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Wellesley College

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Wellesley College News

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VOL. XXIV
FRAMINGHAM AND WELLESLEY, MASS., DECEMBER 7, 1916
No. 10

COLLEGE CALENDAR.
Thursday, December 7. 7:30 P. M. Miss Alice Stone Blackwell will read from her translation of South American Literature. Place to be announced.
Sunday, December 10. Houghton Memorial Chapel. 11:00 A. M. Dr. O. P. Gifford of Brookline.
7:30 P. M. Musical Vespers.

Tuesday, December 12. 4:35 P. M. Billings Hall. Lecture on Brass Musical Instruments by Professor MacDougall.
7:45 P. M. Billings Hall. Lecture on Birds by Mr. Bird.
Wednesday, December 13. 7:15 P. M. Billings Hall. Christian Association Meeting. Speaker, Rev. Abraham Ribhan. Subject, Our Shepherd and our Father.
Thursday, December 14. 7:15 P. M. St. Andrew's Church. Speaker, Mary Elia Clark. Subject, What does thou see?
Christian Association Meetings.
6:15 P. M. Billings Hall. Concert by Miss Montgomery, vocalist, and Miss Broodbank, accompanist, of the Department of Music.
Friday, December 15. Department Clubs Meet.

READING BY SIR RAMDRANATH TAGORE.
A wonderful experience for those who heard him was the reading by Tagore, Friday night, December 1. Dressed in his native robe, brown, loose and flowing, and with his long gray hair and beard, Tagore looked the prophet and the seer.
Before reading some songs from the "Gitanjali," he explained how he had written them; while at a school for boys in Bengal, he had made the songs and set them to tunes. Later, during a time of nervous breakdown, he occupied his time in translating them into English. When he went to England he took with him in manuscript with him, and showed it to some English friends; it was Mr. Yeats who persuaded him to let the Indian Society of England publish the poems. This was Tagore's first attempt in the English language; the appreciation of the poems, he said, was far beyond his expectation. He told of his pleasure in writing in English; and how the English poems were more like reincarnations than translations.
After the selections from the "Gitanjali," the poet read a couple of war songs which had been published in the London Times shortly after the outbreak of the war. He explained that in reality they had been written a fortnight before war was declared, when he was in the hills of the north of India, where he could get no news, but felt great anguish of soul.
The war songs were followed by a number of child poems from "The Crescent Moon." These were delighted in themselves, and the pleasure in them was made doubly great by the poet's interpretation, and by his unconscious gestures. He then read a short story: the tale of a friendship between a child and a peddler of fruits. The story was a touching one, and the poet's reading of it was so full of the contrition that prose could be as musical as poetry.
The story was to have marked the end of the evening, but at the request of President Pendleton, he read several more of the child songs.

THE POET'S SONG.
The poet's voice was high-pitched and flexible, very expressive, ranging easily from highball to the deepest tones of the war songs. The great poet sat motionless throughout the evening, except for the unrestrained gestures accompanying the songs from the "Gitanjali Moon"; only for the last few poems did he stand, claiming, as he had said, "A Hindu poets privilege" to sit and read to his audience.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.
The Chapel was filled in a very few minutes Sunday afternoon, December 3, when the entire college, those who had already had the privilege of hearing him, and those to whom this had been denied, eagerly hastened to hear Tagore.
Before beginning to read his poems, he told us of the mendicant singers of India, who go from village to village singing religious songs, and whose memories are preserved among the people not by statues or life histories, but by the annual celebration of their birth. And this tribute of the people,—the acknowledgment that the thought of the poet has made a personal touch upon a heart, is dearer to the poet than the praise of finished critics.
Undoubtedly, however, was the type of tribute paid by all of us Sunday afternoon to the beautiful poems and to their author.

In the evening Tagore read at Zeta Alpha House to some twenty students. The gathering was more informal, but the interest in the poet was just as great. It is seldom that we have such an opportunity as has been afforded us through this visit of one of the greatest present-day poets. We sincerely appreciate the generosity of Mr. Tagore in reading to us not once but three times.

A SEVERE ARRANGEMENT.
(From The Churchman)
It is entirely fitting that our Thanksgiving Proclamations this year were not aggressively buoyant . . . There is a skeleton in the closet of our prosperity; we cannot help seeing it when the door is ajar. The total profits made out of the war are conservatively reckoned to be $3,400,000,000; our total war charity amounts to $36,000,000. America has given $12,000,000 for the relief of Belgium. England and France have sent to this country $289,000,000 to buy food and clothes for Belgium; out of this charity fund contributed by these war stricken nations, America has made a profit of over $47,000,000. Out of Belgium's necessity, therefore, we have made a graft; four times what we have contributed to her need. . . .
We have given $207,000 to Serbia. France gave twice as much and England gave $8,000,000; yet our total war profits are reckoned to be $2,400,000,000. Christians should do well to refrain from lousing up their hats over this kind of prosperity. It may not be our fault that we are fattening while the rest of the world starves; it is God's blessing and his provision for us to ponder.
The tragic aspect of our situation is that we are not being chastened by sacrifice and that we have not been swept off our feet by a mighty compassionating feeling. Some of us have hungered and "bad nerves" over it, but most of us have not given bountifully of our substance. . . .
Europe will come forth from this war physically weak and deformed; but who shall say that America's deformation may not be more disfiguring?
We are reminded of that thrilling word of Nietzsche: "This is the smallest thing to me since I have been among men that one man looks on eye, another an ear, another a leg or an arm, I have seen men of whom every thing was lacking except that one thing: they had too much—men who were all eye or all ear or all belly."

AN APPEAL.
It is high time we bestowed ourselves and examined our hearts to find whether there is not a message for us in such arrangements as the above. Is college a place of absolute selfishness? When one considers the half-heartedness of our giving it would seem so. Our gifts are meagre, our generosity never touched with sacrifice. Our sympathies are half warm.
If there were not a certain obtuseness in our sensitivities it seems incredible that we should be contented in giving so much to the things which are purely selfish luxuries. To take a concrete and particular example doesn't the money spent on flowers here betoken a lack of fine feeling on our part?
The custom of giving flowers on every conceivable occasion from society initiations to class elections has been on the increase of late. The habit has become stereotyped, a burden rather than a spontaneous impulse—and yet we continue it. Under any circumstances it is an unwise custom, at the present time, it is a wanton extravagance.
We say we cannot afford to give toward War Relief. Here is one definite way that we can make ourselves able to afford it. Here is one way in which we can show that we are not selfish children who see only the duty of conforming to traditions because they are traditions, but women able to hear the larger call to the great duty of sympathy.
On December 15, the Heads of Organizations will hold a meeting at which this question will be discussed. But the actual forming of public opinion must come through individual effort. Is the giving of flowers the only way you have of showing your friend your appreciation of her success, your congratulations and good wishes?
Would you think this over—and help?

HARRIET JESSUP HAND, '86.

Harriet Jessup Hand, a loyal friend, a devoted unsullied daughter, a great and noble woman, who faced with high courage and unfaltering purpose a life of struggle. Never strong physically, she suffered for years as a result of overwork at the organ, and at the last her system, weakened by the long strain upon it succumbed. Cheerful, helpful and buoyant, she was a power in the community, in the church and in the family. Her house, her intellect and her conscience were always in order, and when the summons came she could step forth without hesitation saying "Master, here am I."
One thinks of Hattie as of some fine and delicate Greek vase. Her pure and beautiful spirit shone through the flesh, transfiguring it with a light which no earthly age can herald or equalize, and which was abs in her life and in her death we shall not forget her.

ANNA BROADWELL DAWSON, S.R.N.
LEONE PAXTON.
AN ATTRACTIVE APPEAL FOR HELP.

At a time when we are being asked to give and are desiring to give to so many good causes, the appeal of the National Allied Relief Bazaar to open at Mechanics Hall on December 9, inviting us to the Bazaar to use our elbows and shop for others, is particularly attractive. We are all at this season hunting for Christmas gifts which are unique and at the same time inexpensive. There could be no better place to shop now than at the Trinket Booth, the Junk Shop, and the various national and state booths of the Bazaar, where the greatest variety of articles ranging in value from five cents to one dollar, we are told, are to be had. In this lovely place, for our own enlightenment we cannot afford to miss the opportunity to see the display of real British terrors, of barbed wire entanglements, of aeroplanes and of the great British "tank" making its excursions across the trenches. Moreover the expenditure of money for our pure enjoyment, which elsewhere in the light of the world's great suffering seems so selfish, is quite justified. It is the Bazaar which even the actors and actresses are gladly giving their services that all the proceeds may go for the relief of war sufferers.

The magnificence and splendor of the Bazaar, its varied forms of entertainment, its shopping facilities at the Christmas season are great appeals to the New England public, but a still greater appeal comes through the opportunity which the Bazaar offers to us to come to the aid of suffering others, and to send relief in greater measure than ever before to the sufferers abroad not as Allies, but as human beings.

BARN FIRE DRILLS.

For some time now, Miss Davis and others acquainted with conditions in the various college buildings have felt the necessity of extending the Wellesley Fire Drill system to include the Barn. There is no building on campus which would burn more rapidly if a fire should once get started in it. And there is no building where a panic could more easily occur. The time honored custom of having the seats forward parks in the audience in such a way as to make speedy exit almost impossible unless all co-operate and there is perfect order. It can be done; but practice is absolutely necessary. Therefore from now on the Drill in the Barn will be exercises of frequent occurrence. We must recognize the need for these drills; we must study the directions given and, when the drills occur, we must take care to perform the manner exactly as we have been directed. The directions to be followed are printed on another page of this paper.

FREE PRESS.

I. THE UNLADY GIANT.

Although, at times, alumnae, in expressing their opinions on matters of general discussion and interest at Wellesley, do so unevenly in view of their lack of knowledge of existing conditions, when their point of view is solicited on a question so vital to students and alumnae alike as that of the Scholarships, I feel that, if they have an opinion, that they should try to help the situation by expressing it.

In writing this Free Press, I speak as one who knew the "old system," first as a non-society girl, then as a society member, who witnessed the change to the present plan, and who has since enjoyed her visits to her society home and the exceeding good fellowship displayed there, without knowing much of the actual "society situation."

A comparison of the present system with the former one would necessitate too long an article. Suffice it to say that the greatest advantages of the present system lie in the fact that it helps us to enjoy the friendships and appreciate the inherent worth of girls who under the former system would never have become society members, and that it recognises other qualities than the ability to make friends; its greatest danger in its demanding of a greater loyalty to the organization when she prefers to pledge her loyalty to another. The community of ideals that should exist in a society is endangered by this method, and the initiation of half-hearted members is a travesty of the initiation service and, most important, unfair to the initiate.

The question arises: Should societies be abolished? I think not. The question is not whether societies are, or are not, ideal institutions, but whether they are beneficial to the existing college life. Wellesley is not Eutopia, nor is the world for which students are preparing. Many of the laws under which we live are not ideal; but they are advantageous. Student Government is not an ideal institution; but, considering our present degree of civilization and standards, we cherish it. Is it not so with societies? They (1) promote useful social work, (2) maintain good order, (5) give the help that the common bond between a few congenial spirits affords to the following and attaining of ideals.

What would there be of the present societies? Not an absence of societies but a crop of new, unrecognized ones which for their very secrecy and purely social character would leave as many "hurt feelings," and less good to balance them. Then here I should like to make a plea for more stoicism. Why these "hurt feelings." I know from experience that it is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be left by one's friends as they go "to the House" on Wednesday evening; but worse than their going is the manner of their going, a sort of symphathetic, apologetic departure, if possible immediate, showing an attitude which is quite uncooled-for. Perhaps if our feelings are so easily hurt, life will go hard with us in the "wide, wide world." However, I think that this matter is never even touched; and the return of some non-society girl so selfish as to wish to deprive her friends of the pleasure of society membership because it was denied her.

Then again, why all this cry of unequity and lack of democracy? What kind of equality and democracy do we want? We want, the world over, an equality of opportunity, never an equality of attainment, until all humanity has attained perfection. All girls entering Wellesley enter on the same level, qualit. The question of their admission to societies that recognize scholarships and public service depends upon their attainments, as will their usefulness and success in after life; and certainly a recognition of those attainments given hand in hand with the opportunity for further attainments is an advantage to those who gain it, and its withdrawal will not bring more benefit to those who fail to attain.

In closing, I would make a plea for calm consideration of this question. Is it the system that makes the difficulty, or human nature with its selfishness, its pride, its inconsiderateness, which will bring "rubbing" into the social life, and petty politics into the official life of the college, to the destruction of any system. None of the plans thus far suggested will conserve to the society the three fields of usefulness so well as does the present plan. Be sure, if a change is made that it is for the ultimate good of all concerned, and that it is not an attempt to embody some impractical idea of so-called democracy.

ANNA SEBUS, 1911.

II. AN EXPLANATION,—OF WHAT?

The explanation from the Student Members of the College Lecture Course Committee, in the last issue of the News was anything but satisfactory to the "freely disappointed." If the conflagration which was made in every dormitory had included every corridor and every room, which it did not, the number of students without the desired tickets would surely have exceeded the "400" mark. A group of even 300 students, one-fifth of the entire student-body, was not to be disregarded,—especially when it would have doubled the number of students who really were able to secure tickets, which was limited to three hundred.

One of Wellesley's foundation principles is democracy which means equal opportunity for every member. "First come, first served" was not a good precept in this case, first, because academic appointments made it impossible for some girls to be present when the sale of tickets began; and secondly, because even if all could have been present at the same time, some would have been unreasonably excluded by the exhaustion of the tickets. Moreover, over 30% of the tickets sold were reserved for the faculty, for they received about 150 as against the 300 allotted to the students. Of course, we wish the faculty to have the first and best of everything, but in this case the proportions seemed rather unbalanced. We are all proud to think that the standards of Wellesley college equal her to a leading position among women's colleges, and we, therefore, feel it a pity.

Capital $50,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits (earned) $7,500

THE WELLESLEY NATIONAL BANK

The Wellesley National Bank in its several Departments has aimed to meet every banking need of the Wellesley College faculty and students.

We allow a rate of interest which is based on the length of time you leave the money with us.

We issue Casheh Checks without charge to all depositors. Financial matters willingly discussed and promptly attended to.
in a place where these women have meant so much this is all wrong. We should at least know the names as well as their face. For our own Wellesley presidents! It would take little time or money to supply brass or copper plates inscribed with the name and years of service, similar to the one beneath Mrs. Dunn's picture. And it would not be worth while information for both visitors and students alike?

M. B., '19.

IV.

Staying Up Late.

The problem of getting our lessons prepared without staying up unreasonably late at night is one of the pet themes of the upper classmen. They have come to have solved it. They tell us that they would not think of staying up until one or two o'clock in the morning, three times a week. They laugh at us, scold us, and tell us we must not stay up, but they offer us no way out of the difficulty.

The opinion of the upper classmen seems to be that we waste our time throughout the day, do not keep quiet hours, and altogether too much. This is absolutely true in many cases. Freshmen try to study and entertain visitors at the same time; they laugh and shout without regard for their neighbors; and they waste time in conversation that might be spent in study.

But what is to be said of the girls who do none of these things? There are many who live in quiet houses, visit very little, do not waste their time, and are expected to stay up late at night. They are not all girls who do not know how to study, but girls who are doing well in classes, and getting the high marks that they ought to get.

Many upper classmen tell us that we should study when we come back from classes in the afternoon until dinner time. A reasonable amount of study before dinner is possible, but we cannot fill our day only with eating, sleeping and studying. There must be some time when we can temporarily forget our studies and actually waste a little time. Why should that time not be when we must need it, after the day's classes are over? The gym periods are no recreation, neither are the hurried walks to and from campus. When they are over, we are not fresh to begin work again.

We are told we should make more use of the library, particularly in the evening. In the day time, when we are on campus for classes, we like to use the library; but in the evening, when we are down in the village, more time and energy are used up in going to and from the library than in studying in our rooms, even while noise is going on around us.

Our instructors require two hours preparation for each class. There are often not enough hours in the day to give the two hours to each subject unless we stay up at night. We know that Seniors have fewer recitations than Juniors and Sophomores. We have heard that Seniors do not stay up late as Juniors and Sophomores. Have not these facts some connection? Might we not infer that Freshmen, who have most recitations, do not stay up late? Laying aside the difficulties of noise, visiting, and wasting time, which do not apply to so many girls, perhaps the reason for our staying up late is that we have not yet learned to fit our studies to our time, perhaps because the character of the work is new to us, perhaps because we have actually more to do than the upper classmen, while our living off campus wastes our time for us.

Cannot the upper classmen tell us the real reasons for our staying up, how they manage to do it, and why we are not so successful? Can they give us some truly practical suggestions?

K. 1930

COLLEGE NOTES.

It is of interest to know in connection with the recent gift of Mrs. Shaw for instruction in Constitutional Government, that a recent study of the courses in Government in 121 colleges and universities shows Wellesley ranking number seven in attendance and hours devoted to the course. The one only shows higher registration are Columbia, Harvard, Technology, California, Illinois and Wisconsin. Those having the same registration are Dartmouth, Kenyon and New York University. In all of the larger institutions this course is either required or specified as an alternative choice for a degree.

The accepted list for indoor baseball has been posted. Practice began Saturday, December 2.

Don't forget that Musical Vespers, December 10, is to be conducted by the Freshmen choir. It promises to be a great treat.

A meeting of the Association of Magazines of the Northern women's college was held at Barnard college during the Thanksgiving recess. Grace Ballard, Editor of the Wellesley College Magazine, was our representative.

The Association aims to discuss problems of policy connected with college magazines and through co-operation with other one to settle these problems in the most satisfaction wise.

Fire Fund pledges are due before January 1, 1917—that means, really, before Christmas Vacation. It's not so easy to be enthusiastic about paying these pledges now as it was just after the fire, but let's recognize our duty and be prompt in payment.

This week's lecturer to the Psychology classes was Miss Grace Kent, formerly of the King's Park Hospital for the insane. She spoke on a graded series of Intelligence Tests not required in the use of words.
THE JUNIOR-FRESHMAN SOCIAL.

True democracy and great brilliancy were the keysnotes of the Country Fair held in the Barn last Saturday night. Society girls in evening gowns danced with farmers, while youths in drab suits proudly promenaded with old maids, country girls, or Turkish lilies from across the sea. Surely no one would have recognized the elderly ladies who were the Freshmen in these various attires had she not known that the Junior-Freshman Social was on hand. The fun started when Whits Poultry Show was exhibited. The Hygiene Committee was greatly appreciated, and so were the White Ducks for whom, it was suggested, we might build a swimming pool. Crofton then convinced the audience of the good effects on "Nébro's Harpeocks," and after that Noonett fascinated all with a snake charmer and an animal race that ended in a tie. The prize-winner, the pantomime given by Loreswell and Elms, followed, and everyone was moved to tears (of laughter, we fear), by the harrowing experience of the heroine. Next came the Elliot Bood, whose distinguished members performed remarkably on cues, Tennis racquets, book racks, and other miscellaneous inventions. The combination crowd then proved conclusively that "grinols" are not to the liking of the masculine mind. The Juniors distinguished themselves by their clever imitation of some of our national friends. Mr. Fettie and Dr. Howe delighted the audience with their extraordinary powers of intelligence. An old maid's sewing circle was then excellently impersonated by the Bietsie and Leighton House followed with startling circus stunts requiring much skill. Abbott Street gave a balloon ascension and Mrs. Stone's girls contributed a minstrel show as a closing number. An elimination dance followed and after that refreshments consisting of cider, apples, and doughnuts were served. The party broke up after the Juniors and Freshmen had given their respective cheers.

E. S., 1909.

WHAT FRENCH LITERATURE OWES TO SPAIN.

On Tuesday evening, November 29th, at 7:45 P. M. in Billings Hall, Miss Zacharie de Barral spoke to the students of Spanish and French on "What French Literature Owes to Spain." Although Tuesday evening was the night before a vacation, we all forgot completely such worries as unparked suit-cases and late trains, and enjoyed thoroughly her charmingly intimate lecture. Mme. de Barral's purpose was, perhaps, two-fold. Not only did she aim to show the influence of Spain upon French literature, but also to acquaint us with that land of beautiful women and licentious grapes—Spain. The main points of her lecture were that Spain, due to her history and isolation, developed strong racial characteristics. Then by the inter-marriage of French princes with Spanish princesses, it became very fashionable to know Spanish, at the court of France. Cornelle, the father of the French Theatre, looked to Spain for his inspiration. He loved the heroes, the struggle between the passions, and the strong sensations, in which the Spanish theatre abounded. Next, the qualities of the Spanish theatre were taken up. It was shown to us that it was essentially religious and monarchical. The themes which characterized its dramas were honor, gallantry, galley, and the absolute purity of its women. In evolution with the Italian theatre, which is an epitome of clearness, precision, and good form, the Spanish Theatre, though not so polished, lacking in unity and in breadth of scope, had that which the French Theatre needed—originality. Even up to the nineteenth century Spanish influence can be easily traced in the work of such writers as Malherbe, Monet, Beumerheul, Le Sage, Gauthier, Victor Hugo and Rastand in the soubrette and tragic conceptions of love and in the extremity to which qualities are pushed.

R. I. D., '19.

THE GEOLOGY OF IRON AND STEEL.

Professor R. H. Whitbeck, of the University of Wisconsin, gave a lecture Monday afternoon, November 27, on "The Geology of Iron and Steel," to the students in the Geology Department.

He spoke of ancient times, when the genius and inspiration of the Egyptians and Greeks had to be worked out in home and rocky, resulting in pyramids and statues, beautiful in themselves, but quite powerless.

Today, however, when a man has expressed his genius in constructing a steel machine, the machine grows. His efforts are repaid through having his hand power increased a thousandfold, and his interest in this production of the work of his brain and hands does not die with its completion.

BIRD LECTURE.

Dr. William F. Badé, Professor of Semitiles in the Pacific Theological Seminary at Berkeley, California, will deliver before the Science Club on Tuesday evening, December 12, a lecture on "Some Birds of the High Sierras," illustrated with colored lantern slides.

Dr. Badé's interests are not confined to Semitics, as his contributions to ornithology testify. In this province he has not only made a study of birds, but has done much for their protection, being President of the California Associated Societies for the Conservation of Wild Life. He is a great lover of out-door life, and long travels, and as such he was an intimate of John Muir, whose literary remains he is engaged in editing.

This lecture will be given in the Geology Lecture Room at 7:45 P. M. and as far as the capacity of the room permits, bird lovers are invited to attend.
Bonwit Teller & Co.
The Specialty Shop and Originators
Fifth Avenue at 38th Street
NEW YORK

Will Exhibit
December 7th, 8th and 9th
A COLLECTION OF WINTER
MODES IN
“JEUNE FILLE”
Apparel

Robes Tailleur, Manteaux, Top
Coats, Daytime and Evening
Frocks, Blouses, Millinery,
Furs, Footwear, Lingerie, Boudoir
Apparel and Costume
Vanities, at the

WELLESLEY INN

THE BARN FIRE-DRILL.

For the benefit of those who were not present at
the fire-drill held after the last Student Government
Meeting, and, for a reminder to those who
were, here is an explanation of the procedure to
be followed:
1. Each person takes her own chair, and a sec-
ond if there are empty ones in the way.
2. Those who sit on benches turn them parallel
to the length of the hall.
3. All leave the hall in the following order:
   (a) The front, back to the second row of posts:
those to the right of the right-hand posts, leave
by the right side exit. Those to the left of the
left-hand posts leave by the first left side exit.
Those between the posts, leave by second left side
exit.
   (b) From the second back to the third row of
posts: Those to the left of the right-hand post,
leave by the third left side exit. All the rest by
the two large back doors.
   (c) From the third back to the fifth row of
posts: Those to the left of left-hand posts, leave
by the fourth left side exit. All others leave by
the large back doors.
4. Go as far from the building as possible, to
make room for those behind.
5. Don’t push.
6. Don’t make a noise.
7. Keep cool even if you get uncomfortably
warm.
8. Let the first thing you do whenever you are
at the Barn be to look up your exit.
Remember that if fire ever touches the hay in
the loft above, the roof will not take long to fall.
You don’t want to be under it when it does.

JANET DOE, Fire-Chief.
HOLIDAY HOUSE PARTIES

At

THE NORTHFIELD EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR

COLLEGE FOLK are cordially invited to visit Northfield for their Christmas or other Winter Holiday. They will find here a House located among the New England Mountains, overlooking the Connecticut Valley, and comfortably but not extravagantly equipped with all modern conveniences.

OUTDOOR SPORTS in their season—Golf, Horseback Riding, Tennis, Tramping, Driving, Motoring, Snowshoeing, Skating, Sledding, and Tobogganing.

SELECT CLIENTELE. REFINED SERVICE. MODERATE RATES.

FIRST-CLASS DELIVERY
Illustrated Booklet and further information will be gladly given.

H. S. Swayne, Asst. Mgr.

AMHERT G. MOORE, Mgr.

LOST.

Probably in the Administration Building, a bunch of keys. Will the finder please return them to Miss E. W. Monsewicz, 20 Commons?

LOST.

A dark blue serge shirt, on the baseball field the week before Field Day. The bosses will be grateful if the finder will communicate with Janey Dog, 410 Tower Court.

LOST.

Friday, November 17, a pair of grey fur-lined gloves, either at the Bar or between the Barn and Stone.

If found, will you please return to 58 Stone Hall.

"MR. LEO DITTRICHSTEIN IN THE GREAT LOVER."

This has been a season of wonderful dramatic treats, but it has remained for Mr. Leo Dittrichstein to register the supreme success of the year in his delightful romantic comedy, "The Great Lover," which began its limited engagement at the Park Square Theatre, Boston, last Monday. It came here heralded with the highest of praise from both New York and Chicago. The reception accorded the attraction in Boston since last Monday indicates that Bostonians are particularly alive to its merits and that theatregoers here will respond in full-heartedness. But it is very much to be regretted that the stay here is positively limited owing to the necessity of covering several other large cities before the season ends. And this is the only New England city which the attraction will visit it is urged that those who contemplate attending will book their seats as early as possible. The dramatic reviewers and discriminating playgoers alike have acclaimed this superlative comedy of artistic life behind the scenes in a great metropolitan Grand Opera House the highest commendation. There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The usual order system in operation at this theatre assures satisfaction in the choice of seats desired.

THE NATIONAL ALLIED RELIEF BAZAAR.

Boston has never before known so stupendous a Christmas Carnival as the National Allied Bazaar to be held at Mechanics Hall, from December 9 to December 20, daily from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. This Fair, the entire proceeds of which are to go to the relief of the Allies, will furnish amusement for everybody and a fund of suggestions for Christmas shoppers.

Of especial interest to visitors will be the British trenches, exact duplicates of those in use today in Flanders, together with the barbed wire entanglements and other such impediments, which are being erected now under the charge of Chaplain Norman Twiss, V. C., of the British Army. A famous British "tank," exhibited under the charge of Captain Ian Hay Bent, author of The First Ten Thousand will make its trip two or three times daily across the trenches. Various British and French aeroplanes will also be exhibited.

The settings for an Italian garden will make the stage upon which the café chantsants and the various actors are to appear, most attractive. The noted German soprano, Paula Frisch, several members of the Manhattan Opera Company, Flot, the Japanese dancer, Yvette Gallibert, and Mary Pickford are among those who will furnish the entertain- ment. Lord and Lady Aberdeen will be in charge of the Thistle and Shamrock booth and six Irish girls, who have come to America especially for this purpose, will amuse the patrons of the Bazaar with true Irish jigs and folk songs. Real Russian caviar, cakes, and other products will be on sale at the Russian booth of which Mrs. Ralph Adams Crane is chairman. Among her assistants are six native Russians who will wear their national costume.

Another feature of special interest is an extremely rare book collection, in charge of William R. Castle, Jr., the Dean of Harvard. The collection contains numerous rare editions and autographed books by the thousand. Moreover, the Christmas shopper will find among the different booths at the Bazaar a fund of suggestions for unique Christmas gifts both great and small, many of them unique in themselves.

Tickets admitting one to the Bazaar at any time and at times cost one dollar; single admission tickets, the sale of which will be discontinued with the opening of the Bazaar, are twenty-five cents. Watch for the notice of the ticket sale to Welles- ley.

THIS COLLEGE OF OURS.

III.

WHITIN OBSERVATORY.

The Whitin Observatory was the gift to Welles- ley in 1900 of Mrs. John C. Whitin. She had been interested in astronomy from her girlhood, when, with another youthful enthusiasm, she used to spread a blanket on the grass and try to identify the stars with a candle and an atlas of the heavens. The original building that covered the Observ- tory Hill was rectangular, but in 1906 an exten- sion was added which gave it its present I. form. The Observatory House was also built in this year, where Miss Whitin, the first instructor, took up her residence. The white Observatory House

agrees in coloring with the Observatory itself, which is built of white marble. Its roof, ribbed and domed, is of blue glass cupolas.

In the main structure is the apparatus. A twelve-inch refracting telescope with microm- etter, spectroscope, and photometer attachments are in the dome itself. The inscription, "Night unto night showeth knowledge," circles the base

of the dome. Adjoining is a room which contains a three-inch refracting transit and a sidereal clock. In another room the great and very neat spectrograph of six-foot focus is housed. The next room is the dark room, where experiments are completed.

The library bears witness to Mrs. Whitin's genius for combining beauty with efficiency. A mahogany table, fine book-cases and valuable photographs are there. Two of these photographs are of those ancient instruments which Jesuit missionaries and travellers from Western Asia set up there in Pekin in the fourteenth century. The books, a great quantity of periodicals and source books of every nature, are open to the use of Wellesley inhabitants, great and small. In the library are also meteorological instruments for determining the velocity of the wind.

In the office, which adjoins both library and laboratory, holds the priceless treasures "on the possession which of all other Observatories congratulate us," as Miss Whitin says. There are stained glass panels of mediæval quaintness from Tiksu Hill Observatory, there is an Arabian astrolabe and marvelously wrought silver dial. There is a six- tenth century book by Gio Paolo—Concerning the Making of All Instruments,—and other books, such as "Annae Clusiuntur" by Johannes Heve- lius, and the "Opera Posthuma" by Jeremiah Horrocks.

The main laboratory, the particular possession of the students, is more like a luxurious living room than a workroom. It is large and many- windowed; a generous fireplace with a blue War- saw blue-stone shelf occupies one wall, while a richly colored Indian rug adds its decoration to the scheme of things. On the mantle is an antique hour glass. And another detail is the ease of illuminated transparencies of the Orion Nebula.

Yet, in spite of its house-like atmosphere, the work of the Department of Astronomy is carried on in this room. The first-year courses are divided into small groups which work under a demonstrator. They learn the problems of astronomy not so much from lectures as from their own in- vestigations. The most of the higher courses are laboratory work, supplemented by reference to material in the Library.
PARLIAMENT of FOOLS

AGE OF LEARNING.
An Uncultivated Freshman
Necessitated tact,
Ingenuity wisdom
She thought to be a fact.
But—
A marinated angle,
A margined leaf,
With falsified Lit. notes,
Have led her into grief!

WIND.
The Wellesley wind—it wears me!
Where'er I wend my wary way
And hear its whoop of wanton glee
I clutch my skirts in wild dismay!

It whets its teeth in wapshala spit,
It whips to bits my winsome curls,
And, as I take to whirling flight,
My books to wholesome winds hurl!
Nor, yet contented, speeds it hence.
It gives me yet its final dip—
Whines, wheels and whirls me gasping, tense.
To meet its whirling partner, Gripe!

THE SLEEPYHEAD.
I hate to go to bed at night,
To stay and sleep till morning's light.

In morning, just the other way,
I'd like to stay abed all day.

Nuis.
To lift my feet up off the floor,
And get in bed is such a bore.
I'm sure all night awake I'd keep,
If I should use the time for sleep.

MORNING.
A thousand years I'd like to be,
And rest and rest until I die.
'Tis hard when Duty calls "Arise"
"Farewell my cot— thou Paradise."
R. H., 1918.

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FRESHMAN SONG.
There's a Senior in the corridor who's looking hard at me;
She thinks that I look worried, and she's sorry as can be.
She's friendly and has good advice. Her words are soft and low,
But I can't stop to hear,
Though I'd love to have her near,
But I really have to hurry. I must go.

There's a Junior waiting for me, just to take me out to tea;
She is really just a wonder; they're not all as nice as she.
She's been waiting there for hours, and she's smiling, too, I know.
I can't stop for tea today,—
Though I'd love a little play,—
For I really have to hurry. I must go.

There's a charming little Sophomore who's come down here to see
If I am getting homesick, and if she could possibly
Do something just to cheer me up—say take me for a row,—
Well I'd go if I were through
But I've loads of things to do,
And I really have to hurry. She must go.

There's a letter in the village mail, a letter from the Dean.
Oh, I know what's in that letter. I don't have to read between
All those neat typewritten lines. It won't shock me, for I know
I've flunked in "Math" and "Comp" and "Lit"
if must leave the town and quit
I must hurry out forever. I must go.

K. '30.

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REFUGEES IN RUSSIA.

Millions of women and children and old men are slowly dying in Russia, homeless wanderers. A year ago, when the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas N. and of his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, were retreating in the German-Austrian drive, they felt it necessary for military reasons to burn the villages and to send the inhabitants from their homes. Several millions, so many as to defy registration, not only poor peasants but all of moderate fortune, were swept away destitute when the tide of peoples rose.

By rail, in carts, on foot, they moved in great migration waves eastward across the Russian plain, sometimes in single nights, and took lines their normal population. New hordes of people, full of all wants, poured in rivers of misery through the closed streets. Overwhelmed by this human inundation, governors of towns and cities could only drive the fugitives still farther on. Cholera and typhoid swept their ranks. Their passing fouled the rivers. They sold their horses, carts and all but the last vestiges of clothing to buy food. Their clothes were in rags, their boots worn through, they slept in the open on the edges of the forest; and by day, fearing to rest lest they be trampled in a crush, they tramped from day to day, fully on the endless road. Stilly pillars of dust cloud marked their slow progress by day, and burning camp fires marked the night. Over them a dull sound rose,—eyes of lost children, wailing for food. Wherever they have passed, there in the morning were new graves. On through the governments of Central Russia, across the ice-bound Volga, through Orenburg, Ufa and Tashkent, until finally in Siberia and Central Asia, this desperate procession halted. The roads of Russia are the way of the cross.

But the horrors of the exodus itself are being transcended by what has followed. Think of these people in the usual picture which we see in the theatres, warehouses, roughly constructed barracks, sleeping in crowded bunks, tier upon tier. And at Nizni-Nogorod, in the "hovels" over the arcades of the great Bazaar,—foul cages full of men and women like phantoms hovering on the edge of life. The Russian Government, with the efficient co-operation of the seamen and of the committees organized by members of the imperial family, and of national committees of the various peoples, Poles, Jews, Lithuanians, Leetts and Little Russians, has kept this vast remnant of refugees alive but it has not been able to do more than to rescue to house, cloth and give them scanty food.

You have heard the cry of Belgium and France and of Serbia, but the voice of Russia you have not heard. Will you not hearken to the silence of Russia? Should not the American people help to save these races from destruction, too? Typhus is the great enemy of winter. Bathing and disinfecting facilities for killing vermin will save many thousands of lives. Ten cents a day will feed, light and heat a sufferer there. $200 will fit up a bath; $300, a plant for dry disinfection. Most of these people have only the clothes they stand in. Hygiene must be given to disinfect their clothing while they bathe. The disbursement of this money in Russia will be personally supervised by a committee in Petrograd and by Mr. Thomas Whittemore in the field. Mr. Whittemore speaks Russian and in the winter of 1913-16 worked in the governments of Kurks, Penna, Nizni-Nogorod, Samara, Tasmov, Tashkent, Orenburg and Ufa.

A WELLESLEY DISINFECTATION PLANT IN RUSSIA.

Will the members and friends of Wellesley College help raise a fund of $300 to build and equip a disinfection plant for Russian refugees in Nizni Nogorod, Russia,—a gift to bear the name of Wellesley College?
The College has sent an ambulance to France where it has done notable service among the wounded in Alsace. A full and stirring account of this work, with special reference to the Wellesley car, may be found in a recently published book, The Friends of France (Hoighton and Mifflin Company). Now it is hoped that a much smaller sum can be raised before Christmas to help the Russian refugees who have but one set of clothes in which to live continuously. The result is vermin and typhus, the dread plague which carries off thousands. At the great refugee station at Nizni-Nogorod, in the bath houses, and, while the refugees are having their bath to disinfect their clothes by the dry Japanese method. Your contribution of twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or one dollar will save human life from misery and death, will save decent folk, driven from their homes through no fault of their own, from loathsome suffering.

Nizni Nogorod is the seat of the most famous fair in Europe, to which every summer in July and August 400,000 people come and stay. At a junction of the Volga and Oka rivers, in a low-lying peninsula of land, is this vast city of the Far East. It is a bazaars and caravansaries, and its inns and caravansaries, where the people and products of Persia, the Tartar provinces of Russia, Turkestan, and China are assembled. In this city of shops, bazaars, and inns, vacant except at the time of the Fair, thousands of refugees are settled. Here in one of the very largest refugee centers, it is hoped Wellesley may establish its disinfection plant and do a piece of constructive work by saving people from otherwise inevitable filth diseases. Will you not contribute your nite,—undergraduates, alumni, Faculty, and friends of Wellesley, for this war relief in the heart of Russia? Contributions, preferably by check, may be sent to Miss Sally Calkins Wood, Wilder Hall, Wellesley. A canvass will be made in each college house.

The Boston Committee consists of the chairman, Ralph Adams Cram, Mrs. Curtis Hall, Miss Sophie C. Hart, Miss Katherine Loring, Miss M. Wheelwright, Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Miss Yerxa, Mr. J. E. Chandler, Mr. Horatio Lamb, Mr. Chandler Post and Professor Leo Wiener.

The executive committee for the fund for relief in Russia was chosen by Mr. Charles Crane of Chicago, Mr. William H. Crocker of San Francisco, President Emeritus Charles W. Elliot of Cambridge, Mr. Arthur C. James of Newport, Mr. Alfred L. Phillips of New York, Mr. Henry N. Cregantooth and Mr. Charles Sabin of New York, with local committees in different cities. Mr. Thomas Whittemore, the American Director of the Fund in Russia, came to Wellesley last spring as the guest of Miss Hart and spoke of the work and the particular need of a disinfection plant at Nizni Nogorod.

SOPHIE C. HART.

ARE YOU HELPING?

Can't you give some of your time? Can you work up a surgical gauze? Can you send working surgeons? Can you make gauze from the old bed sheets of your house chairman of War Relief? Can you put some money into the fund? Give to your head of work for children for purchase of materials!

Join the Wellesley Village Red Cross, membership $1. The Wellesley Village Red Cross is providing materials for Surgical Dressings, and work for the soldiers. Send checks to Miss Ellen Flase, Wellesley Hills, or give to Helen Blake, 311 Tower Circle.

Contribute articles listed on War board for monthly boxes for children.

Give to any relief organization in which you are particularly interested. Only now! Please watch the War Board!!!

ROBERT E. SPEER.

THE MORNING SERMON.
The instinct toward prayer is one of the strongest of the human race, and the instinct has been made a fixed habit by our upbringing. But there comes a time when our intellect attacks our early faith, and forces it to justify itself. We should face these misgivings, challenge every belief, challenge every doubt. But having done what we honestly believe is our best, we may still have misgivings. Some find it hard to pray in a world so well-ordered as ours. But can we not think of the great principal force lodged in the world at the beginning and that to pray is just to be in harmony with that order and solidarity? Others cannot see the necessity for prayer in a complex world governed by a wise God. The love and wisdom of God does not relieve us from physical or spiritual effort. It is through effort alone that we attain to anything higher. Some feel that our little lives are so small in comparison with the universal that we cannot care about the troubles. But such a belief places Him beneath our ideal of an earthly Father. We treat God with irreverence by banishing him from our thought; we honor him by ignoring his guidance.

VERSES.

Dr. Speer spoke Sunday evening on the subject of the "Awakened Orient." A new social order and relationship is growing in the Asiatic world and the rest of the world stands before this.

This new order offers us a great duty. Here is one half of humanity with all of its primitive qualities still undeveloped. The first force at work is the great economic upheaval which has changed the foundations of this Eastern world. Newspapers, mills and railroads have grown at an inconceivable rate. Another force is the thirst for knowledge and understanding. The Renaissance seems trivial compared to this understanding of the Orient. The Mohommedan world which has been for twelve hundred years chained to one book is breaking away. Such an upheaval has not been seen in the West for centuries. And this movement is causing less misery, less consternation than any in the West.

The third great force at work is the demand for a popular government. Until now Asia has been ruled by a small number of autocrats. But these troubles are the result of the autocracy.

REV. ABRAM M. RHIBANY.

Those who heard Mr. Ribany give his delightful talk on Syrian life this fall, will think who have read in The Atlantic his articles about his own people, will be glad to know that he will speak to us at the Christian Association meeting in Wednesday, December 10th, giving us an interpretation of the Twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer from the Syrian point of view.
After the Bath

After a luxurious splash and an invigorating rub, then the clean, cool sweetness of these perfect toilet powders gives the final touch of comfort. They are made of only the finest ingredients to be had. The users of Lazell Talcums realize something of the infinite care which must go into their making because of the boundless satisfaction which comes from using them. These flower-odors are inexpressibly dainty.

Lazell's Massatta (Japanese) brings the magic and the mystery of the far East into your boudoir and sets all dreams of Oriental luxury and incense-laden air.

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Lazell's Japanese Honeysuckle is a perfect reproduction of the well-loved flower of Japan.

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For sunburn and windburn, remember Lazell's Crème de Meridor remains unexcelled, the original gardener's cream, never successfully imitated. Used liberally before and after exposure to the sun and wind, it prevents skin irritation and protects the complexion.

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It contains generous packages of toilet requisite in the delightful Massatta odor—soap, toilet water, talcum powder, a miniature jar of Crème de Meridor and a box of Sweet Pea Face Powder—all packed in dainty gold-colored case illustrated below at the left, convenient for traveling or home use. Sent for 25 cents and the name of your merchant.

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IN MEMORIAM.
CLAUDIA BENNETT FROST, '86.
As the name of Claudia Bennett is called in the roster of the Class of 1886 at this thirtieth reunion, it is the sad duty of those who loved her to answer for her "not present—gone beyond"; and, as we answer, to call before the class a picture of the girl we first knew, of the woman of our later knowledge.
When Claudia Bennett first came to Wellesley she was a girl who had seen little of the world, who looked upon her new surroundings with timid, questioning eyes. But soon came an awakening, a new light in her eyes, an aroused understanding of the deeper meaning of life, and we recognize the Claudia Bennett of our later college days. Beneath a bright and sunny surface ran an undercurrent of deep sympathy, of ready helpfulness, and of eager wonder as to where the great stream of life would lead her and those near to her.
For herself that stream of life grew deeper and broader as the years went on and she fulfilled her arduous duties as the wife of a minister and as a devoted mother; her life was filled with loving work for others, with service modestly and sweetly given. But even with these varied and absorbing demands upon her time and limited strength, she never lost her enthusiasm and loyal devotion to her Alma Mater and her classmates and to the school to which she gave the best years of her life. We keenly feel her loss.

MARY HAYDEN GATES, '86.
In college days Mary Hayden was a beautiful girl and we loved her. We all remember the fact of her face illuminated by a soul of high ideals. She was an excellent student and an ever gracious and helpful friend to all who knew her. The same qualities which endeared her to college friends made her in after life a quiet power in her home and community.
Mary Hayden Gates was a devoted daughter, wife and mother, and though home always came first, she was deeply interested in the uplift of the world and found time for active service in church and society. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the members of her family in their great loss.

UNA LODOR, '86.
The Class of 1886 had no more loyal and devoted member than Una Lodor. Her name is synonymous with all that means self-sacrificing and loving service. To her work, to her class, to her family, she gave undeviating devotion to all who knew her in the years after graduation. She realized that she had developed into a broad-minded woman, a beloved teacher, an abiding power in the school, and gave the best years of her life. We keenly feel her loss.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS.
10 W. 42 ST. NEW YORK. 33 Rue de l'Education Paris
"Puig color original for best criticism of our advertisement."

Be n'est pas la caniche que j'ai commerce [sic] mon costume.

Strile Miller.

2 East 42 St. New-York
33 Rue de l'Education Paris

DEATH.
JESSICA LATHROP MELLIER, 1903.
In expressing our sorrow in the loss of our classmate, Jessica Lathrop Mellier, the Class of 1903 wishes to recall and to put on record our happy memories of her—of her gentleness, her reserve, her unusual charm, of the graciousness and beauty of person which typified a rarely beautiful spirit.
Signed: For the Class of 1903.
Elizabeth C. Tomsey, Prie.
Mary B. Jenkins, Sec'y.
Elise Vantine Stysnstra.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO "SQUIRRELS.")

The Campus is a place I know,
Where we must studly hard, and so
When cunning squirrels hop and run
And chatter gaily in the sun.
We turn our eyes and ears away,
And concentrate on Math, all day.

But the campus green no more we see
"Cause we watch the squirrels run up a tree!"

1899.

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