HOPE FOR THE TONGUE-TIED!

In this year when all our college organizations are submitting their work to careful scrutiny, the question of the legitimacy of the activities of the Debating Club is most pertinent. How does this organization fit into its bit of helpful service? What needs in the college is it fitted to meet?

Many and varied are the opportunities open to the college business classes they respond to the demands for workers. From every state, with each new campaign, however, comes a call which is not so readily answered: where are women to be found who can speak in public, who are capable of conducting a meeting? Now the performance of such duties is no light task: here in college we attend meetings wretchedly conducted, in public we are tongue-tied, unable to express our own opinions. If the colleges do not train women to fulfill this function, from what source can the need of the Government be supplied?

The Debating Club has a new plan to present to the college: it proposes to offer training in the conducting of public meetings and in public speaking. This is to be accomplished by a series of meetings, held once a week for perhaps the first six weeks until the principles of parliamentary law have been expounded to a sufficient degree to enable us to conduct our own meetings with some degree of dignity. Members of the faculty have expressed their willingness to help us in acquiring this knowledge. That accomplished, we will constitute ourselves an authorized public meeting of the college, in connection with the affairs, legislating upon them—shortly performing all the functions of a formal public meeting. Each girl will have an opportunity to conduct meetings, and to speak as much as she likes the more the better. These meetings will not be held officer-only then once in two or three weeks, as the occasion demands. We hope that members of the faculty, interested in our project, may often be helpful and constructive critics. No time will be required in preparation, except an occasional half-hour spent in organizing material for a three-minute speech; share all discussion will be on present day problems. Librosary work will be unnecessary. There will moreover, be a committee to gather and arrange material, in order to minimize all effort in securing facts.

This plan, be it understood, is not absolute; it must be flexible, easily adaptable to conditions. Vassar is working out a similar plan this year. The Debating Club feels most strongly that it is offering a real challenge to all of you, freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors! It cannot be a success without your support. Make our college government truly efficient by raising the standard of public meetings here in college; prepare yourself to render real service to the Government of the United States by training yourself for public duties.

Watch your classstands for further information.

Vera Hemmway,
President of Debating Club.

SEND IN YOUR PLEDGE-CARDS.

Many members of the college have not sent in their pledge-cards for the War Chest and the Christian Association. All pledges should be received at once, in order that the amount of money which it is to be available for the important work of this year may be known.

The Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign Closes Saturday.

Have You Bought Your Bonds?
Buy Them Friday or Saturday, and Carry Wellesley Over the Top!

SUFFRAGE AT WELLESLEY IN WAR TIME.

A cartoon recently copied in many papers of the country represented a much agitated anti-suffragist with familiar Senatorial features, rising from his comfortable arm-chair placed at the edge of the incoming tide, and motioning back the advancing waves upon whose crests is written the legend, "Woman Suffrage." "Go back! Go back! I say!" he cries. But the sea appears to move steadily forward toward the rocks upon which the agitator stands, a medium easily strongly entrenched, but giving perceptibly at the foot.

Whether we believe that this slipping of the old defenses is dangerous, or that their penetration may yet in more light, few of us who are alive to the signs of the times doubt that the United States of America will eventually admit to joint responsibility in government that half as easily to whom it looks today for a share in every other form of public service save this, and the firing of the arms they are now being skilled to supply. Such cooperation in the choice of laws by which all men are governed is, sometimes, apparently inevitable. But, it is urged, is this the moment to press the matter, now? When every effort should be bent toward winning the war, why this insistence upon woman suffrage? "Can suffrage put another soldier in the field or another ship upon the seas?" shouts our Senator on the sea's waves. And which, in language's name, has Wellesley to do with suffrage in war time?

It is a rare address to college women indeed in which we are not reminded that we are in the midst of the greatest war that ever was, nor of the purely military aspect. To Wellesley trained women, self-government is an ideal which carries very special meaning; this phrase, the right of self-government for large and small peoples, is also one which lies at the heart of our claim to share in the world's struggle. Yet as long as one half of our own people may not be self-governing, self-represented, whether or not they individually choose to exercise that right or privilege, can we truthfully stand as "champions of Democracy throughout the world"? Evidently the answer is not interpreted in the affirmative by other free countries today.

Since the war began, Canada, Great Britain and Denmark have enfanchised their women. When the English measure was put through, giving full right of suffrage to all women over thirty, the German censorship forbade the German press to mention the passage of the bill in England. Did or did not the Kaiser recognize the fact that a victory for democracy in France helps the Allied cause in another? A letter recently transmitted to President Wilson from the President of the Union Francaise pour Suffrage des Femmes thanks him in behalf of the women of France for his "stirring reply on the subject of woman suffrage." The writer says, "As we hoped, your opinion has made a deep impression on France, and has exercised a favorable influence on our deputies." Furthermore, "The group for women's rights meeting at the chamber has decided to re-open the question for Universal Suffrage to judge its report on this question in the near future." Is it to be a race, one wonders, between the Republic of France and the United States, to see which shall give full recognition to women first? But this is tentative. Take the testimony of figures:

The total number of women over twenty-one in the United States and Canada is 36,874,850. Of these, at the beginning of the war, August, 1914, about 14% had the right to vote on anything higher than school, bond or tax questions. Now, 49,255,633, or 64% are in areas which have given women the right to vote on city, state or national questions. Finally, the stirring word of the President in his Sept. 30 address to the Senate is pertinent on this point.

"We shall not only be distrusted but shall deserve to be distrusted if we do not enfanchise women with the fullest possible enfanchism, as it is sure certain that the other great free nation will enfanchise them. We cannot isolate our thought and action in such a matter from the thought of the rest of the world. We must either conform or deliberately reject what they propose to do or resign the leadership of liberal minds to others." A belief then in an intimate time relation between suffrage and the war does prevail in many minds of many lands today. From some of those (Continued on page 5, column 3).
Board of Editors

THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

Published weekly during the college year by a board of students of Wellesley College. Subscriptions one dollar and fifty cents per annum in advance. News office by 9 A.M., Monday at the latest, and should be addressed to Miss Thelma S. Sturm, Associate Editor. All Alumni of Labor who have been President of the College, Mass., and at Mass., and at of which offers all business communications.

THOMPSON, 1919, Editor-in-Chief.
EMILIANO BERNAY, 1920, Business Manager.
MARIE ROBINSON, 1922, Assistant Business Manager.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EMILY ROWNTREE, 1919.
EMILY THOMPSON, 1919.
RUTH EASTERBY, 1920.
ELIZABETH HOLMLEY, 1920.
MARY DOUG, 1921.

WEED NO MORE, MY LADY.

Those who are prone to weep at the death of ever so slight a "Wellesley tradition" have been ardently disaccording with the passing away of old "Father Student Government" for some months. The News that says that they are dead is long enough to survey two items, printed last week's issue and one today. Late last week we published a list of the girls who have been elected members of the new House of Representatives. This week we announce the first meeting of the House.

Refusal to weep just long enough to think this over. Splendid girls, these "congressmen" are, all of them, girls whose classmates believe in their fair-mindedness. Upon them falls, very largely, the moral burdens that a girl bears in the long run. Note well we say the "moral burden." The moral responsibility has been shifted not one inch.

When devotees of the past have thought of giving up the fight, this they will tell that College Government is not dead. It is the old system stripped of its ponderous impediments, invigorated, transformed, reincarnated. But the soul is the same, the individual responsibility of every member of the Association for the laws she helps to make.

The actual law-making is still in the hands of the student body. Far more than a privilege it is the solemn duty of each member to express her opinion to her representatives, and thus to make the members of the house true fulfill their mission of representing public, not private, opinion. Tell your house president what you want to have changed about Wellesley; tell your class representatives what you want to see. Come to every meeting of the House.

You have the right to be heard, and you cannot be heard if you do not do the duty of the hour.

THERE IS MORE THAN ONE HERETICS' BOARD.

There is more than one Heretics' Board in college. 1 may not occupy a prominent position in the basement of the library. That does not prevent you from being a Heretics' Board. Do you know the girl who echoes all the complaints she hears? Not only does she echo but she repeats. She proclaims the latest rumors about the discouraging conditions in college. Every complaint that says girls are imbeciles in their mind. Radical suggests to her the danger of being and dirtied by her suggestion. She is a Heretics' Board of the type which Wellesley might lack to advantage. Fill up the board in the library with your heretics—don't intrust them to her.

PATRIOTIC CAMOUFLAGE.

The world today stands ready to praise patriotism and to condemn the lack of it. It is very right that it should be so judged. It is therefore much easier for individuals and communities to participate in patriotic activities which may be duly noted and admired by the public eye. But such participation is only to see in the passionate enthusiasm in the inconspicuous phases of daily life. Otherwise it is a sham and a disgrace.
now for considerations of sentiment, of pleasure, of custom and tradition. The situation demands that our decision be guided by our highest and most disinterested motives. We must be intensely patriotic and sternly practical.

The Tree Day Committee is in a position to assert that an open Tree Day will involve no greater expense than the average output of the last three years; that is, approximately $1,200. The general scope of the plans subject as they are to regulation, could easily embrace the policy so happily followed by 1918, a policy of simplifications resulting in a saving of time, labor, and energy, and the same time in the achievement of a beautiful and memorable Tree Day.

The consideration before the college is this: Is Tree Day justified as a war measure? Why? What is the purpose and host of Wellesley alumnae believe that it is justified. Moreover they are prepared to support it with energy and enthusiasm. The very fact that there have been in the history of the college only three open Tree Days is an added impetus for those who have long wished to share this event with relatives and friends. It is the belief of many that the war motive behind such an undertaking should overcome all precedent and regulate all considerations of sentimental exclusiveness. There remains for objection the fact that this event does involve great responsibility for those in charge, and a large claim on their energy and time of all concerned. There exists also in the minds of many who have seen previous open Tree Days a degree of uncertainty as to whether or not the financial results would be sufficiently imposing.

Never in the history of the college has the motive for an open Tree Day been so overwhelmingly appealing, so generally stimulating, as it would be this year. The combination of War and Wellesley is irresistible to many, it would be difficult to find a more convincingly vital cause. By restricting the admission to members of the college and their invited guests, as has been earnestly advocated, Wellesley would gain an audience sympathetic and appreciative rather than critical, the support would be more thorough and wholehearted. And a cause worthy of the support of the alumnae and the outside world challenges no less surely the support of those within the college. In what more vital way can energy be expended than in an undertaking of this sort? All war work demands strength and time; few war measures promise such tangible practical results as this. The war work in which so many undergraduates are exerting themselves unflinchingly is limited to the capacity of the college; the promise of an open Tree Day combines tremendous concentration of power outside the college, and the unlimited co-operation of all those who are proud to associate War Relief with Wellesley.

It is hoped therefore that the college will decide upon an open Tree Day. It gives an opportunity for real service in the greatest cause. It will mean that an event of such value from an aesthetic standpoint need not be lost, but may be raised to a transcendental achievement. It will be a measurable accomplishment that will enlist all lovers of Wellesley; a fusion of loyalty and patriotism which cannot fail.

K. D., '18.

IV. THE FACULTY ADVISORY SYSTEM.

Who is responsible for the faculty advisory system's not being wholly successful? This system was established with the purpose of helping the members of each freshman class straighten out the problems and difficulties—both academic and non-academic—which confront them. Faced with some doubt concerning the accomplishment of this purpose when we hear students say at the end of their freshman year, "Why, we have seen our faculty advisor only once or twice. We don't know her," Why are they not better acquainted with her than this statement shows?

Is it because the girl neither consults her advisor nor tries to become acquainted with her? Or, is it because the faculty advisor does not make the girl feel that she is her friend? Perhaps some fault lies on both sides. It would be well for each member of the incoming classes to make a special effort to keep in touch with her own special member of the faculty and for the faculty advisor to encourage this effort by a similar one on her part. Possibly some members of the faculty have so many advisers that it is difficult to keep personally in touch with each girl. If so, could not this situation be remedied by the advantage of both the members of the faculty and the members of future classes?

THE BOARD.

This board, dear, is called the He-rectics Board, and it resides in the basement of the Library. Do you see the ma-ny rag-yed pa-per flat-ten up-on it? These are ex-pres-sions of opinion. The reason there is so ma-ny is be-cause this is a rare op-portu-ni-ty to ex-press an op-ni-on and to take advantage of this op-portu-ni-ty, to meet child?

(Continued from page 1, column 2.)

Suffrage at Wellesley in War Time. who before the war stood for a qualified woman's franchise only, comes the significant admission that the pressure of participation in work which demands a higher quality of understanding of governmental problems has lifted the general level of women's intelligence beyond the danger point of encumbering further an already too un-intelligent man's vote. We at Wellesley, in training for clear, independent thinking as our special contribution to the day's issues, cannot, it would seem, ask ourselves one question too soberly: are we individually at that intelligence level which would enable us to play our part in citizenship alongside men and upon an equal footing with them, whether suffrage comes tomorrow or after the war? It matters comparatively little what we continue to stand as an organized club with a constitution, in a year when our services to war activities are pledged in so many ways; it matters tremendously whether our minds are stagnant or awake to the bearing of a responsibility which is unquestionably hastening toward us through the swift readjustments of the war.

Josephine H. Batchelder.

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**THE OLD KIT BAG.**

Editor's Note—This column is to consist of letters received from abroad, to help the editor by sending in any parts of your letters which you consider interesting enough to print. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of the Old Kit Bag, and should be to the Army Signal, Chapel, or to one of the other magazines.

The following letter is from Tracy K. L'Eginge, 1915, who sailed for France in the early summer of 1918 to do Y. M. C. A. work.

July 31, 1918.

"About the first of July my hut secretary went off to Paris on business and for a week I ran the office all alone. That week was hectic but interesting, proving the possibilities of a woman running a big hut alone and also some of the disadvantages—no one with whom to share the responsibilities and no social rest and no physical rest. It wouldn't be so hard if there were a time when you could be alone to do the planning or purely clerical work, but even when the evening proper is closed the hitchstring to the back door must always be down.

"The beginning of the second week in July, after my secretary returned, it was decided that he was to take charge of the educational work for this whole area and especially the work done in the Y at the school. I am at a corps school, you know. He wanted me to help him in that work inasmuch as I had made some suggestions he liked and wanted to carry out, the main one being a central library where the school and supervising for the area could be located. So it was decided that I should give up evening work temporarily and take charge of the library and help on the entertainment and educational work where needed. There was a barracks building like our canteen, only a few yards from my former hut, but used as a study hall and class room. We partitioned off a special part of one end for Mr. Williamson's office and a kind of workroom for me and took the other part for the library, making bookshelves between the windows; there were already tables and benches. With poster curtains and a few easy chairs at one end near my table that I use as a desk it is very restful and most of the men say very refreshing. It is the first of its kind in France.

"Changing my work necessitated a trip to Paris to see Mrs. Sterlemon, the European representative of the American Library Association, and to get Mrs. Rose to come and take my former canteen. Mrs. Rose is a very delightful woman who came over in the boot with me. I arrived in Paris the 13th of July and was there for a busy week. You can imagine the innumerable things one has to do and, of course, the distances in Paris are terrific. I managed to squeeze in three nice parties, besides helping at the officers' hotel, small talk and pouring tea.

"Sunday night, July 11, or rather, Monday morning at 12:15, the second offensive began. You know, of course, where it was. I had just put down a magazine article and started to sleep when the boom of the cannon began and I got up and went to the window. Off toward the east quite unmistakably I saw the flash of lights flying regularly like best lightning across the sky. I watched it for a long time before I went back to bed, with the first feeling of sickening horror and personal futility I had had since I came. With each burst of the rhythm I knew so many lives were snuffed out. I turned on the radio and read some more and when, an hour later, I turned off my light and lay down to sleep the cannon were still booming like a far off ocean. In such manner I was killed to sleep. I date myself from three o'clock. I was having luncheon at one of the big Boulevard cafes with a Lieutenant who has spent some six months in first-line trenches, when there was a crashing, whining sound from the crowd, all laying expired. There is 'Bertha again.' She had been silent for some three weeks so that the first start was remarked upon. After that we heard her at least every hour, sometimes oftener, and paid no more attention to her than to the rain. Certainly 'Bertha' is not treated with one-tenth the awesome respect that one pays to a loud, raucous, shrieking taxi-born in Paris."

"I brought Mrs. Rose over here with me on the 19th of July and that night had the first and only visit from the Boche planes that this town has known. It was a little after eleven o'clock of a beautiful moonlight night. I was just bidding the Captain who had brought me home good night when we noticed the flash and sound of bombs falling in a town some thirty or forty miles from here. Suddenly we heard a plane just a little south over our heads. We thought at first it was one of our own and just as we were trying to locate it (it was very high up) there was a bright flash and the explosion of a bomb. I was ordered into the garage, as it was evident their objective was the R. R. station near which I live. They dropped about eighteen, only three of which exploded and none of which did any harm as they missed their objective by at least two kilometers. I have a piece of one of the shrapnel bombs which exploded, on my desk for a paper weight. That is as much of the actuality of war as I have had. But the days run on very swiftly and actively here as ever. The news of the death of a Major who was here last month has been brought me, a man I knew a little; only a short time ago he was chatting over the canteen, showing me pictures of his family and swapping tales about people and places we knew in common."

"I have been struggling to get the library in some order under difficulties, the building being used most of the time for classes and study periods and the books being in no order, but just dumped on the floor. It is gradually assuming some aspect of order and soon I hope to have a little fresh paint.

"I had also been asked to help fix up the non-commissioned officers' mess halls, so that I had to buy and cut and put up forty pairs of curtains and get some painting done. Only one hall is as yet finished but the Commandant is well pleased and the boys are delighted, and I am still making trips away across the camp to see how the work comes along."

"The students are required to go to study hour from seven to nine each night. Mr. Williamson, as a part of the educational work (and with the co-operation of the army, of course) is filling part or all of the time with lectures on French history, comparative governments, esprit de corps, makers of history, like Jean d'Arc, etc., and stereopticon views of interesting places in France and pictures of her great works of art. Last night I am to read "The Servant in the House" toptography given by an army man by reading from Uncle Remus and Irwin Russell as illustrative of American folk lore, and I give another tomorrow night at one of our isolated camps in this area. Later I will read some other things, like the best examples of war poetry, and Sunday night I helped out after a lecture on aerial physics, as I did to the officers of the last school. Saturday I go to Nancy on business for the Y, and the army, and so the days rush on with such a thing as spare time completely ruled out of my scheme of existence. But I am so happy!"

"The men are delightful to work with and for, which reminds me of the 'non-com.' Doing the educational work has been my first chance of working with them or of knowing them and they are a fine lot. There are about seventy illiterate boys among the regiment stationed here who have been ordered out for half an hour each night to be taught to read and write. We have a group of their non-commissioned officers who are college men or normal school boys who are teaching them under our general supervision.
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LIBERTY BOND SONGS FOR WELLESLEY.
(Special contributions by request.)

Oh, it's up to the gals of female
To prove she's not lacking in nerve.
And that even if she can't be fighting,
She can stay right in college and serve.
For there is neither Can nor Won't.

Maybe not if nor No
When it comes to helping the Fighting Fourth
By letting our money go.

Come on, Wellesley, show your pep,
It's a clink you've got the rep.
You've a chance to make the Kaiser worry
(Bang!)

Get right in that buying line,
You'll get left if you lose time.
Step right over, step right over.

HURRY!

MEND THE BREACH.

There's a crack just now that is closing up
That rings to the Freedom-tune
That we are teaching the whole, wide world
To chant as a chorus soon.

There's a crack just now that is closing up
In the Liberty Bell which we
Are placing over the Western world
For setting the nations free.

"Give 'till it hurts" is the glory-cry,
"Give 'till you feel a lack."
For every penny you loan or give
Helps bind the closing crack.


(Apologies to Wordsworth.)
Our cash is too much with us—all the while.
Doing no spending, it lays waste its powers.
Much is there in the vill that could be ours
Could we but go there in our usual style.
O double fudges that always brought a smile!
O tea-room, that was crowded at all hours!
O sodas, harpins, Dorine, hats and flowers!
O all those things that time and funds beguile
Ye all are barred us. Gee, I'd rather be
A Hindu sporting in a tropic clime,
Or else a pirate come from Tripoli.
So might I spend my money all the time.
I'd almost rather be a soup-tureen
Than live in Wellesley during quarantine!

E. S., '21.

(The News suggests the Fighting Fourth to this sad mortal.)

AN LEG.

Now O N loved sweet M L E
And quite B 9 was F S.
Until he did with N R G
S A J A V S.

He flew with E Z N T C
Nor N E did X E.
Until, alas, one luckless day
A M met him—he fell.

"O, O N!" wailed sweet M L E.
"No more an M X E.
I N V even grin D K
Thy M T F E G."

E. P., '21.

DISILLUSION.

I used to be my father's pet,
My mother's joy and pride.
A shining heaven light in school.
(All this is born-fate.)

I used to be that anxious thing
A good example—but
I've come to college just to find
I really am a nut!

E. S., '21.

OUR WAR GARDEN OF VERSES.

Postman with a yellow bill
Makes me feel a trifle ill,
Everything a dollar more
Since the Kaiser made this War.

How horrible it is to think
That slackers still have meat and drink,
Defying Hoover's regulations
Instead of using war-time rations,

Every night I hit the hay
And pick tomatoes every day.
And every day when I am good
I help supply the nation's food.
The man who will not go and fight
When I can take his place all right,
He is a slacker I am sure
Or else his constitution's poor.

When I was down beside the sea
A good spy-glass they gave to me
To scan the waves off shore;
And then it was my highest hope
To spot a sinking periscope,
Or two, or three, or four,

A. K., '20.

Tune, "K-K-Katy."

Last year Wellesley College used to go
Into town to every single show,
Copley, movies, theatre and all,
And the good old Sunday concert hall.
But—in flew Enza, beautiful Enza,
She's the only girl I ever could adore,
Play with Enza, stay with Enza,
Never leave our Wellesley campus any more.

CONCERNING THE QUARANTINE.

There has been a great deal said about the Wellesley spirit. The term seems to have a variety of meanings. However that may be, it is certain that in its general sense it is concerned with our attitude toward college and toward the problems with which we must grapple at college. If we are going to show that we can master the problems of life, we have first got to prove that we are capable of handling the situations that confront us right here.

Certainly we do not display any amount either of foresight or common sense when we willfully violate the quarantine regulations. Certainly we are not exemplifying the Wellesley spirit when we deliberately and repeatedly shift from our shoulders the responsibility of necessity placed upon us—that of keeping the college free from contagion. It has been “put up” to us by the health officers and by those in administration, and we have, in a measure, a false sense of what has been expected of us. Aside from the fact that in disregard of these regulations we are taking a dangerous step—it is good sportsmanship to avow ourselves of the privileges of being a citizen, and refuse to meet the responsibilities that this very citizenship demands.

The administration has been forced to post an additional quarantine notice in order to bring the college to a realization of the gravity of the situation. There was no other way. Now let us show that we understand and accept these responsibilities, with the determination to faithfully live up to them that another such reminder will be unnecessary.

IGNORANCE OR WILFUL ABUSE?

Three weeks ago in chapel, Miss Pendleton stated the quarantine rules. “Members of the college are requested not to go to the Wellesley Inn, the Waban Hotel or the Tea Rooms. They are not expected to go to the business section of the village nor upon the village streets more than is absolutely necessary in the carrying on of their daily work.” This request was made in order to prevent the spreading of the infectious epidemic and it was made to safeguard the health of every member of the college.

While it is true that a very small per cent of the college heard this request in chapel, it was spoken of in every dormitory and it has been a topic of constant discussion ever since. Surely no member of the college has failed to hear of it. With us as loyalists like ours, there could be no great hardship in a quarantine and nothing is better than a walk in the open country now. There is a telephone in every dormitory and the shops are willing to deliver anything. In view of this, why should a single girl find it necessary to go to the village? For girls do go, and seem to take a singular pride in boasting of the fact that they “sneaked down to the village.” If it were only thoughtless, younger girls—but older girls, to whom younger ones look for example, have also gone. Lack of knowledge or lack of thought is not a valid excuse for breaking the laws of the country. Neither should they be given as an excuse for breaking the laws of a college community.

In justice to the very large proportion of girls who are conscientiously obeying this necessary request, a protest should certainly be made against the careless attitude of the few who either have, or will not make, a sense of right and wrong.

R. S., 19.

MAGAZINES AND WELLESLEY BEAN LINE.

Where do they come from here? They go to a hospital for American soldiers in England, where American magazines give more pleasure than we have ever dreamed of here. Perhaps we could better understand the place they fill if we had sometime been convalescing for weeks or months in England; if our reading matter had consisted only of English papers and magazines so strange and unlike anything we had known that they only emphasized our loneliness, and then if some day a visitor had appeared at the hospital, bringing with her a pile of real American magazines.

The letters from the soldiers who were in the hospital certainly showed how they felt about it. One wrote: “Those girls are dear, what would we do without their magazines?” and another one said: “The American magazines are surely a Godsend. We all wait our turn to look at them.” Certainly if they mean so much to the boys “over there,” the least we can all do is to see that our magazines all get into the hands of the Periodical League just as soon as we are finished with them. There is a member of the Periodical League Committee in every house who will see that they are collected and sent promptly to England but we can all help the committee by keeping our magazines clean and unsoiled and by having them ready for the collector when she makes her rounds. Moreover, when we are hesitating between buying the Ladies Home Journal or the Saturday Evening Post, let’s choose the latter for the sake of the soldiers, whose demand for Post is never satisfied. Last year the Periodical League sent 1800 magazines to Birmingham, England, and this year hopes to send still more. The lady to whom they are sent writes: “I have even the twine from the packages was carefully saved and used in the garden for growing beans. The result was always known as "the Wellesley bean-line." Let us all help this year to lengthen "the Wellesley bean-line."

MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE GOVERNMENT ADVISORY BOARD.

1918. Helen Andrews.
Ellen Richardson.
Carolyn Willyoung.
1921. Elizabeth Sayre.
Janet Victoris.
From the college at large: Marian Sprague.
Elizabeth Peale.

MORIAL SERVICE.

A brief and very beautiful service was held in Houghton Memorial Chapel on Wednesday morning, October 9, in memory of Jean de Forrest, 1922, Rev. Mr. Sleeper of the Congregational Church in Wellesley conducted the prayers and reading of passages.

ORCHESTRA TO TRAIN RECRUTS.

Eleven new members for the Orchestra were chosen on the evenings of Oct. 8 and 11, by Mr. Foster, the club’s conductor. Two of these, Edith Nutt and Eleanor Peckham, freshmen, are to play first violin. Those who are second violinists are: Esther Stevens, and Evelyn Tilden, ’21; Katherine de Wolf, Emily Lathom, Gertrude Miller, and Mildred Smith, ’22, Gertrude Crampton, ’20, cellist, was selected, and also Virginia French, ’21, pianist.


COLLEGE NOTES.

On Saturday morning the sophomores gave us a gentle reminder of the fact that pennies put into the tea room will not buy Liberty Bonds. Their presentation of this truth was graphic—for they illustrated their doggerel: “Don’t they see or don’t they care?” with live photographs, in which several members of 1921 were seen seated around a delicacy-strewn table, ordering more, while a large poster near them demanded of them to Buy Bonds and deplored the sufferings of distant Belgians.

Mary W. Dewson, 1897, who went to France from the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association to do Red Cross work, has just been appointed in charge of relief work for the refugees, in one of the zones in the Lyons region.

Mr. Smalley of the Department of Music will give a violinists Recital on the afternoon of Friday, the 18th of October at 4:40 P. M. The recital will take place in Billings Hall. All are cordially invited.

The first meeting of the House of Representatives was held Monday afternoon, October 14.

It is interesting to notice that the rest of the country appreciates America The Beautiful just as we do. Many have advocated it as our national anthem.

WANTED—A KODAK.

Owing to the quarantine, photographers from outside cannot take the usual pictures of teams, etc., that are wanted for the Legends. Therefore the Legends Board wants a Kodak. Anyone who will sell or rent one for the year, postcard size preferred, please see Emma Anderson at 12 Wood.
ENGAGEMENTS.
86. Edsina M. Smicky to Marshall Hertig, University of Minnesota, A. E. F.
91. Rev. Rose Augustus, to Atchison, Kans.
88. Mrs. Edith A. Gothen (Genevieve Whipple), to 4 Logan St., Charleston, S. C.
96. Dorothy Greene, to 32 Hague Court, 400 West 11th St., N. Y. C.

ALUMNI!
Do you ever feel that you are getting out of touch with your Alma Mater? If you are longing to refresh your freshman fondness, your sophomore thoughtfulness, your junior joyrides, or your senior sophistication, and at the same time wish to gain a clear idea of Wellesley's part in The Great War, subscribe for the Legamons. Send a card with your name and address to Dorothy C. Dorenus, Freeman Cottage, and a copy will be reserved for you.

SHAKESPEARE PROGRAM MEETING.
Scenes from The Winter's Tale, the play studied by the Society last year, were presented by the seniors at initiation.
Act II. Scene 3.

Leontes
Marguerite Brenizer

Antigonus
Margaret Conant

Pauline
Ellen Richardson

Lord
Emily Trimmer

Sargent
Elizabeth Brooks

ACT III. Scene 2.

Leontes
Marguerite Brenizer

Dion
Katherine Vose

Pauline
Rose Schneider

Hermione
Margaret Littlehales

ACT IV. Scene 3.

Paulina
Elizabeth Brooks

Camillo
Margaret Conant

Florizel
Emily Trimmer

Perdita
Marion Bash

Paulina
Rose Schneider

Hermione
Isabel Ireland

A WELLESLEY POET.
But we must share Elzie Robinson (Mount Holyoke, B. A. 1910, Wellesley, M. A. 1912) with the mother of college sitting among her side by side the Connecticut. Miss Robinson's Poem "Fortunio" which was an October issue of Poetry was awarded last June one of the two annual prizes of the Poetry Society of America. The poet is now in France, in gas mask and trench helmet, serving the soldiers beyond the Y. M. C. A. huts with coffee and cocoa from a camouflague.

K. L. B.

A RUSSIAN LETTER.

The following letter, printed in the Contributor's Column of the October Atlantic is reprinted here by the kind permission of the Atlantic editors. A series of these Madame Ponafidine was published in the Atlantic for July, and this, which arrived later, carries on her story of Russian conditions to April, 1918. To the few in Wellesley who know Madame Ponafidine and have had the privilege of visiting her at Bolticek, these letters are of special personal interest, but their picture of a Russian land must live today is for all. Bolticek is an estate of 39,000 acres on Lake Ostashoff, the source of the Volga, in the province of Tver. M. Ponafidine (Peter) was for thirty-six months a Russian consul in the East—first in Persia, where he met Madame Ponafidine, the daughter of a Russian missionary, and later in Turkey. For the past six years the family have lived on their estate, trying to introduce improved methods of agriculture and dairying among the peasants in the villages, and working to break down the suspicion and hostility which revolutionary propaganda has already aroused among them. It is going to be heard that another letter has recently come from Madame Ponafidine—of a May date—which reports better feeling among the peasants and a more hopeful outlook.

A. F. F.

Bortine, April 4, 1918.

"My dear Carrie,
"I sent you a card the other day, when we thought the crisis had come, but again it is put off till next Sunday. Peter says he now understands the relief that persons feel when sentence is at last pronounced, even if the worst is feared.

"For three days council met one day and late at night. There are three parties. One for extermination, root and branch; one for turning out forever, with hand-luggage, but alive; and the other for letting us remain under condition; and this party is again split into two; one for giving us monthly just the rations that the central committee gives out (2-5 pounds of flour a month); others vote for giving us pounds a month (per head). Three weary days dragged by, with constant news of the violent altercation going on. At last, day before yesterday, as I was reading to Peter by the window, I saw Ace coming through the yard, surrounded by armed peasants, some with swords, but most with rifles and fixed bayonets. At first my heart fell, but I saw Ace was talking with them cheerfully. It proved to be our new committee (the 7th or 8th), nillists men, and about 10 of the worst inclined towards us of the neighbors. The committee was very correct. They searched the whole place, weighed everything eatable, and called a meeting of our three villages for the evening. The worst is a persistent accustation against me that is very serious. They declare that all winter I have taken food-supplies, flour, etc., to town, which is an absolute lie. We have sent our valuables to Moscow, and I took clothing to hide in Olaishkov, but brought it all back (unfortunately, now) when Olaishkov was being pillag. The members of the committee, being from a distance, left horses here and said they would come back here to sleep; so I prepared their supper and waited for them and for Oks, for whom we had sent a horse to town. At eleven Oks came, so thin and gaunt, with a tiny canvas bag worth 3 to 3 roubles, for which he paid 45, and in which was the meagre supply of linen he

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BOSTON

Personal Greeting Cards
For the Holidays

A Collection of Unusual Distinction and Individuality

Our samples books of 1918 designs for Christmas and New Year's cards and booklets are now being shown. Our selection includes a most attractive display of Patriotic Christmas Cards.

If you desire to send greeting cards to the boys across, we would suggest that you place your orders now against disappointment.

Because of the government request to dispense with useless gift giving many will choose their Christmas remembrances to personal cards.

Our selection is worthy of your inspection.

E. W. D.

Personaliera Brochures

Wednesday, October 15, 1919, P. M., Christian Association Meetings.

The committee extended their congratulations to Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones for having brought in a number of successful plays and for the excellent success of their endeavor. The committee is satisfied with the result and has decided to try again. It is imperative that we work together to achieve our goals.

We, therefore, call upon all our friends and acquaintances to support this noble cause. Let us work together to make this a successful event.

We are confident that with your help, we can achieve our goals.

Sincerely,

The Committee

FRASER, THE FLORIST

PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS

63 Linden St., West Wellesley, Mass.
(Flowers Telegraphed) Telephone 365

WANTED.

Sopause to help with the care of my two children, 1 and 3 years old, who is also willing to help with household work. Please call home for a war widow, who is fond of domesticity.

Mrs. W. D. Smith
20 Washburn St., Lexington, Mass.
Phone Lex. 161-W.