CONVICTED.

With the challenge at Des Moines, came conviction. I was convicted of ignorance, of careless thinking.

Do you know:

Where the cheapest commodity is human life?

Where children under 12 years of age work over 12 hours a day?

Where the average yearly income is $10.00 or less?

That half the world lacks doctors, nurses, drug stores, hospitals?

That there are seven doctors in New York city to every medical missionary in the non-Christian world?

Des Moines does not accept our western democracy without Christianity?

The right kind of intervention for Mexico?

I didn’t know this and a great many other equally startling facts. I was puzzled and troubled when I heard a man ask, “Does your higher education give you a knowledge of the needs of people?” And then I read, “You measure a man by the height of his ideals, the depth of his convictions, the breadth of his interests and his sympathies.”

Today, we college women are measured by no less a scale. We must have breadth of elocution or we become “breeding places for all kinds of bozills” which thrive on our careless thought and our ill-gathered facts.

President Faunce of Brown University once said, “If your map has not less than the world upon it you cannot rightly decide upon your field of Christian endeavor.” If your life has less than the world-wide touch of sympathy and interest you too are convicted, and you live a prisoner’s narrowed life.

MARGARET HARDWICK, 1921.

HOW FAR DO YOU SEE?

“The world is as big as our vision of it.” Is your vision narrow? Is the world in your eyes twisted and narrowed into a shape and proportion which is far from picturing the actual state of affairs?

I suppose there are few of us who do not in our mental picture have an entirely distorted idea of geography. To most of us the United States occupies a great proportion of the globe. Even more reasonable members of society see the world in terms of that part of it which we call “civilized.”

How many of us have ever stopped to realize that in reality the civilized lands occupy less than one-half of the earth’s surface? How many people know that the dark continent of Africa alone is large enough to contain all of Europe, the whole United States, China, and India?

A very brief study of comparative geography can teach civilized peoples many things and first of all it can make us feel small, very small. We who are inclined to call this a civilized age must first stop to think that we are at best less than half civilized.

“No nation (and no world) can advance any faster than the lowest class in that nation (or world). The nation that fails is the nation that forgets to bring up the rear.”

The “rear” of our world consists of more than half of its entire population. Is it not essential for the student body of America to be interested in “the other half”?

BARRABE BRAN.

THE COSMOPOLITAN APPEAL OF THE CONFERENCE.

To me, whose cosmopolitanism has consisted in successfully making the distinction between nationalities by observing the scarlet sash and striped “dicky” on one uniform over against the suit and khaki of another; one day in Des Moines was, to say the least, edifying.

Of course I wasn’t really quite so unintelligent, but it is true that my real acquaintance with people outside our own country has been very superficial.

Imagine, then, what it meant to me that in one day I actually talked freely with a Swiss doctor of philosophy, whose brilliant mind and personality made him most inspiring, about some of the problems of the American student life; with a little French girl whose beautiful hair and demure skirts had not prepared me for the defiance she showed toward a missionary she thought was trying “to force our religious idea into her life”; with a Russian girl who has just come here after a year in Bolshevik Russia, and is eager to give to us a true impression of her people as she knows them. I talked to a Japanese student who, discussing the need for better social and economic education among the students in this country said, “Nearly every one knows about polygamy in India and foot binding in Japan, but how very, very few really see what a mission is in your own industrial problems here.” And to an Indian, a tall, dark-brown person in a black and gold turban, though it was only to pass the time of day with him as we were looking at the same pictures in the exhibit I was proud to have been that much his friend.

It was not that we were different, that made me feel so keenly the contribution each of these new friends made to my thought, but that we were so naturally sympathetic and all at once to talk together about real vital problems in other countries and in ours, and to know that the reason you could reach fundamentals at once was because each saw in the other the great desire for service, was a privilege which left no room for selfishness in accepting it.

The world in becoming broader for me has become, in another sense, narrower through the practical brotherhood among Christian peoples which I found at Des Moines.

KATHERINE TAYLOR, 1920.

TABLE TALK.

For five days we sat in the Coliseum at Des Moines, seven thousand students from all parts of the world. In front of us on the stage were at least three hundred missionaries, men and women, men and women. What stories of adventure, of love, and devotion must have been bottled up on that platform! My one regret, as I look back on the convention is that there was not time to have more of them told. It was only in the afternoon sectional meetings that we had a chance to hear many of them read, or in the coffee or dinner. But those occasions we are not likely soon to forget. There is one in particular I shall long remember.

It was at a Yule luncheon, about the time we came to the pig, that Dr. Dey of Africa began to tell us how he pushed his way far into the interior of the country to a tribe of black women, who had seen little, whose language no one had ever learned.

(Continued on page 4, column 1)

Mr. John B. Mott has said that “investigators, writers and thinkers are wanted to understand and to lead the great masses of people; true statesmen, mediators, and leaders of righteousness are needed as builders of a new world.”

For the past four years we have been keenly alive to the urgent need of co-operative work. We have tried in many small ways, both by negative efforts, through the things we did “not do” and by positive efforts, through the things we could do, to help in the carrying on of the war and in the bringing of it to a successful close. The actual fighting has ceased, and with it, to a great extent, our thought and work for the countries to the East and West.

“America is on trial before all the world.” I am quoting Mr. Sherwood Eddy. Will it stand behind the ideals of democracy and freedom of which it has talked so much, or will it continue to fall down, as it is falling down, and continue to lower itself as it is lowering itself, in the estimation of the entire world?

“It is not so much where you are, as what you ate.” Korei deaheebahed by opium, liquor and vice, is appealing to us; Armeniawith her daughter amounting to 800,000 in the last two years is calling to us. China, with its population of four Chinese to every American demands our help and must receive it, not only for her own sake in China, but for the sake of all China is awakening. Whether it makes itself a great force for good or a great force for evil depends largely upon whether or not we will avail ourselves of the opportunity she is giving us for the spread of Christian principle throughout her country. Missionaries—evangelistic, medical, industrial, educational—must be secured. And they must be drawn from our best ministers, physicians, lawyers, and educators. But men and women are needed not only for the foreign field, but for the home field—men and women who will carry into all lives and all phases of life the principles of democracy, freedom, and love.

Miss Haushalt, who was in behalf of the Y. W. C. A. work, has divided the world into three classes—Workers, Shirkers, and Jerkers. It is up to each one of us to make sure we are satisfied with the class in which we fail.

FRANCES E. BROOKS.

THE REAL MEXICAN.

In the eyes of the average American a Mexican isn’t a Mexican unless he is half hidden under a sombrero, is armed to the teeth and waves pistols carelessly in both hands. That picture is, however, only a caricature, and those who have lived in Mexico tell us that the Mexican isn’t nearly as bad as he is commonly supposed to be. Bishop McConnell who has worked in Mexico for the past seven years told the following story to illustrate that point. One day as he arrived at a small schoolhouse which was situated in a loverly locality, he was met by four mounted Mexicans who seemed to resemble closely the proverbial bandits. They asked him to dismount, which he did with reluctance, since he had entrusted to him the funds which were to be used for schoolhouse. Much to the Bishop’s surprise the leader, an elderly gentleman, introduced himself as the president of the school board. He then in a very courteous and

(Continued on page 3, column 1)
ELEANOR STUART BURCH, ’21,

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE CONVENTION.

First of all, I was impressed by the bigness of the convention. It was held in a large coliseum seating 10,000 people gathered together from all the ends of the earth. Negro met Englishman, Chinese met Frenchman, and American met them all. There were foreign faces of every type, from forty different nations; there were almost as many different costumes. The Hindus, with black and gold turban, talked earnestly and affectionately with the drabbing Englishman of the gold knobbled cane. They were there from every corner of the world, representing each his own land for Christianity, but united in the great spirit of the cosmopolitan. It was a great and inspiring moment when those ten thousand voices, made one through their faith, were raised in a loud and glorious hymn of praise.

I was also impressed by the great earnestness and the spirit of consecration which was evident in all the speakers. John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Sherwood Eddy, Bishop McDowell and many other men of good and great works showed very clearly in their faces, and in what they said, the great inner devotion and dedication to their purpose.

And last, but most of all, I was impressed by the great challenge of the convention to each of us. There is a tremendous dearth of mission workers, donors, money givers, teachers, writers, in the work of all kinds. Disease and pain reign in every non-Christian land; Mohammedanism is slowly broadening out into a wider and wider circle. Conditions everywhere call for trained and earnest men and women to go to the lost ones. And, as we sent to the world, that is also the lesson; let us not only raise up the latest line of scholars, but let us bring with it the word of the Bible and the joy of God in our hearts. This is a great task, but it is the task of the world, and of our time.

The THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

BRINGING THE CONFERENCE BACK.

This week’s issue of the News is devoted mainly to reports of the Des Moines Conference. In an endeavor to acquaint the college as fully as possible with the results of the conference, the delegates feel that the conference was decidedly worthwhile, they are doing all in their power to give to the college a great part of what they received. The speeches at Christian Association meetings, the articles in this issue of the News, and informal discussions which must arise will aid in spreading the knowledge and inspiration gained from contact with men of parts of the world who possess unique experiences in their various fields. But it will be difficult for the delegates to give all that they have received unless the college responds by showing its interest and desire to carry on the great work of world citizenship which the conference emphasized.

DES MOINES’ CONVENTION.

There are many people in Wellesley who are asking what kind of a time we had at Des Moines.

And as we sat in the Massachusetts section and, looking about, saw to the left and right, in front and behind, in the first and second balconies, delegates from all parts of the world, we were sure that we had been able to bring back to you the spirit and the knowledge which the convention conveyed to us. In “following up” the convention, we are asking for your co-operation. If we are not giving you what you want, let us know. In this way, we hope to supplement the mere expression of our appreciation.

FRANCIS E. BROOKS.

Our RESPONSIBILITY.

One fact the Conference succeeded in making perfectly clear to all who attended it is the enormous responsibility which rests upon the student body of America. There are 300,000 students in the United States and Canada, and their 7,000 representatives seemed a greater number indeed as they sat together in the vast coliseum at Des Moines. Yet in comparison with the 300,000,000 non-Christian illiterates in India alone they seem a feeble army whose strength must be exerted to the utmost. If fifty per cent of American students challenged today, for European universities are almost depleted-and are quite unable to carry on their normal share of Christian work. Every day old problems become more urgent and new ones, pressing upon us. Underlying the solution of all is the great program of the Student Volunteers for Christianizing the whole world and making Christian ethics and ideals play a more vital part in the life of those countries which already term themselves Christian. The spread of Christianity everywhere and at all times has been due to individuals like ourselves—individuals who might have chosen to stay at home and forget their obligations to mankind. Suppose each of them had shed the light of Christianity upon him. Suppose, for instance, that Paul had failed and we never heard of Jesus’ life and teachings; we cannot know in what crude ethical state or in the grip of what non-moral religion we might find ourselves. Paul’s time is the world’s need for Christianity. Educated American youth must supply this need.

It is obvious that not all of us can or should serve as missionaries in foreign fields. Some of us can and may be induced to do so; the rest of us must stand solidly behind them. Above all the responsibility is laid heavily upon each and everyone of us to spend her life in the way in which it will accomplish the greatest good. It is always a crime to be a little man and in those times of colossal need it becomes unforgivable.

ELAINE ONIS BOOTH, ’23.

THE SYNTHESIS OF NATIONS.

Yes—the title is meant to be as lofty as it sounds and thereby hangs the tale.

Bishop McDowell in the course of an address told his tale of a conference with a student who wished to consult with him on his Master’s thesis.

And what is to be the subject of your thesis?” and the Bishop.

"The ‘Synthesis of Nations’,” was the reply.

"Thereupon,” the Bishop continued, “I got up and opened the window.” When he had heard of the development of the thesis he opened another window and there it was.

First to show that a “Synthesis of nations” could not be brought about on the basis of commerce since it induced a spirit of rivalry, second that it was impossible to obtain it on a military basis as that would lead to mutual distrust among the nations, and finally to prove that the only basis was one of personality and that personality—Jesus Christ.

In a word, the whole duty of the whole Church is to spread the whole gospel to the whole world. And don’t forget that being a missionary is a real, live, man’s job, not just handing out Bibles to the benighted heathen. The next time you want to poke fun at missionary work remember that they shed blood while you shed ink. What can you do to help them?—ELEANOR OTIS BOOTHE, ’23.

1. The Purpose of the Student Volunteer Convention: to:

1. To get a vision of the new world.

2. To receive a new challenge to bind our lives to service, not to publish ends.

3. To realize our unity and spiritual solidarity.

4. To receive a new accession of superhuman power.—Mr. John R. Mott, Chairman of the Des Moines Convention.
**Electricity—the Master Force in Manufacturing**

The marvels of electricity have revolutionized our manufacturing industries. With belts and pulleys replaced by electric motors operating automatic—almost human—machines, many a slow and tedious process has been eliminated. The factory worker’s task of yesterday is made pleasant by his command of this magic power.

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The Real Mexican.

(Continued from page 1, column 3) charming speech said that he had come to express his gratitude for the help in rebuilding the school; a school which was the only “door of hope” for the children of his land.

Mexico needs our help, and more than all else, our sympathetic understanding. Let us put aside the silly, unthinking caricature we have thrust upon her. We should admire those people who have carried on an unique revolution in the hope of helping the peon.” Whether we believe that revolution has served its purpose or not it is important that we be patient and let Mexico work out her own difficulties.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

**APPOINTMENT BUREAU.**

Workers are needed for an international section of the Y. W. C. A. These should be alumni who have been out of college some ten years. One of these should speak Italian, and someone who has lived or sojourned in Italy for a considerable time would be especially desirable. The other worker should speak Arabic and would be sent into the Syrian section of the work. Anyone who would like to become an applicant for this position or to be supplied with other details relating to it is asked to address the Secretary of the Appointment Bureau, Room 1, Administration Building, Wellesley, College, Wellesley, Mass.
He pointed to a palm-tree, a native said something; he wrote down in his notes: "Palm-tree equals . . ." His vocabulary had begun. "It was easy enough to learn the names of things," he told us, "by pointing to the various objects, but how in the world could a man point to a verb? And without a knowledge of verbs, one cannot do much talking."

But one day, as he was lying on the grass, trying to understand what the men of the village were saying, a young woman ran along the trail and appeared a few minutes later with a bunch of potatoes on her shoulder. One of the men spoke and Dr. Dey caught the girl's name, "field" and "potatoes." "Masakuka-field," he paused over it a moment, "what can the other word mean?" (I am not sure about the girl's name being "Masakuka."

Though I knew it would be hard to remember the African syllables, I didn't think it was polite to take notes at the table. He had seen the girl running, instantly he leaped to his feet and sprinted down the path. When he came back he tried the word on the natives; they laughed and nodded. He had discovered his first verb! He would learn another one. He made motions with a stick as if digging in the ground and repeated the second word. Again the men signed that he was right. He tried the whole sentence: "Masakuka ran to the field to dig some potatoes." The man who had first spoken seemed vastly pleased, corrected a slight mispronunciation, and thereby established himself as Dr. Dey's first teacher.

Before many years were over, he and Mrs. Dey had collected a vocabulary of more than 12,000 words. "Nor must you think," Dr. Dey warned us, "that there's any simple language. Why they have fourteen forms of the past tense alone! Over there when a man says he kissed his girl, you know exactly when it happened, yesterday, last month, or five minutes ago."

With this knowledge of the language Dr. Dey began his translation of the book of Mark. But, he said, no sooner had he finished it than Mrs. Dey suggested, "How fine it would be if only they had John!" Mr. Dey thought he deserved a rest but Mrs. Dey would not let him off until he promised to start it right away. "Here it is," he said proudly as he held up a slim black leather volume. We looked at it with deep respect.

"Of course," Dr. Dey continued, "I didn't wait for these translations to tell the people about Jesus Christ, I began that as soon as I learned the word for 'save.' It was puzzling what a transformation Christianity made in their savage, immoral lives. One day I was obliged to go thirty miles to the next station where an American missionary was ill with fever, and I was starting away the old village chief, who had but recently joined the Jesus Tribe, stopped me. 'Who's going to take care of mami?' he asked.

'I told him she would be all right by herself, but the man shook his head.

"'I'll look after her,' he offered.

"'Well, I didn't want the old fellow hanging around,' Dr. Dey said. "I knew that not long ago he had been a cannibal eater and had had thirty wives. 'No,' I said, 'you go on back to your hut; mami is all right.'"

"Mrs. Dey told me later that the old chief returned to the mission station and informed her he was going to look after her that night. Mrs. Dey didn't want him around either, and told him to go on home. But late that night, after she and the two little native girls who helped at the mission had gone to bed, he came again to the mission, pounded on the door and called out, 'Mama, I have come to take care of you.'"

"Mrs. Dey was really frightened and more than ever determined not to let him in. 'No,' she said, 'go back to your own hut. I don't need you now and if I do I'll send for you.'"

"The next morning when Mrs. Dey looked out of the window, there was the old chief sitting on the steps, club across his knees and drawn knife in one hand, protecting, against man or beast, this missionary 'mama.'"

"Is Christianity worth while?" Dr. Dey asked in conclusion, "if it can change centuries of cruelty into such noble devotion?"

We returned gradually to our pie.

"See what being a missionary has done for that man," remarked Dr. Morse, at whose table I had the privilege of sitting. Dr. Morse graduated from Yale in 1867 and for over fifty years had been the head of the Y. M. C. A. until he handed it over to John R. Mott. "You heard that man say he went through Lehigh University in an hour and a half; now, he holds the attention of all those college men." He nodded toward a group of some twenty or thirty boys who had gathered around Dr. Dey's table. "They are looking at the book; very interesting," he stated, "very interesting."

It was interesting. We do not often think of the advantages such a life brings or of the opportunities for development. Too long missionaries have been either ridiculed or criticized. They deserve neither scorn nor flattery or censure; but our admiring congratulations.

MARGARET WHITE, '21.

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"Let no little child be deprived of the opportunity of becoming a super-being," Madame Brekhovskovskiy.

"Teaching holds out a challenge: to the very best a girl can give. Every bit of experience she has ever had finds some place of more or less importance in the day's work. And if she comes to know her pupils well, a girl will find her interests widening rapidly, and her store of happiness increasing, as she succeeds in meeting the innumerable demands made upon her. For she shares with them not only their work but their pleasures and in some cases the disappointments which, however trivial, they may seem to her, are yet very great and real.

"Consequently, the right kind, which should be the only kind, of teaching is far from being monotonous. By way of comparison with other professions may I quote from a letter received from a friend who holds a position with a chemical company? She writes:—"I've become one of the millions who get up in the morning, go to work, do their work—go home—and go to bed. Then it's time to get up and do the same thing over again." A teacher undoubtedly works hard, but her work is never in a rut, and, I think richer in its ability to satisfy our inborn desire to do something useful.

E. A., 1918.

"Through school I find I have a peculiar opportunity of reaching the boys, of making friends with them, and, in little ways, of helping them. There is no doubt at all in my mind that the girl who wants to do social welfare work can find no more efficacious opening than in teaching. The things one might do are ever-increasing, as one's eyes become opened clearly enough to see them. Just the experience of these first three months has been extremely valuable to me, and I really feel as if I had learned—in the lines of tact, poise, and handling human nature—much more than I have taught—in French.

M. H., S., 1919.

"The work of one teacher in one school may seem an utterly inconsequential part of the great work. But I question whether what one person has to offer will go further anywhere than in teaching. Even a very brief experience as a teacher has made me realize the possibilities of helping to build up a more thinking, intelligent group of citizens, conscious of their country's needs, and equipped to meet them, that lie before a teacher in a private school. The opportunity for more intimate relationship with the girls makes these possibilities particularly rich.

H. M., 1919.

"Well do I remember the talk we had together when I was weighing in the balance whether I should take a teaching position or a business one. And I can say with all sincerity to the seniors that I do not regret my choice. Besides the mere teaching, there are many opportunities for influencing boys and girls who will soon be men and women, and teaching holds the keys to the very best into their play with them, either through organized clubs or in small groups. There is also ample opportunity for becoming a part of the community, and enjoying its activities. It seems to me to widen my experience, my interest, and decidedly worthwhile task for a college graduate."

G. M. T., 1919.

"I had always declared, at college, that teaching was the one thing out of the question in the way of work. But, if you're seeking romance itself, go off to a little country parsonage and teach. You will always find a group of small boys who will tramp miles with you—even showing you their secret haunts or letting you carry their wooden guns. Perhaps, (I only suggest this) they will instruct you in the intricacies of baseball. The girls are the ones who perhaps need the more sympathy, for country girls haven't been taught to trump and chatter on as much as their brothers have. But that will be just another thing for you to help at. And through the girls you can get some good books started among families of children. You will find that the older boys and girls only too anxious to talk about college. And, in the meantime, with all due respect to your blessed Alma Mater, you will have earned as much, in eight weeks of teaching, as you did in eight months of studying." E. P. H., 1919.

"Teaching had been the haunting shadow of all my college days; I am quite sure, had I known when I was about to enter college that today I should be a teacher, I should have turned away with hashCode steps. And it was not until the spring vacation of my senior year that I finally and reluctantly receded from my positive position in regard to it. Today, after a year and two months of teaching, I can hardly be thankful enough for what it has meant to me. Teaching songs to larger social work whose results are perhaps not as immediate but are without doubt more permanent and effective. Last year I was trying to bring to my pupils knowledge of a richer life by which they might find inspiration and happiness. This year, I have a bigger and far more difficult opportunity for I am working with girls who have unlimited resources. My work, then, is not only to bring to them that knowledge but also to inspire them with a desire to seek the best of their lives the more so that their privileged position affords. Of course, there must be great opportunities in all branches of work, but it would be difficult for me to imagine any greater opportunities than those which teaching has opened up to me."

A. J., 1918.

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PLANTATION CONDITIONS IN CENTRAL EMPIRES DESCRIBED BY DR. ALICE
G. HAMILTON.

"Before the war," said Dr. Alice G. Hamilton who spoke here on January 9, "it was suggested
that the economic boycott be used instead of war-
fare. But I shall never again stand for the use of
economic boycott. I would far rather have war-
fare." This statement was the result of Dr. Hamilt-
on's experiences in central Europe while the food
blockade was maintained. She was in Switzerland,
Holland, and Germany and she saw the terrible
results of the enforced starvation at first hand.

"What we saw in Germany was not so bad as it
had been before the blockade was lifted," she said,
"but it was bad enough." The frightful condition
of the children was particularly noticeable. In
one place that Dr. Hamilton visited the children's mid-
day meal consisted of a pint of soup with greens in
it. "The children hadn't much energy; their faces
were grey yellow, their mouths drawn with
anxious expressions. Tuberculosis and rickets were
common. It has clearly proved that there is no
such thing as racial immunity to tuberculosis
when the fats and albumens are taken away." Of con-
ditions in Austria and Hungary Dr. Hamilton
knew only through others. The population in
Vienna is dying off by this process of slow starva-
tion. Conditions in Budapest are equally bad and,
in addition, the city is now overcrowded so that it
is impossible to allot one family more than three
rooms.

"The blockade as a mode of warfare is horrible.
It doesn't strike the soldiers; it affects the death
rate of those who are the innocent victims of war.
It has been used very successfully to win the war
and to force Germany to sign the treaty. But
warfare is an infinitely more decret thing. The
League of Nations should be one that does not use
a hunger blockade."

MUSICAL VESPERS.

Sunday evening, January 11, 1919,
Service Anthem: "Behold, God is great
Nagler
Sympathy
Mendelssohn
Mendelssohn
Baritone: "O God, have Mercy"
(From St. Paul)
Organ: Nocturne
Ferrata
Baritone: "God is my Shepherd"
Drake
Choir: "O gladsome Light"
H. C. M.
The Wellesley College Choir assisted by Loyal
Philip Shaw, Baritone, Professor MacDougall,
Organist.

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Riding Habits Underwear Negligees Etc.

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WANTED: SUGGESTIONS.

Discussion of "to be or not to be" for the plan
to have dramatics a major event was ended at the
last meeting of the House by the following:
"Passed that Barn plays and all major dramatic
events in Wellesley should come under the direc-
tion of a central dramatic organization."
Of course, the next thing is to put such an organiza-
tion in working order. That is what the Drama
Committee is to do. But since it is everybody's
organization, any individual who has applicable
and constructive ideas would be doing the com-
mittee a favor by submitting them to this com-
mittee. The more ideas offered, the better will be
the final form of the organization.

THE NECESSITY OF A SENSE OF
PROPORTION.

"Our powers for good," said Dr. A. C. McGill, 
President of the Union Theological Seminary,
New York, Sunday morning, January 11th, in the
Memorial Chapel, "are being paralyzed by the
croseless round of petty things. We need to have
our vision readjusted, for the small near objects
look large, and the bigger, better ones unimportant.
The things worth living for are not those whose
significance ends with the doing of them. Life is
not an end in itself, though in our blindness we
make it so. To live worthily we must do the
things that need to be done, with a worthy pur-
pose. Meaningless routine kills the soul, but sim-
ple tasks done for a good end enable it.
"A sense of proportion is the power of estimat-
ing correctly the relative power of little and big, that
each may be attended to without neglect of the oth-
er. For the lesser things have a place in life, though
enthusiasts are apt to forget them.

No life is worth living unless it is organized for
some definite, honorable purpose. The achieving
of that purpose must not mean immersion in it,
the exclusion of everything else. The man
who has learned to preserve a perfect balance be-
tween the parts of life has done learned the fine
art of living."

WHAT ARE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS?

Before I went to the convention, my answer
might have been, "Student volunteers are religious-
ly inclined persons who have responded to a mys-
terious call to 'preach the Gospel' in foreign
lands." Rather a dull and narrow conception, isn't
it— one not apt to arouse much enthusiasm in
the average person? Now I know that student
volunteers are much more than this. I know that
they are men and women who have seen the very
best and highest ideal of life, and who are strong
enough to follow that ideal to the ends of the
earth. They will go out beyond their homes, be-
yond their cities, beyond their countries to lands
where, love, truth and beauty are yet undiscovered.
They will help in the great task of binding the na-
tions into the world-wide 'Brotherhood.' They
have won a new name—the name of "world-cri-
mile."}

DO YOU WANT ORIGINAL
PLAYS this year? ONE ACT
or THREE ACT PLAYS will
be accepted. GET BUSY and
WRITE ONE.
OPEN MEETING OF CRITICS COMMITTEE.

The try-outs for Intercollegiate Debate will not be held this year until after mid-year. For the benefit of one of the large committees of Debate, however, certain general instruction is given now. These meetings are open to all interested, and will be helpful to those who expect to try out, or to speak in large meetings. Mr. Sheffield will explain "How to make a speech" at 4:40, Monday, January 19th, in Zeta Alpha. Last Tuesday Mrs. Hodder spoke on "What Debating can mean to Wellesley College."

If you would like to serve on any of the committees of Intercollegiate; the Critics, who try to understand what the team is talking about; the Material Committee, who read and rate books and articles on the subject; the Business Committee, who sell tickets and usher; the Social Committee, who take care of the delegation from Holyoke;—if you wish to serve on any of these, look up Rachel Jones or Elizabeth Wight, and they will find a "job" to your liking. If possible, committees will be completed before second semester.

Remember Mr. Sheffield's talk, and come if you can.


DR. CHARLES R. BROWN TO BE HERE WEEK OF PRAYER.

Dr. Charles R. Brown, Dean of Yale, is to be here for the Week of Prayer, February 8-12, 1920. He was here last year and preached the sermon on "Influence" which everyone who heard him remembers with interest. He has been to Des Moines and those who heard him there will more than agree as to his ability to speak to college students. Do not forget the date—tell everyone about him and be prepared to come to all of his meetings. Watch the *News* for further notices.

II. Did you know that:
1. The United States controls one-third of the wealth of the entire world?
2. One-half of the world is not only poor, but ignorant and lacking in all forms of medical skill?
3. Nine-tenths of the world is illiterate?—Mr. Sherwood Eddy.

III. Extracts well worth remembering:
1. The great need of today is men who will think boldly of God, and act upon those thoughts.—Dr. Robert E. Speer.
2. We were brave enough to go into the war; now we pray we are good enough to go into the task of reconstruction and take our suitable and full place.—Brown, Dean of Yale.
3. There is no solution for our ill—social, economic, political—except that humanity catch something of the spirit of Christ.—Dr. Franklin.

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PLISCODA AMUSES AUDIENCE.

From the audience that attended Pliscoda on Saturday evening, January 10, Ruth Bolgiano chose a very talented cast to present "The Pot-Boiler," a one act skit by Alice Gerstenberg. Helen Bessler, '13, led some favorite college songs with all the vim and zest that made her famous in France.

"Neath the Oaks," she announced, "and don’t sing it as though you were near the weeping willows." Wellesley followed this valuable advice so well that the time flew until Ruth Bolgiano announced that the cast was ready and warned the audience to "pay attention but don’t get too excited watching the pot boil."

The enthusiasm with which the play was received more than justified this warning. Marcia Cressy, '21, as Mr. Seed, the playwright, who is demonstrating the points of a good play by the rehearsal of his own production, carried the whole cast with her. Dorothy Underhill, '22, made a delightfully silly heroine and had an excellent foil in the dashing adventurer, Florence Louchheim, '22, who loves the villain, who loves the heroine, who in turn loves is loved by the hero but nobly consents to marry the villain to save her father from ruin. Could you find a solution? Neither could Mr. Seed who lets things take their course until the heroine’s father has a revolver pointed at the hero whose revolver aims for the villain whose revolver aims for the heroine and then cries in despair "I don’t know who shoots!"

The last number included some very instructive songs by Miss Bessler, one of which, that of Mathilda, the lying child, proved to be of local interest. With Mr. Robinson assisting at the piano Miss Bessler recounted the heartrending tale of this wicked infant who called the fire brigade so often, just by way of amusement, that when the actual conflagration of her house occurred her warnings were disregarded and she perished miserably. Wellesley Fire Captains please take notice! Caro on "THE POT-BOILER"

(Cast of order of appearance).

A Stage Setter .......... Helen Lune, '22
Mr. Seed ................. Marcia Cressy, '21
Miss Would Be .......... Regina Stolp, '21
Miss Ivory .............. Florence Louchheim, '22
Mrs. Penell ................ Dorothy Underhill, '22
Mr. Ruler ............... Elinor Walden, '22
Mr. Inkwell ............. Helen Woodruff, '22
Mr. Ivory ............... Hortense Hendler, '22

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COYLE THEATRE.

With the name of Sir Arthur W. Pinero behind it and the play itself a masterpiece in its kind, it is not surprising that "The Big Drum" would make good from the very start in the hands of Mr. Jewett's players at the Copley Theatre. Last Monday evening's performance was a veritable triumph for this talented company, and the play was eagerly followed by an audience that tested the capacity of this cozy playhouse. The story of Philip Mackworth and Ottoline, Comtesse de Canonne, proved an unusual one, not only in the manner in which Sir Arthur has handled it but because of the surprisingly good acting of Mr. Percy Warner and Miss Jasamir Newcombe, who had the leading roles, and the other members of the company as well. In all of the four acts there are some very strong situations, and at the close of each one there were loud demonstrations which were both a tribute to the playwright and to the Jewett Players. The large audience of the opening night has been duplicated by equally large ones at every performance this past week and as there have been numerous demands for a continuation of "The Big Drum" this capital play will continue to be the attraction at the Copley Theatre through another week.

III. What is a Missionary?

A missionary is one who loves his own country so well that he is willing to leave it; he becomes all things to all those among whom he lives in order that country's best may become known to all the world.—Rev. James H. Nichol.

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