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No. 2 Main Street, Natick, Mass.
THE RECENT STRIKES AND THE LABOR QUESTION IN THE
COAL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

During the last week of the year just closed, the newspapers of this
country have announced, in paragraphs of three or four lines, the renewal of
the coal miners' strike at Honeybrook, in eastern Pennsylvania. This new
outbreak may amount to nothing, may be almost forgotten in a month; or,
on the other hand, it may be the signal for such a struggle as that which four
months ago led up to the shooting of seventeen rioters by a sheriff's posse
near this same hamlet of Honeybrook. In either case it is very significant
as showing that the settlement of their difficulties, made in panic haste by
masters and men after the Lattimer shooting, is, in fact, no settlement at all.
The permanent causes of trouble evidently have not been reached.
The eastern or anthracite coal field of Pennsylvania lies mainly within Luzerne County, and is divided by the geological and topographical features of the country into two distinct districts. The upper field consists of the broad and fertile basins of the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys, and extends to a varying width from between their parallel mountain walls into the rugged country to the eastward. The lower district, of which Hazleton is the chief town, lies along the narrow valley of the Lehigh River, in half a dozen small mountain valleys and basins near, and even in, the high mountains themselves, being in general rugged and uncertain in outline, but lying northeast and southwest with the trend of the mountain ranges. In this lower district the valleys are all narrow, and the heights precipitous, and the crumpling and folding of the strata is everywhere extreme; so that the general physical conditions governing mining in the lower field are unlike those obtained in the Wyoming and Lackawanna district.

In the upper district the situation is doubly complicated, although the relations of employers and employed are here less immediately threatening. The surface of the greater part of this region is wonderfully fertile and abundantly watered, so that from Revolutionary times the land has been owned in holdings suited to agriculture on the old-fashioned scale. Such division has had the effect of distributing the mineral wealth of the territory among a much greater number of owners than is the case in the Hazleton field. Moreover, because of the comparatively small acreage held by any one man at the time when anthracite coal began to have a market value, the business of mining coal has always been regarded here less as a matter of developing one's own property to its fullest value than as a pure speculation dependent very largely upon the terms of leases made with neighboring coal-owners for its success. Several large corporations, it is true, such as the Pennsylvania Coal Co., the Delaware and Hudson Coal Co., the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Co., have bought up from the original owners large tracts which they mine on very much the same system as that existing in the lower district; but the greater part of the mining done in this region is carried on by minor companies or by individuals, who are content with less business and smaller returns than would suffice to pay the running expenses of a larger concern. The tendency to small operations has indeed gone so far as to result in a positive
over-exploiting of the available coal land. More capital has already been invested than is economically profitable, if one consider the probable returns of the next decade; and investments are continually being multiplied within a small area.

As to the laboring men dependent upon the mining companies, two general observations are to be made: they are, all in all, of a far better class than the laborers of the lower district; and they are offering their labor at a less and less price in a constantly over-supplied market. The multitude of small collieries has given employment to a larger number of men than their joint output justifies in the competition with the producers of the Hazleton and other coal fields. Hence wages are low, and the uncertain profits of the masters make employment variable and irregular. If there were not other interests, manufactures and building notably, the coal industry would scarcely offer a decent living to the communities directly or indirectly dependent upon it; but as it is, the greater intelligence and thrift of the laboring classes here, the broader labor market, and the partial abandonment of the company's store system, have combined to continue the workingmen in a condition nearly as hopeful as that of ten or twelve years ago. How long such a condition can be maintained is the doubtful matter; and upon its maintenance hangs the economic peace of this densely populated region.

The social and industrial phenomena of the two coal fields differ widely. In the Hazleton region, which is the center of the lower field, the economic conditions are comparatively simple, although wholly deplorable. The mountainous and generally sterile nature of the country offered no attractions to the farmer settlers who were the pioneers of eastern Pennsylvania, and small holdings were originally, and still are, rare. With the development of the lumber interest, land was purchased in large parcels, which have remained substantially undivided in the hands of a few individuals and large mining companies, to be exploited at their pleasure. It is more than probable that this large ownership has saved many millions of dollars on the cost of mining, because one well-equipped plant can handle the coal underlying seven or eight hundred acres at a less cost per ton than could a smaller colliery the product of an absolutely limited plot of two hundred acres. This benefit, however, has been done to the economic world at large, and through
the few fortunate owners in particular; while the local effects of the monopoly have been the periodical cutting of wages to the starvation point, with consequent strikes, the inefficiency and yearly greater degradation of the class of labor employed, the decay of legitimate retail trade in the small towns and hamlets, and the partial exemption of the great owners from taxation to the prejudice of the small householder.

All things considered, it is scarcely to be wondered at that dwellers in the lower coal field feel an intense hostility toward the coal companies; nor can anyone dispute the manifesto of the Hazleton miners early in last September, which proclaimed their condition unendurable. There were, crowded together in the towns or in mountain villages built around the more remote collieries, thousands of men, many of whom had no knowledge of English, and almost all of whom were without any skill or knowledge which might enable them to live otherwise than by rough labor in the mines. They lived in hovels, cottages, barns, tenements, as it happened, all owned by the particular companies who employed the tenants, and all rented on such terms that they could be vacated a few hours after a notice had been served.

Eviction was the more terrible weapon in the hands of the masters, because a household once turned out of doors by the police of one of the great companies might wander for miles before reaching a barren bit of land that was not controlled by the monopoly which had declared against them; and they would probably have the greatest difficulty in finding, a second time, employment, with its attendant privileges of renting a shelter and buying upon credit at a "company store."* To the inevitable terrors of eviction, and the wasting poverty that is the lot of those who are forced, despite all legislative attacks upon the system, to buy only in the closed market of the mining company's store, there is added the crowning misfortune of all, scarcity of work. If work were plenty, and reasonably regular,—say eighteen to twenty-four days in a month,—a cut of two or three cents a ton would be powerless to cause a strike. The organizations which have been prominent in the troubles of the

* House rent and the amount of his debt at the general store are invariably deducted from the monthly pay of the employee, and commonly he receives all or almost all of what remains over these charges in the form of an order or due bill which is negotiable at its face value nowhere except at the mine company's store, and even there only in wares valued at two or three times their ordinary retail price.
past year are weak in membership and financial power, and not strongly
fraternal in their relations with each other; and they have taken upon them-
selves the leadership only because the overthrow of the Knights of Labor in
the coal regions, some few years ago, was so complete and disastrous as to
leave no strong labor party in existence. It is not the turbulent leadership
of the Polish and Slav secret societies, or of the United Mine Workers, which
began and carries on the war between employers and employed, nor is the
strife due mainly to the violent, brawling temper of the individual working-
men. The trouble is simply that, with five, seven, or ten days of work in a
month, the slightest "docking" or cut in wages brings the laborer to a depth
of poverty so utter that no standard of living of which he has any knowledge,
no matter how bare, how degraded, how filthy, can be accommodated to it
under the fearful burden which the mine company's stores impose. Starva-
tion, barely held off through three years of want, cannot longer be kept
away by the ordinary means of labor and close living. It is starvation and
despair, rather than the fiat of a labor council, that orders such strikes as
those of last year.

This situation, although enormously wasteful of human life, and of both
quantity and quality of labor, is economically most simple. The owners of
colliery land have mined and marketed their coal at a profit which has almost
steadily decreased during twenty-five years. With the less profit per ton,
they have yearly endeavored to keep up their gross profits by increasing
their output; and this effort, made simultaneously by many owners in Penn-
sylvania and elsewhere, has resulted in a yearly output many hundreds of
thousands of tons too great for the demands of the market. As an inevitable
consequence, the price of anthracite coal at the mine (or its price at tide-
water, less the cost of transportation) has fallen so low that there is only a
dangerously narrow margin of profit, or perhaps no margin at all, for the
proprietor. Accordingly, his receipts are eked out by the devices of com-
pelling his workmen to hire houses of him, and to buy nowhere but at the
mine company's store, rentals and the price of provisions rising, of course,
as his balance sheet demands and the comparative wealth or poverty of his
tenants permits. If the worst comes to the worst, so that no profits at all
can be shown at the end of a month's business, the cheapest course of the
employer is to "shut down" until the market becomes stronger; and this
may be accomplished directly by order of the company's superintendents, or indirectly, and as it were automatically, by cutting wages and so promoting a strike.

There is no question that no satisfactory settlement of the labor difficulties in the lower coal field can be reached while over-production is everywhere the rule. As anthracite coal is less and less used in manufactures and for railway service, it is inconceivable that the demand should rise, within several years, higher than the present yearly supply; and until the demand be greater, or the supply very abruptly cut down, the market cannot stiffen. In the event of an extraordinary demand, such as, for instance, the present buying of American cereals in the Old World, it is conceivable that enough money might be brought into the coal trade to allow of a happy solution of the difficulties in the lower coal field. In the upper valleys, where the competition between proprietors of collieries is abnormally desperate, where the burden of loss through unproductive over-investment threatens to become quite as serious a feature as the crowding of the labor market or the fitful nature of all employment about the collieries, such a temporary prosperity would be likely to furnish a harmful stimulus. But in the Hazleton district two or three years of "good times" would benefit masters and men alike, and might be turned to account to forestall entirely the threatened crisis. For with a "boom" in the coal trade the companies would be financially able to return to their legitimate field, giving up their business of landlords and closing their stores. The effect of these two reforms would be felt at once among the workingmen, and with steady employment and a good demand for labor would do much to set the laborer on his feet, even though wages remained nearly as low as at present. Thus, by the time the inevitable reaction and shrinkage began to make itself felt in the coal trade, a part at least—those more intelligent and thrifty—of the crowded thousands now penned hopelessly within the limits of that one small and congested labor market, would be able to leave the collieries and to seek elsewhere some more promising field. It is to be remembered, too, that were the mine company's store once done away with, the labor market and the whole condition of the laboring people would be changed potentially for the better by the migration of a single family.

Emily Johnson.
A PROFESSOR OF SCHISMS.

A COLLEGE STORY.

Prof. Alcott Thayer was on his way to deliver a lecture at a girls' college. His destination was some dozen miles from his own university, where he daily condensed information for the undergraduate mind in respect to the Schisms of the Mediæval Church. With some such orthodox matter the prospective lecture was to deal.

The professor was a mild little gentleman, with kind, but dreamy eyes, with increasing thinness of hair, and grayness of beard. He pursued his daily walk in life with the utmost regularity. The walk was mostly a board one that extended through the university grounds and back. He left his bachelor apartments, on the outskirts of the college campus, at precisely ten minutes before chapel every morning. As he passed a certain red brick hall his shadow fell upon a first-floor window shade, and a reluctant senior within recognized it, and arose thereat,—not without grumbling.

But the professor passed on his way unaware of this, and was content. Had it not been for the almost imperceptible thinning of hair and graying of beard, it would have seemed, year after year, that the professor had always been of just that age and complexion, and just that walk in life. Once, however, an obstreperous sophomore had felt himself pulled out of a rather tight-fitting scrape by the neatly gloved hand of the staid professor, and had walked away, muttering to himself a surprised bet that the old chap had been there, too, when he was an undergrad.

After all, the professor must have been an undergraduate once. On this very evening, as the train carried him onward to meet his appointment at the girls' college, his mind went back to the time when he was a student where he now taught, and used to go out to this same girls' college of an evening, just as he was doing now. Just as he was doing now? Strangely enough, he had not been out there all these years since,—since what? His thoughts rummaged among time-worn memories, and tossed them about as remorselessly as old rags in a garret.

The truth of it was, he had come out rather often in those days to call on a pretty girl there. At least, she must have been pretty. But it was
so long ago, after all. He heretically wondered what would have happened if things had gone differently. He moved uneasily in his seat as he remembered that it was after one of his evening calls there,—the last, to be accurate,—that he had displayed a sudden, and somewhat unaccountable interest in the Mediaeval Church.

He had distinguished himself by a monograph on church schisms, and everyone said it was a very deep sort of thing, and he really ought to keep on in that line. His father and mother had written him pleased letters from the old farm house. They had wanted him to enter the ministry, and rejoiced now at the idea of the Mediaeval Church. So he had tried not to disappoint them, and as he didn’t go out to the college any more that winter, and didn’t feel particularly drawn to the society of his own university, he naturally had a good deal of study time on his hands, and made the most of it. Then, by and by, he had taken his Ph.D., and had suddenly found himself occupying the chair of history at his Alma Mater, with the Mediaeval Church for his specialty. He felt a little dusty and shopworn at the prospect, but he seemed to have gotten into a rut, and to be expected to stay there, so he succumbed in a feeble surprise. His parents had wept a little about it out at the farm, and had written him a grateful letter which he had answered with a half helpless sigh.

All this was in his mind, but vaguely. His memory was rather disused now, and had gotten into routine ways of thinking. It did wander back, nevertheless, to his last evening at the girls’ college. He thought he remembered something about a lake and a boat and moonlight. What was said he didn’t recollect clearly. In fact, he was under the impression that not very much was said. Memory fails so! Ah, but he did remember one thing after all. That was what was in his thoughts when he moved uneasily in his seat.

He wondered where she was now. He had not seen her since. He began to be shocked at the wandering of his own mind from its well-grooved course. He took out some of his lecture notes to run over, and held them for awhile, not noticing they were upside down.

This was only momentary. Habit reasserted itself as he left the train. He was quite himself again, and his mind was full of his lecture when the carriage drew up at the college door, and the head of the history department
met him there. She led the way to a parlor, and they entered into animated conversation on cardinal colleges and papal reservations.

After a time a member of the faculty entered the parlor casually, and went to another part of the room where some magazines lay on a table. She was short and slight, with soft hair and a face it would have been hard to decide whether to characterize as sweet or severe. Her dress was plain and her hair had a thread of gray in it, yet there was a certain wistfulness in her eyes, like a child's. At least, that is how she was once described.

On seeing her the head of the department called her over and introduced her. A few minutes of rather stiff general conversation followed, not half so edifying as the tête-à-tête on the Mediaeval Church had been. Then the history professor excused herself; she had an unexpected matter of academic business to attend to. Would Miss Porter kindly take the professor to the lecture hall when the time came? It would be in ten or fifteen minutes.

The member had started a little, when she was introduced, at the name of Professor Thayer of Hawthorne University, and had looked narrowly at him. The professor had bowed and felt nervously for his notes. When the door closed on the head of the department he held out his hand with a timid, unused suggestion of impulsiveness, and said in a questioning, reminiscent, almost eager, way, "Miss Emily?" Then he was immediately ill at ease, for although he felt instinctively sure that it was she, he realized that this title might no longer apply to her. He had a sudden hope that it did.

"Yes," she was saying, timidly, too. "I can hardly believe myself that I am here once more." She glanced suggestively, if unintentionally, at the lake.

Then, as by mutual consent, they moved to the lake windows as to an old friend, and drew up their chairs there. Time passed, and the head of the history department would probably have marvelled to know how it was filled, and of her own share in the matter.

The door opened and the head of the department entered hurriedly. She was sorry; there must have been some misunderstanding, but the lecture hour had come; in fact, the audience had been waiting fifteen minutes. She left the room with the professor who was murmuring confused apologies and nervously sorting his notes.

Such a thing had never before happened to Prof. Alcott Thayer. To
be late to an appointment! Watches had even been set on his arrival in classrooms as by schedule time. He had utterly forgotten the neatly turned compliment he had intended to make in his introduction. A more recent schism than the mediæval one occupied his mind. But the respectful attention of his audience somewhat restored his mental balance.

After a hurried good-evening to the professor as he left the parlor, Miss Porter pushed back the chairs and went quickly to her own room. There her light burned so long that a logical young freshman remarked upon it to a secret assembly of the faithful over a midnight Welsh rarebit.

By that time the professor had returned, weary but restored, to his Alma Mater. The next morning his shadow fell for a moment, punctually as ever, on the senior’s window shade on his way to chapel.

Isabella Howe Fiske, ’96.

“MEMORY.”

A picture by Vedder.

The sea rolls in to the land;
The sun sinks low to the sea;
Both the sweep of the sea and the course of the sun
Limits command.

A brooding light that fades,
Breaks through the upheaved clouds,
To the uttermost bounds of the running sea,
Haunting the shades.

Oh life, that is wave on wave,
Oh life, that is light of love,
O’er the flood of thy thought, at the end prevails
The light love gave.

R. C.

“WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.”

Aunt Celia was sorting the chaos of papers and books, calendars and pamphlets that had been collecting for several months in the drawer of the low bookease. She had gone through the desk and the big closet, and the
drawers, and shelves of the first-floor bedrooms. There was a heap of rubbish on the floor beside her, and a larger one out in the hall. The waste basket was crammed.

"I believe I'll have to burn this stuff up," she said; "the ash barrel won't stand it. Well, I declare, here's that receipt for Hopkinson's bill. Maria!"

Mrs. Waddington came to the sitting-room door with her big apron over her head, and a mouthful of tacks. She smiled as broadly as the tacks would permit, at the sight of her sister seated among billows of paper.

"Hopkinson's bill," said Mrs. Meggies, waving it suggestively. "Those two girls just drop things wherever they happen to be, and then forget all about them."

Mrs. Waddington extracted the tacks to laugh at this heartily. "Now, Celia, you know you're every bit as bad as the girls, and they come by it honestly, you know, from their mother."

"There's no doubt about that," retorted Mrs. Meggies. "Have the men come for the carpets?"

"No. They seem to think the earlier you begin to clean house, the longer you can afford to wait. It's so warm to-day, seems as if fall hadn't begun."

"I don't know but what we are a bit early, but we'll be rushed enough when the girls get back to work. Schoolhouse begins to look as if it would be done, doesn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Waddington. "Well, it seems about time. I've got to get upstairs at the woodwork. Don't you throw away anything without thinking twice."

This from Mrs. Waddington was advice resulting from much sad experience. She had shipped many a valued possession in her "poor" boxes, and Mr. Waddington was even now engaged in breaking in a pair of new shoes. He had found himself the owner of two shoes, both belonging to the left foot, whilst a Western minister was undoubtedly rejoicing in two that belonged to the right.

Mrs. Meggies went back to her task, after depositing the bill as a foundation for the next rubbish series in the desk. The house was very quiet. Both Anne and Edith had gone to Boston on a shopping expedition. The
early September sunshine streamed through the bay window. Several trips had to be made before the debris was all safely in the basement. Then rose, puzzling as ever, the question how to get rid of it.

Mrs. Meggles stood looking at the uncompromising pile for perhaps half a minute. It was Monday. The kitchen stove could not be used for this purpose. Neither the boiler nor the dinner could be sacrificed to the reigning terror, cleanliness. A glance through the entry window satisfied her that the ash barrel was indeed out of the question. Full to overflowing it was already, and the man was not to come before next Monday. Nellie, the maid, was hanging out clothes. Mrs. Meggles thought of calling to her for a possible suggestion.

"No use," she said to herself. "I know the house as well as she does, that's sure." Her mind traveled from room to room, searching a repository. Down it came to the narrow entry where she was standing, and joyfully Mrs. Meggles rushed to the cellar door. The furnace, of course! Absurd, not to have thought of it before. This was the very day for a little fire too, if one needed to make it, for the rooms could be well aired. The rather unseasonable warmth made it positively necessary to have all windows open, and no trace of smoke could remain. The task of removing the huge pile of combustibles was a mere bagatelle now. There was a twinkle of honest self-approbation in Mrs. Meggles's eyes, behind her glasses, as she carted apronfuls of papers and rags and tags across the cellar to the furnace door. She swept away the fine bits and the dust from the entry floor, armed herself with several matches, and went back for the holocaust.

I ask you to imagine the disgust you would feel, with every preparation so carefully made, a difficulty so admirably solved, if you had found that furnace already filled with old boxes. Mrs. Meggles, however, was not to be daunted.

"Carelessness!" she murmured, but with resignation rather than reproach in her voice. "But there's more ways of killing a cat than drowning it. I'll burn this up first, and the other afterwards." She put in some seraps of paper to start the flame with, kneeling on her apron before the door. There seemed a little reluctance on the part of the boxes to take fire, but finally they crackled a bit, flamed a bit, glowed a bit, and Mrs. Meggles closed the door. She went upstairs to take a last survey, but there was a serene emptiness and order reigning in everything that was capable of holding anything.
"And what's best of all," thought Mrs. Meggles, "Maria and the girls won't find anything gone that ought to be saved. I'm sure of that, for I went slow and examined every scrap." She stood in the middle of the sitting room by the table. Gradually the expression of her face changed. She turned to the bay window. A queer, smoky smell was beginning to pervade the air. Mrs. Meggles sniffed rather unhappily.

"What a smell! You can tell that furnace hasn't been used before this season. There's a good draft though, so it'll soon clear away, I guess."

The way was open now. Just the remains of a bright, quick fire were there when she went down and opened the door again. In went armful after armful, till the roar of flame and sucking chimney had carried off the nightmare heap, and all was still. A beautiful balance had been established,—order and emptiness above stairs, order and emptiness below. Mrs. Meggles brushed palm against palm, shook her apron out, and went at her next stint, the brass polishing. She called cheerily to Mrs. Waddington as she passed the second flight of stairs, "All done, Maria."

The smell in the sitting room was,—was not gone. Gone? It was worse than ever; an insinuating, peculiar odor,—an odor unjustified. No furnace had any right to smell so; and why, why should it grow worse after the fire was out? Mrs. Meggles's inquiry was rudely interrupted by the sight of Mrs. Waddington, flying down stairs precipitately.

"Celia, Celia! Come down here. This is the blow that killed mother. Did you ever know me to do anything worse than this?"

She held out a small yellow bowl. Even in her regret, Mrs. Meggles found some satisfaction. It was not the furnace which had smelt so. It was the half-burned clump of lace and linen reposing in the yellow bowl, all that was left of a number of choice handkerchiefs.

"I came on those in Anne's drawer this morning, and I said to myself: 'I'll just do those up. It's better not to put them in with the common things. I set 'em on the stove to boil, and forgot all about 'em. They're all the finest handkerchiefs we've got,—yours, and the girls', and mine.'"

She held one up to view disfigured with great gaps and scorches. "It makes me sick. I'll just throw them into the fire."

Mr. Waddington came home for dinner at one. Richard was in a Boston office, and the two girls were to make a day of it, so the three sat down
together. Mrs. Waddington had a somewhat fixed plan of announcing catastrophes. They appeared without preface during the dessert, though there was a tradition existing in Mrs. Waddington’s mind that she had mastered the art of breaking things gently.

“George,” she said, “I had another mishap this morning.”

“Well, mother, what have you been doing now?”

A foreboding, by no means cheerful, dimmed the satisfaction of a good dinner that Mr. Waddington had been enjoying. The memory of those mismated shoes, a whole vista of predecessors to those unlucky shoes rose before him. He stroked his white beard in dubious expectation.

“I burned almost a dozen handkerchiefs.” Explanations were in order, of course.

“Poor Anne and Edie!” said Mrs. Meggles. “You won’t hear the last of this for many a day, Maria.”

“I expect I won’t,” said Mrs. Waddington, with the greatest good humor; “not till the next joke turns up.”

“You’d better hurry up those carpet men, George,” said Mrs. Meggles, as they pushed back their chairs.

In the late afternoon, when Mr. Waddington came home from the bank, he always took his paper back into the sitting room. His own particular corner was there between the mantel and the little desk. The big rocking chair was an immovable piece of furniture, and under the lamp in its bracket above Mr. Waddington held his unvarying state. He was seated there as usual this evening about half past five, when the two girls came back from Boston. Mrs. Meggles and her sister were in the front bedroom sewing, so Anne and Edith went in to open packages, display acquisitions, and hear comments. There was always a need for ribbons to match every kind of workable or sewable fabric, and solemn were the consultations held over the varying successes. To-day Miss Anne Waddington brought out from a sort of dove-tailed, Chinese puzzle package two lace-edged handkerchiefs.

“There’s an extravagance, mother. I saw them in McCarthy’s.”

“You can always find use for a pretty handkerchief,” said Mrs. Waddington.

“Why, mother!” Edith broke in, “with that great boxful that we never use,—such beauties, too. I told Anne it was foolish to spend the money on these.”
"Your mother has a special case in mind," said Aunt Celia. "Suppose you didn't own a boxful of beauties."

"You don't mean to say ——"

"She's given them away? No. Worse than that. She burned them up." Deep blankness ensued on the faces of the two girls; a rather regretful, pitying, but amused expression on Mrs. Waddington's face. Mrs. Meggles, having rendered her audience speechless, felt obliged to hold up her end of the conversation.

"It was the queerest thing. I was in the sitting room, and this queer smell came up. And I said to myself, 'What's gotten into that furnace?'"

"But, mother, you didn't throw them into the furnace and ——"

"No, your mother didn't do any such thing. You see I was clearing out, and I used the furnace. Burned the rubbish up ——"

"Wasn't it too early to unpack those furs?" said Edith incredulously.

"For land sakes, child, who said anything about furs?" Mrs. Meggles began with some asperity, but a wail rose from three throats as one, and Anne gasped out: "Our furs! Nellie told us the smoke kept off moths. Oh! my tippet. My gloves!"

The blow was a great one. In spring Nellie had advised packing the furs in the furnace. It appealed to the family as a good way of keeping the two muffls, the three tippets, the cap, gloves and odd pieces of seal that they had to store. So several boxes were selected, carefully packed, and stowed away in that unlucky furnace. Mrs. Meggles had been out West, visiting her son. Mrs. Meggles looked as if at this crushing intelligence she would never rise again.

"Don't let's tell George," she said. "And I hope you'll find the heart to forgive me!"

"You couldn't be expected to know," said Mrs. Waddington. She was mentally relining the last vestiges of her ancient mink, and rejoicing that her fur-lined cape had hung all summer in the closet under her personal supervision.

The party broke up in a short time, "melancholy, slow." Miss Anne weakly rejoiced over her pretty new handkerchiefs.

"I declare I'm going to use these right off," she said to Edith, who was sorting ribbons. "You never know how long you'll have your things in this house."
The bell rang for supper, and Mr. Waddington laid down his paper. He had almost forgotten those burnt handkerchiefs, but when he saw the girls giving a few finishing touches to the supper table, it came back to him.

"You'll have some of the meat, won't you, Anne? Has mother told you girls what happened to-day?"

"Yes," said Anne, in a soberly mirthful way. "Too bad, wasn't it?"

Edith was almost taken with hysterics. Richard demanded his share of the new story and got it.

"You'd lose your heads, if they weren't tied on," said Mr. Waddington, with deep conviction. "It's a wonder and a mercy some one hasn't set fire to those furs in the furnace."

"Well, it is a wonder," said Mrs. Waddington, passing him a cup of tea.

ANNA E. WOLFSON.

EPISODES OF THE HOLIDAYS.

Christmas is certainly the season when goodwill and kindly thought for others are in the air. The other day on my way down town, as I sat conning over my list of necessary presents to see where I could cut down expenses, a woman of the sort that we generally mentally put down as Seventh Street shoppers got on the car. It was a dreary day of mingled rain and hail, but in spite of the weather she wore a satin skirt, a velvet waist, a large hat with nodding plumes, and an expansive cape. Her boots were muddy, her hands were bare and red. I had the most disparaging thoughts in my mind, but could not help admiring her indifference to public opinion as I watched her take off her metal belt, adjust and replace it. Then she looked calmly around, and suddenly leaned over and spoke to a strange little girl opposite, who looked cold in spite of her jacket and a pink worsted scarf over her head.

"Pull your fascinator up more, dear! There, that's better. First thing, this rain will make your crimps come all out of curl."

One sees such varied happenings in this good-natured, cosmopolitan city. One afternoon the car was crowded, and many people clung to the straps and trod on the feet of those who sat. Presently some one got off
and a seat was left vacant. A small boy leaned over, with brusque politeness, and tapped a woman on the arm. She shook off his hand impatiently and gazed on into vacancy without seeing the empty place. Again he nudged and again failed. By this time everyone was smiling at the woman's absorption, and the small boy was getting irritated. He thrust out his arm almost roughly to touch her shoulder, and at the same moment the car gave such a sudden lurch that, with the combined force of touch and jolt, she lost her balance and fell backward against the car door. Surely, however, the sentiment of the season filled her heart, for where you and I might have shown anger, this amiable woman rose without embarrassment, bowed smiling thanks to the boy, and took the seat with a beaming face.

An incident of another kind shows a lack of the proper spirit. Again the car was crowded. A man rose with a matter-of-course air to give his place to a girl. She with a like matter-of-course air sank into the seat, and took no more notice of the man or his courtesy than if he were a troublesome obstacle conveniently removed. A flush of resentment showed on the man's face, but still courteous, he touched his hat, bent, and said, "Pardon me, but you are sitting on something of mine." The girl looked surprised, but rose readily enough. Then the man next to her laughed quietly, for the courteous fellow sat down again,—still his original matter-of-course air.

There is, in the town where I live, a little family of three, two sisters and a good old cook who takes care of the household. It has been a time-honored custom with them on the advent of a fowl into the larder to suspend the bird on a nail from the kitchen window. Here, high above the ground and out of the reach of marauders, hung the Christmas turkey, tender, luscious, promising much feasting on the morrow. The elder sister, in accordance with conscientious habits, rose early on the morning of the twenty-fifth, and in the gray of dawn went out to church. When she returned, her bosom throbbling with cheerful good will, Jemima greeted her at the door in mournful tones: "Merry Christmas, Miss Helen! Somebody's done stole the turkey." And so it was. A long stick with a crotch at the end, meant to prop up the clothesline in the back yard, had been effectively used. The little thief had cunningly unhooked the turkey where it swung, and made off with the handsome bird.
But, oh, to think of the joy in one humble household! the praise and the penny bestowed on the adroit and plucky young protégé of Mercury, god of swift-footed pilferers! How the shabby children crowd around to see, while the careful mother cleans and dresses the great bird and pops him into the oven out of sight of longing eyes! Imagine, if you can, the pride and satisfaction of the honest father as he gazes from turkey to numerous family, and from numerous family back to turkey, calculating with wise forethought just how much must go to each, and which tender and juicy portion will be best suited to his own humble tastes. Can’t you see the mother, contentment shining on her plump, black face, and stealing in little drops of perspiration down her temples, as she bears the well-basted fowl to the otherwise frugal board, while the father with ever-devoted parental care administers a cuff to the impatient Jerry, wriggling with hunger and eagerness? Then a moment of silence comes, for they are good Baptists, and the head of the family asks a wordy eloquent blessing. At last! No need for forks and knives, once the helping is done. Little black fingers and little white teeth do their work well, and soon with longing satisfied, Christmas joy and good will reigns in every breast.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Fair, white-robed child, that lingerest at the door,
And yieldest to the passing black-polled bier
Where lies the body of the dead Old Year;
Fearless, pass thou the waiting threshold o’er!
Thy welcome is assured. Whate’er the store
Of joyous hours thou bringest, what the drear
And desolate days of grief, have thou no fear!
If undreamed blessings in our cups thou pour,
Or if thou come to make our hearts full sore,
By taking from them what they hold most dear,
We welcome thee; heaven-sent thou standest here.
God thought thee in his mind the worlds before
Thou comest, new create, immortal guest,
To obey a loving Father’s wise behest!

JOSEPHINE A. CASS, B.A., 1880.
MISS TILURY.

I. ACROSS THE TABLE.

Directly opposite me in the dining room of this hotel, the Richmond, sits a gentleman whose stature borders on the heroic. Presumably you would conclude, after one view of his broad and foreshortened dimensions, that he is an Englishman; and that is exactly what he is. To my left, at a similar table, sits a little old lady of the most lilliputian aspect, and she, as you might easily see, is a spinster of the real old kind. He sits alone and she sits alone. But oh, the proud, complacent glory of the one and the timid, depreciative air of the other.

Punctually at half after nine Mr. Maines appears with a danger signal for a headpiece and the rest of him looking like an animated checkerboard. Fortunately, he is not like the Englishman who had to wear two suits of clothes to get one check on. There is a nervous commotion in the dining room, and the head waiter draws back his chair with a click like the snap of a heavy gold watch cover, seats him, and doubling himself up like a jack-knife he presents Mr. Maines with the bill of fare. Then the waiter, with respect so tempering his whole man that he acts like a steel watch spring, disappears silently behind the doors with the breakfast order lodged confusedly in his head. There is but a very unannoying interval and the waiter returns, springing noiselessly along with the cracked wheat, kippert herring, beefsteak, browned potatoes, coffee pot, and crescent rolls laden on his tray. There is not a gleam of expectancy in Mr. Maines’s eye, and why should there be, for he has ordered this same breakfast for nearly forty years. The waiter nervously shakes up the Worcestershire sauce bottle and says in the most tentative tones, “Sauce, sir?” The danger signal is lowered slightly and on goes the sauce. Mr. Maines never raises his eyes, but keeping them riveted on a corner in front of him he acts exactly as if he were deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics, while he carefully disposes a monument of food within him. His breakfasting is a serene, contemplative process that does not interfere with his accumulation of avoirdupois from year to year, and but convinces you of his solidity from day to day.

As I was trying to see if there really were anything in the corner, even a mouse or the head of a nail would have satisfied my curiosity about his
stare, I heard a timid little rustle. Miss Tilury had come in, and with both rheumatic little hands on the back of her heavy, large chair, she was tugging it out from the table. Quietly she sat down on it and again with both rheumatic little hands grasping tightly the sides of the seat, she was hitching forward to the proper angle under the table. Then sitting rather uncomfortably on the edge she looked about with an apprehensively expectant air. Her own waiter was nowhere to be seen and the other waiters were gazing determinedly at certain indeterminable objects in the room. Miss Tilury settled back a little wearily, but she could not reach the right-angled corner of the back and seat, so she straightened up again and resumed her expectant air. In a few minutes her waiter came slowly around the corner of the room and as slowly up to her chair. I saw Miss Tilury tilt her head till she could look over her spectacles, then she smiled sweetly at the recreant James. Then I heard her bidding him good morning and giving her breakfast order of oatmeal, bacon, and some very weak tea. Then again she wearily endeavored to settle back in her chair, only to hitch more nervously forward and look around distractedly. During a long interval of waiting she ate an orange which had not been prepared for her. Her weak hands ran the spoon into each succeeding compartment with growing timidity; the juice squirted all over her black henrietta cloth waist, and all over her face and spectacles. Finally the spoon slipped as she was driving it into the last compartment of the first half and dropped clatteringly on the hard floor. Miss Tilury jumped, flushed, and hitched farther forward on her chair and then looked about furtively for the spoon. She made several little motions as if she would pick up the spoon, but no one offered to do it for her, and still flushing she turned her eyes toward the corner around which she expected James to come. He came, and resting an edge of the tray on the edge of the table he set the dishes down noisily. Leaning across the table he speared a butter pat and put it on her bread plate, then remembering, he handed her a finger bowl.

II. THE BLACK HENRIETTA GOWN.

Miss Tilury had put on her black henrietta gown that morning, for she was going to a house wedding. She had been invited to this wedding because of her important connections in Philadelphia. The henrietta gown
had cost her a most extravagant sum of thirty dollars. She had engaged a
dressmaker to do all the heavy sewing, for which she paid eight dollars; and
then she finished it off in her own room. It was a very plain little gown,
too tight under the sleeves, and the waist seams not at all even. Up and
down the front she had two rows of black chiffon which had cost the most
unusual price of one dollar a yard; and at the neck and sleeves she had
ruching which she got very cheaply at a bargain counter for fifteen cents.
She knew that she should not have afforded this dress. The trustees of her
father’s estates allowed her only a very small sum until her father’s debts
could be paid off. She could not bear leaving the hotel where she and her
father had lived so happily. For pecuniary reasons, it is true, she had moved
out of their former suite of rooms into one back room on the sixth floor.
Now after the rash extravagance of the henrietta gown, she feared that she
could not give James one dollar for Christmas or for the other servants; also
she would have to curtail her car fares and walk down to the “Old Ladies’
Mission,” where she read every day to them. But she smiled cheerfully when
she thought of the creditable appearance she would make; and then how
pleased her dainty little old mother would have been could she but see her.
At all costs “the family” must be considered first, and what would the
bride’s family think to see a member of the groom’s family shabbily dressed!
Yes, she would have to give James fifty cents.

III. THE CHERUB.

About half an hour later, as I was leaving the hotel on my way to the
Maines—Washington wedding, I saw in front of me Miss Tilury, and in
front of Miss Tilury Mr. Maines. In lock step up Walnut Street we
marched, but Mr. Maines’s beefsteaks told upon us both, and before I knew
it he had swung a block ahead of us, was admitted and disappeared into the
Maines mansion. I walked slowly behind the little lady, interested in watching
her, and I imagine very much engaged in trying to piece her life together
from the little that I knew, when I was startled by a, “Well, Mr. Jerome,
have you forgotten me?” and, raising my hat, I found myself confronted by
one of my mother’s charming friends. The pleasure of seeing her sent rumi-
 nations about Miss Tilury flying, and for two or three minutes we stood
there conversing. Mrs. Fitz remembering that she had an urgent engage-
ment in Wanamaker's waiting room hurried on; and I quickened my pace just in time to watch Miss Tilury mount the Maines steps with unusual care, owing, I suppose, to the thin slush and ice covering everything and forming as fast as it was scraped away. It is a great temptation to stop here and describe the Maines Mansion. Perhaps if you care for mausoleums you will be interested in it. It is an immense pile of gray-white marble,—a monument in memory of a certain "Maines Expectorant" that raised it. The memory of that expectorant has become very hazy in the Maines family; in fact, nothing but a family tradition, although it belongs to the first known generation of Maineses.

If you want the history of this marvelous cure you may get it anywhere from Timbuctoo to the North Pole. If you are fond of roughing it, you will find it pasted up fifty miles from nowhere, in the Adirondacks or Rockies. To express one's self freely, somebody's balsam and Hood's sarsaparilla are not in it with this omnivisible expectorant.

But there, I have been led into a digression upon life history of something you, no doubt, know all about. Miss Tilury grasped the doorbell with her little gloved hands and gasped, for she had hold of the middle part of a large, fat bronze cherub. Her fingers fitted in just under his little armpits and in the crease around his chubby little stomach. Her face expressed confusion and apprehension; she acted as if she had crashed through his little bronze ribs already, and squeezed out his arm sockets. I hastened forward, grasped it for her, and remarked that the only advantage such a doorbell had over the ordinary electric button was its size. She flushed gratefully, and we were ushered in.

IV. THE WEDDING.

The rooms were crowded and beautifully decorated. The end of the largest room was ribboned off from the rest, and a canopy of green covered the space, while on three sides it was walled in by banks of palms and roses. We must have been rather late, for a sudden hush and distant sounds of music heralded the approach of the bride. I gazed, for I had heard much of Miss Maines, and was anxious to form my own opinion. She was a tall, thin, nervous-looking young woman with full red lips; a small nose with wide nostrils, beautiful blue eyes, and a receding forehead. It was a sensual, selfish face;
the face of one who knew her own mind and how to better her own fortunes. I suppose that is why she was to marry Aubrey Washington, for he possessed the coveted apple of her worldly dreams, which was family; while on the other hand he possessed neither sense nor fortune: two things she could amply supply him with. I came to the conclusion that it was a most fortunate arrangement. It is not often that you find people so perfectly suited to each other in this world.

I glanced over to the other side of the room and there sat Miss Tilury, smiling and pleased. Her little black-gloved hands were folded neatly in her lap, while she sat erect in a small chair some one had kindly placed there for her. Through her spectacles she was showering a world of love upon her nephew Aubrey; she was looking so proud and happy, and with the most delighted expression she was observing the magnificently gowned, wasp-like shape of Miss Maines. Approval had stamped itself all over her wrinkled, sweet little countenance, and when Miss Maines said in a loud and determined voice, "I do," Miss Tilury took out a dainty little handkerchief and wiped around her spectacles. Then when the couple, hand in hand, kneeled for prayers and the blessing, Miss Tilury dusted both her nose and spectacles tremulously. In her eyes matrimony was such a sacred, solemn pledge, and life so uncertain. When the music began to play again she gave one determined little dust, folded her hands neatly in her lap, and regarded the dado behind her nephew's handsomely encased legs.

V. THE EXPECTED HAPPENS.

Miss Tilury hurriedly escaped from the house; she was so moved that she feared she would not be able to converse as would become a member of the Washington family. Just after her, in an immaculate black frock coat, walked Mr. Maines, and again I brought up in the rear. It seemed odd that none of us had been introduced, or at least that Miss Tilury and Mr. Maines did not know each other. I had just come to the city, and knew scarcely anyone except my mother's old friends. The pavements had become still slipprier, and Miss Tilury was fearfully tiptoeing her way along, while Mr. Maines walked firmly and squarely upon the whole soles of two heavy calf-skin boots. One flagstone dipped toward the curb at an angle of three or four degrees; and down the flagstone slid Miss Tilury into the arms of a
green lamp-post,—which was not so green after all, when it did such kindly offices as to restore the equilibrium of sweet little old spinsters. A little dazed and a little more nervously she picked her way along, and reached successfully the curb of 20th Street. She seemed to slip and then stumble, falling sideways, striking her head violently on the raised curb. Mr. Maines gave one bound forward and bent over to lift her up before I could reach her. She gasped, as she gasped when she seized the cherub, gave a little sigh, turned her head wearily on Mr. Maines's big arm, and that was all. A crowd was collecting fast, so I called an ambulance, and seeing that I could do nothing else, I kept on my way to the hotel.

That night when going down to dinner I met Mr. Maines's servant with the black frock suit over his arm, evidently on the way to the tailor's. Mr. Maines was already seated at the table, consuming with his usual calm and imperturbability an enormous portion of rare roast beef. He told me after dinner that Miss Tilury was to be buried on Wednesday, from the house of her niece Mary Washington.

**JEANNETTE A. MARKS.**

**BY FAIR MEANS.**

There was not a sophomore club in the university, with the possible exception of the Wooden Trencher, which was made up of persons who had nothing to lose in the way of public reputation, which could compare in versatility, ingenuity, and the successful dispatch of business with the Vulture. All the world knows that their eagles held the van at a great national function, whither they went at the Presidential invitation; although the means and the manner by which this honor was obtained are known unto this day to no more than three persons, and fully understood by less than two. There were great minds among the Vultures, who, with the harmony that attends success, had long lived together in amity, honoring one another. At the time of which I am to speak the whole continent of the Americas could hardly have produced a band of desperadoes more daring, more clan-nish, or more fertile in expedients for the suppression of all freshman traits wherever manifested. Noughty-nought was a class remarkable for its athletic prowess, and undergraduate rumor had it that certain “sour balls” of the Trencher communion had made use of the bitter rivalry between the
classes to shelter themselves in bullying the newcomers. The earliest class battles of the year had gone all too favorably for the youngsters, and sophomore sentiment was deep and bitter against the valiant enemy; but nevertheless, as the juniors openly said, and the Vultures secretly believed, the wounding and maiming of freshman champions promised to divorce all honor from victory. The Vultures looked back over the short and sorry annals of their class, reviled the Trenchermen with growls and groanings, and registered a decree that the cane spree must be won, if won at all, by humane and decent measures.

"I am so far a pagan," spoke the oratorical Holmes, pushing away his empty plate and standing up in his chair to command the attention of his peers, "that I will consent to throw dust in the eyes of the gods of war, if success may so be won. But never, gentlemen, never will I give my vote to appease a barbarous deity with human sacrifice."

"Nelly was a lady!" chorused the head of the table. "That's white; stand by you there, Nelly!"

"We'll lose the heavy weight if we let their man go in against stumps," objected somebody.

"Lose it, then!" cried the orator, with an attitude of majestic resignation. "Can we not save our noble house without dishonor?"

A mingled clamor answered this appeal until "Canal" Brewster's voice made itself heard for the affirmative.

"That's right," he cried, "and Nelly knows what's got to be done. A standing vote, fellows, and give the lady a finger all round!"

The Vultures rose with one accord and swooped upon the side table, where two plates of baker's cakes of the variety named flanked a scanty dessert of gelatine pudding. The happy orator gathered up the missiles which Brewster's suggestion had brought down upon him, and seated himself to finish out at leisure a bounteous repast, while the rest of the club ate their pudding without cakes, and pondered upon the task which they had undertaken.

As the "cane spree" was but four days off, no time was to be lost. At noon of the second day, and while the distinguished corps was gathered for luncheon, Tommy Thompson broke in with a rush, crying as he fell into his accustomed seat: "I've got it! I tell you, I've got 'em! Oh, a dead
cinch!' Gasping with haste and excitement, he unintentionally gagged himself with a bite taken at random from the crust of a great roll, and was for several minutes unable to respond to the demands and ministrations of his fellow Vultures by anything more specifically reassuring than capers and contortions. Finally, the power of speech being restored, he unfolded to his allies a scheme of excellent simplicity.

"Going along after chapel, I saw Mud Wilson and old Pap Prescott hanging 'round a bunch of freshmen, an' the freshies were rattled an' pretty well scared, an' tryin' to get away and couldn't," gasped Tommy. "'Cran-crow," the freshman heavy weight chosen for the cane spree, "was one of 'em: he and a little fellow cut loose from the push an' dodged 'round and 'round for ever so long, but Pap Prescott never let go, not a little bit. Then they cut in back of the gymnasium, an' there they thought they'd got 'em pinched. Pap Prescott began slugging Crancerow, and Mud took the little 'un; and the little 'un showed fight, an' Mud began to holler for sophomores." Tommy paused, and swallowed a glass of milk before his climax. The club, their patriotism stirred to battle heat by tidings of resistance among the Helots, waited with impatience to hear that the freshman heavy weight, together with his companion, had retired from active service for a month or two.

"But I remembered there musn't be any dirty work, so I told Mud to stop if he didn't want us to do him; so he and Pap Prescott hung round for awhile, and then went off with a couple of polers toward the library."

The Vultures gazed into one another's faces with mute amazement; the open proclamation of their principles on such an occasion was a matter only less remarkable than the retreat of the two Trenchers before Tommy's conjuring.

"Then I went along with Crancerow, an' took eare of 'em all the way home, an' went up stairs with 'em an' had a cigar in Crancerow's rooms. Awfully good sort of place, too; easy to get into, and good enough when you do get in. He's a rich bugger, Crancerow." Tommy buttered a potato tranquilly with the air of one recalling a delightful experience not too long past. All excitement had vanished from his manner as he made away with whatever viands happened to be nearest to him, and he seemed to have lost all interest in his own story; but the Vultures who knew him held their
peace, understanding that Tommy was ripening a plot in no wise unworthy of their name.

"Grateful as anything to me," murmured the narrator, after a long pause. "Green! Well, I say, you fellows, — " And here was revealed to the delighted brotherhood the plan, absolutely original, startling in its novelty, and simple and safe of execution, by which Tommy Thompson and the Vultures saved at once the laurels and the fair fame of their class.

On the day following the making of the Vultures' plot, Tommy Thompson took three of the cuts which he had been laying up against the week before the Christmas recess, and disappeared from the university until late in the afternoon. Then, as was afterwards remembered, he returned by a train coming from the direction of Metuchen, and leaping into a buggy which stood behind the station drove rapidly hither and thither through the streets of the town.

Just as his reckless driving and apparently purposeless maneuvers were beginning to attract public attention, Tommy saw the objects of his search walking slowly toward him. The street was full of citizens and students, and a violent seizure was, of course, out of the question. With a whistle of the whip and a great rattle and banging of buggy wheels against the curbstone, he brought his vehicle to a violent stop a few yards in front of the pair, and hailed them.

"Hi, there! Freshman! Hi, you there! Crancrow! I say, Crancrow!"

The startled freshmen recognized him with an evident relief that was to the artful student of mankind a homage doubly sweet. "Oh, it's you!" sighed Crancrow. "I thought — "

"Don't seem surprised; don't look around," commanded Tommy Thompson in a low tone. "You're going to get into a scrape if you don't look out! Those fellows are laying for you, you know, and if you ever want to spree for your cane, you'll have to have your wits about you. They've just gone down to your room, so you can't cover there. They'll be back here in no time, though. You'd better jump in with me, and I'll try to take you somewhere. This is a poor old log of a beast, and we mayn't get away from 'em; but it's all you can do."

"What are you doing this for?" queried the smaller of the freshmen, with suspicion. Crancrow already had his foot upon the step, and he scarcely hesitated to hear their protector answer,—
"Well, I’m a sophomore, but I like good sport. Pile in!"
"Pile in, Med," repeated Crancrow; and at his friend’s bidding the other sprang in, and seated himself as best he could between the two. They raised the hood of the buggy in all haste, and Thompson turned off "at a venture," as he explained, into the New Brunswick road. A period of consultation and suggestion then followed, and as a result the rescued asked, or thought they asked, to be set down at one of the smaller hotels in the city of New Brunswick.

Once here, a series of surprises awaited them. Scarcely had the trio made their way to the parlors, which their presiding genius advised in preference to the publicity of the office or the barroom, than the landlord himself appeared, called the sophomore by name in a most friendly manner, and assured them several times that "Everything was all right, all ready—just as it should be, of course." Scarcely less puzzling was the attitude of Tommy Thompson himself; for although it was but four o’clock in the day, that young person had developed a most astounding appetite for dinner, and ate, and compelled them to eat, a hearty meal. Even here, however, the protector showed himself not unmindful of their needs, ordering training fare with some excellent roast beef for Crancrow, while he himself dined more luxuriously. Somewhat to Tommy’s surprise, the smaller freshman imitated the frugality of his classmate, remarking that he, too, was in training "for a try at the cane"; but the recollection that fully half of the freshman class were said to aspire to athletic honors of one kind or another, sufficiently accounted for this self-denial.

Of what happened immediately after the dinner, Crancrow and his friend somehow never obtained a clear idea. The heavy-weight champion remembered dimly that little Medlar fell asleep at table, and that Thompson, leaning back in his chair and smiling with sage indulgence, was so uncommonly well bred as to take no notice of this failing. Crancrow himself was increasingly dull, as it seemed to him, but as far as his memory could reach he saw himself manfully upright in his chair, answering at great length and painstakingly all his host’s remarks. It was a sudden change to awake to find himself in bed, with the darkness of midnight about him, and Medlar’s head and white-clad shoulders faintly discerned on a cot against the opposite wall. He was still too drowsy to remark the full oddity of their
situation, however; he lay still, half dozing, until the sound of footsteps, the glimmer of a lamp, and a few murmured words at the door were followed by the appearance of the landlord himself, bearing a small kerosene lamp and a huge tray full of covered dishes. He smiled in a most honest fashion as he met Crancrow's gaze.

"You're all right," cried he in a wheezy whisper. "You're all right. I've got a son in your class, and I'll stand by ye. Duncan's his name; know him? Well, well, I'll see that you boys are kep' away from them sophomores, and give ye enough to eat to keep yer muscle up. Don't you be scared. You'll get the cane sure, my son says. I guess I'd better wake up the little gentleman, hadn't I? Is he training, too, eh? It's time he should eat somethin' now, for he'll fall off if he sleeps too long on nothin'!"

"How did we get here?" demanded Crancrow, rising up on his elbow. In truth, he began to be conscious that he was very hungry.

"You came here with that young feller," responded the host. "He's a sophomore, too. I found out after, but he said he was a freshman when he got the rooms for you. You and the little gentleman there went to sleep after dinner, and then the young feller laughs, and tells me to put you to bed, and goes off without you, laughin' as if he'd die."

Cran crow began to swear.

"I guess he must 'a drugged you," added their host in a still lower tone. "But you're all right, ain't you? The spreeing ain't till to-morrow night, and it's only one o'clock in the morning now."

Medlar here began to stir and grunt, so that he interrupted the champion's response, and the landlord went over and shook him into a partial understanding of the story. Medlar groaned, and covered his face with his sleeve.

"Heavy-weight and light-weight both missing!" he cried. "O, what will the fellows say?"

"War you going to be a spreer, too?" cried mine host in great surprise. "Both of you champions? He didn't tell me that?"

And then, amid groans and lamentations from the light-weight, who refused to be comforted by any promises, and with occasional sullen growls from Crancrow, the victims made an enormous dinner from the rare beef, bread and potatoes provided by their kindly sympathizer. The landlord ex-
plained in the meantime that he had routed two attacking parties of sophomores, who had come while the champions slept with intent to seize their persons; that he had concealed them in this out-of-the-way corner of the house, boarded up the only window, and set a guard at the door to protect them from discovery; and, finally, that he was perfecting a plan by which they were to be smuggled to another town on the morrow, and returned to the university barely in season for the spree itself. This being explained, and his guests manifesting but scant courtesy or gratitude for his condolences, mine host presently took up his lamp and departed, leaving by an oversight the remnants of victuals upon the tray.

Left alone, the pair bemoaned the simplicity which had led them into this trap. Escape, however, there was none at present, as their clothes were unaccountably missing, and the landlord's key had rattled faintly in the lock.

"The old man ain't white," groaned Medlar in despair. "They're paying him, of course, and he'll see to it that we don't get away so soon! Even if all that horse about sending us away in time was true, there'd be some trap about it. They'd catch us somewhere and finish us. Oh, it's a fixed game, of course! Only wonder is that they don't starve us in the first place!"

"Yes," grunted Crancrow, and muffling his head in the coverlid turned toward the wall, ostensibly to finish his interrupted rest. The light-weight being now thoroughly awake and almost abnormally hungry, sat upon the edge of his cot and pondered, and ate all that was left of the dinner. "Got to keep up my strength, anyhow," he reflected. "Think I know their game, too; but if we can make a break for it when the old man does let us go, we may get in after all." And presently, meditation growing wearisome, he too turned over and slept.

Although Tommy's soporific kept them drowsing until well along in the morning, the prisoners were hard pressed to pass the hours of the next day. The boarded windows gave them so little light that they could neither read nor write, although a much-thumbed "Prisoner of Zenda" and a few sheets of hotel paper were discovered on a closet shelf. The narrow limits of their cell forbade any prolonged attempt at practice spreeing; and in their boredom the breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper brought to them by
the host made their only recreation. By some fortunate provision of
Nature, however, they were able to enjoy this pleasure even more fully than
usual, each successive meal seeming to have the property of leaving them
hungrier than before. The forenoon of the second day, moreover, repeated
the same programme; but at noon the landlord brought in with the mid-
day meal a lighted lamp, a mirror, and their clothes.

They dressed, ate, and looked one another over. Each protested that
he had never felt more vigorous, and a hope of ultimate escape began to
dawn upon their minds. Crancrow tried the door; it opened, and
they walked out of the room and out of the house without meeting
anybody.

"The sophomores can pay our bill," chuckled little Medlar, gleefully;
but Crancrow shook his head.

"We shan't get off too easy," he sighed. "We're lucky if we get out
of this town before the spree's over and done with."

Yet in spite of these forebodings, the champions, by dint of great
dexterity in skipping around corners and through railway passenger cars, by
a most confusing system of changing from train to train and from grocer's
cart to a closed carriage, which they drove in the wake of a passing funeral,
succeeded in reaching their lodgings in the university town without mishap.
Tommy Thompson came out of a neighboring shop just as the two turned
in at the door, and his look of horror, surprise, and dismay was a matter
which delighted half a hundred freshmen, to whom the heroes told the story
before dinner time.

Meanwhile, Mr. Thompson, encountering a freshman in the streets of
the town, had been so far stirred by anger, disappointment, or some other
emotion, as to attack his inferior with both taunts and blows; and the freshman,
full of a natural exultation at the escape of his brethren, had made a
display of violence and broken the sophomore's collar bone. The delay of
setting the bone caused Tommy to appear on the campus rather late for the
spreeing. The freshman light weight was hard at work, but one of the Vul-
tures poked the invalid violently in the ribs and intimated that "that fellow
ain't half as strong as our little Medlar!"

"Over weight?" queried Tommy, placidly.

"O Lord, yes! Four pounds!" returned the other in a whisper, his
eyes leaving the combatants for a moment. "Gained four pounds in two days! Oh, we'll have a bill for beef with the old man!"

"Rah! rah! we've got it!" roared somebody among the sophomores; and the Vultures embraced Tommy with unaccountable fervor, and greatly to the danger of his broken bone.

The second match, the middle weight, went to the freshmen with scarcely any objection from the sophomore side; the heavy weight was the contest in which the knowing ones were most interested from the start. Somebody on the far side of the ring began to cheer for Crancrow, then somebody else cried "No!" and in an instant confusion reigned.

"He couldn't weigh in!" shouted a sophomore. "Yi! yi! Shame! He ate too much, and he gained three pounds over the limit! Yi! Shame! shame!"

And as the Vultures raised Tommy Thompson tenderly on their shoulders, the third-rate substitute of the gluttonous Crancrow came out to his defeat.

JOTTINGS.

The writer of Jottings last month was peculiarly fortunate in her table talk. Surely no intellectual freshman could scorn the delicious entrees of conversation so attractively garnished by able "quizzingers."* But, alas, such sweetmeats are not so common at our college table that we can all enjoy them, and it is conceivable that a newcomer might think there were no such nuts for her. I offer no excuses for the intellectual freshman whose discontent with frivolous table talk was the occasion of the feast of reason presented in the November Magazine. Indeed, I strongly suspect that young woman to be deluded by the adroit simplicity of manner which partially conceals the profound significance in the speech of certain of our most august faculty and seniors. Yet however gravely the intellectual freshman may have mistaken her companions, the sentiment she expressed is not to be decried by those among us who can give her a remote sympathy. Perhaps some of us were intellectual ourselves—when we entered college. Perhaps our cravings for spirited conversation on subjects of vital interest were not

*Some one tells me this excellent pun is not my own. I thought it was.
satisfied then, as they are now, by the sort of talk which is apparently unknown to the writer of Jottings. If I could have had that freshman with me at dinner last night, would her soul have sickened, or would she have been stimulated, as our laughter-strained faces showed us to be, when the meal was ended?

It was a concert night, and our gay sophomore sat at one end of the table with a college man at either hand. They did not include themselves in the general conversation, which began with a discussion about the lasting qualities of Mr. Heinrich's adorable voice. Then some one commented upon the unusual splendor of our elegant senior, who rustled in ten minutes late.

"Oh, I'm cross!" she said. "My man didn't come! I knew he wouldn't when I drew his name out from under the pillow this morning."

"You needn't talk; I had worse luck than that," wailed the nervous senior. A pause. "I drew out Mr. Parker's name!" she ended, tragically.

There was a chorus of sympathetic oh's.

"Poor Mabel! You might better have gone without the wedding cake," said her roommate; and added, frankly: "I drew out the old maid the first thing. I was so glad to be rid of her!"

"But why," put in the inquiring sophomore, "why do you think it makes any difference whose name you draw? There's no superstition about it, is there?"

The sophomore, you perceive, had not entirely lost the intellectual habit. Her question was unheeded by the wedding-cake dreamers, so she turned to the solemn junior. "I wonder what sort of man these girls like. What sort of man would you want to marry?"

"That question has puzzled me a good deal of late," returned the other slowly. "I can imagine myself married to any man, from a butcher to a philosopher, but I can't imagine the man I should want to marry."

"How very strange!"

"Just look at Mabel's eyebrows!" exclaimed some one. We all looked. One was up and the other was down.

"What's the matter?" cried Mabel, nervously. "Is it up? O girls, is it up?"

"O, I don't see how she can do it. Can you do that?" asked the inquiring sophomore.
"Yes," answered the solemn junior.
"I knew a girl once," began the story-teller, "who could wiggle her ears——"
"I can wiggle my ears," said the solemn junior.
"And her scalp, too!" continued the story-teller.
"I can wiggle my scalp. Could she wiggle her chin, also?" queried the solemn junior.
"No."
"I can wiggle my chin, also."
"Let's see you."
"Do 'em all!" commanded the presiding senior. (Our faculty member was not present.)
The solemn junior silently performed the compound operation.
We all fell back in our chairs and wept.
"Flexibility," said the junior, "is all that's required."
"That reminds me," began the presiding senior, "of a little boy, and O, he was awfully smart, and he couldn't turn a somersault. There was something the matter with him. I don't know what, but something anyway. Well, one day his legs were stiff, and he was trying to turn a somersault, and he fell down. And his mother tried to show him how, but he couldn't. He was awfully smart, and he said if his knees were on the other side of his legs, why then he could turn a somersault all right."
We laughed.
The story-teller began next.
"I saw a strange child when I was away for Thanksgiving. She was a little girl of dreadfully odd ideas. For one thing she named all her toes; and two of them she always called her Baptist toes. Wasn't that odd! How do you suppose she thought of it?"
"I suppose those two toes were web-footed toes," said the solemn junior.
"How strange! Why do you think so?" asked the inquiring sophomore as the chairs were pushed back.

G. L. C.
EDITORIALS.

I.

Passing along one of the College Hall corridors not many days before vacation began, one could not but comment on the many "busy" placards tacked on the doors. They were there in all varieties, from the most aggressive form, "Keep out," to the kindly and courteous "Please do not knock," the curt and practical "Busy," or the explicit, "Admittance to none." Far be it from us to disparage this most necessary custom of warning off visitors; we object not to the habit but to the necessity for it. "Busy" signs are an evil that go with rushing through dinner to get to the library and then sitting up late afterwards, and as such we regret them. This is taking life very seriously, and having time for nothing but work. If one sympathetically remarks that a friend looks tired, and asks if she has been working late, she flashes back, "Well wouldn't you if you had three written lessons and a paper before you the very week college closes?" "I don't care," says another weary maiden desperately; "I shall be home next week, so it makes no difference how hard I work now." For most of the girls the last week of the fall term is a forerunner of midyears, and brings nearly equal work and worry. With what envy do most of us regard the girl who has the art of taking life easily. In vain we sigh for a phlegmatic disposition, or even for the nonchalance or indifference, feigned or real, which our brothers are wont to display when in the trials of examinations.

Did you ever note a curious fact? The students who descend to the depths of despair are often those who do the most careful and thorough daily work, and have most reason to hope. Yet there is a certain seeming nobility about the care-free worker who takes lessons easily and midyears almost flippantly, receives a condition pensively, but tells of it with rare and good-humored candor. Such indifference has sometimes the look of resolute independence. It is, however, for her harassed sister that we would put in a good word. Self-suspicion and distrust of her own capabilities form the groundwork of her troubles. Why, she will tell you, with a piteous face, she does no better work than Mary —, and Mary — was conditioned last year. And look, if you please, at the unflattering criticism on her last
paper! To an unprejudiced observer there is no question of the comparative merit of this conscientious student and Mary—. But how can ever an unprejudiced observer convince the conscientious student? Perhaps it is only the old question of admitting a student to the secret of her standing should she wish to know her marks. We are not sure that the problem of worry, like the labor question, is to be solved by any radical measure. Indeed, we are very much of the opinion that there will be girls who conscientiously overwork and yet doubt their abilities just as long as there are girls who study. So at the end we give a weary sigh for the incurable pessimism of the human race, and turning our consideration to personal matters, we pick up a philosophy notebook and wonder desperately if we can possibly manage to pass with credit in the coming midyears.

II.

“What,” said a girl the other day, “do you get out of belonging to the College Settlement?” Was ever question more humorously suggestive of the standpoint of the average student? As we are all very much self-absorbed, there is a certain danger in throwing stones, yet everyone sometimes wakes up enough to comment on the intense and unconscious preoccupation of her erring friends. If the settlement question is to be looked at purely from a personal point of view, we can still safely retaliate that the work is highly satisfactory in taking a girl’s mind off her very interesting self. If she goes deeply enough into Denison House projects she may even forget for a time her worry about passing with credit. She will certainly cease to ask if the work is really worth her while.

There is no doubt, however, that Wellesley College as a whole is interested in the settlement. An increasing number of student members is an assurance, even if recent active work were none. Just before the holidays one hundred dolls were dressed for settlement children, and over $43 was taken in from a combined pantomime, doll show, and candy sale in the gymnasium. This is certainly a guaranty of a few Christmas comforts to our little sisters in South Boston. Wellesley bears a large share in the support of Denison House, and we think that in the future she will live up to her record for helpfulness in the past.
III.

If our confessedly absorbed student can make up to the outside world for a brief period, we wish that she would turn her attention to the low state of the Free Press. This is the one department in the Magazine to which every girl can contribute if she will, with the full assurance of seeing her remarks in print. No unusual literary ability or finished style is necessary for the task; only a good pen, a little time, and a few thoughts on any subject connected with the college. There isn't a girl who hasn't all three conditions occasionally. Even such small public affairs as find, perhaps, inadequate expression or notice in other pages of the Magazine, might be freely discussed or criticised in that well-meant, little-used institution, the Free Press.

IV.

Most of us would turn prejudiced eyes to an essay on college education in a recent periodical, which claims the superiority of travel to study so far as practical good is concerned. We will give Mr. Allen the benefit, however, of supposing that he confines himself to the consideration of immediate results and not of mental training. This is only one of a series of papers which freely criticise the defects of collegiate methods, but perhaps ventures further than the others into the radical field. We have heard much discussion of old-fashioned standards, of the utter nonsense of Greek and Latin except for a few specialists, the uselessness even of French and German in the modern curriculum. We wrestled with a stout forensic on the same lines, and still behold us conservative, unprogressive, mediaeval. Perhaps this is only a sure evidence of the narrow prejudice and blindness which college tends to develop, which travel would eradicate.

FREE PRESS.

I.

Could we not have another elevator in College Hall? Two years ago we returned from vacation with the expectation, caused by report, of finding an elevator at the east end, which as yet has not saved us many steps. If there were an elevator at that end, many girls would use it who now climb
the stairs to the third and fourth stories. For does it not seem sometimes to be a waste of time to walk the length of the building twice for the sake of a ride? If we had two, also, only one need be used to carry trunks at the beginning and the end of the term. Then on our return from the village with our pockets, hands, and every available place filled with packages for ourselves and friends, we should not have our present experiences. With virtuous regard for hygiene we decide to ride in the elevator, which is unloading trunks at the fifth floor. We wait five minutes. Then we are cheered to hear the sound of trunks cease and the elevator descend. Joyously we ring the bell again, but alas for our hopes! The elevator stops at the third floor to take on more trunks. With what feelings we walk up many of us know. There are other times also when a second elevator would save much time and annoyance.

C., '98.

II.

Any lover of books, however generous minded, knows the lonesome feeling which accompanies a blank space on the shelf, and the slight pang of anxiety about a much-loved volume, no matter how trustworthy the borrower may be. Yet many of us have had reason to appreciate the way in which members of the faculty often place their books in the library, and allow them to be used indiscriminately by large classes. A recognition of this kindness and a word of thanks from the student body seems to me not out of place in the Free Press.

A. M. E., '98.

EXCHANGES.

In the season of pleasant surprises just past we gratefully acknowledge that we have had our share. It was our expectation to find the exchanges for last month buried under holly and mistletoe and bristling with Christmas stories. The possibilities of the Christmas story, as we all ought to know, were exhausted a decade or so before the present generation of collegians appeared on earth, or at least in college. In view of this fact the expectations previously mentioned became gloomy and foreboding. The reality
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was startling. Instead of yule logs and youths and maidens running riot through the pages, we find holiday numbers with a large proportion of serious essays and fiction which, for the most part, shows not even so much as a sprig of mistletoe. It is left to the verse to herald the presence of the season. Variations of the nativity theme crop up on almost every page. Some are in themselves worthy of mention, some otherwise. To all, however, we accord honor as being descendants in spirit, if not always in form, of the first great Christmas song. On the whole we would modestly express our surprise that the college periodicals for the month contain so little that is bad. In fact, to speak in medical terms, they seem to be doing as well as could be expected. One little grievance, nevertheless, we cannot restrain ourselves from airing. Our sense of duty made us victims to eight stories with football motifs!

The Christmas number of the Yale Courant is much above the average. Of the four stories which it contains, each deserves separate mention. Two which are especially well told and vigorous are "The Coming of the Great Wahmateh" and "Then No More of Thee and Me." The former is an incident in the life of a wily medicine man of the plains, and is told humorously and without the waste of a breath. The latter shifts even farther west to the South Sea Islands, and reproduces vividly the atmosphere of the Mid-Pacific where nothing matters particularly. In addition to the prose there is in "Mildred Grey" a very pretty imitation of the old ballads.

The Brown Magazine is chiefly noticeable for the article, "Is Kipling a Poet of the First Rank?" The writer makes a clever comparison of Kipling and Burns, and finds them alike in many respects. Admirers of Kipling will be glad to know that he is not allowed to suffer in this measurement with one of the best beloved of English poets. Fiction in this number is represented by "A Belated Santa Claus," which is in parts well told, but, as a whole, unconvincing.

In the Christmas Inlander the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask is again solved for us. The writer of the article has satisfied himself at least that the mysterious prisoner who has caused history so much conjecture was not a brother of Louis XIV., but the secretary of the Duke of Mantua. The "Reminiscences of a Country Town" have in them much of that charm which always attracts us to genuine chronicles of child life. "An Escaped
Convict” and “Jenkins’s Junior Hop Girl” are bright little stories which keep The Inlander up to its usual high standard in fiction.

The Amherst Lit. has an able and appreciative article on the late Prof. William Seymour Tyler. “Recent Scotch Letters” also deserves notice. “A Friend Indeed,” in the same number, is the story of a somewhat unsuccessful attempt to model life on literature. The hero’s final and unquotable remark awakes a responsive thrill.

The Vassar Miscellany contains three well told stories, “In the Name of Art,” “When Vincent Played the Title Role,” and “A Romance of Christmas Eve.” In the last two the engaging young person lends the particular charm to the situation. Giovanni, Vincent’s scapegrace assistant, and the romantic Margorie, otherwise “the Kid,” seem very real and attractive.

In the Tennessee University Magazine we notice two very good stories, “An Inconsequent Christmas,” dealing with college life, and “Her Turnip,” which has about it a tinge of folklore.

The Nassau Lit. brings us a leading article on “The Football Situation.” Noticeable, also, is the review of Mr. Crawford’s position in present day literature. The best of the stories is, perhaps, “A Rough Road to Repentance,” in which we find what so seldom appears in the college magazine,—a fairly accurate representation of negro life.

From cover to cover the Williams Lit. is excellent. There are no “solid” articles, but the poetry and fiction are far above the average. The legend of the “Great House” is told with power and not a little beauty. “The Man Who Was Found” is in setting, story, and character a piece of work such as is seldom found in college periodicals. Scarcely less well written is the sketch of student life in the Quartier Latin, entitled “Orpheus Out-Orpheused.” Two of the longer poems demand notice. Both are imitations of old forms. “Earl Mar,” the ballad of a Christmas tragedy, has caught something of the old Scotch spirit, and “Nox Christi,” however little it may resemble the nativity scene in the old mysteries, is done with great skill and sweetness.

For the Smith Monthly, also, we have nothing but praise. An article on “Student Life in Berlin,” and another on “Hardy, the Realist,” claim our attention. In fiction, “The Tangled Web We Weave” is told with no little
force, and is likely to linger in the memory. In "An Errant Quaker" the small boy turns up again and is seductive, as he always is when his doings are recorded sympathetically. The Contributor's Club provides us with the most original and amusing ghost story we are likely to come across in many a winter's day reading. Cap'n Lishe's ghost is convincing, and his manner of telling the story more than refreshing.

We clip:

THE SAILOR'S LITANY.

When the white snow whirls in flurries
   Through the dark and restless night,
When the black scud swirls and trembles
   In demon-like delight,
When the frothing billows toss their heads
   As if in agony,
Then, Lord, look down in kindness
   On them that sail at sea.

When the blocks and spars are double-lashed
   And double-reefed the sheets,
When topsails are clewed snugly
   And guys groan in the cleats,
When two strong men must turn the wheel,
   When the great white sea-gulls flee,
Then, Lord, look down in mercy
   On them that sail at sea.

When spar and sail are swept away,
   And frowning breakers roar,
When lights gleam o'er the starboard bow
   Upon a rock-bound shore,
When life boats would be merely toys,
   When call the Sisters Three,
Then, Lord, look down and pity
   All them that sail the sea.

—Williams Lit.
RUDOLF TO FLAVIA.

If love were all then would the shadows flee
   And leave your soul, my world, abaze with light;
But after life there falls again the night—
   And with the night? Nay, love, we are not free
To work our little wills. For you and me,
   Though dark the clouds and sparse the scattered light,
The way lies open, and we know aright
The path to follow through the dull To Be.
Though dear the memory of those few brief days,
   And drear the years without thee and alone,
   We part for time; and through the empty shows
Of every day we tread divided ways,
   Alike converging in the weird unknown—
   But keep thy love, for after life, who knows?

—Nassau Lit.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Come, sing thou not of summer’s charms,
   Of fields and meadows fair,
Of brooks and woods, of June-time blooms
   And fragrance-laden air.
And tell me not of “summer girls,”
   Nor August moon’s soft rays,
For he who knows true Christmas cheer
   Is deaf to summer’s praise.
Kind Jove, I beg, a wintry moon,
   A high-backed, open sleigh,
Warm bear-skin robes, my “Christmas girl,”
   And,—a horse that knows the way.

—Dartmouth Lit.

DREAM OF A STORMY NIGHT.

Blow, ye dismal, shrieking winds,
   Finger the blind and shake the door,
Beat, ye rains, upon the pane,
   Thunder, old ocean, on the shore.
Phantoms of white
   Gleam in the night,
Ghostly wraiths of days of yore.
Oh, that face, so sad and sweet,
Burning its features into my brain!
Hush, was that a wailing voice
Out in the darkness? No, the rain!
Love of the past,
First and the last,
Once loved madly but in vain.

Shriek and howl and rage ye on,
Elfs of the darkness, storm and fray;
Think ye, by your groans and cries,
Brave souls to humble and dismay?
O ruddy wine,
Wine of the Rhine,
Drive these saddening dreams away.

—Wesleyan Lit.

A TOAST.

Come, fill me a brimming bumper,
For I've one more toast to drink,
Ere fair night sinks to her slumber,
Ere the stars begin to sink.

Then tip the bumpers upwards,
Leave not a drop in sight;
To one another—an one other,
Is the toast I drink to-night.

—Williams Lit.

BOOK AND MAGAZINE NOTES.

During the past month Brander Matthews has brought out a new book of sketches, entitled *Outlines in Local Color*. Incidents of high life and low are the themes selected, and the manner of their treatment is at once characteristic and fascinating. ("Outlines in Local Color," by Brander Matthews. Harper and Bros., New York.)

*My Father as I Recall Him*, by Mamie Dickens, is at last published in book form, after having appeared serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal*
some time past. The book, of necessity, has a strong personal flavor, and this it is that gives it its chief charm. The man Dickens, with all his individualities, is drawn by a pen whose wielder at once admired and adored the subject. The whole is a production that lovers of Dickens cannot fail to welcome. ("My Father as I Recall Him," by Mamie Dickens. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York.)

Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, is said to be one of the most popular books of the past year. A recent advertisement of the publishers, the Century Co., announcing the twenty-fifth thousand, seems to bear out the rumor. The book is an historical novel of the American Revolution, and deals with the social life of Philadelphia at that time, and with the stir of the camp and battle. The effect of the style is exceedingly simple, and the character sketching is subtle. ("Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Century Co., New York.)

McClure's Magazine, as well as the Pall Mall, is running as sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Rupert of Hentzan." Gibson is to do the illustrating. It is to be feared that the English publication may cause the American periodical to suffer in sales, if the story prove as exciting as "Zenda," since it issued the opening chapter of the serial one month earlier than did McClure & Co.

The Atlantic for January contains a short story entitled "Company Manners," by Florence Converse. Entrance to the press of such a standard publication as the Atlantic Monthly shows that the young author of "Diana Victrix" is fulfilling her promise of strength as foreshown in her longer work.

Thomas Nelson Page has begun a new serial, "Red Rock, A Chronicle of Reconstruction," in the January Scribner. Reginald de Koven also has an article in the same magazine on "Some Tendencies of Modern Operas."

The January Century contains the opening chapters of "The Adventures of Francais," a serial by S. Weir Mitchell. The story will, in all probability, meet with a warm reception if the treatment of the author's "Hugh Wynne" argues aught. This latter story has just won a long encomium at the pen of Charles Dudley Warner in the Editor's Chair of the January Harper.
The reinstatement of the Tammany party is eliciting remarks from the other side in both The Forum for January and in the Review of Reviews for the same month. The writer of the former article is Simon Sterne, "a participant," as he calls himself, "in every reform movement undertaken in the city of New York from Tweed's day down to and including the advocacy of the election of Seth Low as mayor, and sharing with his fellow members of the Committee of Seventy of 1894 the responsibility for the election of Mayor Strong." He calls his article "The Reconquest of New York by Tammany," and gives as his reason for writing it: "inasmuch as the battle of municipal reform must be fought again and again until success is achieved, such success, when achieved, can be made permanent only by a clearer understanding of, and no illusions about, the causes of the failure of the friends of good government in the campaign of 1897. Any contribution to public discussion having that end in view must ultimately have beneficial results."

Wm. Howe Tolman sums up in the Review of Reviews the progress made during Mayor Strong's administration. The article is headed "New York's Civic Assets," and attempts to show "what New York has gained, in the three years of reform rule, that has contributed toward its higher life and made it a desirable civic home." The writer occupies himself wholly with such a summing up of the good results of reform rule and does not touch in the least, as does Mr. Sterne, on the causes operating the defeat of good government in the recent campaign. With such a two-sided presentation, on the one hand of the evil, on the other of the good in the past municipal administration, in New York, a very fair idea of the situation may be obtained.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dec. 2.—A basket-ball game is played between '98 and 1900, resulting in a victory for '98, with the score of 8 to 4.

Dec. 4.—President Andrews, of Brown University, lectures at 3.20 on "Contemporary European Politics."

7.30, the officers of the Christian Association receive the members of the Association and their friends.
Dec. 5.—At 11 o’clock, Dr. Tuttle, of Worcester, conducts communion in the chapel.

At 7.30, Mrs. Pettee, of Japan, tells of her work.

Dec. 6.—The second of the informal recitals by advanced pupils of the School of Music is given in the chapel at 3 o’clock.

Dec. 10.—The election of officers of the Class of 1901 takes place, with the following results: president, Jessie Brown; vice president, Pauline Nunnemacher; recording secretary, Emma S. Seward; corresponding secretary, Mary C. Smith; treasurer, Minnie Pappenheimer; executive committee, Alice G. Mansfield, Susan E. Hall, Elizabeth N. Fernald; factotums, Agnes T. Smith, Bertha L. Doan.

Dec. 13.—7.30, the Agora invites the members of the College to a talk by Mrs. Knapp, recently appointed factory inspector of Boston.

Dec. 15.—Vacation commences, and the College is generally deserted.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A meeting of the Phi Sigma Fraternity was held Saturday, December 4. Miss Gertrude Cushing, Miss Josephine Batchelder, '96, Miss Edith May, '97, were present at the meeting. The following programme was given:

Tolstoi’s Life and Literary Career . . . Miss Reeve.
Tolstoi’s Philosophy and Religion . . . Miss Putnam.
Music . . . . . Miss Oriana Hall.
Tolstoi as He Is . . . . Miss Scott.
Anna Karenina, A Critique . . . Miss Ely.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held December 12, at which the following programme was presented:

Impromptu Speeches.
The Financial Recommendations of the President’s Message . . . . Helen G. Damon.
Other Recommendations of the President’s Message . . . . Lucy M. Wright.
The Trouble in Austria . . . . Mabel L. Bishop.
The subject under discussion was the Sweat Shop System. Preliminary Paper.

"Forces Working Against Sweat Shops". Carolyn L. Morse.

The Society then resolved itself into the Central Labor Union. Speeches were made:—

For the Cloakmakers . . . . Miss Barbour.
Against the Cloakmakers . . . . Miss Towle.
Miss Rousmaniere.

The regular monthly meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held Saturday evening, December 4. The following programme was rendered:—

Symposium.

Programme.
1. Archaic Period 600–480 B.C.
   (1). Introduction.
      a. Circumstances Favorable to the Growth of Art in Greece . . . . G. Chapin.
      b. Influence of Religion.
   2. Early Works.
      a. Mycenean (before 1000 B.C.).

A meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held Monday evening, November 29. Miss Florence Kellogg, '99, was received into the Society. The programme for the evening was as follows:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . Alice Cromack.
II. Paper. The Jew in Elizabethan Drama.
    Shakespeare's Shylock.
    Marlowe's Barabbas . . . . Maude Almy.
III. Dramatic Representations.

   Shylock . . . . . Joanna Oliver.
   Antonio . . . . . Rowena Weakley.
   Bassanio . . . . . Corinne Wagner.

   Barabbas . . . . . Mary Gilson.
   Abigail . . . . . Ethel Bowman.
   Abbess . . . . . Flora Skinner.
   Friars . . . . . { Alice Harding.
   Nun . . . . . { Katharine Fuller.
   } Anne Miller.


V. Dramatic Representation, “The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 1.
   Lorenzo . . . . . Hilda Meisenbach.
   Jessica . . . . . Jessica Sherman.
   Stephano . . . . . Grace Frazee.
   Launcelot Gobbo . . . . Edith Lehman.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Mrs. Louise McCoy North, B.A., '79, M.A., '82, has an interesting article on “The Logia,” in the Christian City for November.

“The Jew in Literature” is the title of an able paper in the Methodist Review, by Ellen A. Vinton, '84.

Hester Nichols, '84, Elizabeth H. Palmer, '87, Charlotte Hazlewood, '91, Alice Wright, '97, are doing graduate work at Yale in Greek and Latin. Miss Hazlewood, who was at Yale last year, also, was given a scholarship in Classics.

Evangeline Hathaway, '90, is teacher of English in the Volkmann School for Boys, Boston. Her address is 42 Mt. Vernon Street.

Clara Bacon, '90, is teaching Mathematics at the Normal College in Baltimore, Maryland.

Sarah K. Harlow, '91, is again assisting Miss Edna A. Hale, Sp., '85-'87, in a private school at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Elizabeth E. Morse, who graduated from the School of Art in '91, spoke at the institute for art supervisors and teachers, held in Salem, December 10. Her lecture on "The New Object Drawing," was made particularly interesting by the exhibition of work from all grades of schools in Winchendon, Mass., where she has been supervisor for three years.

Mary Elizabeth Lewis, '91, returned this year to the State University of South Dakota, where she holds the chair of English. Miss Lewis went there directly from the University of Chicago, where she spent a year in the English department of the graduate school.

Miss Clara Count, '93, is first assistant in the Weymouth High School.

Elizabeth Hale Peale, '95, is traveling for several months through Cuba and Mexico. Her address will be Hassam and Moreno, Ti burcio 14, City of Mexico.

Annie C. Kerr, '96, is teaching in the Greenwich, Conn., High School.

The engagement is announced of Miss Blanch E. C. Staples, formerly '94, and George F. Buck, Harvard, '87. Miss Staples's present address is 627 North Commerce Street, Stockton, Cal.

Adah Hasbrouck, '96, is taking a course in Kindergarten in Boston.

Miss May Woodin, '96, is teaching English in the Buffalo Seminary.

Mary Esther Tebbetts, '97, is teaching in the public schools of Lynn, Mass.

Mary Isabel Thyng, '97, is teaching in the Hampton Grammar School, Hampton, N. H.
Miriam A. Smith, '97, is teaching in the Misses Porter's School, Middletown, N. Y.

Mabel F. Spaulding, '97, is acting as substitute teacher in German at the Chauncy Hall School, in Boston.

Adelaide Spencer, '97, is teaching in Lexington, Mass.

Louise I. Wetmore, '97, is studying Kindergarten in Boston.

Mary Marden, formerly '97, has been elected president of the senior class at Pomona College, Cal.

Agnes L. Bacon, '97, is keeping house for her mother and sister. Her address is now 2316 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Annie C. Barnard, '97, is teaching in the Brookfield (Mass.) High School.

Carrie M. Davis, '97, is teaching in the New Haven High School.

Edith Dudley, '97, is teaching in the Northbridge High School.

M. Josephine Moroney, '97, is student teacher in the Pawtucket High School.

Emma A. Morrill, '97, is teaching in the Chelsea High School.

Nellie G. Prescott, '97, is teaching in Everett, Mass.

Sydna E. Pritchard, '97, is studying at the Bridgewater (Mass.) Normal School.

The David C. Cook Publishing Company, of Chicago, state that they have sold 900,000 copies of "Titus" by Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, Sp. '76-79. Mrs. Kingsley read from her works at an author's reading in New York, on December 10.

In place of its regular November meeting the New York Wellesley Club met with the Association of Collegiate Alumnae on November 6. After some business of the Association a report of the National Meeting at Detroit was given by Miss Claghorn, followed by a talk on A. C. A. Fellowships by
Mrs. Bellamy. Dr. Henry Van Dyke then read selections from his works, which were enthusiastically received, and the meeting adjourned to informal tea.

An effort is being made in the New York Wellesley Club to arouse interest in child study. All who are interested in child study and child training, and are willing to do work on the subject, are asked to communicate with the President or Secretary of the New York Club.

The officers of the New York Wellesley Club for the current year are as follows: president, Mrs. Henrietta Wells Livermore; vice president, Miss Mary G. Tooker; secretary, Miss Laura Hamblett Jones; treasurer, Miss Annie C. Kerr (Miss Banta resigned); chairman of press committee, Mrs. Virginia Remnitz; chairman of the reception committee, Miss Grace H. Miller; chairman of college settlement committee, Miss Fannie Louise Woodford.

The Wellesley Club of New York held its regular monthly meeting on the afternoon of Saturday, December 18, at Sherry's, on 37th Street and Fifth Avenue. There was a large attendance, and the first half hour was devoted to the transaction of business. A vote of thanks was tendered the University Club of New York for having entertained the Wellesley Club in November. The president then announced that Mrs. Irvine would be present at the annual luncheon in January, and would then address the club and its guests. After the business was disposed of Mrs. Livermore introduced Mrs. Alfred Chester Coursen, congratulating the club upon its opportunity of hearing Mrs. Coursen's lecture upon "America's Song Makers." Mrs. Coursen illustrated her remarks by the most delightful rendering of typical compositions in a rich contralto voice. Her singing of the Indian Mide and Folk Songs proved to be of especial interest. She exhibited and explained several large-sized copies of Indian picture writing; the series of pictures upon each placard being a song expressed in symbols—usually a love song. One of these picture series represents the original of the song so beautifully worded by Longfellow in Hiawatha. The pathetic negro melodies were rendered with such irresistible pathos that the audience begged for more than Mrs. Coursen had intended giving, and there was but small time
left for more modern music. The speaker found time, however, to touch upon the work of several of our most gifted composers. After the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Coursen, and many of her hearers gathered about her to examine the Indian pictures, and to discuss with her their favorite song makers. Refreshments were then served.

The Wellesley Club of New York now shows a membership of over two hundred, and its president, Mrs. Henrietta Wells Livermore, of Yonkers, N. Y., is very active in promoting the club interests in every way. Regular monthly meetings are held, and for each of these some attractive entertainment is provided. The attendance upon the meetings is increasing rapidly, and the president hopes to secure, in time, a permanent home for the club.

Eight members of the Northfield Wellesley Club met at Mt. Hermon, Monday afternoon, November 15. After a social half hour, during which refreshments were served, the meeting was formally called to order by Miss Bancroft, '92. The question of making some gift to the College was suggested by a letter from Miss Tufts, written in behalf of the alumnae committee. Another letter from Mr. Scudder, of the building committee, brought before the Club the possibility of presenting some article of furniture to the chapel. The suggestion received from Miss Lincoln, secretary of the Worcester Club, that the New England clubs make a joint gift to the chapel, met with approbation from the Club. At the close of the formal meeting, Mrs. Cutler, '84, read a number of representative lyrics from the collection "Wellesley Lyrics." Miss Learoyd, '94, sang "A Hobby," and the members of the Club joined in the familiar songs, "To Alma Mater" and "Alumnae Song." The Wellesley cheer ended the afternoon's enjoyment.

On October 29, the first meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held in the Le Moyne Building, 40 East Randolph Street. Miss Ingersoll, whose musical talent is well known here, especially in the work of her pupils, delivered an illustrated lecture on Paris. The stereopticon afforded us a general survey of Paris, and took us to some of the most interesting historical places in the beautiful city. Incidentally French history was reviewed for us. Some of Miss Ingersoll's pupils played selections from
French composers and others of note. This lecture was provided for the club through the kindness of one of the members, Mrs. Charles Weare.

November 27, the Chicago Wellesley Club met as usual in the Le Moyne Building at 2.30 p.m. Miss Mary McDowell of the University Settlement here met with us to talk to us upon "The Duties of Citizenship." She did not attempt to discuss the subject thoroughly, but only in some phases relative to the possible influence of educated women, such as Wellesley College girls. She impressed us with a sense of our individual responsibility in helping to create a public sentiment that considers the welfare of all the welfare of each and vice versa. Mrs. Caroline Hill of Hull House was present. She spoke of the study of economic questions in study circles by means of syllabi for the guidance of classes. Miss Pitkin spoke of the urgent need of instructing the girls who work in one of our large department stores. These girls grow up in entire ignorance of the simplest hygienic laws, and for this reason often suffer serious injury.

December 30 the Chicago Club gave a large reception in honor of Mrs. Julia J. Irvine at the home of Mrs. Louise Palmer Vincent, '86, 5737 Lexington Avenue. Invitations were issued to members of the leading woman's clubs, to the heads of preparatory and high schools, and to the members of the University faculty. It was the aim of the club to make the Wellesley of to-day better known to Chicago people.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT NOTES.

The Christmas parties at Denison House began with that for the Kindergarten on December 23, and the last of the series was held January 7. The Christmas tree, carols, and dramatics were principal features of the various parties. The younger girls gave two fairies' plays, our boys' club had prepared a Christmas masque, the older girls gave a short play, and the older boys had learned the trial scene from "Merchant of Venice" and the forum scene and quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar,"—all of which were creditably performed. At the parties for the members of the young women's class and of the adults' class stereopticon views of pictures of the Nativity were shown, appropriate poems read, and special Christmas music rendered.
The children of the kitchen garden repeated their Christmas fairy play at the City Hospital on January 1. Miss Alice Clement, '91, furnished music for this occasion and at the Teachers' Club meeting January 10. The Busy Bee Club will repeat its play at the Children's Hospital on January 15.

The boys of Miss Rousmanier's club trimmed a Christmas tree and presented it, with toys and candy, to a family of small children in the neighborhood.

Denison House wishes to acknowledge with sincere gratitude the Christmas money, dolls, and other gifts received from Wellesley students and friends.

With Jan. 1, 1898, Miss Mary Kingsbury became head worker of the New York Settlement. She has been assistant head worker since September 1. Miss Kingsbury is a graduate of Boston University, has studied at Columbia and abroad, and presents special qualifications for her work. The Churchman, of December 11, contains an article by Miss Kingsbury on St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, London. This article was prepared last summer while studying English settlements, preparatory to her work.

Miss Anna Davies, A.B., M.A., of Lake Forest University, has become head worker of the Philadelphia Settlement, Jan. 1, 1898. Miss Davies has also done all the work for a Ph.D. in Sociology at the University of Chicago, barring her thesis. She has been resident at Browning Hall, London, for six months.

Miss Myrtle Jones, resident for several months during each of the last three years at the New York Settlement, has been acting as temporary head worker since September 1.

The former head, Miss Katharine B. Davis, has a fellowship in Sociology at the University of Chicago.

Miss Julia Farrington continues as assistant head worker.

Dr. Samuel Lindsay, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Miss Margaret Simmons, of Bryn Mawr, have been added to the executive committee.

Miss Vida Scudder spent part of the Christmas vacation at the Philadelphia Settlement.

Sunday evening lectures are given weekly at the Philadelphia Settle-
Among the subjects for January are: "Social Unrest," by Cheese-
man Herrick; "Famous European Buildings," by Mr. F. M. Mann; "Rep-
resentative Government," Prof. J. Q. Adams; "Children of the Sea," Prof.
E. G. Conklin.

The Bryn Mawr students are rendering effective aid in the work of
the Philadelphia Settlement. Several of them have organized clubs and others
give assistance at the Saturday morning games for the children. A Thanks-
giving entertainment also was given at the settlement by some of the girls
who were not able to go home for the holiday.

Misses Barbour, Rousmaniere, and Towle, of the Agora, attended the
Central Labor Union November 7. The meetings of this Union are open
to residents and friends of the settlement by virtue of the connection which
the House holds with it through the Federal Labor Union.

Miss Coman and Rev. Mr. Hayes, of Wellesley, dined at Denison
House November 10. In the evening they and several residents attended
the Twentieth Century Club, when Dr. Washington Gladden spoke on the
"Ethics of Luxury." Miss Dudley took part in an interesting discussion
which followed. Others who spoke were Mr. B. Fay Mills, Mr. Robertson,
of England, and Miss Ames.

Mrs. McBride spoke at the Women's Club, November 12. The
monthly social of this club was held at the home of one of the members.

On November 16 Miss Dudley and Miss Coman attended the ball of
the Women Clerks' Benefit Association, held at Music Hall. This associa-
tion, which has been gradually but steadily growing in interest and strength
during the past two years, has had in Miss Dudley and Miss Pierce, a
former resident, two earnest friends and wise counsellors.

Through the kindness of Wellesley students and other friends in the
city, the settlement furnished a number of Thanksgiving dinners for neighbor-
hood families. We desire to express to the college girls the gratitude
which we and those who received the dinners, very keenly felt for their
thoughtfulness.

The Saturday Afternoon Kindergarten Club has been organized, with
Miss Chapin, a Brookline kindergartner, Miss Aymar, and Miss Louise
Wetmore, '97, as leaders. Two Wellesley girls assist each week. The
membership of the club will doubtless be larger than in the past, and it is
hoped that with the present working force fifty children can be successfully managed and entertained.

Miss Dudley, Miss Coman, several residents and college students met at the Bureau of Labor on November 29, to receive instructions from Mr. Wadlin in regard to the tenement investigation, which is to be carried on under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club.

Miss Dudley spoke at the annual conference of the Massachusetts Girls’ Friendly Society in St. Paul’s Chapel, on the “Need of a Consumers’ League in Boston.”

Miss Florence Converse is undertaking the supervision of one of the fairy plays to be given by a girls’ club during the holidays. Miss Converse expects to come into residence about the middle of the month.

Miss Carol Dresser, ’90, has accepted the position of head worker at Elizabeth Peabody House.

Miss Fiske, ’92, has taken charge of a division of the Saturday morning kitchen gardens.

Miss Hill, ’93, is drilling several of the clubs in Christmas carols.

Miss Bertha Marshall, Wellesley Sp. ’96-7, has accepted a scholarship at the settlement for the year. Miss Marshall has just arrived in Boston.

Mr. Balch, of Jamaica Plain, has been chosen treasurer of the executive committee in place of Mrs. Mary Kehew, who has held that position since the settlement was opened.

Miss Cornelia Warren, of the executive committee and general treasurer of the Association, is abroad for the winter. Her secretary, Miss Lucy Morse, 67 Mt. Vernon Street, looks after all her settlement business.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, ’92, is in residence at the University of Chicago Settlement, 4638 Gross Avenue. Miss Wilkinson is also teaching in the Hyde Park High School.

Mrs. Caroline W. Montgomery, ’87, is vice president of the Woman’s Club, at the University of Chicago Settlement. This club has members of six different nationalities.

Mrs. Caroline Miles Hill, formerly Instructor in History, is with her husband in residence at Hull House, Chicago. She also has a history class at the University of Chicago Settlement, and is chairman of the vacation schools section in the A. C. A.
New York city has fourteen settlements. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, speaking of the work centering therein, says, "It is so invaluable that I wonder how we ever got along without it."

The Hull Street Settlement, Baltimore, is greatly in need of a larger building.

The settlement in connection with St. Stephen's Church, Boston, has been opened on Decatur Street, in the new parish house. Rev. Mr. Brent, who spent the summer in England with Canon Gore, made a special study of the methods of the English settlements.

The Roadside Settlement of Des Moines, Iowa, is the social endeavor of the King's Daughters Circles.

Two entire houses and part of a third are now occupied by Hiram House, Cleveland.

There are two church settlements, Westminster House and Welcome Hall, in Buffalo, N. Y.

The Goodrich Social Settlement in Cleveland is the first American settlement to possess, at the time of its organization, a building of considerable size constructed especially for its use.

Prof. Graham Taylor, in addition to his duties in the Congregational Theological Seminary and as warden of Chicago Commons, has assumed charge of the Neighborhood Church without any salary, until the church shall be on its feet financially.

The Willard "Y" Settlement, 11 Myrtle Street, Boston, was dedicated November 16.

America has seventy settlements, England thirty-eight, Scotland six, India one, Japan two.

MARRIAGES.

Morris—Rothschild.—In New York City, Dec. 23, 1897, Miss Constance Lily Rothschild, '96, to Mr. Ira Nelson Morris.

Dunn—Fordham.—In Scranton, Pa., Dec. 21, 1897, Miss Augusta P. Fordham, formerly '98, to Mr. Arthur Dunn.
BIRTHS.


DEATHS.


[N. B.—All material for the Alumnae department must be in the hands of the editor by the last day of the month.]
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