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At the close of the lecture, Mr. Houseman gave a short reading from his own translation of Aristophanes, showing that in Greece, long ago, there was a recognition of the "moving spirit of womankind,"

CHILDF LABOR TALK.

Miss Josephine Eschenbrenner, Membership Secretary of the National Committee spoke on the child labor question, at Tau Zeta Epis- 

lone, House, on Friday afternoon at 4:15 P.M. From her own experiences as a child worker, and from later investigations, the speaker contrasted vividly our opportunity for health and advancement with those of young factory folk. When we realize the conditions under which thousands of children are working, we wonder that any repre- 

sentative dare vote against the Federal Child 

Law now before our Congress. Over one hundred and forty thousand North Carolina chi- 

dren are at work in factories which the law does not permit to be inspected; they are continually 

exposed to the one shift of work following the other, day and night. In Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama there are horrible oyster and shrimp 

canneries where children as young as seven may be found working twelve hours a day for a tiny 

pittance. The cotton mills still employ some twenty-six thousand children besides. In these the spin- 

ners work for fourteen to sixteen cents per day in an atmosphere that is kept stifling and 

lousy, since day and night they must keep the looms running. There are laws protecting birds, but none to pro- 

tect these American children.

The Child Labor Committee has been able to better conditions to some extent, in every state in the union, but state laws are not adequate or uniform. For a second time, a Federal Child Labor Law is now being considered by the central govern- 

ment. In spite of some opposition in the House, the bill was passed and is now before the Senate. If we are really anxious to suppress child labor, the best way to show our sympathy and interest is by writing to Senator Newlands of Nevada, chairman of the committee in charge of the bill, and also to our own Senators urging them to support the "Keating Child Labor Law."

Miss Eschenbrenner concluded with a plea for money to help further the work of this committee which was established in 1904. Membership dues are two dollars per year, but several may club together and share the expense, and by so doing, add this most worthy cause.

WHAT, HO! YE FUN-LOVERS!

Mr. Stephen Leacock is coming to Wellesley, April 14, to read from his own writings. Not only for those of us who know and enjoy Mr. Leacock's whimsical humor and irresistible nonsense, but for all who shamelessly revel in "triviality" and dare to consider "Alice in Wonderland" a greater

Wellesley College News

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VOL. XXIV.

WELLESLEY, MARCH 9, 1916.

TAU ZETA EPISTOL.

1916.

Jessie Averill
Miriam Isard
Florence Diehl
Irene Hogan
Mary L. Ferguson
Grace Keenan
Margaret Jones
ZETA ALPHA.
E. Louise Balman
Helen Gehris
Dorothy Strong
Margaret Brown
Helen Pryan
Gladys Hutchison
Ruth Whittcn
Ruth Cowan
Evelyn Wharton
Grace Nelson
TALK.

20.


3:30 P.M., Billings Hall. Dr. Southard's fourth lecture for Seniors.

2:30 P.M., Billings Hall, P.M., Secretary

Carlisle.

Society Program meetings.

TUESDAY, March 14.

3:30 P.M., Billings Hall. Re- 

cord by members of the Music Department.

2:30 P.M., Billings Hall. French Department 

Southard's fifth lecture.

Friday, March 17. 4:15 P.M., Billings Hall. Open 

Meeting of Intercollegiate Athletic Conference.

Saturday, March 18. Intercollegiate debate.

SOCIETY LISTS.

AGORA.

1916.

Frances A. Bean
Marian Lane
Florence Sherwood
Barbara French
Helen Stoeckel

ALPHA KAPPA Chi.

1916.

Dorothy Allen
Elizabeth Beattie
Carrie Bowbee
Marie Goler
Grace Nelson

PHI SIGMA.

1916.

Ruth Chivvis
Dorothy Cannell
Helen Haines
Allene Dorothy
Josephine Keene

SHAKESPEARE.

1916.

Margaret Bull
Miriam Dean
Mabel Hagemeyer
Madeline Hicks
Sarah Porter
Margaret Wright

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7:00 P.M., Vespers. Special music.

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Spanish Department lecture by Mr. Louis Baral.

TUESDAY, March 14.

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3:30 P.M., Billings Hall. French Department 

Kentucky.

18.

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Kentucky.

18.
UNIFYING A UNITY.

In a few days we shall have reached the second anniversary of the burning of College Hall. We may well take pride in thinking of the time in which our College, at the crisis, rose to grapple with difficulties which seemed too great to be surmounted. But let us not forget that the College Hall fire and the crisis which it created are by no means past history. The New Wellesley is still in the future and it is not clear whether the enthusiasm which led to such vigorous response to Wellesley's need two years ago, is on the wane now when this need—if less spectacular—is none the less great. Among other things, have we, in so short a time, lost the unity of the College which the fire gave us? From the number of times a day that we hear this “lack of unity” discussed, it would seem that we have. However, on the other hand, isn't it quite possible that a large part of this talk comes from habit rather than from an actual conviction that the College, or the class, or the dormitory, as the case may be, lacks oneness?

The feeling of unity—the sense of being part of a great whole, during the winter term, and it will be induced by artificial means. Doing things together—whether work or social activity—can never in itself unite a group of people, though it may be extremely valuable in discovering unity which already exists. The College is actually the most unified organization conceivable since it is a body of people of about the same age and the same status of society, enjoying the same pleasures and working for the same fundamental principles. Sometimes an event like the College Hall fire sweeps aside all the little differences in attitude and we see this unity of the College and realize that Wellesley women are all bound together by the same interests and the same devotion to their College. Then we go on our way, forgetting the vision we have seen, and a couple of years finds us spending our energies in trying to devise ways and means of “securing unity” in this body which is actually so closely unified. We who discuss this burning question in the night hours, are not the only ones to whom Wellesley means much. If we were only more ready to attribute to our neighbor some of the high and beautiful ideals of what Wellesley means that we hold ourselves, if we were to take it for granted that, at heart, each one feels the same love for Wellesley that we feel, it is quite possible that the problem of “unifying” the College would disappear. Perhaps we may be working needlessly hard to unify a unity.

OUR INTELLECTUAL SPORT.

Do you know that there is a new sport in our midst? Perhaps you would not recognize it for a sport at all, and if so, not as a new one. But though it is a game played by a pretty large segment of the Wellesley student body, and whether winter term, and it will be significant that men and women, the skilled of women in this pursuit, yet no college girl, with a proper appreciation of the meaning of higher education for women, was known to admit the possibility of men attaining or possessing a superior excellence. There are teams that compete with the same sort of preparation, as well as of character, and are successful in any同志们 in the game of the Intellectual Sport,—a very monastic-sounding name for something which is considered pre-eminently intellectual, but as the result of certain changes, the recent athletic interpretation has become quite apt. Ordinarily, it is referred to in another context— Doubtless our grandfathers would have chagrined us— we exclude grandmothers, for it wasn't the general custom for women to debate publicly in those days, to hear that forensic oratory had remained unshaken, but had also become "sportive." For while the change has been beneficial, how ever, for most of the unattractive features have been eliminated and improvements are constantly being devised. Whereas Edmund Burke was accustomed to speak for days at a time and his debating successors thought nothing of arguing for the most of the day or night, the time for presenting the issues of both sides has been limited to an hour and a half in all, or to two hours at the maximum. The chief point in this change has been the reduction of a short training period of six weeks has supplanted the extended period of several months. This that has been an improvement is evident by the increased spontaneity given to a rather formal set of discourses. Speaking publicly in the past the word may be used, but the chief point of any intellectual sport is that it is not-ness, it is employed in a conscious and easily comprehended form. To do this successfully requires initiative, constructive thinking and ability to master a vast amount of material. The value of this to the debater is unquestioned. Whether he or she remains at home to support the affirmative or go, on the negative, to rouse the opponents in their home territory. In this way opposing issues in order to combat them, and from this added knowledge comes a zest for a fair contest and a pride in accomplishment that converts a pedantic exercise into a vigorous game.

DR. ROSS ON "CHRISTIAN FUNDAMENTALS."

The annual series of addresses on Christian Fundamentals is given this year by Dr. G. A. John ston. Ross of Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Dr. Ross needs no elaborate introduction to Wellesley, and it is hoped that a special effort may be made by all members of the College to hear this series. The addresses will occur on Wednesday evenings, March 8 and 15, and Dr. Ross is to preach at Houghton Memorial Chapel on Sunday, March 19.

MISS OWEN AT ST. ANDREWS.

The leader of the Christian Association meeting at St. Andrew's Church, Wednesday, March 15, 7:15 p.m., is Miss Gertrude Owen Wellesley, 1906, now of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. In the recent Jubilee pageant in Boston, Miss Owen represented the Spirit of the Association. Her subject for her meeting here is "Non-imperialism in Peace Work. She is most enthusiastic about speaking at Wellesley. Let us suitably welcome her.

M. E. C.

"MY DEAR PATSY."

The following, an exact copy of a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to his daughter Patsy, in 1787, has been sent to us by an alumna. Its quaintness, and system of capitalization, especially, are of interest.

Paris, June 14, 1787.

I send you, my dear Patsy, the 15 letters you de sired. You propose this to me as an anticipation of five weeks allowance, but do you not see my dear that is to lay out in one moment what should accommodate you for five weeks? Is that a departure from that rule which I wish to see you governed by, that your whole life, of never buying anything which you have not a pocket to pay for? be assured that it gives much more pain to the mind to be in debt, than to do without any article whatever which we may want to. the purchase you have made is one of those I am always ready to make for you, because it is my wish to see you dressed always cleanly & a little more than decently, but apply to me first for the money before you make a purchase, were it only to avoid breaking thru your rule. learn yourself the habit of adhering vigorously to the rules you lay down for yourself. I will come for you about eleven o'clock on Saturday, hurry the making your gown, and also your refectory, you will go with me some day next week to make at the Marquis Fayette's; advise my dear daughter.

Your's affectionately

Th. Jefferson.

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FOUR SOCIAL SERVICE FELLOWSHIPS.

The New York School of Philanthropy, 105 East Twenty-second St., is offering four fellowships of six hundred dollars each to recent college graduates,—classes of 1916, 1917, 1918,—these fellowships to be awarded on the basis of an entrance examination paper and supplementary information. The points to be considered are: Promise of development; aptitude for social work; specific preparation for the course in the school; scholarships (i.e. information, examina- tion, etc.); and mental ability; (i.e. intellectual power and originality). A glance at the social service as a profession for college men and women at once reveals a great variety of very definite and highly-specialized activities, which roughly group themselves into two main divisions; first, the "casework" through which the worker attempts to bring an individual person or family into relations of normal, self-directed activity and harmony with his community; and second, the improvement of general conditions, including research, the education of public opinion, and the enforcement of social legislation, through which the worker tries to adapt the community to the needs of the individual. The student need not expect to find social work a "soft snap," but the salaries which it pays compare favorably with those of the teaching profession and the work is interesting and congenial and offers great opportunities for service. While the call for social workers is so insistent that it is not impossible to find positions without special preparation, a preliminary course in technical training is generally recognized as desirable, if not essential. The New York School of Philanthropy offers a two-year course open to college graduates which combines instruction with actual practice in existing organizations.

Applications for the entrance examinations for these scholarships should be filed not later than April 1, 1916. The examination takes place May 6, and awards will be announced by June 15.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT NOTES.

How the "True Loves" Got Their Name.

Scene: Baltimore College Settlement.

Dramatic Personae: Headworker of the Settlement.

Three neighborhood "terrors," clad in regulation pegtop trousers, eloquent yellow-red shoes, coats of enormous padded shoulders, and fierce forelocks over the left eye.

The Terrors: "Miss ——, all fellahs wants a club."

Miss —— (sternly): "You boys have been in every club in the settlement; and you've been put out of every one."

Terrors: "Yeh, but we—all us fellahs that's been kicked out wants our own club."

Miss ——: "That's not a bad idea. What sort of club do you want?"

Terrors: "A dancing club!"

Miss —— (with schedule book): "All right. How many are you? Have you any name?"

There are eleven of them, but not having anticipated the need of a name, the petitioners withdraw for a private consultation. After ten minutes' wrangling, they return in great solemnity.

Terrors: "Miss ——, we have a name."

Miss ——: "What?"

Terrors: "We're the True Loves!"

With great difficulty, and not a little tact, Miss —— conveys to them the wish that they would choose a less servile cognomen. A second consultation yields "The Honeyeaters."

"Oh, boys, that is worse than True Loves. Try just once more, and if I don't like this choice, you shall be the True Loves."

After a third and stormy session, the leader proposes that the eleven worst boys on Locust Point be known as "The Three White Violets."

That is how the Baltimore College Settlement came to be the home of the "True Loves."

TRIANGULAR DEBATE TEAMS.

Speakers:

Edith F. Jones, 1916.
Ruth Rand, 1916.
Amy C. Rothchild, 1916.
Sara E. Smell, 1916.
Charlotte Penfield, 1918.
Helen Merrill, 1919.

Alternates:

Marion Bassett, 1916.
Emily Alyn, 1917.
Emma Barrett, 1917.
Mildred Jones, 1917.
Marjorie Turner, 1917.
Ruth Aultman, 1918.

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HYGIENE LECTURE.

On Tuesday evening, February 29, Dr. Goldthwait Professor of Hygiene at Smith, gave a lecture in Billings Hall on the subject, "The Importance of Proper Habits of Toilet to Health." In an interesting manner he presented the theory of the slender type, that is, that to-day the slender type is the most prevalent build and at the same time the one most liable to poor posture and the diseases resulting from it. If children of the slender type are taught to hold themselves properly, many diseases will be eliminated and the general vitality of the race will be increased. Dr. Goldthwait suggested that we, as mothers and teachers will come in close contact with children, will have a golden opportunity to help with this work.

E. L., 1919.

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SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

Dr. Jonathan G. Day, of the Labor Temple of New York City, conducted the Sunday morning chapel service, March 5. Instead of preaching a formal sermon, Dr. Day pictured vividly the need of the people in industry, particularly the need of the foreigners, and of the girls for wise leadership, and intelligent Christian service. To the College girls he brought the greeting of the girls in industry, and to us he gave the challenge of their need for better working conditions, for better living conditions, for better recreation facilities.

Our enormous foreign population brings with it a challenge to the state and to the church, which neither has faced fairly. The state has provided no adequate protection for the foreigners, nor has it educated them in our customs and ideals. The church has not only ignored the problem, but has, until very recently, fied it. During the last half century, in which the population of New York City, between East Fourteenth street and the Bowery, has doubled, and during which it has also changed in character from English-speaking American to non-English-speaking alien of many tongues, one hundred and four churches have moved out. The Christian church did not accept the challenge of the necessity of these people.

Labor Temple represents an effort on the part of one church to establish some kind of contact with the six hundred thousand foreigners in this district below East Fourteenth Street. Its leaders are trying to make Labor Temple a center—a clearing-house for the discussion of social, religious and labor problems of the alien population of this district. They are making an attempt to get the point of view of the laborer, to see what he needs, and what he wants, and then to try to meet those needs, to fulfill those desires—and to straighten out misunderstandings.

For college girls there is a great opportunity to get in touch with their sisters in the industrial world, and through intelligent sympathy and loving service, to help them to gain what they need and long for,—like a fair chance in the field of industry, or a tiny chance for intellectual development. No other work is more needed, and for no other work is the spirit of the Christ-life more of an inspiration.

FOR BLIND CHILDREN.

Many of you who were at College, last year, doubtless remember of being conscientiously forced to wash the after box of poor and chemical polishing inns, in order that you were urged, about fifteen little girls, who are pupils at Perkins Institution for the blind might spend a happy, wholesome summer in a model camp, instead of being put into the impersonal hands of the State of Massachusetts and boarded about among absolute strangers. I think you very heartily for having eaten those peppers. It did a great deal for our camp fund. Fate decreed that the camp should not materialize last summer, but, if all goes well, it will open this June on the day when Perkins Institution closes. You were so generous in helping last year that I am going to venture to ask your all again in behalf of our children. We are in great need of middy-blouses, sweaters, bathing-suits, sheets and towels. In order that our expenses may be reduced to the minimum, I am trying to get as many of these articles as possible from my friends. If any of you small girls have cast-off middy-blouses, sweaters and bathing-suits, or if any of you know of children who have outgrown clothing of these kinds, you will be adding materially to the possibilities of our camp if you will have them sent to me at 233 West 15th street, New York City. N. Y. I am convinced that this little appeal is going to bring forth a ready and generous-spirited response, therefore, I am going to take the liberty of sending you a hearty expression of thanks in advance.

MARY G. Knap.

FACULTY RECITAL.

Mr. Clarence G. Hamilton, Pianist.
Mr. Albert T. Foster; Violinist.
Tuesday, February 29, 1916, at 4.30 P.M.
Programme.
Violin and Piano: Sonata in D, No. 3 Mozart
Allegro con spirito
Andante cantabile
Allegretto
Piano: Nocturne in E minor
Les fees sont d'exquises danses
Delibes
Eleventh Rhapsody
Liszt
Allegro moderato
Allegro scherzando
Andante amoroso
Allegro appassionato

STUDENT RECITAL.

Tuesday, March 7, 1916, at 4.30, P.M.
Programme.
Violin: Second Barcarolle
Godard
Piano: The Last Song
Miss Helen G. Root
Franz
Violin: Dreams
Korngold
Piano: Romance
Miss Anna E. Mertz
Swedens
Violin: Toccata in D Minor
Miss Katherine L. Hilton
Piano: From a German Garden
Miss E. Ling Tong, Sp.
Dowland
Piano: Two Songs
Miss Madeleine P. Kelly
Piano: Nocturne in E Major
Chopin
Toccata in D Minor
Leschetzky
Miss Mary E. Ferguson

FRESHMAN SOCIAL.

The little freshmen—and the big ones too—found much to enjoy in the class social given at the Barn last Saturday night by a committee consisting of Mary Louise Hoge (chairman), Mauve Bailey, Rose Phelps and Elizabeth King. The first number, as announced on large placards borne by two fetching little pages, was a thrilling motion picture crammed with Primeval Passions and a wild Indian. The Indian having been dramatically murdered by a noble husband and his trusty Indian. They fled from the scene of the stage for a song and cake. They were followed by the “Kindergarten Kids” who, though they had come straight from the pages of James Whittcomb Riley, had gathered sufficient information to make things interesting for certain members of the class. “The Wizard of the Age” were strange, unearthly creatures, mostly face and hair, who moved with great dignity, though with hardly as much grace as was displayed by two exponents of the modern Teispiochian art. The audience was also allowed to behold “one of the season’s most popular musical comedy stars;” (“The Gold Dust Twins;” and last, but not least, “Topo,” whose placard read simply, “Let her speak for herself.”

After cheering the “Cast,” partaking of refreshments and dancing, the freshmen paddled village-wards through the snow, well-pleased with their evening’s entertainment.

R. F., 1919.

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LATEST NEW YORK DESIGNS
PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

It has been suggested that a list of hymns suitable for all occasions be compiled to aid the leaders of the morning chapel service. We are very glad to comply with this suggestion and submit the following list which is guaranteed to meet any emergency:

I. For the first chapel service of the year:
   A. Our Father.
      From Greenland's icy mountains.
   B. 831. Verse 1.
      Who for our mother's arms
      Hath blessed us on our way.
   C. 587. Verse 1.
      There is a blessed home
      Beyond this land of woe,
      Where trials never come;
      Nor tears of sorrow flow.

II. For the day after the society assignments are known.
      Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice!
      Now rest my long-divided heart.
      Fixed on this blissful center, rest.

III. Before Christmas vacation.
   A. 838. Verse 1.
      On a way rejoicing,
      As we homeward move,
      Hearken to our praises.
   B. 795. Verse 1.
      O, Mother dear, Jerusalem!
      When shall I come to thee?
      When shall my sorrows have an end;
      Thy joys when shall I see?

IV. Any time during midyears.
   A. 869. Verses 1, 2 and 3.
      Work for the night is coming,
      Work through the morning hours;
      Work while the dew is sparkling;
      Rescue the precious, care for the dying,
      Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
      Weep o'er the erring one, left up the fallen.
      We share our mutual woe;
      Our mutual burdens bear;
      And often for each other flows
      The sympathizing tear.

V. After midyears.
   716. Verse 1.
      Come, ye thankful people, come,
      Raise the song of Harvest Home;
      All is safely gathered in.—

VI. Flask-slip day.
   809. Verses 1, 2 and 3.
      One sweetly solemn thought
      Comes to me o'er and o'er;
      Neer my home, to-day, am I
      Than ever I've been before.

VII. Credit-card day.
      Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
      Rejoice, ye in this way.
   B. 805. Verse 1.
      Let no tears to-day be shed.—
   C. 328. Verses 1 and 3.
      For, though at times our heart be
      All shadows from the truth will fall,
      And falsehood is in sight of thee.

VIII. Forenoon burning day.
   A. 768. Verse 1.
      Brightly gleams our banner,
      Pointing to the sky.—
   B. 696. Verse 1.
      Fling out the banner! let it float
      Skyward and sea-ward, high and wide.—

IX. For the benefit of the Seniors any day in the spring.
   735. Verses 2 and 3.
      A few more sons shall see
      O'er these dark hills of time,
      And we shall be where sons are not,
      A far serene elise;
      A few more struggles here,
      A few more partings o'er,
      A few more toils, a few more tears,
      And we shall weep no more.

DR. DAY'S QUESTION BOX.

In Billings Hall, Sunday afternoon, at 3.30 P.M.,
Dr. Day "answered questions" about Labor Temple.

In all its purpose and its activities. Its purpose he had
outlined in the morning service. Its activities are varied—Sunday services are held in five different
languages, Bible classes, Sunday-school and "movies" are conducted there on Sunday.

An open forum is also held in the auditorium each evening,
that is dominated by the world union,
for discussion of socialism and religion are discussed.

During the week, the building is used by various organizations,
raising and operating as a meeting place.

An employment office is open every morning.
In every sense the church is the center of the commun-
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Tea, 3 to 5. Home-made Bread, Cake, Pies, etc.
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CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE CLOSE OF JUBILEE WEEK.

The chapel was nearly filled on the evening of March 1, the fiftieth birthday of the Young Women's Christian Association, and the last day of the memorable Jubilee Week, when we were addressed by Miss Kyle Adams of the National Board, a young woman who has "learned to live from those who do not know how to live," in her active Christian work. In introducing her, Miss Torrence spoke of the great International Institute Building of the Association in New York, of Miss Grace Dodge, the inspiring founder of the Association, and of the proposed five hundred thousand dollar endowment fund, which shall help materialize Miss Dodge's vision of organized Christian work. At the close of the service, envelopes for offerings were distributed. The "Association Monthly," giving particulars concerning this fund and its purpose, are to be found in the house reading rooms.

Miss Adams' topic was "The Challenge of the Jubilee—the Call of Christ." After giving us flashlights glimpses of the "inside" of the Association, as a whole,—of its benefit to country, immigrant and city girls, for instance,—and of its training schools, industrial organizations, Eight-Weeks' Clubs,—Miss Adams suggested how the Christian Association fundamentally surpasses social service work.

"How petty your love beside that of Jesus Christ! What would the world be if you had but the faith you ought to have in God and in each other?—Does your face reflect a joyous spirit of service?—Are you fearless enough to reform dress, dancing, language?" Such were some of Miss Adams' probing questions. She threw some light on the deep meaning of such phrases as—"not to be ministered unto, but to minister," "that we might have life more abundantly,” "They looked unto Him and were helped." Her appeal was that we consecrate our lives to Him from "whom all life comes, and to whom all life goes."—G. C. D., 1917.

VESPERs—DR. BELLE ALLEN.

Dr. Belle Allen's address on Sunday evening at the vesper service, concerned itself with answering one question—Why is it that foreign missions deserve their missionaries when we have problems here at home crying to be relieved? To this end, Miss Allen described most vividly and horribly, the awful conditions in India, where she has been these last ten years and where she will return next fall in the interests of a woman's medical college at Vellore. The first obstacle in the way of really helping is the "labyrinthine mazes of the caste system." A woman must be approached either in sickness or in religious problems, by women physicians, for after a woman is married, she is allowed to see no man but her husband. The caste system is also responsible for a great many deaths among the women in deceiving that she must marry by the age of thirteen. Then all India is hemmed in by great mountain of ignorance and superstition. The religion will not allow one to take life, be it a mosquito or a hoe for releasing the spirit of an ancestor, and bringing a curse upon thee layer. For this reason, flies, snakes, tigers and lions abound. They even go so far as to put mosquito netting around a lantern, to protect the moth from the flame. So superstition has grown up around the daily life of the people, making a wall almost impervious to outside Christian influence. Therefore, reorganization is the line which the missionaries must take. The caste system must be remodeled and superstition taken away, before any decent can be made. The first need is the medical need. Those who protect the life of the animal so carefully take not one thought for the care of their own lives. If a disease comes, it is the will of God, and must not be cared. They know nothing of sanitation of the simplest kind. There are two hundred million women and children in India and only six hundred and forty women physicians to tend them. Dr. Scudder of Vellore sends a most urgent plea for money and workers.

PLYMOUTH THEATER.

"Heart o'th'Heather," in which George MacFarlane is the stellar player, begins its second week at the Plymouth Theater, Boston, next Monday. Not in years has there burst upon the attention of players such a brilliant player of sterling ability, whose voice is recognized as the best of many baritones. The matinees at this theater are given on Tuesdays and Saturdays.—Adv.

PARK SQUARE THEATER.

Next week will be the last of "Rolling Stones" at the Park Square Theater, Boston. Its action is swift, its comedy unforced and its characters are real. The matinees are Wednesdays and Saturdays, and the management assures all out-of-town patrons that mail orders will be carefully filled.—Adv.

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ENGAGEMENTS.


BIRTHS.

12. On February 13, in the Lawrence Hospital, Roxbury, N. Y., a daughter, Patricia Drake, to Mrs. Lewis Patrick Greene (Marjorie Sherman).


DEATHS.

At Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., on February 9, Edgar D. Cooley, M.D., father of Mary Cooley Gaylord, 1900.


On August 12, 1915, Lewis Firmant Church, head of the FDR, Brick, 1871.

Suddenly on February 29, in Scranton, Pa., Dr. E. G. Roso, father of Henriette Roso, 1916.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.


Margaret Harris to 1 College Ave., Amherst, Mass.

NEWS NOTES.

87. Mrs. A. J. George (Alice Van) addressed the Special Aid Society for American Preparedness at its headquarters, 601 Boylston St., Boston, on February 25.

88. An extremely interesting biography of Theodore Roosevelt, husband of Hannah Lee Hume Lee, 1900, has recently been published under the title "Was it Worth While?" It is a composite production, different phases and periods of his life being portrayed by his father, classmates, fellow missionaries, etc. Mrs. Lee, with rare self-restraint and power, delineates his devotional life and the sources of his faith and power.

89. Alice Hazelton resumed her High School work in New York City the first of February. She is now teaching in the Morris High School.

90. Elizabeth Bass has issued an attractive illustrated booklet description of Camp Koewatha, at Walton, N. Y., which was so successfully directed by her last summer. The book, and information regarding the camp, may be obtained from Irving G. MacColl, Hotel McAlpine, New York.

91. Helen L. White is teaching in the South Side High School, Newark, N. J., and living with her sister at 420 West 116th St., New York.

92. Helen Eustis Edwards will be in Bahia, Brazil, until June. After that, she hopes to go to Sao Paulo, the exact address to be given later.


A LETTER FROM BRITTANY.

From Edith May, 1917, who went to France a short time ago to work for the French Wounded Emergency Fund, the following letter has been received:

The letter is printed as nearly in full as possible.

A Small Town, Brittany, February 9, 1916.

At last, after six months of preparation and waiting, my work has begun. I have been working hard for ten days, and I can assure you that I have learned a great deal. It is enough to make me feel as if it had been a year. I am going to undertake rather than overstake something of it all, for I do not wish to seem to draw the best out of my imagination. I have visited several hospitals so far, without much play. I might tell you the need, and their replies have been an almost embarrassing gratitude.

Far up on the hill is the school, kept before the war as a grammar school. It is the capital of the little town and has a population of a few hundred. There are many other hospitals in the town, one in a convent of the "socors," one in part of the girls' school, one in the boys'.

When we arrive, we find out where the hospitals are, and arriving myself with my Red Cross certificate, and my authorization from the Minister of War, I ask most courteously (and the first few times with a loudly beating heart), for "Monseur le Medecin-Chef." "Everywhere are soldiers-patients, nurses, surgeons." Sometimes, if the Medecin Chef arrives, sometimes in long white apron.

I make a little speech, showing that I am delegated to offer any help that may be urgently needed, in the way of clothing, bandages, surgical instruments, simple surgical apparatus and bedding, in the name of the French Wounded Emergency Fund of London and America. I wish you could see the touching expression of gratitude that this calls forth. It makes only the most advanced to me. It is that one is going to be able to give so little in each place, where so much is needed, and it makes one long to put before you in America, the pressing need and the herculean task.

The Medecin-Chef begins by showing the hospital—the wards, the operating room (if there is one), the language (where all linen and clothing are kept), the mess-room, etc., and at last we go to his bureau. He has begun, perhaps, by saying that at last they could have a sterilizing machine; that their bandages and instruments had hitherto all been sterilized at a pharmacy two miles away; or that they might have a rolling table, it was so hard to nurse a man be stretcher after a surgical operation; or that now they might have pillows for the men with head and face wounds; or enough blankets for those who felt the cold most; or bedrolls for the wounded, who so often get no enough rubber or cotton gauze in France, etc. He seems like a school boy about to have a holiday.

And then you say that you regret very much, but that you have almost three hundred hospitals on your list, and that there are many more besides, and that you must give only a little in one place so as to make it go around. And the poor man's face falls, but he says he understands perfectly, he has no instruments (alas! alas!) and that he must think of the others, but that he will send his little list down to your hotel, if he may, hoping that those things may be granted his pauvres gens. And when the list comes, it is small,—only socks, felt slippers, some napkins (and yes). Do you know it is sickening to raise their hopes in this way and to be able to do so very little. I confess I have wondered what I had that I could convert into money, to give to them. But after all, the list is accompanied by a charming little note, thanking us for our kind thoughts and attention, and expressing gratitude in "anticipation."

And now I will tell you of some of the things I have seen this week. Of course one cannot expect in these hospitals, practically all temporary and improvised from any large or small unoccupied building, the cheeriness, the comfort, or the convenience of any hospital in America. You find dark and overcrowded rooms, heterogeneous bed-
pills, blankets, mattresses. This was the worst we
have seen thus far, though another in another
same village ran a closer second. But the soldiers
who were standing in the mud outside, talking
with the chauffeur, said they were very happy,
that they had good things to eat, and there were
"jolie promenades" in the neighborhood.
Apropos of this wonderful patience, gaiety and
power of making the best of it, with which we have
been struck from the first in every wounded and
crippled man with whom we have talked, I will
tell you of just one wounded woman (the first of the sort in
which I had ever been), where every man in the
room had some sort of amputation, and the
room held forty. (I have been in many since.)
She had been amputated the day before and
was pale and silent. I think I had known that I
was about to be led into such a room I should have
hated, both for their sake and mine. But not
knowing, I went in and hardly realizing the sense
of what I was being told, found myself looking into
the hand of a man who held out towards me, at
the surgeon's suggestion, fifteen or twenty pieces of
shell, nail, bone, which had been taken out of his
leg the day before. He was proud as a boy with a
handful of new marbles. A little farther along we
came to a mere boy standing at the foot of his bed,
leaning on crutches, for one leg was gone. We talked
with him. He had won the "Medaille Militaire
for bravery and was wearing it on his arm.
"They have to give us some help," the
sister said. "Perhaps the ladies will send me a
leg some day," said the boy, laughing, "but I
hope it will not be as grievous as the one I had for it was
not fast enough to save me from the stubs of the
boches. They say that over there in America they are very quick," and he was
delighted with his own little joke and utterly
regardless of its ghastly condition. Sometimes he had so
as if he were trying to save my feelings, for by this
time my eyes were swimming.
And the surgeon said to me, "Ah, Madame, that
light-hearted gaiety for which we, as a nation,
have so often been reproached, has stood us in
good stead in these horrible times. It has brought
many a man up from the brink of the grave."
Well, now I have shown you every side of our
experience of that is this. When you come
home tired and unstrung at the end of the
day, the discouragement that faces us at the little,
little we can do is beyond any words I can use to
express. And this is why I am writing this at such
length and at midnight for I have not any other
time, what with reports, lists, letters to head-
quarters, etc., to beg you to put this before our
friends everywhere, before the churches, and even
the newspapers, if possible, and let the great and
growing—ever growing, as France grows poorer—
need of the suffering and wounded be known, of
whom I have seen so few and yet already know so
much. Surely some of those who hear this, in
re-membrance of their own happy sons and nephews,
will send us some money, or will themselves spend
some money for the surgical apparatus we need.
Clothing is needed,—especially socks, and woollen
things, pillows, gauze and cotton,—but above all
else in the need of surgical appliances, large and
small. What, eighteen months ago, was of service,
is now, after constant use, worn or wearing out.
This is a war of terrible wounds, and unless the man
has the right treatment on the operating table,
all the rest is useless.
To every one who sends me any sum for the
French Wounded Emergency Fund, 34 Loundes Sq.,
London, or care Madame Charcot Hendry, 11 Rue de la Tour des Dames, Paris, I will
write and tell how the money is spent. And my thanks
will go out with the thanks, heartful I know, of those
whom they will have helped back to health.
Money can always be sent directly to either of
the above addresses, preferably to London, where
the purchases are made. Gifts will be taken free
of charge by the Leyland Line of Boston to London,
if marked for the French Wounded Emergency
Fund with its address in London. If goods go
to New York, the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique
will take them to Bordeaux free. But it is
perhaps simpler to mark them for Mme. Charcot
Hendry, French Wounded Emergency Fund,
Paris, Care American Clearing House, 150 Bank
St., New York City.
If people ask what you can knit, say "socks." Everywhere we are asked for them,—large size,
because they shrink. Slippers made of heavy
fused wool together with heavy linen thread,
and with an inner sole put in, can be made very
quickly (I have cut out and made any number),
and serve the soldiers to walk in, both in the hospi-
tals and out, on clear days.
I am spending little sums of money given me to
make easier the sufferings of certain poor fellows
I see. None of them could hope to get well, I
learned from the surgeons,—though each thought
he could. One had contracted tuberculosis in
a German prison where he had been for eleven months,
and was finally exchanged as indisposable. He
could eat oranges, and I sent him some. Another
had been shot in the lungs; a third in the spine,
and had a wound as large as the palms of four hands.
This last had had five operations and would die under
the next. But he talked calmly and gently, and
smiled, and when I said, "You are very patient,"
he said simply, "I'll be fast." To these two
I sent a fine wine. Another had had both legs
amputated. He had been, before the war, a
cattle merchant. He was sitting up happily in his bed,
making his wife a bag out of macramé cord.
And it was beautifully made, those great fingers
knotting the little threads with the carelessness of
a girl. I said, "Je vous félicite," and he smiled
so proudly. But he said the cord was very fine,
and he couldn't get any other. So I bought some
in the first city and sent it to him. You'll be glad
to know he will get well. These little things make
them happy, and they love our visits (contrary to
my expectations), and it certainly comforts us a
little bit to do it. For I can assure you we suffer.
If anyone thinks this a pleasant jaunt by auto-
mobile that we are making, he may come and try
it. Put aside the long, cold rides in bleak weather,
the getting wet through and finding no heat any-
where, the getting the food one can and being
thankful, the climbing up and down in one vast
building after another, and the continual talking
in a language not your own,—all that is fattiging,
but part of the work and what I expected. One can
well suffer a few discomforts for those who have
suffered so much, and one wants to. But the real
suffering is mental and moral,—the sights we see,
the pitiful stories we hear, the things we cannot
help to know,—that is what wears one out, and that
is an added burden every day.

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WELLESLEY CLUBS.

The meeting of the Boston Club postponed from January 8, for all the New England clubs, will be
held at the Hotel Vendome, Saturday, March 11, at 2 P.M. DeWitt Wallace will speak on "The
Academic Side of Life at Wellesley" and Mr. Day, the supervising architect of the new Wellesley,
will give an illustrated talk on the plans for the new buildings.

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