11-20-1897

The Wellesley Magazine (1897-11-20)

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Vol. VI.—November, 1897—No. 2.

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FROM "THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS."

The reader of Miss Jewett's story of a summer in the Country of the Pointed Firs needs no happier introduction to the deep-shaded, rock-bound islands of Casco Bay. If one has, moreover, the good fortune to spend two August weeks among the haunts of the friendly fisher folk, one may carry away bright pictures for the winter working-hours ahead, and get glimpses into lives which are dependent for their existence upon the changing moods of the sea.

One of the most primitive and unpretentious of the fishing islands lies farthest out to open ocean. It is the last stop of the little coast-line steamer which, in the summer season, makes three trips daily down Portland Harbor, eastward into the bay. A lover of the island was wont to say that the next stop after Orr's would be England, and it was no hard matter to fancy the shores of the greater isle just beyond the far sea line, where white sails were forever disappearing into the blue.
The morning we made our trip was full of interest. We liked the easy
good nature of the boat hands on the wharf, and were amused to hear one of
the men call after us in a slow, drawling voice, "Can't you make a stop at
the Cape this morning, Cap'n, and take on the hencoops for Miss Peterson
down to Bailey's?" The captain shouted back an affirmative, and obligingly
turned the course of the boat, which had been headed for the bay.

No one was in a hurry. At the various landings along the route con-
versations were taken up at the point where they had been dropped the day
before, and were carried on leisurely while the gang plank was being laid
down for a stray passenger or two, and the barrels of fresh lobsters were
rolled aboard by the bare-armed fishermen. One we noted in particular—
a genuine giant, of enormous breadth and thickness, with whom each mem-
er of the crew exchanged some jovial greeting. "It's nigh onto twenty
year now," observed the mate, as he followed the direction of our gaze,
"since Azariah has missed a boat. 'Twould be an unlucky day for the
boat that left Chebeague with no good word from Azariah."

The end of the two hours' sail brought us to the tiny settlement of the
sea made known to story-loving people nearly thirty years ago in "The
Pearl of Orr's Island." No one should go there who longs for a modern
hotel piazza or evenings of music and dancing in a crowded casino. It is
the home of quiet folk who live simply, and the nights are still, save for the
breaking of the sea on a rocky northern coast. It is the place to hunt for
treasures in shining pools among the rocks, and to wonder at the mysterious
power which for centuries has been wearing steadily into the heart of the
stone.

Our first afternoon was one of keen delight in discovery. The steamer
enters port from the bay side, and the rising ground of the island hides the
rough water of the open sea, which beats on the shore beyond. A three
minutes' walk took us to the plain brown house where we were to stay, but
we caught no glimpse of ocean. The quiet water of the bay, which lapped
gently back and forth in the noon breeze, was like an inland lake. No one
told us that the Atlantic lay at our back door. After dinner we walked
somewhat wearily up the one white road through the fir trees, wondering
whether the whole island were inclosed in the barbed-wire fence which met
us at every turn toward the sea. We asked a photographer whom we met
to kindly tell us how to find the ocean. This request, on an island at that point less than a half mile broad, seemed to give him a pleasing thought for the moment; but he answered, gravely, that if we would follow yonder path to the right through the bayberry bushes, he thought we could not miss it. We thanked him, took courage for another tramp, and were noting how skillfully we were evading the fences, when suddenly we came into a clearing; and there, straight before us, as far as the eye could measure, stretched the open sea, in its glory of light, and color, and motion. A fine surf was sweeping up the sides of the steep ledges. We climbed far out on one, and watched it. Sailboats and fishing smacks sped by swiftly. A line of breakers was dashing white against a reef a mile away. Beyond that we caught the outline of an out-bound steamer, until, at length, our eyes rested on the misty meeting place of sea and sky. By right of our long search, it seemed to belong all to us—and to the sea gulls flying low.

We soon learned how large a part Mrs. Stowe’s book had played in adding a certain romantic interest to the island. We were shown numerous photographs of “The Pearl House,” “The Cave,” and “The Grotto;” were directed where to look for the little brown lean-to of the Pennel family, and the home of Sally Kittridge; were told, in short, that the place was full of significant spots which marked critical situations in the lives and adventures of the hero and heroine of the tale. With something of this in mind we took the four-mile drive one day, quite to the end of the island, over an uneven, winding road which would have been desolate and lonely but for the unexpected glimpses of the sea at every turn of the way. Near the bridge, over which the stage road goes on to Brunswick, we overtook a tall, gaunt man, who was cheering an old horse, in a tipeart, up the hill. We asked him whether he could tell us where to look for the place called “Smuggler’s Cove.” He pushed back his big straw hat, and we saw a face furrowed with deep lines of battle with the sea winds, and marks of a greater struggle with the problem of daily existence.

“Where’s ‘Smuggler’s Cove,’ d’ye say? Wall, now, I’m going to be a little frank with ye,” and he settled himself firmly back against the cart wheel as he spoke. “I used to see that Mrs. Stowe often when she was round here. She made a great book, an’ it done a powerful sight for the island; but as for them places, there ain’t no such thing! You can call most anywhere by
them names; one's as good's another. I s'pose you want to find Cap'n Kittridge's house, too, don't you? Wall, you're about as near to it now as you ever will be, because here's one of his sons!" and as the lean, brown islander's grey eyes twinkled at us appreciatively, we found it not difficult to imagine that one of the six stalwart sailor lads brought up by the skillful hand of Miss' Kittridge stood before us in the flesh. We were well pleased with this tribute to the novelist's art of evading accurate details and still keeping the local color true. We cared little for the scene of the midnight meeting of Moses and the smugglers, if this plain, grim down-easter with a sense of fun in him would talk with us.

Off on our right the shore was strewn with broken hulls and mastheads. The boat landings at that end of the island were in disuse, and over them lay torn bits of rigging and parts of old machinery. It was all unkempt and forlorn. We remembered that in Miss Jewett's story she had touched often upon the bitter loss suffered by the Maine fishing villages when the great ship-building industry had gradually passed away from them, and the noble calling of shipmaster fallen into less esteem. We asked if the old days had been indeed so different. The light died out of his eyes as we questioned him.

"It's seventeen years ago since the shipping went out," he answered, sadly. "There ain't nothing left for us here; there's nothing on the island now."

He grew thoughtful after that, and we went on up the hill, tandem fashion, until we came to a low, white house. He asked us to stop a minute, and brought us out two bits of curious, sparkling stone, which he said, with a twinkle, might have come from the cove where the smugglers used to meet at midnight years ago.

Many times after that as we sat reading in the grotto, which was said to be the exact spot where Moses Pennel read the tragic story of his life, we thought of our friend, Captain Kittridge's son, and smiled.

One other day upon the island stands out distinct from the rest,—the Sunday on which the Episcopal service was read in a tiny upper room, which was used for an ice-cream parlor on week days. The preparations had been hurriedly made, and the evidences of the daily use of the room had not all been taken away. Dustpan and broom hung on the wall, parts of an ice-cream freezer were plainly visible, and stray packing boxes had been utilized
for seats. A table covered with a white cloth served for an altar. On this stood a great bowl of golden-rod, and against the brick chimney behind was fastened a perfect cross made of a branch of the pointed fir. The voice of the visiting rector was rich and clear, and everyone joined in the simple, hearty service. Two tiny brown children on a soap box, with a brown dog at their feet, laughed aloud during the responses. Outside there was the faint sound of the waves breaking on the far shore, and we were glad that the Psalter for the day read of the men "that go down to the sea in ships."

The morning that we left the island we looked long at the friendly fir trees high upon the hills, and as we still turned back we noted that the tops of the pointed firs in the distance were forming clearly outlined crosses against the pale September sky.

Josephine H. Batchelder, '95.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The recent annual meeting of the electors of the College Settlements Association brought fresh assurance of the strength of that organization and of the deep and permanent influence it has established, not only in the college communities to which it especially looks for support, but in the world at large. The critics of a few years since are so far converted, that they accept the settlement as a welcome addition to the forces of righteousness at work in our city slums.

Twelve colleges are now represented in the Association. The original quartette, Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr, has been tripled by the accession of Radcliffe, Barnard, Wells, Elmira, Swarthmore, Cornell, Packer Institute, and the Woman's College of Baltimore. The total membership of the Association, graduate, undergraduate, and noncollegiate, exceeds two thousand. The annual fees for 1897 amounted to $5,700, and all but $800 of this was contributed by college women. For obvious geographical reasons the Association finds its constituents in the Eastern colleges, and limits its enterprises to the Eastern cities. We are, however, in hearty sympathy and accord with the ninety odd settlements maintained by various other organizations throughout the land, from Boston to Los Angeles, from Chicago to North Carolina.
Three settlements have been planted by the College Settlements Association. The first house, opened with so much doubt and anxiety in Rivington Street, New York, eight years ago, has doubled its original capacity, and has gained a strong hold upon its neighborhood. The Russian and Polish Jew population of that district has been regarded as the most difficult to assimilate of all the indigestible elements in the great city. Closely crowded together in unwholesome tenements, working like slaves in the sweated trades, ignorant as yet of our language and institutions, the alien Hebrews offer a complicated problem to the would-be reformer. Yet there are great possibilities in this unhappy people. They are intellectually keen and ambitious. Many of them have distinct musical talent. They are temperate and chaste, and devoutly loyal to the moral standards imposed by the Mosaic code. As workmen, they show remarkable energy and tireless endurance, and they are thrifty to a fault. Among such a people the intellectual and social opportunities offered by the settlement meet with quick response. Their eagerness to educate their children, and to guard them from evil, is pathetic when one remembers that the public school accommodation is insufficient, and that the saloon is the only attractive place of resort. The Rivington Street Settlement and the University Settlement, which is close at hand, have combined in the effort to enlighten their neighbors as to the issues involved in the city elections. There is good reason to believe that if once these people understand where the right of the matter lies, they may be relied upon to support the party of reform. It is encouraging to know that in the quarter of the city where machine politics have had absolute sway, so strong a leaven of righteousness is working.

The Philadelphia Settlement was opened in April, 1892, in response to the request of the St. Mary's Street Literary Association. A library and an industrial school had for several years been maintained for the benefit of the negro population of that quarter; but the men and women interested felt the great disadvantage of working at long range, and were glad to make it possible for others to live on the ground, and execute their plans for the betterment of the district. The neighborhood seemed almost hopelessly degraded, and it was evident from the first that the methods of work must be essentially different from those employed in New York. The people were abundantly religious, after their fashion, and abundantly social, even at
the expense of industry and morals. The need was to train the boys to some useful trade, and the girls for domestic service, to make the men and women feel the value of honesty, industry, and righteousness. Furthermore, the citizens of Philadelphia must be made to appreciate their common responsibility for this neglected quarter, and the forces of the municipality must be brought to bear in such wise as to remove the obstacles to pure and wholesome living. With this end in view the head worker has used all her influence in local elections, endeavoring to induce men to so use their votes as to secure effective political service. The work of the past five years has in good measure transformed the outward aspect of the neighborhood. Unsanitary tenements have been condemned, the street has been relaid, and a coffee-house has been provided by the city, which affords room for a branch of the public library.

Denison House, the Boston college settlement, is situated in a distinctively working-class quarter. The people are largely Irish-Americans of the thrifty artisan type. The work has developed naturally along the lines of trade-unions, extension classes, and sociological study. Much has been done, moreover, in the way of supplementing the work of the ward schools. A kindergarten is held in the house for the little ones who are not provided for in the immediate vicinity; a vacation school has been maintained for two summers past, with a view to furnishing pleasant and stimulating occupation to the children who would otherwise seek amusement in the streets. A local branch of the Public Library has been secured in the immediate neighborhood, and is well patronized.

"But why college settlement?" one is often asked. "There are social settlements, and church settlements, and kindergarten settlements, and nurses' settlements; each of these has an evident aim, but what excuse for being has the college settlement?" The college settlement exists for a double purpose: first, to insure that college-trained women shall contribute their quota to the forces of reform. The College Settlements Association is a tangible expression of our sense of obligation. We have received much of the best things of life; we desire to give in our turn. Again, the college settlement exists in order to give educated women, who are destined to be more and more intrusted with the philanthropic work of our cities, the means of knowing at first hand the conditions with which they will have to
deal, of growing wise, and clear-sighted, and firm. They must be tempered by actual experience before undertaking great and critical responsibilities.

A recent publication of the Association records the impressions of a number of women who had resided a considerable time in one or more settlements. The inquiry was conducted by Miss Vida Scudder, and its results, as collected by her, give abundant evidence of the wisdom won from such a sojourn.

In answer to a question as to the personal gains and losses of settlement life, one writes:

"In the six months spent in the Settlement, I consider that I gained more knowledge of life than I could in almost any other experience in a similar length of time."

Another finds the opportunities almost superabundant:

"Settlement life is so rich and full that the pace is apt to be too great. It requires a nature of exceptional mental, moral, and physical strength not to be overwhelmed by the inrush of new impressions. For this reason every Settler, in addition to her annual holiday, should occasionally go away and incubate."

To the question, "Has the experience gained in the settlement been put to any use at home?" suggestive answers are given.

One of the early residents in New York writes:

"Constantly; but my home has been a kind of private settlement in a tenement house."

Another:

"My Settlement experience has been of incalculable value to me in life and work among the working people, with whom my husband's work lies. The true significance of a home was taught me there,—its best right to happiness; and as the opportunity has come to me, I have tried to make my own home such a centre as I learned to feel, through Settlement life, that a home should be."

A frequent argument against the settlement method is, that the attempt to share our interests and our pleasures with the classes who cannot procure such for themselves, must arouse discontent. In response to such a query, one experienced worker replies:

"What excites the poor to rebellion, covetousness, and anarchy is the harassing sight or thought of ostentatious luxury. Wealth often means this to them,
and they know nothing of the modest standards of thoughtful, Christian people. Settlements represent these standards. They embody a sort of simple living which every citizen should commend, and suggest an inward wealth apart from outward possessions. If they rouse in the poor an impassioned desire to own such wealth, and the moderate leisure and security from fear of starvation essential to it, they do well."

Brought face to face with poverty, these women are led to recognize its limitations and its possibilities.

"When I went into settlement work, poverty seemed to me very uncomfortable and very demoralizing. I was surprised to find that people were not as uncomfortable as I should be under the circumstances; that lack of a decent home did not necessarily mean lack of artistic appreciation; nor lack of proper food, lack of a proper spirit.

"On the other side, the sort of poverty that means either no opportunity to work, or such constant work that there is little strength left for ambition, or thought, or pleasure, i.e., nothing left but a physical life, seems to me a crime for which the rest of us often are as responsible as the victim.

"No one who has not lived in a tenement district can realize the awfulness of abject poverty... A small but certain income, stimulating to action and securing self-denial, I do not consider an evil, but an advantage.

"The moral effects of extreme poverty are much less detrimental than I had supposed, but I had never realized how fearful and far-reaching the physical results are."

Finally, a head worker sums up for us:—

"The poverty that makes it absolutely hopeless to get anything like a full development of the individual or a fair chance in life, seems to me worse than I had realized. On the other hand, I have come to see that a person with too much of this world's goods is nearly as badly handicapped in other ways. Lack of character seems the worst thing and the greatest evil; things do not matter much except as they react on character. The poverty that dwarfs and blunts is most horrible, and I never realized it as I have since I came here. Under present conditions I've come to the conclusion that a certain degree of poverty is a stimulus, but it must not be hopeless poverty."

As remedies for existing evils, settlement workers propose a goodly list: improved housing of the poor, organization of labor, the eight-hour day, playgrounds and parks, better schools, industrial training, public baths, coffeehouses, cooking and sewing classes, thrift, an income tax, free silver,
etc. But they do not believe that any or all of these reforms are sufficient to make men prosperous and happy. There is a very general recognition of the fact, overlooked by many reformers, that society is built upon character, and that an essential preliminary to the millennium is the regeneration of mankind.

"I came to see during my settlement life that the spiritual evils were far worse than the temporal. Therefore, I became more cautious and conservative than I had been.

"The conviction deepens that while we are bound to do all we can to bring about more just conditions in society, still, even a perfect distribution of wealth would not render our social conditions what they should be. To this end the development of character and belief in spiritual verities is more important than any redistribution of wealth. This is to apply to rich and poor alike."

Such expressions give evidence of that hardly acquired wisdom that consists in a sense of proportion. Surely the college settlement is carried on not only by, but for, college women. It is a sociological laboratory, and as legitimate a means of higher education as the graduate course or the foreign fellowship.

Katharine Coman.

A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS.

Horace Schuyler walked rapidly down the quiet, shady street. He was vaguely conscious of the familiar old maples overhead, the flickering leaf shadows on the pavement, the trim green lawns, and the flower beds flaunting gayly in the early summer sun, but he rather felt than saw these things. He had set his teeth, and his boyish face was fixed in grim, hard lines. "It will soon be over, thank Heaven," he thought, as he crossed a lawn and walked up the porch steps of a comfortable old brick house. He hesitated a moment before touching the bell, and then inwardly imprecated his own cowardice for fearing to do what every honest man would do under the same circumstances.

The maid who answered his ring stared at him with some surprise. "Why, Mr. Horace," she said, "we wasn't expectin' you."

"Is mother at home?" asked Horace.
"Yes; she is in her sitting room."
"Never mind about calling her; I'll go up myself," he said. "She is not ill, is she?"
"Mercy, no!" exclaimed the maid.

At this assurance Horace plucked up courage and knocked at his mother's door. She came herself to open it, and for a moment stood looking at him in utter amazement,—a tall, slender, severe apparition in her steel-gray silken gown. There had always been something awe-inspiring about Mrs. Schuyler. For one thing, she had been blessed with a larger amount of dignity than is usually bestowed upon the average mortal. That she made the most of it you will believe when I tell you that at that moment her own son shook at the knees.

"You didn't expect to see me, mother," he said, rather lamely.
"No. Why aren't you at Ithaca? You are not ill, Horace?"
"No; don't be alarmed; it isn't that. I've quit, mother; that is all."
The boy laughed perfunctorily as he crossed the room to seat himself. His mother stood looking down at him with her hand still on the doorknob. He felt unwarrantably like a man in the dock,—there for a good reason.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Schuyler.
"It is not easy to explain," Horace began. "Perhaps I should have thought longer before deciding, but it seemed to me that I had been doing too much of that sort of thing,—unprofitable thinking, you know. I want to do something now. I have only been playing at work these last three years, and I am tired of make-believe. I want the real thing now. Oh! I know what you are going to say, mother," he continued, excitedly; "but you can't understand how I feel about it. I am as much disappointed in myself as you are, and a good deal more ashamed. I am not doing this for the fun of the thing."—

Mrs. Schuyler's face hardened, as Horace's did when he was worried or angry. There was a good deal of the mother in the son, and, for that matter, a good deal of the son in the mother. "It would break my heart if you have disgraced yourself or done anything wrong," she said.

"You needn't bother about that," he returned, proudly, "though for that matter I've played pranks for which better fellows have been called up and expelled. That is what has been the trouble all along. The fellows
liked me, and the faculty liked me, and I learned easily enough to keep my head above water and to swim through with precious little work. I have been an idiot; fellows with half the chance and half the brains, I dare say, have accomplished twice as much. The long and the short of it is this: I'll never be fit for electrical engineering or anything else scientific. It is only wasting precious time and money for me to keep on. I hated to think of father's slaving away through these hard times to give me what I don't want and can never use, when I ought to be putting my own shoulder to the wheel. It made me feel like a thief, and that isn't agreeable, so I've stopped short."

"What do you intend to do now?" asked Mrs. Schuyler, dryly. She was too shocked and disappointed to care to put sympathy into her voice.

Something in her manner aroused all Horace's latent antagonism. He rose and picked up his hat. "I am going down town immediately to ask father or Mr. Herrick to put me into the office."

"Oh, indeed! What are you going to tell them,—what you have just told me?"

"Certainly. There is nothing more to say. I think father will understand;" and he left the room.

Mrs. Schuyler remained for a time quite motionless. Till now she had not realized how much she had hoped for a successful termination of her son's apparently brilliant college career. She knew there would be no use in attempting to persuade him to return. He was too much like herself ever to change his mind when it had been once made up. But she hoped that people would not say unpleasant things. There was something so unnecessarily melodramatic in his leaving college just before the close of his third year,—of course there would be talk. And Mrs. Schuyler disliked talk above all things.

Meanwhile Horace, heart-heavy at being misunderstood, but pluckily determined to fight out the battle into which his suddenly awakened conscience had impelled him, was hailing a downward bound electric car. He felt rather at sea as to the result of the coming interview, but his father's views differed so radically from those of his mother, that he hoped for the best. He felt hungry for sympathy as a timid, sensitive girl, as he seated himself at a car window and looked moodily out at the flying houses, trees,
and telegraph poles. Suddenly he felt a light touch upon his shoulder. He
turned, and found himself face to face with his cousin, Mary Gardener. They
had always been great friends.

"I was sure it was you," the girl said gayly. "I recognized your
'grand air,' and your scowl floated all the way around the side of your head
back to me. But what are you doing here in Cleveland? Why aren't you
in Ithaca?"

"The question I have just been asked," answered Horace. "I am
here to work. As for why I am not in Ithaca, that is another story, as our
friend Kipling says."

The girl looked dissatisfied. "I am not joking. I want to know," she
said.

"Seriously, then, ma belle cousine, I have given up college and all plans
connected therewith, and I intend to go into business this very afternoon.
Won't you wish me success?"

"I shall do nothing of the sort; at least, not until I see a reason why."

"O, it's simply a matter of capability, that is all."

"Capability! You have always done splendidly; I have been so proud
of you!"

"Yes, I believe I have a good voice for the Glee Club, know how to
play football, and was considered a desirable acquisition by one or two ex-
clusive frats."

"I don't mean that."

"But I do. Henceforth, however, I shall shine only as an awful warn-
ing; a sort of Sunday-school book villain,—the little boy who wouldn't do
his lessons, and who ended in the State penitentiary."

"Of course you are underrating yourself. It isn't a bit like you. I
don't understand it."

"Thank you."

"Now don't be angry; I don't like to lecture. But even if you haven't
been doing as brilliantly as we imagined, you should at least have had pluck
enough to keep at it, and stick it out a year longer. I didn't think you would
give up so quickly, and I can't help being disappointed in you, Horace. O,
here's my street;" and before Horace could say more she had left the car, and
walked away with a gratifying sense of having said the virtuous thing.
"Interview number two," thought Horace. "It's not pleasant to be called a coward, but that will be a mere incident, I suppose, to some of the other nice things people are going to say of me. They will probably give me all sorts of pretty nicknames,—spendthrift, good-for-nothing, brilliant failure, show-off, blockhead, and so on. Wonder which ones the dear old governor will add to my collection."

He had entered the wholesale business district, and was picking his way among unloading trucks, flour barrels, hay bales, and every manner of merchandise. Men jostled and pushed him, and he fancied that some looked askance at his trim clothes and jaunty college air. He consoled himself with the thought that his band-box appearance would soon rub off. It was a rather enjoyable prospect. Had it not been so utterly unnecessary, he would have yielded to the temptation of rolling up his coat sleeves then and there and helping a blue-jeaned drayman unload a particularly heavy packing case. The rattle, roar, and confusion of the busy streets were as music to him. All the old, keen joy of life and combat he had so often felt on the football field came back to him, and he felt capable of anything. There was no longer any terror in the thought of facing his father. He had found his place, and he would keep it.

A few minutes later, the clerks working in the office of the well-known firm of Schuyler & Herrick beheld the senior member of the house, after a long and earnest conversation with a tall young man who looked remarkably like him, take that young man's hand in both his own and give it a most hearty and affectionate shake. From which they concluded that Mr. Schuyler had met some one whom he was uncommonly glad to see.

Edith B. Lehman, 1900.

Le Moniteur du Paysan.

Jean Jacques Remy, whose rise and fall it is my purpose to chronicle, was born in a village obscure indeed, but not unknown. A certain famous English traveler, passing through it in the year '89, noted with pleasure the well-tilled farms and sober industry of its inhabitants, and devoted some five lines of his journal to the expression of his satisfaction. The seigneur resided still upon his own estate, never going to Paris above once in five
years; and so remote was the province that his tenants were as little sensible to the rumors of new ideas, as to the miseries of the old system. To be sure, the parish priest, a certain Abbé Paul, read and adored Rousseau, but he did it for the most part in private, and still looked upon the great man's livelier imitators askance. His parishioners paid their dues without a murmur, went to church, and ground their corn at the lord's mill, never imagining any unhappiness in their own lot, or dreaming that there could be a better. You would have sought in any other spot than this the birthplace of a great man; you would have chosen for his inspiration any people having more of the active and restless in their natures. My hero was never, indeed, illustrious, but he might have been; not great, though he recognized in himself the talents of a Danton or a Marat. The age was auspicious, his ambition eager; and his dull surroundings, the mean spirits of the people whose leader he might have been, I hold responsible for the brief and abortive career of Jean Jacques Remy.

And yet from his birth up Jean Jacques seemed marked out for greatness. His name, for instance, was bestowed on him by a fortunate chance; his parents, a worthy miller and his wife, had fixed on homely Jean Marie; but the good priest, running to the christening half an hour behind the time, had thrust his Savoyard Vicar into his pocket, seized the child and named him, in a burst of enthusiasm, Jean Jacques. Whether the miller had not whispered Jean Marie loud enough for the Abbé to hear, or whether he had heard and misunderstood, was for many years a favorite dispute with the disappointed parents. But if Jean Jacques had no meaning for them, it had for our hero, so soon as he was old enough to take it into consideration. For the good priest would stop him in the road, pat him on the head and say, "Thou wilt be a great man, Jean Jacques," as reverently as if the lad's only title to admiration had been a gift of nature, and not of himself. From his childhood, then, Jean Jacques felt himself called upon to be a leader, and never failed to put himself at the head of his companions for any sport or game; although their discrimination was not so acute as the good Abbé's, and they were as likely as not to depose Jean Jacques, and send him weeping home, acknowledged or not, our hero knew himself a hero still.

His name, moreover, marked him out for an education, for even the genius of a Jean Jacques could not be expected to triumph over an ignorance
of reading and writing. So when Abbé Paul took in hand the steward's son and the innkeeper's eldest boy, Jean Jacques, as a matter of course, was included among them. "Stick to your books, Jean Jacques, and you'll be a great man," said his mother, thinking, naturally enough, that since her son had shown as yet no aptitude for the common duties of life, he must have a genius for higher things. Accordingly Jean Jacques stuck to his books, learned to read his catechism as well as to say it, and even got so far as to construe a book or two of Virgil. Here his education stopped, and at the age of thirteen Jean Jacques abandoned the scholar's life, given up tearfully by the Abbé with a blessing, and a gift of the worthy priest's favorite work of Jean Jacques' great namesake. "Do your duty, and you'll be a great man yet, Jean Jacques," said Abbé Paul.

Seven years passed before an opportunity came to Jean Jacques. The miller died, and the kindly seigneur allowed his son to continue in the mill, where Jean Jacques reigned supreme, took plentiful tolls, and did his duty to his mother and sister, by bullying them in the true heroic style. He propped up the family respectability by betrothing his sister out of hand to his old friend Henri, the innkeeper's son, and lent his countenance to the alliance by drinking nightly at the inn. But his lofty spirit was not happy. True to the counsel of the Abbé he read Rousseau and an occasional pamphlet from Paris; and in his infrequent remarks at the inn was understood to hint at "tyrants," and the "equality of man." He would gladly have gone further, and raged against the beastly content of the boors who gathered there, were it not for their habit of going to sleep on being addressed at any length. Jean Jacques knew himself a man born out of his proper sphere, strode scornfully about his mill, and tended the hopper with an air impressively melancholy. The encouragement of the Abbé was no longer a spur to him, for the worthy priest had taken to shaking his head over him as a lost sheep; not because of his new ideas, but because he had left off coming to church. Just at this melancholy period in the life of our hero all France began its preparations for the meeting of the States-General. Jean Jacques' interest in life revived, for one or two people were occasionally found to listen to him now; and on the occasion of the seigneur's departure as a deputy, he delivered so stirring a harangue at the inn, that the innkeeper himself awoke in time to say, "Hear! hear!" Jean Jacques was convinced
that Heaven had made him for an orator, at least, and cursed the fate that condemned him to live on in humble obscurity.

In spite of the distance from Paris, in spite of the apathy of the village, Jean Jacques was heart and soul in sympathy with the Revolution. Occasional journals which came to his hand he read with avidity; occasional travelers who had been in Paris, or knew some one who had, he questioned with feverish eagerness. The information thus gleaned, he communed with his faithful future brother-in-law.

"Why," would our hero say, shaking his fist at the patient Henri, "is an oppressor to sit in the halls of the assembly, free to declare his will, while we, the crushed, the down-trodden, sit passive by our firesides, unable to speak if we would? Why are the bonds of this unnatural system within his hands to be drawn still tighter, if he please? Why must I drag out my days a provincial Jeremiah, who might have been"—

"All very well, Jean Jacques," said Henri, humbly, "but you get your mill on very good terms, you know."

"Bah!" was all Jean Jacques could say to this; "you falter; you do not love your country." Such was the stupidity, the frivolity he had daily to encounter. Had it not been for the glorious news that came at times from Paris, Jean Jacques would have despaired; it was something to know good men lived though he knew them not.

When he heard of the twelfth of July, he could only sigh with envy; but at the news of the fourth of August, that the game laws were lifted, he knew he might act. So he took his father's old musket and went forth to seek Henri. But the faithful henchman shook his head at the proposal, and refused to go.

"Henri," said Jean Jacques, "I cannot welcome to the bosom of my family a traitor and a craven."

"But I don't wish to shoot," said Henri. "Suzette and I are going to the chateau."

Jean Jacques bent upon him a thunderous look. "My sister shall never enter the halls of oppression," said he. "Besides, your place is with me."

"Well, then, I can't shoot," said Henri, dropping his head. "I never brought anything down in my life."
"Neither did I," confessed the great soul, patiently. "You miss the point; it is a principle."

So Henri brought forth an ancient and rusty firearm, and the two patriots went forth to assert their principles. I blush to say that the results were only two tame pigs, for which they compounded with a farmer's wife, but our hero had gained his point.

And it was a great day for Jean Jacques, nevertheless. He returned to the inn that afternoon to have his fate decided. It has been often observed that every life has its great occasion, on which a trivial circumstance, perhaps, determines the trend of a whole existence. The eighth of August was the day of Jean Jacques,—a day that might have been famous in the annals of his province. The scene was a quiet, a peaceful one; as Rousseau awoke to inspiration by a country roadside, the second Jean Jacques saw the vision of his glory in a humble inn. A passing traveler, after a minute's conversation with our hero, pulled from his pocket a dingy and crumpled sheet, and thrust it into the young man's hands. Jean Jacques took it carelessly, began it with indifference, went on with attention, and finished it with burning enthusiasm. He recognized in its pages the pen of a kindred spirit; the man of men whom he could hail as his master. That sheet was one which had inspired, and would inspire thousands; no less a thing, in fact, that one of the raciest numbers of the "Ami du Peuple." Jean Jacques looked up to the common light of day, thrust the paper into his pocket, and strode forth with a haughty stride,—a man who had come at last to the knowledge of his own heart. He sought his humble home, turned the foolish Henri out of the house, sent Suzette weeping to bed, and spent the rest of the night in silent and solitary meditation. He, too, would become a prophet to his people, open their eyes to the vices and treachery of the great, and prepare the way for their emancipation. His village freed, why not his province? Might not those same services be demanded by his country? He saw himself the associate, the equal of Marat, together devoted to the salvation of France, and the marking out of traitors, together moulding and shaping the mind of the attendant people.

Jean Jacques resolved to begin his career at once. Somewhere about two o'clock in the morning he resolved, first of all, to let his people know that their trusted lord was a tyrant. He would tell them of the privileges
that rightfully belonged to them, inform them of what the seigneur might do for them, if he would, and hint at the nature of that gentleman's real employment in Paris. Jean Jaques had been famous for his talent at composition in his school-days, and that talent he now employed to the utmost of his power, setting forth his thesis in a manner at once plain, vigorous, and elegant. In imitation of his great master, he christened the work, "Le Moniteur du Paysan." Before dawn he set forth with his sheet flapping in his hand, wakened Henri from a peaceful sleep, and got his friend's permission to affix the document beside the door of the inn, where it might be seen by all in the morning. Then, his brain whirling with elation, our hero went to his mill, where he might rejoice undisturbed. Somewhere about eight o'clock Henri dashed in upon him with news of the most glorious description. "Come on," he cried. "There's a crowd around, and they want to know who did it!"

With the dust of his profession still clinging to his clothes our hero set forth, with his humbler friend, to observe the effect of his work. From afar the inn was seen to be surrounded; no fewer than twenty people stood around with eyes uplifted to the work of Jean Jaques. It was a proud moment! This uplifting of the eyes was rather from sympathy than purpose; for most of them belonging to the old school, and being unaccomplished in reading, the steward's son stood in the middle of the group as interpreter. His own concluding words came gratefully to the ear of Jean Jaques: "We are betrayed, friends, we are betrayed!"

"Humph!" cried the steward's son, leaving interpretation to make the first comment, "for three sous I would pull that down, and trample it in the dust." The younger members of the crowd murmured at this: "Not so fast, Pierre, not so fast; there may be something in it." A few respectable farmers shook their heads meaningly, without committing themselves further. "True or not," said the innkeeper, "it's good advice enough; never believe in any one till you have good reason, say I." "But who wrote it?" cried another. "I'd know whom I'm to believe." "Truth's truth," said the innkeeper, sagely.

At that moment the proud author drew near and proclaimed himself. "I wrote it, friends," he cried, "and I will vouch for every word in it. Think less or more of it for that, as you please." "Hoh! you wrote it,"
cried the steward's son, joyfully recognizing an old rival. "If that be the case I'll pull it down for nothing, and that's what I think of it." At this our hero's henchman saw an opportunity for his lesser talents, and springing into the midst of the crowd he tripped the steward's son up by the heels. This signal for a lively scuffle warned the older members of the crowd to withdraw, while the younger and more valiant took sides by chance or choice. Vitally as the interest of our hero was concerned in this battle, he preferred to stand on the outskirts rather than enter into the thick of it; by which I mean to cast no reflections upon his courage, for it certainly was not consistent with the dignity of a great man to engage in a common scuffle. But mightily did his heart swell to know himself the author of such a commotion,—to know that at last he had aroused the sluggish tempers of his fellow-villagers to action. And at the conclusion of the fray, which ended in the defeat of the anti-Moniteurs, our hero hailed the survivors as his brothers, and solemnly shook them by the hand. Little did it trouble him now when the steward, later, pulled the placard down, and threatened Jean Jacques in the village street with losing his mill. The sheet had done its work, and Jean Jacques snapped his fingers in the face of authority.

From that day began the fame of Jean Jacques. Little as his neighbors had formerly valued his words, he was not without a following now, and even those who still regarded his opinions least, were not unwilling to read the sheets which appeared almost daily at the inn. It may be stated as a truth, I think, that there is a something in genius which makes itself felt even with those least capable of appreciating it; another truth as obvious is, that suspicion is an emotion very easily awakened in the average breast, and very willingly entertained there. Whichever of these great principles may have operated most in our hero's favor, the time had come when Jean Jacques knew himself a power. The influence thus obtained he scorned to use for his own advantage; he was content to elevate and arouse the souls of his humble acquaintances without seeking any further intercourse with them. And even at the height of his power, when his words were read and even quoted in the inn, our hero kept himself aloof, admitting to his intimacy only the faithful Henri; and, in spite of his popularity, a lonely soul at best.

It will, perhaps, be wondered at that so little opposition presented itself to our hero in his career. Even though such mighty changes were
taking place in France, since we have been careful to point out the remoteness of the province it may be supposed that the local seigneur had a little power left, and that his steward might easily have settled Jean Jacques by turning him out of the mill. But, as it happened, the steward was not so secure in the esteem of his lord, and the villagers themselves not so lacking in influence that he could safely venture on an unpopular measure. And, in the present instance, Jean Jacques had caught the ear of the mob, so that his deposition might very naturally be followed by the steward’s own. So, even though Jean Jacques boldly lampooned the lord and even himself, the old fellow had to be content with threats and maledictions. It may also seem peculiar that the Abbé, the seigneur’s trusted friend, should suffer his pupil to go on in his reckless course without preaching at him from the pulpit, or at least remonstrating with him. But there were some very good reasons for that, too; for the Abbé was a man of so many tastes and convictions that he seldom could venture on any one course with consistency. Preaching from the pulpit against the offender was in any case out of the question, since Jean Jacques scorned to enter the church, and the Abbé was too much a man of honor to use the privilege of his cloth to assail a man behind his back. And although he could not think Jean Jacques’s methods as straightforward as his own, yet the old lover of Rousseau was too much in sympathy with the new spirit to be willing to rail at the only manifestation of it that had yet appeared in his little village. As far as his loyalty to his seigneur was concerned it grieved him, indeed, to hear his friend’s motives impeached; but since the lord was as ardent a revolutionist in his way as any of them, it would have been hard to reprove a young man merely for following in his footsteps. Finally, since Abbé Paul could not go to Paris himself, a secret wish of his heart, he was not displeased to have a little Paris come to him. So with all these conflicting opinions, the utmost he could consistently allow himself was an occasional pastoral warning to the stray sheep.

Unrestrained, then, Jean Jacques grew bolder. If he had indeed opened the eyes of the villagers, the achievement was of little worth so long as they had not been aroused to action. The news of rural uprisings came to his ears; he heard of Quercy with regret and envy, and apostrophized her townsmen in moving terms. “What countrymen had done countrymen could
yet do,” thought Jean Jacques, longing ardently for the noble example to have its effect on his readers. But days went on; the farmers went about their daily tasks, and the chateau was still unmobbed. Jean Jacques sighed, knowing too well how much more was yet to be done before his stolid hearers could be moved to any great deed. The only dream of his life was now to head his people, an acknowledged prophet, in some grand and famous deed of defiance to tyrants. Thus affairs stood with him at the most fortunate time of his career, and perhaps his untiring efforts might have aroused them at last, had it not been for an accident which befell. To the end of arousing the villagers to noble deeds he wrote a very notable paper, laying bare the meanness of their lives and spirits. And since it was a principle with him to spare no one in the cause of truth, he had insinuated that the old innkeeper charged too much for his wine. At this crisis Henri, the once faithful friend, proved himself a traitor; he represented to Jean Jacques that the insinuation must be removed, or the Moniteur for that day could not go up. It went up, and Henri pulled it down. Whereupon, filled with righteous wrath, Jean Jacques called his former friend a viper, and Henri—it is shameful to write—knocked him flat on the ground.

This incident, trivial as it may seem, was no less a turning point in our hero’s career than his first reading of the “Ami du Peuple.” A series of unhappy incidents, painful to contemplate, must now be related. After his quarrel with Henri, our hero marched homeward full of rage and scorn, burst in upon his mother and sister, and haughtily commanded that Suzette dismiss Henri at once. Now, naturally enough, poor Suzette, as yet ignorant of her lover’s offense, burst into tears, and declared that she could do no such thing. “We have quarreled,” said Jean Jacques, sternly, “and he knocked your brother down. You may see the dust on my coat now.” “Probably it was your fault,” whispered Suzette; “and anyway he has done nothing to me.” Jean Jacques cast a black but patient glance at his mother; but she only shook her head, and remarked, “Poor Suzette has troubles enough of her own without suffering for yours, and if you’d tend to your mill like an honest man we shouldn’t have any of these to-do’s.” At these ungrateful words our hero could hardly believe his ears or contain his wrath. “Marry your brother’s assassin!” he cried, “the enemy to the honor of your family! Never!” and strode off to his mill to suffer undisturbed.
The Wellesley Magazine

One way alone was known to Jean Jacques of settling his public and private wrongs. After a long and gloomy meditation, unable to regard the conduct of Henri as anything but the blackest of treachery and crime, he penned a terrible philippic, wherein poor Henri figured as at least a Judas. It was an ungrateful task, but justice required it. This mighty work he affixed at dawn to the usual spot, and retired to the mill to meditate and await the consequences.

They came, and in a form he had little expected. We have explained why the good Abbé had withheld his hand so long from interfering in acts which he could but half approve. But when the rumor of Jean Jacques's latest effort had come to his ears, and the paper, carefully preserved by the indignant innkeeper, was thrust before his eyes, he knew the time had come when he might consistently do his pastoral duty. The arraignment of a supposed tyrant might pass unreproved; the public accusation of a friend was quite another matter. So when Jean Jacques heard a mighty clattering at the door of his mill, and seized a club, expecting the wrathful Henri, he was somewhat startled to see instead the sober, black garments and kindly face of the parish priest. He dropped his club, and glowered with wrath as the worthy man carefully sat down on a meal sack. "Jean Jacques, Jean Jacques," said the good priest, "what's this I hear of you?"

"Many lies are told of me, father, no doubt," answered Jean Jacques, haughtily. "No lies," said the priest, firmly. "I saw the paper with my own eyes wherein you call the lad who was a brother to you a Judas." "He struck me," said Jean Jacques, sullenly.

And this was the excuse for a sermon from the good old man on charity, humility, and brotherly love, so touching that Jean Jacques was at certain periods himself affected by it, but so long that he hated the giver by the time it was over. Charity and humility were ever little to the tastes of Jean Jacques, and it was one of his firmest principles that a great man could never be wrong. So when at the end the good priest said, "Come, Jean Jacques, and make it up with Henri like a good boy," our hero very properly rebelled at being treated so like a child, threw up his head, and cried: "Never! He is my enemy, and I will not take him by the hand."

"Take care, Jean Jacques," cried the priest, a little more warmly; "it is you who are in the wrong, not he!"
"Sir," returned Jean Jacques, still more warmly, "did not your cloth protect you, I would turn you out of my mill!"

The Abbé stood stunned at his pupil's lack of respect; for so little did he appreciate the spirit of our hero, that his anger and wonder at being so defied could scarcely be contained. "You are an ungrateful wretch!" he cried. "If I had known you would have come to this, I had never troubled to teach you the little you know. I am punished for my presumption. You are unworthy of the name you bear! You have not scrupled to insult me, but my parishioners love me, Jean Jacques; I shall see that you are checked in this madness of yours."

"So!" cried Jean Jacques.

The priest opened his mouth twice, shook his head, and withdrew, mumbling to himself. Jean Jacques, left alone, was almost mad with wrath. He, a prophet, a hero, to be sermonized by a priest, a cantiing priest, like a whining schoolboy! He reproached himself for the scruple which had prevented him from assailing the church in his Mouiteur, and planned, as well as he could for rage, a ferocious attack upon priests and all their works.

But Jean Jacques never had an opportunity to deliver his opinion on the tyranny of the church. He was to learn how little a man gains who builds upon the favor of the mob, how little his people cared for liberty, and how much for the tyrant. A terrible thumping on the door of the mill made his heart beat; angry voices called for Jean Jacques; half a dozen of his former friends swarmed in, and dragged him from his fortress. The people he should have led had become the tools of a priest. What next occurred is too shameful to be believed: the coarse, ungrateful boors dragged their prophet, their hero, to the nearest pond, a vile and muddy hole, and there ducked him thrice.

In this melancholy fashion ended the career of a man who might have been an ornament of his age. He departed that night for Paris, to be sure, and lived there through many glorious achievements. But his day of usefulness was over, and never again was the name of Jean Jacques Remy known to fame. Scorn and failure he might have survived, but the cruel ducking had quenched his spirit forever. He who might have been mourned by a nation, died in obscurity, merely because his genius flowered among people incapable of appreciating its worth.

Edith Orr, '98.
SLEEP.

Sleep, I bid thee come
And chase the shades
Of day far from my eyes!
That I may sleep
And wake again,
In glad surprise
At this world's fairness
And at her loveliness.

I do not bid thee
Take me in thy arms,
And keep me there fore'er.
But hold me close
For one short hour,
That I may rise
Again, and do the work
That wisdom bids me do.

Jeannette A. Marks, '99.

Just to bury my face in the green,
By the crickets, the grasshoppers only be seen;
To forget the clamoring face of the crowd;
To forget in the silence the voices so loud.
   To be chirruped to sleep
   By the crickets wee;
   To be hushed by the sound
   Of the surging sea.
Chirrup, chirrup, voiceless glee!
Hush, hush, the sound of the sea!
Crickets and ocean are singing to me.

Jeannette A. Marks, '99.
THE MIRACULOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF RUTH HOPKINS.

Some years ago there lived in Elkdale, a small farming town of north-eastern Pennsylvania, the Elder Eliphaz Hopkins; a man whose defects were as prominent as his piety, although for nearly half a century he had been famed for that gentle and unruffled spirit which had successfully withstood the trials of rearing seven children and of holding together a disinterested village church; yet at the end of his forty-seventh year he created much astonishment by falling into a violent fit of anger,—and that was on the occasion when Arthur Shelton asked for the hand of his daughter Ruth.

"Sir," cried he in amazement, sitting bolt upright and striking his hands vigorously on the arms of the chair, "sir, what do you mean?"

The young man timidly repeated his request.

"Sir," roared the enraged and indignant parent, jumping up and stamping his feet, "do you suppose for an instant that I would allow my daughter to marry one of your craft—an ungodly, dishonest lawyer? Why, I would but unite a Beelzebub to a seraphim. Believe me," he continued, with withering scorn, "I have too much respect for my own calling, and too much regard for my daughter's welfare, to dream of sanctioning such an absurdity. Go, follow in the footsteps of Satan, if you will, but leave my daughter in the straight and narrow path she has always trodden."

Without further remarks Arthur Shelton turned and quietly left the house, somewhat dejected, to be sure, but, on the whole, bearing up as well as circumstances would permit; while Elder Hopkins marched with swift, decided steps to the next room, where Ruth sat patiently awaiting the result of the interview. "Ruth," said he, folding his arms before him and looking down upon her with a half authoritative and half affectionate air, "I have just spoken so positively to Arthur Shelton that he will never come here again. I hope you will agree with me in this matter. See that you have no communication with him whatever."

Ruth rocked gently back and forth in her chair, and gazed out of the window.

"Now, don't fret about it, Ruth," he continued; "you couldn't think of marrying such a man: he doesn't believe in election, predestination, foreordination, or any other sound doctrine,—he as much as told me so."
"What difference does it make?" Ruth asked as defiantly as she dared.

"Ruth, Ruth, hush, hush, my child. What is this I hear!" said her father, seating himself before her, and taking out of his pocket a small Bible. "Am I," he continued, leaning forward, placing his elbows on his knees and opening the book, "after devoting so many hours of my time to your instruction, to be thus ungratefully rewarded? Listen to these words, and then decide whether any one can dispute sound doctrines or not." Then, in clear, distinct tones, as if delivering a sermon, he read several verses of that hard-worked code of Presbyterian faith, the eighth chapter of Romans.

"Now," said he, closing the book with a bang, "is my doctrine right, or is it wrong?"

Ruth bowed her head in a meditative fashion. "Is it right, or is it wrong, I say?" he questioned, with some impatience.

"I presume—right."

"Then, remarked Mr. Hopkins, in a conclusive tone of voice, emphatically rapping the Bible with the forefinger of his right hand, "by your own confession you see how impossible it is for you to have anything to do with Mr. Shelton, since he is not only a lawyer, but also a skeptic."

So the matter ended; and in a few days even the unpleasantness was apparently forgotten. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins on several occasions rejoiced extravagantly, and patted each other on the back, so to speak, because in Ruth's case, at least, a thoroughly rigorous training had not been unsuccessful; and if Ruth ever grieved over her father's obstinacy, her apparent light-heartedness and good humor failed to indicate it.

Some three years after the above events tremendous excitement was aroused throughout Elkdale by the arrival of a minister of the evangelistic school, who preached in glowing terms of the speedy destruction of the town at the hands of an offended Deity. "Yet forty days," he cried, in the words of the Prophet, "and Elkdale shall be overthrown. Therefore arise, repent, prepare yourselves to meet your kindred in that far-off, shadowy land. For, unless you obey the biddings of your Creator, eternal
death will be your punishment. And would you die eternally? Would you be burned and tortured with fire and brimstone for ever and aye? If not, arise, repent, prepare yourselves to leave this world and enter into the glories of an immortal life."

Although in the beginning all the inhabitants of Elkdale attended, to a man, the discourses of the evangelist, yet it must be said to their credit that only a small minority regarded the anathemas of the preacher in any other light than as the effusions of a crazed and fanatical mind; but this minority, among whom was Elder Hopkins, considered the man inspired, and listened night after night to his ravings with expressions of sympathy and respect upon their faces. Such being the case, it is not difficult to see how hard and fast lines soon came to be drawn between the irreverent majority and the reverent minority; or how, after hearing ten or eleven stirring sermons of the evangelist’s the majority, no longer willing even to grace the meetings with their presence, would withdraw, leaving behind them a poor deluded handful to be as devout and pious as they wished by themselves; or how, as the influence of the minister over his hearers increased, the minority would come to look upon themselves as the only sane beings in Elkdale, and would conclude that their honesty, their self-respect, their salvation demanded that they retire from the scornful disbelievers to a place where they could await with humility and veneration the last day. In point of fact, this was the exact course of events; and on the twenty-ninth day of the evangelist’s stay in the town, Elder Eliphaz Hopkins, the leader and director of the new movement, called a meeting of the minority, in which he laid before those present a plan of withdrawing on the next day away from the jibes and scornful glances of the skeptical element of the town. “My dear friends and parishioners,” said he, “the messenger of Jehovah has commanded that we sanctify ourselves in preparation for the last day; and foolish would it be for us to disobey the mandates of Divinity. Let us, then, make ready to retire to-morrow to Elk Mountain, whose extreme height and difficult ascent will render us safe from our ungodly townsmen, and permit us to bow down and worship in peace.” The men nodded assent, and soon began to disperse quietly to their several homes.

Eliphaz Hopkins walked slowly and meditatively homeward, with his hands behind his back and his eyes upon the ground. Upon reaching the
house he quietly entered, and notwithstanding his elevated thoughts was pleased to find supper prepared. After seating himself at the head of the table and calmly surveying his wife and seven children, already gathered about the board, he solemnly announced to them his plans for the morrow.

"Mr. Hopkins," said his wife in astonishment, with a teapot skillfully poised in one hand and a teacup in the other, "do you know what you are about? If you would stop to think, I am sure you would see how deluded and absurd you are."

"Mrs. Hopkins," replied her husband, with a dignified bow, "I am fully aware of my intentions, and as a minister of the gospel must insist that my family be present with me to-morrow."

Mrs. Hopkins meekly proceeded to pour the tea. Six of the children howled outright in terror at approaching death; while Ruth displayed some spirit, and positively refused to be a party to any such nonsense. But, after being subjected to a lengthy dissertation from her father, she tearfully admitted that in all probability her life would last but one day longer.

"Now," said Mr. Hopkins, at the conclusion of the meal, addressing the table collectively, "go and prepare yourselves to pass beyond to-morrow."

The extensive and melancholy preparations of Mrs. Hopkins and the howls and tears of the younger children have no immediate concern with this tale; but it being customary to describe with exactness the thoughts and deeds of a heroine on the last night of her existence, to recount Ruth's manner of spending the evening will be both fitting and necessary. For an hour or more after hearing her father's command she paced up and down the room, sometimes in tears, sometimes in anger. Finally, throwing a shawl over her head, she stepped outside, intending to take a walk in the hope that the night air would soothe her ruffled spirits. In the course of her walk she found herself near the village post office. Perhaps some regard for her lover still remained; perhaps she thought that it would be a relief to formally renounce all earthly considerations. At any rate she suddenly decided to write to Arthur Shelton. Entering the building she took a pen and hastily scribbled a note, saying that, although for the last three years she had never disobeyed her father's injunctions, yet she felt justified, under the circumstances, to inform him that by this time to-morrow she would be no longer in the land of the living; that she would die or be
otherwise disposed of on the following day at Elk Mountain; and she presumed that her father could not object to her taking this opportunity of saying good-by. When after two or three hours Ruth returned home, she found her father conducting prayers, with his family grouped about him; while the house seemed filled with an atmosphere of resignation and melancholy.

At dawn the following day the band of expectant people set forward upon their exodus from Elkdale. At the head of the procession marched, with slow and solemn tread, the Elder Eliphaz Hopkins and the evangelist; next to whom trudged Mrs. Hopkins and Ruth, walking as if each step were one nearer the top of a scaffold. These were followed by the six remaining children, arranged in twos, who, although they occasionally rent the air with shrieks, were for the most part awed into submission and silence by the oppressive solemnity. Behind the members of the elder’s family filed along the confederates in the evangelist’s cause, determined to preserve a fitting gravity and seriousness. They made their way slowly and solemnly through the streets, unmindful of the curious eyes of the non-deluded inhabitants of Elkdale, and silently and impressively climbed the mountain. Upon reaching the top a place was chosen for occupation from which they could see the country for miles around, and thus enable themselves to be forewarned when the last awful moment arrived. Elder Hopkins having commanded the people to seat themselves on the ground, proceeded to strengthen their spirits by giving a lengthy discourse upon the advantages of this world as compared with those of the next. "'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"’ said he in conclusion. ‘‘Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.’’ At the end of the elder’s exhortation the evangelist began a revivalist meeting on a small scale, in which he himself sang, and shouted, and prayed, and urged the company to do the same; experiences were given by most of those present, tears fell profusely, and repentance was expressed with much religious zeal and fervor.

This piety and devotion, however, was destined to be unduly interrupted. Toward four o’clock in the afternoon the company began to realize that a thunderstorm was approaching, which threatened to be even more severe than is customary for that region. And as the clouds began to assume the terrifying aspects peculiar to such seasons, and as the lightning
could be seen flashing in the distance, and heavy claps of thunder heard, a panic seemed about to ensue throughout the body. The women shrieked and wept, while even the men looked grave. Elder Hopkins stood up and assured the stricken assembly that such an occurrence was only inaugurating the end of the world. "For," said he, "are not the greatest events accompanied by phenomena of nature! When Moses received the Ten Commandments did not thunders and lightnings, and elouds, and smoke cause trembling among the people? And, again, in later history, when the King of kings left this world, did not darkness cover the earth, and was not the veil of the temple rent in twain? Think rather of your souls, foolish ones! Pray; prepare yourselves for the end of all earthly trials and for the beginning of heavenly bliss." All but Elder Hopkins with one accord fell upon their knees, while the evangelist shrieked for the Great Redeemer to come now, come now and take them to himself, to rest on the bosom of Abraham and be at peace with the saints. More and more violent grew the storm; the lightning more blinding; the thunder more deafening. Mrs. Hopkins barely escaped being crushed by a tree falling at her side. Finally, however, owing to the exertions of Elder Hopkins, who stood up and endeavored to soothe his terrified flock, the band became calmer. All were bowed upon their knees listening to the elder's words, resigned and silently awaiting the coming end. Of a sudden, from out the shrubbery near by there stepped a man, who, having observed the postures of the crowd, quickly hastened up to Ruth Hopkins and called her by name. Ruth, in her agitation, thinking that she heard a divine voice, and that she was to be the first of the number to be taken, leaped up, wildly shrieking in a terrified voice, "Father, I'm going." Elder Hopkins quickly dropped upon his knees, and clasping his hands, looked heavenward, murmuring, "Thy will be done;" and as a sudden flash of lightning dazzled his eyes, he stretched out his arms and cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof!"

All this happened years ago, as has been said; now nothing remains of the people who made that memorable expedition to Elk Mountain except the tradition which generation hands down to generation. The story goes, that upon the return of the company to Elkdale, the evangelist immediately left the town where he had gained so many converts; while Elder Hopkins and
his followers soon dropped back again into their old familiar routines, with never a thought of approaching death to disturb their minds. But with regard to Ruth the tales disagree, and consequently it is a little difficult to arrive at any wholly satisfactory conclusion as to the manner of her disappearance. One tradition, which is believed by the representatives of the old skeptical element of the town, says that a farmer, who some two or three years after Ruth's disappearance had occasion to visit a neighboring city, met a woman who, although her dress and bearing indicated great wealth, was the exact counterpart of Ruth Hopkins, and who blushed and bowed when the farmer nodded to her. Another tradition, which is believed by the representatives of the evangelist's party, says that when that last blinding flash of lightning blazed in the sky, several people, including Elder Hopkins himself, saw Ruth being borne swiftly through the air, clad in a flowing robe of white, with arms outstretched and an expression of heavenly rapture upon her face.

Pauline M. Pitcher, '98.

APPLE-TREE PLOTS.

It was an ideal apple tree. Not that the apples themselves justified such a statement,—in fact, nobody knew just what kind of apples they were anyway,—but a tree which could grow into such an entrancing shape had already fulfilled its function in life without bearing fruit of any kind. Its main trunk was short, dividing so that the first crotch came within easy reach of diminutive limbs, and then extending out, and up, and around, without the most remote approach to symmetry, but with such stairways, and cubby holes, and palaces in the air that one loved it at first sight. Just now its appearance puzzled the hens in the yard greatly. One by one with slow, deliberative step they came to its foot, cocked their several heads on one side, raised one claw in a meditative fashion and gazed upward. They were used to the sight of knickerbockers and striped stockings among the green leaves; even broad-brimmed hats and pigtails were no novelty. To the hen mind this was an abnormal kind of fruit which the apple tree was inclined to produce. But there was something uncanny about the slender white line running in and out
among the limbs and twigs of the tree; and see, at either end was a shining round thing which emitted a noise most distressing to feathered nerves. With a croak of disapproval each hen put down her claw and hastened away to report the news to her cronies of the barnyard.

As the last fowl disappeared around the corner of the barn, one tin can was lowered from before a very red face, and its owner, seated in the north corner of the tree, remarked in a grieved tone: "I say, Jim, that's no fair! You holler so loud into the telephone that it just makes an awful noise, and I can't hear anything!"

"Of course you can't," Jim returned from the south corner of the tree; "you keep the can at your mouth all the time instead of putting it up to your ear. You must change when I'm talking to you. Hurry up, for I've got something awful important to say."

Thus rebuked, Ernest adjusted his tin can and received the following message: "Hullo, there; will you meet me at my office (that's over here, you know) at three o'clock. Your obedient servant, James Clark."

"All right," was the reply; and Ernest hung up his tin can in a convenient crook, scrambled down from his seat, and,—pardon me! Mr. Ernest Williams left the telephone, went from his office, traversed the length of Wall Street, and was soon with his friend, Mr. James Clark.

"Say, Ernie," that gentleman began as Ernest seated himself in an armchair made by two delightful curves in the tree limbs, "we must have a club; all gentlemen do."

"They don't neither," said Ernest, indignantly. "My father's a gentleman, and he only has a cane."

A magnificent look of scorn caused Ernest to wriggle uncomfortably in his seat until a sharp sound brought an anxious look to his face. "The second pair of trousers in a week," he mournfully remarked, risking a tumble from his perch in a vain endeavor to get a view of the rent.

"I'm not mentioning policemen," Jim went on grandly, disregarding the interruption; "I refer entirely to a society, a secret society, Ernie," dropping his haughty air and leaning eagerly forward. "I don't know as that is just what a club is, but we can pretend so anyway."

"But say, what's the use of having another one," objected Ernest, his temper a little ruffled by his mishap; "we b'lone to five already."
“O, never mind,” Jim went on serenely; “this one is just for us two, you know,—no girls anyway,” with a stern look at Ernest.

“Course not,” he said promptly, though with a shamefaced expression. “Well, what’s it for?”

Jim left the floor to Mr. Clark, who proceeded,—

“This society, gentlemen, is to be called, ‘The Society for the Advancement of Morals (I got that out of a book), and its aim—”

“What’s morals, anyway? That doesn’t sound a bit good.”

“Morals! don’t you know what morals are, Ernest Williams? Well, it’s time this society was formed. Why, morals are—are manners—behavior, you know.

“Jiminy crickets!”—this from the disgusted Mr. Williams,—“I get enough of them at home. I’m not going to play.”

“Well, you can’t be a gentleman on Wall Street and belong to a club, then. They all have morals, and we’re going to have some too. They have a clubhouse, too, and this tree’s going to be the clubhouse of this society; so if you don’t want to belong to the society you can just get out.”

“I guess I won’t until I’ve a mind to,” Ernest retorted, growing redder in the face than ever. “This tree is mine just as much as it is yours, so there.”

“O well, never mind,” Jim said pacifyingly, secretly much alarmed about the threatened overthrow of his plan. “Come along, Ernie; you can make the first rule.”

Ernest promptly snapped at this tempting bait.

“All right,” he said; “the first rule will be—er—‘Never be a bachelor,’” he finished triumphantly.

“I don’t know whether that’s morals or not,” Jim said doubtfully.

“It’s good manners, anyway,” Ernest declared, “for all gentlemen are married, and you said morals were manners.”

“Well, we’ll let it stand,” Jim said. “Now it’s my turn. The second rule will be, ‘Never drink wine.’ There’s a verse in the Bible about drinking wine, and our Sunday-school teacher says it’s true. It’s about a snake.”

“She says we mustn’t drink other things, too,” said Ernest. “We’ll have to make another rule about them. I’ll have it for my second one, ‘never drink liquor.’”
“All right, then; and the third will be, ‘Never smoke tobacco.’ That’s another thing she tells us not to do.”

“But say, Jim, this isn’t a Sunday-school class; it’s a club. It sounds just like Miss Prince, now.”

“O well, that doesn’t matter. They’re all morals, and that’s what we want. It’s your turn to make another.”

“I can’t think of any more,” Ernest said, scowling meditatively at the whitewashed fence near by.

“O well, that doesn’t matter. They’re all morals, and that’s what we want. It’s your turn to make another.”

“O yes you can. Morals means not lying, or stealing, or swearing, you know.”

“But who wants to? I never tell l—O say, does it mean white lies?”

“Of course,” Jim said firmly; "lies aren't any color, and if you tell a little one, it's as bad as a big one.”

“Well, let’s put it in then,” said Ernest, “‘Never tell lies.’ But say, we must write them down or we’ll forget ’em.”

“That’s so; I’ve a pencil in my pocket. Have you any paper?”

After much search a grimy scrap from a fly leaf of some book was produced, and Jim began, working his tongue sympathetically from side to side as his fingers moved over the paper.

“Rools for the society For The Advancement of Morrals.

“Never be a batchelor.

“Never drink Wine.

“Never drink Licker.

“Never Smok tobakko ——”

A paling in the fence was pushed one side, and through the opening squeezed a fat little body adorned by a big sunbonnet. Its owner looked vainly about the quiet yard, and then lifted up her voice,—“Scrub one!”

The two heads over the paper just above knocked together in their cagerness as both shouted, “Scrub two!”

“I said it first!”

“No you didn’t neither! I did, didn’t I, Maisie?”

The maiden thus addressed looked up with a suspicious eye. “What are you two doing up there with that paper and pencil?”

Each looked consciously at the other. “O, nothing,” said Jim, as he hastened to scrawl the last rule, “Never tell lyes.”
“Yes you are too. You’re making another society. What’s its name? I’m going to join.”

Jim gasped. The unerring directness of this small damsel was sometimes appalling. Ernest came nobly to the fore, and fired his biggest gun.

“Yes, ’tis a society, but it’s one girls can’t belong to. Girls are no use to this one.”

The enemy was evidently staggered, but she stood her ground and returned a shot.

“I’ll remember that when you ask me to make sails for your ships, and put court-plaster on your fingers. Girls are some use, and if you can belong to that society, I can.”

Ernest commenced to back down. “I didn’t say they were no use at all. I just said they were no use to this society.”

“Truly, Maisie, this society wasn’t meant for girls at all,” put in Jim. “You couldn’t belong to it, for you couldn’t do anything to keep the rules, as you never break them; and to keep a rule you have to break it once in a while.” Jim stopped, inwardly aghast at the lengths to which his wild reasoning had led him. Maisie still looked doubtful.

“Scrub two,” shouted Ernest, again anxious to put an end to the discussion, and scrambling down from his perch.

“Yes, let’s play scrub,” said Jim, following more slowly. “There come Tom and Walter.”

Two more heads appeared through the paling, as though Ernest’s shout had been the summons of a magician.

“Maisie, dear, I want you a moment,” came from the house the other side of the fence.

“Oh dear, I’ve got to go!” she said. “There are enough without me; you go and play.”

She disappeared through the opening, and the boys raced to the playground. The tree was left alone in the orchard. Even the hens had gone. Up among the branches the sun’s rays were flashed back from the telephone in Mr. Clark’s office. That tin can seemed to be positively scintillating with laughter as though at some joke which it had all to itself. One or two birds drew near and pecked at it viciously for not sharing its secret with them, but it only flashed the brighter and kept silent.
By and by the sunbonnet again appeared. It stopped, then crept through the fence, and Maisie looked around. No one was in sight. She could hear faintly the shouts of the boys at play. "Mean old things," she said. She looked up. The tree was invitingly cool and comfortable. Slowly she climbed up until she sat in the office where the club rules originated. She leaned back with a pensively comfortable sigh, and meditatively swung her legs.

"They said I couldn't b'long to their old society, because the rules didn't apply to girls. I just wish they were in Crusoe's Island, where there weren't any girls, only cannibals. No, I don't either, for then there wouldn't be any boys here. Oh dear!"

Her eye fell on the can. "Their old telephone isn't any good anyway. You can hear lots better without it." She reached out her hand, nevertheless, and took it down. A paper fell into her lap. Unsuspectingly she took it up and began to read. Her eyes brightened; then she shut them up tight.

"I hadn't ought to read it," she said; "it's their rules!" For a moment she wavered. Then with eyes still tightly shut she felt around for the can, put the paper back, and clambered down. She walked slowly toward the playground. A sudden thought seemed to strike her. She stopped short and gazed rapturously at a robin pecking at cherries in a tree near by. He resented this attention, thinking it a reproach, and with a spiteful flirt of his tail flew away. She started on the run toward the sound of the boys' voices. Jim and Ernest were seated on the ground cracking butternuts. The other boys had gone.

"Have some, Maisie," said Jim, affably, offering her a handful of the rich meats.

"No thank you," she replied, waving them aside with an important air. "Didn't you boys say that girls had nothing to do with your rules?"

"What rules?" Jim asked; then remembering, "Yes, I said so, and it's true. Don't be horrid, Maisie; you can't b'long anyway."

"I don't want to b'long," scornfully; but listen. Do you mean that girls can't help you keep them?"

"'Course," Ernest replied. "Girls don't know anything about such things anyway."
"May be not," Maisie said impressively; "May be not. By a naxident, a naxident only, I saw your first rule. Prob'ly the others are like them. I shouldn't be s'prised. Tell me this,—how can you never be a bachelor if you don't get married?"

"Why, we're going to get married," said Jim, falling into the trap.

"How can you get married if you don't marry a girl? Did you say that girls had nothing to do with your rules? Hm-n!"

Maisie walked proudly away. There was a significant silence, broken only by a long "cut-cut-cut-ca-da-cut" from the henyard. Each boy looked the other way.

"Say, Ernie," said Jim, rising and brushing the shells carefully from his trousers, "let's go hunt hen's eggs."

Margaret Bell Merrill, '99.

JOTTINGS.

I suppose that table talk in the college dining room is often very light and very unsatisfying to the great majority,—the girls of deep thought, and rich and varied experience. How uninteresting to such cultured spirits the easy chit-chat of the evening meal must of necessity be! A certain freshman in College Hall has the keen sympathy and agreement of all intellectual minds. She remarked hopelessly the other day that her table never talked anything but "small talk." It surely cannot be that we, as a whole, must share with society girls the reproach of being frivolous. Let us come forth in the full splendor of our conversational powers, and give to this wisdom-thirsty freshman and her classmates choice critical appreciations, delightfully intricate philosophical arguments, and reminiscent bits from our forensics on vivisection. Let us show our possibilities in the way of judicious criticism and caustic satire, but let us take the warning of the autocrat, and beware of the pun as savoring of insulting lightness. We might even found a Society for the Promotion of Conversational Ability, were not the combination S. P. C. A. fatally suggestive of other ideas.

If I only knew that freshman's identity I would ask her to dinner, that she might enjoy a refreshing change in mental and moral atmosphere at our
table. The other night we had a pleasing discourse of a literary and ethical turn. The junior began it. She came down fairly running over with her theme, and immediately opened fire on her neighbor.

"We had John Heywood in class to-day,—the old dramatist, you know. Everyone had to write an imaginative paragraph with the local color of the sixteenth century and Mary's court, and some of them were the oddest bits. Poor old John! The first girl met him on a London street—tall, thin, angular, scholarly visaged; the second saw him as a dapper little figure in blue and buff skipping about her Majesty's drawing room with an anxious air; for the third he was a big, bluff, hearty man, 'full of music, and an occasional dance.' But, finally, when we were tired of laughing at all this contradictory evidence, one '99 waked up the class with the astonishing statement, 'I never met John Heywood in the flesh.' Original, wasn't it? And so was her ending. With real artistic disregard of fact and reason, she made her shadow, Heywood, vanish shrieking: 'I never lived. I'm a myth. Bacon wrote me.'"

The senior smiled indulgently. "Funny things do happen in literature sometimes," she said. "To-day I heard Thackeray's humor analyzed on a new basis. This girl had three divisions: humorous; more humorous; less humorous. To me that classification shows an appreciative mind."

"Oh," struck in our irrepressible sophomore, "did you know why Miss W— always talks now about the Helmholtz-Young Theory?"

The senior, with an affinity for books, looked irritated and a trifle puzzled at the interruption.

"Philosophy VII., you know," prompted the junior, with a covert smile at the senior's bewilderment. But the sophomore went on, regardless of an unappreciative audience: "She used to call it the Young-Helmholtz Theory until she was asked in class one day who old Helmholtz was. Isn't that a case of colossal ignorance? It was a '99, too, who ——"

The faculty at the table was looking careworn. "Miss W—— has my sympathics," she said, with a patient sigh. "I had a rather trying experience myself to-day, which made me consider seriously the necessity of offering new courses in Hebrew History. I was lecturing on Agnosticism, and I thought it would make a pleasant change to quiz the class a little. It was near the end of the hour, so, knowing the girls were tired, I chose a very simple subject
in connection with religious faith. Indeed, the question was so simple that it seemed hardly worth while to ask it. Yet, will you believe that not a girl replied? They sat in desperate silence; one or two looked reproachful, as if to say, ‘Why, we haven't had that;' some were puzzled, and searched rapidly for a clue through their back notes. But no one knew, and they were all seniors.”

“But what was the question?” asked the table in unison, while the senior opposite blushed a guilty red.

“The question—I wonder if any of you could answer it—was this, ‘Who, according to Hebrew belief, created the world?’”
EDITORIALS.

I.

Last year an able article on the need of a new library building for the College appeared in the editorial columns of the Magazine. Lately there has been some discussion as to the possibility of using the old chapel as an accessory reading room, to relieve the pressure on the library, when our new building opposite Music Hall is ready for use. But as the Houghton Memorial Chapel is to be used only for religious and strictly academic purposes, there would still be need of a hall for concerts, singing classes, mass meetings, and other large gatherings. It would, therefore, be hardly practicable to turn the present chapel into a reading room. Instead, however, of going very deeply just now into the subject of our needs, we wish to show the Thanksgiving spirit appropriate to November by reflecting on our benefits. First and foremost, we have the prospect of getting many more new books this year. Since the endowment of the library, the Horsford fund has been used to renew magazine subscriptions, pay binding and repair bills and the librarians' salaries, so that there has been from this fund practically no money for the purchase of new books. For the future it is hoped that the Horsford income may be also devoted to buying books, as the salaries are now to be paid by the College. In addition, the Gertrude Library has yearly gifts amounting to $200 or more for works of reference on Biblical subjects. Meanwhile, the great need for general reference books has been partly met by the students. Last year one girl gave $75 to the library, the class in Constitutional History gave $5, the Class of '97, $85, and for three years it has been an established custom for each Magazine Board to give $200. Besides these donations there have been, of course, occasional gifts of precious, because much-needed, volumes from individuals and classes. It is hardly necessary to say that the efforts and interest of the girls are a most hopeful sign of what the library really means to the College. It is by far the most necessary adjunct of our work, and the real nursery of our intellectual life. That our nursery should be close and cramped we much regret, but we cannot restrain a certain glow of satisfaction in remembering that, in spite of its many limitations, the library means enough to the girls to call out evidence of practical interest in its behalf.
II.

When a girl comes out of the nursery, or, in other words, casts herself on the rough world under the protecting shield of her degree, she generally looks about her for work to do. To most college girls their intellectual pursuits form so far the predominating element of their lives that the possibility of an unintellectual career fills them with horror. Many armed with that impressive B.A. descend upon degenerate society as teachers; a few are ambitious for advanced study in law, medicine, or literature; a handful strike out in unbeaten paths. This last is what has been done by two very resolute and independent Smith graduates. One of them spent some time in England in specialized study on fine laundry work, attending inspiring lectures on the possibilities of starch and bluing. Then she came home, and with a friend full of enthusiasm— for the new idea started a laundry in Brookline. The two have an efficient corps of assistants, and for the most part only direct and superintend the work. The patrons are generally wealthy families, who can afford to have dainty articles daintily done. Needless to say, the young experimenters show that their keen wits for management and finance are not damaged by college training; so far their prosperity has been really remarkable. The undoubted success of this novel scheme makes one regret the scarcity of like attempts in original and practical lines. When a college girl has no decided talents of a literary or pedagogical order, it would be wiser for her to follow her natural bent, rather than force herself to uncongenial work for the sake of her intellectual life. If her bent is domestic, let her do cooking, washing, or ironing,—not necessarily on a small scale,—provided that she can do them well. We all have such a comfortably hopeless way of pleading to a lack of talents, but perhaps it is, after all, more a lack of zest in hunting for talents. There are so many small occupations that a college-bred girl could fill to better advantage than her untrained sister, just because she has been trained to plan and reason. Then, too, she could find more satisfaction in doing a small thing well than in making a botch of a large attempt. At any rate, no college girl who believes that the dignity of work does not lie primarily in the nature of the work, will scorn the suggestion that these Smith graduates have given to fellow-students.
III.

Is it true that the wheel has taken the place of the old "shank's mare," and that the five-mile ride squeezed into a period has cast a shadow over the brisk walk of twice that time? We heartily rejoice in the increase of exercise which the bicycle fad has made almost habitual, and realize the gain to girls who would otherwise have tasted but mincingly of the joys of the road. But we protest against the disuse of the true pedal. That it is always on hand—or on foot—that it requires no one of the necessary preparations for a wheel, render it, like all our common blessings, more or less valueless from the standpoint of the uncommon. That it is in use more or less of the day, and should therefore give way to other forms of exercise, is a consideration with some of us. That its use requires more exercise than riding or driving, or wheeling, is a consideration with most of us. But all such we waive aside. It is the end, not the means, which is to be considered. If a wheel or a horse allowed us the same amount of freedom, there might be some question as to the rank of walking among the pleasurable exercises. But in no other state may body and mind be so absolutely, so luxuriously free, as during a tramp across country. No working of the machinery is to be considered, no particular course need be followed, no conventional proprieties need be observed. There is nothing like it; and that many of us know, for we have never tried it.

And we are in the midst of such a network of beautiful roads, within easy reach of so many places we have always, and will always, want to see. Even our immediate surroundings are enticing enough to lure more of us from the heat and rush of college life. Most of us have stretched our legs to Baker's Gardens,—some point in that, we hear,—or ambled with the stream across to the aqueduct, or wandered comfortably around the lake; but, rise ye and droop the head, who cannot confess to the thrill of Pegan, who have not emulated the iron horse, and pranced nobly on your own steed into Boston, or passed the best part of an extra day on the thousand and one crossroads in between. Or is it at that extra day that the pinch comes? No one of us, from the critic of freshman themes to the snap course girl, dare assert that half a thought for time planning would not leave her with the world in her hand, and all the leisure in it to explore it.
No, we cannot sympathize on that score, though our compassion for her warped nature is as the widow's curse of oil, and if it had any efficacy how willingly would we administer it.

If, on the other hand, the ground plan of this section of country is too well known to bear further inspection, let us call to the attention of all a guide whose notice appears in this issue of the Magazine. Its value and helpfulness could surely be put to no better use than to start chasing across country the sedentary, resigned young student of Wellesley.

IV.

We are intensely interested in the manufacturing enterprise which has lately risen among us; the smoke of its furnaces and the hum of its wheels fill the air. But we are still in doubt as to its place in the mercantile world. On its wall no sign is painted; its doors are closed to factory inspection, and as yet have not given issue to the flood of merchandise which its structure seems to warrant. Yet we can but suppress a sigh. It has come, then, to this. Poetry—the divine gift of the gods, the sacred heritage of man—is no longer to be looked for as pearls from the mouth of the princess, but has become a matter of chisel and saw, hammer and tongs, clubs and party control. We wake to the signs of the time, and realize that co-operation and organization, revelation and reformation, have been at work here or elsewhere,—in a realm hitherto guided but by spontaneity and outburst of soul.

This Poetry Club,—may we be permitted to call it?—unclassified as to members, unsectarian as to principle, uninviting as to reporters, merely marks the flow, the flood tide, of the poetic wave which sweeps this coast at varied intervals. It first reached its height in the Class of '80, where its four original members, dangerously near being incorporated as a "Society" by Mr. Durant, only saved themselves by timidly admitting that some study of "the other" poets might occupy part of their time. They thus not only preserved their dignity by remaining a private corporation, but gave themselves a name,—"The O. P. S.,"—by which, in some circles, they still are known. Let us hope for a no less happy result for the present party, if their ambition should carry them so far.

Let it not be understood that we depreciate this attempt to determine and systematize one of the lost arts among us, or that we are, in fact, any-
thing but resigned,—nay, for many reasons, both on and beneath the surface, theoretically appreciative. We trust that we shall have been made practically so by the next issue of the Magazine. We can heartily applaud the plan of the whole, which is, we must confess it, all we know of the "Club," realizing that, unlike the "Lark" or "Yellow Book," of '99's sophomore attempt, it cannot be submerged by much council. This has its faculties about it, and structurally rests upon them. Its workmen are few, the human labor, we understand, is at a discount, the machinery everywhere being exquisitely adapted for the work. We predict the day when we shall point to it with pride as one of the characteristic institutions of the twentieth century.

v.

According to a notice given last month, the Inter-Society Rules appear in the current issue of the Magazine. These rules are an expression of mutual understanding, as well as a mutual pledge, made by the Societies to each other. It is hoped their publication will, perhaps, simplify the position of the society girl in relation to the rest of the College. At any rate, an open statement of her position, in so far as it is given in the Rules, is no more than fair to the College at large.

INTER-SOCIETY RULES, 1897-98.

A.—Invitations:

I. All invitations sent at the end of the year shall be sent on the morning of Alumnae Day. During the year invitations shall be sent only on the first day of each month.

II. All invitations shall be written and sent through the mail.

III. All invitations shall be withheld from conditioned students until their conditions be removed. This rule shall be carried into effect as far as possible in regard to the June examinations. Exceptions may be made to this rule by a committee of the society presidents.

IV. Until students have replied to their invitations, the exclusive right of communicating with them in regard to society matters shall be reserved to the president of the society.
V. No one shall be invited to join any society until she has been in college one semester. No freshman shall be invited to join any society until she has been in college two semesters.

B.—
There shall be no pledging of girls not in societies.

C.—
I. No change shall be made in these rules without the consent of all the societies.

II. All inter-society business not provided for in these rules shall be decided by the consent of all the societies.

D.—
These rules shall go into effect when adopted by all the societies, and shall continue in effect until October 31, 1898.

FREE PRESS.

Small things make up a great part of our happiness, especially if the small things are repeated over and over; and we who use the elevator would like to say "thank you," and "thank you," and "thank you" again, for having brought into it, if not the light of day, a light that makes a most excellent substitute. The exclamations upon the woodwork that were heard on the first day of the electric light were a sufficient proof of how little could be seen in the "dark ages." The elevator is larger, airier, and moves more quickly—at least so it seems to those who now ride in it—than it ever was or did before. We are glad, too, to be able to see what we are stepping into, and to keep on seeing what it is until we get out, with no lingering regret at leaving friends behind in the gloom. It may be a little thing, but our gratitude to its giver is great.

F. H. Rousmaniere, '99.

EXCHANGES.

If we may judge by the periodicals for the month, the college world has taken to the fiction habit. It would be a pleasing task to record that this habit seemed likely to be beneficial either to the writers or to their readers. Unfortunately such is not the case. Its effect upon the writer can only be guessed, but its impression upon the reader is certainly a degree beyond
depressing. We feel that we have a right to expect somewhat of the season's crispness in autumn stories, some originality of plot or expression garnered during the summer rest. Such expectations this month are met with the usual types of collegians in the usual summer situation, in love. If our college fiction is to be taken as true to nature, the young man and young woman of our educational institutions have small originality in devising summer amusements. We venture to suggest to the man that there are places far from civilization where the face of woman never appears, and to the girl that there may possibly be secluded spots where the college man is not known. Let them seek these haunts. In doing so they will at least do what is never done in the college summer story.

The Smith Monthly contains a rather long story with a musical motif, "Whom the Gods Destroy." Though not especially original in plot, it is entertainingly written.

In the Amherst Lit. we note "The Adventures of Johnnie," an impossible story of an impossible boy, but refreshing inasmuch as Johnnie has not yet gone to college. In connection with another story, "The Counterfeiter," we would remark that it is advisable for writers to have a running idea of dialect and locality, before attempting to write dialect stories garnished with local coloring.

The October Inlander is chiefly worth attention for a seasonable article on the Klondyke, and a bright little story, "Lost, a Kingdom."

"Meredith as a Novelist," in the Nassau Lit., is especially good. The author is appreciative, but not overborne by the greatness of his subject. Speaking of Meredith's style, he says: "Meredith tortures the metaphor out of all seeming; you are mercilessly jerked from allusion to allusion, from association to association; you are whirled over land and sea. Yet it is good for your mental muscles, and you are given large sweeps of landscape, though you view them with a bewildered eye. . . . And so when Mr. Meredith comes at loggerheads with the English language, one of them must be broken, and it is generally the English." His conclusion also is worth noting: "If George Meredith has a philosophy, it is based upon common sense and the normal. He has ample room, then, for the close study of character, and also a humor, a romance, and a beauty which do not stand lurid against a background of pessimism, but which remain sweet, fresh, and youthful."
The Dartmouth Lit. is strong in fiction this month. "The Adventures of a Somnambulist" are so cleverly told that we forget the improbability of the situation. Unquestionably, however, the best thing in the number is "An Unplayed Trump," which is refreshingly well told and amusing.

We clip the following:—

**TO A SCARLET POPPY.**

Spendthrift poppy, so gayly pouring your petals down,
Tearing to rags your ruffles, spoiling your scarlet gown,
Was it so lightly given,—gift of the summer sun,—
You tossed away the guerdon, flinging it off for fun?
Or did the wild wind woo you, lure you with laughing love,
Kiss you and leave you, the jester, reft of your treasure trove?

—Mt. Holyoke.

**ON A FALL BLOSSOM.**

The autumn had been cold and drear
   With mists, and fogs, and weeks of rain;
So set the scowl on Nature's brow,
   It seemed she ne'er would smile again.

This morning she forgot her frown,
   And smoothed her wrinkles one by one;
A little bud thought spring had come,
   And opened to the treacherous sun.

That night the white frost killed the flower
   The sun had tempted with his wiles.
Poor blossom! How were you to know
   That empty are the fairest smiles?

—Dartmouth Lit.

**THY TIRED PEOPLE.**

All day 'neath the flaming heaven
   They toil for the day's surcease;
For, bowing, their bodies have given
   All a sacrifice to peace.

They shall rest, thine the promise, but slowly
   Drift the years of the waning, ay, creep;
When the tenantless body lies lowly
   And useless, then cometh sleep.
A TWILIGHT MOOD.

Float, float astray;
Waywardly over the waves I float
In an oarless, sailless boat;
Yet the fading roar from the old gray shore—may it not fade away.

High over me,
Leaving the light of the eve to die,
Shall be the deepening sky;
Yet the while I'd keep the smiling still of a gleam o'er the sea.

I am weary of Day—
Day with its glare, with its seething and roar—
I am weary to-night of the shore;
And I'll float, through the twilight, far into a dream—but not too far away.

—Nassau Lit.

BOOK REVIEWS.


Dressed in the Virgin's symbolic colors of red and blue, ornamented with her floral emblem, the white lily, comes Miss Hurll's new book, "The Madonna in Art."

The author's purpose is stated in her Preface and Introduction; namely, to make a twofold classification of the world's great Madonnas:—

1. According to the artists' composition and arrangement.
2. According to the Madonna's own attitude, of affection, of adoration, or of witnessing for her Son.

To that end the celebrated works of Italian and Northern schools have been used, and pictures of our own day are compared with those of the Great Masters.

From chapter to chapter there runs a thread of art history, while the grouping of famous works is rendered interesting by apt description, pertinent incidents, and criticisms based upon most modern methods.

Miss Hurll presents her thought simply and clearly, and has succeeded in the second part of her work in conveying a true notion of the artistic feeling expressed in the Madonnas of her selection.

"The latest issue of the Contemporary Science Series is a work already published in Russian and in French, by Marie de Manaceine, entitled, _Sleep: its Physiology, Pathology, Hygiene and Psychology._ In the chapter on
dreams may be noticed several references to the observations of Miss Weed, Miss Hallam, Miss Phinney, and others, published in the series of Wellesley College Psychological Studies. Their investigation of emotion in dreams is especially emphasized."

The foregoing paragraph, we are sure, will be of interest to present Wellesley students, as it was while pursuing a course in psychology here, some years ago, that Miss Weed, Miss Hallam, and Miss Phinney made their investigations.


The Appalachian Mountain Club has for many years taken regular Saturday afternoon walks in the vicinity of Boston. At the suggestion of President Eliot, of Harvard, the club has undertaken the publishing of a guide to these walks, and equally interesting rides. The data they have collected they have put into the hands of Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, a man of recognized authority in the local history of this district. The result is most attractive and satisfying, the little book entitled "Walks and Rides About Boston," prettily bound, of a convenient size, and a treasure of information to those interested in the corner of Massachusetts it so well describes. There are fifty walks in all described, so mapped out that no one could lose his way or miss any point of historic or scenic interest. At the beginning of each chapter is given in fine print the means of transportation from Boston to each place mentioned, the steam and street railroad fares, a brief outline of the walk itself, followed by a condensed history of each town. Then follow the details of the walk, inscriptions on tablets being given *verbatim et literatim*.

The book is illustrated by pictures of not only the well-known objects of interest, but also of others well worth especial notice, but which would be perhaps overlooked if not impressed upon the attention by a cut. There are also in pockets four maps of the region, covering northeast, northwest, southeast, and southwest roads and countries.

Within a radius of twelve miles from the "hub of the solar system," the State House, are many of the notable landmarks and monuments of the
Colonial, Provincial, and Revolutionary periods. To these objects of interest, as well as through a country of "lofty hills, broad sweeps of valley, masses of woodland, picturesque rivers, ponds, and trees," the little book leads us, and we are sure it is a welcome guide to wheel enthusiasts, to long walk devotees, to sight-seers, and to nature lovers.


The September Forum contains an article of local, as well as of intrinsic, interest to Wellesley. It is entitled, "What Women Have Done for the Public Health," and is written by Miss Edith Parker Thompson, a Wellesley student of '92, who has since taken an M.A. in the University of New York. The article tells briefly, yet fully, the origin, rise, and work of "The Ladies' Health Protective Association of New York." Its early struggles are exceedingly interesting to all watching municipal improvements, and have been productive of much good in the establishment of similar organizations in other large cities. The appointment of women as inspectors in Chicago is also detailed, together with a description of Diet Kitchens established throughout the country.

Aside from the fact of Miss Thompson's being an old Wellesley student, the subject of her article demands that we urge all who can do so to read it. It is full of information we believe many to be ignorant of, and is written in such a manner as to rouse an interest in matters of vital importance.

BOOKS RECEIVED.


Walks and Rides in the Country Round About Boston, covering thirty-six cities and towns, parks, and public reservations, within a radius of twelve miles from the State House, by Edwin M. Bacon. Published for the Appalachian Mountain Club, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston, 1897. Price, $1.25.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Oct. 3.—Rev. W. H. Ryder, of Andover, Mass., preaches again in the chapel.

Oct. 6.—Miss Hill meets the Class of 1901 for an informal talk on the gymnastics of the coming winter.
Oct. 9.—Tennis tournament begun.

Miss L. B. Godfrey gives the second of the Current Topics lectures, upon "How To Use the Library." In the evening the Class of 1900 give a dance to the incoming Class of 1901.

The Class of '99 hold their annual elections with the following result: president, Agnes Louise McFarland; vice president, Olive Rosencranz; recording secretary, Mabel Leonard; corresponding secretary, Mabel Tower; treasurer, Mary Lauderbach; factotums, Grace C. Sutherland and Bessie Thomas; executive committee, Misses Griswold, Clark, and Rousmaniere.

Oct. 11.—Mrs. Durant receives the members of the college faculty and many of her personal friends at her Wellesley home. On the following Wednesday Mrs. Durant left for Montreal in the interests of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association.

Oct. 12.—The elections of the Class of 1900 take place, and result as follows: president, Hilda Meisenbach; vice president, Margaret Coleman; secretaries, Hannah E. Hume and Wilhelmina Bayless; treasurer, Mary Barbour; factotums, Edna and Ella Mason; executive committee, Misses Chase, Phillips, and Willcox.

In the evening the Science Club held its first meeting. Reports were presented from the various scientific meetings held at large during the summer.

The final results of the college championship in tennis are obtained. Miss Lou Barker, '98, is victorious.

Oct. 16.—The Barn Swallows give a ghost party in the barn.

Oct. 17.—The Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Davis, of Newton, Mass., conducts the weekly services in the chapel.

Oct. 18.—Rev. A. C. Berle addresses the Wellesley Club in Boston, upon "Greater Boston and Greater New York."

Oct. 23.—Miss Calkins speaks before the Boston Union for Industrial Progress upon "Child Labor," the result of individual investigation.

2.30 p. m., Miss Julia A. Eastman, of Dana Hall, gives the third talk in the Current Topics course upon "Emily Dickinson, her Life and Works."

4.30 p. m., the Athletic Association holds a rally in the barn in the interests of college athletics. After dancing to the stirring tones of the hurdy-gurdy, short speeches on different phases of the athletic life of the college were given by Miss Woolley, Miss Claypole, and Miss Hill, of the
faculty; and by Miss Mason, '99, president of the Association; Miss Dalzell, '98, and Miss Meisenbach, 1900, of the students.


In the evening Miss Walker, of the College Settlements Association, gave a short account of her work.

Oct. 31.—Rev. E. C. Jefferson, of Chelsea, Mass., conducts the usual services in the chapel.

Nov. 1.—The last month of fall is ushered in with a mildness and humidity of atmosphere strongly suggestive of April.

In the evening the college and smaller houses are given over to Hallowe'en merrymakings. At Norumbega and Wood short farces are the chief attraction. College Hall is invaded by a troop of noisy children and their nurses, who were rejoiced with candy and fruit in the dining room, and afterwards in the gymnasium by dancing, story-telling, and fortune predicting, until it was time for the little ones to go to bed.

Nov. 3.—The winter's work in the gymnasium is formally opened amid great enthusiasm among the members of the Class of 1901.

General.—The Beethoven Society of the College, so well known to present students and alumnae, has been disbanded. Its place has been filled by a new organization, called "The Wellesley College Choral Society," which is reported to be doing excellent and enthusiastic work under the direction of Signor Augusto Rotoli, of the New England Conservatory of Music. Signor Rotoli also gives weekly direction to the Glee and Banjo Clubs of the College.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Society Tau Zeta Epsilon had an initiation meeting Wednesday morning, October 13, at which the following were received into the Society: Gertrude Underhill, '98, Mabel F. Tower, '99, Rebecca M. White, 1900.

The Society Tau Zeta Epsilon held a formal meeting Saturday evening, October 16, at which current music and art notes were discussed.
A regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Fraternity was held Saturday, October 23, at which the following programme from the study of modern novelists was presented:

William Dean Howells; Career as a Novelist, Miss Pierce.
Rise of Silas Lapham; A Critique, Miss Paul.
Henry James; Career as a Novelist, Miss Mooar.
Portrait of a Lady; A Critique, Miss Tibbals.
Music, Miss Paul.
Modern Realism, as Seen in Works of Howells and James, Miss Eunice Smith.
The Rebound, Miss Gordon.

There were present at the meeting Miss Mary W. Dewson, Miss Mary S. Goldthwaite, Miss Clara H. Shaw, all of '97, Miss Abby Paige, '96, Miss Mary Chase, '95, Miss Mabel Eddy.

A programme meeting of Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held Saturday evening, October 9, 1897. The following programme was rendered:

I. Symposium.
   News from Classic Lands, Edith Ames.
   { Louise Sturtevant.

II. Programme:
   General Mythology, Louise S. Wood.
   Greek Mythology, Grace Linscott.
   German Mythology, Mary Pierce.
   Eastern Mythology, Helen Bogart.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on October 16. The subject for the semester's work is Current Literature. The programme for the evening was as follows:

The Recent Work of Kipling, Helen Bennett.
Richard Harding Davis and the New Aristocracy, Jeannette Marks.
The Possibilities of Stephen Crane, Luna Converse.

Current Topic—Klondike Katherine Ball.

At a meeting of the Agora, held October 23, Miss Elizabeth A. Towle, of 1900, was initiated. The programme for the evening was as follows. Impromptu Speeches:

The Strike of the Miners in America and the Engineers in England Edith H. Moore.
The Present Status of the Cuban Question Lucy M. Wright.

The usual papers were given in the form of a debate on the question, Resolved, That the absolute appointing power be given to the mayor of a city.

Affirmative Mary E. Cross, Helen H. Davis.
Negative Helen W. Pettee.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held Saturday evening, October 30. Miss Hilda Meisenbach, 1900, was received into the society. The following programme was presented:

I. Shakespeare News Ethel Bowman.
II. Paper, "Sources of the Play" Louise McDowell.
III. Dramatic Representation, "The Merchant of Venice," Act I., Scene 2.
    Portia Miss Merrill.
    Nerissa Miss Fuller.
V. Dramatic Representation, "The Merchant of Venice," Act V., Scene 2.
    Launcelot Gobbo Miss Knox.
    Old Gobbo Miss Spink.
    Bassanio Miss Cromack.

Miss Goodloe, and Miss Painter, '97, were present at the meeting.
ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Elizabeth M. Brown, '82, and Jennie C. Merrill, '83, spent Sunday, October 31, at the College.

Annie J. Cannon, '84, will speak before the Boston College Club, November 20, on "Opportunities for Women's Work in Astronomy." Miss Cannon is working this year at the Harvard Observatory.

By an unfortunate mistake, the name of Katherine Payne Jones, '85, was omitted last month from the list of alumnae faculty. Miss Jones is delivering lectures on the Art of the Italian Renaissance.

Leila S. McKee, '86, who since her graduation from Wellesley has received the degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. from Center College, Kentucky, is now the president of Western College, Oxford, Kentucky.

Bessie Ballard, '87, is teaching German this year in the Randolph Harrison School in Baltimore.

Mary T. Blauvelt, '89, has an interesting and timely article on the granting of Oxford and Cambridge degrees to women in the Review of Reviews for September.

Abbe Carter Goodloe, '89, has a sketch of Rocky Mountain life in Scribner's for September.

Louise Swift, '90, is teaching in the Detroit High School. She spent last year in graduate study at Michigan University, where she received the Master's degree in June.

Bessie B. Scribner, '91, who for the past five years has been serving under the Congregational Home Mission Society as a teacher in Rogers Academy, Rogers, Arkansas, is now teaching English in Drury College, Springfield, Missouri.

Susan Cushman, '91, has returned to her former position in Taunton, Mass.

Edith P. Thompson, '92, has contributed to the Forum a valuable article entitled, "What Women Have Done for the Public Health."

Blanche L. Clay, '92, is continuing her work as reporter and correspondent for a Boston paper.

The address of Mary Brigham Hill, '93, is 421 Marlboro Street, Boston.

Helen Burr, '94, is at home in Melrose this year.

Elizabeth G. Brown, '95, has returned from Europe, and has taken up the study of art. Her address is 15 Craigie Street, Cambridge.

Bessie S. Smith, '95, is librarian of the Harlem Library, New York City. Her address is 32 West 123d Street, New York.

Mary H. McLean, '96, remains this year in the Haverhill (Mass.) High School.

Louise Tayler, '96, has an appointment as Assistant in the Animal Pathological Laboratory of the Agricultural Department in Washington. Her address is "Bureau of Animal Industry," Washington, D. C.

Mary Hefferan, '96, is studying advanced Zoology at Chicago University.

Ethelyn M. Price, '97, is teaching Mathematics in Central City, Col.

Mary North, '97, is in charge of the study room in the Montclair (N. J.) High School.

Alice E. Sherburne, '97, is teaching in the public schools in Lawrence, Mass.

Rosina D. Rowe, Sp., '86–87, is Principal of the Training School for Christian Workers in New York City.

Miss F. E. Lord is Professor of Latin in Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida.

Miss E. H. Parker, formerly instructor in Chemistry, is now teaching Physics in the New Bedford (Mass.) High School.
DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

Miss Dresser, '90, spent October 8-13, at the Settlement. Miss Dresser will remain in Boston for the winter, and with Miss Eager expects to undertake the leadership of the Jefferson Club, one of the older boys' clubs, in their meetings here.

The opening meeting of the classes was held October 11. Miss Warren gave a talk on Egypt, and Miss Scudder outlined the work of the year. Classes in travel, English, history, arithmetic, and Shakespeare have been formed. There are a few demands for dressmaking, millinery, embroidery, drawing, and art. Classes in these branches may be formed later in the year. The class in cooking will continue this year, taking up an advanced course under Miss Davidson, of the Y. W. C. A.

The Federal Labor Union met at the House October 12 to hear Mr. McNeill give an account of last summer's British Trades' Congress, at Birmingham, which he attended as delegate from the American Federation of Labor. Miss Coman, Miss Marks, Miss Rousmaniere, and other college girls were present.

The first and second lectures of Miss Scudder's course on Dante have been given. These lectures were intended primarily for the public school teachers of the neighborhood, to whom Miss Scudder two years ago gave a similar course at the Quincy School, opposite Denison House.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McDonald, members of the Fabian Society of London, Eng., spent ten days with us recently. Mr. McDonald lectured October 18 on "Democracy in the Municipality," before a number of invited guests, among whom were Miss Scudder, Miss Brown, and Miss Balch, of Wellesley.

The Wellesley girls have given two of their regular monthly entertainments for the year. October 7 Miss Marks and the Misses Mason were present. November 4 Miss Beach and Miss Hume furnished music.

The Radcliffe girls, who entertain once in six weeks, gave a short play on October 21. The following week the Piety Corner Choir from Waltham gave a full musical programme, and an Italian family from the neighborhood assisted with mandolin, guitar, and voice.

The business meeting of the Electoral Board was held in the Green Room of Denison House, Saturday, October 23, at 10 A. M. Electors from
Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Swarthmore, Wells, Elmira, and the Woman's College of Baltimore were present. An open meeting, to which residents, and Settlement workers, and friends were admitted, was held at two o'clock. In the absence of Mrs. Montgomery, president of the Board, Miss Scudder presided at the meetings. The afternoon meeting was opened by Miss Warren's treasurer's report. Miss Dudley and Miss Jones of Philadelphia, read the reports of the two Settlements of which they are the head workers, and the following short talks were made: Mrs. Putnam spoke of her work as rent collector of tenements in South Boston; Miss Withington, of the co-operation between the Associated Charities and the Settlements; Miss Beale of the Children's Aid Society; Miss Watson of the Denison House Kindergarten; Miss Florence Smith of Child Study; Miss Hazard of the College Extension Classes, and her travel class in particular; Miss Wall of Club work.

The public meeting of the College Settlements Association was held at Peirce Hall, Monday, October 25, at three o'clock. About four hundred were present, and great interest and enthusiasm was shown in the speakers from the various Settlements and kindred organizations. Miss Dudley presided, and spoke of the true significance and aim of Settlement work. Miss Warren spoke of the needs and general state of affairs in the three Settlements in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Miss Kingsbury, of the New York Settlement, spoke of the people and political tendencies of the East Side in New York. Mr. Billings, of the Wells Memorial of Boston, was the next speaker, and gave some impressions of Settlement work and its value in a neighborhood. Miss Scudder followed with an account of the College Extension work of Denison House, past, present, and future. Miss Dudley closed the meeting with a statement of our needs, and an appeal for help toward our more pressing needs.

Miss Helen Gordon will take Miss Sherwin's class of Russian girls in English once a week.

Miss Clara Willis, who is taking the kindergarten training this year, has been observing in the Denison House kindergarten the past week.

Miss Walker, secretary of the Electoral Board, has been in residence during October. Miss Walker has spoken before the undergraduate chapters at Wellesley and Radcliffe during her stay in Boston.
MARRIAGES.

MARTIN-HALL.—In Marshfield Hill, Mass., June 9, 1897, Miss Flora Appleton Hall, '91, to Mr. Edwin Stanton Martin, of Boston. The present address of Mrs. Martin is 211 Bellevue Street, Newton, Mass.

ALDRICH-DRAKE.—In Manchester, N. H., Sept. 9, 1897, Miss Helen Drake, '94, to Mr. Charles Spaulding Aldrich, Brown, '94. The present address of Mrs. Aldrich is 57 Locust Avenue, Troy.


TYLER-ROGERS.—In Allston, Mass., Oct. 28, 1897, Miss Ethel W. Rogers, '95, to Mr. Daniel Tyler.

SNODDY-DAVIS.—In Crawfordsville, Ind., June 30, 1897, Miss Jessie Davis, formerly '98, to Mr. Samuel A. Snoddy.

NORTH-ALDEN.—In New Haven, Conn., Oct. 22, 1897, Miss Helen Margaret Alden, '98, to Mr. John Richard North. At home Sherland Avenue, Fair Haven Heights, New Haven, Conn.

MOTTLEY-MCCAMMON.—In Carthage, Ohio, Aug. 11, 1897, Miss Edna L. McCammon, '99, to Charles P. Mottley, of Bowling Green, Ky.

SCOTT-THOMPSON.—In Dover, N. H., Oct. 27, 1897, Miss Helen Frances Thompson, Sp., '87-'88, to Col. Walter Winfield Scott. At home after November 10, 158 Central Avenue, Dover, N. H.

CHOATE-SCRIBNER.—In Epsom, N. H., July, 1897, Miss Bertha Scribner, Sp., '92-'94, to Mr. A. G. Choate, of Monmouth.

BIRTHS.

July 5, 1897, in Concord, Mass., a daughter, Joanna Sedgwick, to Mrs. Luella Smith Braley, '86.

March 4, 1897, in New Haven, Conn., a daughter, Martha, to Mrs. Alice Wetherbee Moorhouse, formerly '87.

July 28, 1897, in Waban, Mass., a daughter, Katherine Morgan, to Mrs. Belle Morgan Wardwell, '92.

October 5, 1897, a daughter, Margaret, to Mrs. Mabel Glover Wall, '92.
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