11-9-1911

The Wellesley News (11-09-1911)

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LECTURE BY PROFESSOR KENDALL ON CHINA.

The papers are so full of China these days, and the reports are so varied, that it is interesting to hear an account of the conditions there from one who has had personal experience. Miss Kendall stated that although she saw nothing of the present upheaval, she was, nevertheless, able to give, to a certain extent, the background of the conditions now existing. Further, Miss Kendall added that she spent very little time in the better known parts of China. Her object was to get away from foreign influences and railways. She was anxious to see West China and to go northwest into Mongolia; into West China for the sake of traveling up the Yang-tse-kiang River; and into Mongolia for the sake of observing the seminomadic population.

Miss Kendall started on her journey early in March. She found the government, contrary to newspaper reports, ready to do all it could to accommodate her, and the Chinese local administration very efficient. The authorities in all the places which she visited had been notified of her coming in advance, and were prepared to help her. She traveled on horseback, in a traveler's chair, or on foot, and in Mongolia in an American buggy as well. In West China she spent the night in inns. As a rule, she saw no high-class Chinese and almost no foreigners, but spent the time among the working people in their daily life.

From this trip Miss Kendall drew a number of general conclusions in regard to the country and its people. The map, she said, gives no idea of the size of China; everything is on a tremendous scale. Its resources seem almost inexhaustible. Though its minerals have been but slightly explored, it is believed that they exist in great quantities. The agricultural products are remarkable for quantity and variety; the variety due, in a large part, no doubt, to the great range of temperature which exists; they have the palm and the pine, rice and corn.

The people are extraordinarily powerful and industrious, working vigorously, cheerfully and intelligently. In their organization, which is highly developed, and in their reasonableness lies the power of China. When the country comes to her own she will impress herself on the world as no people has ever done. As yet she is not aggressive, but peace loving. The Chinese do not regard war as laudable, but think of it as a necessary evil at times. They are not cowards, but are frank to admit fear, and do not regard fear as disgraceful. When it is necessary to be brave, however, they are never lacking in courage.

The Chinese are now inclined to be friendly in their attitude toward outsiders, but they are, nevertheless, unwilling to part with all of their old traditions and customs, though they do not object to learning certain new ones.

NOTICE.

It is proposed to establish in the Library a pleasure reading shelf of books which shall be frankly for rest and recreation. The librarians have, with large-sightedness, recognized this legitimate need, on the part of the community, of entertaining books. Fortunately nowadays, a book to be entertaining need not be cheaply trivial. On this shelf will be gathered, so far as the Library possesses them, books which combine real merit with humor and charm and interest,—recent novels, short stories, essays, informal narratives, and plays, to suit as many different tastes as possible. The old circulating library, started by the Class of 1900, has been transferred from the bookcase in the third floor center of College Hall to the Library. The librarians have expressed their wish for the co-operation of all in suggesting books for the shelf. When you want "something to read" over the week-end, consult the pleasure-reading list at the main desk in the Library.

BIBLE LECTURE.

The subject of Miss Kendrick's lecture, Friday evening, in College Hall Chapel, was: "Galilee, the Background of Jesus' Life." The country is small, only sixty by thirty miles in extent; therefore it is possible to know in a comparatively short time the essential character of the territory from the Samari-tan Mountains and the Plain of Esdraelon in the south, the country round about Nazareth and Mt. Tabor, to the Mt. Hermon Range of the north and the central region of the Sea of Galilee. Miss Kendrick presented on the screen a series of stereopticon views gathered in her own travels in Palestine, showing the country of to-day, from which it is possible to construct in imagination the Galilee of Jesus' time.

The scenes began, appropriately, with Nazareth, one of the few Syrian cities of large Christian population. Here the ancient village fountain and the

(Continued on page 6)
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING, PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY, BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING GIFTS IN TECO POTTERY, BRASS. PICTURES, CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

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HALLOWE’EN ON THE HILL.

The witchery of Hallowe’en summoned to the Hill all the happy sprites that have gladdened that merry festival for many a year. And with them came minstrel troops, gay dancers, and a figure or two besides, quite new to this feast of All Saints’ Day.

“Pretty Alice Brown,” that devout village maid of direful deed, bride of the “lieutenant robber of the band,” appeared at Wood in shadowy pantomime. But the tragic gloom of this dark ballad swiftly vanished in the rollicking good time of an old-fashioned Hallowe’en frolic, where the mystical art of the diviner and many a game and antic made fun and laughter for all. Prophecies of future good fortune and the present consciousness of a very merry time sent the guests away with hearty good cheer.

A clever minstrel troop found its way to Wilder, where Helen Richardson, as interlocutor, and her four end men, Margaret Hewey, Amanda Breke, Margaret Buckley and Emily Walker, created much mirth and gaiety. A “Zobo” Band furnished good strumming music that gave the impulse to dance. With laughter and dancing and the inevitable cider and doughnuts, the evening came to an end.

At Norumbega the frolic came first—apple-bobbing and all the old Hallowe’en stunts. Afterward two clever moving-picture pantomimes, by the Sophomores, filled the major part of the evening: the first entitled the “Course of True Love,” the second in three parts, (1) “The Day before Math. Exam.,” (2) “The Day of Math. Exam.,” (3) “The Day after Math. Exam.” The intermissions were enlivened by the musical executions of a highly-proficient band of trained seals.

A high-class vaudeville and variety show made merry on Freeman’s stage. Lydia Brown, with her two end men, Dorothy Stiles and Mittie Butterfield, led the fun in a highly amusing minstrel show. A cock-fight and a dramatic personation and chorus of the “Yama, Yama Man” followed on the program. An enthusiastic welcome was accorded Miss Beatrice Hereford in the person of Olga Halsey. Here, too, “Pretty Alice Brown” appeared in different guise, presented in respective recitation and gesture by Charlotte Conover and Linda Henley. Tottie Twinkletoes and her chorus closed the performance with a high vaudeville flourish. Doughnuts, cider, nuts to crack, marshmallows to toast and a terrifying old witch, versed in the art of the fortune-teller, gave to the rest of the evening a true Hallowe’en atmosphere.

A right merry evening it was, and a jolly good time all around!

COLLEGE HALL CIRCUS.

Any writer of “How College Girls Make Merry” could have obtained many new ideas for his (or her) article, had he (or she) been invited to the College Hall Circus the night before Hallowe’en.

By seven-thirty the Freshman guests, together with many members of the Faculty and the Reception Committee from College Hall, had assembled in the big dining-room. All the tables had been removed to make seats for onlookers, and a platform for the band. Soon the procession, headed by the band, in white suits, with red shoulder bands and neckties, and high red fools’ caps, started. And a motley throng there was—some in rags, some in tags, some in velvet gowns,”

(Continued on page 5)
Editors

EDITORIALS.

Be a Sport!

A slangy motto lived up to is better than a high-sounding one so far up in the clouds that we soothe our pricking consciences by saying to ourselves, "Well, we're only poor weak mortals, after all," or "We aren't expected to live up to our ideals—having them is enough." But say to yourself when you are, perhaps, beaten on Field Day, "Oh, be a sport, and watch your glum mouth go up at the corners, your eyes brighten, and your chest expand." Pride has been denounced so often and so sweepingly that it is hard to realize that there is a right kind of pride, the kind that bolsters up a limp back and makes us summon up a smile in the face of all the little bothers to which it is so easy to give way. "Class meeting? Heavens, I've had three classes this morning and two this afternoon, and I am simply dead." "Oh, come on, be a sport!" And you'll go every time.

Girls are just beginning to learn to "be sports." They have left that glory to the masculine sex so long that they feel as if they are positively cribbing when they begin to learn how to be sports. But the spirit is very contagious, and one sport, happily, will infect a whole community. So come on, let's be sports.

CURIOSITY.

Did it ever occur to you that we haven't enough curiosity? How all the funny (?) men who make the jokes about feminine weakness along those lines would laugh at the idea! Just the same, it is true, though you may not be inclined to agree. I don't mean the kind of curiosity that makes us fume feverishly when someone has heard something about us that she refuses to divulge. Of such curiosity we have plenty! But we lack curiosity about the facts of history, geography and science which a few minutes of extra application to books or even speculation would give us. We lack that fundamental elemental curiosity—the basis of investigation—the starting-point for all the great inventions and discoveries of past ages. We are too ready to absorb and imbibe what is told us with a sort of helpless perfuntoriness, not destined to make us very wide-awake or alert, to say nothing of well-informed.

For example, how many times, in courses in which we are, or ought to be interested, outside books are suggested as helpful and instructive for a wider outlook and a broader view of the subject? And how many times have we resolved to read them at some future date,—only to forget promptly our good intentions! How often in classes, is mention made of some place, usually of vital current interest, with which we are not familiar. Again we resolve to look it up—and again some absorbing passion, such as tea at South Natick, driving, a geology trip, or even studying for classes makes us forget our resolve.

Worse than that, some of us don't ever have good intentions. We scowl at the mention of extra work and "wonder where we'd be if we attempted such as it, in addition to regular preparation for classes." It only remains for some far-seeing, clear-headed
soul, such as the writer does not pretend to impersonate, to point out that we would be a good deal farther along the thorny path to learning.

Class Spirit.

Again the ever-present Bromide advances some world-old sentiments on the subject of class spirit! But when you come to think of it, even a Bromide's efforts to appreciate the hard work behind an event such as Field Day, deserve attention. Doubtless, as you stood there on the West Playground last Monday, watching the sports, hoping feverishly and cheering madly for your class's victory, you felt yourself just burn with class spirit, and fancied you were just brimful of it. Maybe you were, but just think of the class spirit of the strong, unwavering, dogged kind it takes for the members of the teams to play,—not on Field Day where there is glory and to spare—but three times a week for six weeks, to say nothing of keeping in training, which isn't such a joke as outsiders fancy.

And consider the class spirit of the girls who have come to call-outs (voluntary ones as well as regular), and who have kept training for three weeks after the teams were picked, and they knew their chance of making them was gone. It isn't easy to keep up enthusiasm in a losing or, rather, a lost game. It isn't easy to see the coveted numerals on people who have gotten them,—not by working any harder than yourself, but by sheer inborn ability. All the more honor to the girls, who, despite the realization of these things, have kept on doing their best in order to help the rest of the class.

That's class spirit—not the shrieking, shouting, singing, rah - rah, here - to - day - and - gone - to - morrow kind, which is all right in its way—but the deep, steady, strong persevering spirit that is bound to achieve the greatest sportsmanlike good that can be gained.

HALLOWE'EN IN FISKE AND STONE.

On Hallowe'en, the Stone Hall girls entertained Freshmen from 6 and 14 Abbott street, 8 Belair avenue, Weston road and Walden street. The committee for entertainment was as follows: Margaret Griffin, Chairman; Carolyn Nash, Irene Kriibel and Gladys Reese. The hostesses gave a short play, written by Christine Curtis, in which were introduced the ghosts of former Stone Hall girls, who discussed the present occupants of this dormitory from the viewpoint of the past.

On Hallowe'en the Freshmen from 17 Cottage, 6 Cross and 11 Waban street were entertained at Fiske. The Fiske committee consisted of Marjorie Sherman, Chairman; Valrosa Vail and Gladys Gorman. The guests were met at the door and conducted to dressing rooms by terrifying ghosts, who led them through rooms lighted only by Jack-o'-lanterns. The formal entertainment of the evening consisted of moving pictures, the first of which, entitled "Coronation Pictures," strongly and unmistakably reminded one of Inauguration at Wellesley. Other pictures included the most important events of a college girl's career, and bore the inclusive title of "Why Girls Leave Home." Fiske's orchestra and Fiske's copyrighted song, "Old Man Noah," concluded the programme. Subsequently the guests were either engaged with refreshments or the fortune-telling witch in an up-stairs room.

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COLLEGE GROUNDS
COLLEGE HALL CIRCUS—Continued.

everyone looking either her worst or her best. Among those present in one or the other condition were, Puldua, the thousand-dollar beauty, the Siamese Twins, the Fat Lady, a Convict, a Skeleton, an Italian with hand-organ and monkey, the Snake Charmer, the Fortune-teller, clowns, and those with special events on the program.

Ruth Collins made a good ringmaster, winning the sympathetic attention of all residents in College Hall with her remarks on the east-end elevator and the ice-cream freezer. Introduced by her, there followed a most original program, including events such as any modern circus of the every-day bill-board type might seek long without obtaining.

Lovely brown seals, "the incarnations of our winter pony coats," went through their ungraceful but intelligent antics to the amusement and edification of all. Following this came a graceful (?) and attractive (?) dance by the gnomes; an act by three renowned Japanese tumblers, and a graceful little dance wherein the "Red Widow"—procured at great expense from the company of that name—charmed everyone. Next came an emotional and blood-curdling tragedy called "The Revenge," working up the feelings of the audience to such a pitch that the trained elephant, in his awkward and intelligent tricks, was quite a relief. Then, in rapid succession, came a colored quartette, which sang some really charming songs of "the leisure class," a daring bareback act, a clown act, a short but lovely dagger dance, a thrilling high-dive stunt, and a grand finale in the chariot race for the 1.03 train.

Apples, doughnuts, cider and dancing relieved the audience's feelings then, and everyone returned home, voting the circus one grand success.

The committee, to whose hard work the affair was due, are Lauretta Thomas, Chairman; Artus James, Marguerite Baker, Elizabeth Hart and Nell Zuckermann.

HALLOWE'EN IN QUADRANGLE.

Although we could not celebrate on the actual night of Hallowe'en, the grinning Jack-o'-lanterns, dangling apples and decorative autumn leaves made the illusion perfect. Two of the houses had the regular Hallowe'en tricks. Pomeroy, which entertained Noanett, frightened the poor Freshmen as badly as they could by a Chamber of Horrors situated in the cellar. Good fortunes were told after this to cheer them up, and a lively dance ended the evening. Shafer did the other duties of Hallowe'en. Booths were fitted up in the rooms on the first floor, where witches held office hours, and fortune-tellers plied their trade, and tricks were played on the guests. Cazcnove and Beebe were not quite so true to tradition, but gave most amusing entertainments, and carried out the spirit of the evening in their refreshments. Cazcnove's performance was a minstrel show, containing many hits on events of the past month—among them a Freshman serenade. Beebe's was a vaudeville show, opened by a welcoming solo and chorus, and containing other choruses, monologues, and a pantomime, "Cinderella." Altogether, the Freshmen said they had a good time, and we certainly hope they did!

NOTICE.

There will be an important meeting of the Athletic Association, November 15, at 8.00 P.M., in College Hall Chapel. (Signed)

Martha Charles, President of W. C. A. A.

LOST.

A small gold watch, with P. M. on the inside cover, and a gold chain, somewhere between Norumbega, the Shakespeare House and Fiske. Will the finder please notify Miss Grace Kilborne, the Christian Association office, and receive a suitable reward.

A REQUEST.

To those who have known it in days past, it is clearly evident that the News had had, so to speak, a revolution within itself, and is endeavoring now to establish new standards of living. Like most other things in a similar predicament, it needs encouragement, advice and restraint. As a matter of fact, it
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Bible Lecture—Continued.

Open spaces of the hills are assured to us as the boyhood haunts of Jesus. The view over the broad, open valleys to the stone faces of the Samaritan hills is the same now as then, save that the once fertile country is given over to pasture and waste land. The regular, grass-covered dome of Mt. Tabor rises close by the Nazareth range, crowned with the ruins of a crusader's fortress, while southward, on the plains, lie the squalid ruins of such well-known towns as Jezreel and Nain.

In the north the country is open, with broad sweeps of valley between the hill stretches, dominated by the gleaming whiteness of Mt. Hermon, taking form, on nearer approach, as a long, regular, unbroken mountain range, too unrelated by any irregularity to present an aspect of real beauty. Here rise the head waters of the Jordan, some in still, quiet pools, others in rugged, rock-bound caverns, breaking forth in gushing springs and leaping cascades.

But, after all, the Sea of Galilee, a heart-shaped lake, set deep in the rocky strata of the land, is the center, not only of the country itself, but of the ministry of Jesus. The lake, now so quiet, was then alive with scores of fishing boats, bustling with the industry of the Galilean fisherfolk. To-day the lake is silent in the midst of the beauty of its steep, grass-grown hills, descending abruptly to the waterfront, save here and there, where a narrow plain intervenes. Of all the cities that in New Testament times encircled that lake, Tiberius alone remains. One may, however, still follow the shore-line, as Miss Kendrick's hearers did upon the screen, visit the probable scene of the feeding of the five thousand near Bethsaida, feel that Jesus Himself followed the selfsame path, glimpse the ruins of old-time villages, gaze down the winding stream of the outlet at the south to the Jordan Valley itself, and return, at length, to the northern shore, where Jesus found a home. The site of this home, Capernaum, is still disputed, but the curve of the shore-line which comprehended it, is there, and both Tell Ham and Khan Minia can bring to the visitor all the associations of the ancient Capernaum.

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COLLEGE CALENDAR.

7.00 P.M., Vesper service. Special music.
Monday, November 13, 7.30 P.M., College Hall Chapel, lecture by Miss Ethel Arnold on "Arnold of Rugby."
Wednesday, November 15, 7.30 P.M., College Hall Chapel, meeting of Consumers' League as Christian Association meeting. Speaker, Mrs. Frank W. Hallowell.

COLLEGE NOTES.

D. C. Heath has just brought out a book by Florence Emily Hastings, called "German Words and Their Uses." It was written especially for Course 30, the course on the Modern German Idiom, but it is also being used in other courses of the German Department.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The attention of all students is hereby called to the following directions, which are to be observed in all cases of illness.

Particular attention is called to the regulation regarding excuses. The blue slips are required, by students other than those on probation, only for written work or laboratory work.

DIRECTIONS TO BE FOLLOWED IN CASE OF ILLNESS.

All illness must be reported immediately to the Head of the House.

No student may telephone for a physician without referring to the Head of the House, or, in her absence, directly to Dr. Raymond, by means of the office telephone.

Calls for Dr. Raymond should, whenever possible, be telephoned to the hospital before 9.30 A.M.

As a precautionary measure, students are asked not to visit the office of a dentist or of a physician without consultation with the Resident Physician.

Blue excuse slips will be given only when Dr. Raymond is notified at the time of the illness.

Dr. Raymond's office hours are:—
8—8.20 A.M. (Sunday excepted)
1—3 P.M. Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. (Omitting Monday and Thursday),
9—10 A.M. Sunday.
Hospital Visiting Hours:—
3—5 P.M. daily except Sunday.

(Signed) Olive Davis.
FREE PRESS.

I.

"What is this stuff?" asked the girl sitting next the head of the table, in a tone of tragic despair and resignation. "Why, my dear, don't you remember we had rice pudding for lunch, yesterday?" answered her companion, "toying daintily" with the said stuff, which, by the way, was a very good croquette. With a pang of regret I remembered the pudding of the day before. One girl had risen languidly from the table, leaving hers untouched; and another remarked that she was so tired of messy desserts. In the face of all this, the rest of us did not seem to have the moral courage to eat ours. Now I always did like rice pudding and it grieved me to leave my plebeian appetite unsatisfied,—hence this free press.

Of course, it is possible that dishes are served which, owing to your peculiar constitution or personal prejudices, you cannot bring yourself to eat; but surely this does not happen often. It is also possible that you are accustomed to having seven-course dinners every night at home; but if you make disparaging remarks about your food at every meal, people will be inclined to doubt it. Then again, you may be dieting to reduce flesh. We will all agree that in such cases, special allowances are to be made for unpleasant dispositions.

FRANCES B. GUCK, 1914.

II.

The presentation of Maeterlinck's Bluebird at the Schubert Theater is a very interesting one. While many prefer to let such an exquisite fantasy appeal to the imagination without the aid of footlights, there is something to be said in favor of the stage production.

The scenic effects are not given with excess of detail, but many lights and shadows are thrown on the scenes, which heighten the mysterious effect rather than explain it. The quaint characters are all well portrayed. The children are real, without being commonplace.

The animals remind one a little of those in Chantecler. The dog stands for faithfulness throughout, in a very touching way, while the cat acts out the opposite mentality of treachery and cunning.

The symbolism of the drama is, of course, impressive, whether read or seen. If you haven't read it, do so, and see it, too, if you can. 1914.

III.

Strange as it may seem, there is one thing no one, under any circumstances, ever learns at Wellesley. Perhaps that is the exaggerated statement of a very much exasperated person; perhaps it ought to be hedged about with modifications and "seeminglys." But it is not going to be, for what is the Free Press column for if not to surprise people into seeing true things through its expression of exaggerated ones?

This one thing that we never learn is a very important thing. There can be no complete efficiency, no thorough accomplishing without it. Therefore, it seems a pity that we never learn it. It seems a pity that no lecture is ever given without several late-comers disturbing it; few promises are kept to the minute; that few appointments are met with absolute punctuality. This is not wholly a case of individual spleen. There is a little real respect for punctuality in it, a good deal of a real hope that the fact of a continual lateness is not as inevitable, nor as irreparable as it would appear to be.

For punctuality signifies exactness of mind, respect for one's self and for other people, unselfish-
ness—all traits which must belong to the thoroughly equipped woman.

Now, having said her say in general terms in praise of punctuality, this much exasperated person is content to take her own inconvenience, caused by other people's dilatoriness, more philosophically, and even to make resolves concerning her own future greater promptness. If everybody made such resolves—1912.

IV.

All of us talk more or less vaguely of that great Minotaur who stalks these labyrinthine halls—the Academic—but different people think of him under varying aspects. Some of us flee from him until we are breathless, and when finally he is hard upon our heels we turn and try to pacify him. We feed him with moments snatched from our choicest delights: from our matinees and parties and from long nights which become sleepless. And while the insatiable Minotaur is momentarily satisfied with these offerings, we catch our breath again and flee once more before him.

There are others, however, who think of him, not as a terrible fire-breathing monster, but as a beautiful cobra for the glitter of whose eyes they would even endure to be swallowed outright. These people lavish upon the Academic whole days and sometimes whole nights, neither begrudging the gifts they offer nor thinking of them otherwise than as benefits received.

To a third class of people the Academic has ceased to be a living animal and has become the haunting totem presence of a defied beast, serving as a member of their Lares and Penates. At stated intervals they pour out libations—sufficient upon ordinary days and somewhat more lavish when the feast days come around. In return, the Totem spirit gives them happiness and success in their daily undertakings and sends them sweet dreams at night.

There are very few people who regard the Academic in the second way I have mentioned. These (Continued on page 11)
PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

A FRESHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF HALLOWE'EN.

When do Bluebeard's dead wives giggle?
When do all spooks snicker?
When do corpses squirm and wriggle?
On Hallowe'en in Wellesley!

When do dead men smiling meet you?
Where are witches pleasant?
When do friendly wild men greet you?
On Hallowe'en in Wellesley.

SINCE HALLOWE'EN.

My auburn hair has turned to grey,
My jaws refuse to wiggle,
I can't laugh in the same old way,
I cannot even giggle.

Since Hallowe'en—that awful night!
I've surely come to sorrow;
I cannot make my hair lie right,
For it's on end with horror.

Come, leave your Laws of Falling Bodies,
Those maddening particles in Greek,
The innards of the cringing crayfish,
The windings of the Jordan Creek—
It takes but brains to be a gleaming,
Glimmering, glinting light in school,
But, oh, it takes a Fire Celestial
To be a Bona Fide Fool!

C. M. C., 1914.

THE BOOTBLACK PARLOR.

Now-a-days on Friday mornings, College basement's quite the place,
And they do a thriving business there, they say,
For there is a certain Senior who "presides with usual grace."
At a first-class bootblack parlor down that way.

As I roamed above a-longing for two nickels to expend
On such frivollities as a shoe-shine,
I suddenly collided with a mournful Freshman friend
Who with envy eyed those dusty boots of mine.

"Oh will you, won't you, won't you please, let me change boots with you?
You see she has already shined my pair, and
And I promise you I'll bring them back as soon as she gets through."

We swapped, a happy Freshman plunged down-stair.

No more I waste my busy hours a-hunting blacking brushes,
No more Shinola boxes do I seek.
Oh, goodness! but I thank my stars there are such things as crushes!
My boots are brighty polished every week.


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FREE PRESS—Continued.

we respect while they are in college and take pride in when they go out into the world to proclaim the Academic to others. But all of us can choose whether the Academic shall be to us a great Minotaur or whether it shall be a friendly protecting spirit.

V.

The Student Building Fund grows apace, and very glad and very enthusiastic we all are. Yet outsiders have been heard to ask "Why do you want a Student Building?" and upon being answered that since we have grown so large and are still growing, to remark, "But I shouldn't think you'd want to be any larger. I should think that an Endowment Fund, so that you could intensify the work of the college, eliminate the distracting problems of so large a community—in short, be of a wieldable size and so capable of true democracy, would be much more to the point than an immense building, big enough for you and those who are coming after you." There is sometimes a germ of truth in outsiders' opinions of us. What do you say to this?

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The following members of the Class of 1911 have accepted teachers' positions for the coming year:

Helen J. Coffin is to teach English and history in the High School at Medway, Massachusetts.

Harriet D. Coman will be at the High School in Long Island, New York.

Lillian Condit is to be instructor in French, German and Latin at Miss Stiles' School, Nutley, New Jersey.

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Dorothy Danforth will teach history, Latin and English in the High School at Wilton, New Hampshire.

Edna Fice is to be instructor at Bethany College, Topeka, Kansas.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Ethel Vale Grant, 1908, to George Emerson Cary, Amherst, 1907.

Frances Spaulding, 1911, to Harold L. Robinson, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1911.

Gertrude B. White, 1908, to Charles J. McClure of Omaha, Nebraska.

Marion Sinclair Stretton, 1910, to Paul Albert Esten, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1908, of Stoughton, Massachusetts.


MARRIAGES.

NILES—FRENCH. At Wellesley Farms, on October 7th, Luna French, 1905, to Harold Niles, Dartmouth, 1907.


House—FENNO. September 11, 1911, Cornelia Fenno, 1910, to Mr. Frederick Herbert House of Buffalo, New York.

Baker—Anderson. In Constantinople, Turkey, on October 9, 1911, Catherine Roberts Anderson, 1901, to George Noel Baker.


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Rector—Rogers. At Pawtucket, Rhode Island, October 16, 1911, Mary L. Rogers, 1898, to the Reverend Frank Rector, D.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. At home, 1 Brook Street, Pawtucket.

Bowditch—Pearmain. At Framingham, Massachusetts, September 21, Margaret Pearmain, daughter of Alice Upton Pearmain, 1883, to Manfred Bowditch. At home Fridays in January and February, at 388 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Robb—Engel. At Natick, Massachusetts, on October 18, 1911, Florence L. Engel, 1907, to David W. Robb, Jr., of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. At home, 6 Concord Street, Natick, Massachusetts.

Dowdall—Marston. At Danvers, Massachusetts, on October 21, 1911, Charlotte P. Marston, 1902, to John H. Dowdall.

Kingman—Chase. On October 24, 1911, at Brockton, Massachusetts, Anna Genevieve Chase, 1906, to Dr. Harry Woodbridge Kingman of Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Bidwell—Blaisdell. In West Newton, Massachusetts, June 24, 1911, H. Leslie Blaisdell, 1911, to Howard Francis Bidwell, Amherst, 1901.


Merrill—Cummings. At Pasadena, California, on July 5, 1911, Helen Mariette Cummings, 1908, to Richard Brackett Merrill. At home after August first, at Pasadena, California.


Rowe—Howlett. At West Newton, Massachusetts, October 31, 1911, Marion Howlett to Edwin B. Rowe of Newark, Ohio. At home in Newark, Ohio.


Lavaguino—Garford. On September 27, 1911, in Elyria, Ohio, Louise Ely Garford, 1907, to Emanuele Lavaguino. At home after November 15, at 218 Beverly Court, Elyria, Ohio.

BIRTHS.

On September 13, 1911, at Madison, Wisconsin, a son, William Doolittle, Jr., to Mrs. Madeleine Steele Doolittle, 1904.

In Lawrence, Kansas, on October 15, 1911, a daughter, Beatrice Justine, to Mrs. Margery Bowersock Dalton, 1906.

On September 4, 1911, a daughter, Edith Blanchard, to Mrs. Alice Grover Witherell, 1906.

In Newton, Massachusetts, October 1, 1911, a son, Dennison, to Mrs. Grace Dennison Bancroft, 1897.

At Dover, New Hampshire, September 4, 1911, a son to Mrs. Gladys Brown Rollins, 1908.

On August 30, a son, Goldsmith Hall, Jr., to Mrs. Cora Butler Conant, 1904.

At Exeter, New Hampshire, July 23, a son, David Dustin, to Mrs. Harriet Stockman Merrill, 1898.

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In Altadena, California, June 20, 1911, a daughter, Martha Champney, to Mrs. Netta Wanamaker Murfey, 1907.

**DEATHS.**

At Germantown, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1911, Mrs. Elizabeth Palen, mother of Anna Palen, 1888. Suddenly in Providence, Rhode Island, October 9, 1911, Mr. Frederick W. Hartwell, father of Mrs. Helen Hartwell Swafield, 1908.

In Columbus, Ohio, October 17, 1911, Mrs. Charles G. Hammond of Silver Creek, New York, mother of Eleanor Hammond Means, 1904.

In East Orange, New Jersey, October 14, 1911, J. Watson Sims, father of Helen M. Sims, 1911.

On August 5, at Bogalusa, Louisiana, Erastus Cole Knight, Jr., brother of Gertrude Knight Shonk, 1905.

In Portland, Maine, October 3, the mother of Anne Burgess Fobes, 1893.

At Woburn, Massachusetts, October 16, 1911, Mr. Henry M. Eames, mother of Stella W. Eames, 1910.

In Wellesley, Massachusetts, July 12, 1911, Rev. Charles S. Brooks, father of Josephine D. Brooks, 1895.

In Natick, Massachusetts, February 14, 1911, Mrs. Effie Colburn Brown, 1898.

In Wellesley, Massachusetts, July 20, 1911, Mrs. Mary J. Ferguson, mother of Jeannette M. Ferguson, 1893-1895.


**CHANGES OF ADDRESS.**

Mae Osborne, 1907, to 4349 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. Frederick House (Cornelia Fenno, 1910), to 843 Potomac Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

Alice L. Smart to Via dei Bardi 30, Firenze, Italy.

Marion W. Cottle to 443 West 21st Street, New York City.

Mrs. Percy Warren Withrell to 84 Prince Street, Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts.

Nellie May Reeder to 26 Jones Street, New York City.


Mrs. Alice Sanborn Woodruff, 1903-1904, to Taylor Block, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Sara Emery Gilson, 1898, to Cliff Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

Mrs. John F. Wilson to 1446 East 92nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

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