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THE PEN PORTRAITS OF CARLYLE.

A painter is able to give a clear and vivid impression of life, as it is seen in an instant of time. Further than this he cannot go; there can be no movement, no life; not a word can cross the lips of his subjects, not a changeful expression light their eyes. From this steadfastness even the smile of a Mona Lisa may grow wearisome, the cross of her hands and the droop of her hair, irritating. But in the pictures of Carlyle we find all the bustle and action of life. His characters trot briskly or walk wearily by. We see their faces change from sad to gay, from hope to dull despair. We hear their "fine voices full of fun and charm," or "the wild roll of somber eloquence." We feel the languidness with which one gives us "a handful of numb, unresponsive fingers," or the jovial way another slaps us on the shoulders.
Carlyle has not only given us what is not found in painting, but also what is not easily discovered in life itself. He has stripped his men and women of the conventions which mask them. He has laid bare their inmost soul, prying into its secret workings, finding the motives which prompt, and the laws which govern it.

All this he is able to do in a few swift, forceful sentences. He seizes at once on the details which will best symbolize his thought. These he groups with an effectiveness, an artistic precision, which form a picture united and complete. These portraits, similar in method, various in kind, and one in purpose, furnish a strangely perfect type of Carlyle's entire work.

Portrait after portrait we have studied, and all we find to be presented by a method concise, dramatic, and emotional. There is a conciseness in the choice of details, which flash a quick, bright light upon the central idea. It may be the strut of a walk, or the tone of a voice. At one time it is merely a man's back-hair, which shows by its sudden jerk that "the brow was puckered and his eyes looking archly, half contemptuously, out, in conformity to some conclusive little cut his tongue was giving." Again, it is some one's small blue eyes, in which "twinkled curiously a joyless smile." At another time it is the concrete touch in some little habit of dress, which so quickly makes the person real and living. This is true in the description of Badains. "Seldom have I seen a franker, trustier, cheerier form of human kindness than Badains. How I remember the laughing eyes and sunny figure of him breaking into my room on mornings, himself half dressed—waistband in hand was a common aspect, and hair all flying. The smile of his eyes, the sound of his voice, were so bright and practically true on these occasions." We must confess that "the laughing and sunny figure" would have seemed a trifle indistinct were they not embodied in a quick-moving little man, with hair awry and waistband waving. Still again, the conciseness may be found in details chosen for a full-length portrait like that of Webster, "one of the stiffest logic buffers and parliamentary athletes anywhere to be met with in our world." He is pictured as "a grim, tall, broad-bottomed, yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge, black, dull, wearied yet unwearable-looking eyes under them; amorphous projecting nose, and angriest shut mouth I have anywhere seen. A droop on the sides of the upper lip is quite mastiff-like—magnificent to look
upon, it is so quiet withal." The cliff-like brows, the "wearied yet unweariable" eyes, the "amorphous projecting nose," the tight-shut mouth with mastiff-like droop,—what details could more quickly impress us with the quiet but imperious force of the parliamentary athlete? Carlyle, with his keen, swift insight, seems to have instantly grasped the prime spiritual or intellectual characteristic of his subjects; and, with this as key, he interprets their physical, their external peculiarities.

This description of Webster also serves to display plainly the conciseness of Carlyle's method of grouping. The main thought is first stated in a sharp, clear-cut way. We know that Webster is to be pictured as a "stiff logic buffer," so, with this thought in mind, we run through the succeeding epithets, finding each pointing directly to this one trait. There is also noticeable a distinct progression in the force of the details. We discover that Webster is grim and tall, but that does not impress us as do his unwearied eyes; nor they, as his upper lip—so "magnificent to look upon." Epithet follows epithet in quick succession, each giving a stronger, firmer knock to the main thought, until it has left an indelible stamp upon our minds.

This grouping not only forcefully impresses us with some abstract quality of the person, but vividly pictures his physical appearance. There is a vigor of outline, a lucidity of color about these figures, which Carlyle for an instant snatches from Cimmerian night. No matter how soon they may be banished to the engulfing chaos, we have seen them outlined against its dark depth with a memorable sharpness of relief.

The conciseness, the dynamic effect of description, is further heightened by Carlyle's distinctive use of figures. He believes poetic creation to be nothing but "seeing the thing sufficiently. The word which will describe the thing follows of itself from such clear, intense sight of the thing." This descriptive word is often a suggestive metaphor, a telling simile, which briefly gives a perfect idea of a complete personality. In speaking of Wilson, Carlyle says, "We expect to breakfast on Sunday a thing made of starlight and burning brandy, of Heaven and—-." The simile is often homely, showing quaint, startling likenesses between things small and great. We hear that Mrs. Jeffrey's "talk went roving about in a loose, random way, and hit down like a flail unexpectedly on this or that, with the jerk for accompaniment, in a really genial fashion." We also hear that "a
nervous female might shriek when Southey rises for the first time and stretches to unexpected length—like a lean pair of tongs.” The union of an imaginative figure with concrete reality is found in the sorrow-filled allusion to “poor Julia Strachey, ... with her sad, secluded look, ... who is like a flower frozen among ice, and now contented with such soil; a hitherto unnoticed girl had rushed up to a woman, and in the long, black locks I noticed a streak of gray.” The touch of actuality in the mention of the gray-streaked hair serves to deepen the pathos, to intensify the sadness.

It is not, however, in conciseness that we find the distinctly Carlylese trait of description. It is rather in the dramatic fervor and emotional intensity with which he colors his portraits.

Carlyle's dramatic power was a direct outcome of his sympathy for man, either in the abstract or the concrete. Never could one discover more quickly the spark of Divinity in man; never could one see into more dark and hidden places by the light of one faint spark. This sympathy, at times so true, so deep, enables him to throw himself into the life of his characters, and, for the time, body them forth as an actor might. Where this sympathy failed him he failed; but with it, he can identify himself with the person he is describing; he can see life for a moment through their eyes; he can feel their every heart-beat, their every emotional tremor. In this portrait of Frank, “with his neatly expressive aquiline face,” we can see his slightest actions, hear the varying tones of his voice, and notice the changing play of his face:

“He rocked, rather, and negligently wriggled in walking and standing something slightly twisted in his spine, I think; but he made so much involuntary tossing and gesticulating while he spoke or listened, you never noticed the twist. What a childlike and yet implike volume of laughter lay in Frank; how he would fling back his fine head, left cheek up, not himself laughing much or loud, even, but showing you such continents of inward, gleesome mirth and victorious mockery of the dear stupid ones who had crossed his observation. A wild roll of somber eloquence lay in him, too, and in his sermons sometimes that brow and aquiline face grew dark, sad, and thunderous like the eagle of Jove.”

This dramatic spirit does not lead to the use of the first person. Carlyle describes his characters from a slight distance, but he has so per-
fectly understood their entire makeup, he has so completely thought and 
felt with them, that he, the writer, has become merged in the men and 
women of whom he writes.

We pass, however, from the objective to the subjective side of Carlyle's 
work, where we notice the emotional quality of his descriptions. After he 
has clearly outlined the spiritual and physical features of his characters, 
after he has passed them in review before us, he suddenly turns, and, with a 
sigh, or a sardonic grin, shows the effect they have produced upon himself. 
In one place he describes Mrs. Glen, with her bright look, her fearless 
smile, her deathlike pallor. Then, with deep tenderness, he exclaims, "The 
sudden paleness of the spirited woman stuck in my heart like an arrow!" 
Again, he tells of Hogg, "a seal-skinned, stiff sack of a body, with two little 
beads of blue or gray eyes that sparkle with animation," whom all were bent 
on bantering. "But he, quite friendless as he was, went along cheerful, 
mirthful, and musical." Then Carlyle, with his grimly tender heart, in-
dignant over Hogg's dishonor, cried out, "Alas! he is a man, and yet how 
few will so much as treat him as a specimen, and not like a mere wooden 
Punch and Judy." But the emotion was not always of a sympathetic 
nature, as we find after reading a long, objective description of Wordsworth, 
which ends with this sarcastic bit of personal feeling: "We were very 
glad, if not to see him, yet to have seen him, and so returned content." The 
emotional shock, coming at the end of a unified, dramatic description, seems 
to add the one necessary element for vivid, complete presentation.

Prejudices such as these, strong, unfounded, were characteristic of 
Carlyle. His insight, though swift and keen, was not always true. The 
very eagerness with which he sought the truth seemed to keep it from him; 
to swift intuition he sacrificed well-grounded knowledge. His descriptions, 
therefore, though similar in method, vary in kind according to his mood and 
to his subject. Sometimes he seems to snarl angrily as he writes; again, we 
can see a humorous smile come and go as he indulges in abrupt contrasts and 
quaint fancies. But most often reverence and love gleam from his deep-set 
eyes. There are times, however, when he seems to take a savage joy in 
dwelling upon the meaner side of men; he enlarges and exaggerates their 
failings till we have lost sight of the originals of his portraits. With a fierce 
lash he wields his copious supply of nicknames. Robespierre, if met through
Carlyle, becomes a huge dragon, "sea-green and incorruptible"; Anne of Russia is for us always "she of the big cheek." Hear, also, his estimate of Shelley, "a ghastly object, colorless, pallid, without health, or warmth, or vigor, the sound of him shrieky, frosty, as if a ghost were trying to sing to us; the temperament of him spasmodic, hysterical, instead of strong or robust, with fine affections and aspirations gone all such a way." In Cardinal Newman he finds "not the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit"; while Coleridge is "a weltering, ineffectual being;" Lamb, "a despicable abortion."

It scarcely seems the same man who laughs with such kindly flashing humor over the droll figure of Irving "in the character of nurse to his first-born, Edward." It did him good to see "the giant, with his broad-brimmed hat, his sallow visage, and his sable, matted fleece of hair, carrying the little pepper-box of a creature in his monstrous palm along the beach, tick-tacking to it, and dandling it, and every time it stirs an eyelid, grinning horribly a ghastly smile, heedless of the crowd of spectators that turn around in long trains, gap in silent terror at the fatherly leviathan; you would laugh for twelve months afterwards, every time you thought of it. And yet it is wrong to laugh if one could help it. Nature is very lovely; pity she should ever be absurd. On the whole I am pleased with Irving, and hope to love him, and admire him, and laugh at him as long as I live. There is a fund of sincerity in his life and character, which in these heartless, aimless days is doubly precious." The genuine fun with which the small details are conspicuously placed, the wee "pepper-box of a creature" reposing in the "monstrous palm" of the "fatherly leviathan," are characteristic of Carlyle's grotesque humor.

We smile indulgently at this queer picture, but we bow reverently before the master, who, with noble emotion, poetically describes "the tragic, heart-affecting face" of Dante. "There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if concealed into sharp contradiction, into negation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft, ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice. Withal it is a silent pain, too, a silent, scornful one; the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing which is eating out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean, insignificant thing; as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face
of one wholly in protest, and lifelong, unsurrendering battle against the world. Affection all converted into indignation; an implacable indignation, slow, equable, silent like that of a god!” This is poetry in the truest sense,—musical thought, which, as Carlyle himself says, “is spoken by the mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing, detected the inmost poetry of it, namely, the melody that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul.”

The juxtaposition of these portraits naturally leads to a consideration of the purpose of Carlyle’s work. In all, even to the ghastly caricature of Shelley, we find some recognition of the true worth of man, some sense of his spiritual nature. Indeed, the one great longing of the prophet-poet is the attainment of truth, “the discernment of the true likeness, not the false, superficial one, in the thing he has got to work with.” The greatness of this task he fully realizes, for “no most gifted eye can exhaust the significance of any object. In the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael can take away with him.” He is ever conscious of man’s divine origin and destiny; ever conscious of the mysteriousness, the awfulness of life. He believes that “like a God-created, fire-breathing, Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished waste; then plunge again into the Inane.” But whence and whither we are hastening “Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.”

He seeks to discover the spiritual in man beneath the material nature which threatens to crush it; the Idea underlying the peculiar manifestation. This task, though great, he right bravely faces. That he marvelously succeeds is due in large part to his firm grasp of actual fact, combined with his deep sense of life’s mystery. Idealism does not completely lift him above the earth; instead he reads his truths into the small, everyday matters of life. Men and women, as he talks with them on the street corner, as he bargains with them in the market, seem strange, almost fearful, phenomena. That the world should realize this, he earnestly works. Since he himself saw so keenly the truth which they embodied, he is able to picture it for us, setting forth through them a little of the Divine life.

These tiny portraits, with their distinctive style, their variety of kind, their one underlying purpose, are but miniatures of Carlyle’s greater work.
"The French Revolution" is merely a series of these smaller pictures, which, mosaic-like, unite to form one rich and glowing whole. He could most easily teach by picturing. By violently stimulating the imagination, he gave impetus to the emotions.

This imaginative stimulus was most readily gained by a style brief, concise, dynamic. There is a terse vigor about his sentences, and their contained thought, which drove them directly to the point. Then, too, his work, if dramatic, became more real and vivid. But he would not trust the grasp of truth to the divining power of his reader. Each separate thought is punctuated by an explosive burst of emotion. He shows the effect it should have upon us, by giving way to the feelings it arouses in himself.

Like the portraits, his larger work varies also in kind; sometimes it is fiercely satiric, sometimes kindly humorous, sometimes deeply poetic. His bitterest sarcasm is but an outgrowth of his poetic self. The meanness, the pettiness of his surroundings grated upon his idealism; he became morbid, melancholy, unhappy. By nature he is a poet. His way of thinking is quick, concrete, intuitive. His economic work, with its sudden down-pulling of all existing theories, with its upraising of those shadowy and vague, is that of a poet. So, also, is his philosophy, with its lack of reasonable foundation, with its emphasis of the beautiful and the mysterious.

The purpose of his portraits and that of his other work is perfect in its similarity. "Truth, deeper Truth!" was his constant cry, his all-controlling idea. The spirit-life beneath all manifestations of matter is what he sought, and sought with tense nerves and hungry heart. He has, indeed, "looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior, celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed."

Caroline W. Jacobus, '95.

MOUNT KINCHINJUNGA.

Above the clouds,—aye, piercing through the blue,
To realms where e'en the eagle faints for earth,
Thou holdest sway, oh lonely, radiant Form,
In solitude! Around thy matchless throne
The sentry storms walk ceaseless, barring out
The human ills that throng thee from below.
Thou glorious One! God must have called thee up
From out the depths in mighty throes of strife,
Which left thee established firm upon the heart
Of things. Yea, I believe He must have laid
One eve His hand upon thy brow, and still
The surging fires within, thou dost so lift
In such proud patience, and such utter peace
Thy rugged front to heaven. O ask Him, thou
Who art above the storms, to call me, too,
From out the depths of doubt and sin. All woe,
Passion, despair, the throes of birth and strife,
I will bear all, if so thereby He lift
Me to the heights where thou dost dwell; if so
At eve He lay His hand upon my brow
And still the restless thoughts within, and soothe
My heart, and mind, and soul in perfect peace.

Julia Stevens Buffington.

AN AFTERNOON IN PIERRE LOTI'S COUNTRY.

Yesterday afternoon I walked down to Portz-Even in search of a mackerel for dinner. My landlady protested that it was low tide, and the fishing boats would not come in for hours; but I did not much care whether I bought mackerel or shrimps or eels, so that the quest gave me opportunity for talk with the people,—those rugged, kindly fisher-folk described by Pierre Loti in "Le Pêcheur d'Islande."

From Ploubazlanec to Portz-Even is a charming half-hour's walk. One goes down a steep and shadowy lane, bounded by high gorse hedges and green with moss and fern, past the sacred fountain of Perros and the washing pools where sabot-shod women kneel, beating out the clothes, and so on to the ancient stone cross with the figure of mother and Child carved on the emblem of sacrifice. At the foot of the hill the path reaches the sea, but it is still divided from the beach by a row of thick-set elms. The occasional gaps give one delightful glimpses of the harbor of Paimpol and the heather-crowned steeps of the opposite coast. The harbor at low tide is one great bed of seaweed, a glimmering expanse of golden browns and greens, broken by jagged black masses, where lie dangerous reefs, and crossed by a ribbon of blue where the artificial channel cuts through to the port. Bare-legged boys and girls are fishing for shrimps in the shallow pools, and white gulls
gather and wheel and scream, no less intent than the humans on earning their daily bread. Off in the harbor stand the ships of the Islandais, just come in from their six months' cruise in Arctic waters. They are laden with cod, and must soon set sail once more to dispose of their briny cargo in southern ports.

Arrived at Portz-Even, I found that the fishing smacks were not yet in sight, so I climbed the rocks that overlook the eove to wait my chance. Somebody was there before me—a neat little old woman in white cap and blue apron, whose kindly smile and calm, wise eyes proclaimed her a true Breton. She was looking off to sea, to the anchored ships, and beyond to the misty northern horizon. I recognized Marie Tuetot, the brisk little body who brought us blackberries every morning fresh picked before breakfast. "Has your ship come in?" I asked. "Alas, no, mademoiselle; no ship comes in for me. My husband is now too old to go with the Islandais, and my son was lost off the Jersey coast in the great storm of last January. He was only nineteen; but he had been nine years at sea, first as mousse, and then as man, and he brought me all he earned. These are sad days for me, mademoiselle; other women's sons are coming back to them, but mine comes not. Yes; they were all kind. The captain came to see me and the captain's wife, and they said that Pierre was the best man on the ship, and the mayor gave me fifty francs; but that was all. They soon forget, but I remember always, O ma Dhu!" Yes, they had property. The little house with the well at the door was theirs, and the pasture just below it, and they had a bit of land on the hill that gave all the potatoes they could eat. But there were no more sons, only a little daughter who had not taken her first communion; and they were growing old. "O ma Dhu!" Marie repeated the Breton cry of woe in a voice that was weak with tears. I knew that her grief was no less tender because she lamented the loss of the boy's earnings. The bread and butter problem is a terrible reality in a land where a frane a day is counted high wages, and if there are no young hands to keep the fire burning on the hearth, old age is a haunting terror.

As we talked a woman passed us on her way to the beach. Her figure was bent, but not so much by years as by toil. Her dress was worn to shreds and faded a uniform brown, the tint of oak leaves in November. Her face was bloodless, and she looked like a hunted thing. Marie gave her
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good-day in Breton as she hurried by, and said in answer to my question: “She is a mendicant. She has no home, for her people are dead long ago. She gathers kelp on the beach and carries it to the farmers on the hill. They use it to enrich the fields, and so she earns a few sous against the long winter. Yes; people do what they can for her, but we are all poor. The best of the Islandais can do no more than keep bread in the children's mouths; and when the husband is lost at sea, there is nothing left. Yes, people are kind, but they soon forget, O ma Dhu!”

“Ah, godmother, here you are!” said a fresh young voice. “I've come down to gossip with you while I wait for Jean. He has gone off to the ship this afternoon to fetch home his belongings. He'll soon be in.” She was a robust young woman, with a wholesome, happy face, not a whit less comely for its ruddy coat of tan. She was knitting, of course,—all Breton women knit when there is nothing more urgent to be done,—and her dress was old, almost shabby; but she was an enviable creature, so strong, so glad, so serenely confident of joy.

“The Bettina came in yesterday with her husband safe and sound,” said Marie to me. “He has scored a higher catch than any other man on board, and will be well paid. You do not care how many other men go down, eh, goddaughter?”

The younger woman shrugged her shoulders. She was evidently a little restless under the godmother's persistent grief for Pierre; but she said gently, “You know that I did what I could for Louise Mal.” They talked together in Breton a few minutes, and then explained to me, “Louise's husband was lost last March, and she is left with two little children, and not even the house she lives in her own.” Suddenly the young wife rose, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked off toward the ship. “They are coming,” and she pointed out a dory that was being rowed rapidly in by two stout fellows in blue jerseys. “Jean is the one with the straw hat. Yves Kerrie wears his old berret.” “Yves has no good wife to look after him,” said the godmother, smiling; “Jean is a lucky fellow.”

Surely, thought I, this is Gaul. The wives of the Islandais are not wont to be so comely, so secure, so self-possessed. This must be the daughter of the Paimpol shipowner. Pierre Loti has deceived us. Yann Gaos did not sink with that cry of horror into the embrace of his phantom
bride, the sea. He is alive, and has come home from the long cruise to rebuild the little cottage and make glad the hearts of Gaud and the Veuve Moan.

By this time the men had come ashore, and were scrambling up the rocks with their nondescript burden,—a small wooden trunk, a rough greatcoat, a pair of heavy boots, and a bundle of salt cod. They were fine fellows, both of them, alert and muscular, and they moved in the free, unhurried fashion that betokens undaunted strength. Having got up to us they doffed their caps, but turned suddenly shy,—they were so unwonted to terra firma and womankind, and, moreover, I was a stranger. A little piqued by her husband’s lack of manners, Gaud, without a word of greeting, turned to me and began to explain how the fish were caught and cured. Jean’s indignation overmastered his embarrassment. “Hast thou no thought for me?” he said, and the honest gray eyes were full of hot protest. Gaud’s eyes fell, and she faltered, “I did not see thee.” This patent falsehood Jean punished by flipping the water from his wet hands over her fresh cap. She fled, laughing, to the house, and he followed after, calling to poor wifeless Yves to bring on the stuff. Marie shrugged her shoulders. “Young things are thoughtless,” she said. “They do not mean to be rude.” But she, too, hurried away, intent on getting a supper worthy the homecoming.

I sat alone, looking off to sea. A sail had come in sight—other Islandais returning to gladden other homes. The tide was rising, and the shrimp fishers were hurrying in. They sang one of the weird Breton folksongs as they trudged up the wet sands. The minor cadence rose and fell with the waves. Something stirred brown among the dank, brown rocks at the water’s edge. It was “the mendicant,” lifting herself under her burden, a great bag full of kelp. She, too, came up the rough beach, slowly and painfully, bending so low that her bedrabbled cap sank to the level of her knees. Once she slipped, and almost lost her balance, and once she leaned against a rock to rest. The blanched face was tense with the strain, and the worn hands were trembling. There was a look of terror—of infinite woe—in the faded eyes. I shuddered, for the conviction fastened upon my heart: Alas, no! Pierre Loti is right, and this is Gaud.

Katharine Coman.
MUTATION.

I caught a snowflake in my hand,
   Six-pointed star,
God-fashioned still, and perfect planned,
   Though least and far.
With earthborn impulse, swift I clasped it near—
The crystal in my hand was changed a tear.

A dream upon a human heart
   Was waft to-day,
And fell soft-free, was clutched, to start
   In pain away.
A flitting thought in heaven gave it birth,
It came to be a human tear—on earth.

MARY HEFFERAN, '96.

AN INCIDENT OF CIRCUS DAY.

He sat on an old, half-broken fence by the roadside, and swung his feet impatiently. His curly red hair hung in tumbled disorder about his face, and his little blue eyes twinkled above his stubby nose. The hot summer sun beat down mercilessly upon him, and the tall thistles that grew by the fence stung his bare feet; but, oblivious of the unfavorable surroundings, he sang softly and watched the bend in the road down which the circus wagons were to come. He had not cared to go with the other boys to meet the incoming procession; he had preferred to wait at his favorite resting place, where he could watch the place where that glorious vision of color and action would first appear.

He pictured it all to himself,—the horses with their gayly dressed riders, the clumsy elephant, the ill-natured camel, the roaring of the lion, the clowns, and the music of the calliope playing, “Do, do, my huckleberry, do.”

A little cloud passed over his face as he thought of it all, for his disappointment of the previous morning was still fresh in his mind. He had said to his father as they were eating their breakfast of the inevitable bacon and potatoes:

“Say, Pa, do you think I could go to the circus? I never been to one, you know.”
"No, Sam," answered his father slowly; "I haven't a cent of money."
Sam had looked up bravely and tried to smile as he replied:
"O, well, I kin see the p'rade, anyhow."
He blinked his eyes as he sat on the fence and remembered that only the "p'rade" was for him, but a rumbling noise and a cloud of dust announced the approach of the procession, and drove from his mind the memory of his disappointment. He thrust his hands deep into his tiny pockets and leaned forward, his blue eyes shining with eagerness. When the dark-skinned elephants stepped clumsily past he rolled off the fence, and running out to get as near as possible, trudged along beside them until they reached the outskirts of the town, and the man in charge of the animals turned to the red-faced little boy and said:
"Hot morning, sonny."
"Yessir," answered Sam, his face beaming with delight at being addressed by a "circus man."
"Suppose you're comin' to the show," continued the communicative gentleman, with a wide smile.
Sam's face fell, but he answered bravely:
"'Fraid not."
"Don't you want to?"
"You kin just bet I do."
"Well, now, if you'll come along and help me water the elephants I'll give you a ticket for to-night."
Sam could not speak; he could only nod and grin in speechless delight.
He worked all the afternoon, carrying water from the brook half a mile away; for there were other animals to be watered besides the elephants, and Sam was the only person to do it. He carried water until the perspiration rolled from his face in streams, and his small arms ached; but even then he loved the man who had given him the work to do, and felt grateful to the animals for being thirsty.
"What a lucky kid I am," he said to himself when, his tasks done, he rested in the early twilight and waited for the ticket which his employer had promised to bring him. "I've worked all the afternoon a-carryin' water, and now I'm a-goin' to see the show. I'll see the ladies a-ridin' the horses, and the little boys a-doin' tricks on the tight ropes, and that funny clown,
and the man who can tie hisself into knots, and the monkeys and the tigers—Gee!

He clasped his hands about his knees and hugged himself rapturously.

"Twon't be long now till he comes with my ticket,—'cause the people is comin' now. I never been to a circus before, but I'm goin' to-night, sure."

He jumped up from his seat, executed an impromptu jig, and then strained his eyes to see if his employer was approaching. He looked until the dusk seemed to be composed of thousands of tiny specks of darkness, but no one was in sight.

"If I'd go down by the tent to look for him," he soliloquized, "p'r'aps he might come up here and not find me, and then I wouldn't get to go."

A lump arose in his throat at the thought, and he again seated himself on the friendly log and waited in silence.

It had grown very dark. The tent was filled with people; the grand entree had been made; the clown with his horribly-painted face and worn-out jokes was calling forth shouts of laughter from the audience; the riders were performing many and wonderful feats, and the circus was half over, when a little red-headed boy with a freckled face and anxious eyes hurried to the ticket-seller's stand.

"Please, Mister," he said, in a tremulous voice, "the man with the elephant promised me to get in if I'd help; and I worked so hard, and I've waited more'n an hour for him, and he never brought me no ticket, and—and—please, Mister, can't I go in?"

The ticket seller smiled—not a pleasant smile.

"That's hardly likely," he said, "and I've nothing to do with the man with the elephant. We've had boys try to work that racket on us before. No; I can't let you in."

Sam's lips trembled, but he made a last attempt.

"I did work, Mister, honest I did, and I haven't never seen a circus. He promised me the ticket. Can't I just go in a minute, or can't I just go to one of the littlest side shows? Please, Mister, I do want to go so bad, and I worked so hard."

Never again in all his life did Sam suffer the bitter disappointment that he did when the ticket seller replied shortly:—

"No; run away—you've taken up enough time—hurry, now."
It was a tired and heart-sore little boy that walked slowly down the road through the dark. He tried to sing; but the words of his favorite solo that he used so often to sing in the city church, "As Pants the Hart," would not come, and he wondered in a vague, childish way if the hart had longed for the cooling streams half as much as he had longed for the circus. He sat down on a fallen log near his cabin home, and brushed the back of his hand across his eyes, as he said with a rising sob that he tried in vain to suppress:—

"I never even saw a little monkey—and me a-workin' so hard all day."

Helen Marie Bennett.

ANDROMACHE: A MYSTERY.

They had formed a great habit of talking people over, they three. The Scoffer and the Scientist said what there was to be said in the first place, and the little Second Fiddle, who was only a junior, and had not known the moral mass added by cap and gown, rephrased their opinions for them in her distinctive, neat words of three syllables. The Scientist was avowedly fond of the Second Fiddle. The Scoffer said that she was harmonious, and a nice little molecule of humanity. At any rate, the Second Fiddle came to be a matter of course in the lives of the two gownswomen.

It happened—as it generally did happen in those days—that the Second Fiddle was spending the gray length of a rainy November afternoon in the Scientist's room. They had talked over two freshmen and one senior, all three well-hashed topics. There seemed to be nothing more to say. The Second Fiddle, sitting in the window seat, leaned her pretty head back against the shutter and watched the sheets of rain beat down the oak leaves from the tree by the driveway. The Scientist fidgeted a little. The elevator bell rang crossly from the far end of the corridor, and somebody in a room near by began an imperfect banjo solo, stopping every moment or two to tune the instrument. Just as the conscientious musician was at last fairly making some progress, the Scoffer knocked her businesslike tap-tap on the door panel, and entered.

"There is a new girl, a queer one," she said. (The Scoffer, like a model exposition, always made a great point of her dear topic sentence.)
She sat down sidewise in a wicker chair and leaned her arms, folded, along the top. The Scientist only raised her eyebrows a trifle.

"She is an early type,—Greek, I think," went on the Scoffer.

"Primitive?" queried the Scientist, with little show of interest. Primitive types, in her experience, were usually found to have unicellular minds.

"Primeval. She is warmly calm," asserted the newcomer.

"What does she look like? Who is she?" the Scientist asked. "Is she like all the rest of them?"

"A freshman, of course; the interesting ones always are," said the Scoffer. "She's tall, good feet, restful hands, young, and unshakably calm. Nobody knows her. No, I'm not going to tell you how she looks; you must see for yourselves."

"She can't be one of those classical antiquities, can she? You say she's young." The Second Fiddle had reference to a long line of Venuses, Junos, Vestal Virgins, nymphs, and dryads that had arisen, received the tribute of a discussion, and one after another retired to uninteresting obscurity.

"Young—ever and eternally young. It can't be put on; nobody but a genius could act such calm youth—and a genius wouldn't want to. It's real enough. She's beautiful," added the Scoffer, irrelevantly.

"I suppose nothing has ever happened to her," ventured the Second Fiddle, dreamily.

"Yes;" sighed the Scoffer, with a satisfied little nod.

"Do you suppose anything ever will happen to her?" asked the Scientist, more eagerly.

"I don't know," responded the other. "I doubt—I don't know. Only, somehow, one can't fancy it. She makes one think of Ceres, somehow. You know the feeling of full harvest time,—that there never can be any end or anything else than the clear yellow stalks of wheat and the ripe corn? It is the full-ripe time of year; it only lasts an hour or two. She makes me think of Ceres, and of that, too. Oh! I can't explain——" The Scoffer broke off in a little scorn of her own intangible enthusiasm.

"And nothing has ever happened to her," repeated the Second Fiddle, looking out at the oak leaves and the rain again.

"I should think she might be tiresome," suggested the Scientist, a little vaguely.
Nobody answered. There came a light knock on the door, and the Scientist interrupted her train of thought to say a vigorous "Come!"

A tall girl with a handsome head stood on the threshold. She was dressed in black. She hesitated; it was the wrong room; she had made a mistake. Freshmen often lose their way.

Scarcely had the door closed behind the wanderer when the Scientist said to the Scoffer: "She is Greek, distinctly. And she is certainly beautiful."

"I am rusty now in my Homer," began the little Second Fiddle uncertainly, hesitating as if she were reaching for something through a close mist, "but it seems to me that she is more Andromache than Ceres."

"But Andromache had had things happen to her," objected the Scientist. "Yes; I know. But—do you remember the place where Hector is gone out, and the baby is with the nurse? She stands on the wall, you know, and looks out over the plain, and waits wistfully upon the gods. There was nothing to do then, nothing to see,—"

"And she was such a child!" put in the Scoffer. "I never read any further than that. I didn’t want to know the end of it."

"Andromache is certainly very beautiful," the Scientist said again, as she sharpened a lead pencil.

They talked of Andromache often during the winter, and there were always the same things to be said. She was calm, young, beautiful, and Andromache, a waiting Andromache. Once, along in the spring, the Scoffer thought that the beautiful, calm face had changed a little. There seemed to be faint signs which might, in the case of an everyday girl, mean a romantic affection. The Scoffer talked the matter over with the Scientist, and made it the text and inspiration of two long tirades against the “crush” system, which were delivered in the presence of the Second Fiddle. At length, after a careful weighing, and sifting, and correlating of evidence, the romantic theory was given up. Andromache was as much a mystery as ever.

One evening in May the Scoffer, the Scientist, and the Second Fiddle went to walk. The weather had been hot, and partly by chance, partly for the sake of the coolness of the place, they wandered out along the broad
height of a near-by aqueduct, where its arch bridged over a long stretch of swamp and a rapid stream.

It was a silent place, and as lonely as the stars. The three companions turned their backs on the fading glories of the sunset to watch the mists and shadows fill the hollow land beneath them. It was the Scoffer’s suggestion.

It was the Scoffer, too, who, after they had stood thus for two or three minutes, slipped an arm through the arm of each of them and gently drew them away. Out at the edge of the bridge, and leaning against the parapet, stood Andromache. She did not see them. Her stately head was thrown back. The fading sunset crimson lingered on her beautiful, sad face. Her muslin gown hung in soft, straight folds from the waist. And into the wasting sunset, out over the abyss of lowland and woods beneath her, with its shadows and swamps and fog wreaths, out over the rising night, Andromache stretched yearning, hungry arms.

The three had gained the highroad. They had not spoken; they did not look back. The Scoffer broke the silence with something very like a sob.

“Poor child!” she said. “But it had to come.”

“And Hector?” asked the Scientist.

The little Second Fiddle was crying quietly, without any pretense at concealment. “I’m afraid Hector—isn’t,” said the Second Fiddle, almost in a whisper.

Emily S. Johnson, ’97.

FOILED.

The sun had gone, and the shadowy night
Had chased from the sky the last warm light,
When the waiting wind crept forth, and said,
“I will shake the reeds and the grasses dead,
And twist the boughs till they writhe and groan,
And the swaying pines shall wail and moan,
And I’ll blow and blow where I please,” cried he;
“There is none to see.”

Then the withered grasses were bended low,
And the quivering reeds shook to and fro,
While a sad wail came from the old pine tree,
And the wind laughed on, “There is none to see.”
Then softly, O softly, so bright and still,
The wide-eyed moon came over the hill;
Came over and looked with her clear, full light
Out into the night.

The telltale shadows began to move
As the moon kept watch from the hill above.
The baffled wind stood still; said he,
"If I twist the branches the moon will see,
And the shadows tell if I try to blow."
With a last low sigh he turned to go,
While the shadows still and the moon's full light
Watched out the night.

S. C. W., '95.

HAMMOCK SKETCHES.

III.

In the hammock were two little girls in blue frocks and white aprons. They sat opposite each other with legs doubled up in Turkish fashion; and each with a large book spread out upon her knees. These books they called their paper-doll houses, for between the sheets were kept the dolls and their assorted wardrobes; though the line was but indistinctly drawn, since the dolls were but heads, transferable to different bodies according to the appropriateness of the clothes thereon. Judging by the high-pitched little voices, life was very full for the paper world just now.

"Now, Florence, Lady Ellen is to have Evelyn's coming-out tea. She is just sixteen, and so beautiful. See, I have painted her dress pink and green, like sister's. The back of my book will be the ballroom. She is to meet Sir Arthur for the first time, and you must talk for him."

"But sixteen is too young; she ought to be eighteen."

"No, indeed; I'm going to have her die before she's that old. But come, let's begin."

Lady Ellen and the beautiful Evelyn were placed in a corner of the ballroom to receive. Enter Sir Arthur in an immaculately fitting dress suit, sublimely unconscious of its inappropriateness.

"You must make Lady Ellen and Evelyn talk, Mary."
"Yes; I know. 'Good evening, Sir Arthur; so delighted to see you. This is my daughter, Evelyn. Shake hands with the gentleman, my dear.'"

"But she wouldn't say 'shake hands with the gentleman' to a grown young lady."

"Yes, she would. Mothers always forget when their daughters are grown; mamma said so. Now make Sir Arthur talk."

"'Good evening. Such a pleasure.' Then he says aloud to himself, you know, as they do on the stage: 'What a ravishing young lady,—what an angel! I feel that I love her already. I must win her for my bride even at the point of the sword.'"

"But he hasn't any sword."

"O, that's just an expression to show he's brave. Then he comes near to her and whispers in her ear, 'Beautiful one, may I call you Evelyn?'"

"Evelyn says, 'You are too bold, Sir Arthur.'"

"No, Mary; she ought to whisper, 'Ask mamma.'"

"She oughtn't at all, Florence; and, besides, Evelyn's my doll, and I'll make her say what I please."

"O, all right; but I wouldn't have such a slow young lady. Now Sir Arthur says, 'Take my arm, and let us go and sit on the staircase. We'll have my knee for the stairs. Let's pretend Sir Arthur leans against the banisters, for he's stiff, and will crease for good if I bend him.'"

"Now Evelyn says, 'Why don't you go and dance with the other young blossoms? There are many beautifuller than I.'"

"And Sir Arthur says, 'Because since I have seen you, these stars can witness'——"

"But they are in the hall."

"O, well, the steps then—'these steps can witness that I love but you, and all the world seems to move around me and thee.'"

"Is he a Quaker?"

"No; but they always speak so when they are making love. Now Evelyn, Mary."

"Evelyn says, 'Do you mean that you wish me to marry you, Sir Arthur?'"
‘Call me Arthur, darling.’ Now bend Evelyn’s head so that it will fall on his shoulder, Mary.”
‘But ought she to do that?’
‘Of course she ought. You wouldn’t have her sit bolt upright when he was lovering, would you? Nobody does.”
‘Evelyn answers, ‘If you mean that, I cannot, for mamma will object.’ Lady Ellen must object, you know, for they must run away.”
‘Sir Arthur stamps his foot angrily and says, ‘What is a mother or two’—"
‘She couldn’t have two.”
‘That makes no difference. He stamps his foot and says: ‘What is a mother or two, or a father or more! We will elope; we will fly away together, dearest, to my home beyond the sea. Even to-night we will do it. My foaming steeds are at the gate. Get thee a cloak around thy shoulders, and we will steal away under the new moon.’ He jumps up and goes down here by the hammock ropes to see after the horses.”
‘And Evelyn steals up the stairs, peeps into the dressing room to see that no maids are there, and throws this heavy red plush cloak lined with ermine around her shoulders. Hand me a piece of beeswax to make her cloak stick on. Then she skims lightly down the stairs, and waits outside here for Sir Arthur. Doesn’t she look sweet in that red cloak?”
‘Not so sweet as my Juanita, and I speak to have her come out to-morrow.”
‘But it isn’t fair to have her run away, too.”
‘No; I’ll have her stolen away, or something. Now it’s time to have Sir Arthur come from the horses. He picks Evelyn up in his arms and carries her to the carriage. I wish we had a box instead of this old piece of paper. Evelyn faints dead away. He lays her on the carriage seat and takes her red plush cape off, and puts this beautiful little gold smelling bottle to her nose. That makes her sneeze, and she opens her eyes. And he says, ‘My angel, my sweetest, my precious precious, I am Arthur, and we are in my carriage, and going to a church to be married.’”
‘Oh! Let’s pretend that one of the maids did see Evelyn take her cloak away, and went down stairs to watch her, and saw Sir Arthur carry her off. Let’s pretend she tells Evelyn’s father, and he jumps on a horse and
gallops after her. I've got a man for the father. And Evelyn sees him out of the little glass in the back of the carriage, and she cries: 'Oh, Arthur, there comes my father! Save me! He will shut me up in a dark dungeon with rats, and he will have your head cut off!'

"That's a fine idea. And they are now in a dark woods, and the carriage is just whipping along. Arthur says, 'My life, we live or die together.' Quick, make Evelyn speak, for the father is coming along."

"Evelyn says, 'Let's get out of the carriage and hide behind the trees, for my father is coming nearer and nearer.' Let Sir Arthur stop the horses, and pick her out this way, and put her behind this rope for a tree."

"Then Sir Arthur suddenly draws a pistol from his pocket and says, 'Shall I kill your father? Shall I put a bullet through his drunken head?'

"But he isn't drunk. I won't have my girl's father drunk."

"We'll pretend Sir Arthur made a mistake. What does Evelyn say?"

"'If he finds us he must be shot down like a dog.'"

"Why a dog?"

"That's the way to say it. Here comes the father. He sees the carriage standing in the road, and thinks aloud to himself, 'I would wager that the lovers are within a mile.' He goes in the woods to look, and sees Evelyn's red cloak shining behind the tree. He springs to it, when suddenly —bang! the pistol goes off, and he's dead!"

"That's right. Pull his head off and throw him down. Now what shall Arthur do?"

"Sir Arthur must shoot himself, or he'll be hung for murder. He must say —"

"I speak for Sir Arthur. He says: 'Good-by, Evelyn, my love. Cruel fate has decided that we must both die, but we will meet in heaven, and go to a beautiful gold church with silver doors and be married.'"

"But the father?"

"Oh, he's in hell."

"And Evelyn stretches out on the grass so, and says,—but there goes the dinner bell!"

"Never mind; go on. We'll have time to kill them."

"Evelyn says: 'Good-by. Shoot me in the heart, for that is where I love you.' And he shoots her in the heart, and then he shoots himself."
“Yes; then he shoots himself, and they lie out dead under the tree, and the little birds cover them with leaves, like the ‘babes in the woods.’ And a great tiger comes out of the woods and swollers the father down whole. That’s all; and to-morrow we will play Juanita.”

IV.

The sun was shining after a hard rain, with a golden, beautifying light, and the air was fresh with the fragrance of newly soaked green things. A young girl sat in the hammock, with hands tightly clasping her knee and her face alight with feeling. Beside her in a chair was a young man erratically snapping the strings of a guitar, and looking away over the cornfield with an uneasy glow in his eyes.

“Play to me,” she said.

“Certainly.” He turned his chair so as to face her, and bent over the guitar. “This is a song called the ‘Sighs.’ Shall I tell the story as I play?”

“If you wish.”

“First he is, saying, ‘I love you hopelessly, I know, but I cannot conceal it.’ . . . This low part says, ‘I have tried to master myself, yet’ . . . and he goes back to the first . . . ‘I can but love you.’ Now he says in this brisker strain, ‘I will go away to work, not troubling you any more, but’ . . . and he drops to the depths of his sadness and despair . . . ‘I will think of you always with unsatisfied yearning.’ . . . And then he recovers his determination, saying . . . ‘Still, my hopelessness shall not spoil my life’s success, only’ . . . this first part again . . . ‘always bear in mind that I gave you my best love.’” . . . The words he said were but a shadow of the interpretation that shone from his face.

“Give me the guitar,” said she. “I will play you a song called the ‘Whys.’ Shall I explain as I play?”

“If you will.”

“This argumentative part says: ‘Why are men what they are? . . . Why will they read and read, and still not learn? . . . Why can they never understand us girls?’ . . . These minor chords say, ‘Why will they bewail their unrequited affection, because, forsooth, we conceal our love until
it is asked? ’ This discord says, ‘ They deserve to suffer for their tactless, blundering, unenlightened reasoning ’—and—this part says, ‘ Why, when I love you, will you go away? ’ . . . and this part says . . . ‘ Take your hand from the strings; I cannot play.’ ”

“ I don’t want you to play. Is this true?”
“ What?”
“ That you love me.”
“ Why, that was only in the song, you know.”
“ You know that my song spoke for me. Is your song speaking for you?”
“ Will you let me finish—you are not polite. And this part says, ‘ My heart is yours, though you have not fairly won it.’ ”
“ Really?”
“ Really.”

Dorothy Allen.

THE INFLUENCE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

“ The king has but one man, that is his wife,” exclaimed Mirabeau in a burst of enthusiasm after his interview with Marie Antoinette. He, like all others who came directly under her influence, was made captive by her charm of manner and her power to attach to her whomever she would. Her natural force of character was brought into marked relief by the king’s weakness. Louis XVI. was devoted to her, and could never resist her wishes, even against his better judgment. The people knew it, and learned to seek her support if they wished royal favors. Marie Antoinette was, therefore, in a position to shape the court policy very largely, and her influence during the Revolution was necessarily much felt. What use, then, did she make of her power?

At the opening of the States-General, in 1789, there was already a strong undercurrent of public opinion against the queen. It had arisen from various sources. Her marriage with Louis was a confirmation of the Austro-French Alliance, and this had always been unpopular. The queen was
naturally loyal to Austria, and Maria Theresa always exercised an active influence over her daughters, in her own interests. Yet Marie Antoinette might easily have overcome any unpopularity on this account. Count Mercy d'Argenteau describes her first years in France as an "unprecedented success." Her grace and beauty, her ready wit, her good nature, won all hearts. Popular enthusiasm ran so high that one evening at the theater the whole audience sprang up and joined the actors in a chorus of praise to the young queen.

But Marie Antoinette loved amusement, and it was not always amusing to cater to the public fancy. She outraged the punctilious pride of the grande noblesse by her disregard of court etiquette. She appeared at masked balls, and gave free play to her passion for gaming and the chase. She was quick to show marked signs of favor or disfavor toward her courtiers, and too often chose most unworthy friends. Mercy declared that the better class of nobles had deserted the court. Slanderous stories were set afloat about her, which revived old feelings of distrust of her, as the representative of Austria. Count Mercy and Maria Theresa advised and warned her, but it was of no use. "She can't bear to make any effort to overcome her repugnance to what is disagreeable," wrote Maria Theresa, despairingly. When the bitter days of the Revolution came it was too late to win back public favor.

Brought up as she was in ideas of absolutism, with a naturally imperious disposition, Marie Antoinette's policy during the Revolution was but the natural outcome of her previous attitude toward popular rights. The claims of the Parliament of Paris she had described as "revolt and sedition," and she had rejoiced at every triumph of royal authority. When the States-General were assembled, she was ready as before to urge the complete suppression of the people's demands.

Louis, unlike the queen, was willing to make concessions to end the civil discord, but, unfortunately, he did not know just what those concessions should be, and his views changed with each new adviser. His speech in the Royal Session of June 23, as planned by Necker, would have sanctioned the single chamber, or the vote par tete, which would have given the third estate its proper proportion of votes in the States-General. But the queen's advice overruled Necker's, and Louis commanded the vote par ordre,
which had always been the law of that body. The clergy, nobles, and third estate must then vote each in its separate chamber, and the third estate, whose deputies far outnumbered the others, would have but the power of a one-third vote.

There could not have been a greater mistake. The bitter wrongs of centuries had grown utterly unendurable, and the people had at last learned to appreciate the causes of their wretchedness, and to comprehend that there was a means of escape. If the king and queen had co-operated then in the work of reform, they would have identified their own interests with the welfare of the people, and there need have been no violent overthrow of one party or the other. But no one at court understood the situation. They believed they could go on crushing and intimidating forever, and the king's speech in the Royal Session was calculated to do the work. But instead of intimidating them, it roused in the deputies a passionate determination to resist. The king was forced to yield most ignominiously and grant the single chamber. From that day the Revolution was an established fact.

In dictating these measures Marie Antoinette had been greatly influenced by the Count d'Artois and his fellow-courtiers, who made her the means of carrying out their plans with the king. Yet she listened readily, as their opinions coincided with her own. They either could not understand, or would not heed the signs of the times. After their failure in the Royal Session they were still determined to enforce submission at any cost. If royal commands did not intimidate, royal troops might. Broglie and his regiments were brought to Paris, much against the king's real wishes. Necker, the people's favorite, was dismissed from the ministry. The result was the taking of the Bastille, and another humiliating act of submission from the king. Louis had to recall Necker, because the people willed it. Here was a new impetus given to the Revolution. The rabble of Paris, after July 14, learned that they, as well as the Assembly, could have their own way.

Louis was still beloved by the people, who attributed his conduct to his advisers; but the queen's former recklessness of public opinion was against her, and her hostility to reform was generally known. All that she did was distorted by an excited populace. They made her the object on which to vent their rage. She should have realized her need of inspiring confidence, and it was not too late to have done it. But she had not the same discern-
ment of the popular character that she afterwards acquired. Instead of soothing, she irritated the people, though often unintentionally. Her appearance at the officers’ banquet of October 1 had this effect.

Threatened as she was by the people, it was natural for Marie Antoinette to encourage an outburst of loyalty on the part of the soldiers. But, at a time when passions were so easily roused, it was very imprudent. The banquet was not the sole cause of the uprising of October 5 and 6, yet the queen’s presence there gave a new pretext for popular wrath against her, and called forth a new storm of abuse from the Jacobin press.

After this, not only the monarchy, but any form of orderly government, was in great danger. The mob had begun to act in opposition to the Assembly as well as to the king, and it conquered both. This was so not only in Paris, but all over France. The government’s only hope lay in the steady pursuance of some definite course of action. Hitherto it had been drifting with the current. Louis was incapable of planning anything. The queen was the real ruler of the court, and with her lay the responsibility for its policy. But she was not equal to the emergency. She had courage, but not sound political judgment, and her failures are perhaps less her fault than her misfortune. Her position had come to be such that none but a great statesman could fill it with any chance of success, and even he could make but a doubtful fight against such opposing forces.

If the queen had not herself political wisdom enough to devise a strong course of action, one was planned for her at three of the great crises of the revolution, and steady support from her might in each case have saved her. But Marie Antoinette, strangely blind to her own interests, refused the proposals of Mirabeau, of Barnave, and of Dumouriez, and persisted in looking to foreign powers for aid; a course which, more than anything else, proved fatal to the monarchy.

Shortly after Oct. 6, 1789, Mirabeau presented his first memoir to the court. He urged Louis to support the new constitution, to take the initiative in the work of reform, and to choose a responsible ministry from the different parties of the Assembly. He also showed the necessity of the king’s leaving Paris, where the Assembly was at the mercy of the mob, for some provincial town. If the Assembly refused to follow, a new one might be called, and all partisans of order would be ranged with the constitution and the king.
But the queen detested Mirabeau, and she would have nothing to do with his projects. She had always been governed by personal prejudice, and what Mercy had said of her a few years before was still true: "She can't take the trouble to consider a systematic plan of conduct." La Marck complains that when he went to urge her acceptance of Mirabeau's services, the purpose of his audience was almost lost sight of. She tried to turn it away, and chat, in her graceful manner, of trivial things.

When all else seemed to fail, however, she gave Mirabeau power to act. But the revolutionary forces had then gained greater momentum, and her distrust of him continually hindered the powerful effect he might have had in checking the ever-increasing anarchy. She accepted him rather with the feeling that she was quieting a foe, than with any true recognition of his genius. Of the greatest statesman in France, and the wisest friend of the monarchy, Marie Antoinette and her friends merely say, "It is interesting to have him on our side!"

While the court pretended to adopt Mirabeau's plan of trusting to the nation for support, the queen was secretly urging Leopold to rouse Europe in her behalf. She never seemed to see that the monarchy could be securely established only by identifying it with lawful reforms, and uniting its interests to those of the nation. She placed her interests continually in direct antagonism with those of the people.

The flight of the king and queen from Paris in June, 1791, was an attempt to gain safety with Leopold's troops, where, the queen hoped, Louis could play a glorious part as mediator between France and a foreign army. But the whole affair was too clumsily managed for any chance of success. It destroyed the last vestige of confidence in both king and queen, and branded them as traitors. Louis had been as eager to escape as the queen, but it was against the "Austrian woman" that all the abuse was hurled. "Execrable woman, evil genius of France, thou wast the leader of this conspiracy!" cries Frèron, and his words were caught up on every side. Up to this time there had been no open threat against the monarchy, but men began to talk freely now of a republic.

While this event estranged one party of revolutionists, it opened the eyes of Barnave and Lafayette, and drew them closer to the monarch. It is doubtful whether these constitutionalists could have checked the growth of
republicanism at so late a date. The moderate club of the "Feuillants," which they inaugurated, could have gained little headway against the energy of the Jacobins. There was much division among themselves, and they had planned no definite line of conduct. Their new position as supporters of the king, whom they had so lately opposed, was not understood by the people. Yet if, when Barnave sought to unite his own with the court party, he had had the zealous support of the queen, much might have been accomplished.

She was still, however, in hopes of foreign aid, and refused to adopt any of his measures. She even encouraged his opponents, thinking to profit by a division among the leaders of the Assembly.

In looking outside of France for help, Marie Antoinette was not desirous of actual war. Her letters to Leopold were full of appeals for armed interference, yet she hoped that an armed congress would suffice to intimidate France. "Let us have no civil war, no invasion of émigrés, and, if possible, no foreign war," she wrote. At her urgent request Leopold dispersed the armed forces of the émigrés, for she realized the people's hatred and suspicion of them, and wished the emperor to act independently of them.

When war broke out, however, the queen trusted to foreign powers entirely. She refused every offer of aid from within the kingdom. Lafayette wished to place the royal family under the protection of his army, but Marie Antoinette replied that it would be better to perish than to owe safety to the man who had done them the most mischief.

Lafayette had never shown wisdom enough to warrant the queen's confidence, but she cannot be so easily excused for rejecting Dumouriez. He had popularity to give weight to his measures, and foresight and resolution enough to form and execute an able plan. He besought the queen to let him save her. But again, as at every other critical period, she was actuated by her prejudice against a man who had supported the revolutionary party, and by her confidence in foreign armies. She and Louis kept up their correspondence with the allies.

The people could not fail to obtain knowledge of this correspondence. All their patriotism had been stirred by the invasion of the country, and the thought that the king and queen were conspiring with the enemy exasperated them beyond endurance. It furnished a pretext for the trial of the king
which the fiercer revolutionists were only too ready to seize. Louis and Marie Antoinette were made to forfeit their lives as traitors.

Marie Antoinette has been called Louis's evil genius. Everything that she did certainly weakened her own cause. Yet Louis's ruin was caused as much by his own weak irresolution, as by the queen's persistent but courageous resistance. It was not she alone who hurried the state into anarchy. "You moderates," said Mirabeau, "who were not enough so to appreciate me; you ministers, who have not made a step that is not a fault; and you, foolish Assembly, who don't know what you say, or what you do,—it is these that have caused the harm."

Everything conspired together against the monarchy. The queen, holding power in her hands, had not the capacity to wield it. She was heroic, but not wise. She was not great enough for the times upon which she had fallen. She and Louis XVI. were the victims of their own lack of statesmanship.

Edith P. Thomson, '92.

MISS MACINTOSH.

The big brick church stood midway on the long, maple-bordered street between the village store and the "Corners." Perhaps this central position was meant to emphasize its importance in the life of the Scotch village. Next to the church was the rambling, comfortable brick parsonage; and next to that, but separated by two wide fields, stood a cozy white cottage with green blinds and a shady piazza. It stood a little back from the road, as all our houses did in that small country town, and there was a narrow board walk from the front gate up to the house. In summer time there were always hollyhocks blooming around the walls, and spicy, old-fashioned pink roses in the garden plot, and tall, fragile French lilacs, and whole rows of candy-tuft, and vigorous little Scotch daisies. I know about the flowers, because I used to get bouquets when I went to the cottage on errands. I seem to associate the smell of ginger cookies with the cottage, too, but this may be only imagination.
This was the home of the Misses MacIntosh,—Miss Margaret, who was Miss MacIntosh both by age and by pre-eminence, and Miss Mary, who was delicate and—well, nervous.

Miss MacIntosh, whom I knew the better, was about seventy when I was eight. She was tall and slight, with snapping black eyes and iron-gray side puffs. In the house she used to wear a little lace cap and a kerchief fastened with a dainty old cameo. On the street she wore an old-style silk bonnet and a long silk circular, or else a lace bonnet and shawl. In this garb she would set forth, "to arrange the affairs of the parish," as the minister sometimes said when he was in a cynical mood. Truly, no young person who had been playing cards, and no older person who had been in any degree lax in his church duties, was safe from Miss MacIntosh's notice and censure. In fact one did not need to be guilty of anything heinous at all to attract her interest. It was enough simply to be, to exist, and to have her know you. Then your every action excited her comment, and was never forgotten.

One day there was company at the manse (it may be observed that these notes are taken mainly from a window seat in the manse), so Miss MacIntosh had seen from the lattice work on the end of her piazza. There was a gray-haired man who stooped a little, and a very straight, thin woman. Who could they be? Certainly not Broadalbin people. She knew every neighbor for miles around. Really, she would like to know.

The minister's young wife was entertaining her guests very successfully. They were the sister and brother-in-law of a lady in the parish. They lived in St. Louis, and had only been in Broadalbin once since their wedding. Everything was passing off beautifully; the children had behaved perfectly when they came in, and now the conversation had turned on ecclesiastical conditions in the West.

The doorbell rang. The conversation went steadily on. The parlor door was opened, and there stood Miss MacIntosh, impressive, cordial and interested. The hostess rose, trying not to look anxious.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss MacIntosh; and may I introduce two old friends of yours, Mr. and Mrs. MacVein." The visitors from the West bowed with dignity, but Miss MacIntosh went up and kissed Mrs. MacVein and shook Mr. MacVein's hand. Then she sat down opposite in an easy-chair.
"Indeed," she said, "I will never forget Mrs. MacVein. I remember well how you came into church the Sabbath after you were married, with the wedding ring outside your glove."

"I remember nothing of the kind," replied the lady from St. Louis, stiffly.

"Yes; you must have forgotten," returned Miss MacIntosh, cheerfully. "It was my brother James who called my attention to it; and many a time we have laughed over it. And, Mr. MacVein, did you ever hear what my poor, dear brother used to say about you?"

Mrs. MacVein had turned to the minister's wife with a rising flush on her cheeks, and had begun to describe the work of their missionary society at home.

No; Mr. MacVein had never heard what James said about him.

"Well, James always said, 'How did that nice-looking girl ever take that very homely man?' Strange how some things always stick in your memory, isn't it? I always think of that remark of James's when I hear your name."

Mr. MacVein did not seem to enjoy the reminiscence very much, and he, too, turned to the missionary discussion with great interest. This was a safe topic, and the little hostess kept it going steadily. After a while Miss MacIntosh rose to go. As she fastened her long circular she said: "You must come and make me a visit while you are in Broadalbin. You know we have all the old times to talk over." I do not remember that the visitors promised to go, but Miss MacIntosh bade them good afternoon very graciously and went out. The next day she asked the minister's wife if she ever met such stiff, uninteresting people as those MacVeins.

She often made informal calls at the parsonage, at all hours from seven in the morning, before we had had breakfast, till nine at night. One morning she came into the sitting room, where the minister's wife was sewing. There was a merry twinkle in her eyes, and for a few minutes she had nothing to say. Then she laughed softly and sat forward. "Did you hear James Creighton's prayer in meeting last night?"

"Yes; an excellent one, wasn't it?" This came abstractedly. "This muslin looked as if it would not wear very well."

"Excellent? did you hear what I said? But then you always say the best about people. No; it was a very weak prayer. I'm afraid James isn't
as particular as he ought to be about family worship, or he would be more fluent in public exercises. Suppose I speak to him about it?"

"Margaret!" This showed great excitement. My mother put down her sewing. "For any sake, don't. Really, you mustn't think of such a thing."

"O, of course then, I won't. But James has no wife, and Mary is too young to speak to him about such things, and you know a man needs stirring up a good deal." My mother's advice carried the day, as it usually does, and we never knew about Mr. Creighton's family devotions.

But we learned more of Miss MacIntosh as the years went on. We knew how the sitting-room carpet was made to last another year, so that the usual subscription might go to the dear brick church whose corner stone was laid by Duncan MacIntosh in 1785. We knew, too, that when she made fewer visits around the neighborhood, it was because the invalid sister had to be amused and petted. Then we forgave her for coming in the back way to inspect the preparations for dinner, and we forgave her for asking the maid if we had breakfast later or earlier on Sabbath morning. We laughed, and said it was only Miss MacIntosh, and loved her none the less.

The gossips said that she had a bit of a love story. That when she was even straighter and merrier than when I knew her, she fancied a Reverend Doctor from Philadelphia; but he was oblivious to her interest, and married four other wives,—one after the other, of course,—and at last died himself. However this was, there was nothing of the "blasted hopes and saddened life" type about her. The Doctor always called on her when she visited in Philadelphia, and always referred to her as "my esteemed friend, Miss MacIntosh." Probably the whole story was only gossip after all, for she took a keen and unembarrassed interest in all affairs matrimonial, and did not hesitate to give sly hints to eligible spinsters and bachelors.

I shall never forget the day she heard that the minister was going to leave. At first she thought it was only for a year's vacation. She came over to the manse that morning and began to grumble.

"Whatever will the church do? Who will look after us?"

"But you see it is for good he is going, Miss MacIntosh. You will look out for another minister right away."
The thin, white face with the bright, dark eyes and handsome features looked at my mother in a dazed way for a minute. Then she rose without a word and went quickly down the garden walk. I watched her hurry home, past the fields, up the long country road, the slim, lithe figure more bowed than I had ever seen it before. At last she reached the pretty, white cottage, and no one saw her again that day.

“She will be sorry,” said my mother. “One can count on her friendship.”

I never saw her after that summer. And now they say that the cottage belongs to people with an Adirondack name and no traditions. But I always think of it as the MacIntosh cottage; and if possession is nine points of the law, perhaps her spirit still holds it, and tends the spicy pink roses in the garden.

MARGARET YOUNG HENRY, '97.

A MOMENT.

A message clothed in poet's word,
A soul-gift, all divinely wrought,
And then, as echo to the thought,
A strain of music, faintly heard.

Small cause for joy; but yet the fear
And fret of earth a moment's space
From me were gone; and in their place,
The peace that comes when God draws near.

HELEN PEARSON MARGESSON, '96.

COLOR TOUCHES.

A STUDY IN BROWN.

In the springtime, when the violets and hepaticas are blooming, fairies dance and play among the flowers. But these brown, autumnal days a tiny race peoples the woods which finds its fun among the dead oak leaves.

Not many days ago I was studying the color in a heap of fallen leaves
There was golden-brown, and chestnut-brown, and a richer, ruddy-brown. Suddenly one dried blade raised up, and what might have been an acorn rolled from underneath. With a bound, there stood a little creature all brown from head to toe, two brown, mischievous eyes, two red-brown, jolly cheeks, and two lips which had but little need of contact with brown earth to be brown too. There was a rustle, and my little brownie was gone.

A BIT OF AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE.

The road is arched with yellow and scarlet,—a glory intangible and indescribable. In the sunlight, it is consuming brightness; in the shadow, the softened brilliance from a cathedral window. Will it vanish, or may I walk beneath it?

M., '96.

WHAT WE SAID.

I.

"Civilization is deadening," Sophia announced, sententiously.

We were sitting together upon the edge of a high rock, overlooking the western horizon. The faint afterglow of the sunset was tinging the sky with redness. A star, clear and solitary, gleamed above. Sophia broke a long silence by her remark.

"If that were true, Sophia," I said, reproachfully, "what has it to do with the sunset?"

"It ruins the sunset," said Sophia. "Not for you, nor for me—usually, but—. What do you think that little Mrs. Thorn said to me to-day? You know she prides herself upon her taste, her refinement of elegance, her artistic sense." The delicate irony of Sophia's tone was expressive. "She told me this morning," Sophia went on, "that when she looks at any bit of Nature,—it seems she takes her Nature in bits, homeopathically,—well, when she takes a dose, she screws up her eyes, puts her head a little to one side, critically, and imagines a frame around the bit. Only so can she tell whether that view is equal to the demands of her sensitive, artistic taste. Fancy a frame, a handsome, square, gilt frame around this sky!"
The solitary star gleamed in the clearness of the west. The last pink flush lay along the horizon's edge. The beautiful day was done.

II.

"Polly," Sophia said to me one day, "I am tired of restraining my natural impulses and pruning my conversation of all save commonplaces, lest I should be suspected of knowing something. If I do know something, occasionally, why should I not be allowed to say so?"

"I allow you, Sophia," I said meekly.

"Oh, you! Yes, you do, but that doesn't count. I mean society with a capital S. It is not good form to let drop a foreign phrase, for instance, or to quote poetry, because, forsooth, that would be pedantic. As if poetry were pedantry! or as if pedantry were a crime! I called upon Mrs. White to-day." Sophia's tone grew reminiscent. "Dear little old lady! You know she gave a formal reception the other day, and I had to call. I expected to be bored,—and to bore,—but Polly, it was delightful. She is a society woman, you know, but, thank fortune, just a wee bit old-fashioned, and—she recited a poem. Something suggested it. 'Do you know that little poem of—Heine's?' she said, and she sat up in her chair, folded her hands quaintly in her lap, and began. The room was dusky and there was firelight." Sophia paused. Then, "It gave the day distinction—and charm," she said reflectively.

"Sophie, cherie, let us be old-fashioned," I said.

"Let us be natural, even if we do know something," said Sophia, grimly.

M. D. E. LAUNDERBURN.
EDITORIALS.

I.

The Boston theatrical world is soon to ring again with enthusiasm and praise for the Grand Opera. The remarkable success of last year's season of "Wagner Opera in German," a success unparalleled for many years, has led Mr. Damrosch to continue the organization, and to carry it on this year on a scale even larger than before.

The company will number nearly two hundred members, with the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch and a chorus of eighty picked voices.

Some of the most noted Wagnerian singers in the musical world are numbered among the artists: Klofsky, Stoll, Mulder, Galski, Fischer, Alvary, Popovici, Gruening, and a long list full of genius and talent.


II.

It is time the Gospel of Natural Happiness was preached at Wellesley. We Wellesley girls may be conscientious, thoughtful, intellectual, but we are not sufficiently lighthearted and gay. Where are the animal spirits of youth? The girls we meet are solemn, harassed or blue more often than cheerful and vivacious. Whether we trace the cause of this to overwork, real personal trouble, habit, or the influence of the moods of others, it is not only harmful but unnatural to be unhappy. Yet the remedy for most of
this unhappiness is simple. Health produces happiness, and happiness health. Everything we do normally makes us healthy and happy. It is as normal for girls as for boys to spend part of the day in healthful physical activity, in joy-making sports, to be overflowing with pure animal spirits. There is no brain-feeder like this natural happiness which exercise brings.

Gymnastics are a useful form of exercise as far as they go; especially are they necessary to students as a corrective and a preventive. If a girl comes to college bent over and narrow chested, there is nothing like systematic gymnastics to straighten her back and broaden her shoulders. Moreover, gymnastics serve as an antidote to any physical evils which might be induced by poring over books. But, after all, gymnastics are artificial, and only a most diverting teacher can make them a pleasure and a consequent means of nerve stimulus and real health to her pupils.

The normal exercise is taken out of doors. But a walk to the village and back with a studious companion who wishes to discuss the last Psychology lecture is not the right sort of recreation, for recreation ought literally to recreate one, body and soul. The most natural and healthful form of recreation is the game, the out-of-door sport. There are many girls, however, who, if told to go out and play, especially in the winter, would stand on the board walk in as helpless dismay as that of a child bidden to read Greek. This brings us to the important point, that here at Wellesley we ought to have more out-of-door sports,—organized sports,—in which every girl, weak or strong, could join. Already we have class crews and basket-ball teams, but few girls receive the benefit of these, and that only during a few weeks in late spring and early autumn. Besides the specially selected class and college teams, we need clubs for different sports, like the English hockey and cricket, to which every girl in college should belong. The girls should then play regularly, according to their ability and strength, and should not always be confined to the same game. We need organization for this, for there can be no success or permanent interest in such undertakings unless there be system and control.

The truth is that we are falling behind our athletic reputation. For winter sports we have nothing to compare with the Snow-Shoe Club at Smith, their indoor basket-ball teams, and their Walking Club. Our Walking Club
apparently does not walk in the winter. Where is a Wellesley Skating Club, to have kept the ice clear of snow during the past month? Our crews have been our special pride, but the young women at Cornell are starting out now with crews, boathouse and shells. At Bryn Mawr, Vassar, and Smith swimming is taught. All the girls at the Woman’s College of Baltimore learn to swim. Bryn Mawr is famous for basket ball, which nearly all the girls play. They have at Bryn Mawr, and at Vassar as well, a regulation outing costume suitable alike for the lecture room and the field. With all our opportunities of lake and broad grounds we shall be left behind if we do not bestir ourselves. Yet what is loss of reputation compared with the loss of re-creation, which it means?

Our English college sisters go beyond all American college girls. They take active exercise as much as a matter of course as eating and sleeping. The following is quoted from a personal letter from a Girton girl: “Our chief source of recreation at Girton during the greater part of the year is tennis, on grass in the summer, on gravel in the winter. Our chief winter game is hockey. We play this on gravel. It is something like football, only played with a stick, rather like a golf stick. This is a fine game, especially for cold weather. One hour’s hockey is equal to several hours’ tennis or walking. It is very useful as an exercise because you get a great deal of exercise in a short time. We have a special costume for the game,—a short blue skirt, blouse and cap,—also many students wear gloves, it is so cold. . . . We also play golf a good deal, and this was the favorite game before hockey came on. Cricket I think is a splendid game, but hockey is superior, as you can play it in the winter. We have Cricket, Tennis, Hockey, Golf, and other Clubs, and each has officers who arrange all matters concerning the club’s business and match games. We often have matches with other colleges, chiefly in tennis and hockey. . . . At Newnham the games are nearly the same as ours, but of course being out of Cambridge we can have more variety. Our gymnasium is very small, but we have so much in the way of organized outdoor sports—and our climate fortunately permits it—that we get along.” These organized sports of all sorts are what we need at Wellesley. We have only to desire them to have them. For our happiness and health, and in order to keep pace with other colleges, let us take some active interest in this matter of organized sports for all.
Last week, instead of the pages usually devoted to the Free Press, appeared the notice that no contributions had been received. This month, although the department holds its place in the Magazine, it is upon uncertain footing. One requisite for its success is that the contributions be "free," and this feature grows less and less conspicuous each month. It should not be necessary to solicit articles, and at last the weary editor, who has besieged friends and acquaintances with reproach, sarcasm and supplication, only to be met with good-natured denials or elusive half promises, rises to remonstrate. The question, however, whatever the editors may say about it in solemn conclave, has passed from their hands. It depends now entirely upon the students whether this department of the Magazine be continued. If the Free Press is still to hold its place, it must be supported by voluntary contributions; if it is to cease to exist, each student in college bears a share of the responsibility.

It is not a little loss that all will experience if the Free Press goes. In it each student is given an opportunity to remonstrate over any grievance, to congratulate the College upon any reform or acquisition. Here Faculty and students can discuss questions of vital interest to the College. Perennial subjects can have their periodical stirring up. There is no other way in which all sides of vexed questions can be aired. If the authorities were to decree that there should no longer be a Free Press department, the College would be afire with indignation. Mass meetings would be held to remonstrate. Nobody objects to its existence; however, and with not unusual inconsistency, the Free Press is suffered to decline from want of patronage.

If there were nothing to write about it would be a different matter. If the student body had no grievances or pleasures, there would be an excuse for a lack of interest in the Free Press. Everywhere one goes, however, college topics are discussed. At the dinner table, in the library, at the center between classes, these subjects are eagerly debated. Yet no one has the energy or courage to put any of these emphatically expressed opinions upon paper, affix her initials, and dispatch them to eager and expectant editors. Ah, no! however much grumbling goes on, the only way to bring woes to public notice is neglected.
Somebody has said that a nation is surely in danger when its people cease to have an interest in its government, and that so long as it keeps its public spirit keen and clear there is little to be feared for it. The maxim might well be applied to this smaller commonwealth. Interest in college topics must not be lost; even less should the true interest which exists be concealed. Every one admits that the Free Press is a good thing. Some would even say that it was the most significant feature of the Magazine. Shall it not have in the future the heartiest support of each student?

FREE PRESS.

I.

On Tuesday evening, January 14, seven of the students wished to attend the annual Young People’s Suffrage Meeting, but were unable to do so, because no chaperon could be found. Now, as to safety, every one knows it is perfectly safe for one girl (to say nothing of seven) to go alone from the Huntington and Columbus Avenue stations to the Y. M. C. A. Hall, where the suffrage meeting was held. As to propriety, surely any college women should be able to conduct themselves with perfect dignity and propriety at any public place; but when the case in consideration is that of seven young women who care enough about woman’s enfranchisement to give to that cause one of their busy evenings, any other supposition is ridiculous. If, however, there is no chance of the abolition of this antique and absurd rule of chaperonage, we would suggest that those who enforce it should see that the chaperon supply is equal to the demand, and that indispensable article as easily obtained for a suffrage meeting as for a symphony concert or a Harvard reception.

M. T., '94.

II.

Trusting in the broad purpose of the Free Press, I venture to speak a word, not of lament, of argument, or of useful information, but merely of hopefulness. So much has been said and written—not without foundation—of the ignorance of college women as to affairs of the day, and of the narrowness of their interests, that any improvement in this direction seems
worthy of remark. No one who passes the Gertrude Library frequently can doubt, from the number using the newspapers, the eagerness of a large portion of students to keep up with current topics. A convincing proof of the truth of this is the fact that one has to wait, at almost all hours of the day, for a glimpse at any New York or Boston daily; and even the awe-inspiring majesty of the London Times has its regular adherents. Wherever papers are taken in the smaller college houses, their war-worn appearance testifies to the same growth of public interest. The Wellesley maiden is undoubtedly throwing off one of her few reproaches, and becoming mentally even more alive than she has been in the past.

M., '96.

III.

To the present writer has come a severe criticism of a certain term at this season of the year much in use among us. We are given to alluding just now, in more or less lugubrious tones, to the ordeal of "cramming" about to be undergone. (It—and its more or less successful results—will be all over before the Magazine emerges into the light of common day from the editorial sanctum; but never mind! This will be interesting for next time.)

Now, my critic asserts emphatically that the word "cram" has absolutely no place in our Wellesley vocabulary. (She does make one exception, but its application is, unluckily, too personal for present use.) She maintains—whether on the authority of the "Century Dictionary" or no, the writer is unable to state, time being pressing—that "to cram" is to learn in a day—or a night, better—immediately preceding a final examination, what should have been acquired by diligent, daily grind throughout the term. As few courses here offer as an inducement such opportunity for omission of daily preparation, my critic refuses to look upon black-circled eyes, pale cheeks, and innumerable "busy" signs during the examination period, as indications of anything more than the "eminently desirable systematic review, which should always close the consideration of any subject."

It is, therefore, in behalf of the accurate use of collegiate English, that attention is called to this wide distinction of terms, and the suggestion offered that we immediately correct our error, and begin our "systematic review," thereby ceasing longer to detract from the dignity of the time-honored verb,
“to cram.” To be sure, “systematic review” is a trifle unwieldy to manage gracefully as yet, but it is impossible to doubt its skillful and rapid transformation to a neatly abbreviated form at the hands of a community for whom “Gym.” is a requirement for a degree, and who are well versed in “Math.,” “Lit.,” and “Poly-Con.”

IV.

Theoretically, a college woman is not afraid to ask questions about subjects of which she has no other means of knowing. Yet we are often conscious, all of us, of losing good opportunities for having some obscure point explained to us, merely because we will not ask questions. Sometimes a large part of an interesting class discussion will be lost on us because some fundamental idea is not clear in our minds. It may be something of which our ignorance is not at all blameworthy; but we imagine that every one else knows it, and shrink from exposing our ignorance. One of the Abbey pictures, which have lately called our attention to the Holy Grail legend, illustrates this strikingly. When Sir Galahad had reached the Palace of King Amfortas, and was so near the fulfillment of his heart’s desire, it seems so pathetic, so unnecessary, that all should have been thwarted by his unwillingness to ask that simple, natural question,—a foolish one, he thought it—on which his whole success depended. Yet when we let this same mistaken pride stand in the way of our growth and development, do we not just as surely lose the object of our quest?

J. D. R., ’97.

BOOK REVIEW.

The number of books on pedagogical subjects increases rapidly as teachers are coming to a realization of the meaning of Pedagogics as a science. The latest addition to Heath’s Pedagogical Library, English in American Universities, consists of “twenty articles upon the teaching of English in as many American colleges and universities, prepared in each case by one of the leading department professors of the institution in question.” The book is of especial value as affording an excellent basis for
comparison and generalizations regarding the teaching of English in this country. A point of significance is the distinction drawn in many of the papers between English as Rhetoric, as Etymology and Language, and as Literature. An excellent article by Prof. Katharine Lee Bates upon the teaching of English at Wellesley has received favorable comment in the introduction of the book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.


EXCHANGES.

There is ground for suspicion that the approaching mass of mid-year work has cast a chilling shadow before over the January magazines of most of the colleges. With the exception of a few periodicals which are never to be found wanting, the exchanges of the past month give the reader a feeling of disappointment. Taken as a whole, they are distinctly inferior to the Christmas numbers.

In these days the contributors to college publications seem to devote their efforts chiefly toward fiction, to the neglect of more serious composition. The tendency, however, is not wholly to be deplored, since the last magazines contain no article so "heavy" as to be burdensome, and none—be it said with gratitude—which smack of the class room. The *University of Toronto Magazine* has two clear and scholarly essays upon Huxley, the man as well as the logician and scientist, and upon "Goethe's Works as Confessions" of his own personal experiences. In the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which has, this month, all its wonted excellence and finish, we notice with pleasure the sympathetic character study of Arthur Hugh Clough; also "Bachelor Ballads," which has about it such appreciativeness and delicate touches of fancy as are all too rare in papers of literary criticism. All who are interested in journalism will find in "Women and the Making of News-
papers,” in the *Smith College Monthly*, an interesting account of the experiences of a college girl in editorial work.

Verily, the undergraduate story writer must be a happy creature; otherwise, he would probably devote himself less to the topics of woe and desolation. It is no gentle pathos that he treats, but the unlovely tragedies of everyday life and unchangeable human nature. Some of these dark-toned sketches are, nevertheless, well and strongly drawn, particularly, “A Girl I Knew,” in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*, and the hypnotic tale, “Science and Christian Charity,” in the *Harvard Advocate* of January 13. “At the Eleventh Hour,” in the *Yale Courant* for January 11, and the story of Josef Hof and Sebastian Bach, in the *Vassar Miscellany*, are worthy of mention. Artistically, the best productions of the month are certain scenes from child life. Two of them, “A Spirit,” in the *Amherst Literary Magazine*, and “The Little Moonshiner,” in the *Vassar Miscellany*, are pathetic little tales of childish devotion. The *University of Chicago Weekly*, January 2, has a really delightful idyl, “The Child and the Man.” “A Threefold Cord,” in the *Smith College Monthly*, is noteworthy for its exquisite descriptive touches.

The verse of the month is not abundant, and the best examples of it seem to be concentrated in a few magazines. A long narrative poem, “An Arabian Legend,” in the *Yale Courant*, has some fine lines. We give the following clippings:

**SONG.**

[From the French.]

Blushes the East with the rosy red,
Twinkling the stars sink into the sea,
Glitters the dew on the violet bed;
As I sing of thee.

Morning awakes,
The glad day breaks
Over the hill and the lea.
Tho’ life is a flower,
And blooms but an hour,
Love will endure for aye.

Across the garden and thro’ the hall
Whispers the wind from the sea;
The moon-kissed rose hangs pale on the wall,
As I dream of thee.
Over the wall,
Through the hall,
Across the tufted thyme,
With memories laden,
My heart to gladden,
Whispers thy heart to mine.

—I CANNOT QUITE FORGET.

Mortality is on me like the sleep
Of one who dreams on banks of pleasant flowers:
I hear the humming of gold-girdled hours
Whirling along the sunshine, feel the deep
And shadowy stillness into which they creep,
Dropping like honeyed bees into their bowers.
Such gracious dreams bring this long sleep of ours,
Such gracious dreams, I know not how to weep
The world I have forsaken for my dream.
A strange and lingering sweetness haunts me yet,
A visionary presence, and a light
Creeps twixt my eyelids, like the slender beam
Piercing the filmy primrose, closed tight,
And wrapped in sleep, I cannot all forget.

—I THE NORMS.

Afar in the land of the midnight sun,
Where the great lights flash o'er a frozen sea,
Forever they sit until time is done,
The merciless Norns, the sisters three.

And one is young and fair of face,
And ever she sings as she spins away,
With careless fingers and maiden grace,
The threads of life that begin to-day.

And one is fair as a full-blown flower,
That has felt the warmth of the summer sun.
With roses or thorns, each passing hour,
She decks the threads that the first has spun.

But the third is haggard, and old, and sere,
With ashen lips and hopeless eyes,
Yet sharp on the thread as it draweth near,
She snaps her shears like an iron vise.
Now the first is sweet as a day in spring,
And the second fair as a summer morn,
But the sweetest gift that the sisters bring,
Men say, are the shears of the last gray Norn.

—The Yale Literary Magazine.

WHERE FIRELIGHT FALLS.
(Rondeau.)

Where firelight falls from crackling logs aglow,
And shadows flicker on the dusky walls,
And upward through the smoke the sparkles go,
I sit and listen to the wind, that calls
Through barren trees along the woodland halls.
Outside, the world is blind with driving snow
And sharp with frost, but that no whit appalls
Me, where I sit and watch the smoke-wreaths slow,
Where firelight falls.

For dreaming in the ruddy luster shed
I think of one sweet twilight yet to come,
When from the rattling boughs the leaves have fled
And all without the frozen world is dumb,
And in my dream I see one little head
Where firelight falls.

—The University Cynic.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The winter term opened on Thursday, January 9, and excellent sleighing greeted the returning students.

Bishop Lawrence, of Boston, conducted services in the College Chapel on Sunday, January 12.

On Monday evening, January 20, a concert was given in the college chapel by Miss Kate Bundy, pianist, and Miss Elizabeth Bundy, violinist.

Miss Emily James Smith, Dean of Barnard, was the guest of Mrs. Irvine, January 16 to 19.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney lectured Saturday afternoon, January 18, on "The Interpretation of Beethoven." Mrs. Cheney has an attractive personality, and was enthusiastically received by her audience.
Miss Latham gave a reading in the chapel on Saturday, January 11.

Dr. Rice, of Wesleyan University, preached at the College, January 19.

Mr. George P. Baker, Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard, and formerly Professor of Rhetoric at Wellesley, spoke at the College, Saturday afternoon, January 25, on "The Modern Dramatists," giving especial attention to Maeterlinck and his school. Mr. Baker was welcomed by an unusually large and appreciative audience. In the evening a reception was given in his honor by Dean Stratton in the Faculty Parlor.

Services were held at the College, January 26, by the Rev. James M. Whiton, of Brooklyn.

Miss Ida Benfey, who is to read at the College, Feb. 24, is now giving a course at Carnegie Hall, N. Y. Miss Benfey has given several courses in Browning this season, and her readings are all of a very high order. The Department of Elocution is fortunate in bringing her to Wellesley again, as her engagements are numerous. There will be several open meetings of this department in the coming months. The first, soon after examinations, is to consist of short stories from our popular writers. The services of Leland T. Powers have been secured for May 11, at which time his new play, "Lord Chumley," will be given.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The problem of the village students' lamentable condition seems in a fair way to be solved. Realizing that the girls in the village are quite outside of the best part of college life, the Christian Association has opened a room in a spacious house on Waban Street, opposite Waban Hotel. Nearly half of the village students came to the opening tea given on Saturday evening, January 25. Miss Wooley, Miss Zeigler, and Miss Beale received. The room is open all the time for the use of the villagers. It is in a central location, so that the girls can easily run in after dinner for a social chat with their neighbors. A prayer meeting will be held there every Thursday evening,—the first one on February 6, with Miss Wooley as leader. On
Saturday evenings the girls will meet for some sort of social gathering. A fudge party was the first in order on February 1.

Every student who has lived in the village will appreciate the comfort and pleasure that this room may bring. The need now is to make it the brightest, cheeriest place in town. Rugs and curtains have been provided; light rockers, however, pictures, lamps, pillows, and any dainty ornaments are in demand at once. Ninety-six surely has a multitude of furnishings which they will gladly leave to help brighten the one center of college social life for the village people. Contributions of every character will be heartily welcomed by Florence Hutchinson, 91 College Hall.

At the beginning of the new semester, the College wishes to remind itself again of the various opportunities for getting and giving that are opened through the Christian Association. On Sunday morning, at ten o’clock, a missionary class is held in Room C. The subject for study during the coming semester is, “The Non-Christian Religions of the World.” The meetings are made extremely interesting and profitable by Katherine Fackenthal and Edith Whitlock, the leaders of the work.

The girls of the Episcopal Church have their missionary meetings on alternate Sunday evenings at 7.30, in Room C. Work in the mission field is studied at one meeting by countries, at the next through the lives of prominent missionaries. Gertrude Carter, ’96, the leader of the class, will gladly give additional information to any who wish it. Both these classes are open to everybody.

Perhaps the most generally helpful centers of work are the Bible circles, which meet at all times in all places. There are now seventeen in the various college buildings and in the village. The purpose of the circles is to arouse an interest in Bible study, and to discover the best methods for that study. Anyone interested may join or start one of these Bible circles, and may find out how from Sarah Hadley, ’96, or Helen Buttrick, ’98.

**COLLEGE BULLETIN.**

**February 9.**—Rev. David H. Greer, D.D.

**February 12.**—Rev. Geo. F. Moore begins a series of six lectures on “Prophets and Prophecy in Israel.”
February 15.—Lecture. Dr. McKenzie.
February 17.—Concert. Beethoven Society.
February 22.—Glee Club Concert.
February 24.—Reading. Miss Ida Benfey.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular programme meeting of the Classical Society was held January 18. The following programme was presented:

a. Symposium.
   Latest News from Classic Lands.
   Sketch of the Political State of Modern Athens.
   Stories of Some of its Early Statesmen.

   II. Dialogue from the Persians (line 170–519) . . . . . Irene Kahn.
       Annie C. Barnard.
   III. Athens in the Peloponnesian War . Mabel F. Rand.
   IV. Reading from the Hellenica (Book II.,
       Chapter 4) . . . . . Ethelyn Price.

The following were initiated into the Society: Miss Abbe, '88, Miss Bertha E. Smith, '90, Miss Mirick and Miss Ames, '98.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society, which was to have been held on the evening of January 25, was postponed on account of the reception given by Dean Stratton.

A regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held Saturday evening, January 25. The following was the programme:

Attempts at Solution of Social Problems in English Fiction:
Dickens's Solution of the Social Problem . . Anna Witherle.
Reading from Nicholas Nickleby . . . . Sarah Doyle.
Besant's Solution as seen in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "The Children of Gibeon"... Theresa L. Huntington.
Music... Josephine Batchelder.
Bellamy's Social Utopia... Clara von Wettburg.
Mrs. Ward's "Marcella"... Edith May.
Miss Holley and Miss Lauderburn, '90, and Miss Eager, '93, were present at the meeting.

The regular programme meeting of the Agora was held in Elocution Hall, January 18. The following impromptu speeches were given:

The Probable Action of Congress on the Revenue Question... Miriam Hathaway.
The Venezuelan Question and the Monroe Doctrine... Louise McNair.
The Significance of Germany's Action in South Africa... Ruth Goodwin.

After these speeches the following papers were read. These papers finished the Society's study of the State:

I. Socialistic Tendencies of Recent Legislation.
   a. Control over Corporations... Mary Capen.

II. Provincial Governments Abroad.
   a. In Switzerland, France, and Canada... Helen Damon.
   b. In Germany... Fräulein Wenkebach.

A regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held Saturday evening, January 11. The following programme was presented:

I. Two Sides of Life as Presented by Richard Harding Davis, Brander Mathews, and Julian Ralph... Miss Edith Howland.

II. The Development of the Short Story for Children... Miss Myrtle Brotherton.

III. Modern Humorists... Miss Augusta Blanchard.

IV. Local Color in the Short Story... Miss Alice Wright.
ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The Washington Wellesley Association held its eighth Annual Reunion on Friday, December 27, with Miss Jackson, at The Concord, Washington, D. C. About thirty members and guests were present. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: Harriet J. Buchly, '85–88, President; Mrs. Frances Davis Gould, '81–83, Vice President; May Allen, formerly '97, Secretary; Margarita Spalding, '91, Treasurer; and Jessie Claire McDonald, '88, Chairman of the Business Committee. Afterwards a little reception was given to all the Wellesley people in the city, and the Association was very glad to see Miss Stratton among the guests. After an address of welcome by the president, Miss Buchly, and the annals for the year by Miss Lulu W. Cummings, '97, Miss Stratton interested all present with a graphic picture of the Wellesley of to-day. A letter from Mrs. Durant was read, and then after the singing of Alma Mater, the meeting became informal. Many of the alumnae from the older classes were present this year, and there were seven new members to sign the constitution.

The Wellesley Club of Worcester held its New Year's reception, January 8, at the home of Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles, '86. The occasion was unique and entirely successful. The house is colonial, and attractive throughout, but the hostess admitted her Wellesley friends to the sanctum in the top, which is a charming kind of a music room. It is admirably arranged for a thing of the sort, and has a garret opposite the stairway, where refreshments were kept, and a pretty colonial bedroom adjoining, which serves for an overflow. The room itself is long, and has a small balcony at one end. An orchestra of mandolins and guitars played there during the afternoon. This feature of the programme was planned by Mrs. Ruggles herself as a surprise for the guests. “An afternoon in Italy” was the announcement on the cards, and Miss Brainard had been asked to give one of her art talks. But a pressure of engagements at this season hindered her from complying, and to assuage the disappointment of the club, she sent a part of her collection of photographs from the Italian galleries. The Florentine pictures were hung in the smaller
room; the Venetian arranged on the fish net draped over the gallery, since the seine typifies Venice; the rest from various parts of Italy were placed on the walls of the music room. It was an especially fine collection, for which a cursory “tea” glance by no means sufficed. The programme of the afternoon included piano solos by Miss Ruth Stone and Miss Lillian Atwood, both of whom played selections from Italian composers. Mrs. Ruggles, in her rich contralto voice, sang two Italian songs. The officers of the club who received were Miss Alice Arnold, '91, President; Miss Geraldine Longley, '92, Vice President; and Miss Lillian Atwood, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Mary Lincoln, '93, and Miss Bertha Longley, '94, ushered. Miss Ruth Stone and Miss Helen Lincoln assisted. The Erato quartette, which furnished the guitar and mandolin music, includes Miss Mary Starbuck, Miss Mae A. Davis, mandolins; Miss Bessie G. Starbuck and Miss Lotta M. Bartlett, guitars.

The annual luncheon of the New York Wellesley Club was held on Saturday, January 18, at the Windsor Hotel. It was the third affair of the sort, and proved no less delightful than its predecessors. There were nearly a hundred present, and among them many of the “old familiar faces” less frequently to be seen now than in college days. The blue-ribboned menu cards showed that pleasing balance between the physical and intellectual, characteristic alike of a well-planned curriculum and a well-ordered dinner. The toasts, since they began with Wellesley and ended with the regeneration of the world, could surely leave nothing to be desired by the daughters of Alma Mater. Miss Bertha Bailey, President of the Club, was gracious hostess and toastmistress, with the happy setting for each speaker. Professor Katharine Lee Bates had come from the College Beautiful to respond to the toast “Wellesley, Past and Present,” and to give assurances that, in spite of much talk of “new” Wellesley and “old” Wellesley, the College had not changed in any essential stamped upon it by its founder. Dr. Emma D. Wilcox spoke for “College Women in the Medical Profession”; Mr. Walter C. Kerr, for the “Brothers-in-law”; Miss Grace Miller talked of “The Ideal New Woman,” and Miss Marie Jadwin of “Women’s Clubs as a Social Factor.” Rev. John L. Scudder, well known in connection with the “People’s Palace,” in Jersey City, discussed “College Women in the Coming
Social Regeneration.” The next meeting of the Club will be held on Saturday, February 15, at the Teachers' College, 120th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. The discussion will relate to “The Training of College Women as Teachers.” Dr. Hervey, President of the Teachers' College, will make an address, and an invitation to be present has been extended to members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. After the discussion, the Club will give a reception to its guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Manly are in Southern California for the winter. Their address is 710 Harrison Avenue, San Diego, Cal.

Professor Katharine Lee Bates, '80, addressed the New York Wellesley Club on Saturday, January 18; spent Sunday, January 19, with Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80; and visited Vassar on Monday, January 20.

Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild, '80, was at the College Saturday, January 25.

The friends of Miss Anna Robertson Brown, '83, will be interested to find a poem from her pen in the February number of St. Nicholas. Crowell & Co. have put to press the fortieth thousand of her inspiring pamphlet, "What is Worth While."

Miss Katharine Dill, '87, is teaching Mathematics in Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Penn.

Miss Florence Hughes, '87, is spending a year in California. Her present address is 515 West Third Street, Los Angeles.

Miss Anna Smith, formerly '87, returned from Burmah last spring, and has been with her grandparents in Newton Centre. She is now in Davenport, Iowa.

Miss Lena McMaster, '88, is spending the winter in Tours, France.

Mrs. Mary Howe Strauss, '88, with Mr. Strauss and their son, has been spending the winter in Southern Europe, Tangiers, and Tunis, and is now in Naples.

Mrs. Lena Follett Appleton, '89, has been very ill with diphtheria at her home, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Miss Grace Lee, formerly of ’89, has been studying with Mrs. Annie Payson Call, and is now at home in Springfield, Mass.

Miss Ethel Paton, ’89, who has been ill with the measles, returned to her college work January 25.

Miss Lewanna Wilkins, ’91, is teaching Botany in the Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.

Miss Agnes S. Holbrook, ’92, took her Master’s degree, January 8, at Leland Stanford University, and is now tutoring in English there.

Miss Elizabeth Mayse, ’92, is doing kindergarten work in Washington, D. C.

Miss Clarinda Merchant, ’92, is teaching in St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Helen Eager, ’93, and Miss Florence Shirley, ’95, spent Sunday, January 26, at the College.

Miss Ethel Stanwood, ’94, and Miss Mary Chase, ’95, received the members of Society Phi Sigma at the home of Miss Stanwood, in Boston, Monday, January 27.

Miss Adeline Lois Bonney, ’94, has been visiting Miss Ruby Bridgman, in Hyde Park, Mass., and is now visiting Miss McGuire, ’95, in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Virginia Corbin, ’94, is teaching this year in the Southern Kansas Academy, Eureka, Kansas.

Miss Helen Foss, ’94, read a paper on Pre-Raphaelitism at the Philadelphia College Club, January 11.

Miss Ethel Stanwood, ’94, is about to take an extended trip through Kentucky and the West.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Brown, ’95, has been announced.
Miss Helen James, '95, is studying music at her home in West Chester, Penn.

Miss Mary Chase, '95, spent Tuesday, January 28, at the College.

Members of the Class of '95 and other former students of the College would add greatly to the interest of these columns if they would promptly report their engagements for teaching or other business for the current year. The college office cheerfully supplies these points whenever it is able to do so, but is itself dependent upon direct information from former students.

MARRIAGES.

KELLY–AUSTIN.—In Cooperstown, New York, January 2, Miss Fannie Estelle Austin, '95, to Dr. David Frederick Kelly. At home, 349 West 28th Street, New York City.

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