10-7-1915

The Wellesley News (10-07-1915)

Wellesley College

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Wellesley College News
Entered at the Post Office in Wellesley, Mass., Branch Boston Post Office, as second-class matter.

VOL. XXIV.

WELLESLEY, OCTOBER 7, 1915.

NO. 1.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Friday, October 8. Business meeting of Debating Club.
7.00 P.M. Yeespers. Special music.
Friday, October 15. Lecture by Lady Gregory, 8.00 P.M., Billings Hall.
Tuesday, October 19. College Pay Day.

TOWER COURT.

The pile of bricks and stone which we left last spring, has grown, during the summer, into an imposing building, such as its name, Tower Court, would naturally suggest. Tower Court, the first building of our "New Wellesley," has been erected on College Hall Hill, a little north of the site of College Hall. It is built in the style of late collegiate Gothic architecture, designed by the architects Carlson and Coolidge, and it is estimated that the cost of the building, including the furnishings of the public rooms (which are also furnished by the unknown donor of the building), will reach $450,000. The building is the dominating center of a group, the east and west wings of which are still to be built on either side of the Tower wings, and which are to be connected with Tower Court by beautiful cloisters.

As the name suggests, Tower Court is built with an open court and a lofty tower. The court faces toward the lake and the tower rises from the sixth floor of the central part of the building high above the five stories of the wings. The windows of the central part have in it, incidentally, a space of flat roof from which one may get such a view of the lake as one has not had since days of College Hall. The woodwork and furniture of the building are all of fine oak and the walls are covered with burlap of the same tone as the work. Living in Tower Court are one hundred and ninety-five students and twelve members of the staff, who testify to the beauty of the furnishings as well as to the comfort added to college life by full-length mirrors, cork stair and hall floors, casement windows, copper sconces and window seats, not to mention the great value of the window seats for storage chests. The kitchenette provided for each corridor, extends promise of future convenience—when the electric connections are completed.

Although the living-room, dining-room, kitchen and the several little parlors are in various stages of completion, they already show themselves worthy the name of the building. The kitchen and pantries are the last word in efficiency, so far as we can see, and so we are told by those who know. The simplicity of the dining-room is relieved by the beautiful fireplace at one end of the room, and by the Wellesley blue "W" carved above each doorway, and on the back of each chair. The fact that the tables are small, each seating only seven, is also a point of interest and one deserving commendation.

The living-room, which is located directly above the dining-room, and between the two entrance halls, utilizes its intriguing fireplace, place, decorative wood-carving, the little alcoves on each side, and the balconies supported by Egyptian pillars. The fireplace, in its perfect proportions and wonderful Gothic lines, is not only beautiful, but notable as an artistic production, and the Wellesley motto above it endears it to all Wellesley. The beautiful hand-carved woodwork which is used extensively throughout the first floor rooms, is all symbolic. Set in the windows are stained glass reproductions of the seals of the women's colleges and also of Christ's College, Emmanuel College, and Tufts College. Windows of Wellesley's predecessor are set in the windows of Miss Davis' office, which is at the left of the entrance hall toward the east. The windows of the little west parlor, and of two reception rooms, one of which opens from each entrance hall, are decorated with the seals of the Wellesley societies. The furnishings of several of these smaller rooms is almost complete, and serves to indicate that the notable furnishings will equal the splendor of the exterior, and of the wall decorations within. But to remind us of the serious purpose of Wellesley, and of the democracy which is one of our most cherished ideals, there are two inscriptions "Know thy work and do it," and "There is no wealth but life." And if these become an intimate part of the life of our "New Wellesley," we shall be able always to recognize our college, however great the changes the next few years will bring.

HOW COLLEGE OPENED.

The Village Committee started things a-whirling for the Freshmen during their first week of College, and found a spirited response in every activity. There were song practices at which our new class learned the College favorites. Several lectures were given in the evening. Everyone pitched into athletics with a vim that earned a good name for 1919. Christian Association gave a festive tea on the green, with a victrola at the heart of the gaiety, Chapel services began early in the week. The Freshmen certainly opened the College this year.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION RECEPTION.

The whole College gathered at the Barn, on Saturday evening, September 25, to greet the Freshmen and to renew the spirit of fellowship among all the classes. The traditional cards were crammed with signatures of upper classmen, friends of each hostess. Mary Torrence, president of the association, gave a hearty welcome, especially to the members of 1910. President Pendleton, after greeting the new members of Christian Association, expressed a hope that all would share immediately in the feeling of friendship that is characteristic of Wellesley, and Adelaide Ross, president of Athletic Association, complimented the Freshmen class on its readiness to show athletic spirit, a proof of its coming loyalty in that department of College activity.

BARNSWALLOW RECEPTION.

From summer migrations in far-away lands, the Barnswallows flopped once more to the shelter of the old Barn and on Saturday, October 2, welcomed there a new brood of swallows. The Barn was most attractive, with its lofty, full-length windows of pine and green lanterns. Marjorie Lude, the president of Barnswallows, welcomed the newcomers to the fun and good fellowship of the Barn and introduced the guests of honor, Miss Tufa and Miss Davis in the afternoon, and Miss Pendleton and Miss Waite in the evening. After short speeches by these good Barnswallows, the dancing began. It seemed as if the Barn had never held so great a crowd. As Miss Pendleton put it, we could hardly be said to be in the position of Alice in Wonderland, who once complained that it was like coming down the rabbit hole and just to-morrow, but never just to-day," since we were quite sure that there was no and plenty of it just at that moment. Of course, the Barn wouldn't be the Barn if it weren't crowded. One sometimes wonders, however, if some plan could not be made which would do away with the disorder which reigns when the affair is over and each one struggles wildly for the possession of her own coat. However, in spite of these minor difficulties, the evening was a most enjoyable one and the new Barnswallows of 1919 were given a right royal welcome.

FIRE CAPTAINS.

Fire captains have been elected as follows in the various houses:
Fiske—Margaret Tallmadge.
Norumbega—Frances Wright.
Coolidge—Mary Tufa.
Cazenove—Patricia Morse.
Pomeroys—Margaret Jones.
Stone—Ruth Buck.
Freema—Anna Longaker.
Wells—Lillian Reynolds.
Wilder—Mary Budd.
Kaiser—Susan Sherman.
Tower Court—Janet Doe.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT MEETING.

The first Student Government meeting of the College year was held Thursday afternoon, Septem-
ber 26th, in Houghton Memorial Chapel. After a prayer by Mary Torrence, President Pendleton gave a short address, extending her greetings to the new students, and expressing her confidence in the student body as a whole. The telegrams from previous presidents and vice-presidents were received with the usual enthusiasm, which was, however, somewhat subdued because of the place of meeting. The telegrams were from Sally Davis Cameron, Constance Eastin, Inadore Douglas Coyle, Helen Cross, Marie Hill, Marjorie Day, Ruth Hoyt, Margaret Elliott and Rachel Davis. Following the reading of the telegrams was what might be called the inaugural address of Edith Jones. She called to our minds the responsibilities attached to the privilege of self-government, and urged strongly that we keep constantly before us the ideals of Student Government founded, as it was, "on principles of freedom, by women of honor."

After the various routine business which followed this "address" had been disposed of, different aspects of the extent of Student Government appeared. Regular chapel attendance was strongly and forcibly urged; special attention was called to the link bill rendered by the library last semester and the urgency of immediate report of spots made was brought by Katharine Baldwin; Amy Ruthchild's speech on the annual topic: "Grass," was delivered with a humor that will cause a lasting impression on her audience; and the need of the College enthusiastic, not only in the intercollegiate debating, but also in the debating club, was the subject of Ruth Miner's talk. After an enthusiastic eulogy of 1916 by Ruth Rand, the meeting was adjourned.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
On Friday, October 15, Lady Gregory will speak on "The Irish Literary Movement." The place will be Billings Hall. A small admission price will be asked.
Board of Editors

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Graduate Department
Elizabeth W. Manwaring, Editor
Cancryn Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

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Katherine Van Eaton, 1916
Mary E. Childs, 1917
Marjorie Turner, 1917
Dorothy S. Greene, 1918

PUBLISHED weekly during the college year by a board of students of Wellesley College. Subscription, two dollars per year; single copies, ten cents each, twenty cents for the mailing list. Address all communications to "College News Office," Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. All unsigned news should be sent to Miss Elizbeth W. Manwaring, Cancryn Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

HELLO, 1919!

Most of the big organizations in college have already greeted you, 1919. They've come around to your rooms, and left neatly printed cards that you are to fill in with financial remarks, or they have stood in the shade of the sheltering Barn palms and told you, in person, of the joy with which your presence fills them. The News isn't leaving calling-cards for you, and it isn't a Barn center—even if it could speak in public, it hasn't an evening dress to wear—but its welcome is none the less hearty. We welcome you all here, 1919. Really, we couldn't live without you.

That sounds extravagant, perhaps; when we're only just met one another. But it is literally true. The Newsroom has a card which belongs to every Student, Class, or to the editorial staff, or to the reporters—it belongs to you. It is a long-distance telephone, at your service. President Pendleton, at the Student Government meeting, told us of the group of Wellesley women who talked from Boston to San Francisco. "A fine thing," you say. Then doesn't it thrill you, just a little, to know that the News will print your worth while thoughts, and that those very thoughts will read all the way from Wellesley to far Cathay?

And so the News greets you heartily, 1919, as potential readers, writers, and—subscribers.

RACHEL DAVIS' LETTER

There are some people who can say the things other people want to say very much better than the other people can. That is why we are printing the Rachel Davis letter to our Student Government Association. Rachel Davis knows what Student Government means, and what it is for, and she knows the privilege, and the responsibility that the trust and the privilege involve. And because she has seen so clearly, so steadily "the vision" of what Student Government may be,—must be,—she can help us, too, to see.

Eric, Pa., September 26, 1915.

Dear Wellesley Student-Governors:—You've no idea how homesick for Wellesley I feel at this minute. If I could only peak in on your first meeting, just to see how you all look,—whether your caps and gowns are becoming, and whether 1919 is as nice as 1918. But I'll have to take all that for granted and send you my message, which is so much love and loyalty that there's hardly room in it for the admonitions I know it's my duty to give you. If I could only think of some way, some new way, to say the old, old things you're so tired of hearing, but which are so true that you take them for granted and let them alone.

You wouldn't want any other kind of government than student-government—and yet you cannot have student government—that is, self-government, without one of you pitching in with all her might and main to make it. And don't think you're giving up your own pleasure for a set of red-tape rules that nearly give you brain-fever when you first deal the Grey Book; you're really making everything happier and safer for yourself and your neighbor. And if you came to college expecting to get big ideals and to mold your character into the best sort of person you were ever meant to be, then here's one of the biggest ideals in the wide world, masquerading under loyalty to an association, an Executive Board and a Grey Book,—it's the true Christian ideal of learning to live not for your own convenience, but for the convenience and progress of the whole community where you are. If you're able to see just that thing, and to say once in a while, "I could do that thing alone, but we can't do it, so I won't do it;" then I'm not worried about Edith Jones' sleeping nights, and I'm not worried about the prospect of a Student Government run by a few faithful souls who have seen the vision, and evaded by everybody else. But you must all promise to do that, or it won't work,—and it must work. Student Government can't fall at this stage, because it has too many loyal hearts back of it, and too many willing hands have worked hard for it during all its fourteen years of existence. If everybody who has worked for it in the past loves it as I do, I can truly say "shield it, love it, nourish it, for it is dear to many." It's a trust that has been handed down to you,—don't fail us.

Good luck, '16, in your "high place," and dear '17, be good to our newest citizens and your sisters '19 and '18, be true to what your class Seniors tried so hard to bring you. 1919 I'm not worrying about, for they have Edith Jones and Ruth Rand and all you rest to help them see. With my love and best wishes,

Rachel Davis.

"ROAR LIKE A—ROOSTER!"

It was at a college settlement summer camp, and a game was being played. The game had a very unmisogynistic name, and it consisted in a blindfolded little girl's twirling "round in the middle of a circle of other little girls, pointing in the direction of some portion of the circle, and requesting, for purposes of identification, the individual composing that portion, to "hark like a dog," or "mew like a cat," or produce some other sound as designated. Little Katy in the middle, twirled on one foot, pointed one unescapable finger to the face, and commanded slowly, impressively, "Roar like a rooster!"

That is the end of the story. If you aren't interested in moral applications don't read any more, for what follows is an "American-like" or "European-like" or "Squeakiness.

The women at the Hague

Late comers were unable to find seats in Billings Hall on Friday evening, October 1, when Professor Emily Greene Balch talked on "The Women at the Hague." As the delegate from the Women's branch of the Women's Peace Party, as well as from the national party, Miss Balch was one of the American delegation to the conference at the Hague last spring; and her personal account of the movement was most interesting.

Agreeing not to discuss the purpose of the present war, the congress convened on the basis of two planks: The belief in suffrage for women, and the belief that international disagreements should be settled in a peaceable way. The delegations gathered in the hall at the zoological gardens, and from about two thousand women who assembled each day, there were from twelve to fifteen hundred voting members. Though full of latent emotion, there occurred no emotional display; but with quiet reason and will, the congress worked on a basis of what had been accomplished before.

The object of the congress was, of course, to try to see what can be done to obviate war. Though it was easier to have the present war closed as soon as possible on a just basis, yet the proposed truce clauses were defeated.

The groups of women assembled from most of the neutral and beligerent countries. The picturesque Belgian group was most interestingly described by Miss Balch. Of the twenty women whom England allowed to go, only three arrived in time for the conference, due to government delays; but there were fifty Americans, twenty-eight Germans, one thousand Dutch, nine Hungarians, one Norwegian, one Danish, one Italian, one Swede, and one Canadian. The Swedes are a group from Sweden, Denmark and Norway. A vote was taken in favor of the Wisconsin plan of mediation, and a permanent organization was formed, which is planning another great congress for the time when the terms of peace are arranged.

THE WELLESLEY NATIONAL BANK

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Miss Balch then gave a short sketch of her trip into the Scandinavian countries and her interviews with the influential governmental officials. In closing she made reference to Miss Addams' much-discussed speech, which was reported as inspiring the courage of the soldiers of to-day, and assured her audience that nothing derogatory to the soldiers had been said by Miss Addams.

MILE. DOBY'S LETTER.

The News has received the following letter from Mile. Doby, formerly an instructor in French at Wellesley, at present secretary at the Maison Française of Colorado University. Mile. Doby took an active part in the direction of War Relief work at Wellesley last year and it is to be hoped that even in her absence the girls will heartily support her.

New York, September 27, 1915.

Dear Wellesley Students—A twofold object impels me to write this letter since I cannot this fall speak directly to you, as I should well have preferred.

First of all, I want to acknowledge once more the good will and generosity with which you answered my appeal for clothes last winter. Some delay occurred in the giving out of the garments, owing mainly to the great number of cases that had to wait in Havre, that port being used as headquarters by the Belgian government and British Commissariat. All has now, however, been received at the Secours National in Paris and again sent out as in the direction I wish. Twenty medium-sized women's outfits, twenty rubs, twenty sheets and so on. This is the completed part of the work. Those cases are ready to go to the invaded part of France—then, farther, shoes lined with stripes are methodically fitted with different pieces of clothing, all labelled according to use. “We have everything that can be imagined,” the boy scout who was taking me round said, "from pocket combs and peroxide to rugs and furniture—but we have great difficulties in securing linen for any kind.” I came out feeling grateful that man had not forsaken his fellowman and had devised ways to alleviate the sufferings of the weary winter that is to come.

Thank you for the help you gave. I wanted to assure you that it had not been wasted. Will you make your splendid sympathy of last year still more beautiful—for perseverence alone gives charity and kindness their full value? I am now coming to the great hope that is in my mind while I write to you. Allow me to tell you of one particular case where you could do at once and directly an immense amount of good, without going through all the “red tape” that necessarily encumbers help organized on a big scale. I know of six hundred small Belgian children who are stranded in the north of France. These children, some of whom do not even know their names, have almost exactly nothing but a few rags. The villagers around are not very much better off. Will you help us give clothes to a few of them, now? Any little help for boys or girls between three and eight would be most appreciated and acknowledged by one of your countrywomen in whose name I write and who has done wonderful work in the Dinarid Hospital. If you do send any parcels addressed: Duryea, Care War Relief Clearing House, 150 Bank St., New York, bearing the word Children, and your name and address, you will receive a letter from Mrs. Duryea telling you how the things are used.

This is a work worthy of Wellesley students, don’t you think so?

With all sympathy and good wishes from
Madeleine H. Doby.

THE VERY FIRST BARN PARTY.

On Tuesday evening, September 27, the members of 1919 and some of their friends experienced the delights of a foretaste of the good times in the Barn. They were greeted by an orchestra whose instruments ranged from corns to tennis racquets. Their various styles of head-gear, strangely resembling wassalaskets adorned with roses and even little tin cups, and their smooth mustaches betrayed their dramatic instincts. A thrilling medley saw the more serious part of the evening's entertainment. The he-ro and the she-ro, not to speak of the villain, the villainess, the parents, and the baby, vainly attempted their way through a ball-room scene, a house scene, a scene amidst the horrors of an opium den, and a grand final scene in the Waldorf Astoria. Then came the proper ending, of dancing and pink sherbet.

ABOUT CAMPUS.

The College Bookstore is installed in a compact function, grown over summer on the passage between Billings and Music Hall. It is really a nice bookroom—large, light and well-arranged.

The News has moved—or is moving the moment this goes to press—into the abandoned bookstore in the Chapel basement.

Those who are addicted to pneumonia will be pleased to hear that the puddlesome brick walk in front of the “Elevator Table” has been replaced by a high-speed dry concrete walk.

Domestic arrangements at Tower Court, these days, are impromptu, to say the least. Morning, lunch-time and evening, the girls flock out to the four corners of the campus for their meals. They are fanned out among other houses, in groups of ten or more. The Sophomores, who live in Lake House and most of the juniors, take their meals at the Little Cafe in G. L. R. It is hoped that the marvellous electric kitchen will soon be in condition to electrize. Norumbega has been newly-painted resplendent white. During the first week of school, a mother wanted to know if she couldn’t stay on campus—she was sure that white building on the Hill was a summer hotel. Well—some are hotels, and some are not.

LIBRARY CHANGES.

As usual a number of changes for the sake of improved service have taken place in the library during the vacation. The author and subject cards in the catalogue have been combined in one alphabet, and this arrangement has already proved a great convenience.

The accumulation of current periodicals, far beyond what our present magazine cases in the reading-room can accommodate, has been partly provided for by the use of shelves in the cupboards in this room. Those nearest the door on either side contain the most used German and French periodicals; most of those of interest to students of zoology and biology are in the cupboard on the east side of the room, while a selection of those devoted to philosophy and psychology is in the cupboard on the opposite wall. It has also been decided to keep the more ephemeral pamphlet material concerning the war in another of these cupboards, leaving only books and official publications on the so-called “war shelf” near the toen desk in the delivery room. All these cupboards will be

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VESPERS, OCTOBER 3

At chapel, Sunday evening, October 3, Dr. J. P. MacNaughton spoke on the conditions in Asia Minor and the work of the American Board in that field. Beginning with the statement of the great debts owed by Christian nations to Turkey—the birthplace of Christianity, Mr. MacNaughton told of the efforts of the American Board to meet this obligation by carrying back to this land something of the light which Christianity brings. The work has been, for the most part, with the Armenians. Among this strong, intelligent people the work went steadily onward until within a year or so. There were 25,000 pupils in the American schools in Turkey. To-day this work seems to have been swept away. The uncontrollable religious frenzy of the Mohammedans has been once more raised and, in obedience to the Koran, the Turks are ruthlessly massacring the unbelieving Armenians. There never was a time when missionaries in Turkey were so greatly in need of all the assistance that can be had, in order that they may, in some measure, at least, relieve the terrible suffering among this unfortunate people.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION MEETING.

A joint meeting of the Wellesley College Christian Association was held in the Hopkins Memorial Chapel on Wednesday evening, September 29. The service was conducted by President Pendleton. She reminded her hearers of the complexity of college life and the temptations and trials that it brings, contrary to the opinion held by the outside world. We are united, however, by the sameness of our aims and interests, and this fact makes it easier for us to form new habits. We are continually doing new things, so Miss Pendleton urged the community to strive for a higher progress in spiritual matters, to have a deeper and intensified religious experience that alone is able to uplift and strengthen us in the pursuit of that "high calling" to which we all aspire.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—IN STYLE.

Mother of a Newly-arrived, anxious to do the right thing by daughter: I beg your pardon, you're a Senior, aren't you?

Senior: No, looking down at her gown, up at her tassel, and corrects herself, I mean you.

Mother: Then, you can tell me—are rose-colored sweaters and white skirts the required Wellesley uniform?

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PLYMOUTH THEATER.

The Plymouth Theater, Boston, opens on Thursday evening, October 7 with "Back Home," a dramatization of Irving Cobb's Judge Priest stories. The play form was made by Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law." It is a vigorous, forceful plot that Mr. Veiller has woven about him, and none of the delici- ous quaintness of the principal character has been lost in the stage version. The regular mattress will be on Thursdays and Saturdays, including an extra one on Columbus Day. Seats are now on sale, including the two performances on Columbus Day, and mail orders will be given careful attention.

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THE DEATH OF DIGNITY.

A Tragedy in Four Acts.

Act I.
Scene: Inside of library. 1910A and 1910B are standing in perplexed attitude before the door of the Lit. room.
1910A: "I'm sure this is a private room for upperclassmen. I don't think we'd better go in."
1910B: "I suppose not. But the large room is full. What shall we do?"
1910A: "Shh! Here comes an upperclassman now."

We must act dignified and not let her know we are freshmen.

(As 1919 speaks, Dignity, of portentous mien, hovers in the background. The freshmen draw themselves up and gaze nonchalantly at the ceiling. The upperclassman approaches.)

Upperclassman: "Hello! you're freshmen, aren't you?"

Dignity: "Yes, isn't it? And here comes one now."

Well, it's perfectly safe for you to venture into the Lit. room. No, don't think me; I had the same trouble when I was young.

(With benevolently and vanishes into the stacks.)

1910A and B (together): "How did she know?"

(Dignity, with crushed expression, slowly fades into space.)

(Curtain.)

Act II.
Scene: In front of library. 1918A and 1918B are conversing in raptured tones.

1918A: "It's such fun to be a Sophomore at last, and be able to lord it over the Freshman."

1918B: "Yes, isn't it! And here comes one now."

Let's be very dignified and make her think we are Seniors at least. (Dignity, with haughty air, stalks behind 1918. The Freshman approaches timidly.)

Freshman: "Excuse me, you're Sophomores, aren't you? Can you tell me where I can buy a second-hand Math book?"

(Dignity wavers, and disappears.)

(Curtain.)

Act III.
Scene: Anywhere on campus. 1917A and 1917B are strolling arm in arm.

1917A: "Doesn't it make you feel motherly to have a little sister class?"

1917B: "Yes! and here comes a Freshman now."

We must make a good impression.

(Dignity appears from among the trees, accompanying the two Juniors, who fairly soar benignantly.)

1917A and B: "Hello, 1919! We'd like to introduce ourselves. We're 1917. Is there anything we can show you?"

Stranger (coldly): "Thank you, but I think not."

I am a graduate of 1910 and a member of the Faculty. I think I can find my way about.

(Dignity shrinks in stature and fades away.)

Act IV.
Scene I.
Scene: Anywhere on campus. The youthful-looking Senior speaks.

Senior: "It's so funny the way every one seems to know that we are the Seniors. Why even the Freshmen can tell us at once."

(Dignity, unseen by the Senior, but with a self-satisfied air, steps out of the shadows. A Freshman approaches.)

Freshman: "Hello! I was to tell all the Freshmen I met that we are going to practise for the serenade at 4.15. Be sure to come, won't you?"

(Senior turns and starts for her dormitory. Dignity, with outraged expression, follows her at a distance.)

(Curtain.)

Scene II.
Scene: In front of youthful-looking Senior's dormitory. Door opens, and the Senior in cap and gown comes out, accompanied by Dignity.

Senior: "The idea of being taken for a Freshman! I'm just going to wear my cap and gown all the time until people realize what I am."

(Dignity toses her head haughtily. An Alumna hails the Senior.

Alumna: "Goodness me, child, but you look funny!"

(Laughs heartily and long. "Your tussel is over your right eye and your cap is on the side before. You look like a Freshman masquerading!"

(Dignity wavers, stumbles, grows crimson and then pale. With a gasp and groan it falls on the grass, quite dead.)

(Curtain.)

HOW FAR?

"Make way for Upper Classmen."

(Characters shown.)

These chilly words thus spoken,
Tell what we have to do.
But may I ask a question?

(For I am much in doubt.)

How far must we poor creatures
At your command turn out?
To-day I met some Sophomores,
(Oh, much engrossed in talk.)
Their look at me said plainly,
"Nineteen, get off the walk!"

I turned aside a little,
I brushed them with my skirt—
Their eyes flashed out the warning—
"Get down and lick the dirt!"

I've wandered ever since then
(Much inclined to smile.)
Must I stand in the gutter.

Or run about a mile.

Whenever I meet a Senior
Or Junior, round about,
Or Sophomore? Now please tell me,
How far must we turn out?

H. W. D., 1919.

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AN OPPORTUNITY.

Miss Balch has requested that we print the following letter which came to her from Miss Westcott of the Neighborhood House in Jamaica Plain.

Jamaica Plain Neighborhood House, 101 Carolina Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Thursday, September 23, 1915.

My dear Miss Balch—Do you know of any Wellesley graduate, of recent years, who might volunteer a year’s residence and help at the Neighborhood House this year? The young woman I had arranged with, is forced to give it up, as she must be earning money. The Neighborhood House is a small settlement; on that account, one who lives here and assists for a year is able to gain an all-around experience that is almost impossible in the large, more organized houses. The neighborhood is almost a rural type and that, of itself, is a situation that is attracting an increasing amount of attention. Also, since Jamaica Plain is part of Boston, officially, we have all the city opportunities for municipal cooperation. There is a certain amount of routine club and class work at the house, which makes a good first contact, both with the neighborhood and the inexperienced volunteer. The opportunity is varied enough to find a place for almost any temperament, provided there was interest in social problems. Our living is simple, we have a pleasant little flat a few doors from the Neighborhood House. We contribute twenty-five dollars each per month; this covers all expenses, laundry, guests, etc. Occasionally, we share an unusual house expense, but this is rare. It is a normal living in the neighborhood and helps greatly to keep sound and true the democratic ideal of the Neighborhood House.

I have written quite at length, thinking that it might be more easy to suggest someone, if the circumstances were definitely understood. If you have any suggestion to make, I would be very grateful, indeed, as we want to make a start of the year’s work as close to October first as possible. I hope there will be some Wellesley girl interested. Thanking you for your interest,

Sincerely,

Ella Westcott.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN SUFFRAGE?

WANTED—Volunteer singers for mixed chorus at suffrage mass meeting, Mechanics Hall, Saturday, October 16, 5-6 P.M., immediately following Suffrage Victory Parade. Dr. Davidson, Choirmaster at Harvard University, will conduct two rehearsals of patriotic songs at parade headquarters, 587 Boylston Street, on Wednesday, October 13, and Friday, October 15, 5-6-15 P.M. Enthusiastic voices sufficient for general singing, only requisite. There will be a band of fifty pieces. Singers assured excellent stage.

Percy Lee Atherton,
Chairman of Music Committee.

March in the Suffrage Victory Parade, Saturday, October 15, at 2 P.M. All suffragists, men and women, are invited.

THIS MEANS YOU.

No special costume required. No expense involved. Complete instructions to those pledged will be mailed later.

Sign this pledge, cut out and send to Parade Committee, 587 Boylston Street, Boston.

I will march in the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Victory Parade.

Name—
Address—

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Be Sure To See The Beautiful New Fall Models In

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11 REMEMBER! 11

THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS.

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Anything, from expensive gowns and hats to inexpensive room furnishings and good things to eat, can be purchased in some one of our many progressive shops.

Decide what you want, look in your Wellesley Business Directory for the place to get it and then order it when you’re in the Village.

THIS SUGGESTION IS WORTH TRYING.

WELLESLEY BUSINESS ASSOCIATION.

FIRST VESPER SERVICE.

The vesper service on Sunday, September 26, was conducted by Professor Whiting, who spoke on the subject, “The Spirit of Wellesley.” Professor Whiting based her talk on brief notes taken from an extemporaneous sermon which Mr. Durant preached in College Hall Chapel in the fall of 1874. The service awoke in the new girls present a keener realisation of the ideals for which Mr. Durant intended Wellesley to stand and again reminded the old girls of their obligation to uphold the Wellesley spirit.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Freshman—about to take her Physical Examination—clothes herself in an “angel’s robe,” nothing more, and sallies above stairs. She wanders, seeking the torture-chamber, into the office of Miss Harmon, where a Board meeting is in session. Miss Harmon: Well! Where do you come from? Freshman (glibly): Buffalo, New York.
FRANCES WARREN PERSHING, 1903.

The Class of 1903 records, with deepest sorrow, the death of a classmate, dearly loved and honored—Frances Warren Pershing—and of her three little daughters. Our sorrow is shared by Mrs. Pershing and Miss Marion, close friends of her own, the brave, rare, friend whose spirit has enriched her college, her home and her country.

ELIZABETH CROSBY TORREY, Pres.
THEODORA NAY MCCUTCHEON, Treas.
MARY BERTZKROU B JENKINS, Sec'y.

For the Class of 1903.

Mrs. Pershing—Frances Warren of 1903—looked very charming the last time that many of us saw her. She was at the Off-Campus Rally on Wednesday, August 25th. At the dinner in the Massachusetts building "the girls" had provided each person with a novel and ingenious bit of various periods and工序 them up delightfully, the style of " 'Spiced with persons" being given to the recent graduate, and the more modern ones to the grey-haired Alumnae. There were some college mortar boards, and Frances Warren had one, perched at a true senior angle on her light hair. She sat at my right, as we were both of 1903, and both wore the class colors in roses. She was very gay and bright, but a little preoccupied, as one has to be when speech-making time comes. I had made some in the afternoon, and so was free to listen and enjoy.

She made a delightful speech, amusing, witty and with a touch of seriousness, as she pleaded for no narrowing or specializing of college work. "I have found the Wellesley training I had helped me in every way, from the care of my children to retiring from an audience with the Emperor of Japan, without tripping over a twelve-foot beam," she said.

As she sat down there was warm applause, and I felt a glow of pride as I realized that I had not known before, as charming as I knew her, how much there was in her. And in this delicate, grey-haired student spirit was gone, gone with her three little daughters! We know her only can follow her with thoughts of love and blessing.

CAROLINE HAZARD.

At the Wellesley Rally in San Francisco last August, there were many noteworthy speeches, but among them all, I was most impressed by the touchingly beautiful tribute which Frances Warren Pershing paid to her Alma Mater. Her topic was "What College Has Meant to Me." I can see her still, as she stood across the room, her face all softened and spiritualized, as she told us of the meaning of college to her. She began by saying that, as undergraduates, they all seemed carefree and happy-go-lucky and full of pranks, as if the teaching of college, perhaps, gilded lightly off in the abatement of youth. "Miss Hart," she added, with her bright smile, "thinks, no doubt, I have forgotten all about unity and coherence, but whether or not we can practise all that we have learned, we have not forgotten it; somewhere in our minds and hearts and muscles there is a core of genuine college life and daily bear its fragrance. To-night, in loving tribute to our Alma Mater and to the fine women who must have thought at times, in teaching me, they were aching for the college rock, I want to acknowledge my debt." She recalled the fun of those college days, when, as she was climbing the transom of a room in College Hall in the depths of the blue twilight, she discovered the secret, and she found the daughter bringing firmly Miss Mix Portland, then the head of the house, who demanded what she was trying to do. "I called back to Miss Mix Portland, from the other side of the transom where my heart was, I wanted to get into that house to take a tutoring lesson in mathematics!" We all remember the Frances Warren of those days, with her fun-loving, deep laughter, her easy stride down the corridors, her contagious gaiety, and her desire to be known as a thoroughly democratic girl. After speaking of the good times of college as a background against which the deepening inner life of the girls went on so quietly and often so unobserved, she passed with a note of genuine feeling to the things college had given, tested by the years since. I hold in my hand now the paper on which I jotted down some of the phrases she used, for I thought what she said of the college was rarely significant and beautiful. She dwelt, first of all, on "the preciousness of its memories," how they sustained and gladdened and enriched the after years: it was the easy meeting and knowing and caring for many kinds of people, through work and play together; on "the friendships which grew out of this comradeship,—these are the "dearest associations of the soul"—the money, the goods and services, and human satisfactions, college "quickened the desire to know;" something struck fire here and there in our natures, and made all of us aware of "many things we should afterwards like to explore. But more than this," she added, "college gives us an ability to lay hold of knowledge," to get at what we need and desire, and best of all, it gives "a latent sense of power to meet situations. It has helped of her to conquer in us unconsciously, self, in her convincing and simple genuineness. Her words came readily and fittingly and with happy variety. Her features were all suffused with color, and she herself was as fine basted, sweetly competent, glad-hearted, loyal woman. This was her last complete night in this life, for between four and five in the morning of the day following, she and her three little girls perished in a fire which cut off their escape from second story bedrooms. Only her little five-year-old son, Warren Pershing, was rescued. At the table on the evening of the rally, there sat with her Polly Storm Wolhfeld, who had lived in the same college house with her, and Ann Or Boswell, who was one of her bridesmaids, and who, with her two children, was rescued from the Pershing house during the fire. Mrs. Harwood, Marian Kennedy, Brookings, Mabel Pierce and Mary Loomis.

Frances Warren was married in Washington, D. C., in 1906, to General J. J. Pershing. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and many of the Cabinet and Senate, were in attendance, the great Western campaign in honor of the event, and as a compliment to her father, Senator Warren. Much of her life since has been passed in the Philippines, where as wife of the commanding general of the army, she was called upon to take an active social leadership. She has kept her merry nature and simplicity just as she had as a girl. She was devoted to the cause of suffrage and an active worker in its behalf. I remember her very kindly from the occasion of the visit of the Collegiate Alumni Association, the question of the association's endorsing suffrage came up. Wellesley has lost, in Frances Warren Pershing, a loyal daughter, and the world has lost a young woman who constantly added to its happiness, its kindliness and its abiding worth.

SOPHIE C. HART.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In the first number for this year of the Magazine Supplement will appear an account of the Off-Campus Rally, by Professor Hart; the full report of the Graduate Council meetings in June; and, if possible, those reports from the Alumni Association committees for which space was lacking in the July Magazine.

ENGAGEMENTS.

'06. Anna L. Dickinson to Joseph B. Jameson, Jr., of Fitchburg, Mass.
'09. Marion Webster to Andrew Travers Ewell.
'12. Hazel Nutter to Charles Hargood Westcott of Providence, R. I.
'14. Lila Carr to Alex Benezek of New York City.

MARRIAGES.

'06. HAMILTON—NEAL. On June 21, 1915, at Newark, Ohio, Mary H. Neal to Arthur Hamilton.
'06. KAY—AMES. On June 28, 1915, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Alice C. Ames to Ernest Shrew Kay.
'06. PIERCE—SEGAR. On June 1, 1915, Helen Segar to Walter Smith Pierce, Amherst, 1907.
'06. PAGE—LLOYD. On September 2, 1915, in Portland, Me., Mary P. Page to E. Augustus Lloyd, Jr., of Bound Brook, N. J.
'07-08. VERNOR—FREEMAN. On September 16, 1914, Kate Freeman, Graduate Student, 1907-08, to Paul H. Vernon.
'08. LOOMES—MCGARRY. On September 21, 1915, Virginia McGrady to Robert H. Loomis.
'08. RAYN—RAWL. In September, Isabel Rawl to Lockwood Perry of Ashevillle, N. C.
'09. ATWOOD—PARK. On June 16, 1910, at Athens, Wyo., Lenna P. to Harrison Atwood.
'09. SUMNER—ROBINSON. On August 23, 1915, Margaret Wilcox Robinson to Edwin Roberts Summer of Mooreest, N. J.
'09. COLBURN—SPAHR. On June 15, 1915, in Columbus, O., Marie D. Spehar to Stanley Colburn.
The College Girl Will Find Our Apparels Worthy of Notice

New, chic styles are here in all the popular, dependable fabrics and priced very moderately, too.

GOWNS, SUITS, SWEATERS, HATS, COATS and WAISTES

Each section complete, caters to your trade and invites your inspection.

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BIRTHS.

'02. On June 25, 1915, a son, Thomas Lewis to Mrs. George E. Hallenbeck (Lydia Smedley).

'03. On July 21, 1915, a second son, Edmund Lukens, to Mrs. George B. Harvey (Evangelia Lukens).

On June 24, 1915, in Syracuse, N. Y., to Mrs. Edwin C. Witherly (Dorothy Hazard).

On June 28, 1915, in Pittsburg, Pa., to Martha Ann, Jr., to Mrs. Stuart L. Henderson (Gertrude Mevis).

On September 8, 1915, in Montclair, N. J., to Alexander Hovey, to Mrs. George A. Campbell (Caroline I. Sawyer).

On July 1, 1915, in Changhi, North China, a son, James Howell Jr., to Mrs. James Howell Pyke (Francis Taft).


On July 7, 1915, a daughter, Mary, to Mrs. Lynden E. Beale (Rhoda Maxon).

On July 2, 1915, a son, Robertson, to Mrs. Robert Little (Helen Robertson).

On May 15, 1915, a daughter, Ruth Kimball, to Mrs. Rocoe Sutte (Edith Hewett).

On July 21, 1915, in Pittsburgh, Pa., to son, James McCartney, to Mrs. Austin Lee George (Mary W. McCartney).

On August 6, 1915, a daughter, Emile Goulston, to Mrs. Carl Dreyfus (Sylvia Goulston).


DEATHS.

At Riverdale, N. H., on August 30, 1915, Mary A. Morse, from Frank E. Morse, teacher of vocal music, 1881-95.

At Indian Neck, Conn., Gay Stevens Callender, professor of Political Economy at Sheffield School, instructor in Science at Wellesley, 1895-96.

In Brockton, Mass., on September 3, 1915, Mrs. Emilia Whitman Washburn, 1877-80.

On June 17, 1915, Daniel S. Dawley, husband of Emily Murdock Dawley, 1885.

In Hartford, Conn., on September 18, 1915, Mrs. George Jarvis Means, mother of Ellen Goodrich Means, 1885.