and convenience of sufficient light will be thoroughly appreciated in the cottages, and in Stone Hall, where darkness has so long been visible.

Room 21 has been changed into a coat room and lavatory for guests.

A pleasant innovation this year was the establishment of a bureau of information by the Christian Association for the benefit of new students. So helpful and kindly a plan should have been put in operation long ago.

Pamphlets of invitation to the parish of St. Andrew have been sent to all new students who have stated to the College that they have any connection with the Episcopal Church.

The Dean of the College, Miss Stratton, will be the presiding officer of College Hall for the coming year. Miss Pendleton takes her place at Stone Hall.

Professor Morgan is the head of Wood Cottage.

Dr. Sophie Chantal Hart is now living in Wellesley.

Dr. Grace Emily Cooley is settled in her new home in the village.
Owing to ill health, Miss Pierce will be absent from the College Library for a year.

Miss Goodloe’s stories of Wellesley life, with their illustrations by C. D. Gibson, have now appeared in book form, under the title “College Girls.”

Professor of Literature: “I believe I have never seen your little girl, Tom.”

Tom (with pride): “I believe you have never seen either of my little girls.”

The annual reception given by the Christian Association to the new members of the College, took place on Saturday evening, September 21. Mrs. Durant, Miss Stratton, and Miss Ziegler received. Lemonade was served, and the music of the Glee and Banjo Clubs gave pleasure to all.

Despite the fact that College opened in the latter part of September, Flower Sunday was oppressively warm. The chapel was, as usual, bright with flowers, and light frocks, and new faces. The preacher for the day was Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D., and his text was the one always connected with this anniversary, “God is Love.” At vespers Mr. Shaw made a brief address.

On Tuesday evening, September 24, the Class of ’98 held its first meeting. Miss Finlay was elected vice president. After the business had been transacted the class adjourned to serenade the Freshmen. The music was appreciated not only by the new students, but also by the upper classes, to whom Wellesley songs come each autumn as a pleasant welcome back to college life.

The Senior Class held its first meeting of the year on Wednesday evening, September 25. The president, Miss Elva Hulberd Young, presided.

Miss Stratton conducted the first meeting of the Christian Association, September 26.

At a business meeting of the Magazine Board, held September 28, Miss Maude R. Keller was reappointed Alumnae Editor, and Miss Helen Bennett elected as Special Editor in place of Miss Haskell, resigned.
Rev. Dr. C. J. Laffin, F. R. G. S., medical missionary to South Africa, spoke in the chapel on Sunday, September 29, upon the people among whom he has labored. At the evening service he spoke feelingly of the progress of missionary work on the west coast. Dr. Laffin came at the request of the Christian Association, and his addresses were the subject of deep interest.

On Monday evening, September 30, all the classes assembled in the gymnasium to sing college songs.

Dr. Ritchie has not returned this fall, owing to sudden and serious illness in her family; her absence is deeply regretted by her students and her friends at Wellesley. Dr. Ritchie's classes are conducted, during the present semester, by Miss Anna Boynton Thompson, of Radcliffe College and Thayer Academy, author of an important monograph on Fichte.

The English Literature Department opens the year with better heart and hope because of the delightful surprise provided for it by the '95 Editorial Board of The Wellesley Magazine. To their wise liberality it finds itself indebted for no less a gift than two hundred dollars. In accordance with the desire of the donors, their blessed little pink cheque will be exchanged for rows of library books on the subject of English literature. It was well stipulated that a portion of the generous sum should be used in providing duplicates of those reference books most in demand. There will still remain a goodly amount for the new publications whose lack in the library has sorely harassed the teachers in the English Literature Department. These feel that they cannot give too warm and earnest an expression of their appreciative gratitude. They hope that, later on, the Magazine may grant them space to print the list of books selected.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Western Wellesley Association was held in Chicago, Monday, September 16, at the Wellington Hotel. About forty in all were present. The business meeting, at 12.30, was followed by a lunch. The lunch tables, decorated with sweet peas, were especially attractive to the youngest alumnae. Instead of the usual toasts, a musical
programme, interspersed with recitations, was given. Professor Seeboeck and Mrs. Fred Bangs furnished the music, and Miss Mildred Lyon recited. The programme was closed with the Wellesley Annals by Miss May Pitkin, '95. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President, May Pitkin, '95; Vice Presidents, Mary Williams Tyrell, Vennette Crain, '88; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Alberta Baker, '96; Corresponding Secretary, Christine Caryl, '95; Annalist, Julia Lyman, '96.

The following is a list of alumnae doing graduate work at Wellesley: Miss Annie J. Cannon, '84, Miss Ellen A. Vinton, '84, Miss Elizabeth Abbe, '88; Miss Anne Burgess, Miss Margaret Josephine Holley, Miss Anna B. Jenks, Miss Mary D. E. Lauderburn, and Miss Bertha E. Smith, '90; Miss Ellen Ware Fiske, Miss Mary E. Holmes, and Miss Maude Ryland Keller, '92; Miss Maria Kneen, '93, and Miss Katharine Fackenthal, '95.

Miss Evelyn Hall, '79, Miss Eleanor Wolcott, '75-76, Miss Amelia Hall, '84, and Miss Martha Conant, '90, spent the summer together in travel on the Continent.

Prof. Wilmot Metcalf and Mrs. Carrie Soule Metcalf, '80, and Miss Edith Metcalf, '80, are at present in Heidelberg.

Miss Alice O. Dow, '85, is teaching in Mrs. Potter's school, Everett, Mass.

Miss Ellen G. Means, '85, is teaching in Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburg, Penn.

Miss Kate L. Clarke, '86, spent the summer studying and traveling in Germany, where she will remain during the winter. Miss Jessie Van Vliet, '85, was with Miss Clarke for a while in Göttingen.

Miss Lucy Friday, '86, and Miss Lila North, Sp., '81-82, spent the summer traveling in Europe, and will be at Leipzig during the winter.

Miss Ada G. Wing, '86, is doing graduate work in Biology at Brown University.

Mrs. Annie Williams Walker, '86, spent September 19 at Wellesley.

Miss Annie K. Emery, '87, is teaching in the school of Misses Whiton and Bangs, New York City.
Miss Nannie J. McKnight, '87, visited Miss Merrill, '86, during September, in Elberon, N. J.

The address of Miss Mary Searle, '87, is "The Brexton," Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle, '87, has returned with her little daughter to Honolulu, H. I.

Miss Ella Smith, '88, delivered one of the addresses at the meeting of the colored women of the United States, held in Boston recently.

Miss Caroline Fletcher, '89, is teaching Latin at Wellesley.

Miss Alice Libby, '89, has returned from her year abroad, and will spend the winter at her home in Richmond, Me.

Miss Harriet Pierce, '89, is teaching in the Latin High School, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Eleanor Sherwin, '89, is teaching in the Science Hill School, Shelbyville, Ky.

Miss Annie S. Woodman, '89, is teaching in the High School, Montclair, N. J.

The address of Miss Clare L. Wade, '89, is "The Garlock," Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Alice C. Baldwin, '90, is teaching in the Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Emily F. Brown, '90, is teaching in the High School and Classical Institute, Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Martha P. Conant, '90, is teaching history, literature, and rhetoric in Mrs. Mead's School, Hillside, Norwalk, Conn.

Miss Ruth S. Damon, '90, is teaching in Jones Seminary, All Healing, N. C.

Mrs. Kent Dunlap Hägler, '90, visited the College in August.

Mrs. Mary Fitch Fuller, '90, was at Wellesley, September 28, on her way to Plymouth, where she is visiting.
Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, is principal of the High School, New Bedford, Mass.

Miss Mary J. Orton, '90, is teaching in the Williamstown, Mass., High School.

Miss Wiggin, '90, and Miss Sadie McNary, '90, are teaching in the Newark, N. J., High School.

Miss Clara Count, '91, is teaching in the High School, Somerset, Mass.

Miss Louise Hannum, '91, and Miss Gertrude Wilson, '95, are teaching with Miss Knox in the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

Miss Emogene Hazeltine, '91, spent Sunday, Sept. 22, at the College, and is enthusiastic over her work in the Prendergast Free Library, Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Harriet L. Jones, '91, is teaching in the High School, Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Minnie A. Morss, Miss Genevieve Stuart, and Miss Juliet Wall, all of '91, were hostesses for three weeks at Fernside Cottage Vacation House, Princeton, Mass.

Miss Amy W. Mothershead, '91, is teaching in Miss Dana’s School, Morristown, N. J.

Miss Cora Perrine, '91, is in the Chicago University Library.

Miss Sara M. Roberts, '91, is teaching. Address 1408 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

Miss Charlotte Sibley, '91, was one of the speakers at the Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston this summer.

Miss Genevieve Stuart, '91, is teaching in Cumberland, Md.

Miss Juliet Wall, '91, is working at Denison House, 93 Tyler Street, Boston.

Miss Elizabeth Wardwell, '91, is teaching in the Normal School, New Britain, Conn.
Miss Ada S. Woolfolk, '91, has been appointed a school inspector in New York City.

Miss Helena Cory, '91, Miss Martha Goddard, Miss Geraldine Longley, Miss Alice Pierce, '92, and Miss Bertha Longley, '94, are teaching in the English High School, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Blanche L. Clay, '92, has completed her course in literary expression, and will be at home devoting herself to writing.

The address of Miss Gertrude Cushing, '92, is 32 Liberty Street, Room 162, New York City.

Miss Helen Cook, '92, spent the summer in England with Mrs. Sue Taylor Grinley, '91.

Mrs. Harriet Damon Taylor, '92, expects to live in Paris for the next two years. Mr. Taylor is studying architecture. Address Mrs. Everitt Kilburn Taylor, 7 Honoré Chevalier, Paris.

Miss Belle Morgan, '92, spent a few days at Wellesley in July, and has now returned to her position at Northfield.

Miss Emily Howard Foley, '93, has been studying at Oxford since August, and expects to return home in November. Mrs. Lucinda Prince, Sp., '91–93, visited Miss Foley in Oxford for a week in August.

Miss Grace Grenell and Miss Ora Slater, both of '93, are teaching in the Montclair, N. J., High School.

Miss Delarue K. Howe, '93, will spend the year in Paris. Address, 46 Rue Mozart, Passy, Paris.

Miss Sue Huntington, Sp., '89–93, is teaching in Mrs. Gulick's School, San Sebastian, Spain.

Miss Laura Jones, '93, with her sister, Miss Gertrude Jones, '95, spent the summer in Europe.

Miss Alice Mae Reed, '93, is teaching in the Natick, Mass., High School.
Miss Lila Tayler, '93, is teaching Mathematics in Stanton College, Natchez, Miss.
Miss Annie Tomlinson, '93, is teaching in the High School, Brookline, Mass.
Miss Sarah Bixby, '94, was at the College during September.
Miss Lucy Brownell, '94, is teaching in Monson Academy, Monson, Mass.
Miss Harriet Friday, '94, is teaching in Warren, Penn.
Mrs. Frances Stuart De Motte, '94, of Ticonderoga, visited the College September 1.
Miss Gertrude Barker, '95, is teaching in Plattsburg, N. Y.
Miss Mary Grace Caldwell, '95, is teaching in the Plainfield, N. J., High School.
Miss Caroline W. Jacobus, '95, is teaching in Leache-Wood Seminary, Norfolk, Va.
Miss Lillian Jones, '95, is teaching Greek in Oxford College, Ohio.
Miss Edith L. R. Jones, '95, is teaching in Riverside School, Auburndale, Mass.
Miss Helen M. Kelsey, '95, and Miss Elizabeth Stark, '95, have been assisting Dean Stratton and Mrs. Butler during September. Miss Kelsey will do graduate work at Radcliffe this year.
Miss Alethea Ledyard, '95, is teaching in a private school, Danville, Ky.
Miss Nina L. Marshall, '95, is teaching in the Misses Ely's School, New York City.
Miss Bessie C. Mitchell, '95, is teaching in Barre, Mass.
Miss Kate Nelson, '95, is teaching in the High School, Calais, Me.
Miss Elizabeth G. Peabody, '94-95, is teaching in Miss Baird's Institute, Norwalk, Conn.
Miss Julia E. Phelps, '95, is teaching in the High School, Pittsfield, N. H.

Miss Bessie Smith, '95, is studying at the Library School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Marion Sykes, '95, is teaching in the Chicago public schools.

Miss Harriet Blake, '94, with Miss May Belle Willis, Miss Bertha Morrill, Miss Mary C. Adams, and Miss Mabel Wellman, '95, are in the Training Class, Brookline, Mass.

Miss Martha T. Waterman, '95, is teaching in the High School, Middletown, Conn.

Miss Maud Millard, formerly of '96, is teaching in Oahu College, Honolulu, H. I.

MARRIED.

GARNDER–PALMER.—On July 16, 1894, at H. B. M's Consulate, Kobe, before J. J. Enslie and E. J. Smithers, and on the following day at Christ Church, Osaka, by the Rev. H. D. Page, assisted by the Rev. L. B. Cholomondeley, the Rev. Graham Gardner to Caroline Emily Palmer, '79.

HUGHES–BARRETT.—In Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1895, Annie Louise Barrett, '86, to Mr. Robert Lee Hughes.

HANN–DEAN.—At East Pierre, South Dakota, September 25, Miss Rosa Dean, '90, to Mr. Jay B. Hann.

ROGERS–ROGERS.—In Tariffville, Conn., August 24, Helen Worthington Rogers, '91, to Mr. Arthur Kenyon Rogers.

BOWEN–CHAPIN.—At Saxton's River, Vermont, Sept. 10, 1895, Mary Ella Chapin, '95, to Charles Ambrose Bowen.


BORN.

May, 1895, a son to Mrs. Caroline Palmer Gardner, '79.

July 22, 1895, a daughter, Margaret Winslow Murchie, to Mrs. Mina Rounds Murchie, '87.

August 16, in New Haven, Conn., a son to Mrs. Bessie Blakeslee Tracy, '91.

DIED.

At Exeter, N. H., September 12, Miss Lora W. Lane, '86–89.

In Cambridge, June 22, 1895, Mrs. Martha Wilkinson, trustee of Wellesley College from the time of its foundation, and for some time President of the Students' Aid Society.

August 29, the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, father of Miss Alethea Ledyard, '95.
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