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THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1915 NO. 1.

GREETINGS PRESIDENT SCHURMAN

VOCATIONAL OUTLOOK FOR WOMEN
MRS. GERTRUDE S. MARTIN

THE RED PIG WITH THE GREEN TAIL H. W. VAN LOON

SARAH ANN'S DELIVERANCE ELSIE SINGMASTER

PAGES FROM A TRAVEL NOTE-BOOK
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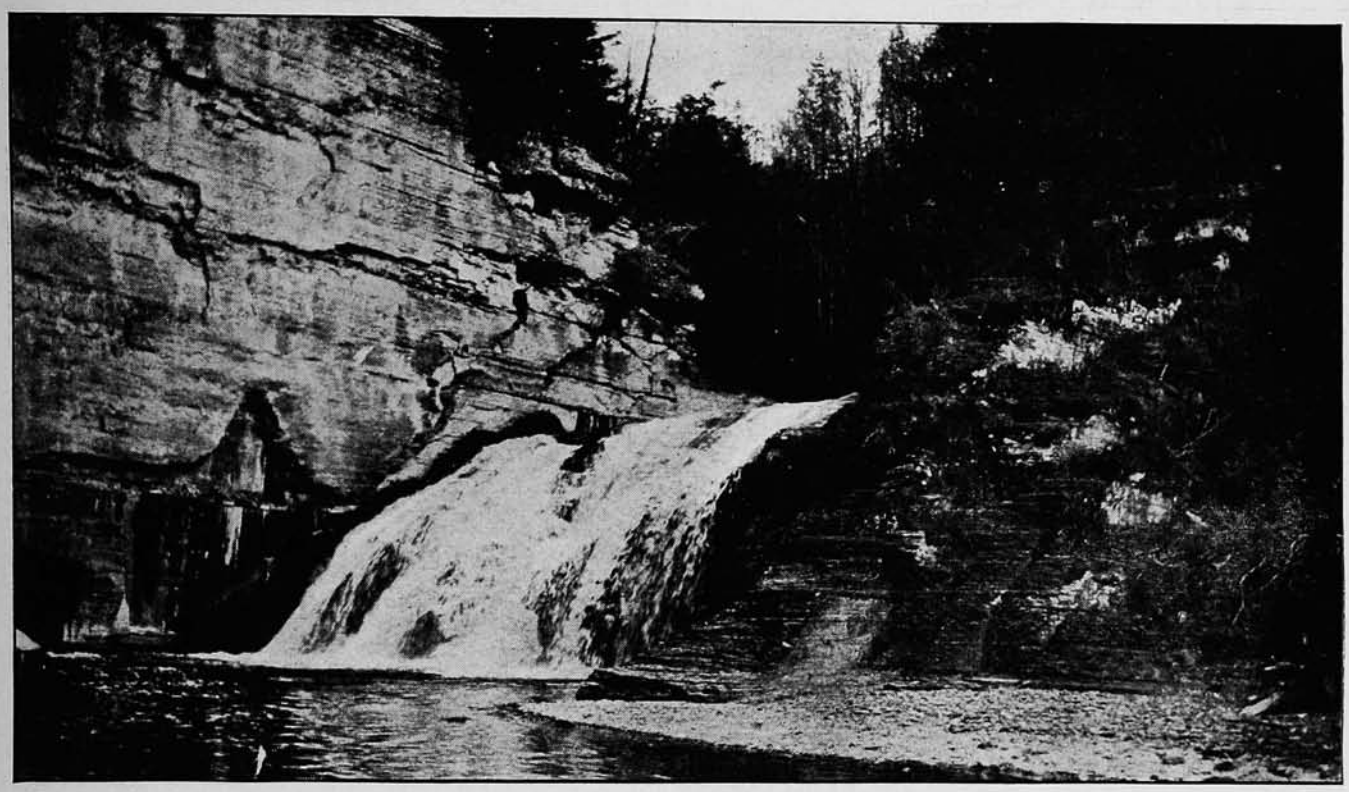

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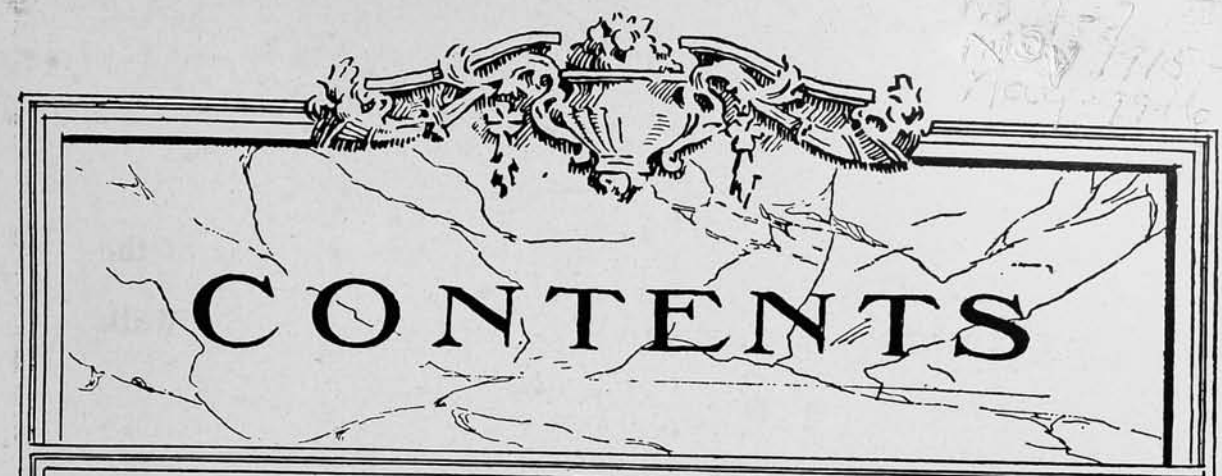

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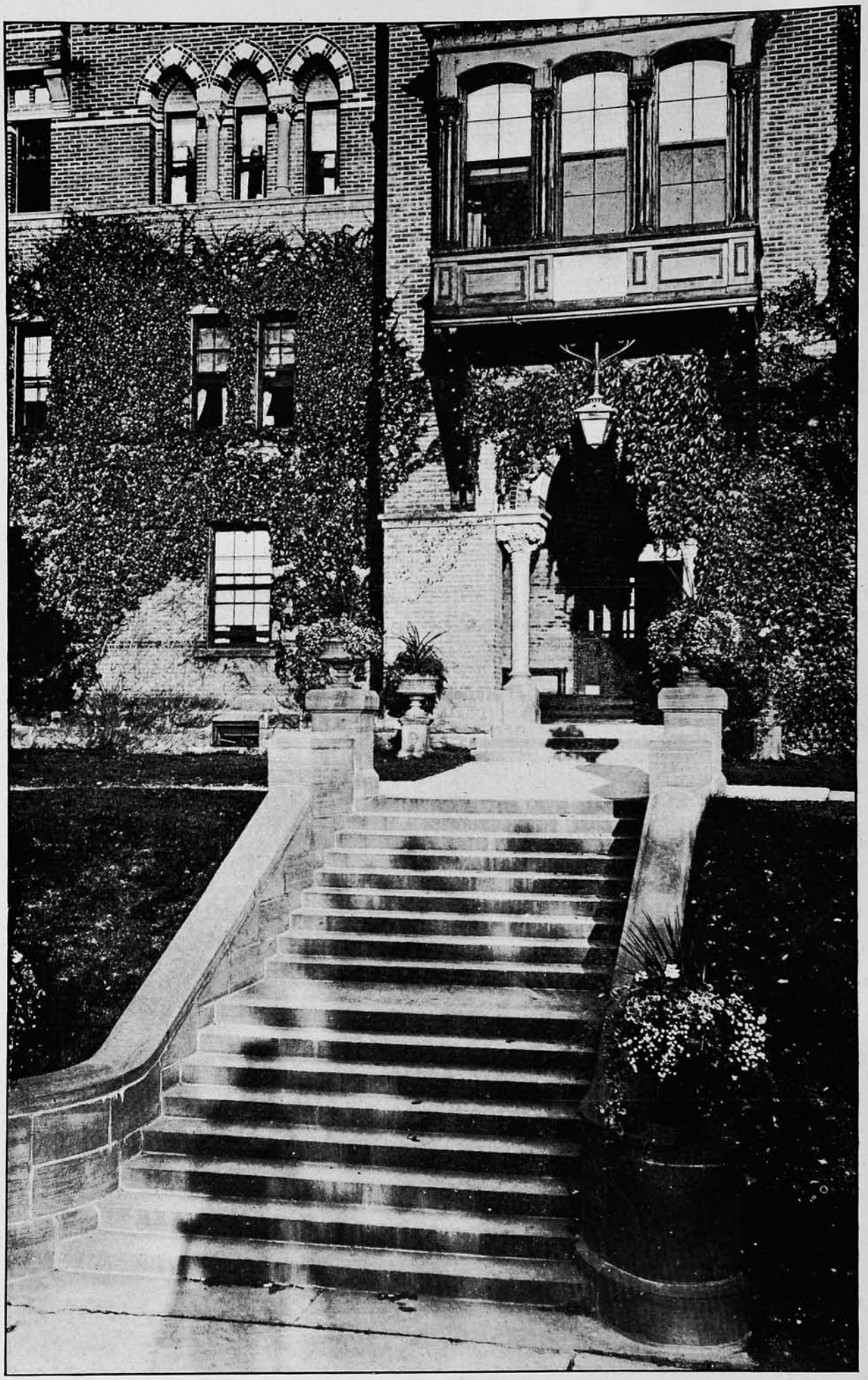


Photo by H. C. Cable

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

Vol. I ITHACA, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1915 No. 1

Greetings

October 11, 1915.

I send cordial greetings to the editors and managers of "The Cornell Women's Review" and extend to them sincere good wishes for the success of their meritorious and laudable enterprise.

There is an ample field for the new Review to occupy. It will represent women's interests at Cornell and also the interests of Cornell Women. And there is no publication which is at present devoted to these objects. Among our Alumnae are women who have distinguished themselves in many and varied fields of personal activity and public service. And at this moment there are enrolled in the student body 678 women, of whom 52 are graduates and 626 undergraduates. The new Review will be the organ both of this resident body of students and of those absent Alumnae. It will keep the latter informed on all subjects concerning the life and work of the women students at the University, who in turn will be assisted and guided in the important matter of the choice of future vocations by the articles in which Alumnae will record the result of their experiences, struggles, and successes. If we think of all the women now in the University and all who have been here as constituting one great sorority, the new Review will be its organ, expressing its sentiments, voicing its aspirations, making its suggestions, and uttering, according to the circumstances, its commendation and its criticisms.

The new Review will also interpret Cornell women to other colleges and universities. Let all the women of Cornell help to make it worthy of them.

I predict for the Review, as I certainly wish it, a most useful and successful career. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

The Vocational Outlook for Women

GERTRUDE S. MARTIN '00

"Women consider every question from a personal point of view." Was there ever a woman who reached years of discretion without being so informed, now with irritation, now with kindly condescension, now with amused indulgence. And if one has *not* reached years of discretion and therefore ventures ever so gently to controvert the statement, one is sure to be put quite *hors de combat* with the story of the woman who, when the obnoxious assertion was made in her presence, promptly replied, "*I* don't." Well, the accusation is true, more or less; we do look at things from the personal point of view. So do men, and to an approximately equal extent. This weakness, if it be such, is by no means distinctly feminine.

It is unquestionably true that this matter of the vocational outlook for women assumes for many, perhaps for most women an intensely personal aspect. The efforts at vocational guidance now making in so many of the schools and colleges, particularly in behalf of women students; the placement bureaus springing up all over the country for the better vocational adjustment of girl and women workers; the growing stream of vocational information and advice issuing from the press—all are expressions of the effort to answer the very personal plea, what shall I do to be saved—vocationally? For women everywhere are increasingly aware of their vocational mal-adjustment, which is only a part—the latest to appear—of the general vocational mal-adjustment resulting from the industrial revolution of the last century. Has the world any work for me to do? asks one. Am I doing the right work? cries another. Can I change? What else is there for me to do? They are in quest of information, these pleaders, personally and immediately, applicable information about specific vocations, their possibilities and their requirements. Their need for such information is urgent and should be met. Somehow, through the schools or through other educational agencies, society should contrive to give its women the desired knowledge.

Meantime, it would be highly desirable if it were possible that a good many of us, both men and women, should be able to view this whole phenomenon of the employment of women in gainful occupations in a purely impersonal way. Somehow, it seems to have precipitated us into an unfortunate sex antagonism. We have a profound conviction that men and women should be sharing the world's work in joyous co-operation, and we see them instead competing for the same "job." We realize that

Things at home are crosswise,
And Betsey and I are out;

and we know that no resort is to be had to the easy solution of di-

vorce since no permanent divorce of the interests of the sexes is possible. Under such circumstances, as every experienced married person knows, there is just one wise course; and that is to be patient and to try to understand.

It is not to be wondered at if the social movement of the last half century, particularly where women have been concerned, has left us a bit breathless and bewildered. With disconcerting suddenness some millions of American women have rushed in where angels are never called upon to tread—into the industrial field. Of parts of it they have taken almost complete possession and they threaten to invade all of it. When Harriet Martineau visited the United States in 1840, she tells us that she found only seven employments open to women — teaching, needlework, type-setting, book-binding, cotton mill operating, boarding-house keeping, and domestic service. In 1890 the United States census found, out of three hundred and sixty-nine industrial groups listed, only nine that contained no women; while the census of 1900 found, out of its three hundred and three groups, only four without women.

To most men and to not a few women this "woman's invasion," as it has been called, is a source of much disquietude. All around us they have lifted their voices, "Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe." They have seen in the movement the beginning of the end of the American family. They have pointed out that the women workers are only lowering the general level of wages and taking the bread out of the mouths of themselves and their children. They have assured us that woman's proper sphere is the home and that if some few of them think that they have found happiness outside of it they are but living in a fool's paradise.

Back of all these warnings and exhortations lies one fundamentally erroneous assumption—the assumption that the majority of self-supporting women have sought employment in order to increase their supply of pocket money for the gratification of small personal vanities, or in order to satisfy a foolish and unjustifiable craving for independence. These prophets of woe do not realize that the work of the world never has been performed by the male half of humanity alone and that it probably never can be. They have failed to see that the social forces that have swept eight millions of our women into industry are an inseparable part of the great industrial revolution that began with the application of power machinery to industrial processes, and that movement is as inevitable as the rise of the tide. They are King Canutes commanding the sea to come no farther; or Dame Partingtons vigorously sweeping out the Atlantic Ocean.

Let me repeat: the work of the world never has been performed by the male half of the human race alone. As a matter of fact, throughout all but a very recent

portion of the long, long course of human history woman, not man, has been the chief factor in production. The cave-man hunted and fought. The cave-woman did everything else that was done. When, with the lapse of ages, the scarcity of game and the growth of population made his old occupations useless or too dangerous, she harnessed his brute strength to the performance of some of the heaviest of her tasks. He learned something of agriculture and of cattle raising; he became the producer of raw materials; but she still remained weaver and miller, baker, brewer, dyer, cobbler, tailor, cook —sole producer of consumption commodities.

As civilization advanced and human wants multiplied, more and more of the woman's burden was of necessity shifted to man's shoulders. Had it not been so the race could not have survived. Thus was gradually evolved the domestic or cottage system of industry—each home a more or less independent and self sustaining unit, performing within itself nearly all the processes necessary for its maintenance, and distributing its industrial burden more or less equally among its adult members. If the burden was at all unequal, it certainly rested more heavily upon the women members of the home—witness the old saw:

"Man's work's from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

It was not until the invention of power machinery and the growth of the factory system began to deprive the home, one by one, of its industries, that the importance of woman as a factor in production began to wane—and that was hardly a century ago. Through countless ages she was almost the sole producer; then for a few thousands of years she shared a portion—usually the smaller portion—of the burden with him; now for a century she has resigned the task pretty largely to his hands, only to find that he cannot do the world's work alone and that she must take up again her share of the burden.

That men generally should see and understand this was perhaps not to be expected. For the most part their attitude toward woman when she has attempted to re-enter any portion of her old field has been essentially a "small boy" attitude. At first the woman child had the yard and the boy ranged free outside. Then peeking through the palings, he discovered that she had begun to devise some interesting games and toys. He begged to come in and she welcomed him. She surrendered her toys to him and fetched and carried for him while he shaped and developed them into forms still more interesting and fascinating. Then he said: "Now, Sis, I have a great idea and I need this whole yard. You take your doll-things and go over on the other side of the fence, and just watch me. It will be wonderful!"

So she went, and he did marvellous things with the toys some-

times, and sometimes he spoiled them and left them just tangled heaps of ruins. And she, looking through the palings in her turn, saw waste and disorder everywhere, and she knew that if he would let her in she could correct some of it and save much of the ruined stuff. But when she asked to come in he replied : "Now see here, Sis, this is my yard, you know, and it isn't any place for girls. I've got it just full o' things that you don't know anything about, and you'd just upset everything if you came in here. You've got your doll things and I'll give you most o' the things I make and you ought to be satisfied with that." And the dear heart doesn't know that if he gave her *all* the things he made, it would always be less than enough to meet the growing need; nor can he understand that she cannot live by dolls alone, much as she loves them.

The fact is that woman has always been a producer, economically as well as biologically; that she has never abandoned the industrial field entirely; that as the industries, one after another, have shifted from home to factory, she has merely followed them; and that, if lately her movement has been accelerated, it is probably attributable to a similar acceleration in the rate at which all productive processes, even those most closely associated with the home, have been subjected to factory methods.

It is unquestionably true that our social and domestic arrangements have not as yet been able to adjust themselves perfectly to the changed industrial conditions; that there is mal-adjustment and consequent friction and discomfort; but the remedy is to be sought, not in an impossible return to earlier conditions, but in an intelligent effort to understand existing ones. The Golden Age is always in the future. The eyes that seek it in the past lack vision. Whatever may be the attitude of individual men or groups of men in regard to this question from time to time, of this we may be quite sure: that no portion of the occupational field for which woman is fitted and in which she can render real service can be permanently closed to her.

"For which she is fitted and in which she can render real service" —ay, there's the rub. How determine beforehand what she is fitted for, and so save her and the race the dangers that may ensue from a period of experimenting? Many men have offered answers to the question, but a careful examination of them reveals agreement on only a single point. Each is perfectly sure that, while a woman can do almost everything else as well as a man, she can never make a success of his own particular profession or occupation.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—

they all give the same answer. Moreover, the chef is certain that she cannot cook successfully, the man milliner that she cannot make

clothes, the man teacher that she cannot teach. A former professor of our own university maintained a few years ago that women professors "could not get the same reaction from students" that men professors could. He admitted under pressure that he had never seen any women professors at work, but that is aside from the point. I realize that, being a woman, I probably do not understand the full significance of this cryptic utterance, but my intelligence is sufficient to grasp the fact that he, like all the rest, meant that the higher reaches of his own profession are forever closed to her. It seems to be almost a case of "What will the honey-bee do, poor thing," does it not?

And that is a serious question; for in all except a negligibly small number of cases, women *must* do something. Their choice lies not between work and play, not even between paid and unpaid work, but during at least several years of their lives, in many cases during the whole of them, between various kinds of paid work. In view of their vocational necessities and the world's apparent uncertainty as to their vocational destiny, perhaps the treatment most clearly indicated is a policy of watchful waiting. It may be that we shall have to leave them to work out their own vocational salvation, albeit with fear and trembling on the part of their men-folk.

In that case let not our hearts be too greatly troubled. As has been hinted above, there is at least abundant, if not wholly conclusive testimony, that no real success is possible for them except in their one great function as mothers of men. Without the glamor of success in professional life to lure them from their destiny, they will hardly forsake it. But is it not curious that the same creature who is doomed to failure if she undertakes to specialize in cooking or sewing or nursing or teaching or administering the consolations of religion, or fostering the higher intellectual and spiritual life, should be by almost common consent deemed capable of entire success when she undertakes to combine all of these exacting professions into the one inextricably complex profession of homemaking, in which no personal and individual eminence is possible?

The Red Pig with the Green Tail

A Parable of the Great War

Written for The Cornell Women's Review

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, Cornell '05

There once were two Kings. Each ruled his own country. The sun shone. The rain rained. Everybody was perfectly happy. One fine day, the oldest one of these two noble sovereigns decided to send a telegram to his younger brother. And so he called his secretary and dictated as follows: "To His Royal Highness, my August Brother. Sire, mon Frere, send me at once a red pig with a green tail or—teedeldumtee, boom, boom, teedeldee—and quick as a flash his Majesty stopped dictating and produced his note-book to catch the little tune which had caught his fancy and which he intended to use as a Leitmotif for the Grand Opera for which he had just painted the scenery.

Alas, alas, for this sudden musical impulse. The telegram was never finished and the clock of History was jerked back fully two thousand years.

But the secretary, why did he not do what any secretary might have done and ask His Majesty to repeat his sentence?

Dear reader, you little know this particular Majesty. You might as well have expected Moses, taking his dictation on Mount Sinai to ask the Good Lord to "please let him have that last commandment once more."

The telegram was sent as it stood and the stock exchanges all over the world tumbled down with a rapidity not seen since that memorable day when Venice heard that a Genoese had discovered America. The whole world held its breath and hid its cash. Iceland declared a Moratorium. New Zealand put an embargo on the export of Kangarootails. The situation was terrible. Meanwhile His Majesty No. 2 called for his particular secretary and sat himself down with great dignity to write a reply to this extraordinary state document. He dictated "To His Imperial Highness my August Brother. Sire, mon Frere. I have not got a red pig with a green tail, but if I had got one you could g—"

"Husband dear, will you please come upstairs and help me choose some new ties for our Royal Son?" Alas, alas, the answer was to remain unknown forever. A sweet feminine voice summoned His Majesty and quick as a deer he bounded upstairs.

The answer became known. The stock exchanges collapsed and closed their doors. The professors of all the universities of the world sat down to write learned treatises about pigs, and the gun factories declared an extra 375% dividend. War was inevitable. Two great nations felt themselves mortally insulted. War came. For ten years the two nations fought. Their cannon were equally strong and so

God was on both sides. Two hundred thousand miles of trenches were dug. The inhabitants of Mars began to wonder at the weird canals which had appeared upon the earth and which in parallel lines covered the greater part of one of the smaller continents. Only with the minutest of instruments could they discover a change in the position of these little black lines.

At last, when only one-eighth of an inch removed from each other, and with a total loss of 97¾% in dead, wounded and missing, the two kings decided to meet each other and try to come to some reasonable understanding.

So they first of all presented themselves with all their war medals, and then sallied forth to meet in the cellar of the last house left standing in the capitol of a neutral country.

Two whole days they spent in leaving cards upon each other's respective aunts, cousins, nieces and uncles, who had followed in their suite.

The third day they sat down at a festive banquet consisting of potato meal and fried dog.

The fourth day their Ministers of Foreign Affairs, dressed in their best Sunday suits, met solemnly to agree about the protocol of the Royal Meeting.

The fourth day, Their Majesties actually met in the above-mentioned cellar.

The only available machine-gun bellowed forth a salute and the two kings tenderly embraced.

Then they came down to business.

"Your Majesty, My dearest Brother," said King No. II, "before we go any further with our labors, do tell me what you meant by that queer telegram you sent me."

"Queer telegram? Why, I do not remember because it is so many years ago. But as far as I can recollect, I sent you something as follows: "Sire, mon Frere, send me at once a green pig with a red tail or one of another color." But do tell me why you sent me so rude an answer?" "Rude an answer?" His Majesty No. II gasped. I sent you a perfectly civil answer. At least I intended to. I dictated, if I remember rightly, something as follows: "Sire, mon Frere, I have not got a red pig with a green tail but if I had got one, you could get it with the greatest pleasure."

And that ended the big war.

Question—What benefit was this struggle to the small neutral nations who do not care about pigs?

War Sketches

The sketches on the following pages were made by Professor Van Loon during his stay in Belgium as correspondent to the Associated Press

Picture of the Gun

After the Germans had taken Brussels, the Belgian army retreated into the extreme northwestern corner of the country and made Antwerp the capitol of the country. They tried to hold the outer line of the fortifications, and then tried to defend the canal of the Nethe, but the heavy Austrian artillery drove them away everywhere. Their own field artillery did the best it could, which was not very much because the guns did not carry far enough. Several guns shot to pieces were left behind, sticking in the heavy clay of the soil. They were of no use to the Germans.

Dutch Torpedoboat

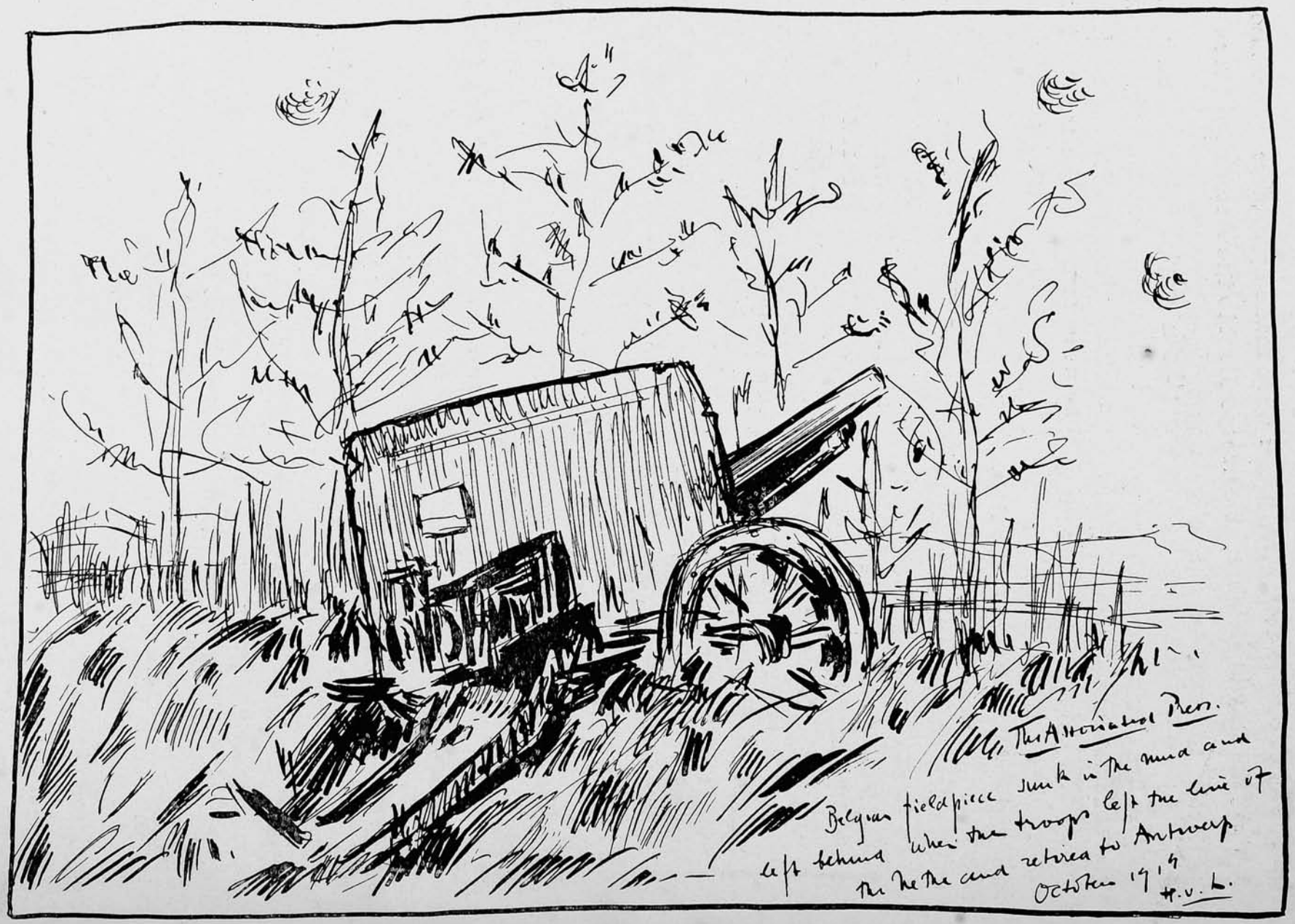
Zeppelins have of late developed an unwelcome habit of flying either too close to Dutch territory or of crossing it without further notification. They usually fly so high that they cannot be touched by shell-fire except under very favorable circumstances. Zeppelins are continually flying across the North Sea, patrolling for British ships. They have an unfortunate way of sometimes dropping bombs upon neutral vessels. Afterwards they apologize. The string of islands in front of the Dutch coast in the northern part of the country is well guarded, and torpedo boats continually patrol this region. If a Zeppelin comes too close to the coast they are warned off with a few shots.

Picture of the Exodus

At the beginning of the siege the people in the village around Antwerp were ordered by the military to leave their houses. They remained in their homes until the last moment. If such a house were on the invading road of the Germans, it was demolished by one or two shells well placed against one of the corners of the house. The rest of the house then either caught fire or toppled over into a heap.

Picture of the House of the Chief of Staff

During the fighting the staff and the executive part of the defending army lived in a small farmhouse about twenty minutes walk behind the fighting line—that is to say the line of artillery. Very few people were visible around, because every now and then German flying machines would fly across, trying to find out just where such places were, and all unnecessary show of man or beast was avoided.

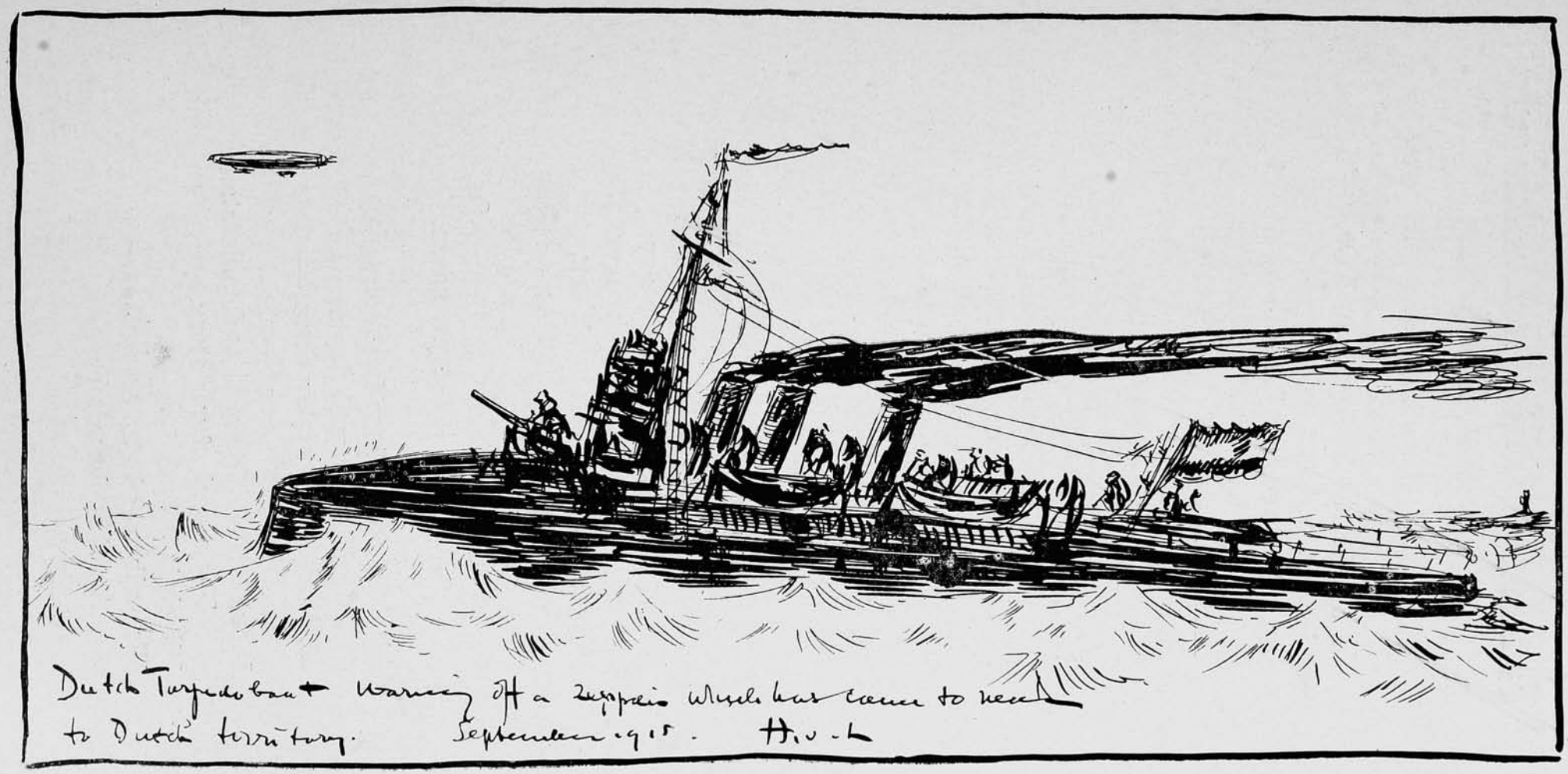

The Associated Press.
Belgian field piece sunk in the mud and
left behind when the troops left the line of
the Yser and retired to Antwerp
October 1914
H.V.L.

A vacant dry farm yard machine
The Associated Press.
Antwerp.
Meeting place of the General Staff of the Belgian Army during the defence of the outer forts. An
inconspicuous hamlet among high poplar trees.
H.W.L

The Associated Press.

Antwerp. October 1914.

The Exodus. It was the same in all instances. The horses had been taken for the Army. So the family loaded a cart. On top of the bedding the grandmother (if there was one) and the babies and three or twelve hours to the Dutch Frontier.



Dutch Torpedo boat warning off a Zeppelin which has come to rest to Dutch territory. September 1915. H.v.L

From the Outside Looking In

By A REMINISCENT SENIOR

Oh, do you think you know the woes,
Have seen the seamy side,
Of college life in freshman days,
And will you now deride
Our trials as mere trifles?—you,
Whose lot it was to fall
On gentler fates,
Ye smug inmates
Of Sage and Risley Hall!

For you little know the troubles
Of the luckless frosh who dwells
Nearer to our "blue Cayuga"
Than "those tinklin', chimin' bells."
We have lost our buoyant spirits,
We have lost our youthful stride;
We find that life's
No paradise
To any girl "outside."

Shin fever's rife on those steep hills—
A malady malignant;
To climb them fifty times a day
Would make old Job indignant.
It's up the Hill at eight o'clock,
And back again at ten;
Then up for meals,
O weary heels!
—And then it's down again.

Oh, that an Andrew Carnegie,
Or Mrs. Russell Sage,
A Rockefeller—Hetty Green—
Of any sex or age—
Would read this plaint and understand
The moral of our story,
Which is indeed
We sadly need
Another dormitory.

Sarah Ann's Deliverance

ELSIE SINGMASTER ex-'02

Drearily Sarah Ann made ready her Saturday evening supper, sadly she shed an occasional tear upon plate or cloth. Slowly she placed the platter of potato salad in the middle of the table and flanked it with cake and pie, and jellies and preserves, and bread and cold meat. There had been a time when each detail of Sarah Ann's housekeeping was a joy to her, but such was the case no longer. The pies were good because long practice had made it impossible for Sarah Ann to make any other sort of pie, the cakes were light because her hand could not err, and not because she brought any enthusiasm to her task.

Sarah Ann was tired of everything; she hated the pattern of her dishes; she hated the clean, bright red of her table cloth; she hated, most of all, the three chairs set 'round her table.

"It used to be only one," mourned Sarah Ann. "For twenty years it was only one. Then I had no orphants and widowers 'round me. Then I could eat in peace and the folks would come in and it would be quiet and nice, and afterwards I could go to bed and rest. Now it is all the time noisy, and all the time some one is talking and laughing, and nothing is ever nice and straight."

Heavily, Sarah Ann sat down in the rocking chair on the porch. Here also were two chairs beside her own, each with a white tidy over its back, perpetual reminders of the orphan and the widower to whom she had given shelter.

"I have no peace," wailed Sarah Ann. "They will stay till the end of the world. When Millie's Pop died I took her in; I thought it would be a good thing for her to come to Millerstown, because in a strange place she could perhaps find some one and get married. It is easier for one like Millie to get married in a strange place. But now Millerstown knows Millie. And I took Peter in for the winter and he is here yet, and it is August already, and Aaron Konig is mad over me and won't come any more to see me, and"—Sarah Ann's round face flushed scarlet—"Peter, he keeps at me and at me, but I won't take Peter for good, and"—Sarah Ann hid her face in her hands—"if only I hadn't let these people into my house!"

Peter Ziegler, who worked in the shoe factory, and Millie Probst, who worked in the shirt factory, were late. Peter was by nature slow, and in his widowhood his habits had become worse, and Millie Probst was prone to linger at doorsteps and talk with her friends. As she waited, Sarah Ann let her thoughts travel backward to the cold November evening when she had weakly listened to Peter Ziegler's woeful plea.

Well did Sarah Ann remember how she had trembled with emotion as she had climbed to her bedroom.

Like all persons who live alone, she often talked to herself, and such speech was a great relief. But now she dared not speak until she had passed the door behind which slept Millie Probst. Millie was not a person whom one wakened lightly.

"When she sleeps, she sleeps," Sarah Ann would have said to herself. "When she sleeps, she is not talking."

Slowly, Sarah Ann's ponderous figure had traveled down her hall. Peter Ziegler, who sought a home with her, was not even a blood relative; he was connected with Sarah Ann only through his wife, the diligent and departed Amelia, who had been dead for three years, a space of time which seemed ten to her husband. It was not so much for Amelia that Peter mourned—he had made various efforts to provide her successor—but for the creature comforts with which she made his life soft. Once, when he was about to select a person whom Sarah Ann thought unworthy to follow Amelia, he had been circumvented by that stout and placid lady.

Now traveling down her hall, Sarah Ann wept. Peter had looked so pale as he made his plea, his collar had seemed so much too large for him, his pink string tie so limp, that her tender heart had softened. It was characteristic of Sarah Ann that the more rapidly her heart throbbed with sympathy, the more slowly and unintelligently her mind operated. When she had closed the door of her room and speech was possible, she could scarcely shape the words for tears.

" 'I eat a little bumble soup,' " quoted Sarah Ann from Peter's Pathetic speech. " 'First when I go home, I have to make fire, then I warm a little bumble soup left over from yesterday, and then I sit down and cry.' "

Sarah Ann crossed her room to the rocking chair beyond the bed. The edge of the bed itself was a nearer haven for her tottering steps, but Sarah Ann's imposing couch, with its high-piled chaff bag and feather bed, was not meant to be sat upon except by a giant, and that a giant who had no respect for smooth, white coverlets and sheet shams.

"I am so sorry for Peter," Sarah Ann had wept. "I guess for the winter I must take Peter in."

Regardless of starch and fluted ruffles, she hid her face against the end of the bolster.

"But I like my home," she wailed. "If I wanted a man all the time 'round, I could get married to a man I like better than Peter. But I do not want a man in my house!"

Presently Sarah Ann undressed and climbed into her bed. But she did not sleep. Before the coming of Millie Probst, her mind, ranging about her quiet dwelling, contemplating the key turned in the lock, the shutters barred, the clock wound, the cat banished to the barn, beheld everything in order; it visualized no best room bedcover raised in a large mound over a sleeping form, it beheld no best

room bureau littered with a comb and brush and hymn book. Millie Probst was neat, but she was not as neat as emptiness would have been.

"Now she is in the spare room," wept Sarah Ann. "And he will go in the other room, and it will be no place in my house where everything is right. He will have to take his boots off in the downstairs, though, and I will put strips of rag carpet where he walks the most, and I can make him such a bib to wear when he eats. The men are always spilling things at themselves. He could"—Sarah Ann tould plan no more for the coming of the vandal. Instead she fortified herself by repeating Peter's pathetic complaints.

"I come home at night and everything is cold. I warm me a little soup from yesterday. Ach, Sarah Ann, take me in!"

Sarah Ann blushed as she lay in her bed.

"He needn't think it will mean anything," declared she in a whisper. "I told Peter these many times I would not marry while the world stands."

In the morning, Sarah Ann, with her usual consideration for others, had approached her already established guest.

"I am thinking of taking a boarder," said she, bravely, as though she were not about to burst into tears.

"Well, now!" Millie was immediately alert. She was a large young woman; to Sarah Ann, who was herself by no means small, she seemed to fill the room, to fill at times, the whole world. She could let no simplest statement pass without comment, no wildest extravagance without polite and immediate agreement. Millie was nothing if not affable, and with this coin she paid Sarah Ann for her many favors.

"It is Peter Ziegler," explained Sarah Ann.

"No!" Millie's negative had entirely lost the significance of a negative and had become merely an exclamation. Its eagerness escaped Sarah Ann, deep in her trouble.

"His wife, Amelia, was my cousin; that is why I do it."

"Well!" cried Millie.

"He is away all day working in the shoe factory, and when he comes home at night, he—"

"Does he work in the shoe factory?" Millie knew all about the occupation of Peter Ziegler, but Millie allowed no previous information to prevent her from helping on a conversation. As steadily as others breathed, so Millie talked.

"He has no one to cook for him, and—"

"Ach!" cried Millie sympathetically.

Sarah Ann frowned, not in anger, but in confusion. Millie's interruptions often threw her off the track of her discourse.

"He wants I should let him live here this winter."

Millie threw up both her hands and opened her mouth. As a matter of fact, she had overheard the

conversation between Sarah Ann and Peter.

"What do you think?" inquired Sarah Ann, politely.

"Think! *I* think! Oh, Cousin Sarah Ann"—Sarah Ann hated to be thus addressed—"It is yours to say what shall happen in this house. But, Cousin Sarah Ann"—Millie burst into a Niagara torrent of approval—"I think you are a noble woman!"

"Ach, Millie"—Sarah Ann lifted her hand as though the violence of Millie's approval might become physical.

But Millie would not be halted.

"It is grand! It is Christian!" Millie's arm made now a vain effort to encircle the waist of Sarah Ann, and Sarah Ann moved away uneasily. She did not like to be touched. There was a sudden excitement in Millie's speech and she began to pile the breakfast dishes, a task in which Sarah Ann needed no assistance. "I will help, Cousin Sarah Ann. It is a Christian act. Is it not awful how the men get by themselves along? It was a man in Long Swamp, he had everything so nice while she lived, but she died for him. Then it was terrible. He couldn 'a' got a woman, Cass Beidleman, to work for him, but he wouldn't, he was too tight, he—"

Sarah Ann nodded. She would have liked to tell a little about her plans for the disposal of Peter, but she could only gasp, as though she would help Millie get her breath. Still handling the dishes, Millie continued to describe the miserable condition of the Long Swamp man.

"He could 'a' come sometimes to our house to eat. I told him. But he wouldn't. And"—A flush reddened the cheeks of Millie, and she moved her head in a little toss—"and he got married then. She wasn't better than nothing, she hung the stockings on the fence post to dry, and"—

"It is this way"—Sarah Ann succeeded in raising her gentle voice above the tumult—"Peter can—"

"She only scrubbed the kitchen once in two weeks, you can hardly believe such a thing, she"—

Making an incoherent noise, Sarah Ann tried to escape from her kitchen. Never, never would she take another lodger into her house! But, turning, she met Peter Ziegler at the door and could not refuse him. Peter had wisely come early in the morning.

"I was soft," said Sarah Ann, sitting now with her head on her hand, waiting for Peter and Millie to come to supper. "That was what was the matter with me."

There was no denying the fact that for a little while Sarah Ann had been happy in her sacrifice. For a few weeks Millie's speech seemed less profuse, for a few weeks Peter forbore to make love, for a few weeks Aaron Konig, the little elder from Sarah Ann's church, who had come for almost every evening in twenty years to sit in Sarah Ann's kitchen or on her doorstep, remained faithful. But presently Millie's speech flowed in its old volume, presently Peter be-

gan to press his suit, and presently Aaron, terrified by the noise and laughter, came no more.

Peter reminded Sarah Ann daily of his loneliness; he implied that a person was selfish to have as much as Sarah Ann and to refuse to share her comfort with a soul who so loved her. Peter gave, moreover, no sign of leaving. Spring changed to summer, a season when a man may be perfectly comfortable without anyone to keep up fires in his house. But Peter did not go. Cheerfully he continued to remove his boots so that Sarah Ann's stair carpet might not be worn out, cheerfully he wore at table the bib of dark oil cloth which Sarah Ann provided; cheerfully he endured all the other contrivances by which Sarah Ann protected her house and its furnishings from harm. When Aaron Konig ceased to come, Peter's assurance became impertinence.

"You will marry me sometime," said he. "You might as well now as later."

He even dared to remind Sarah Ann of the hand which she had taken in his affair with the school teacher.

Worse than the open proposals of Peter were the sly insinuations of Millie Probst, who, in spite of her generous offer, did not speak in a friendly tone.

"I can go always to my room in the evenings, Cousin Sarah Ann. I am never one to be in the way. When the time comes, you need only to say it, Cousin Sarah Ann."

Sarah Ann made no answer. Teasing of this variety always made her blush; applied to herself by Millie, it made her creep.

"Will they never go away?" asked Sarah Ann in despair, and her sad heart answered, "Never."

"If Millie only had a place to go!" sighed Sarah Ann, her tired head sinking down almost to the arm of the rocking chair. The August evening was warm and Sarah Ann had worked hard. "But she hasn't and she won't have. Millerstown knows her."

Then, nervously, Sarah Ann started up from her rocking chair. From the front of the house, through the little covered alley, there echoed the sound of Millie's mighty laugh. Millie laughed with an open throat and there was room within for all the winds of Aeolus. Millie had brought home a new story or a new joke about some citizen of Millerstown; from it she and Peter would wring every possible drop of amusement. She was recounting it now to Susannah Kuhns, who sat on the bench at the front of her house awaiting the return of her husband.

"Ain't that a good one?" demanded Millie of Susannah.

"I cannot stand Millie to come in here!" cried Sarah Ann. Sarah Ann turned toward the kitchen door. But the kitchen offered no refuge, for in another moment Millie would be upon her. Sometimes, in the joviality of her mood, Millie kissed Sarah Ann when she came home from her work.

"I cannot stand it!" repeated

Sarah Ann. Then, with all the uncomfortable weight of her two hundred pounds, at actual risk to her life, Sarah Ann ran down the smooth boardwalk.

"If I can only get away!" she panted. "If I can only get for one meal away from these people in my house!"

Sarah Ann did not stop to think of the supper, she did not stop to wonder whether Peter and Millie would be anxious about her; she heard Millie's laugh once more and she let the garden gate swing shut behind her.

"I do not know where I will go," she said, aloud. "I cannot go anywhere in Millerstown because it is supper time and I would make trouble for the people. I will go" —Sarah Ann looked up at Millerstown's wooded hill—"I will go to the mountain. I cannot hear them there."

Sarah Ann was not accustomed to walking, except back and forth in her kitchen and her garden and over the smooth pavement to church, but she climbed the mountain road with steps which were almost brisk. She did not remember that she had eaten nothing since noon and that it was past her regular hour for supper; she did not recall the painful effect which tall trees and the soughing wind always had upon her. She turned presently into the woods and sat down upon a rock.

"It is quiet here," said Sarah Ann. Then, nervous and worn and hungry, she began to cry. "I wish I was in the graveyard," said she hysterically. "There I would have peace."

It was dusk when she rose from her hard seat on the rock. She had cried until she could cry no more. She had thought with actual regret of her husband, penurious and hard to get along with as he had been. At least he had been a silent man, and at least in his lifetime there would have been no Millie Probst and no Peter Ziegler in his house. She thought longest of all and with sad regret of Aaron Konig whom she had driven away.

"But it is not Christian to act like this," said Sarah Ann to herself. "It is not even grown up, it is like a little one. They will perhaps be hunting me, Millie and Peter. And if I stay longer, they will perhaps be making a fuss over me when I get back. I cannot stand a fuss made over me."

Now Sarah Ann was conscious of the tall, ghostly trunks of the trees, of the strangely colored patches of evening sky which she could see through the branches, of the rustling noises made by the wind, and of stranger, more alarming sounds of the woodland which she could not identify. Stiff and sore and almost helpless as she was from her long sitting on the cold rock, Sarah Ann started rapidly down the mountain road. Soon her rapid walk quickened, against her will, into a run. Once she had to throw her arms about a tree in order to save herself from a fall, once she went down upon her knees, and continually she cried

out sharply. Faster and faster she flew down the mountain road and along the grassy lane to her dear garden gate. There she stopped, breathless, clinging to the familiar palings and trying to get her breath.

"Oh dear, I am back with them!" cried poor Sarah Ann, panting.

When her gasps and pants became more even, Sarah Ann listened for voices from her house. But there was no sound. They had gone about hunting her, they had missed their suppers, the coffee had grown cold, the lettuce leaves had withered. The duties of hostess were sacred to Sarah Ann; in keen repentance, she started up the board walk.

Then, suddenly, in the darkness by her great syringa bush she stood still, and put out a trembling hand toward the frail branches. She heard a sound. Millie was not worried by her absence, Millie had not gone to rouse the town, Millie was close at hand, laughing.

Still trembling, Sarah Ann waited for strength to endure once more the cacophany which made life miserable. In the light which streamed from the kitchen window she could see that Millie and Peter sat comfortably side by side in the rocking chairs.

But Sarah Ann could see more. Millie had put on her blue dress, and Peter his best suit.

"As if it was Sunday," said Sarah Ann to herself, "or as if—as if—as if—"

Sarah Ann took a step forward so that she might lean against the porch pillar. For Peter Ziegler, who had asked her only yesterday to be his, and Millie who had teased her constantly about Peter, were sitting hand in hand!

Sarah Ann gave a little cry. She did not stop to analyze the strange scene or to consider the duplicity which could have at the same time one lady in mind and another in hand; she did not observe the guilty look of Millie or the chagrin of Peter. (In the experience of Sarah Ann philandering had had no place). She did not even wonder how Millie could care for Peter or how Peter could care for Millie. She thought now that Love had suddenly seized these two creatures in his mighty grasp and had thereby incidentally freed her from a burden which had become too heavy to be borne. Suppose she had not fled to the mountain and left them alone together!

With a single bound, Sarah Ann soared across the steps. Grasping Peter by one hand and Millie by the other, she cried aloud to them so that Susannah Kuhns and both her children came running up at top speed. A marriage ceremony could scarcely have committed Peter and Millie more irrevocably to each other than did Sarah Ann's shout of congratulation.

"I am surprised!" cried Sarah Ann. "Well! Well! But this is the way it should be. Oh, how many things I will have for you! You will not need to wait at all. Quilts I have! Rag carpet I have! Even furniture and dishes for a present! Ach!"—Sarah Ann's mellifluous voice shook, her English forsook her, she relapsed into Millerstown's broad and pleasant speech. "I wish you choy!"

Pages From a Travel Notebook

ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK '85

Greece—Athens. February 23

Here we are following after another set of heathen idols! Ammon Re has given place to Olympian Zeus and Isis to Athena. We are studying another type of temple, we are climbing steep heights instead of voyaging on broad rivers. We derive our nourishment from the honey of Hymettus. We listen to children of three years prattling in Greek. We walk in an odos instead of a chareh or street, while we gaze at soldiers arrayed in ballet petticoats, with long tassels on their caps and balls of fuzz on the toes of their slippers.

The drive from Piraeus to Athens was over a beautiful road and midst most picturesque scenes. But Athens is such a surprise to us! I have always regarded it as an ancient city; on the contrary it is brand new. About seventy-five years ago it consisted of a little village of three hundred houses. Now it has more than one hundred thousand people, and houses well built, of stone or cement, and its environs are laid out in lots for sale like any growing city in America. Now and then in going about the town one stumbles upon some ancient ruins or some Greek church of several centuries' standing, or some old houses. If it were not for these one would never guess there was an ancient city of Athens. The Acropolis lifting its shattered columns five hundred feet above the city constantly sends the mind back through two and a half thousand years, while every street with its handsome houses and smart shops brings the mind forward again to the ever-present Now. Thus the workings of the mental shuttle! The ruins of the temples, gates and theatres have no mellow setting like the ruins of Karnak and Thebes. Instead they are environed in garnish modernity. Only the mountains and the sea in the whole landscape seem fitting companions for the Parthenon, the Odeon, and the temple of Olympian Zeus.

We have been every day to the Parthenon. It is a beautiful majestic temple, and we constantly compare it to the temples of Egypt. It is not so impressive nor so great as the temples of Luxor, but it is more exquisitely beautiful. The color, strange to say, is about the same, for the marble has taken on the soft yellow which characterizes the limestone of the Egyptian temples.

The view to the west of the Acropolis is amazingly like the view of the San Francisco Bay from the hills of Berkeley. In fact, all the mountains are very like the California mountains in contour, but their constituent rock is much darker in color, so their color is bluer. Both H. and I felt that if we had awakened in Greece without knowing where we were we should have decided we were

in California, until the ruins of architecture convinced us to the contrary. Even the pepper trees that shade the streets and the almond trees in blossom and the olive orchards bespeak the Pacific Coast. The mountains are not nearly so high as in California. Old Hymettus Reaches up only three thousand, three hundred and seventy feet at its highest point.

Our favorite point in the Acropolis is by that gem of architecture, the temple of Victory. We sit there by the hour, the Parthenon rising high above as at the left, and the wide landscape to the south and west stretched out before us, shining. The Saronic Gulf, the bay of Eluesis, and the bay of Phaleron, and the rocky islands of Salamis, Hydra, and Aegina are included with Mt. St. Elias rising above and beyond the mountain ranges, beyond which lie Argos, Mycenae, Corinth and Olympia. On the near shore is Piraeus with its great chimneys, and between lie olive orchards and the plain, while quite directly in the foreground rises the sharp peak crowned with the tomb of Philopappos, and just below are the still standing arches of the Odeon. This is the spot Byron celebrated in the first stanzas of Canto III. of the Corsair, and it is supposed that here stood King Aegeus, watching for the return of the ship of his son Theseus from the Cretan wars, and seeing no white flag and thinking his son had failed, he plunged over the precipice.

Yesterday at sunset H. and I went to the Stadium, which being completely restored in beautiful marbles, represents the true magnificence of the old structure. It is set in a natural hollow of the hills and they rise high on either side. The view out through the gates gives a magnificent view of the city and the Acropolis high against the sunset sky.

In the Stadium, Greek youths were practicing running, and in the gymnasium yard which we passed on the way, a young athlete was throwing the disc. No wonder that act was perpetuated in marble, for never have I seen such beautiful postures. It was a poem of the action of the human form.

On our way to the Acropolis, we went to study the tower of the winds and the magnificent old Roman market-place. We passed a prison where the windows were grated and there was a grated box outside each window. Through these gratings were thrust out sticks with small bags on the end of them, and voices from within pleaded: Mohoosah! Mohoosah! and we knew the prisoners were begging for money. But a guard motioned us not to respond. We went on climbing up the main streets, looking through door-ways into fairly clean courts in which played children who were chubby and fairly clean. The city is very dusty.

FEBRUARY 25.

We went to Mt. Pentelicon today. We started early in the morning, at seven-thirty. It was a bright,

sunny morning, but cool, as it seems to be here usually. We met as we neared the limits of the city, many old women with loads of brush on their backs, and some of them drove donkeys loaded with wood, packed on a peculiar saddle. Then we met many carts filled with water jars. The jars were very beautiful and graceful in shape, about two feet high, of red unglazed earthen ware. We met many peasants coming to town in their big two-wheeled carts, and many people were bringing in almond blossoms. As we dove out on the great plain the scene was very beautiful; before us was Pentelicon with great scars on its side where the quarries are; to the right, grand old Hymettus, and to the left a high range, its tallest peak snow-spotted. The peasants were in the fields busy with their work—some were plowing, others were trimming the grape vines, while others with great hoes a foot broad were trenching the vines, or raising embankments of the clay soil about them in rectangles to hold the irrigating water. These embankments were two feet high, and perhaps higher. There were great fields of wheat (?) just coming up that gave a beautiful green here and there. There were many olive orchards, the trees being headed back so there was a callow young twig growth on great gnarled old trees, many of them with holes clear through them. There were many very handsome pine trees with very dense masses of foliage—vivid yellow-green. Most of them were trimmed as to the trunk so they did not look piney; in the pines were many caterpillars' nests, globular or oval in shape, about as large as a Baldwin apple. There was much land not under cultivation as we commenced to climb the mountains, and this was covered with what looks like the sage brush and greasewood of the American desert. The almond trees were fully in blossom and were pushing their pink bouquets over the garden walls as well as turning them free in the orchards. The farmers apparently live in villages, as there are no isolated farmhouses. We went through a most picturesque village, where the gates of the walls into the yards were rather imposing, being made of stones like the walls of houses. The houses all had tile roofs. We went by one place where there were goats, big goats, with large, twisted horns, that extended backward, half the length of the body. A handsome old man man with shining white hair and whiskers seemed in possession of the place. He had on a Greek costume—white tight trousers, white full petticoats, a theatrical looking cape which came below his skirts, a black cap with tassel, and black hose. Nearby was a man plowing with one horse and a peculiar steel plow. He had on a black cap, a black sleeveless jacket, waist length, worn over a gray tunic with full skirt that came half way to his knees, very short, tight white trousers and black stockings.

The scene resembled California very much in contour of mountains and plain, in sage brush, vines, olive and almond trees, but it differs greatly in civilization, and methods of doing things. Nature made Greece and California from the same pattern, but man has diversified the two.

As we approached the mountain we saw a stone viaduct, down which the marble was brought from the quarries in ancient times. About twelve hundred feet up the mountain we came to the monastery of Mendeli, built of cream colored stone, large, rather modern-looking buildings with walled-in gardens, above which towered the slender cypresses, and over which foamed the pink almond blossoms. Great sycamores of most perfect growth shaded the road and the grounds near it. From a little public house near, we took the owner for a guide. He spoke not a word that we understood nor we a word that he understood. His bright little boy went along. Near the monastery we came to a reservoir of splendid water. Near by was a shepherd with a flock of long straight-wool sheep, with cream-colored fleeces, black faces, and slender black legs. He was in Grecian costume, short skirts, long cape, and low shoes with fuzz balls on the toes. He had a crook, and a smile. We passed a tiny chapel with blue doors and then some brush huts were the quarry men sleep. Then we took the road to the quarries—up, up a turning and winding and terribly rutty road, every new turn giving us a new and wider view of the valley, and farther down to the Attic plain toward. Marathon. Finally we visited two quarries where the men were blocking out the most perfectly white marble I ever saw. It was as white as snow.

After we left those quarries we took a mountain trial. It was beset with a lovely little purple lily, which reminded us of blood root. Also there were dandelions and a blue-buttony sort of composite. For shrubs we had a dwarf oak, very spiny "sage brush" dwarf pine, and a large, red-branched manzanita or a small madrono, I could not decide which. The trail led high over a bridge, then down steeply to a ravine-like valley, where was a tiny stone chapel with doors ajar. Our guide and his son went in and said their prayers to the Virgin and kissed the head of someone's picture, and came out. Then we went to the top of another high ridge were we could almost see over to Marathon. Then down into another valley, up another steep ridge, and steep, steep down to an ancient quarry. Then to another ancient quarry, out of which opened a great stalactite grotto, at the entrance of which was a tiny chapel or rather, shrine. The roof was "leaking," but H. and the guide, with the aid of a candle, descended, a hundred feet or more in a very narrow way. Then H. concluded to come back up and was quite breathless when he got out. We ate our lunch at the mouth of the grotto which was

shaded by a night-shade vine; and little ferns grew in the inside above the doors. The view of Hymettus from this point is especially beautiful, with some rugged gnarled old pines in the foreground. Then we started down the way, paved in olden times so that the great marble blocks might be pushed down over it. It was a steep, hard path, and at one place we saw a great "drum," i. e., a section meant for part of one of the columns for Jupiter's temple maybe, but left there half way down for some reason. Perhaps there was a strike among the quarrymen of Ancient Greece.

When we arrived again at the monastery we had been five hours steadily walking, or clambering. Our host gave us coffee and some of the native wine with resin in it, which tasted like "bitters." Then we went willy-nilly, to see an unfinished and ruined chateau, started by some Italian nobleman who hadn't done all he had planned.

Going home was a delightful experience. Spring was in the air—the larks were singing in the meadows. There was a haze in the air, and the bay of Phaleron was shining like silver. White Lykabettus stood up bravely, a queer high knob on the landscape.

At one place the almond trees were near the road and we stopped and our old stout coachman got off his seat and gathered us a great bouquet of branches all ablossom. We waited meanwhile, breathing in the soft, spring-like air, listening to the bees working in the almond blossoms, the workmen talking as they hoed the grape vines, the birds singing in the far meadow. It was a delicious moment, and the climax of the day's experience.

A pretty pink magenta flower (probably a ranunculus), about as large as a twenty-five cent piece was everywhere in the cultivated fields. We also saw a tiny white daisy-like flower, and also masses of a purple-blue composite with flower-heads as large as a dime.

At one place we saw an immense flock of crows in the meadows. There were many sheep flocks and some goat flocks, always with herders. The goat bells were tinkling as we climbed up the road to the quarries, making a very pretty music.

FEBRUARY 27.

We went to the Greek cemetery this afternoon. It is a nightmare in marble, an Eden Musee of cemeteries, ornate monuments with poritrat statues and busts. The whole effect was horrible. On some graves a kerosene lamp was hung lighted. At one grave was a priest and two men. The priest was saying prayers for the dead and the men with uncovered heads listened. The Schliemann monument is beautiful, and luckily it is at one side and on a hill.

We saw two funerals. In one case the coffin was white, in the other, black. The white one was a woman's. The order of the procession through the streets is this: first, a man holding the cover to the coffin upright. This is usually

ornamented with a cross or flowers. Then comes a man bearing a large cross on a pole. Then a priest with a long and rectangular white stole over his black robe. Then some men bearing the coffin, which is quite shallow, so the form and face of the dead can be seen by all. Then came the men mourners, then the women mourners. We saw one corpse, a man, with a wreath of flowers around his head.

MARCH 1.

Our goodbye to Greece was as perfect as our visit. Our drive from Athens, giving us the beautiful receding view of the city and grand Pentelicon rising in all its majesty behind it. We went on board the steamer and sailed at four o'clock. As we went out of the bay of Phaleron into the blue, blue Aegean Sea, the sun, low in the west, lighted the whole Athenian picture in a wonderful manner, and we watched the Parthenon until it was the merest golden-brown dot against its background of blue mountains. It was a loving as well as a beautiful goodbye.

Home Economics and the Rural School

CLARIBEL NYE, 1914

Specialist in Home Economics for Juniors
Department of Home Economics

Much that is beautiful has been written of the rural school, the acknowledged center of a type of education offered by the state. In these little one-room buildings throughout the State many thousands of boys and girls are gathered to receive such education as our system offers them. Let us visit a typical New York rural school.

As we approach the school building we note that it is sheltered by trees which protect it from heat, and wind, and storm. Open country provides a large natural playground for its pupils. The school house itself is white, no longer an ugly bright red. The size of the building usually indicates at once that it has only one room; and that one teacher is probably teaching all eight grades each day in this one room. How does she accomplish it, and, furthermore, how does she accomplish it so well? The country boy and girl receive their education under conditions which in the city would be considered impossible. They enter the high school with children trained in the city school, and are able to attract attention by their thorough preparation, their ability to study, and their earnest attitude toward school work. Each child in the country school represents an individual to the teacher, she knows his family, home conditions, possible handicaps. In the city too frequently a child is only one of a large group to be adjusted to the conventional training.

Let us spend the morning in the school room. Recitation follows recitation in quick succession, so short necessarily is the time spent in each class that we marvel that the children grasp the work. Some children are studying, others are attempting to ask questions and the teacher is having a recitation with the third group. She must be the controlling, guiding force with this wiggling, inquisitive group of children—and not the least of her problems is the problem of discipline.

What are the children being taught during these eight years of schooling? Spelling, arithmetic, reading, geography, writing, drawing, and a little nature study. Four o'clock comes quickly and school is out. With the children we feel the joy of freedom, of the return to life and natural surroundings. With them we rush out of the school building and behold we are in another world almost totally unrelated to the world of the schoolroom. As we leave the school building we are surrounded at once with trees, bushes, weeds, plants, grasses and insect life. We ask a twelve-year-old child the name of the tree by the road, the name of the bird on the fence, and of the bush to our right. She knows only that the tree is a maple, and often cannot tell the name of the bird or bush.

We are silent as we direct our steps toward the home of this little twelve-year-old girl who likes to go to school, and of her fourteen-year-old brother who dislikes it as a colt dislikes the harness.

Reaching the house we sit on the porch step to wait until chore time comes. Soon the conversation turns to the joys of the city and the boy speaks with contempt of the slow life of the country. All opportunities and all satisfactions lie ahead in the city. Farming in his eyes is no profession but a continuous round of drudgery. The girl confides that she expects to go to business school when she passes the eighth grade and she will be a stenographer when she will earn lots of money for clothes. Then she will go to the theater and to hear beautiful music.

Thoughtfully we gaze about us at the barns which look depressed with their general rundown condition, and their lack of paint. Chickens of various kinds are ranging freely. The house, while often immaculately neat and clean is tragically inconvenient and the mother shows the effects of work too heavy, too continuous for her strength. Running water, lights, power washing machine, and a vacuum cleaner which would have reduced the effort and time required for household processes are not a part of her equipment. She has little time for thought, study, and social life. It is a simple task to find causes for the dissatisfaction of these ambitious, promising young beings, as they observe the lives of drudgery their parents often lead. Their school work unrelated to life in its method of presentation, their home surroundings are without the atmos-

phere of comfort and progress. The community offers nothing of interest and charm which may compete with the lure of the city.

How may the rural school educate its boys and girls for the work of life and dignify to them the work of the world? No word of instruction is given in that rural school or under its supervision upon home-making. The girl knows little about its processes other than bed-making and dishwashing, both of which she detests, because they are detached from other interesting phases of home making and spell drudgery to her. Yet there is every reason to believe that the greater part of her life will be spent in carrying on these processes or directing others who under her supervision to perform the work. Every girl in the country or in the city should understand home-making in order that she may do the work intelligently or wisely direct others. The health of human beings, especially of boys and girls is largely dependent upon the food and care they receive. The handicap of weakened physique in childhood can seldom be overcome by intelligent care during adult years. Maximum success is impossible with a weakened body.

Under the supervision of that rural school, this girl should be educated so to direct or perform the work of housekeeping that the time required for it will be greatly reduced. She should be taught that with no training it is a hit or miss effort in a complex profession. Life is too valuable and too short to spend all of it in cooking, sweeping, dusting, and cleaning or to permit others to do so. These processes should be so well organized and so reduced to order and system that there will be much time for the other satisfactions of life.

The boy should not necessarily become an agriculturist, for even surrounded by the best rural conditions he may find that he is better adapted for some other profession, but if he is a country boy he should have the opportunity of learning to be a good farmer. All girls, however, should be trained in the needs of the human machine, and methods of maintaining it in health.

The state is attempting to modify its educational system or to supplement it to this end. It is offering very generous financial aid to communities for this purpose. Intermediate schools of agriculture and home-making are being formed by the union of a number of small rural schools. Two years of high school work is offered and instruction in these professions is a part of the course of study. Boys and girls who would never receive such instruction from the college are being trained to be intelligent farmers and housekeepers.

The little rural schools where such a union is not yet feasible, are teaching a limited amount of these subjects in the form of home projects. Instruction is given the teachers by correspondence, in teachers' conferences, and by short courses in summer school. The

teachers are then permitted to give instruction to the students.

The results of projects in Homemaking and Agriculture are not alone to give children a more complete education than is otherwise possible, but they tend to increase the sympathetic understanding between home and school and often raise the standard of scholarship in other subjects.

The Intercollegiate Conference at Vassar

HELEN SPALDING '16

The Intercollegiate Student Conference held at Vassar in connection with the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration had for its purpose the discussion of the function of non-academic activities. Delegates from men's, women's, and coeducational colleges gave the varying viewpoints of their respective institutions. The keynote of the entire program was what the function of non-academic activities ought to be; but this was preceded by speeches indicative of the function which these activities are actually performing. Discussion of athletics was debarred, because it was feared that the men and women would not find a common meeting ground in an activity which differs so radically for each. But the types of activities which were discussed included the interesting fields of dramatics, pageantry, town press work, publications, political clubs, and student self government. Some of the questions that presented themselves in connection with these topics were: the desirability of professional coaching, (excluding athletics); the basis of membership for college organizations, and the desirability of granting academic credit for non-academic work. These are problems which come up in any college or university, and the discussion of them brought out many points well worth consideration.

The greatest argument against a professional coach was, that under such leadership the students might not gain the ability to do independent and critical work. On the other hand they might not see all possibilities if left entirely to themselves; while the finished and successful work produced under a coach should in itself be considered a valuable training. As a solution of the problem, faculty co-operation was suggested.

It was difficult to arrive at anything approximating a definite conclusion in regard to the basis of membership for college organizations. An open membership may be cumbersome, and it is doubtful if it accomplishes its purpose of interesting everybody. Still, the feeling produced by the presence of exclusive societies is distinctly not desirable. The organizations of this sort, productive of the best results for both the college and the student, seemed to be the Wellesley

societies, where elections are not made until the Junior and Senior years; and where the basis of election is scholarship, as well as public spirit, and congeniality to the particular group in question.

Concerning the granting of academic credit for extra-curricular activities, the point was raised that it might minimize the importance of academic work. It was also maintained, however, that certain activities, such as dramatics and debating, might very well be granted credit, since they often require preparation of an academic nature.

Other phases of student activities were taken up at the meetings, but those of general interest have been mentioned. The Cornell representatives felt, as did all the other delegates, that Vassar had indeed done the college world a service, by making possible the exchange of ideas at this Conference.

AN EXTRACT FROM
The Cornell Lady's Handbook

By MME. CHAQUE S'UNDAE

Edited by L. G. Avery '16

Editor's Note

Editor's Note:—If we felt that any introduction were needed to this famous work, we should unhesitatingly refrain from giving any. By her keen oversight of the academic needs of college women, as well as her untiring efforts to prove by example that none of her precepts are infallible, Mme. Chaque S'Undae has endeared herself to the hearts of all those she sought to aid with that unflagging zeal which insures well-paved streets in another world. We make no apology for reprinting here an extract from THE CORNELL LADY'S HANDBOOK, since every earnest female student has a copy of this work on her desk, accessible at any time.

I strongly advise every young lady at Cornell to take the course in SUNDAY AFTERNOON TEA, which you will find in the catalogue, numbered Course 5, in the Department of Social Straining. The laboratory fee for this course is so small that it is prohibitive to no one, in spite of the fact that there is no refund for non-breakage of tea cups. The only text-book necessary is the book you now hold in your hands; namely, THE CORNELL LADY'S HANDBOOK. It is most important for every female student to own a copy of this work. The best edition is that published by the Blacvillan Company.

The first exercise in the course is to choose the professor or instructor you will practice on. I do not advise the selection of a married professor for the beginner because the addition of the professor's wife complicates the problem too much. The professor you choose should belong to a department as far removed as possible from the one in which you are specializing. For example, let us suppose that your

major is Poultry; you should in that case choose a professor from the department of Oratory. This will insure your having nothing in common with your guest and hence the exercise in Social Straining will be more valuable. The invitation to Tea should be given at fourteen and two-thirds minutes past the hour when the professor is hurrying to a class in which he is always particular to instil habits of punctuality. The interruption naturally proves so irritating that it produces an indelible impression, both of your face and the invitation, an effect undeniably valuable.

On Sunday afternoon, promptly at fifteen after five, proceed down to the laboratory (Reception Room). You may, if you so desire, stop in another girl's room on the way. Do not hurry. Haste is undignified. When you at length reach the laboratory, you will probably find that your guest has been there for at least three-quarters of an hour. This is a good thing, for it has given the Social Director a chance to list him, so that you will receive the proper credit at the end of the term. Another advantage is that it puts him in proper form for the exercise. His state of mind should be one of intense apathy and patient irritation. If you have been careful to follow the directions given above, he will at once recognize you and will instantly become embarrassed. Now comes the most difficult part of the exercise—the utterance of the first remark. I have often advised students to take turns with their guests in performing this act, since, by observation, I have found that a continuous responsibility of this kind is too irksome even for those who are taking the more advanced courses in this department. In case the guest should forget when it is his turn to make the preliminary remark, silence for the space of five or ten minutes will effectually remind him. Let us suppose, however, that it is your turn. You have shaken hands and are standing before him in an attitude of defiance. Let the left foot be advanced slightly before the other and the hands tightly clenched at your sides. Close your eyes; take six short breaths and say distinctly, "It's a fine day!" or, "I'm so glad to see you." Do not mumble this, or he may think you are trying to say something important. Proceed directly to the application of refreshments. If you think he likes lemon in his tea, give him cream, and vice versa; changing it afterwards gives you something to do, and in addition, it may remind him of some incident in his boyhood or that of his great-grandfather, thus furnishing him sadly needed subject matter for his conversation. On no account ask him to have a second cup of tea or another cracker. I have observed a tendency to accept such an offer, which is of course to be avoided.

Careful observation of the above precepts, which have been formulated as a result of years of experience, will be rewarded by the most amazing results.

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

FOUNDED 1915

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The Review

Cornell now recognizes seven undergraduate publications. Many who have spent registration week trying to dodge their energetic competitors will probably be unable to see the necessity for an eighth; and from a certain point of view this attitude is justifiable. There can be no doubt that the existing periodicals are dealing to the very best of their ability with every phase of Cornell life which they find it possible to represent; and we realize that their efforts have earned them a conspicuous place in the world of college publications. But the Cornell periodicals do not find it possible to deal adequately with the interests of the women students. To criticize this state of affairs would be unreasonable. If nine-tenths of the subscribers to a magazine are men, the women cannot demand any more attention than their limited number warrants. The submerged tenth may nevertheless feel that, though proportionately they are of small account, taken by themselves they are of sufficient numbers to need an organ devoted primarily to their interests. There are about seven hundred women students at Cornell, and about two thousand Alumnae throughout the country. Many a college with smaller attendance finds a publication necessary, and, as far as extra-curricular activities are concerned, the women of Cornell form almost a distinct college. It may be said, incidentally, that this intramural aspect of our life has been criticised, and critics add that a separate paper is not likely to mend matters. But we maintain that if we do not publish our aims and interests, no one can be expected to understand them, or even to be aware of their existence. And so the women of Cornell have chosen between the alternatives of accepting a minority's fate, or creating their own opportunity for expression. Surely the latter is the more commendable choice.

We wish first of all to create Alumnae interest in the Review, since a purely undergraduate publication is likely to occupy itself too exclusively with the limited concerns of campus life. The broader perspective of our graduates is needed. Cornell Alumnae are among the foremost of those women of the present day, who have succeeded in new fields, and articles about their experiences will be of great value to us. Graduates have already contributed generously, and we hope that others will follow their example. It must not be inferred, however, that only Alumnae contributions are desired. On the contrary, the Review most earnestly wishes that every undergraduate woman who has something worth while to say, will use its pages as a medium of expression; and had not the time of preparation been so short, more undergraduate contributions would have appeared in this first issue. The Review is devoted primarily to the interests of Cornell women, and articles will come chiefly from them, but, in order to broaden our scope, we shall publish each month a contribution from some well-known writer, not necessarily connected with Cornell.

Contributions

The increased registration of women students which has brought about this publication has also resulted in several problems. One of the most pressing of these is the housing of the "outside" girls, the girls who cannot find room in the residential halls. The disadvantages of not being in the dormitories are too obvious to be enumerated. It is especially unfortunate in the case of entering students, more than half of whom are now forced to live off the Campus. If the registration of women continues to increase at the present rate, a third residential hall will very soon become a positive necessity.

Another problem arising from a greater number of students is the maintenance of academic standards. This is a phrase whose frequent repetition has had varied effects. With one class of hearers repetition is conductive to adaptation, and the effect of the stimulus is weakened each time it is applied. To them "maintenance of academic standards" becomes simply the propitiatory formula enunciated at the beginning of any speech relating to the more vital issues of undergraduate affairs. When this frame of mind has been fixed, no amount of academic appeal will suffice to spur the student beyond the safe and gentlemanly mark of sixty. The only effective argument in such cases is the one in use at Wellesley, where membership in the different societies is determined chiefly on the basis of scholarship. There is, however, another class of students at the opposite extreme from those just mentioned. For this second and smaller class—composed mainly of women—academic standards are found only in the Registrar's office, and

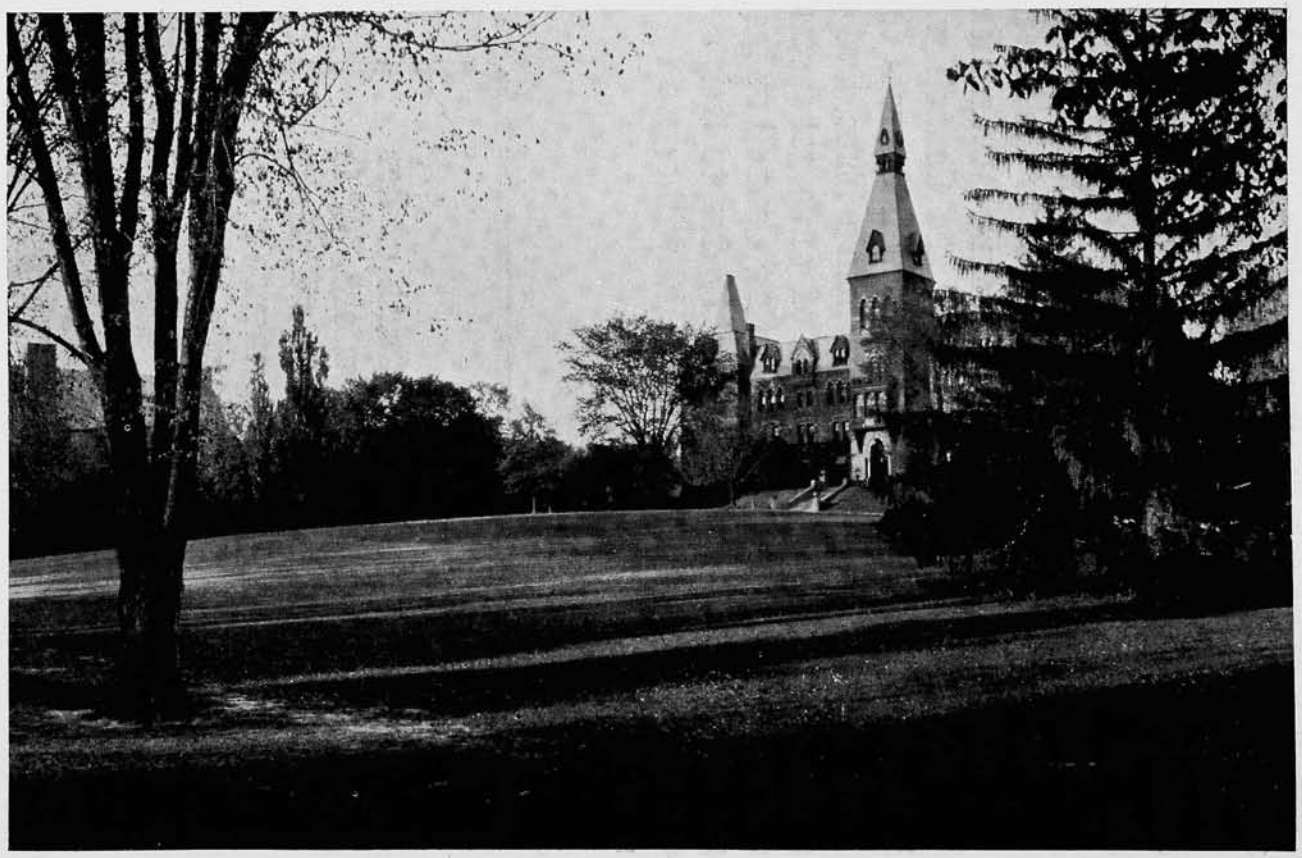
Academic Standards

the maintenance of these standards is measured by the frequency of exempt marks. One of the advantages of a coeducational institution ought to be that the men's tendency to underemphasize the importance of scholastic standing, and the women's tendency to overemphasize it, react upon each other, and produce, in both men and women, a truer sense of values.

Student Council

Before the publication of the Review, the new Student Council will have been elected. It is a step toward a Self-Government Association such as the women of Cornell have long possessed. The question of women representatives on the Council was brought up last year. The general opinion of the women students is that they have no more right to send representatives to the Council, than have the men to send representatives to the Executive Committee of the Women's Student Government Association; always providing that the Council will deal exclusively with the interests of men students, will express this purpose in its name, and will confer with the women's Executive Committee upon matters concerning the entire body of undergraduates. A petition to this effect was submitted to the Acting Council of last year, but no answer was received. This was probably due to lack of time, and we feel assured that the Council of 1915-1916 will agree to the reasonable demands of the petition.

On account of the death of her father, Dr. Mary Crawford, '07 is unable to send the article which she had promised to this month's Review. Dr. Crawford, who has just returned from Paris, was the only woman surgeon in the American hospital at Neuilly. In a later issue, the Review hopes to publish an article about her experiences there.



ACTIVITIES

The charge is often made that the women in Cornell University do not enjoy all the various activities which women's colleges have, and that there is a general apathy and lack of interest regarding such matters. This is not true, for there is, on the contrary, a steadily growing sentiment in support of non-academic activities, and the value which they possess for the average college woman, is being strongly emphasized. The Sports and Pastimes Association, the Dramatic Club, The Social Science Club, the Y. W. C. A., and Frigga Fylge, represent the most important interests at Cornell.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB

The Social Science Club is one of the newest organizations at Cornell. It meets every other week in Goldwin Smith Hall, and membership is open to all women of the University who are interested in any kind of social study. The aim of the club is to stimulate an interest in the social problems of the day, to spread the knowledge of human advancement, and to further the discussion of topics upon which the modern college woman should be well informed. In order to carry out this program most effectively, the club has been divided into four groups which are called Social Service, Literary, Debating, and Feminist Circles. The sphere of each of these groups will, of course, be limited to some phase of Sociology, but this division will enable each member to specialize in whichever field she feels most interest. Each group will be responsible for one meeting, at which some subject which comes within its scope will be discussed. Arrangements are also being made for several open meetings at which prominent social workers will speak.

The officers of the club for the year 1915-16 are: President, Julia Aronson, '17; Secretary, Katherine Bell, '17; Treasurer, Henrietta Ely, '18.

Pay Day is another innovation at Cornell which deserves to become a permanent custom. It was held this year for the second time, on October 15th, in Sage drawing room and proved to be a very successful affair. All the women's organizations were represented by their treasurers, in cleverly constructed booths at which the yearly dues and taxes were collected. To those paying all taxes at once, a substantial reduction was made. Dancing took place in the Gymnasium, where refreshments were on sale at cost. Another feature was the interclass song contest. This method of mingling pleasure with business, made it possible to collect a much larger amount of money than usual.

ATHLETICS

Athletics forms a large factor in the college life at Cornell among the women, as well as among the men. Gymnasium work is required of all Freshmen and Sophomores and many Juniors and Seniors elect it, so that all obtain a thorough training in the various branches of sport. The Sports and Pastimes Association, to which all women of the University are eligible for membership, has control over all the athletic activities. There are four inter-class contests held during the year, Field Hockey, Tennis, Basket Ball, and Crew. Adelaide Mifflin, Jean D. Holmes, Frances Rosenthal, and Gertrude Bates, are the Managers of these events for the 1915-1916 season.

Field hockey is something of an innovation at Cornell, but it promises to be more popular this year than it has ever been before. The present holder of the championship is the class of 1916.

While the hockey season is still in progress, tennis also attracts a large number of recruits. There are several new courts at Risley, and more are under construction at Sage, so that with the courts on the Athletic Grounds, there are ample accommodations for all. Last year Jean D. Holmes, '16 won the championship.

There seems to be more enthusiasm about basket ball, which occupies the winter months, than about any other sport. Some effort is made at training, and a professional coach instructs the players in the finer points of the game. At the beginning of the season, practice is held in the gymnasium, but later in the season the large University Armory is used, and the final games are played there. The class of 1918 won the championship for the year 1914-1915, in a closely contested game with the Juniors.

In the spring, the four-oared crew races on Beebe Lake take the center of attention. Part of the coaching for this event is also given by professionals, and last year members of the squad rowed on the Inlet in the Varsity gigs, at the invitation of Coach Courtney. It is hoped that in the near future the regular women's crew races will be held there. The present crew champions are the class of 1916.

For those who do not go out for crew in the spring, there is the annual Field Day at which the minor sports championship is decided. The class of 1916 captured the honors in this event last year.

The annual May Day Festival is another very pretty custom which may be mentioned here. This is held each May on the Athletic Grounds, which furnishes a charming natural background for pageants and dancing. Last year a more pretentious effort was attempted and successfully carried thru, when all the classes united in a series of folk dances in addition to the crowning of the Senior Class President as Queen of the May.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is one of the largest organizations among the women students at Cornell. It has a board of directors which is responsible for its finances and management, and a cabinet composed of undergraduates who direct its work. The Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. are united by a common council, on which, each board of directors and cabinet, as well as the churches of the city, are represented. At the head of the Y. W. C. A. is a general secretary. This office is now filled by Miss Ruth Pearson, who succeeds Miss Estelle V. Sherrill. Miss Pearson is a graduate of Oberlin and has been in Association work both here and abroad, for several years. The present cabinet is composed of: President, Lois C. Osborn, '16; Vice-President, Helen Taber, '16; Treasurer, Adelheid Zeller, '16; Secretary, Lelia Lassiter, '18; Chairman Bible Study, Araminta MacDonald, '17; Chairman Mission Study, Jean Holmes, '16; Chairman Religious Meetings, Helen Adams, '17; Chairman Conference Committee, Edna Beardsley, '16; Chairman Information, Eda Miller, '18; Chairman Extension, Katherine Rodger, '17; Chairman Social Committee, Marion V. Gushee, '16; Chairman Membership, Helen Taber, '16.

One of the prime objects of the Y. W. C. A. is to bring the students in closer touch with each other and to acquaint the entering girls with the spirit and traditions of the University. To this end, teas are held during the first week of registration in the rooms at Barnes Hall, and upperclassmen are always present to help the new arrivals in registering and getting settled. A Y. W. C. A. reception, at which there is opportunity for the faculty and girls to become acquainted, is another event of the first week.

During the year prayer meetings are held every Thursday night, and on Sundays, Study Classes are conducted by well-known members of the faculty. The annual Bazaar, held just before Christmas, is of much financial aid to the Association.

But the work of the Y. W. C. A. is by no means limited to the Campus and University, for the Extension Department is very active in its work at the Old Ladies' Home, and the Social Service League. Meetings are held at the Old Ladies' Home one Sunday in the month, and the girls make frequent friendly visits there. At the Social Service Clubhouse, the girls conduct classes in cooking, sewing, and dancing, as well as help with the care of the children left in the Day Nursery. This branch of service is a very important one, and affords excellent experience for any woman who intends to take up social work.

FRIGGA FYLGE

To the girls who are in the Agricultural College at Cornell, the name Frigga Fylge immediately suggests the girls' club, but for those who are not among that number, it is well to explain that Frigga Fylge is the Scandinavian term for the followers of Frigga, the Goddess of the Harvest.

All the girls in the College of Agriculture are eligible for membership, and nearly all of them, at some time or other during their college career, attend its monthly meetings. Its purpose is to promote a friendly spirit among its members and to serve the college in every way possible as a body. It sends representatives to the Student Association of the College, to the Board of the College magazine, the Countryman, and has organized a Glee Club and a Senior Honorary Society for the women of the College.

One of the projects which has been of interest to Frigga Fylge for the past few years has been the building of a Club House, for which $1,500 has already been raised. It will be erected in the rear of the Home Economics Building and will serve as a model for rural social centers thruout the state. It is planned to have a Playground in connection with the club house, where out-of-door sports such as tennis, archery, and lawn bowling, can be held. The house will be equipped with lockers and shower baths for the convenience of the players.

The money which has thus far been collected for the fulfillment of this ideal, has been raised thru sales, bazaars, and festivals. Only a small part of it was contributed by individuals, although Frigga Fylge feels greatly indebted to the friends and members of faculty who have been so loyal in their support of the plan.

The present officers of the society are: President, Ruth H. Smith, '16; Vice President, Araminta MacDonald '17; Secretary, Marion Lewis, '18; Treasurer, Helen Adams, '17; Representative to the Ag. Assembly, Helen Clark, '17; Representatives to the Countryman Board, Ruth Smith, '16, Marion Hess, '17.

WOMEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB

The Women's Dramatic Club is open for membership to all the women undergraduates of the University. Each girl becomes a member upon the payment of fifty cents, and receives a membership card which admits her to all the plays produced by the dramatic club in the Risley Recreation Room.

The club is governed by an executive board composed of the officers of the club—the president, who is a senior, and the other officers, who are chosen from the three upper classes. Chairmen of committees are appointed by the executive board and each chairman may in turn appoint two girls to assist her. The different committees are as follows: Publicity, cir-

culating manager, scenery, property, tickets, program, invitation, music, dancing, wardrobe-mistress, patroness, ushers, and pictures. The president is the coach and manager.

During the past year the club gave a very successful matinee and evening production of "Mice and Men" in Risley recreation room. The class of 1916 produced "Alice in Wonderland" in Barnes Auditorium before two audiences that filled the hall. A special matinee was given for the faculty and their families. The evening production was open to the women of the University, and men of the undergraduate body were admitted by invitation from members of the 1916 class.

During the past, dramatics at Cornell have never been very popular and it is the desire of the Club to create a stronger sentiment in favor of amateur dramatic productions. The Club plans to do this by producing a one-act play each month in Risley recreation room.

These plays will be open to all members of the club, and to the faculty and undergraduate body of the University by invitation. After each play an informal dance will be held. In this way the club plans to become one of the social mediums of University life.

The first play, "The Burglar," a delightful and sparkling comedy by Margaret Cameron, will be presented the last of October. The different parts are filled by competition only. Try outs will be held for each play, and it is planned that during the year every girl who is interested and shows ability, will appear in at least one production. A different cast will be working each month. In this way every group of girls will strive to make their play a more artistic production than the preceding one.

The beautiful natural scenery of Ithaca offers special opportunity for the production of an out-of-door play. The club is planning to present one such play in the spring. The play has not been definitely chosen as yet, but "The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody, is being considered among others.

At a special request of the Alumnae Association, it is planned to give one play in conjunction with the Alumnae convention held here in December. This will probably be staged in Bailey Hall.

The Club believes that one of the needs of the University is a well equipped Campus Play House, and when this need is realized, the funds of the Dramatic Club will be used for this purpose.

In order to make these plans a success, it is necessary to have the co-operation of every woman student in the University.

FLORENCE WILBUR, '16.

The officers of the society are:

Pres., Florence Wilbur, '16.

Sec'y. and Treas., Katherine Lyon, '16.

Stage Manager, Virginia Van Brunt, '17.

Property Manager, Henrietta Ely, '18.

The Committee Chairmen are:

Circulation, Laura Miller, '16.

Scenery, Vi Graham, '18.
Tickets, Adelaide Mifflin, '16.
Programs, Evangeline Thatcher, '16.
Wardrobe, Edna Boyd, '16.
Patronesses, Ruth Gothard, '16.
Music, Bonnydell Karns, '16.
Ushers, Lillian Fuller, '16.
Dancing, Viola Dengler, '16.
Invitation, Clara Cowhill, '18.
Pictures, Annetta Woladorsky, '16.

The first of the series of one-act plays which the Dramatic Club will present during the year, will be produced in Risley recreation room about the last of October. The play is "The Burglar," by Margaret Cameron. The cast follows:

Mrs. John Burton, Mary Larkin, '17; Mrs. Valerie Armsby, Julia E. Smith, '16; Mrs. Charles Dover, Margaret Luckings, '18; Miss Freda Dixon, Katherine Lyon, '16; Miss Edith Brent, Helen Spalding, '16.

ALUMNAE NOTES

We shall be exceedingly grateful to the Cornell Clubs, class secretaries, and to all other Cornell Women who can send us any news of former students.

'82—Mary F. Ayers is now in charge of the Music Department of Minneapolis Public Library.

'83—Mary A. Diefendorf, author of *The Historic Mohawk,* published by the G. P. Putnam Sons, has a position in the United States Museum as artist, zoologist, and writer.

'86—Emma A. Runner has been for some time assistant librarian in the Library of Congress, and is now proof reader in the cataloging department of that institution.

'02—Evelyn Groesbeck Mitchell in 1907 published a biological work on Mosquito Life, embracing habits and life cycles of all the known mosquitoes of the United States with methods of their control and keys for the easy identification of the species in different stages.

'02—Margaret E. Schallenberger is commissioner of Primary Education in the state of California.

'00—Louise W. Katz is now cataloging in the Library of the University of Minnesota; previous to this time she held a similar position in the University of California.

'00—Philena R. Sheldon has had a position as cataloger in the Library of Congress, and is now in the reference department of the New York Public Library.

'10—Frances S. Burns was assistant in the Boy's Club of the Lighthouse Settlement, Philadelphia, and is now associated with the Charity Organization Society of New York.

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Morrill Hall THE CO-OP. Ithaca, N. Y.

'10—Dorothy Colby is stenographer and investigator in the Library of Congress.

'10—Marion Collins served as a Field Worker in Eugenics for the Monson State Hospital at Palmer, Mass., and is now with the Bureau of Analysis and Investigation of the State Board of Charities, under Miss Gertrude Hall at Albany, N. Y.

'10—Laura Cooper is teaching in the Normal School at Salem, Mass.

'10—Caroline Crawford at first took up social work in New York City, and then studied court stenography in the law offices of her father. She has since opened an office in New York as court stenographer.

'10—Anna Fielden Grace is assistant to Thomas Tree, Business Manager of Residential Halls, Cornell University.

'10—Laura Johnson is teaching in Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

'10—Cornelia Kephart went to Durham, New Hampshire for a year as instructor in Entomology, returning to Cornell the next year, she took the degree of M.S. and is now instructing and acting as librarian in the Entomology Dept. while working for a Ph. D. degree.

'10—Florence Kimball was assistant to Dr. White, State Inspector of Mass. and has now opened a hospital for dogs, cats, and other small animals at West Newton, Mass.

'10—Margeretta Landmann has been for several years in charge of the farm for the Girl's House of Refuge at Darlington, Pa.

'10—Kate McNamara is in the real estate business in Binghamton, N. Y., and is now developing land near the Endicott-Johnson Co.

'10—Fanny G. Selden has a position in the office of the "Placing Out" Agency of the State Charities Aid Association in Albany.

'10—Ruth A. Stone is social worker among the employees of the William Hengerer Dept. store, Buffalo, N. Y.

'10—Katherine Straith is head of the Horticulture Department in the State Normal School for Women at Ambler, Pa.

'10—Olive Witson is doing social service work in New York City with the Hudson Guild.

'11—Grace L. Bennet is the owner and manager of a lunch room in Washington, D. C. She also edits the Household Page of *The New York Tribune Farmer*.

'11—Pauline Brooks has been for three years Assistant Secretary of the National Association of Junior Republics and is now located in New York City.

'11—Lillian Edminister is doing editorial work in school and college text books as Assistant Editor of the American Book Company, New York.

'11—Mildred Evans is teaching in the Pennsylvania State School for the Deaf at Philadelphia.

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A Simple Remedy

Chinaman who was asked if there were good doctors in China.

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great; save life, to me."

"You don't say so! How was that?"

"Me velly bad," he said. "Me callee Doctor Han Kon. Give some medicine. Get velly, velly ill. Me callee Doctor San Sing. Giv more medicine. Me glow worse—go die. Blimely callee Doctor Hang Chang. He got no time; no come, Save life."—*Tit-Bits.*

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what is the third letter in the alphabet?

Small Johnny—Don't know.

Teacher—you don't? Well, what is it you do with your eyes?

Small Johnny—Squint, mother says.

Small Harold, who had just been punished for misbehavior, said: "Am I very bad, mamma?"

"Yes Harold," she replied, "you have been a very, very bad boy."

"Well," rejoiced the little fellow, after a moment's reflection, "you ought to be thankful that I ain't twins."

Hard Luck

Chinaman was asked if there were poral's stripes. There he sat snugly in the sheltered part of his trench in that little corner of Belgium and played poker with a quartet of his comrads. Luck was against him. He had lost about everything he had to lose, when at the very height of the game —just after the dealer had done his best and worst—a shell came through the roof of the shelter, passed between the Canadian's long, lean legs (luckily without hitting him), and buried itself harmlessly in the soft earth. The others of the party leapt up in not inexcusable haste and fled from the place, but the Canadian did not move.

The disturbance brought the company commander on the run.

"What's up?" says he.

"Well, sir," says the Canadian, "that there shell drops in on us and when it don't explode at once I judge it is pretty safe not to go off at all. So I just set where I am. The curst luck of it is that I've been playin' away here all mornin' drawin' rotten cards and losin' my shirt, and here just as I holds the first four of a kind that's graddened my two eyes since Hector was a pup—and kings at that, sir—at that identical moment there comes this pifflin' German turnip and the other fellows beats it."—*New York Evening Post.*

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ITHACA, NEW YORK

'11—Eleanor Edwards is cataloger in the Silas Bronson Library at Waterbury, Conn.

'12—Margaret Aherne substituted in the Women's Horticultural School at Ambler, Pa., during the year 1913-14; returning to Cornell to assist in the Department of Nature Study during the absence of Mrs. Comstock. She is now at Gary, Indiana, teaching Nature Study in the Primary Grades of that city.

'12—Marjorie L. Barstow, who has been instructing in English at Vassar College has a leave of absence and will go to Yale to study for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

'12—Marjorie Boyce has been for some time in Washington, D. C., as Laboratory Assistant in the office of Dr. William Gerry Morgan. The work consists chiefly of chemical analysis of various kinds and blood testing.

'12—Margaret Connor is Scientific Assistant in the Bureau of Plant Industry, Division of Field Investigations in Pomology, U. S. Dept. of Agr.

'12—Mary Anita Ewer, after two years of clerical work at Cornell, is now proof reading for Ginn and Company, Boston.

'12—Irene Gladding is doing statistical and tabulating work for the State Board of Charities, and settlement work under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. of Albany, N. Y.

'12—Edith McCully is in social service work at Bedford Reformatory as Outdoor Officer.

'12—Rebecca Whitman Ball has a position with the Department of Labor and Industry at Harrisburg, Pa., as special investigator of Immigration Conditions.

'13—Ellen Harrington Adams was married to James Baldwin at Ithaca, N. Y. on Sept. 1st. Mr. Baldwin is Professor of History at Vassar College.

'13—Irene J. Brooks is now fourth assistant Bacteriologist with the Board of Health of Philadelphia.

'13—Lucy Crawford did editorial work with the Henry Altemus Co. publishers, and is now in charge of the stenographic force of the Bureau of Municipal Research in New York City. In the fall of 1914 she assisted W. H. Allen on the Survey of the University of Wisconsin.

'13—Caroline Higgins is Assistant director of the "Food-Shop" for the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, Mass.

'13—Christine Mann is Health Director of the Department Store Education Association, New York.

'13—Anetta Nicholl is Bacteriologist for the city of Topeka, Kansas.

'14—Ruth H. Bayer is teaching Nature Study and Science at a private school in Syracuse.

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Pat was entertaining his friend Hiram from Appelvale for a few days, and swelled with pride as he exhibited the various wonders of Back Center. Among other things, there was the new tunnel just built through Mt. Culver, a feat of engineering. As Pat and his guest stood by the side of the track looking at the opening, the Limited flashed into sight and disappeared into the tunnel.

Pat's chest measure became two inches greater as he straightened up, and spake,

"There's a great sight for ye, now, Hiram. Ain't never seen nothin' like that before, hev ye?"

And Hiram with eyes still fastened on the place where the train had disappeared, replied,

"Sure, Pat, and it's damn lucky that train hit the hole."

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Wife—"Don't you think I should have a vote?"

Husband — "I dunno, Jane. You'd probably want a new hat to wear at the polls.

'14—Lucia Burbank is Dietitian in the Norton Infirmary, Louisville, Kentucky.

'14—Ethel Cornell is now taking graduate work in Columbia for the degree of Ph. D. in Psychology.

'14—Emma E. Cummings is secretary of the graduate school of Cornell.

'14—Mary A. Keane is supervisor of Domestic Art in the City Schools of Ogden, Utah.

'14—Katherine Mills was Instructor in Home Economics for Erie Co. Farm Bureau, New York, but has resigned her position and was married on June 17th, 1915, to Dr. Melancthon Hamilton, at Garratsville, N. Y.

'14—Harriet Cushman has a position as Assistant in the Bio-Chemical laboratory of The Training School at Vineland, New Jersey.

'14—Mary Abel Doty was married to Howard Seeley Hall, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Dartmouth, '13, on September 14, 1915.

'15—Sarah Barclay, class secretary of the class of '15, is teaching in the Manual Training High School in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'15—Rose Boochever, president of Women's Student Government Association, '14-'15, is now in Albany as head of a settlement house.

'15—Lucy M. Park is as present with the Western Union Telegraph Company at New York.

'15—Alice Snow assisted in the Department of Nature Study at Cornell during the Summer School.

'15—Anna M. Woodward is teaching Biology and History in the High School at Bristol, Pa.

NOTES OF WASHINGTON CORNELL ALUMNAE

Ex '15—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hathaway Kent (Dorothy Curtis) on August 22, a son, Russell Hathaway, jr. Address: 55 Rhode Island Ave., N. W. Mr. Kent (1912), is in charge of the engineering work in connection with the Fruit and Vegetable Utilization project of the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

'13—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Dougherty (Agnes Monteith) on May 20, a daughter, Marie Ellen. Address: 2134 F St. N. W. Mr. Dougherty is assistant professor of Civil Engineering at George Washington University.

'13—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Sherman (Mary Stephens) on July 16, a daughter, Frances. Address: 11½ R. St. N. E. Mr. Sherman (1911) is City Superintendent of Markets.

'12—Marjorie Boyce was married on August 9 at Salamanca, N. Y. to Andrew Clifford Wilkins. They will be at home after Dec. 1, The Cecil, Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins took an extended wedding trip through the Great Lakes and over the Northern Pacific to the coast, south through the Sierras to the Exposition and back to Washington via the Yellowstone National Park.

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ATTENTION, FROSH!

Ten little freshmen came to Cornell,
Ten little freshmen liked it full well.
One stood ten hours in Davy Hoy's line,
Told Davy his sorrows and then there were nine.
One bought a frosh cap and coming home late
Looked in the mirror—and then there were eight.
Eight frosh tried out for the football eleven,
One thought he was sharp and then there were seven.
One frosh took chem. and then he would mix
Some gases together and then there were six.
One walked into seven brave compets alive
Signed up with them all and there there were five.
Five freshmen presented themselves to one Lohr
Got signed up for drillin', and then there were four.
Four freshmen were bid up to Sage to a tea,
Gott in Himmel He fell hard! And then there were three.
Three little freshmen with nothing to do,
One took to Star gazing, and then there were two.
A couple of frosh started out for some fun,
One took a trolley—and now there's but one.
One little freshman, submerged in the mass,
Bought a MAJOR SPORTS TICKET, I tell you—Some Class.

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'11—Miss Anna Howe, secretary of the Cornell Women of Washington during 1914-15, has resigned her position as teacher of science at Fairmont Seminary in order to take advanced work at Cornell.

'04—Mrs. Alfred Savage (Grace O'Neill) has resigned from her position as Editor of the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture. Address: 1407 W. St. N. W.

'09—Marion Berger has recently moved to Washington, having accepted a position with the Bureau of Education. Address: 1727 Lamont St. N. W.

'09—Ethel Gowans resigned from Hampton Institute in 1914 to accept a position with the Bureau of Education in Washington. Address: 1416 R. St. N. W.

'09—Alice Evans, last winter took a course in mycology at the University of Chicago preparatory to carrying on special research work in the Dairy Laboratories of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Address: 4821 Iowa Ave. N. W. She is making her home with Dr. and Mrs. William Buchanan. (Carrie Lawrence, '96).

'10—Grace Bennett, who has conducted a cafeteria in the grounds of the Department of Agriculture for the last three years has met with such marked success that she has this June greatly increased the scope of her work. She now occupies two buildings, the second house having been especially remodeled to suit the needs and to meet every requirement of a model cafeteria. About 400 people are served daily with lunch at the two cafeterias.

'10—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Huttman (Edith Young) on July 3, a daughter, Edith Adams. Mr. Huttman is a chemist for the du Pont Powder Co. and is located at City Point, Va.

'12—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Genung (Mildred Derrick) have moved from Freeville to Stamford, Del. Co., N. Y.

'12—Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Edmonde Saunders (Katharine Potts) on March 1, a son, William Ewart Gladstone Saunders, 2nd. Address: Oakwood, Emmetsburg, Iowa.

Ex '12—Born to Mr. and Mrs. George McMillen Wicker (Lillian Whiteley) on April 13, a son, John Whiteley. Address: 616 Chilton Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

'12—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ray Strempel (Cynthia Seelye) a daughter, Judith Caroline. Address: 20 Castleton Park, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

'12—Anne Bullivant was married on September 18th at Port Jervis, N. Y. to Karl Erwin Pfeifer. At home after Oct. 1, 401 East 22nd. St., Baltimore, Md.

'12—Dee Baker taught school gardening at Willow Grove, Pa. during the summer and is now teaching in the public schools of Willow Grove while taking graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania.

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UNIVERSITY NOTES

The University Club will hold its regular series of club dinners and Thursday afternoon musicales this winter. These are open to the members of the club and their guests. According to the constitution of the club, any person connected with Cornell University as trustee, professor, instructor, graduate assistant, or administrative officer, or any adult member of the family of such a person, may become a member of the club without election. Other persons may be elected to membership by the Board of Directors.

President Schurman represented the University at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, October thirteenth and fourteenth.

Professor Thilly of the Department of Philosophy, is the new Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. Several appointments have been recently made in the departments of education and economics. Prof. J. H. Coursault, of the University of Missouri, is temporarily acting as professor of education to take the place of Prof. DeGarmo, who has retired. R. H. C. Campbell, Wisconsin, '06, is filling the vacancy left in the Department of Economics by the resignation of Assistant Professor Blakey, and Robert Morse Woodbury, Clark University, succeeds H. L. Reed as instructor in that department.

A series of publications called "Cornell Studies in English," has recently been established by the Department of English. They will consist of monographs on language and literature, written by members of the department and graduate students. Three or four of these will probably be issued this year. The Board of Editors consists of Professors John Quincy Adams, jr., Lane Cooper, and C. S. Northup. A limited number of these publications will be placed on public sale.

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of the Department of Semitic Languages, recently delivered an address at the celebration of the one hundreth anniversary of the birth of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, held at Seneca Falls, New York, where the first meeting of women interested in the cause of Suffrage, was held in 1848.

Professor Flemming of the Department of Landscape Art has resigned his position as Head of the Department to become Advisory Councilor.

Professor Willard Winfield Rowlee, '88, is the Faculty member of Alumni Field Committee, which has been responsible for the new athletic plant at Cornell.

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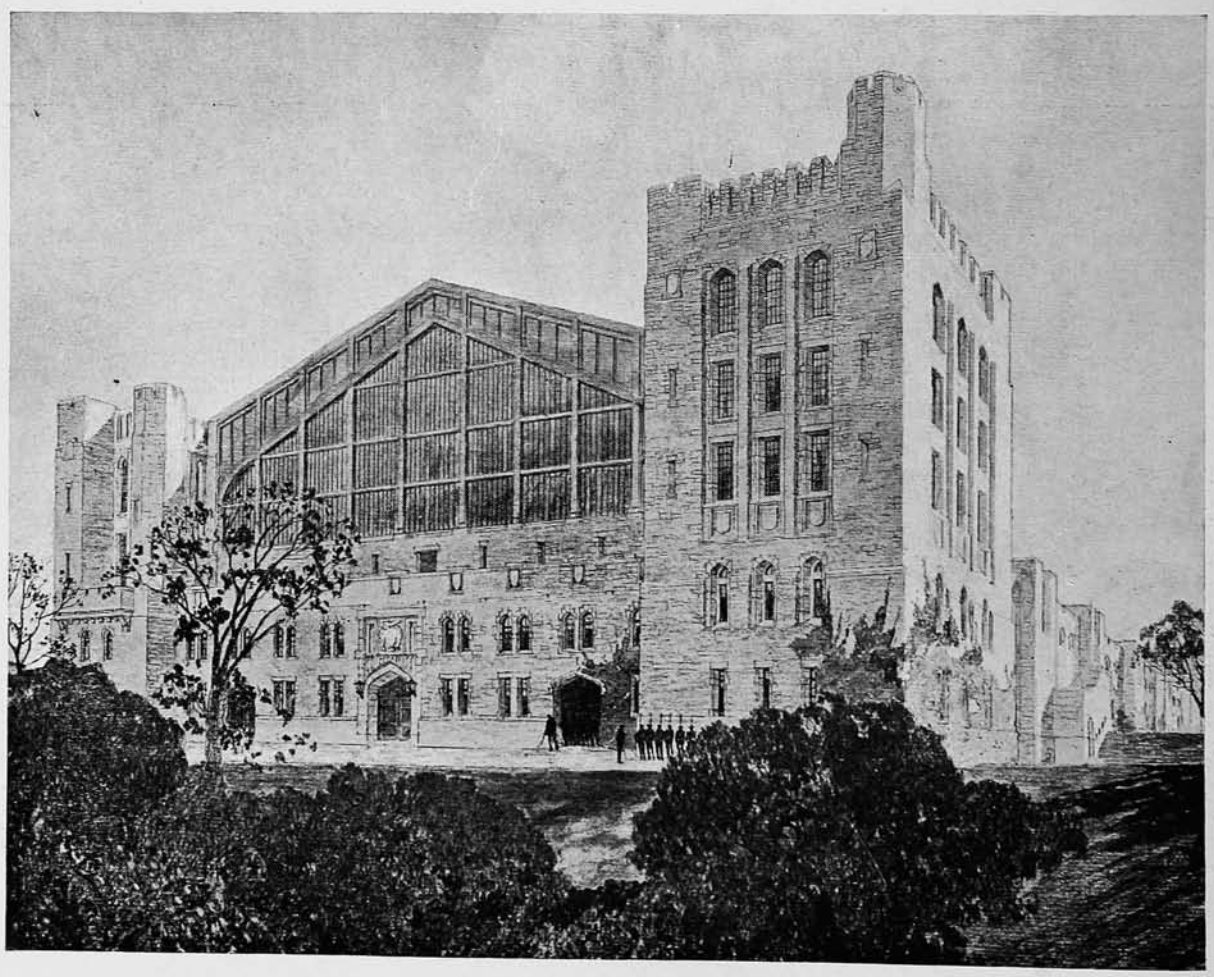
Director B. T. Galloway of the College of Agriculture attended the fifty-first convocation of the University of the State of New York, held at Albany, the last of October. This convocation is under the auspices of the State Department of Education, and every university, college, academy, and high school, having membership in the university, and the elementary schools of every city, district,, and village in the state, were represented.

Professor C. S. Northup of the Department of English, is at present at work on a "Bibliography of English Philology," in collaboration with Professor J. Q. Adams, jr., and Mr. Andrew Keogh of Yale. The book will be published this winter under the auspices of the Bibliographical Society of America, at the University of Chicago Press.

Professor Hendrick Willem Van Loon, '05, whose parable of the present war appears in this issue, is filling the vacancy left in the Department of History by the death of Professor Catterall. Professor Van Loon is not only the author of many successful short stories, but is well known as an artist and violinist.

Professor Winans of the Department of Oratory has recently published a book entitled "Public Speaking; Principles and Practice."

Miss Claribel Nye, '14, a member of the staff of the Home Economics Department at Cornell, is



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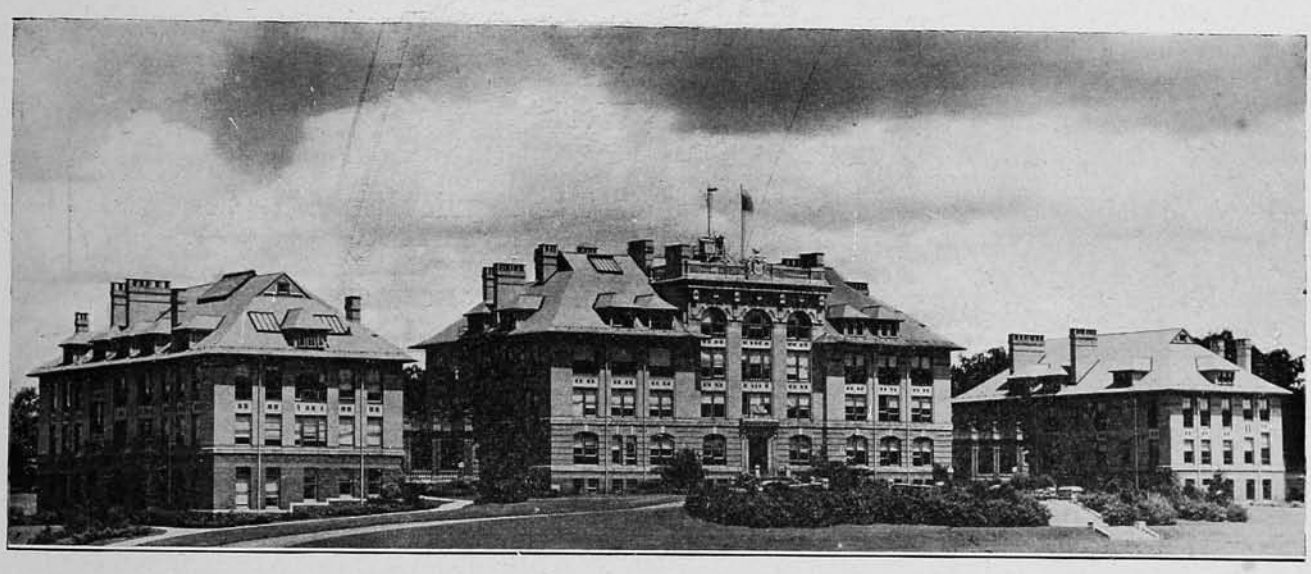

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developing Home Economics projects in the rural schools of the state. This is a phase of extension teaching and is under the joint supervision of the State Department of Education and the State College of Agriculture.

Mrs. George Williams, daughter of Judge Boardman, first Dean of the Law College, and Mrs. Herman Bostwick, mother of Chas. D. Bostwick, Treasurer of the University, were two of the five members of the class of 1865, who attended the 50th Anniversary Celebration at Vassar College. This class was the first to be graduated from the college.

Professor O. G. Guerlac of the French Department, who taught in the University during his leave of absence last year, has again returned to his regiment at the front.

At the Dedicatory exercises in connection with the opening of the Schoellkopf Memorial Field, the women of the University were invited to take part in the parade to the field. About four hundred women students attended.

Professor A. S. Johnson of the Political Economy Department, has accepted the position of assistant editor on the staff of the "New Republic."

Three new instructors have been added to the Home Economics staff, Miss Vinton and Miss Henry as instructors in Foods, and Miss Usher as instructor in Experimental Work.

The Agricultural College is adding two new diningrooms to the Home Economics cafeteria. These are to be used for experiments in Dietetics.

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THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1915 NO. 2

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH HOSPITAL
DR. MARY MERRITT CRAWFORD, '04

THE LESSON OF THE SUFFRAGE REFERENDUM
NORA BLATCH DE FOREST, '05

THE WELLESLEY SOCIETY SYSTEM
LIDA ROBERTS BRANDT, WELLESLEY, '16

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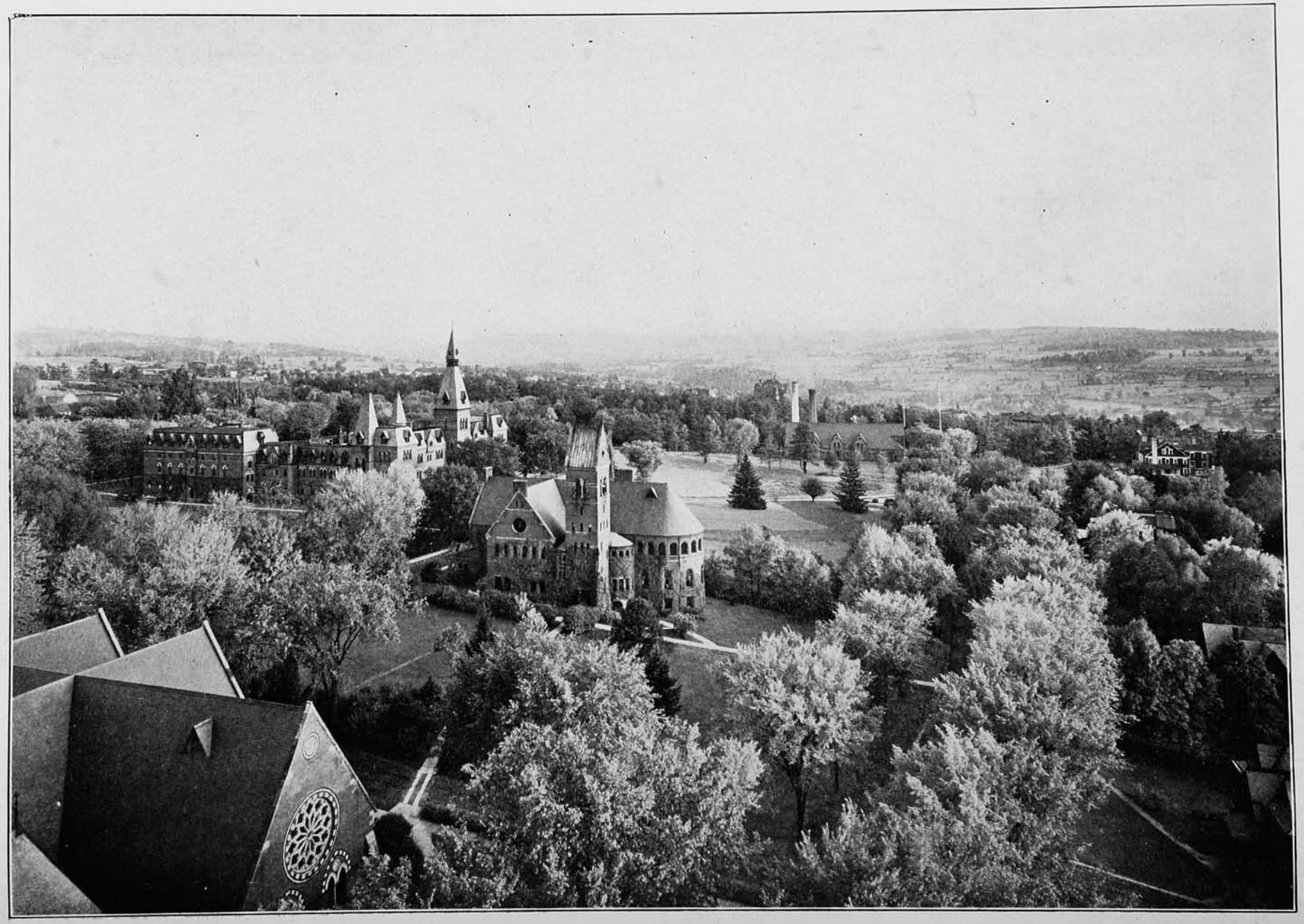


THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

Vol. I ITHACA, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1915 No. 2

Letters from a French Hospital

By DR. MARY MERRITT CRAWFORD, '04

Editor's Note:—Dr. Mary M. Crawford, A. B. '04, M. D. '07, was one of the six surgeons, who were sent from America to do hospital work in France. Dr. Crawford has allowed the Review to publish some of the letters which she wrote to her family during her service as house surgeon in the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine.

Monday, Oct. 19, 1914, 6 P. M.

Dear F.:—

Please note that this is the first day and hour I have been able to begin my message to you. I must go back to the beginning of things so that you may have a complete picture.

I stood on deck until well down the bay. Then I was so tired that I went to my room. Early in the evening, I had asked the cabin-steward what he called himself—in French—meaning what was his title—but he smiled so sweetly, and said, "Peterre;" so ever since I've called him Peter instead of "garcon." His fame has gone abroad and most of the others call their garcons "my Peter" or "your Peter." But there is none so nice as mine. He soon arranged to have my poor little room-mate transferred and I have this nice cabin to myself. At all hours, he knocks and enters—if I am in bed, he murmurs regrets at my "mal-au-coeur" and continues to clean up. Deshabille and negligee have no terrors for him. But he is always polite. Also I understand the feelings of the lady with the strange man's head in her lap. I haven't cared whether Peter was there or not!

There is the most charming young French priest aboard, Father Rampont, by name. He has been for nine years in Arizona at a town called Jerome. He comes from Verdun and is returning to enlist because his brother has been killed. He tells Miss J. that he hopes he'll be wounded a little so that Dr. Crawford and Miss J. may care for him. True French courtesy! He says France and the U. S. are the finest countries on earth and Arizona the finest in either. As you may remember, most of the priests on board are rather fat and well-fed looking—

they are almost all from the West Indies and Hayti—but Father Rampont, while full of fun and spirits, is ascetic-looking and real ly adorable.

We are having very foggy weather and the old horn keeps blowing. It is not cold but very damp.

Thursday, Oct. 22nd, 1914.

The French people are the happiest, most child-like lot I've ever seen. They walk the deck, men and women together, singing and laughing. Tuesday we heard a great noise in the stern. On investigation we found all the priests and about a dozen men and women. They had drawn a huge pig on the deck. Then each in turn, blindfolded, was trying to draw a tail on the pig. Those big bearded men were having just as good a time as I used to when I played "pin the tail on the donkey."

Last night before I fell asleep, I saw the stars come out and knew we had left the fog behind us. I've devoted many sober, sombre thoughts to that same fog. But today the sea is calm, the sun shines, and the sky is blue. I feel fine and shall go to the dining-room. I've even tied a red ribbon on my hat so every one knows I'm better.

10:30 P. M.

This has been altogether a wonderful day. The weather is perfect and I am feeling very well. We have changed our table and now we are with two French priests, a Christian Brother, and a French-man, who, it develops, is associated with a moving-picture plant in Ithaca. They made the beautiful boat-race pictures I saw last June when in Ithaca. They chose Ithaca for its natural scenery. They make the pictures of college life and then write the stories around them and release them to Pathe Freres. He almost cried, he was so glad to talk to me about it all. He has left everything to go back to France but he does so hope he'll get back to Ithaca again. How you would enjoy all this. I must tell you of the raffle. Father Rampont and several of the other priests sold one-franc tickets for a raffle to aid the war. The prizes were a gold ring, a box of Arizona ore—gold and copper mixed—a Chinese fan and a flag. About $40 was made. After dinner in the saloon he auctioned off the last nine chances in French—it was fascinating to hear him. Then the prizes were allotted. After that a volunteer entertainment was given. Several priests sang funny songs, oh so well, although I couldn't understand much. Some others recited or sang, and one read the chapter in V. Hugo about Paris besieged by the Prussians. Such simplicity, such grace, and such unconsciousness as they all show—I love them. They have a rhythmical way of clapping which takes the place of hip-hip-hurrah, which delighted me. Then toward the last, Father Rampont, who was running everything, made a speech about the American doctors and nurses

and thanked us for coming, winding up with a special tribute to me by name. It was sweet of him wasn't it? Miss J. and I are going to cultivate our French friends rather than most of our compatriots. There are a few Americans who are very nice but alas! they are not doctors. Good-night once more.

Friday, October 23rd, 1914.

Today has been a beautiful day with a tremendous wind. But the barometer is falling and already the old boat is beginning to pitch and roll. I feel all right so far, but I shall turn in early and pray for calm weather tomorrow. We are going to have our heads shampooed tomorrow (Miss J. and I) for we don't know when we'll have another chance. Nothing of special interest has happened today. We are beginning to realize that we are near land. Only two days more, for according to our rate of speed, we shall dock at Havre 2 A. M. Monday. Out on deck the men are walking up and down singing and laughing. Their spirits get higher with each mile nearer France. The courage and high purpose of these people compel respect and admiration. And yet they realize what they are getting into at least, the more intelligent do.

You should see my cabin. Peter the Incomparable has hung up my big flag and crossed the little U. S. A. and French flags below it. Each night when I come down I find my bed turned down, my nightie draped over the bed, my slippers on the floor, and my boudoir-cap coyly on the pillow. The chrysanthemums he had in the two big water-bottles and by some magic, he keeps them alive still. Fruit is still with me and lots of candy, ginger, prunes, figs, etc., which were concealed in the various baskets. Each day we have some of our very good fruit for our table companions. Their table ways are not perfect, but their courtesy to us is perfect, and they appreciate having us.

I'm reading a French book and studying a little, but most of all I'm listening and learning from people on board.

October 24th, 1914, 7 P. M.

Il faut que je mange en cabine ce soir. It is so rough that I don't dare go to the dining-room. Peter has asked me for all the newspapers and magazines which you gave me a week ago (Ciel, it seems a month). He says that every trip he takes all he can to the English wounded who are at Havre in great numbers.

October 25th, 1914.

This is a heavenly calm Sunday with blue sky and blazing sun. We are on deck without coats or steamer rugs. Tonight about 10 or 11 we shall see the coast of England—thrilling thought to me—and tomorrow at 2 or 3 we shall be in Havre. We are likely to be stopped at any time by cruisers, French or English I hope. For if a German cruiser gets us we'll never see France.

Tonight they are arranging a

grand entertainment and Padre Rampont says that they want to get the ladies to allow a few kisses to be auctioned off for the good cause. We both rather gasped at this very French method and he assured us it would be "on the cheek, not on the mouth." I told him there would have to be some clean shaves done before I contributed anything. We are awaiting with interest what may happen.

Just now the irrepressible Father Rampont has organized some deck games. The children are racing and getting prizes. Later the grown-ups will perform.

October 27th, 1914.

Dear F.:—

I'm here at the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine, safe and sound, but so tired that I can hardly wait for time to go to bed. I do not know how long I'll be here or where next. The whole of last night (12 hours) we travelled from Havre to Paris, getting to the Hospital about 7 A. M. Not one blink of sleep, but the most wonderful night of my life. I can't write about it to you, but it is so graven on my memory that when I see you all again, you shall hear every thrilling detail. The whole of today has been used up in getting passports viséd, permits de sèjour, and authority to send the cable. Everything was very different from peace times. I have met Drs. G. and M., and tomorrow I meet Dr. B. with whom, it seems rests the disposition of the various doctors.

The censorship is very necessary and complete, so I'll omit a description of the Hospital, etc., except to say that the building is magnificent and the organization original and superb.

I have called on Madame la Duchesse de Tallyrand and had an interesting talk, but find that the decision of where and when is entirely out of her hands. There is so much to do that it may be tomorrow and it may be a day or so later before I'm assigned, probably not here, unless the work gets heavier, which I sincerely trust will not happen for I have seen the cost of such work in human happiness already.

American Ambulance Hospital,
Neuilly, Paris.

Dear F.:—

The above is my proper address, and please put five-cent stamps on your letters. The first one came today, and Lord, I was glad to see it and read it. I can hardly wait for more to come.

Dr. du B., who is really the head here, and Drs. M. and B., along with six or eight others, decided two or three days ago to take me on the staff here. Now that the excitement is over, I'll tell you that Mme. la Duchesse had no place for me or the others, had found that she could get none, and if the American Hospital hadn't taken me, I don't know what I should have done. For two days I was in despair, although I kept a stiff upper lip and delivered my letters to the doctors and told my

story. Of course, they were in no way to blame, and I couldn't have blamed them if they had refused me. I wouldn't have come home though until all my money was gone. Already I was trying for something outside of Paris but getting it was doubtful. It isn't that help is not needed, for it is, cruelly, but the red tape is enormous and all aliens are personae non gratae, very naturally. Living under martial law makes you realize a lot of things. I wrote all this to Dr. R. but asked him not to let you know, until my fate was decided. I know your anxiety for a homeless daughter would be immense. But all is well now, and I'm even installed in a single room by Dr. du B.'s order. I am giving ether and helping with dressings and casts. When we open the third floor as we expect to in about two weeks, I shall be given some cases to care for. Everyone is awfully good to me, and I hear from the nurses that Dr. B. likes my anaesthetics very much. I visit around in the wards a lot. Talk to the English and practice my French on the others. Also watch the Turcos and some curious ape-like people called Senegalesi, from the Soudan. They ought to be in the zoos, or else up a tree. Lord, what curious brutes. I am seeing sights daily that I'll never forget to my dying day.

Who do you think came to see me today? An Eagle reporter! I chased him away for I had to give ether and got away with a promise to see him next Monday. He gave me two papers (Oct. 17th and 18th) with the same clippings in that you sent. I never saw an Eagle reporter the day I sailed, much less talked all that drivel. It made me sick to have such stuff put in my mouth. That's the second time the Eagle has done that, and I don't like it. However, I'm too happy to get cross with anybody.

The next time I write, I'll try to tell you how we live. It is very rough and unfinished, for they took an uncompleted building and did wonders with it, but it is still very uncompleted, where we live. But I can get a hot water bath at night, have clean linen, and good plain food, so I should worry. We have no butter, have to drink wine, and get dessert once a week, drink coffee out of bowls, and have oat-meal cooked in a weird French way. There is no granulated sugar to be had, so we break lump sugar up as fine as we can and sprinkle it through our oat-meal! When I eat at the C's it is like heaven. Bless their hearts!

November 3rd, 1914.

Dear F.:—

How I wish you could be with me through this experience. I am seeing and learning so much daily that I feel as if I'd been here a month already, although actually I've only been on French soil for eight days. It isn't possible, but it is true. And let me say now even in this quiet sheltered spot, that if I hated war before, I abhor and sicken at it now and ever after.

Such ghastly wrecks of fine young men as I see daily—such tragic deaths—and such crippled convalescents as go forth I never imagined before. And we see only the best of it at that. What it must be in the field hospitals I can't bear to consider. And yet if I could get there I would go tomorrow. There is the battle line against death. The spirit of service and sacrifice fills all of us. If you haven't it when you come, you quickly get it. You feel you'd do anything to stop it all. Everyone is being so good to me that I'm in danger just now of being exhausted by too much play plus plenty of work.

Sunday was a glorious day both as to weather and events. Dr. C. took me home to luncheon—a delicious one, so beautifully served in their adorable French apartment house—and then, immediately after, we all jumped into a taxi and drove all across Paris to the high hill of Montmartre. The streets are old and crooked with funny little houses and shops and street-cafes. This is the Apache section and Dr. C. says that when martial law was established, Gallieni rounded up all these Apaches and gave them a chance to join the army—those who didn't were quietly shot. So simple is martial law. We went to the new church of the Sacré Coeur—it is on the highest hill of Paris—a huge white church of imposing architecture, though not so beautiful as the old churches—and the view of all Paris spreading around it was surprising. It gave me an idea of the city as a whole. We went in for a while, heard a wonderful organ and saw the shrine to Joan of Arc—the window was beautiful and the mosaic superb. It (the whole church) was jammed full of people, very quiet, and all praying for France. Next we drove to the Gardens of the Luxembourg, saw the most lovely flowers—chrysanthemums, dahlias etc., the palace of Marie de Medici which is the Senate-Chamber now, then to the St. Sulpice, a noble church, then to St. Etienne du Mont, a 16th century church, very heavy, dark and beautiful, then to the church de la Sorbonne, where I saw the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, then to the Pantheon; it was closed, but I saw Rodin's statue "The Thinker." He looked like the concentrated spirit of all these poor peasants trying to think why this war has come. Then, ah, then to Notre Dame. Think of it, Mother, I've stood within it, I've walked about it. The time was just dusk, and far up in the front, vespers were being held—all the rest of the edifice was shadowy and brooding. The arches were almost lost in gloom—the only bright spot being the candles before the Lady Chapel. I couldn't have had my first view under more beautiful mystical conditions.

I've been very busy for the past few days. The wounded are coming in very fast. Such stories of heroism and suffering as they tell. I'm beginning to collect a few and

I shall write them down. There are two Englishmen, regular Mulvaneys in one way—they've each been in the army 16 years, through the Boer War, etc. One of them had his leg shot away instantly, all but one thick piece of muscle and skin. He crawled to cover and calmly cut the leg entirely off with his pen-knife! He knew he never could drag it, you see. The other man tried to carry him away, but the leg began to bleed. So they made a tourniquet, and then some of the wounded man's company came up and took him. The next morning, the rescuer was on his horse—he is in the artillery—when a shrapnel shell broke his thigh, and as he fell, two bullets went through the other leg. Two or three days later, both appeared here, much to their mutual entertainment! This is only one of many tales. I'm keeping notes. I'll talk you to death.

———

Ambulance of the American Hospital at Paris. Section for the wounded.

Le 10 novembre, 1914.

Dear F.:—I have been so rushed with work these last few days that I've sent no letters except a collection of post-cards. Yesterday I gave eight ethers, and did 24 dressings, so you may believe I was busy. Now, today, Dr. B. has definitely given me two wards to take care of altogether, and when new cases come in, I'm to diagnose and treat; and if they come to operation, I'm to scrub up and do it, while one of the others gives ether. So you see, I am just where I want to be, although it took two weeks to do it. I've made some very good true friends here, who are much amused at the change from two weeks ago when I was told there was nothing for me. And bless my reputation as an anaesthetist—that gave me my toe-hold—the rest has just developed. I still give ether for Dr. B.'s service and Dr. du B.'s. They are both fine men and glorious to look at. The younger men have thawed out too and we have really very pleasant times together. The reason why I did so much yesterday was because one man took a day off and I did all his work for him. Oh, I am a lucky girl, and I am thankful eternally that I could come to this wonderful place at this wonderful time. Humor and tragedy are mixed from day to night—one extreme and then the other, but it all is absorbing, and I feel that I'm growing.

———

Le 11 novembre, 1914

There is so much to do, and so much more that should be done. I talked to a French officer today before I gave him ether. He says he was wounded at Ypres. He lay in a field hospital for three or four days before they could get him away. He said there were several thousand wounded there with only two or three doctors. Men were dying of tetanus (lockjaw) on all sides of him because

the supply of serum had failed. And yet no one can seem to get to such places. The army corps do all they can, but the wounded must suffer because of the fear of spies and the danger to non-combatants.

November 12th, 1914.

We have had a sad night. Three of our men have died, one of them an especially fine and beautiful Frenchman. He spoke English well, having lived in Mexico near the border for some years. The other two died of gas-gangrene—one of the hideous complications of this, and other wars. It's an awful infection, very rapid and destructive. We have had to do many of our amputations for that alone.

Dear F.:—

I feel that it is an age since I have written you, and I also feel that volumes could be written on what has happened to me in the meantime. The days are so full, the nights seem so short, that letters can't be written. Tonight I'm sad. I have a dear young French boy who is wounded in the arm, he had a terrific hemorrhage before he came to me, and tonight he has just had another fearful hemorrhage. Luckily I was in the next ward and rushed in in time to get a tourniquet on his arm. Now he is quiet, the bleeding has stopped, and I've begun giving him saline and stimulants. We shall probably transfuse him if he lives. I do hate to lose these poor fellows. The French are particularly sweet to take care of—so patient, courteous and grateful. My old Turco—Ahmed ben Mahomet—is one of the most interesting people here to me. He has two wives and six children, not counting all the daughters, whom he sells, he says. He has seven severe wounds, all from a bursting shrapnel shell. He has become quite reconciled to my caring for him, and now calls me "maman." You'd die to hear that big fierce-looking fellow, Turco, saying "maman, doucement, ne touchez pas" or "Attendez maman" He begs me each day to get him well soon so that he can return to the war. The war is good. And he wants to get to Berlin and eat the ear of a German because the Germans wounded him! I have an Irishman, a Scotchman, and an Englishman, besides about eight Frenchmen in my two wards. Some of the French are very, very ill, and suffer horribly.

Dr. du B. made me very happy last night. He sat down by me at supper and told me that he hoped I'd get even more work to do, for all my work was well done. Then he added, "I don't know your surgical work personally, but you give ether to perfection. You suit me absolutely." I was so happy, I almost popped. Only the day before, Mr. B., one of the officers of the day of the place, told me he'd not tell me the nice things he'd heard about me, but said that if I tried to leave, they'd send a search-warrant after me. Please don't think

from this that my position is at all exalted or important. I'm not, only a small cog in a big and glorious machine. But it does mean that at least I'm a cog, a necessary bit, not a loose screw rattling around.

We are beginning to get typhoid cases now, but we can't keep them, for there are too many untrained helpers. I was talking to a French doctor yesterday who visited our place, and he says there are over 600 typhoid cases in Paris alone, just now. And more dysentery. What the horrors of this work must be in field work, and poorly equipped places, I can imagine.

We have one Turco here who talks a kind of pigeon English. I asked him where he came from, and he answered: "Brooklyn." Imagine my amusement. He has been about everywhere. He helped dig the Panama Canal and has been in most of the South American countries. He has decided and intelligent opinions on them too.

Tomorrow night Mrs. L. takes me home for dinner and the night. It is such a relief to get away from the atmosphere of suffering for just a little. My room faces on the court, and every night I'm wakened at least once by some poor devil groaning or shrieking. Last night there was a loud explosion followed by many sharp reports. No one knows just what it was—probably practice at one of the forts. But it was creepy as one realized that this was war-time.

(To be continued)

The Lessons of the Suffrage Referendum

By NORA BLATCH DeFOREST, '05
Executive Secretary of the Women's Political Union

While the darkness of night still shrouded the great metropolis of New York in the early morning hours of November 2nd, thousands of women were hurrying from their homes to take their places as watchers or pickets at the polls. The hour of five-thirty saw a woman in almost every polling place of the greater city. Hell's kitchen, San Juan Hill, and all the remote and slummy neighborhoods as well as the silk stocking districts, were invaded by the seekers for the vote. That day was to most of them the climax of long years of work and self-sacrifice; the climax to endless street meetings, parades, canvassings; the climax to long, expensive journeys to the law-makers at Albany. Now the goal for which they had striven for years was to be settled by the will of men in eleven brief hours, settled by men, who in many cases declared that they would not have troubled to vote at all, had it not been that they wished to defeat the attempt of women to get the vote.

It was a wonderful lesson in democracy to sit and watch the voters as they entered the polling place. The rich man and the poor, the lame, the epileptic, the blind,

the illiterate, each cast one vote, for that day they were equal. The women pickets outside the polls were busy asking the men to vote "Yes." Sometimes the answer was "I'll give you a chance; you can't do worse than we," or "You have as much right as I," or again "Go home to your wash tubs." In my own district there were quite a number of young Italians wearing "No" buttons. I approached several, and all gave curt or insulting answers. The policeman whispered to me, "It's no use, lady, you can't change them; they are each living on a woman, and they'll never let women have anything if they can help it."

In the poor districts the antis were for the most part surly or rude, and if they spoke at all, it was with the wash tub attitude. In the wealthy districts on the other hand, an immaculately dressed gentleman would reply, "I have too high an opinion of women to let them vote," or "My wife says she doesn't need it." And so it went on all day, and all day long the women watched and electioneered.

"Five o'clock; polls closed," and then began the counting of first the official, then the constitutional, and last of all the amendment ballots. And still the women watched. Then with the city again shrouded in darkness, the women hurried with their returns to suffrage headquarters. Some, who had favorable ones, thought that the long fight was won; others only hoped. By midnight the defeat was a certainty.

Wednesday dawned and the business women were again at their desks, the factory workers at their machines. The chivalrous gentleman who had too high an opinion of women to let them vote had unconciously encouraged the young Italians in their stand regarding women. He had prolonged the double burden for all working women, the double burden of necessity of self-support coupled with the hard, heartbreaking, and ofttimes humiliating work, of asking men for the right to vote.

In the meantime the completed returns came in. The vote was 43% for to 57% against upstate, and 44% for to 56% against in the greater city. The silk stocking districts were most unfavorable, in spite of the fact that the most suffrage work had been done in them. The only assembly districts in Greater New York that carried were the 6th, the 26th, and the 34th, purely laboring class districts.

The vote also went by nationalities; the Italians, the Serbs and the English against; the Germans and French for; the Americans, Irish and Jews divided.

The only districts that carried upstate were those in which two suffrage organizations had each been spurring the other on to further efforts. Such were Schenectady, Chatauqua, and Rockland. Syracuse, of which the same was true, lost by a very small margin. In districts where one leader ruled

supreme, there was the temptation to rest on their oars. The same was true in the greater city; New York and the Bronx, where two or more organizations were working, gave smaller adverse majorities than the other boroughs.

Neither political machine came out against it openly, though many individual leaders worked and instructed against it, especially the Republican machine upstate. On the other hand, some of the Democratic leaders and many captains worked for it in the City.

If we compare the vote in New York with the vote in Pennsylvania, one thing is clear: it was the inadequacy of the upstate campaign that killed us. If the upstate counties had voted for suffrage in the same proportion as the counties of Pennsylvania outside of Philadelphia, they would have piled up a suffrage majority sufficient to overcome the adverse majority of the greater city.

The campaign in rural Pennsylvania was not organized, but spontaneous. There was practically no house-to-house canvassing, but the Liberty Bell, or rather the exact copy which the suffragists had made, was carried through every village and hamlet of the State. Everywhere, the Mayor received the small procession, and the village band and fire brigade turned out to meet it. It won thousands and thousands of votes every day of its long pilgrimage, and almost won the state.

Nothing like it occurred in New York; the nearest approach was the torch of liberty which was carried from Montauk Point to Chatauqua County. This, however, passed only through a thread of towns, and did not arouse the sentiment that the Liberty Bell did.

To sum up, the referendum failed due to misdirected and inadequate efforts upstate, the opposition of the vicious interests, and the prejudice of the silk stocking districts. The blind selfishness and indifference of thousands of protected women, heedless of the needs of working women, also helped along defeat.

And now what next?

The immediate call would seem to be working for the national amendment. With the women of twelve states enfranchised, their representatives form a powerful suffrage lever at Washington. With concentrated effort on the part of disfranchised women urging their Congressmen to vote for it, there is great hope that the bare majority vote of Congress which occurred a year ago will be increased to the necessary two-thirds vote in favor. Then there will be the fight to get three-quarters of the state legislatures to ratify the action of Congress.

There is other national action possible, which is more certain to be successful.

As the constitution now reads, congressional and electoral representation is based on population. The 14th amendment states that the states shall not disfranchise on

account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, but no penalty is attached to it, and the southern states have defied the 14th amendment and largely disfranchised their negroes. It is a sore point with the Republicans that the south with its few voters and huge population has as much to say as the north concerning the choice of a president and the make-up of the House of Representatives. Hence it might be possible to persuade that party to amend the 14th amendment so as to base representation on the number of voters instead of the number of people. What would be the result? It would be to the interest of every state to enfranchise its citizens, the south to enfranchise its negroes and the east its women. The 14th amendment would no longer be a dead letter, a menace like every law that has gone too far and is broken. The amended law would be an incentive, not a command, and would lead to the peaceful and gradual recognition of all American citizens as a vital part of this republic.

There is a further line of suffrage work open here in this state, and that is a campaign for Presidential Suffrage, a campaign to gain for the American women citizens of New York the same privileges as the women of Illinois enjoy.

By a simple legislative bill which need only pass once through the senate and once through the assembly and then be signed by the governor, it is possible for us to get the right to vote for every office which is not specifically mentioned in the state constitution. This will include the president as well as a number of minor state offices. During the coming session the campaign will be one mostly of educating the legislature to the idea, but next summer will see the beginning of an earnest effort to pledge candidates and force the bill through.

In conclusion, it would seem that with all these possible lines of action open, it would be a mistake to demand that suffrage be again referred to the voters in 1917. New forces and new leadership, at least upstate, must enter into the suffrage movement before we can win, for on the next referendum we must be prepared for more concentrated opposition. The nearer we come to victory the more money will the forces of prejudice and evil expend against us. This time they were so sure of our defeat that they did not put forth their strength, but the next time they will. We have before us the example of Ohio and of Michigan. In both states the second referendum went down under a bigger majority than the first for just that reason. Therefore, let us beware of plunging into a second referendum until either the state legislature has pointed the way by passing the Presidential suffrage bill, or the national legislature by amending the 14th amendment.

The Wellesley Society System

By LIDA ROBERTS BRANDT, Wellesley, '16

Wellesley has had societies from her earliest days, but her society system is a comparatively recent achievement. In 1876, a year after the opening of the college, two literary societies, Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha, were founded with the aid and approval of Mr. Durant. A year later the Shakespeare Society began its work. Between 1881 and 1889, Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha were discontinued, but since their reorganization at the latter date, they have prospered, and three new societies have been added to the list, Tau Zeta Epsilon in 1889, the Agora in 1891, and Alpha Kappa Chi in 1892. For many years their small, exclusive membership was recruited by invitation from the three upper classes. At the first, apparently the best fitted and most deserving girls were elected, but as time went on all the evils attendant on such methods arose. Cliques, rushing, jealousies, and heartburns caused criticism from faculty and students alike, until in 1909 the situation grew so tense that immediate action became necessary.

In the fall of that year the whole college was stirred up over the problem, and to help solve it a *Society Congress* was called, consisting of the President of the college, four members of the Faculty, six Society Alumnae (one from each society), six non-society alumnae, six society undergraduates (one from each society), and six non-society undergraduates. In its sessions, held early in 1910, the present plan was formulated. From the beginning the attitude was constructive rather than destructive, but many difficulties were encountered. It was found that most of the alumnae who had been society members were opposed to a change from the invitation basis of membership. This was especially true of the older graduates. The more recent alumnae and undergraduate members were almost, if not quite, as eager for reorganization as the non-society girls. Many plans were proposed and considered: that the societies should be organizations entirely for work, with membership based on academic standing; that they should be purely social in their aims, with membership open to all Seniors on application; and still other plans intermediate between these. Finally a plan was proposed and adopted by all the societies that involved a combination of work and social life, with a membership based on academic work and service to the college.

In the fall of 1910 the plan was put into working order, and has been used, with a few changes, ever since. An outline is as follows:

Membership—The number of members of each society shall be

limited to fifty, chosen from the senior and junior classes only.

Qualifications—One of three qualifications shall be necessary.

1. High general academic standing.

2. Diploma grade plus public-spirited service.

3. Combination of scholarship and public-spirited service.

In the second class, "public-spirited service" refers to the holding of major offices, in the third it refers to minor offices.

An *Eligible List Committee,* consisting of the President of the college and two faculty, and two student members appointed by the President, makes out the list of eligible students after June and mid-year examinations. The discussion of academic record is by faculty members alone. Recommendations for the second and third classes above are made by the presidents of the three upper classes, and of Student Government, Christian Association, Barn Swallows, and Athletic Association. This committee notifies students of their eligibility and also sends the eligible list to the members of the societies. The eligible list is not made public outside of the societies.

From the eligible list each society compiles its own list according to the preferences expressed by nomination of its members. Each eligible student applies, stating first, second, and third choice of societies, together with reasons for her choice, to the *Application Committee.* This committee consists of a faculty chairman and three student members, elected by the societies jointly. The chairman serves for three years; the student members are elected annually, representing three societies each year. To this committee falls the difficult task of assigning individuals to societies, meeting as nearly as possible, the desires of both the individuals and the societies. It is here, of course, that the chief troubles are met in carrying out the system. It is impossible for every one to be absolutely satisfied. It is impossible for assignments to be made by a machine, which alone could seem absolutely impartial. Yet it is surprising how well this part of the system does work; how few complaints are heard; how soon new members and old adjust themselves to each other, and how quickly the society becomes a loyal unit.

The societies have always made serious work a definite part of their program. Although the first two societies were "literary," their fields have been distinct. Phi Sigma has devoted itself to the study of folk-lore. Zeta Alpha has ranged more widely over the general field of literature, but of late years has devoted itself almost entirely to modern drama. Shakespeare, as its name denotes, gives itself to the study of Shakespearean plays. Tau Zeta Epsilon was originally the Art Society, and today takes art and music for its province. Alpha Kappa Chi, the old

Classical Society, which at first studied all phases of classic literature and life, now restricts itself to Greek drama. The Agora discusses social and political problems.

Each society holds six formal *Program Meetings* a year for the presentation of its work. Once in two years each society has a chance to present itself to the public in a play or open meeting. Tau Zeta Epsilon gives a Studio Reception, where living models pose famous masterpieces with such artistic care and skill that they are scarcely to be told from the originals. The Agora's open meeting generally takes the form of a discussion of some deliberative body, or occasionally of a play. The other four societies give plays based on their work for the year. Business and social meetings are held on Wednesday evenings. The Red Cross work, which spread through the college last year, was initiated in the Wednesday evening meetings of the societies. Perhaps the most enjoyable gatherings are the informal Vespers, followed by supper, held on Sunday evenings every few weeks throughout the year.

Wellesley societies are very fortunate in having homes. These are not dormitories, but attractive little club houses, each containing a large living room, library, dining-room, and kitchen. Shakespeare began to build its house—which is Shakespearean in architecture and furnishings—in 1897, but it was not completed until some time later. The other houses were built between 1897 and 1903.

Freshmen and sophomores may not enter society houses except for the meetings of such organizations as departmental clubs, sectional clubs, debating clubs, etc. Members may, however, invite juniors and seniors to the houses whenever they wish. For upper-class girls they are the social centers of the college. In them, escape is sought—and found—from the institutionalism of college life, and they are almost constantly in use, by either the societies, other organizations, or individuals. The rules governing their use are made by Student Government. They must be closed by nine-thirty at night. A girl cannot take a man (except her father) to a society house without a chaperon. On one day each week three societies have "open house," and are at home to all their upper-class friends between four and six in the afternoon. After mid-years sophomores are invited. These invitations are general ones, extended by means of bulletin-board notices, and individual invitations are forbidden. "Open House" is one of the pleasantest features of the social life of the college. For the last couple of years, two of the houses have been open each Sunday evening, with faculty chaperons, for upperclassmen to entertain their guests.

Although each society is separate and distinct from all the others, much emphasis is laid on the fact

that the six together form one big organization. The uniformity obtained by the Inter-Society Rules and Regulations is further carried out by the work of the Inter-Society Council, which is composed of the society Presidents. It meets weekly to discuss the problems that continually arise. The Presidency of the Council rotates among the societies from year to year. At the beginning of the college year, when each college organization is presented to the Freshmen at their first class meeting, the President of the Council represents the societies. She describes them as one of the organizations of the college, and explains the basis of membership and the work of each society. She also speaks at the last sophomore class meeting of the year, to impress upon the girls soon to become eligible, the privileges and responsibilities of society membership, and to ask them to think seriously in accepting eligibility and in making choices.

The policy of the Inter-Society Council is both interesting and significant:

I. To consider the good of the college before that of the societies.

II. To consider the good of the six societies before that of any one society.

III. To encourage the present spirit of good-fellowship among the societies.

IV. To receive open-mindedly all suggestions and advice from the faculty and from the students.

V. To give underclassmen the right interpretation of the society organization and its place in the college.

VI. To eliminate the distinction between society and non-society members.

Wellesley's society problem is not yet solved. But that progress has been made, and that it is progress in the right direction, the college as a whole feels firmly convinced. The revolutionists of 1910 did not settle affairs once and for all. Every class has a part in the work, and goes forward with the faith that it is laying foundations for better things as yet unforeseen. In the windows of the reception rooms of the new building that has risen on College Hall Hill have been set the seals of the six Wellesley societies, an omen that they are to have a share in carrying on the best of the old traditions to help build an ever better new Wellesley.

Christmas by Storm

E. V. THATCHER, '16

Eliza Dean was a hard woman, every one in East Bethel knew that, and everyone lamented the fact. It was only since the death of the Elder, when Eliza was left alone, that the Old Mansion House had stood with its latch-string in. But the Elder had died the year before the accident that had deprived Eli-

za of her young husband and her child.

The people of East Bethel were proud of the Old Mansion House, and they were proud of the Deans, —that is, until the time of Eliza's succession. To be sure, there were many other land-marks of the old days in the village, beside the stolid white Dean homestead. There was the whipping-post elm that had been only a slender sapling in colonial times and had long since grown into a towering giant, casting dark shadows on the moldering walls of the old brick jail. There were the thirteen trees which the governor had planted to represent the thirteen colonies; some of them were dead now, but wild vines, clematis and ivy, had been trained over the decaying trunks. There was Oliver Wolcott's home, and the house where Washington stayed over night, but though these things were treasured in the hearts of the old folks, to the younger, irreverent generation, it was the Old Mansion House that held after all, the biggest place in the hearts and the pride of those who lived in the quaint, dreamy old town.

What if Eliza was a hard woman? She was only one of her race, and she had had bitter trials. East Bethel recognized that. There had been a time, Deacon Cooper remembered it well, when Eliza had been a handsome girl, when the Mansion House had echoed from morning to night with the shouts and laughter of young people, and every seat at the long table in the living-room had been filled at meal-time with a welcome guest,—and then, there had been the accident that East Bethel still mentioned with low, half-frightened voices; and Eliza had lived on and on. People had stopped going to the house, for they were always told that no one was in. She had gradually faded out of the lives of her friends; only the white house, storm-stained, and with closed shutters, stood there, a constant reminder, yet telling no secrets, of the tragedy within its walls.

"It's nigh on fifty years since there's been a Christmas up to the big house," sighed Grandmother Cooper, drawing her red knit shawl closer over her spare, bent shoulders, as she approached the window and glanced out over the gay flowering geraniums on the ledge across the snow-bound fields. "Nigh on fifty years," she repeated.

"Are you sure it's as long as that?" questioned her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Cooper Purdy, while she ceased chopping nuts in a huge wooden bowl, long enough to put wood on the crackling fire.

"Fifty years," repeated the old woman; "you was just a baby then, Sarah, no bigger than your Tommy. It was a terrible sad Christmas we had, come fifty years ago tomorrow, with your father taking all the blame of the accident on himself, when he had no business to be doin' it, and she up there in that big house, alone with her dead, askin' and takin' comfort

from nobody. 'Why wasn't it one of your children?' she said to me when I went up; 'you have four.' "

"Poor woman," said Mrs. Purdy, wiping a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron. The story was old, and she had heard it many times before, with many variations, but it had never ceased to move her. "I'm sorry for her, I am. It is terrible to think of her living up there in that big house alone for all these years, no voices, no feet stampin' on the door-step when the men come in from work, and no children climbing into her arms when it comes dusk and ain't time for lamps; and then to think it was Pa who was drivin' them horses."

It was a cheerful, homely scene, that kitchen, where the two women sat talking of the Old Mansion House and Eliza Dean. Preparations for the Christmas festivities were in full swing; there were pumpkin pies cooling on the table, the great plum-pudding stood ready to go into the oven, and through the door into the sitting-room, sparkled a Christmas tree, around which three children skipped with delighted whoops. The old woman, standing at the window, gazed across the wide white expanse toward the Old Mansion House, where the snow was unbroken by a path to the door, and where corn still ungathered stood in shocks in the icy field by the garden. She turned away shivering. "Eliza's been a hard woman," she said in a quavering voice. "I never thought, even at the time, that she would be mourning and harboring the grudge after fifty years. There's much truth in the sayin' that a woman's worst enemy is right under her own sun bonnet, that there is. She could have opened the house, and had a Christmas like they had when the Elder was alive, even if she couldn't get over the fact that it was Father that was drivin' that team; and she needn't have asked us," added the old woman. "Eleven months and twenty-four days out of the year, I never think of Eliza, because she don't ever go to church or socials, or prayer-meeting; but when Christmas comes, that terrible day keeps coming back to me. It was cold and clear, like today, and the horses were full of ginger —"

"Sarah," continued the old woman after a brief pause, "sometimes I think it's up to us to make the first advances; she wasn't herself when she said all them things, I heard afterwards that she didn't mean 'em, but of course she should have come out and told them she accused of murder that."

"Oh, Ma, don't put it like that," said Sarah mildly, "She just said it wouldn't 'ave happened if Pa had been drivin' careful."

"Just the same thing," said Grandmother Cooper, "but sometimes, especially when it comes Christmas, I think for all that, that we ought to take the first step, and try and make up." She watched her daughter vanish from sight

down the cellar stairs; Mrs. Sarah Cooper Purdy was more interested in mince-meat than in the time-worn rehearsal of the Dean tragedy.

Left alone, Grandmother Cooper swayed back and forth in her comfortable rocker dreamily content except for that haunting memory of Eliza, alone in the dim, empty house. They had been girlhood friends. Grandmother Cooper wondered if the stories they told of the ghosts that haunted the place could be true. Barney Jones had slept there one night during harvesting, and had sworn that a headless ghost stalked through his room just at mid-night. Eliza's old housekeeper had confessed that she often heard voices on the lawn, especially winter nights, voices of the two that had died. Grandmother told herself that she didn't believe in such things, but she didn't like the clammy feeling that crept over her, and was glad when her grandson Tommy came out of the sitting room and put a tired, confiding little head against her shoulder. "Tell me a story," he said, "about when you were little, Grandma."

When she was little? There had been a celebration at the Mansion House then, when children ran through the halls, and beautiful women danced the minuet in the drawing room. She told Tommy all about it, and then she told him a story which he knew by heart, and which he didn't have to ask for, a story about the Old Woman in the Mansion House who didn't have any Christmas at all.

Mrs. Purdy interrupted the second rehearsal as she hurried through the kitchen. "I have to go over and help trim the tree at the church, and do up the 'Sunday-school presents,'" she explained to her mother; "just watch out for Tommy and Bobby and see they don't get in mischief; they can coast a while, but make them come in before the sun goes down, for it's pretty cold." And the worthy Mrs. Purdy departed.

A whole afternoon alone to herself, thought Grandmother Cooper; time for a quick deed to be accomplished before Sarah's return. The hazy plan that had been constantly tormenting her for the past few days gradually took definite shape in her mind. It was her duty to take the first step toward reconciliation, and take it she would. It might be Eliza's fault, but that didn't excuse her if she too was to blame. She bundled the youngsters into their coats and caps, and sent them out to play, bidding them come in when the sun went down, even if Grandma didn't call.

Grandmother forgot to consider all possible obstacles—or dangers in the working out of her scheme. It was only when she stood before the somber black paneled front door of the Old Mansion House that her heart misgave her. She experienced a peculiar sensation in her knees and wished she were safe at home. She also wished she had decided to come ten or fifteen

years before, but Sarah had not been willing to let her. She wondered what Sarah would think now if she knew what her plan was. She wished it had occurred to her to turn and flee before she had planted the old knocker on the door with such a terrible, echoing, resounding knock. Steps sounded on the bare floor. Grandmother felt very much alone and very bewildered; she thought about the sunny home kitchen and the tree, and wondered if it wasn't time for the children to come in from their play.

But the die was cast, there would be no turning back, she could hear foot-steps now, somewhere in the back of the house; then came their faint tapping on the bare floor of the hall. Grandmother Cooper conquered the impulse to run. She tried to remember the little speech she had planned, but the words were all a jumble in her mind.

Would Eliza let by-gones be by-gones? Would she make friends again, and come to the Cooper's for her Christmas day? The day when even the front parlor was opened. Surely Eliza must appreciate that. Eliza knew that the Cooper parlor was not opened to every body, on every day of the year. Even father knew better than to go in week days, or even Sundays if his shoes weren't clean.

The door swung open. It was hard for a door to swing open, that had been mostly closed for fifty years. Perhaps that was why it stopped opening so soon.

"How do you do, Ma'm; she ain't home, Ma'm," said Nora the housekeeper abruptly. Grandmother Cooper found that all words had flown. The door swung its creaking way back and latched. The loud voice of Nora came distinctly from the other side of these forbidding, formidable black panels.

"Do you s'pose she's forgot who was drivin' them horses?"

Half blinded by tears, Grandmother turned back down the road. "I've done my duty," she said.

Bobby Purdy sat on his sled, stirring up snow with one foot. "Tommy," he said, "There's ghosts up there in the Old Mansion House; ain't you heard Grandma tell about 'em?"

"Grandma said there weren't any ghosts; she said it was a lie."

"But didn't she tell about them, what Barney Jones saw that night when he was there, and about the people that talk out on the lawn when nobody is there at all?"

"Grandma said it wasn't so," responded little Tommy doggedly; "She said it wasn't so at all," he repeated by way of emphasis.

"Do you believe it ain't so?" queried Bobby, the elder.

"Grandma said it wasn't," repeated Tommy, "there ain't any body there 'cepting Old Mrs. Dean, and she don't have any Christmas."

"Nick Emmons picked up pears, nice ripe sickle pears, out in the pasture, over the stone wall, 'n' she came out and spoke to him, 'n' she said, 'Give me back my pears or I'll have your heart's blood.'

Nick never stopped running till he got to school, 'n' he says he gets faint now when he sees a sickle pear. Nick is twelve, too."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy, "Grandma said nice people used to dance there, and she played in that house herself when she was little."

"I dare you to go up there and knock at the door! No, I dare you to go up there and *open* the door and walk in." Bobby's eyes fairly bulged with the horror of the proposal. Tommy looked very nervous.

"I don't believe it, just the same" said Tommy, in a voice that was a trifle shaky.

"Coward," hissed Bobby, "You won't take a dare."

"Will too," said Tommy, hastily. "I'm going soon 's I put up my sled."

Bobby stood in the road at a safe distance while Tommy went up to the house. He was having uncomfortable twinges of conscience. As for Tommy, he was thinking about mother, but he was also thinking what the fellows at school would say when they knew that he, Tommy Purdy, had been so brave; and besides think of seeing a real ghost! He hoped it would be the headless one, but of course there were no ghosts there, Grandma had said so.

He opened the door, slid into the room, and closed it behind him. Then a mischievious thought struck him. He gave a terrible scream, the worst one he knew how to give, and Tommy was a master hand at screams. Then he rushed to the window. "Oh, look at him go!" he shouted in triumph to the old woman, who had come running in, "He's scared out of his wits, 'cause he thinks I've seen the ghost sure." And weak with laughter, Tommy leaned up against Mrs. Dean, who was a very little old lady after all and looked like grandmothers.

"Who are you little boy?" said the old woman.

"Hello," said Tommy, slightly embarrassed, but nevertheless affable, "I am Tommy, and that is Bobby running down the road, I can't be very long, because mother will be coming back, and we can't coast after the sun goes down. Don't you have any Christmas at all?"

"Santa Claus only comes where there are children's stockings to fill" said the old woman.

"You can have one of mine," said Tommy generously, "and then will people come and dance like they did when Grandma was little, and can Bobby and I play in the hall?"

Bobby tore weeping into the kitchen, and it was not long before he had disclosed the whole story of the dare, and how he knew Tommy had seen the ghost when he gave that horrible shriek. Grandmother in haste retraced her steps to bring back her daring descendant, quite forgetting in her anxiety her own ignominous failure of a half-hour before. She did not stop to sound the knocker on the black

paneled door, but she pushed it open and rushed in.

"Well, I never," ejaculated Grandmother, feebly dropping into a chair.

Tommy, master of all he surveyed, was superintending the erection of a large spruce tree in one corner of the living room; Barney Jones, the hired man, was dodging hither and thither in a bewildered and stupified manner. Nora, the house-keeper, was making a terrible banging noise with a rolling pin in the kitchen.

"Tommy and I are getting ready for Christmas," said the Hard Woman, and she smiled.

"Well, I never," repeated Grandmother Cooper dazedly; "Tommy, you naughty boy, what have you done?"

Grandmother Cooper stood before the window in the home kitchen. She unfastened the black satin streamers on her best bonnet, and shook the snow flakes from her knit shawl.

Away across the glittering fields, lights shone out from the Old Mansion House, not the faint curtain-shrouded lights that East Bethel was accustomed to see, but broad strips of dazzling snow on which shadows of those within doors moved back and forth. After fifty years, Christmas had come again to the big house.

Grandmother turned away and smiled; "After all these years," she said, shaking her head, "who would have thought it?"

"I suspect it *has* been our own fault," responded Mrs. Purdy from the sitting room door. "We've been misjudging her. I suspect for ages she has been just longin' to make up with us."

"She said Tommy looked a lot like *him;* he had yellow curls too, and was never afraid of anything. She said she hadn't really blamed father 'cause those horses ran away since the first was over, only 'twas hard to give in."

"It's been us that's been standoffish," sighed Mrs. Purdy.

"If it hadn't been for Tommy's goin' up there on Bobby's dare, I most believe the old house wouldn't be opened yet, maybe never," said Grandmother Cooper. She was wondering if Eliza had foolishly let slip to Sarah a hint of her own earlier call. She was also wondering how much credit for softening Eliza's hard heart was due to this call.

"Who knows?" said Mrs. Purdy busily engaged in removing an over coat from a sleepy little boy.

The President's Report

Under the head of co-education President Schurman, in his annual report published this November, brings up several matters of great importance to Cornell women. Since the undergraduates do not generally get copies of the President's report, the Review has obtained permission to print the following excerpts from it:

"In connection with co-education two subjects received a good deal of discussion during the year, first in a committee of Trustees of which Mrs. Moody was chairman, afterwards in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and finally in the Board of Trustees.

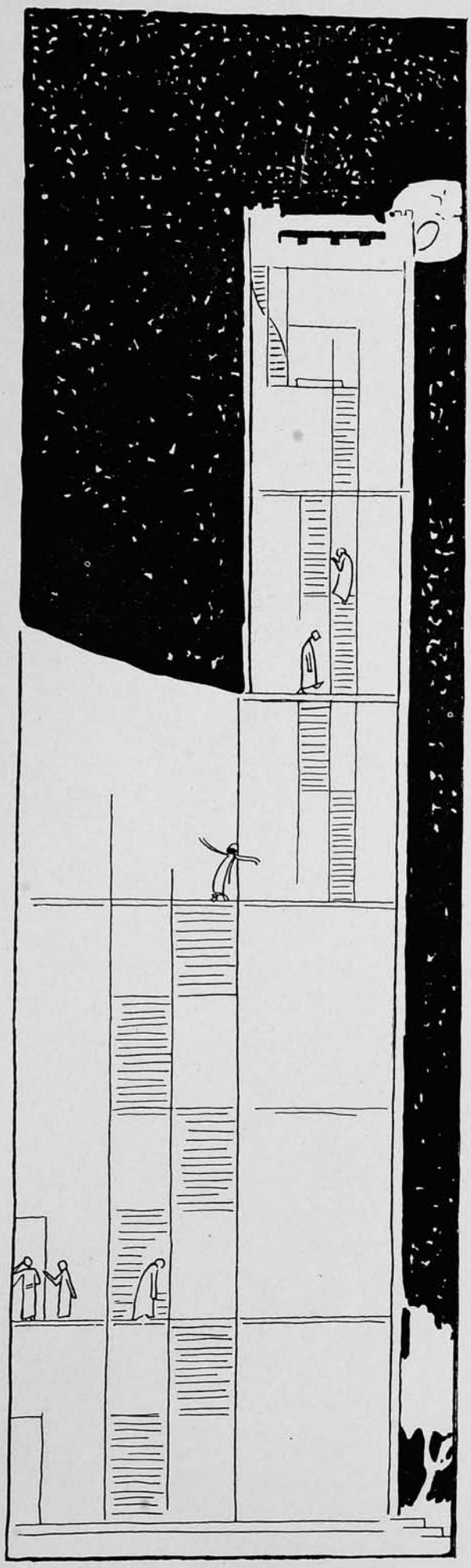
One of these subjects was the appointment of women to professorships in the College of Arts and Sciences. Women already hold professorships in the Department of Home Economics in the College of Agriculture, and it is between the College of Agriculture and the College of Arts and Sciences that nearly all women undergraduates of the University are divided. Every one, however, recognizes the propriety of having women for professorships and instructorships in the Department of Home Economics. But there is no subject in the College of Arts and Sciences which, either by its nature or in public estimation, could be regarded as peculiarly a woman's subject. Nevertheless both the Trustees and the Faculty agreed in the conclusion that a woman of pre-eminence in productive scholarship and creative ability, who was a specialist in the field of language, literature, history, philosophy, or any other branch of the liberal arts or sciences, might with propriety be appointed either to a new or to a vacant professorship in the College of Arts and Sciences. It would be a question of the indisputable qualifications of the candidate and of the circumstances surrounding the vacancy in each case.

The second question of special interest was the better provision for the vocational training of women. The final solution on which all parties agreed was the establishment of a Bureau of Recommendations, whose function should be to acquaint women students with the possibilities already at hand in the University for vocational training, as well as to inquire into the opportunities open to women in various fields other than that of teaching, to assist them in securing positions, and to make to the various faculties such suggestions as experience may prompt. And the President was authorized to appoint as members of such Bureau one professor from each of the Faculties of Agriculture, Architecture, Arts and Sciences, and Medicine, and also one Alumna of the University besides the Adviser of Women. This Bureau will furnish a representative organization which will be charged with the constant duty of suggesting to the authorities of the University improvements in the di-

rection of vocational training for women undergraduates and aiding the women graduates to utilize to the full the variety of occupations which in the world outside are already open to them.

This initial movement may mark the beginning at Cornell University of a differentiation in the education of women analogous to that which, in the last generation, transformed the old-fashioned New England classical college into a typical modern university with a college of arts and sciences at its centre and a congeries of professional schools within its circumference. It may also be predicted that just as professional schools have led to the educational segregation of young men, so organized vocational training will lead to the educational segregation of young women. It is of all the more importance, therefore, that, having regard to the future, provision should be made for the social unification of the life of the young women of the University. The most effective means to that end will be the establishment of suitable homes for the young women in a domain set apart for their exclusive use. The locality for that purpose is, beyond doubt, the territory north of Fall Creek Gorge consisting of some of the purchases recently made, with such additions, if any, as may hereafter be deemed advisable. Sage College, which once occupied a quiet and comparatively secluded spot on the campus, is now in the immediate proximity of the scene of the young men's athletic and military activities. The University should look forward to a new Sage College for women near Risley Hall on the north of Fall Creek Gorge, and all other women's halls in the future should be located in the same neighborhood. It will probably be found advantageous to locate some of these future women's halls east of Risley. Such a location would bring them (by means of a footbridge over the gorge) near to the College of Agriculture; and that College, if the present growth continues, will in the very near future have more than half the women students in the University. The number of women, which in the last half dozen years has grown from 274 to 293 in the College of Arts and Sciences, has during the same period grown from 57 to 255 in the College of Agriculture."

The members of the Bureau of Recommendations, which is to deal with the vocational possibilities for women students, have already been appointed by the President. They are: From the faculty of Arts and Sciences, Ernest Merritt, Professor of Physics; from the faculty of Agriculture, Flora Rose, Professor of Home Economics; from the faculty of Architecture, George R. Chamberlain, Assistant Professor of Drawing; from the faculty of Medicine, Dr. A. T. Kerr; the Adviser of Women, Mrs. Gertrude S. Martin; Alumna, Miss Ethel Stebbins.



Why Not Give Our Physical Wrecks Gym Credit?

Increased Registration

President Schurman has given out the figures of attendance at Cornell University as of November 1, 1915. For purposes of comparison he also gives the corresponding figures for November 1, 1914, with the explanation, however, that the figures for November 1, 1914, were not officially ascertained at that time and may therefore not be absolutely accurate.

	Grad.	Arts & Chem.	Law	Med.	Vet Med.	Agr.	Arch.	C. E.	M.E.	Tota
Nov. 1, 1914	321	1205	235	151	116	1553	157	467	896	5101
Nov. 1, 1915	395	1348	234	170	145	1608	166	432	915	5413

The registrations for the Second Term, beginning in February, (for Cornell admits students in the middle of the year, as well as in September) will, according to the experience of preceding years, add over 200 to the present number. The total number of regularly matriculated students who had registered in the University at the close of last year was 5,345, being 244 in excess of the number given above for November 1, 1914. Assuming a similar increase, the total registration at the close of the year 1915-1916 should be about 5,650.

For the use of the Review the President has given out separately the number of women students registered in the University at the end of the year 1914-15, and at the beginning of the year 1915-16. They are as follows:

At the end of 1914-15: Grad. 62, Arts and Chem. 293, Law 4, Med. 29, Agr. 255, Arch. 2. Total 630.

On November 1st, 1915: Grad. 53, Arts and Chem. 341, Agr. 290, Law 7, Med. 21, Arch. 3, M. E., 1. Total 714.

Autumn

By PHYLLIS CHAPMAN '19

Through the air a whisper floated,
Soft and light and scarcely heard,
Like the sound of elfin music,
Or the trilling of a bird.
Soft it whispered
Calling, calling,
"Birds are flying,
Leaves are falling,
Come with me! Ah, come!"

Through the shadows of the evening,
Orange faint and dark'ning gray,
Came a voice of luring sweetness,
Plaintive soft at close of day.
"Hush!" it whispered,
Singing, singing.
"Vesper chimes
The fairies ringing,
Hush, ah hush! They sleep!"

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College Societies

"Democracy is full of menace to the finer hopes of civilization." Almost any American will automatically resent this quotation, particularly the members of American university communities, those traditional homes of democratic ideals. One may indeed be permitted to doubt the absolute truth of all such inclusive remarks, and George Gissing's aphorism is no exception; but at least the partial truth of it can be illustrated with examples from collegiate life. In any college community spring up organizations, societies and clubs covering a widely varying range of social and intellectual pleasures. Sheer desire to belong cannot be the basis of membership for purely social organizations. This is fairly obvious. Even a consistent democrat must admit that the finer shades of enjoyment are impossible in a large gathering of ill-assorted people. Membership must be elective and limited if a social association is to carry out its purpose. Whether the purpose is worth carrying out from the points of view of the good of the whole college and the good of the individual society members is another question. Some of those incorrigibles who persist in taking their education seriously, maintain that an organization founded for only social purposes is more productive of evil than it is of good. In accordance with this belief they found societies for the pursuit of intellectual pleasures. On democratic principles the general public is invited to membership. The public may not respond, being notoriously uneager to exert itself for anything not charmed with the prestige of exclusiveness. But suppose that a large membership is secured. As everybody feels free to join, everybody feels free to drop out, or to evade the responsibilities of assigned work. Moreover, the all-important spirit of congeniality cannot be present, where no selective process is established. A

person may wish to join a society, but this is no proof that he ought to belong. He may be chronically addicted to joining societies; or, though genuinely interested, a simple lack of ability may prevent his usefulness. Still his presence in the organization cannot be ignored. There are too many of him, a majority in fact. The society's program must adapt itself to this condition, and standards suffer accordingly.

It is true that an extreme point of view has been taken here. Generally speaking, however, one may safely say, that organizations based on unlimited democracy either fade out from lack of interest, or settle at a level of dull mediocrity. If a method could be discovered of uniting the best features of the purely social and the purely intellectual societies, then it would seem that the ideal organization had been founded. So far from being a visionary scheme, such a system has already been put into practice; and it is succeeding as well as any merely human institution could be expected to succeed. A description of it is published in the present issue of the *Review*, "The Wellesley Society System," by Lida Roberts Brant, Wellesley '16. The *Review* has not secured this article because of any idea that Cornell women would immediately adopt such a system. Perhaps it might not be successful here. There is room for difference of opinion. But it is well, at least, for us to consider the ways in which other college communities are solving their problems. It will stimulate discussion of our own institutions, and if they can be justified in comparison with those existing elsewhere, why, so much the better for our local pride.

Mass-Meetings

Every once in a while an assembly of all the University women is called. This is known as a "Mass-meeting." It is the Student-Government Association's only way of acquainting its members with whatever projects they ought to consider and perhaps vote upon. There are seven hundred women in the University. Not all of these attend the mass-meetings, but a majority is usually present. Anything in the nature of a general discussion is obviously impossible. Only the few who interest themselves particularly for the matter in hand are prepared to rise and deliver speeches about it. On the whole, no more consideration is given to new measures. It is not the fault of Student Government. Theoretically, everyone leaves the meeting eager to discuss the proposals before the day of voting comes. What actually happens, needs no description. It is not always due to lack of interest; it is rather the result of depending entirely on casual comment. The matter may be discussed, and it may not, the latter is usually the case. If there were no other way possible of bringing something to

the attention of all the women students, this criticism should perhaps not be made. But it has been proved that more effective methods can be employed. For example, in an institution similar to our own, the students are divided into state and county clubs. These organizations meet separately once a month, and anything which Student Government may want discussed is brought up before the individual groups. Only one mass-meeting is held during the year. The precise manner in which the student-body should be divided does not matter. The important thing is that this method of working through many small units, instead of through one of cumbersome size insures a more thorough consideration of important matters.

Nevertheless some very excellent plans have been brought up and adopted in mass-meetings. One of these is the establishment of an annual Vocational Conference. In this era of "Woman in Industry," it is hardly necessary to dwell on the importance of vocational training. University authorities have recognized it by appointing the Bureau of Recommendations mentioned in the excerpts from the President's Report, which are published in this issue. In December, experts in their several fields will speak at the Conference about vocational opportunities for women. They will also hold individual consultations. It is adding another advantage to Cornell that students, who wish to do other work than teaching, may have the benefit of professional advice in planning their University courses.

Vocational Conference—Pageant

We hope that another measure which has recently been carried by a large majority, will add something worth while to the life at Cornell. It has been voted to hold a pageant representative of the various studies in which women are engaged. The plans, so far as they have been formulated, are described elsewhere in the *Review*. It is too big a thing to be carried on simultaneously with all the other activities of Cornell life. If we are not willing to forego some of the pleasant trivialities which have hitherto taken our time, either the pageant or the general health of the community will suffer, or perhaps both. There are several energy-absorbing events whose abolition would mean no great loss, but just which ones should be done away with is not easy to say. It would seem however, that Class Stunts might be dispensed with for the sake of a production more representative of Cornell standards.

The *Review* will be glad to receive letters from those of our readers, who would like to express their opinions on this or some other subject of general interest. So far as possible these letters will be published. They must be signed, but names will not be printed without the writer's consent.

ACTIVITIES

The Student Government Masquerade will be held in the Armory, Thanksgiving Eve. at 8 p. m. There will be dancing until 10:30, following which, the Dramatic Club will present their play, "A Girl To Order." The Review stunt which made such a hit at the A. T. A. party will be repeated, and there will also be eats. Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Barbour, and Miss Nye, will act as patronesses. This party is for all the women in the University and it is hoped there will be a very large attendance.

The second Vocational Conference of the Women's Student Government Association will be held early in December, and will continue for several days. Well-known speakers from all lines of work will speak on the various vocations open to women. A further notice of this will appear in the next issue of the Review.

At the last Student Government meeting, held November tenth, in Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Martin spoke about the proposed Pageant and May fete to be held here in the spring. She stated very clearly the work which such an undertaking would entail and also its advantages for Cornell women. Helen Spalding '16 and Araminta MacDonald '17, gave reports of the Vassar Conference. After informal discussion of the pageant, the meeting was adjourned.

At special elections held in Risley and Sage, November sixteenth, a large vote was cast in favor of the pageant. A special mass meeting was held in Barnes Hall, November nineteenth, where further plans were made for it.

On Sunday, November 7th, the Y. W. C. A. made their annual canvass of the women of the University to collect funds for the maintenance of the organization. The members of the Finance Committee and their helpers, making about forty-five in all, met at Risley Hall at nine o'clock, where breakfast was served in the small dining room. After a short song service, Mrs. Martin spoke to the girls about the work they were to do, and Miss Pearson explained for what the money was needed. Then the campaign was begun and lasted throughout the day, the returns being brought to Barnes Hall at seven that night. The committee tried to reach every one of the seven hundred women registered, but for many reasons this was impossible. An amount of $264.75 has been contributed so far, and it is hoped that when all the pledges are collected, it will reach $300.

The annual Y. W. C. A. Bazaar will be held the fourth of December in Risley Hall. Dolls, embroidery, and fancy articles of all kinds as well as candy, cake, and ice cream will be for sale both afternoon and

evening. The association is depending largely for financial assistance on the result of this bazaar and the support of every one is needed. Articles which are to be sold should be given to Adelheid Zeller at Risley, by December third.

The annual Field Day was held Saturday, November 13th on the Women's Athletic Grounds. The Class of 1916 won the meet with a total of 31 points. This is the third successive year that 1916 has held the championship. 1918 was second with 26 points. The high- was made by Gertrude Bates, '16.

THE PLAY HOUR

The Play Hour is a new institution at Cornell and is to be held several times during the year under the auspices of the Athletic Associaition. While it is intended primarily for the women who are taking gymnasium work, all the women who are interested are invited to attend. The object however, is to have everyone take an active part, and spectators are not encouraged.

The first Play Hour was held in the University Armory, Wednesday evening, November seventeenth. Marching formations were practiced under leadership of the Senior and Junior Normal Course Students during the beginning of the evening, and then Prof. C. V. P. Young, Head of the Department of Physical Training gave a short talk on the object of the Play Hour. Mr. Moakley, Coach of the University Track Team, spoke on Running, and Mr. Gelas and two members of the Fencing Team, gave an exhibition of Fencing with broad swords, sabres and foils. The Hour was concluded with a basketball game between two teams of men from the Varsity squad. About two hundred and fifty women were present.

Before this issue appears, the hockey championship will have been decided. The finals are to be played Saturday, November twentieth, at 2:30 p. m., on the Athletic Field. The Seniors and Sophomores will play at 2:30, and the Juniors and Freshmen at 3:00 p. m. The winners of these two games will then play for the title. A large crowd is expected, and there will be organized cheering and singing. Each class has appointed song and cheer leaders who will be at the field, and they should add much to the spirit of the cheerers.

Basketball practice will start immediately after Thanksgiving. There are 160 girls signed up for it thus far and it is expected that about 20 more will be out by that time.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB

The Social Science Club started the year's work with a discussion on *Co-education at Cornell* led by Ruth Chappelle and Araminta McDonald. Before attempting to study the conditions of groups more

or less removed, the club deemed it wisest to consider the subject nearest home. The various problems that arise in a social community like Cornell were analyzed, and many suggestions were made for their solution.

Through the auspices of the Social Science Club, a new feature will be added to the CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW. This will be in the form of a book reviews column. The respective members of the Social Service, Literary and Feminist groups will select the best of the latest books written on their respective subjects, and will submit short summaries or criticisms of them to the REVIEW. Professor Blanche Hazard of Home Economics will address the next meeting of the club. Professor Hazard will speak on "Woman in Industry."

THE 1916 PAGEANT

The Nineteen Sixteen Pageant, which will be held on the Girls' Athletic Field, the Friday before Spring Day, will represent the lines of education in which Cornell women are now engaged. This will include Arts, Medicine, Law, Science, Agriculture and Home Economics. These will be presented in the form of the old English Guild Plays. During the 14th and the 15th centuries, the various Guilds or Trades in the English towns presented each year before their Mayor and town officials a town play. Each Guild presented an act characteristic of their particular pursuit. This play was heralded throughout the country side by the town crier.

It is planned to use this idea for our pageant. The Prologue will consist of the "Town Crier," who will announce the meaning of the pageant. Then will follow the presentation of our various educational Guilds. To interpret each of these, a significant scene from history or mythology will be chosen, if possible, a scene in which a woman has figured. For Agriculture, a Scandinavian myth dealing with Frigga, the Goddess of Agriculture has been suggested; for Science the trial of Galileo, and for Law the Portia scene. The Pageant will close with a procession before the Mayor or as we hope, before the dignitaries of our University.

The women of the University realize that they are undertaking a big thing, but the majority are more than willing to do this. It is only through the cooperation of the undergraduates, the faculty and the alumnae that it can be made the success we hope for, and that we are determined it shall be. Cornell women in the past have stood for individual achievement, and it is to be hoped they will in the future, but they have never stood together as a unit for any one thing. It is hoped that this pageant may unify our interests. Now that we are larger in numbers than Mt. Holyoke, Barnard, Radcliffe, and Bryn Mawr, it seems that we should be able to win a name for

ourselves among the colleges for women just as the Cornell men have done repeatedly among the Universities for men.

The organization of the Pageant is as follows:

Mrs. Martin, Faculty Chairman; Araminta MacDonald, Student Chairman; Helen Irish, Business Manager; Authors' Committee, Lila Stevenson; Staging, Helen Spalding; Dramatic Presentation, Florence Wilbur; Costumes, Vi Graham; Dancing, Bonnydell Karns; Music, Marian Gushee; Publicity, Harriet Parsons.

Each committee will have faculty advisors. It is planned to have a professional coach come up for a short time after Christmas, and again in the spring. In every department, the work will be carefully planned so that in the end, the pageant will surely be a thing representative of the best creative ability of Cornell.

WOMEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB

The Women's Dramatic Club made its first appearance of the season in the Burglar, a one-act comedy by Margaret Cameron, October twenty-seventh, in Risley Recreation Room, before about five hundred members and guests of the club.

This was the first of the series of one-act plays to be presented by the club each month and hence was rather an experiment, but if the hearty response of the audience may be taken as a criterion, the experiment was successful.

"The Burglar" is a delightful comedy, full of humor and movement, and was capably handled by a well-balanced cast. The scene is laid in a summer cottage and the plot centers around a burglar scare and the hunt for a supposed intruder, which finally proves to be the family cat. The terror of the five women, who are alone in the cottage, and their plans for capturing the burglar, are very amusing.

The part of the hostess, Mrs. John Burton, was cleverly acted by Mary Larkin, '17, and Julia E. Smith, '16 was charming as Mrs. Valerie Armsby; a young widow. Mrs. Charles Dover, the bride, was very pleasingly portrayed by Margaret Luckings, '18 and Katherine Lyon, '16, played the part of Freda Dixon, with the finish that characterizes her work. The part of Edith Brent was well handled by Henrietta Ely, '19. Much of the success of the play is due to Florence E. Wilbur, '16, who acted as coach and manager. "The Burglar" is to be repeated the first week in December, under the auspices of the Assembly of the College of Agriculture.

The November production of the club will be "A Girl To Order," by Bessie Wrefond Springer, and is to be presented at the Student Government party in the Armory, on Thanksgiving Eve.

On December eleventh, the club will present "King Rene's Daughter" translated from the Danish of Henrik Herz, by the Hon. Edmund Phipps. This play will be

held in Risley Recreation Room for members of the club and their guests.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, it was voted to purchase caps and gowns at once, so that they could be worn at the various class functions during the year. An order was placed with the L. C. Bement store and it is expected that the gowns will be here shortly after Thanksgiving.

The Seniors living at Risley Hall entertained the A. T. A. seniors Saturday evening, November 13th, in Risley Recreation Room. Several stunts were given by various groups of girls, including a very clever take-off on the Review. After the entertainment, two players from the Ithaca Conservatory furnished music for dancing until eleven o'clock.

All the songs of the Senior class are to be compiled in a song book to be sold at cost price to members of the class. The contents will include the best songs of the four years, as well as regular college songs, new versions of old favorites, and basketball yells. Adelheid Zeller is chairman of the committee that has the matter in charge.

The Junior class will present their stunt for the Freshmen in Risley Recreation Room, Tuesday, November thirtieth, at eight p. m. This was to have been produced earlier in the year, but owing to many complications, had to be postponed. It will be in the nature of a vaudeville performance. Marion Lowe is chairman.

The Mew-sick-al club's Concert and the Army Skip were held in Risley Recreation Room, Friday evening, November 12th, at 8 p. m. By a strange coincidence this was also the date of the Military Hop held in the University Armory, but it is not generally conceded that there was any comparison between the two. The combined Comb and Vocal Clubs rendered a very pleasing concert under the able leadership of Harriet Hosmer, '18, following which, "skipping" was enjoyed to the music of Stringbreaker's Orchestra. Several well-known ladies from the Winter Garden and the Follies were present, attended by some of the leading clothing advertisements of the student body. The catering was done by Halburger, and consisted of cider and lolly-pops. The affair was surely a great success and deserves to become an annual event.

The Senior Honorary Society of the Women of the College of Agriculture has adopted the name of "Sedowa."

There has been a movement started among the women to organize a New England Club. Since many women who are New Englanders are registered from other places, it is impossible to obtain a complete list of those eligible for membership from the directory. The committee that has the matter in charge, requests that all such give their names to Frieda Gilfillan '17, Sage College.

ALUMNAE NOTES

'92—Mrs. Huesta (Jessie Marie Bunting) has moved from Buffalo to Green Castle, Indiana.

'92—Mrs. Slater (Carrie Adsit) was in Ithaca this summer attending summer school.

'96—Carlotta G. Mawey, who has been teaching zoology and geology in Hugenot College, Wellington, South Africa for the past three years, has recently returned to her home, Hastings-on-the-Hudson, by way of Australia, New Zealand, and the Samoan Islands.

'97—Florence B. Harris is teaching in the Romance Language Department of the High School at Bayonne, New Jersey.

'99—Georgia Couron is Assistant Professor of French at Vassar.

'00—E. Winifred Jewell was married to William Lewellin Arnold on October 23rd at Portland, Maine.

'00-01—Dr. Helen Hempstead is now Mrs. Arnold F. Turner and is living at 7200 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

'03—Louise Brown has recently been appointed Dean of the University of Nebraska.

'04—Violet Barbour is Assistant Professor in History at Vassar.

'04—Dr. Mary Crawford has returned from Paris, where she has served for a year as a member of the staff of the American Hospital.

'04—Mrs. Frederick G. Dunham (Caroline L. Allen) is President of the Cornell Women's Club at Albany.

'04—Lona E. Hooker is teaching French in the High School at Greenwich, Conn.

'04—Carrie Lewis is taking graduate work at Cornell University.

'04—Elsie Murray has returned to Wilson College, where she holds a professorship in Psychology.

'04—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Patterson (Harriet Whited) have moved from Albany to Randolph, Vermont.

'06—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Worden (Alice Smith) a daughter, Jean. Mrs. Worden's address is Potsdam, N. Y.

'07—Mary V. Donellan was married to Patrick J. McTighe at Binghamton, N. Y., on August 14th. Mr. McTighe is president of the McTighe Grocery Co., Wholesale Grocers of Binghamton.

'07—Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Louis Roberts (Mary McCabe) a daughter.

'08—Mabel Rollins is connected with the editorial staff of McClure's Magazine.

'08—Ethel A. Brewer is teaching in Lockport, N. Y.

'09—Bessie C. Sterns is an investigator of the committee on education, Board of Estimate and Apportionment, New York City.

'10—Irma Lindsay is teaching Latin in a private school in New York City.

'10—Ida Nightingale is teaching Elocution in the Washington Irving High School in New York.

'10—A son, Albert Lewis Anderson, was born on September 28th to Professor and Mrs. R. P. Anderson (Katherine Miller) Ithaca, N. Y.

'10—Mary D. Stone is spending the winter with the family of C. S. Wilson, State Commissioner of Agriculture at Albany, N. Y.

'11—Harriet N. Bircholt took a course in the New York State Library School, 1914-15, and now has a position as Librarian in the Extension Department of Indiana University.

'11—Lillie M. Edminister is now with the American Book Co.

'12—The engagement of Barbara Benjamin to Mr. Phillip Armand Tatrault of the faculty of Purdue University, has been announced.

'12—A daughter, Elaine Remmey, was born on August 19th to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Starkweather (Mabel De Forest).

'12—Irene Belle Gladding was married to the Rev. Millar Burrows '12 at Albany on July 6th, 1915. Mr. Burrows is also a graduate of Union Theological Seminary. They are now living at Canton, Texas.
are now living at Canton, Texas.

Ex '12—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pope (Lida Irvine) Oct. 27th a daughter, Amanda. Mr. and Mrs. Pope live at 23 Ely Place, East Orange, N. J.

'12—Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Snodgrass (Lillian Teller) announce the birth of a daughter, Evelyn Rose, on August 31st. They are now living at Fredonia, Pa., where Mr. Snodgrass has a position in the Fredonia Vocational School

'12—Gertrude Young, president of the Women's Student Government Association 1912-13 was married on Oct. 21st to Mr. William Humphries. They are now living at Delhi, N. Y.

'13—Pearl I. Boynton is now Assistant House Superintendent at the Studio Club at 35 East Sixty-second St., New York City.

'13—Birdina Crosby is attending Cornell University Medical College in New York.

'13—Vera Davidson was married September 8th to William James Storie at Bovina Center, N. Y.

'13—Agnes Henderson was married to Olaf Hoff on June 25, 1915, at Greenwich, N. Y.

'13—Jane Dalziel McKelway was married June 10th at Dover, Del.

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MORRILL HALL

to Leonard Church Urquhart '09. Mr. Urquhart is on the instructing staff of the College of Civil Engineering at Cornell. Address, Fall Creek Drive, Ithaca, N. Y.

'14—Elna Becker has opened and is running "The Green Witch Tea Room" in her home town of Greenwich, N. Y.

Ex '14—Born July 23rd, a daughter, Marjorie Bontecou, to Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Webb (Susan M. Bontecou).

'14—Louise Cluett Bontecou was married to James McKinney '12, August 14, at Pilot Knob, Lake George, N. Y. Address, 201 Stewart Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.

'14—Edna Brush is teaching Home Economics and Physical Training in a newly endowed High School in North Grosvenor Dale, Conn.

'14—Grace B. Carver is teaching Biology in the B. M. C. Durfee High School at Fall River, Mass.

'14—Mary Newman Johnson is living at 2019 Green St., Harrisburg, Pa.

'14—Sabina Murray is teaching History and English in a public school in Edenton, North Carolina.

'14—Lois Conant Haywood Robbins was married to David Earl Snyder, July 3rd, at Bloomfield, N. J. Address, Herkimer, N. Y.

'14—Jean Rundio is teaching Domestic Science in Miss Haywood's School, at Overbrook, Pa.

'14—Ph. D. Maud Sheldon is teaching in the Latin Department of the Mary Baldwin Seminary at Staunton, Virginia.

'14—Viene Caswell was married Sept. 8, 1915 at Freeville, N. Y., to Clifford Williams and is now living in Chicago, Ill.

'14—Mary Abel Doty's Marriage was published in the November issue, but due to an error in information the name and address were not correctly given. It should be Mrs. Howard Seely Teall, Sodus, N. Y.

'15—Mabel Gertrude Beckley, B. S. in Forestry, was married to Frederick H. Millen '15, in Sage Chapel, Ithaca, N. Y., on June 5, 1915.

'15—Marjorie Barberie is teaching in New York City.

'15—Helen Blewer is Dietician in a hospital at Hudson, N. Y.

'15—Gertrude Blodgett has a position as Professor of Home Economics at the University of Texas.

'15—Anna Bowman is teaching in Haddon Heights, New Jersey.

'15—Ruth Dimmick is teaching in New York.

'15—Anna Horton is assisting in the Bacteriology Department of the University of Wisconsin.

'15—Margaret Chamberlain is teaching in a public school at Rocky Point, Wyoming.

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Class Notices

1909—Women of the 1909 class, please send promptly, changes of address and information of general interest concerning themselves to the life secretary for the 1909 women, Mrs. R. W. Sailor, 135 North Ridgeland Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.

Cornell Women's Club Notes

The *Mohawk Valley Alumnae Club* met with Mrs. Charles E. Snyder of Herkimer, on October 29th. Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who had recently been in Ithaca, spoke to the meeting on present Cornell conditions.

Mrs. David Snyder, '14, Miss Teresa Cox, '15 of Dodgeville, and Miss Beulah Mosher '13 of Herkimer were elected to membership in the Club.

Philadelphia—The regular monthly meeting of the Cornell Alumnae Club of Philadelphia, was held on Saturday, November fifth, at the home of Mrs. Sidney Gridley (Josephine Brady '09). A new constitution was adopted and election of officers held. The following officers were elected:

President, Sara Barnholdt, '11; Vice-President, Mariana McCaulley, '12; Secretary, Edith Loux, '10; Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Emery (Violet Harrison, '12); Custodian of Federation Dues, Alma T. Waldie, '09; Directors, Mrs. Sidney D. Gridley, and Mrs. C. R. Buck.

Albany—The Albany Club announces ten members who are active workers in the New York State Education Department.

Cleveland—The Cleveland Club held its first meeting with Mrs. Willard Beahan the first week in October. Officers were elected as follows:

President, Mrs. Viola Smith Buell, '80; Vice-President, Miss Susan F. Howe, B. S., '92; Sec-Treas, Miss Florence A. Rosenthal, '15, Florence Rosenthal, A. B., '15. Lewette Pollock, M. A., '15 and Martha Whitworth, B. S., '15 joined the Cleveland Club at this meeting.

Washington—At the meeting of the Cornell Women's Club held on October 22, at the home of Mrs. David White, the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. Frederick Coville; Secretary, Margaret Connor; Treasurer, Anna Jenkins.

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UNIVERSITY NOTES

Professor S. P. Orth, of the Department of Political Science, has published a volume entitled "The Relation of Government to Property and Industry." Professor Orth's book brings together some of the most significant of current discussions on this subject, and will be of especial service as a text book.

On November sixth, George F. Baker, President of the First National Bank of New York, was announced as the donor of the fund of $260,000 for the three new dormitories for men students. Although Mr. Baker made his original gift of $160,000 nearly two years ago, and a supplementary gift of $100,000 last January, his name was withheld, at his request, until the buildings should be completed. Mr. Baker is not a Cornell graduate, but he became interested in the plans for a dormitory system here through the offices of George C. Boldt, of the Trustees' Committee on Buildings and Grounds.

In honor of the donor, the group of three buildings will be known as Baker Court; Dormitory "A" will be known as Baker Tower, and "B" and "C" will be called North Baker Hall and South Baker Hall respectively.

A panoramic picture of the whole body of University students was taken on Tuesday, November ninth, in front of Goldwin Smith Hall at one o'clock. A special photograph of the women students was taken the next day in order to give an idea of the large number of women students now in the University.

Professor O. G. Guerlac, formerly of the French Department in the College of Arts and Sciences, is now acting as interpreter in one of the great concentration hospitals in Limoges. He has been in France since last September. He was spending his vacation in Maine, when word came from the French Consul in New York that he was to report with his regiment in Limoges.

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Dr. Andrew D. White spent his eighty-third birthday, November seventh, very quietly with his family and a few old friends, in the White residence on East Avenue. Dr. White still enjoys good health in spite of many years of public service.

On November tenth the University faculty was presented with a petition signed by sixteen hundred undergraduates for an extension for the Thanksgiving vacation from one to three days, but the petition was definitely denied. The denial was based on the ground that the petitioners failed to present sufficient reasons for the change which involved a decrease of two days in the Christmas recess to make up for the proposed addition at Thanksgiving.

Dr. James G. Needham of the Department of Entomology has gone to Topeka, Kansas, where he will deliver an address before the State Science Teachers' Association on "The Teaching of Biology in the Elementary Grades." While in the West, Dr. Needham will also speak at the University of Missouri at Columbia, at the Kansas State University, and at the University of Illinois at Urbana, Ill.

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THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1916 NO. 3

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH HOSPITAL
DR. MARY MERRITT CRAWFORD, '04

HOME ECONOMICS AT CORNELL
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

SUSAN'S LAST ADVENTURE KATHERINE LYON, '16

SLEIGHTON FARM ARAMINTA McDONALD, '17

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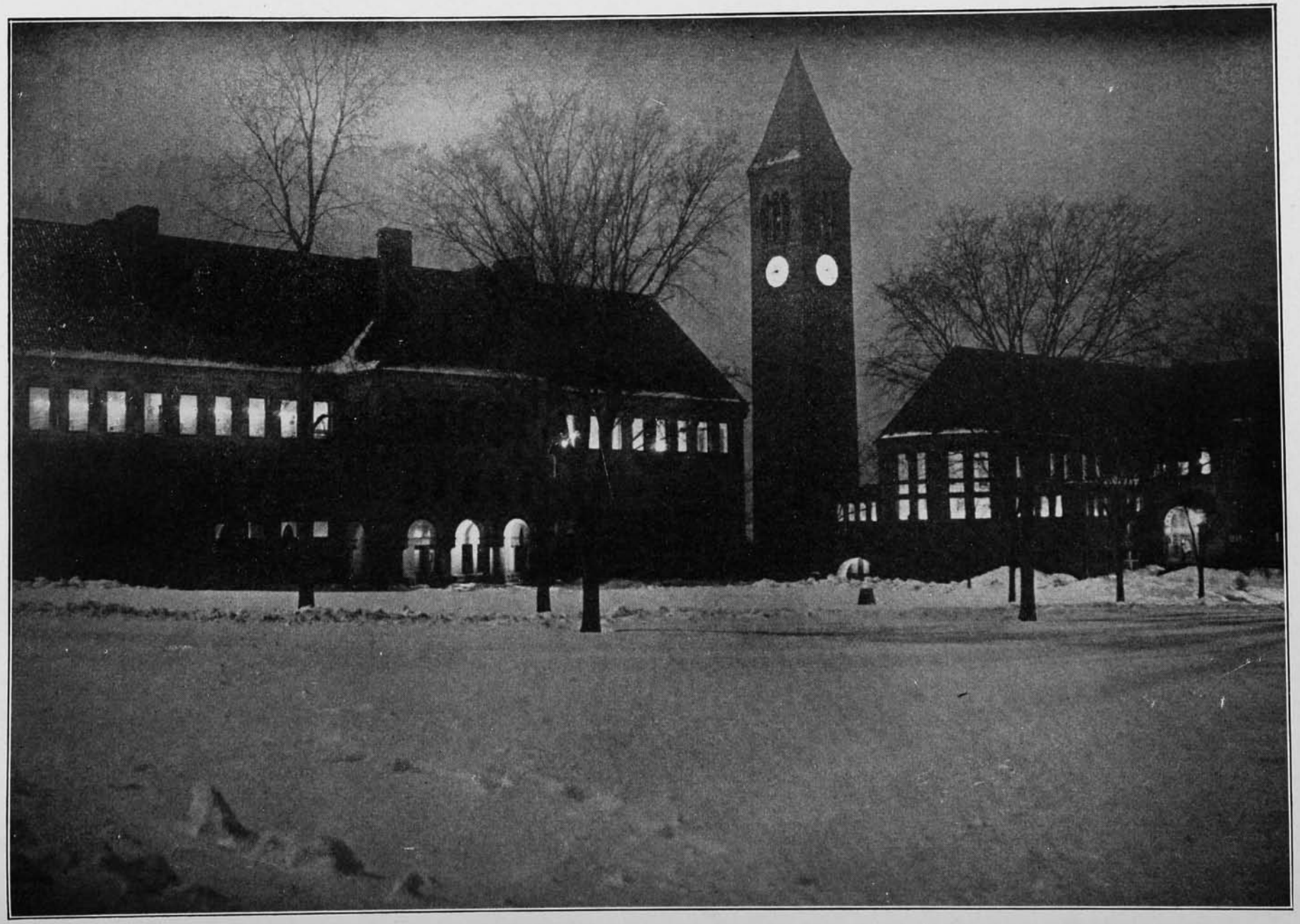


THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

Vol. I ITHACA, N. Y., JANUARY, 1916 No. 3

Letters from a French Hospital

By DR. MARY MERRITT CRAWFORD, '04

Editor's Note:—Dr. Mary M. Crawford, A. B. '04, M. D. '07, was one of the six surgeons, who were sent from America to do hospital work in France. Dr. Crawford has allowed the Review to publish some of the letters which she wrote to her family during her service as house surgeon in the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine.

December 1, 1914.

To-day I'm dismissing one of my little Zou-zous (Zouaves). He gave me one of his buttons as a souvenir, and when I gave him two francs, he wouldn't take it until I told him to keep it, as a souvenir, not as money. Then he did finally consent. He had to go out in the same dirty uniform, all blood-stained and with the bullet-hole in his coat. The French are far behind the English in equipment. They have no new clothes for their men, and some have to go in the old hospital clothes we provide. Every Englishman, however, goes out with a complete new kit or with his old one cleaned and mended and all missing parts supplied. The Government is making the new grey-blue clothes as fast as possible. I've seen a few when walking in Paris, but I think they are too bright and light, and they are the same baggy cut as before. Not trim and compact like our service clothes. But the men inside them are splendid, and as patients ideal.

To get back to Thanksgiving Day, I had to work madly to get through my work to get over to the C.'s for tea. You see, I'm now a sort of adopted member of the family, they say. So I came for tea, dressed at their house in my black charmeuse, helped receive five men for dinner and then spent the night. Three were doctors from the Ambulance, one was an orderly—the famous Count Orloffski the Russian,—only he's really a Pole and Mr. Twyeffort, who is one of the big managers of the Ambulance. The Count is a darling. He is going to get me a French Kepi—the little old hat the privates wear. He is the one who always has every bullet or shrapnel shell taken from the men in his ward mounted as a watch charm and given to the man.

He has done twenty-four already. Also he's given all the artificial legs and arms needed in his ward. He has been all over the world and speaks English very well. His wife is an American, and his son is with the French army as an officer.

Sunday, for the first time in three weeks, I had an entire afternoon to myself. I took a trolley in to the Madeleine and then walked to the Place de la Concorde, where I saluted the statue of Strassburg again. Then I walked up the Champs-Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de l'Etoile, under the Arc, down the Avenue de la Grand Armee and home to the Hospital. About three and one-half miles. It was a clear, mild day, and lots of people were about. Many soldiers convalescent with adoring anxious families with them. They were very lucky, for as a rule the poor French soldier can't go home. These men probably live in Paris, so it was easy. But my poor soldats, when they leave me, go to the detention camp of exercise, and from there back to their regiments unless they are useless from crippling.

Le ler Decembre, 1914.

It is next to impossible to give any adequate description of this place and my work here. As the immortal Marzci said: "It is like there is no other in the world." I expect to spend months with you laughing and crying over my tales of this place and the people. All I can give now are detached fragments. Today, when I made my afternoon rounds, old Ahmed spoke up: "How do you do, Maman?" Collins, the Irishman, had spent hours teaching him. Collin's accent grafted onto Ahmed's Arabic tongue, produced a marvellous result. Then Ahmed said: "Vive la France et vive l'Angleterre." I added, "Vive l'Amerique." and the dear old thing fairly yelled: "Vive l'Amerique beaucoup, beaucoup, beaucoup, beaucoup, parce que Maman est Americaine." Two orderlies came rushing in to find out what the matter was. My new Arab, Kadraoui, is quite ill. He is very handsome. Flashing white teeth and glowing dark eyes, with that noble, melancholy cast of face. He is much too dignified to act up the way funny old Ahmed does, but he laughs in appreciation. Four days ago, I did a very painful dressing for him. He bore it wonderfully, and when I finshed, I took a deep pink carnation some one had given me, and pinned it on the little woolen cap that all the Turcos and French wear in bed, and said: "C'est le medal militaire, pour courage." He flashed a smile and reached for his hand-glass. Do you think that anyone can get that away from him? Withered and dry, it still sits on his head. It's his medal, he says, and he won't even give it to me. You should hear them pray and sing.

Have I written of my Frenchman who had such severe hemorrhage that he had to be transfused? Dr. E. found a splendid convales-

cent, Louis le B., who comes from Brittany and is a fine out-of-doors sort. He gave his blood gladly and now my poor boy is rapidly getting better. I'm going to get a snapshot of the two of them and give each a copy.

My French is improving, but there are too many English and Americans here—it's too easy to drop into English. Also I've little time left for regular study. My accent, I know, is better, and I plunge madly into conversation regardless of construction. How stupid I was ever to let go of all that Miss G. taught me. *My* children, if I ever have any, shall talk French, if I ruin their dispositions nagging them. There are some dear little Swiss nurses here and their English is wonderful. The Swiss must have a natural aptitude for languages; or is it their geographical position?

Some of the Americans here are hopeless, I might as well admit it. And how their accent stamps them as common! I shudder sometimes for fear I talk like them. My slang I'm stripping from me just for that reason. The English are of all classes, too. One man here from Lancastershire is really almost ununderstanderable. You never heard such a jargon. Altogether, with the Turcos and the coal-black Senegalesi, we are a congress of nations.

Already we are getting a few men with frozen feet from the trenches. It is snowing up near Ypres, they say, and the cold is awful. Last night one poor Frenchman, who had been in the trenches for about three weeks before he was wounded, was told he would be sent away again tomorrow. His regiment is still up north and he would be sent there. He went almost mad with despair and tried to kill himself. This is the only case I've heard of, but I wonder there aren't more. Most of the little Piou-pious take it with a wonderful stoicism. It is fate and they accept it, but no one *wants to* go back to the trench fighting.

The weather here has been lovely with very little rain for this time of year. But we are getting lots of cases of frozen and frost-bitten feet among the wounded. Our last batch, all English, say that the front trenches are only about 50 yards apart. The officers call out occasionally to the Germans, who answer them. The Germans are throwing *hand-bombs* made of tin cans! One of my men was wounded by a lot of pieces flying in his face. The day he left the trenches the order was given to the English to save all jam-tins, for the English are going to begin throwing hand-bombs too. I suggested to Mr. C. here, that the Allies should import the out-fielders of all the Big League teams! Good idea? This soldier also says it's harder to fight the cold than the Germans. They can't start a fire, because if they do the "Jack Johnsons" begin. The English are doing no charging, only sitting in the trenches taking the German charges. They

are killing and wounding a terrible lot of Germans. Several officers say the same. They show a marvellous courage, simply won't retreat, but keep on in a hopeless position until the last man is gone. This officer says it is sickening. What they are all going to do as the winter progresses, I don't know. It doesn't seem as if flesh and blood could stand it.

To-day the electro-magnet covered itself with glory. We drew a huge piece of shrapnel right out of the middle of a man's lung with it. Dr. Blake was so skillful. The way in was curved, so he took the steel end, put it in a vise, and bent it correctly, and then managed to get it in the right way. It was like some super-thrilling fishing!

le 12 decembre, 1914.

Last night we had a perfect circus in my famous ward. Old Ahmed was much excited when I came in after supper. He has learned some English which he now mixes with his French and Arabic. When I asked him what was the trouble, he said: "Spik, Maman?" meaning might he talk. I graciously gave him permission, whereupon he burst into a burning speech. He said they were all French, both Arabs and Frenchmen, and the English were their Allies, weren't they? Yes. They were all wounded? Yes. All in the same cause? Yes. Some had more than one wound; he had six. Yes. Then why weren't they all fed alike? Why should Risbourg sit in bed, never walking, never going to the table to eat, and still have extra feedings? I thought I'd expire with laughter. You see, Risbourg is the case that almost died of hemorrhage from a small arm wound. He had to be transfused and he is on extra feedings to make up his blood. He does eat enormously, and I love to see him do it. Well, I noticed that Risbourg was the only one not laughing, so I called Ahmed to attention and told him the story of the hemorrhage, whereupon he tipped me a huge wink to show that it was all a joke. I could see Risbourg didn't feel it so, so I went over and told him that I understood, that I wanted him to eat and it was all right. He is really very devoted to me and said: "You, Doctor, you understand, but all the time Ahmed tells the nurse to tell you I eat too much." By this time they were all crowding around him trying to make up, and he added: "I know why they say such things. I am of the infantry of France and they are Zouaves and tirailleurs of Agrica. I am alone among them." Well, this was getting serious, so I made a speech and told them they were all Frenchmen and brothers and we all "vived la France." Then Old Incorrigible had to pipe up again: "Mais, Maman, Risbourg said I didn't smell good. And he spat when I said I was a Frenchman, And he also said I was a German." I said: "Risbourg, did you tell Ahmed he was a German?" Risbourg smiled broadly (he has one front tooth gone just like David War-

field), and said: "Yes, Doctor, but because the Irish boy told me to. Je fais une plaisance." So then I pointed out to him that if he had made a plaisance, Ahmed had only done the same when he said he ate too much. Great applause from the Arabs, who quickly got the ethical point. So we all made up and shook hands. Ahmed then began to tell me what he would have done if R. had been a German. He said he'd have killed him in the night. I told him there had been some Germans here. The old rascal jumped out of bed. "A quelle salle, Maman?" as fierce as could be. When I said they had gone, he bit his forefinger with rage. (Just like the mafia sign-of-death threat). I tried to argue with the two creatures, but could make no progress. When I told them I would take care of a wounded German, Ahmed almost cried trying to explain to me that I really mustn't. It was a most entertaining night.

The night before, the ward heard a rumor that I was to go away and such a chorus as met me! All of them declared that they would have no other doctor, and Ahmed declared that if I went to America, he'd go too. That he'd cease to be a Tunisian and become an American. So if I come back towing a huge old Arab, don't be surprised. We are really the happiest ward in the hospital, I think.

December 16, 1914.

Such a red letter day! Ten letters came to me on the Lusitania, and this morning I could hardly do my work for reading them. The boys' letters were so funny that I kept laughing right out loud as I read them which made the other people around me very envious. I'll quote just a line from each. Merritt writes, "Mother reads your letters so often that she actually begins to intone them!" Morris writes, "We had a very peaceful Thanksgiving Day—not one of the Girls were home. Merritt and I went to sleep while Father refought Waterloo, Father and I went to sleep while Merritt described the wonders of moving pictures, and Father and Merritt went to sleep while I talked textiles!" These witticisms may be old to the family by now, but they are fresh to me and gave me such a picture of home life that I could have cried for homesickness if I hadn't begun to laugh first.

I am tired to-night. I've taken a bath and washed my hair, which is an undertaking, for this water is very hard and you have to use ammonia and borax to get results. Two days ago Dr. B. gave me charge of nine dental cases. They are the men who have fractures of the upper or lower jaws besides other wounds. The American dentists here are doing wonderful work —some of the most brilliant that is done in any department. I have a camera now and am going to photograph all of these poor fellows together. Such deformities you never saw. The whole front of one man's face is gone; how we are ever going to build him a new one I

don't see, but as soon as he is ready we'll begin grafting and plastic work generally. One of these men is a black boy, the saddest figure in the whole hospital to me. His identification tag was lost in transit, he doesn't read or write or speak a word of French, and none of our Senagalesi, Moroccans, or Algerians or Tunisians can talk to him. He is utterly alone and lost. In course of time the Government will place him, but it will be a long process. His wound is ghastly. The bullet hit his front teeth, but as his lips must have been drawn back in snarl or laugh at the time, no wound appears there. The whole of his left upper and lower teeth were blown out, upper and lower jaw fractured and literally his whole left cheek blown away! You can put your fingers right into his mouth from just in front of his ear and see the inner side of his lips! It is awful taking care of him, but he is as patient as some poor dog who knows you are trying to help him.

Yesterday I had a postal from the Frenchman on the Rochambeau who was a movie man in Ithaca. He was sent to Amiens almost immediately and has been in constant contact with the enemy ever since. I have written him and shall send him some cigarettes.

I have engaged a photographer to take a picture of all my men and me. Most of them are walking or on crutches and the others can be lifted, bed and all, on rollers and taken to the terrace. Then I am going to give them each one for Christmas. It's the only gifts I shall make. I have also taken some good snaps which I'll send home soon. I am enclosing a poor one of me that a nurse took. My hair is sloppy but you won't mind. The violets were given me by one of my soldiers. These violets are so sweet and so cheap. Some one gives me a bunch almost daily and one can buy them anywhere. I love them.

December 23rd, 1914.

I've stuck in three pictures with explanations on the back to save space. I'll send others later. I've had the big group enlarged. Next week I'm going to have all my jaw cases taken together. Their deformities are frightful, but they are cheery. One man whose whole front face is almost gone is now radiant. You see he couldn't smoke, because he couldn't suck in the air—having no upper teeth or lip. Well, the dentists have built him a kind of "false front" of soft rubber, and now he is "tres gentil," as he says, and can smoke nicely! My poor black boy is much better. Dr. Blake did a marvellous operation on his face and closed in most of the gap. Suddenly to-day we discovered that he was talking French! Before he wouldn't say a word—couldn't, poor devil—and seemed not to understand. He says his name is Gnachi ben Something-or-other. Also he says he fought for three days with that ghastly blown-to-pieces face and didn't give up until he got the bulet in his back! Did I tell you we got the

bullet out, and he has it as a souvenir? He nearly died of mortification because we had thought he was a Senegalesi—he is so dark. He says he is an Algerian, and has told us his regiment.

Ahmed can walk now with crutches and is a constant worry, for he is all over the house visiting with every one. He is so funny and so smart that he is much in demand. The old rascal is really a wonder. He has picked up a lot of English. And the other night I found him learning the French alphabet. The Sergeant had written the letters and below each letter Ahmed had written something in Arabic which sounded like the letter and in two days he could say it all! He wants to be able to read and write French, he says, and talk English. He is as prankish as a child, and amuses the whole house. Luckily he is perfectly docile with me. Does whatever I tell him. But jealous! Whatever anyone else gets in the way of attention, Ahmed is right there for his share—and he hates to have anyone else call me "Maman." When I showed him the dear snap-shot of you and Father, he was much excited. He vived Maman and Papa most heartily and sent some sort of message to you to the effect that your grandson (!) was proud of you, and wound up with, "Je suis content."

The ward heard a rumor the other day that I was to go elsewhere and such a howl as greeted me! They all refused to be treated by any one else, and Ahmed said that if he couldn't have me, he'd go back to the trenches.

December 24th, 1914, 9 P. M.

I must finish this letter with an attempted account of our wonderful fete de Noel which was held here this afternoon, and which will terminate at midnight with a mass in the chapel. A famous opera singer is to sing Gounod's Ave Maria, and I'm going to prop open my weary eyes and attend it.

We decorated the wards and halls with holly and mistletoe, which grows in great abundance and richness here in France. I've never seen such gorgeous holly before. Some rich Americans gave 2000 francs for a tree and presents. We had the tree all lighted by electric bulbs downstairs with a beautiful Santa Claus giving out gifts. All walking cases filed in and saw the tree and received small gifts. Many came down in chairs, too. Meantime a trained chorus was walking through the halls from floor to floor, singing Christmas carols, and finally Santa Claus carried his gifts to all the bed-patients. Meantime the chapel was filled with soldiers and nurses, and the many patriotic songs were sung. The singing made me so homesick that the tears came and I had to go away back to my sick men. I bought each man a package of cigarettes and a box of matches, and I gave an enlargement of the group to each man in it. My other "malades" I'll take later. Also I lent them my big American flag to help decorate.

Ahmed by some means got it, and it hangs proudly over his bed. By the way, he heard this morning that one his wives, Fatima, had presented him with a son. Such joy! While I was down just at noon buying the tobacco and a few little things for Katherine, I saw a little doll, chocolate in color, dressed as a baby. I bought it and put it on Ahmed's pillow when he wasn't looking. The instant he spied it he let off a yell: "Mon fils de Tunis," and hugged that poupee and carried on most delightfully. He doesn't know where it came from, but he has showed it to all the hospital.

I also bought a wooden crane whose head, neck, and feet move, for Moosa, the black Senegalesi. I told you about him a long time ago, but not by name. He is the one who said a prayer over his wound and who tried to bite every one who came near him. He has become quite tame under the influence of Dr. C., the most charming old Frenchman imaginable. Moosa got toys just like a child and was just as delighted. He laughs just as a typical Southern darky does, and is altogether funny. They keep him in a red jacket and cap, and the color effect is splendid. Strawberry and chocolate ice cream, it reminds me of.

The French have been particularly happy over this Christmas; it is something they are not used to.

But while all this fun and excitement was going on, the new wounded were coming in, and two operations were necessary immediately. It doesn't seem as if this struggle could go on much longer. I hate so to send my men out and back to the trenches. They go gaily the first time, but the second is different. They dread it and fear it. Not the Germans, but the trench life and the bitter cold. I certainly can use the mufflers and shall see that the right people get them.

(To be continued)

Home Economics at Cornell

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

A course in Home Economics has been a part of the education for women at Cornell for several years. The "Dom Econ" building and "Dom Econ" courses have become well known in the scheme of things at Cornell.

The work began with a survey course made up of Arts students, who elected the course in home-making in view of a need for knowledge of conditions for better living.

In the first year of the existence of the department, there were eight or ten women students registered in the College of Agriculture, who followed the four year course outlined for students of Home Economics. Each succeeding year, there have been increasing numbers of students taking some phase

of the work, until at the present time there is a registration of about 250 regular students, candidates for the B. S. degree, and specializing in Home Economics.

There are several graduate and special students, as well as students from other colleges electing this work, thus making a possible total of 300 students. If students registered in the summer session and in the winter course were counted, about one hundred would be added to this number, so that the student list for this year will be not far from 400.

University recognition was given to the department through the appointment of two full professors, who are members of the University faculty. Since that time, there have been appointed on the staff three assistant professors, five instructors, eight assistants, two extension workers, one editor, and one research worker. The amount of extension work and of institutional work necessitates the employment of a number of general helpers and a good sized clerical force.

Not long ago a woman was seated at a luncheon prepared by a class in Home Economics. She had been graduated from a normal school, had received a college degree, had taught for several years, and finally had given up her professional work in order to be married. As she sat at the table and saw the ease and simplicity of the service and the interest of the young women assisting, she said very wistfully, "Oh, I wish I knew how to keep house; but you see I have never had time to learn, for I have been in school all my life." It is a common remark of Cornell alumnae, that they regret that nothing like Home Economics was taught at Cornell when they were there.

Practically the same requirements are exacted for entrance to the Department of Home Economics as for entrance to other full college courses given in Cornell University. Instruction for the first two years includes the same underlying courses as are required in the general course in Agriculture, English, chemistry, physics, biology, botany, physiology, and bacteriology. The course also affords opportunities for electing various subjects from either the College of Agriculture or other colleges in accordance with the interests and desires of the student. In the last two years, much of the student's time is spent in the study of foods and nutrition, sanitation, household management, house furnishing, and house decorating, design, sewing and millinery. Both the theoretical and the practical are included in these courses.

Teaching in Home Economics is not confined to women, nor are courses in Home Economics limited to women students, although subjects are arranged as to their special field and sphere. An increasing number of men students are distinguishing themselves in courses in foods and nutrition, sanitation, and house planning.

There are so many home prob-

lems based upon an understanding of mechanics, on a knowledge of business principles, as they relate to expenditure, and on scientific laboratory research, that it is believed a growing number of men will register for various courses in Home Economics.

The purpose of Home Economics is to develop and redirect woman's work, to train her for what may now be regarded as the profession of home-making, and at the same time to give full consideration to her probable need to earn her own living. That purpose is accomplished through a broad general training in all Home Economics subjects, with specialization in some particular ones. Although many of its possibilities are still in the speculative stage, the present development of Home Economics is such as to afford a variety of professional opportunities.

Teaching—The teaching of Home Economics subjects is, and probably will always be, the profession chosen by the larger number of graduates in Home Economics. A broad field of specialization is open to them, and since more difficult and systematic training is required of specialists than generalists, their financial rewards are usually comparatively larger than in many other fields of teaching. At present the demand for teachers of Home Economics is greater than the supply, though this condition will not remain so for a great while.

Extension—United States federal funds have become available within two years for teaching Agriculture and Home Economics in rural communities by means of lectures, demonstrations and printed bulletins. This work has been promoted by state funds for several years. The New York State College of Agriculture is one of the foremost in extension work. The federal fund appropriated to support extension work in the various states is accumulative until each state qualifying to receive the appropriation has developed scientific farming and homemaking.

For extension teaching of Home Economics, persons of the greatest obtainable ability are sought, that is, those having executive ability, experience, judgment, personality, and the power to write well. In this field of Home Economics, the largest salaries are offered at present. Opportunities in extension work will in time be fewer in numbers than in teaching and in institutional management, for the time will come when Home Economics will be a regulation part of the country school, and country communities will be largely made up of persons who have had these advantages in the schools. The same lack of trained housekeepers which exists in country communities exists in urban communities, but the work of the urban housekeeper is supplemented by more accessible assistance from cooks, bakers, nurses, doctors, laundry and market, and she does not need the assistance of extension workers to quite the same degree that it is

needed by the more isolated housekeeper in the country. Further, we are all dependent upon the farm and the farm home as a source of supply for many products, and intelligence on the part of the housekeeper in the farm home is important to all of us.

The Department of Home Economics has various projects in farm home extension, and is able to keep several persons busy in the state work. As the College increases the number and scope of courses in extension teaching, and as the work in the state develops to afford a good laboratory, other institutions will look to Cornell for trained extension workers. The immediate demand for extension workers is so great that already some inexperienced graduates have taken responsible extension positions in other states as well as in New York state.

Institutional Management—The woman who has executive ability may enter the newly opened field of institutional management. The capable, well-trained woman may find a large opportunity for success as a dietitian in a hospital, sanitarium, or public institution, or as purveyor, steward ,manager, or matron of a dormitory, hospital, or hotel.

More and more the public is feeling the need of applying scientific methods in places where numbers are being housed and fed. Perhaps this is next after teaching and extension, the best opening for graduates in Home Economics. It is a field that should not be entered without thorough consideration, for already the inrush of the over-confident and inefficient has been detrimental. Only a woman of force and executive ability, one who is clear-sighted and self-controlled, who has some understanding of human nature, and who has a genius for hard work, should attempt specialization in this line of work. For such a woman the promise of a successful future is greater than that afforded by teaching. Cornell offers opportunity for laboratory work in its Cafeteria, the University Club and a tea-room. Cornell graduates from the Department of Home Economics are receiving excellent positions and are a credit to their Alma Mater. Business enterprise in which Home Economics is practically applied has already been sufficiently developed to show that it has varied, original, and undoubtedly promising possibilities. Tea-rooms, lunch-rooms, cafeterias, small hotels, and inns have been opened and successfully managed by women. The woman untrained in Home Economics has frequently been successful, but training, in this as in every other business may be a direct road to success.

Laundry Management—Already laundry management has been undertaken successfully by women, and promises good professional opportunities. Both the centralized bakery and the centralized laundry may be regarded as possible solutions for some of the present-day

rural problems. The right woman, well trained in Home Economics, might find in either an excellent field for work.

Fruit-canning as an industry is promising for the occasional individual. Women capable of directing large enterprises have already proved its possibilities. This industry has also been begun in a modest way on certain farms. In many cases it would afford at least as good an income as could be obtained by teaching.

Research Work—The laboratory affords a growing field for the scientific woman desiring neither to teach nor to be thrown where executive ability has commercial value.

Every university has its specialists in nutrition, household decoration, and house planning, and the time is not far distant when courses in Economics will specifically consider the question of consumption and distribution from the point of view of the household. Research work in Home Economics may well be considered an opportunity for both men and women.

Modern Philanthropy—In no other field is there greater need of scientific knowledge and of tact in applying such knowledge, than in the field of social service. The woman who is able to combine the two qualifications will be invaluable in philanthropic work. Social service work to mean better living should include a range of Home Economics subjects.

Care of the Individual Home—Last, but not least, is the profession of home-making. It is no longer sufficient for the woman who is to assume the responsibility of a household to know something of everything save the problems over which she is to spend a good part of her life. A knowledge of nutrition, of sanitation, of the care of the child, may not increase her wage-earning capacity in the home where she is wife and mother; but the welfare of the family, the benefits of their increased efficiency, are worthy of her best effort, and are a very lasting source of wealth to the nation.

The Home Economics Building erected in 1911-12 stands on the site of the old red barn, well known to Cornell alumni. In place of cattle and horses, wagons and ploughs, there are now streams of men and women who go in and out of the building, for classes by day and social affairs in the evening. The Home Economics Building has become not only an educational center but also a social center in the life of the Agricultural College.

The Cafeteria, which forms a laboratory for the students in institutional management, furnishes to the faculty and students, and some outsiders, from seven to eight hundred meals daily. There is now in process of erection an addition to each end of the Cafeteria which will increase the seating capacity to about five hundred.

The Home Economics apartment on the first floor of the building is furnished with special reference

to a study in household furnishing according to principles of design taught in the Department. It is also a place for practical study of household management and preparation of food for a small family. Groups of seniors live, in turn, in the apartment, where they have occasion to meet practically all the exigencies of housekeeping except that of hired help. The apartment has thus become a very vital part of the work and enjoyment of the Department.

It is believed if women are to take a sensible part in the world's activities, they must have a sane attitude toward the domestic life which is the center of community life and human progress. Nothing short of scientific training for this place in the world's work will permit food, shelter and clothing to contribute to the efficiency of the human race. It is woman's opportunity for her expanding ambitions, and will lessen not one whit her value in the business, professional and political world.

Food laboratory in the Home Economics Building

Susan's Last Adventure

KATHERINE LYON, '16

"This," said Sue, "is a real adventure."

Whenever the slightest ripple of excitement crosses our humdrum, every-day married life, Sue makes this same remark with the same satisfied thrill in her voice. If the meat man forgets to leave our meat and we are obliged to dine off crackers and cheese, it is an adventure; if a stranger rings our doorbell, by mistake for the Brownell's, who live under us, it looks very suspicious to Susan, and she thereupon hides her garnet bracelet and my fraternity pin under the mattress for several nights following; and now, as we stood in the station of Middletown, about six o'clock one dreary November night, with a combined capital of one dollar and eleven cents, counting Sue's buffalo nickle, which she declared brought her luck and she wouldn't spend anyhow, she smiled at me happily and repeated, "I say, it's a real adventure."

"I think," I said somewhat sternly, as I dropped our traveling bag on my toe with a decisive thud, "that this is a somewhat more serious situation than those which you usually term 'adventures.' "

Sue dimpled at me; "Yes, isn't it?" she agreed.

"The telegraph office in this Godforsaken place is closed; which means there is no possible way of our getting any money tonight. What we have will just about pay for our dinner. How do you like the idea of spending the night in the railroad station?" I continued relentlessly.

"Not a bit," said Susan. "I don't think that would be a very good adventure, do you?"

"Candidly, I do not," I replied. "What would you suggest?"

"Well," said my wife thoughtfully, "we might pawn our 'jooels' " ("Jooels" is the way Susan always designates her garnet bracelet and my fraternity pin which adorns the front of her shirtwaist) "but there probably isn't a pawnshop in the place, and anyhow that seems too simple. I know what would be perfectly lovely; but," she added, looking at me wistfully, "I don't suppose you'd do it."

"Probably not," I hastened to assure her." What you consider 'perfectly lovely' is usually not safe for the average mortal to attempt." Sue looked hurt and I relented instantly. "Tell me what it is, anyhow," I added, "and we'll see."

Sue brightened like magic and the dimples came into sight. Perhaps, when I have been married to Susan for fifty years or so, those dimples will cease to affect me, but at present, at the end of two, I am their abject slave, and I at once foresaw that whatever rashness Susan was about to propose, would be forthwith carried out.

"It's simply this," she said airily, "We'll just go to some hotel and

stay over night. They'll never guess that good-looking people like us" (I squared my shoulders and felt of my tie) "haven't any money, and in the morning you can telegraph for some. It will be thrilling to be living like the children of the rich, where in reality we are penniless paupers," she finished dramatically.

I looked at Susan with open admiration. It usually is not wise to admire Susan too openly; it makes her vain; but under the circumstances I thought she deserved it.

"All right," I said, "We'll do it."

Susan nearly hugged me on the spot. "You old dear," she cooed, "you're the nicest, sweetest—"

"Shucks," I said; but of course I liked it.

The rickety street car which we took from the station soon deposited us in front of a fairly good-sized frame hotel which bore the imposing sign, "The Imperial House." As we entered the lobby, Sue caught my arm. "Wait," she whispered mysteriously, "we must not register our own name, you know."

"Why not?" I exclaimed, quite astonished.

"It would spoil it all. We must be in disguise, under another name. Adventurers never use their own."

"But nobody knows this is ours," I argued weakly, "I don't see what difference—"

"Yes, there's a lot of difference. Please, Jack," Sue pleaded, "some other name and place."

As usual I surrendered. "All right I said, "but it will be mighty pleasant if we are arrested for using an assumed name."

"That," said Sue, thrillingly, "*would* be an adventure."

After the necessary arrangements had been made as to a room, the clerk, who was a sour and unhappy-looking person, shoved the register toward me and thrust a pen into my hand. Here was a predicament. What name was I to register? Sue had neglected to tell me her preference and I was lost. I grasped the pen and prompted by I know not what evil genius, traced the characters, "John P. Fordham and wife, Pittsfield, Mass." (My own name is John P. Foster and I live in Brooklyn).

The clerk drew the register toward him and looked at the name. "Oh, yes," he said, "there's a letter here for you, Mr. Fordham," and he started searching among the little cubby holes behind him.

I gasped. "Why, I don't believe so," I stammered—"I hardly think—"

"Yes, here it is," he said firmly, and held out an envelope toward me, which bore the inscription, "John P. Fordham, Imperial House, Middletown, N. Y."

I had a mad desire to put my hands behind my back. I had read of such coincidences in novels, but in real life never. "Oh yes," I said feebly. "You're sure it's for me—there isn't another—" the clerk looked at me disagreeably.

"Thank you," I said, and took the letter.

I walked back to where Susan was sitting, with the letter in my hands.

"Oh I am so excited," she whispered, "open it quick."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I retorted. "It's not my letter."

"But it's addressed to the name you used—" said Susan, "and it's such an adventure. The hand of fate must be in it. Do hurry and open it."

I shall not try to excuse my action by blaming it on Susan; neither shall I attempt to explain why I deliberately opened another man's letter, for, prompted by some mad impulse, open it I did. As I drew out the letter, something fluttered to the floor unobserved by either Sue or myself. The clerk however, must have seen it, for he darted forward and picked it up. It was a hundred dollar bill! The letter was a typewritten one from a New York firm, who "enclosed the amount in cash as requested."

As soon as we had been shown our room, we sat down to talk it over.

"I'm rather disappointed," said Susan, "but still the money comes in handy."

"Haven't you any moral sense of right and wrong?" I asked her sharply. "Do you expect to use that money?"

"Just borrow it for tonight," replied Susan simply. "The man who owns it isn't here, and he can't get here tonight, because we came in on the last train. In the morning we can get our money and send it back to this firm with an explanation. Don't you see? We can have a beautiful time on it tonight."

"I shall return the money to the clerk, at once," I said firmly. "I have no right to keep it."

"But you can't do that," wailed Susan, "it would be awful. He wouldn't understand and he'd ask questions and questions, and then he'd get suspicious and we'd either be turned out or arrested. We've got to keep it; and if we keep it, why not use it?"

"That's quite another thing—" I began, but Susan interrupted me.

"Let's have dinner first, and talk about it afterwards. You'll be lots better natured then."

So we had dinner, and really a very good one, considering the size of the town. I intimated as much to the clerk, as we passed the desk on our way out.

"Oh, this place isn't so slow as you might think," he said. "We've got a new theatre here about as good as anything this side of Binghampton."

"Is that so?" I inquired casually, lighting a cigarette. But Susan stepped eagerly forward, "Is there anything on tonight?" she asked.

" 'A Pair of Sixes,' original New York Company," replied the clerk, proudly.

I tried to catch Susan's eye with a stern look of disapproval, but she avoided my gaze. "Oh, I've always

wanted to see that show. We surely must go."

"Aren't you too tired?" I objected desperately.

"My no! I'm crazy to go, cried my irrepressible wife.

"Shall I phone the box office to reserve you two good seats?" inquired the clerk suavely.

I was well caught. No man likes to refuse to take his wife to the theatre before a hotel clerk, and I was not the exception. "Do you really want to go, Susan?" I asked.

"Oh yes," said Susan, dimpling, "please."

"All right," I said, "we'll go. But see here. I haven't anything smaller than this bill with me," and I drew out John P. Fordham's hundred dollars. "Can you change it for me?"

"I don't believe we can," hesitated the clerk. "I'll see. No, sir; I'm am sorry but we can't."

"Well, can you let me have ten dollars on it till tomorrow morning?" I asked. "In case you don't trust me, I'll leave the bill with you."

"Why, yes, I can do that," said the clerk, ""I'll put the bill in the safe." I handed it to him and he deposited it carefully, giving me in exchange two five dollar bills.

"Isn't it lovely?" sang Susan, as she flew up stairs, "we're going to the theatre, the theatre."

"Yes," I said sourly, "and we may go to jail tomorrow."

The lights had just come on after the second act, when I felt a touch on my arm. An usher was standing in the aisle beside me. "Will you and your wife step back here a moment, please?" he said, and something in his tone caused Susan and me to get up and follow him without delay.

In the foyer stood my friend, the clerk, and a burly policeman.

"Oh," said Susan and clutched my arm. My own heart sank. John P. Fordham must have arrived!

"That's 'em," said the clerk.

"What do you want with us?" I asked as calmly as possible.

"Oh, I guess you know, all right," drawled the clerk. "Cool ones, aren't you? Well, your little game didn't work. You and your pal come on back to the hotel and we'll see about this."

Thinking it best not to make any disturbance there, we meekly returned to the hotel, accompanied by clerk and policeman.

Standing in the lobby was a tall grey-haired man of forbidding appearance. This was John P. Fordham, who as we discovered later, had come up from Goshen by auto, registered, and asked for his mail. He was informed that it had already been claimed. Thereupon, Mr. Fordham in much wrath had found a friend to identify him, and the clerk had set out at once to find the fraudulent John P.

Mr. Fordham's manner changed slightly as he saw us, for I do not think we looked quite as he had expected, but I foresaw that I should have great difficulty in explaining to him our little "adventure." It certainly was not an easy thing to

attempt—to tell a man why you used an assumed name, opened a letter which did not belong to you, and spent money which was not your own. I defy any person to do it with credit. However, I blundered through it bravely, interrupted frequently by Susan, who insisted upon taking the blame of each and every step upon herself. When I had finished, the stranger looked at me, and then at Susan. Would he or would he not, believe me?

Suddenly he took a step forward. "Pardon me, madam," he said, "but whose is that pin you are wearing?" and he indicated the little emblem on the front of Susan's waist.

"It's mine," I said quickly. "Are you—"

"I am," said he, suddenly beaming.

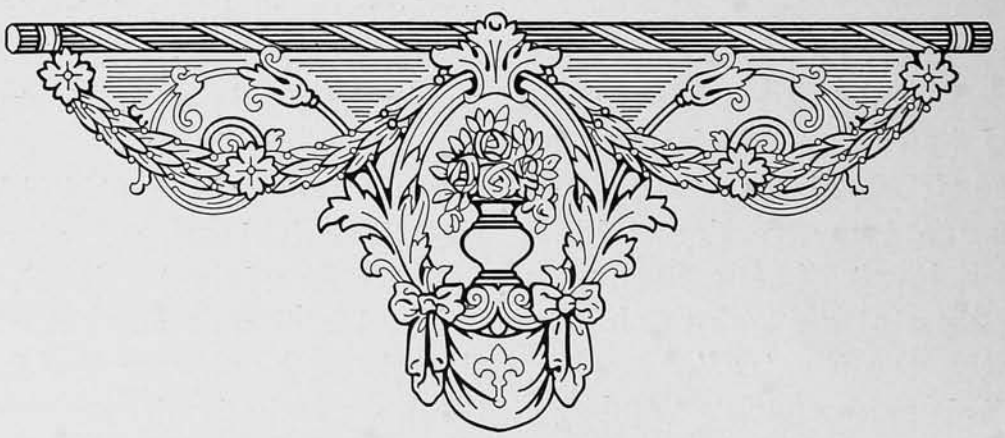
"Lambda, 1911," said I.

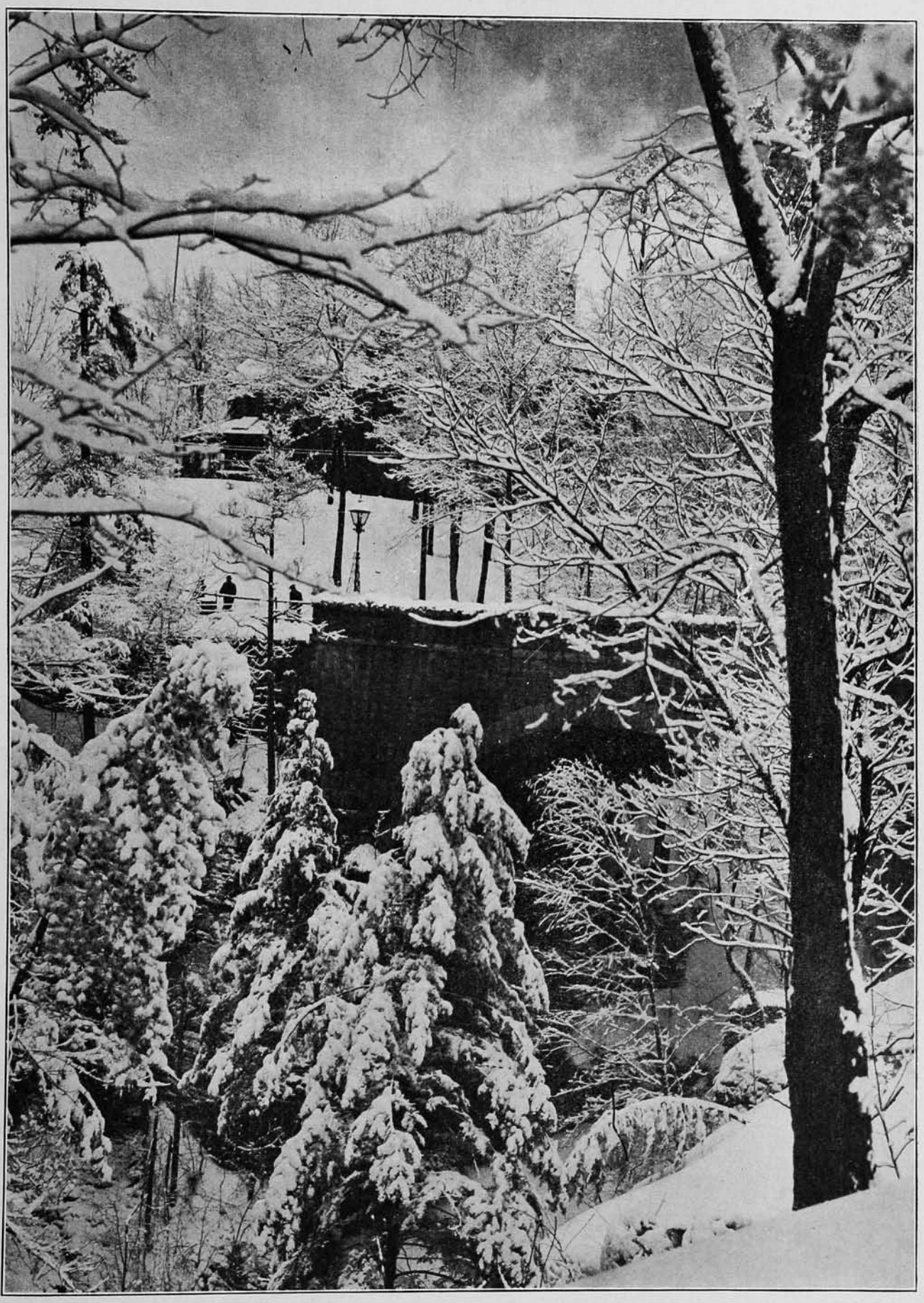
"Nu, 1884," said he. "Shake."

We shook, and my honor was saved.

Well, that's about all there is to the story. The next morning I received the necessary funds, we paid Mr. Fordham's and our hotel bill, and departed on the noon train.

Susan does not talk so much about adventures as she once did, and she spends much of her time embroidering three Greek letters on a tablecloth and a set of napkins; for Lambda is to receive a thank-offering at Christmas.





A Simple Ballad

SOPHIE HARVITH, '18

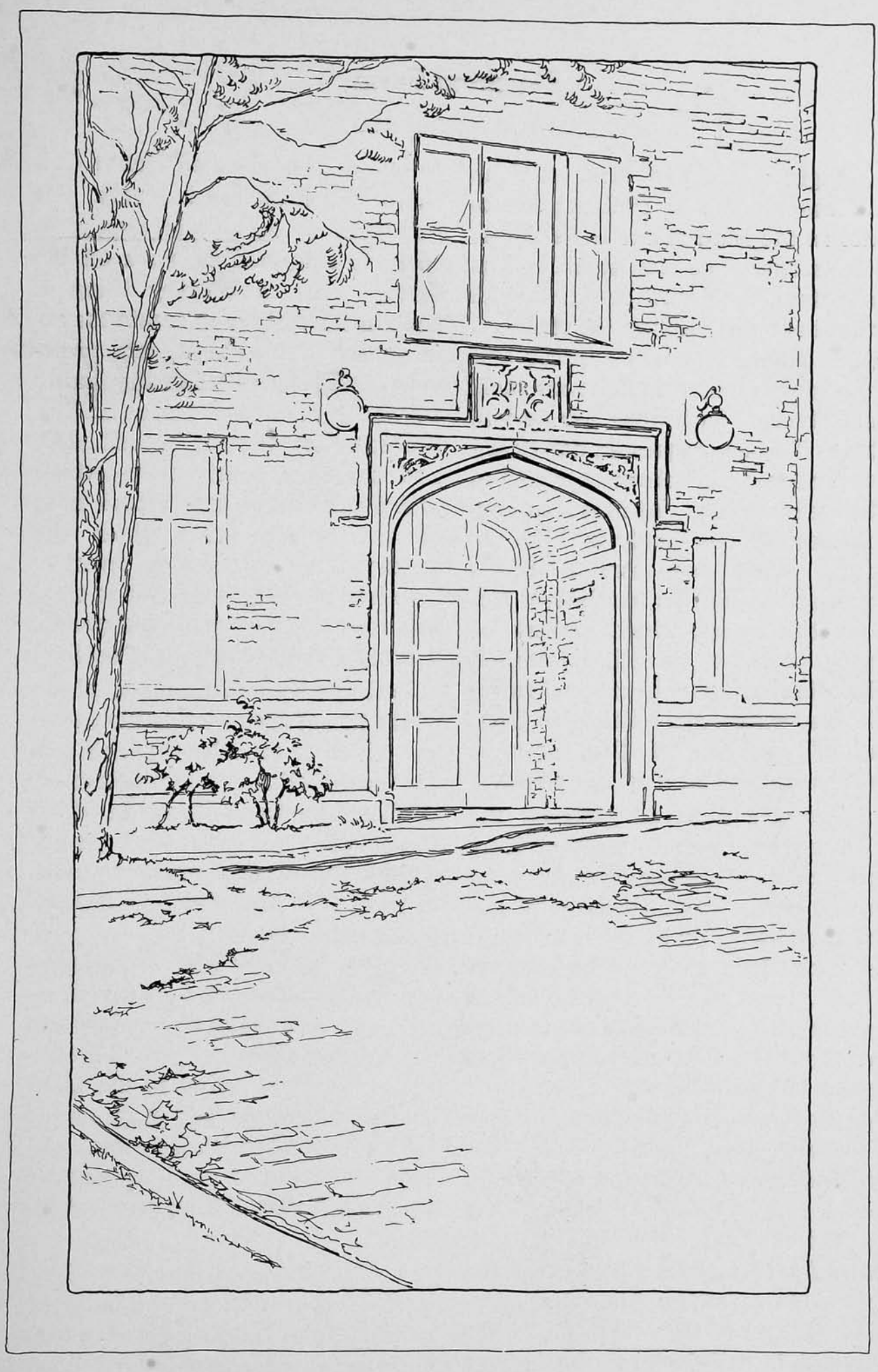
It is a lad inquisitive,
And he stoppeth one of three—
"By these thy books and studious looks,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"I fain would know," the lad replied,
The story of yon door,
Why maidens ever and anon
Go thronging by the score?"

"At early morn they issue forth,
With shining morning face;
At noon this walk with laughter rings,
As home again they race."

"That stately entrance there in front
With carved device ornate,
Why do ye scorn its polished doors,
For a lowly postern-gate?"

The maiden raised her meek brown eyes—
"Oh, didn't you know before.
It's only when we're with a Man
We use that nice front door?"



East Entrance, Risley Hall

Sleighton Farm

ARAMINTA McDONALD, '17

Eight years ago Mrs. Martha Falconer came to Philadelphia to act as the head of the Girls House of Refuge. The House, which was situated on Gircird Ave., was all that the name implies. A strict regime of discipline was enforced, and the girls profited little from their stay there. Soon after her arrival Mrs. Falconer requested her Board of Trustees for a farm on which to locate the school. At first it seemed impossible, but finally in 1908 the farm which has resulted in the present school was purchased. Today the school, which consists of nine cottages, an administration building, and the old original farmhouse, where Mrs. Falconer lives, stands as one of the foremost schools of its kind in the world.

The five hundred girls on the Farm have been committed from the courts of Pennsylvania for the usual crimes to which the combination of bad inheritance, bad training, and bad environment have led them. The girl entering Sleighton goes first to Lucretia Mott, the Reception Cottage. Here the discipline is somewhat severe, when the girl goes out on the farm or does house-work or plain sewing. She is under the observation of the psychologist and the physician. It is a period of adjustment for the girl, and for the school a period for the preliminary study of her character. At the end of three months, if her record is satisfactory, she is sent to one of the so-called Honor Cottages. Each cottage is a unit. The girl goes to school, is taught to cook, to sew, and to work on the farm. In fact, every thing is done in the cottage to create the atmosphere of the family and to develop in the members of the family a sense of individual responsibility. Student Government is enforced, and there is great inter-cottage athletic rivalry. The school tries during the two years which the average girl stays on the farm to help her in every way and so send her out into the world equipped to become a useful member of society.

Perhaps the most unique phase of the life at Sleighton is the farming which is done by the girls under the direction of a Head Farmer. Each cottage has a garden in which the truck vegetables are grown. At the end of each season a prize is given for the best-kept garden and farm. Besides these vegetable gardens there are orchards of apples, peaches, and cherries, a vineyard, and asparagus and strawberry beds. This last year a greenhouse has been added to the farm equipment. This not only serves the purpose of raising flowers and vegetables, but is used to instruct the girls in Floriculture and Nature Study.

From May until middle of September, the girls go out to work at seven in the morning clad in blue bloomer suits. The groups from

the Honor Cottages go to school in the afternoon, but the Reception Cottage goes out to work in the afternoon from two until five. With each group is a so-called field-officer, who remains with the girls and carries out the Head Farmer's directions. It is an interesting sight to see the girls lined up outside the tool sheds, waiting for the orders for the morning's work.

Sleighton is a beautiful place. The buildings are of the native stone, white-washed—all similar in plan, but somewhat dissimilar in details. One sees neatly-kept hedge-rows and lanes, attractive flower-beds and plantings of shrubbery with the farm gardens in the background. In fact the very best side of life in all its details is presented to these girls.

There are seventy officers in charge of the girls, most of whom are young college women—women who throw all the enthusiasm and experience of their four years at college into the work of teaching the girls appreciation of the best things in life.

It is of necessity a tense work for the officers, the work of livening every movement for these girls, but the broadening of sympathies that comes from associating with them, and the opportunity for closer acquaintance with interesting people, account for the eagerness of college women to undertake work at Sleighton.

Report of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations

The Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations has had a most successful summer. The volume in the work of the central office during the four months ending October 1st was nearly twice as great as in 1914. The September record broke all previous monthly records, as 79 positions were filled, including those in the Department for Social Workers.

The positions filled showed excellent variety. About two-thirds were in the general field of office work, either clerical, stenographic, or secretarial. The 67 calls remaining represented 25 different kinds of work. It is difficult to choose from this interesting group those which merit special mention. Several new types of work were represented; for example, two advertising positions with department stores, a nurse for the surgical ward of an almshouse, an editor to reorganize the domestic science department of a well-known women's magazine, and a woman to travel as demonstrator of domestic science for a western journal on Agriculture. These two positions offered the largest salaries—$1800 and $2400 respectively. Two apprentices were placed in interior decorating establishments at nominal salaries. As these positions are very difficult to secure, this is counted an achievement. An investigator or detective was placed with the Consulate of Switzerland;

a home-finder was employed by an organization interested in the development of Greenwich Village as a resident section. This young woman will hunt up vacant rents, suggest suitable changes to the owners of the property, and investigate the references of would-be tenants. A lecturer on public safety was placed with a street railway company, and three instructors were placed with a telephone company.

One hundred of the 187 positions filled were for temporary or uncertain duration; 19 applicants were accepted on trial, and 68 placements were permanent. The large proportion of temporary work is explained by the usual demand for substitutes during the summer season. The secretarial calls included a permanent position with a prominent jurist, two private secretaries for the new editors of a prominent daily newspaper, a number of school positions, several stenographers for the National Security League, and a gratifying increase in the calls from business houses.

In the Department for Social Workers the destructive effects of the recent financial depression have been more apparent than in the central office. Nevertheless 54 positions were successfully filled as compared with 50 in the summer of 1914. In the field of organized charity there were 14 placements which subdivide as follows: executive secretaries at salaries ranging from $1000 to $2000 a year; several assistant and district secretaries at $800 and $900; and seven district visitors, the locations including Poughkeepsie, Grand Rapids, Jacksonville, Florida and New York City.

In settlements there were placed 14 workers—five headworkers for settlements in Kingston, Pa., Indianapolis, Ind., WilkesBarre, Pa., Lackawanna, N. Y., and New York City; one assistant headworker in a settlement in Buffalo; a director of the Italian Department in a settlement in Boston, and an assistant to the headworker in a settlement in New Haven; six other settlement workers were placed, including a librarian and three club workers, all in New York City.

There were five institutional positions, including a farm superintendent for a state reformatory; a supervisor of a social work department; two matrons and one superintendent of nursery maids in an infant asylum, at salaries ranging from $25 to $60 a month and maintenance. The demand for trained nurses still continues to be great. Three church workers were placed in institutional churches; a teacher of manual training in an industrial school in Long Island; a playground director for a military academy; a welfare worker for a mill in Maine, where an unusually difficult problem is presented to the worker among girls of a particularly low moral calibre.

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

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The criticism has been made that *The Cornell Women's Review* is not sufficiently representative of undergraduate efforts. Such an objection is valid, if the point of view is taken, that a college publication should be entirely of, by, and for undergraduates. The name of the Review, however, implies a larger field. The Term *"Cornell Women"* does not refer exclusively to those now attending the University. The paper is supported equally by alumnae and undergraduates; and aside from all other considerations, this fact should entitle both to be represented by contributions. Just what ought to constitute the province of a college periodical is an interesting and open question. Until it has been definitely settled, *The Review* will continue the policy of other Cornell publications, who print what they believe to be of interest to their subscribers, whether written by alumni, undergraduates, people not Cornellians, or the Associated Press Bureau.

Reiteration

The temptation, of course, is ever present to publish the things which ought to be of interest to the subscribers, rather than those which actually do appeal to them. It seems that *The Review* must have succumbed to this tendency, for the complaint has been made, that its contributions lack verve, lack sprightliness, in a word, that they are too serious. This criticism would almost appear to follow from the first one regarding the insufficient representation of undergraduates, were it not that history gainsays such a conclusion. On the shelves of the University library stand some fifteen volumes of *The Cornell Review*, a literary monthly published from 1873 to 1888. Practically all its articles are by undergraduates, and a more earnest and scholarly array of titles

"By Their Fruits"

would be difficult to find. There are, to mention a few at random, treatises on, "The Discovery of the Sinaitic Manuscripts," "Latin Pronunciation," "Science and Faith," "Ecclesiastical Gothic Architecture," and, "Aurora Leigh as the Metrical and Feminine Complement of Thackeray's Pendennis." In comparison with them, the mildly instructive articles of *The Cornell Women's Review* are positively frivolous. If there is anything harder to imagine than contemporary undergraduates writing such articles of their own free will, then it is the possibility of contemporary University periodicals publishing them. Those Metropolitan newspapers which are so fond of speculating on "What is Wrong with our Colleges" might find this data even more profitable than quizzes on the Gallipoli peninsula. The whole change in attitude is really very significant, and both optimists and pessimists could construct interesting theories concerning it.

O Tempora!

Not only did Cornell students of the past devote themselves to learning for learning's sake in the columns of their magazine, but they supported three literary societies. Those belong to forgotten history now, and no similar organizations have taken their place. Here is more material for the psychologist. It would seem that literature is no longer worshipped for its own self. Cornell students of today, as far as the men are concerned, refuse the book of verses unaccompanied by the jug of wine. Among the women undergraduates literature is studied only within the scope of the Social Science Club. It is almost impossible to go through the Arts College without being at least exposed to the knowledge of classic literature. But an A. B. can easily be obtained before its possessor has the most superficial acquaintance with the works, or even with the names, of contemporary writers. When in a class of average size only one student is familiar with a name like that of Stephen Phillips, it would not seem out of the way to suggest the organization of a club or society for the study of modern literature.

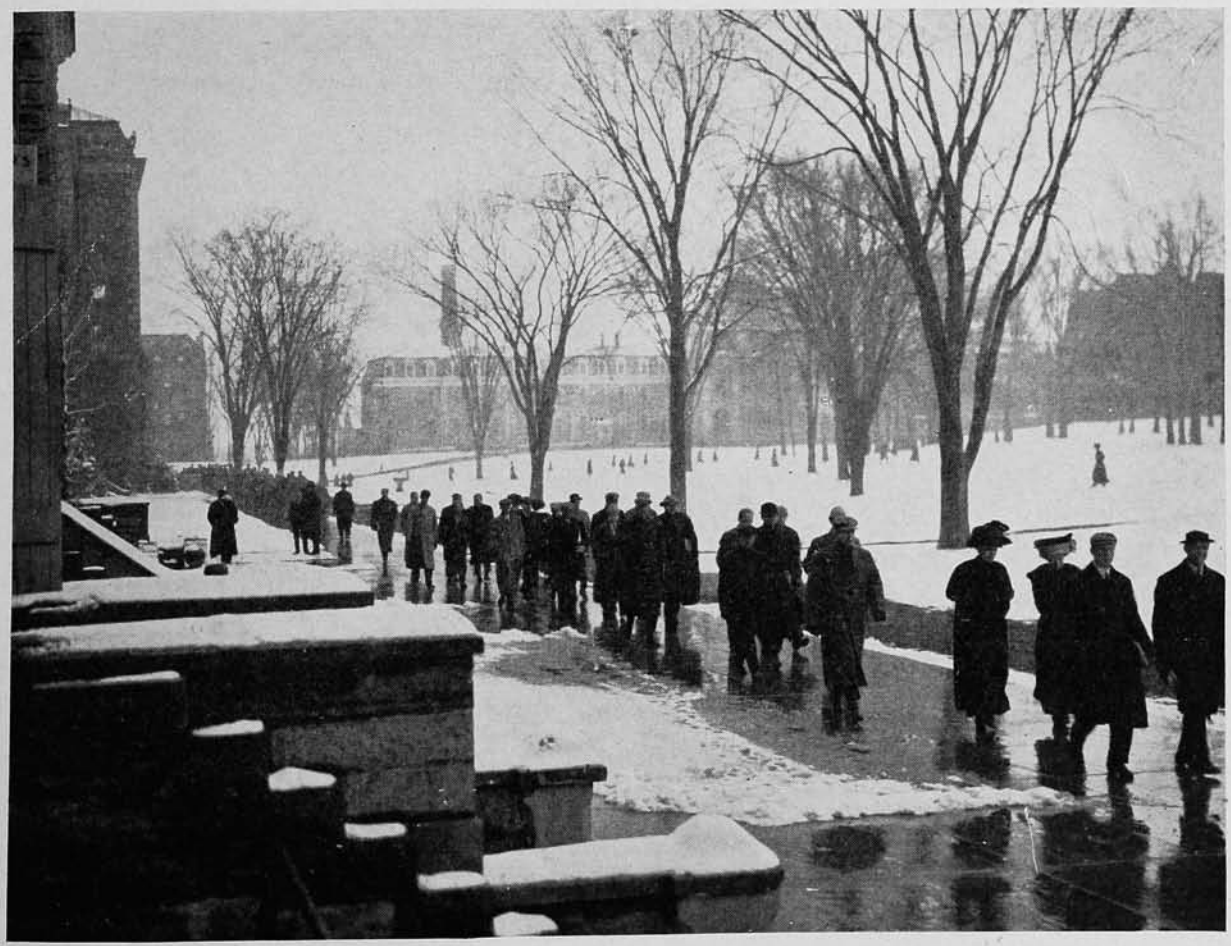
More Cornell Women

There are very few Cornell women who have not at one time or other been assured that Cornell was not a co-educational University, and that if it were, it ought not to be. The frequency of such assertions is diminishing, and this is because our numbers are increasing. It follows that anything we can do to bring about added registration will raise the status of women at Cornell University. We have done practically nothing in this direction before. The men, on the other hand, have always tried to make more students come here, through alumni and undergraduate clubs, and the distribution of Cornell publications. It is time that Cornell women began some organized efforts of a similar

sort. *The Review* will be sent to several schools, but individual work is also necessary. Every woman undergraduate should hold herself responsible for persuading another girl to come to Cornell. Those who are able should address the girls at their home schools about Cornell's advantages. Few people realize that in addition to the superior curriculum of a large University, we have here all the activities found in women's colleges. Remember that this Christmas vacation offers a good chance to begin a More-Cornell-Women Campaign.

Editorial Competition

A junior and sophomore competion for the editorial board of *The Cornell Women's Review* will be started directly after the Christmas vacation. One junior and two sophomores will be elected by April, the time at which the 1916-17 board is to take charge. The competition will consist chiefly in securing contributions and in doing general editorial work, the conditions of which will be explained upon application to the editor-in-chief.



ACTIVITIES

The 1915-1916 Hockey finals were played off on the Women's Athletic Field, Saturday, November 27th. Since the Juniors and Sophomores were unable to play at this time, the contest was between the Seniors and Freshmen. Seven-minute halves were used, with a ten-minute intermission. The Seniors won with a score of 3-0.

Score at the end of the first half, Seniors 1, Freshmen 0. Score at the end of the second half, Seniors 2, Freshmen 0. Total score, Seniors 3, Freshmen 0.

Basketball practice for all classes is being held twice a week in Sage Gymnasium, under the management of Frances Rosenthal, '16. Alma Wichelns, '15, is acting as coach. On December ninth, Dr. A. H Sharpe, coach of the Varsity basketball team gave a talk to the members of the squad on "How to Play Basketball."

The second Play Hour was held in the Armory, Wednesday, December 15th, at 7:15 p. m. Miss Edson, who is head of the Rochester Playground work, was in charge of the hour. Under her direction, various games suited for schools and playgrounds were demonstrated for the benefit of the regular gymnasium classes as well as the Normal School Students. About 200 women were present. All those who desired to count it for one Gym credit wore the regulation Gym costume and took active part in the games.

The Thanksgiving Masquerade of the Women's Student Government Association was held in the Armory, November 24th. About four hundred and fifty women were present, almost all of whom were in costume. All periods and conditions of life were represented, from the plumed gallant of the Elizabethan court to a pumpkin, and from bona fide Sing Sing convicts to a squirrel. There were men and babies galore, with here and there a stately grandmother or maiden aunt, and plenty of sailors and Egyptian sirens. The Clinton House orchestra furnished the music for dancing until 10:30. Just before intermission, the lights went out and every one unmasked. During intermission, a stunt called the "Women's Review," was given by ten girls, with Elsa Cornell as soloist. The words were written by May Thompson, '16. At the end of the dancing, the Dramatic Club presented a one-act comedy, "A Girl To Order," by Bessie Wrefond Springer. In spite of some scenic difficulties, the play was very well produced and the actors received much applause. Refreshments were served by the committee, and after more dancing, the evening was concluded by the Alma Mater and Evening Song. The great success of the party is due to the effi-

cient work of the committee, of which Helen Irish, '16 was chairman.

The Vocational Conference of the Women's Student Government Association, which was to be held December 14th and 15th, has been postponed until some time in January. This change was necessitated by the inability of several of the speakers to be present at the earlier date. As far as the arrangements are now completed, it is expected that the following people will speak: "What Cornell Women Are Doing," Mrs. Martin. "Educational Work," Dr. Coursault. "Corrective Work," Mrs. Faulkner. "Industrial Welfare Work," Miss Gilson. "Institutional Agriculture," Miss Landmann. "Public Health Work," Dr. Crum, "Salesmanship," Mrs. Prince. "Social Service and Y. W. C. A.," Miss Ringman. "Home Economics," Miss Gunther.

Miss Edson, of the Rochester Playgrounds, gave a lecture on "Openings for Women in Physical Training," in Sage Drawing Room, Wednesday, December 15th. This was to have been one of the regular Vocational Conference talks, but since Miss Edson could not be present in January, it was given at this time, as previously arranged.

The Christmas Bazaar of the Y. W. C. A. was held in Risley Recreation Room, December fourth, both afternoon and evening. Novelties suitable for the holiday season, as well as candy, cake, and ice cream were on sale. A Japanese tea garden was one especially attractive feature, and in the evening a large crowd enjoyed the dancing. It has not yet been definitely announced how much was cleared, but it is expected that it will be about sixty dollars.

The Senior Class appeared in their caps and gowns for the first time at dinner, Saturday night, December 4th. During the remainder of the year, they will be worn each Saturday night, and the Seniors will occupy separate tables in the dining hall.

The Senior Class has voted to hold a party and get-to-gether once a month in Risley Organization Room.

The women's Dramatic Club made its second appearance in "A Girl To Order," given at the Thanksgiving Party in the Armory. This was a very clever little farce, dealing with the mishaps of a bunch of college boys, who weave a particularly tangled web of deceptions around a mythological girl. In a providential way, a real girl appears at the crucial moment, and the difficulty is solved. Adelaide Mifflin, '16 as "Lady" Clayton was the star of the performance, and Florence Faulhaber, '16, as "Dud" Elliott, his room-mate, was a very realistic "stude" in a lot of trouble. "Puck" Evans and "Earl" Biscuits, were well played by Frances Rosenthal, '16, and Ruth Gothard, '16. Helen Van Keuren, '16 was a very

convincing irate father, and Hilda Eulenstein was charming as Elsie Jordan, the girl who appears just in time.

"King Rene's Daughter" was presented to members and guests of the Club in Risley Recreation Room, December 11th. While this play was more difficult than anything which has so far been undertaken, the performance was in every way creditable. Emily Schultze, '17, in the part of Iolanthe, the blind daughter of King Rene, did some of the best work which she has yet shown in dramatics. Her acting was especially sincere, and much of the success of the play was due to her. Virginia Van Brunt, '17, as Count Tristan, her lover, also shared the leading honors. King Rene was played by Gertrude Huth, '17, who showed much poise and finish in her acting. Johanna Donlon, '18, and Mary Dickey, '18, handled the character parts of Martha and Bertrand very well. Lillian Fuller, '16, was also good as Sir Geoffrey, the friend of Count Tristan. Special scenery was constructed for the play under the direction of Vi Graham, '18. Much credit is due Florence Wilbur, manager and coach.

On December 9th, "The Burglar" was repeated by the original cast before the Ag. Assembly. This was also very successful.

Barrie's well-known play "Quality Street," will be produced in the Lyceum Theatre, February 25th. This will be the first public appearance of the club.

The Junior Class held their stunt for the freshmen in Risley Recreation Room, November thirtieth. A very clever vaudeville program was given, under the direction of Marion Lowe, chairman.

The annual Hades Stunt for the freshmen was given by the sophomores, in Risley Recreation Room, December third. After the youthful pilgrims had been conducted through the horrors of the infernal regions by their wise and sophisticated guides, an original stunt was presented for their benefit. This was written by Sophie Harvith, '18, and was in two parts, the first being called "Sage Laundry," and the second, "High Life in Sage." Harriet Hosmer was chairman of the Hades committee, and Evelyn Hieber of the stunt.

The picnic of the Freshman Class was held on the North Shore of Beebe last month. About one hundred were present.

Sedowa, the Honorary Society of the Women of the Agricultural College, has recently sent out a questionnaire to all women who have been registered in Agriculture for at least one year, in regard to the proposed club house. Many complications have arisen since the project was first started, and it is therefore necessary to obtain an expression of student sentiment, before further arrangements are

made. When the results of the questionnaire are made known, it will be decided whether to continue the project, or to turn the money already collected into a Frigga Fylge Scholarship Fund.

ALUMNAE NOTES

'87—Mrs. Frederick Holton (Jessie Moon) is at the head of the Holton-Armes School for Girls, numbering among her pupils the daughters of people ranking high in official and social life in Washington. Address 2135 S St. N. W. One of her assistants is Fredericka Hodder, A. B., Kansas, '13, the daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Hodder of Kansas (Anna Florence Moon, '91).

'93—Mrs. Chester Roberts (Abbey Mary Hall) is living at Swarthmore, Pa., where her husband is Superintendent of Swarthmore College.

'97—Grace Griswold is Cataloger of American History in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

'98—Mrs. Joseph Matson (Kathleen Connor) is living at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y., where her husband is Captain of the Coast Artillery Corps.

Special, '00-01—Anna Draper is Librarian for the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

'02—Evelyn G. Mitchell took her M. S. from George Washington University in 1906, and graduated from Howard University Medical School in 1913. She was a resident for one year of the Women's Hospital of Philadelphia and is now a practicing physician in Washington, where she is on the staff of the Freedman's Hospital. Address 604 Harvard Street, Washington, D. C.

'03—Elizabeth Aitkin is now teaching at National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Maryland.

'04, A. B.; '07, M. D.—Mary Merritt Crawford was married to Edward Schuster, lawyer, on Tuesday, November 30, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn. Because of the recent death of her father the wedding was private. Under her own name Dr. Crawford will continue her hospital work and specialize in gynecology. Mr. and Mrs. Schuster will be at home after January 15 at 100 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

'04-'05,Grad.—Mrs. A. C. Muhse (Effa Funk) is spending the winter in Petersburg, Va. Mr. Muhse is with the Anglo-American Tobacco Co. Mr. and Mrs. Muhse returned to the United States in June after a year and a half spent in England, China, and Korea. During the summer Mrs. Muhse worked for the suffrage cause in Pennsylvania.

'06—Helen Coffin is acting as legislative reference librarian of the Connecticut State Library at Hartford. Address 47½ Tremont St.

'06—Alice du Dueil is teaching English in the Central High School, Washington, D. C. Address 1318 15th St.

'07—Anna E. Kirchener has resumed her work in the German Department of the Philadelphia High School, after an extended absence caused by illness.

'08—Marian Jewell, who is teaching in the Atlantic City High School, visited the Philadelphia Club this fall and was proposed for membership.

'08—Grace Kinney is in the Card Distribution Division of the Library of Congress. Address 54 Q St. N. E., Washington, D. C.

'09—Ethel Davis is a teacher of Latin at Bradford High School.

'09—Reta E. Keenan was married last spring to J. Edgar Davidson, '08. They are living at Hillburn, N. Y.

'10—Sara E. Burns has announced her engagement to the Rev. Walter Harter.

'10—Minnie Edgar was married in June to Harold L. Blood, '12. They are at home at Plainfield, N. J.

'10—Ethel Whiteley announced her engagement in September to Mr. J. F. Summerfield of Philadelphia.

'11—Sara Barnholt has announced her engagement to Dr. James Francis Roohan, '10.

'11—Anna E. Jenkins is Scientific Assistant in the office of Pathological Collections, Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. She and Miss Vera Charles have recently published in the Journal of Agricultural Research a short article on "A Fungus Disease of Hemp."

'11—Geraldine Watson is an interne in the Bellevue Hospital, New York.

'12—Marie Beard is teaching French and German in the High School at Petersburg, Va.

'12—Meta Becker is in the German Department of the William Penn High School of Philadelphia.

'12—Marian Darville is teaching in Summerville, N. J.

'12—Ione De Vany has been an investigator of social heredity in the Woman's Reformatory in connection with the Rockefeller Bureau of Social Hygiene at Bedford Hills, Westchester Co., N. Y. Miss De Vany is now spending a leave of absence at her home in Ellenville, N. Y.

'12—Mrs. E. Curtis Gillespie (Helen Dixon) has a son, born Nov. 19, 1915. Address Huntington, L. I.

'12—Mrs. W. H. Emery (Violet

Harrison) is now living at Merchantville, N. Y.

'12—Harriet M. T. Skerrett took the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Pennsylvania last June.

'12—Margaret B. Thorpe graduated from the Pittsburg Kindergarten School last June and is now teaching in Pittsburg.

'13—Anna Cassell was married to Carl J. Jefferson, '10 on June 10, 1915. Mr. and Mrs. Cassell are living at Collingswood, N. J.

'13—Agnes Dobbin is teaching History at South Orange, N. J.

'13—Malvina Dahl is teaching Mathematics and German in the New Hartford High School, New Hartford, N. Y.

Ex. '13—Mrs. G. S. Luckett (Marguerite Douglass) is living in Cherrydale, Va., where her husband is a physician.

'13—Louise Townsend will graduate from the Cornell Medical School this June.

'14—Elizabeth Banks is doing social work in New York City. Address, National Arts Club, 119 E. 19th St.

'14—Pearl Bowman is teaching mathematics at Haddon Heights, N. J.

'14—Ethel Cornell is studying psychology at Columbia University.

'14—Lois Chapin is teaching science in the High School at Independence, Louisiana.

'14—Esther C. Dunne is instructor in English at Bryn Mawr College. Last summer she lectured on the teaching of English at the summer sessions of the State Normal Schools in Maine.

'14—Eva Haigh is assisting in Professor Bristol's office in Goldwin Smith Hall, Cornell University.

'14—Clara Howard is Secretary of Alumnae Records at Cornell.

'14—*Corrected* — Frances Kilbourne was married to David Earl Snyder July 3rd, at Bloomfield, N. J. Address, Herkimer, N. Y.

'14—Margaret Merriss is assistant physical training instructor at Vassar College.

'14 — Merle Mosier has announced her engagement to Alfred Potter, '14. They are both studying medicine at Columbia.

'14—Sara Nicholson is teaching Chemistry at the Skidmore School of Arts at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Ex. '14—*Corrected*—Lois Conant Haywood Robbins was married on June 19 to H. Errol Coffin, '13, at Stamford, Conn.

'15—The engagement of Clara A. Graeffe to A. S. Ainsworth, '14 has been announced. Mr. Ainsworth has a position with the U. S. Gypsum Company in New York.

'15—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Douglass announces the engagement of their daughter Dorothy to Mr. J. C. Zircle, George Washington University, '07.

'15—Beth Pritchard is teaching Domestic Science in Gary, Indiana.

'15—Winifred Kirk is teaching in Kenwood, N. J.

'15—Marion Sturgis is taking work in science at Adelphi and expects to come back to Cornell and take the medical course.

Ex '16—Helen Bungart has announced her engagement to Lawrence Benson, '14. She has a position as book reviewer at Scribner's.

Ex '16—Kathleen Colpitts is taking work in Chicago University and has a prominent part in the University Dramatics.

Ex '16—Marie Townsend was married in June, 1915, to Mr. T. V. Scudder of Boston Technical Institute.

Cornell Women's Clubs

The Washington Club has voted to give twenty-five dollars to the Pageant Fund to be used toward the expenses of this fete which is to be given by the women of Cornell in May. The secretary of their Club has written to the other Cornell Clubs asking them to lend their support if possible.

The Philadelphia Club has already pledged ten dollars.

At a recent meeting of the Cornell Women's Club of Boston, officers were elected for the year: Miss Katherine M. Edwards, (1888) of Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass., President; Miss Louise S. McDowell (Ph. D. 1909) of Wellesley College, Miss Hope Davison of Boston, and Miss Henrietta Winchester, of North Easton, Mass., Vice-presidents; and Miss Laura K. Johnson (1910) of Simmons College, Boston, Mass., Secretary-Treasurer.

The following new members joined the club: Miss Elizabeth Genung, who is an instructor in Biology at Simmons College, Miss Cordelia Mattice, who is an assistant in Physics at Wellesley College, and Miss Caroline D. Higgins, who is assistant director of the Food Shop of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston.

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UNIVERSITY NOTES

The annual reception to the members of the faculty and their wives was held in Risley Hall, November twenty-second. The reception opened with a musicale in the dining hall. Mrs. Charles K. Burdick sang, and several selections were given by the Egbert quartet. The program was followed by a reception, and dancing in the recreation room. Miss Gertrude Nye, warden of Risley, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. J. G. Schurman, Mrs. A. D. White, Mrs. C. A. Martin, Mrs. E. H. Barbour, and the officers of the senior and junior classes.

At the convocation hour on November thirtieth, former United States Senator, Theodore E. Burton spoke in Bailey Hall on the subject of "1915 and After," under which topic he covered many phases of political and social reform.

Professor M. W. Sampson, of the Department of English, has just edited a book of four plays by Thomas Middleton.

"Life in Inland Waters," a text book, by Professor J. S. Needham, '98, of the Department of Entomology, is now being printed by the Comstock Publishing Company. This book is the first edition on this subject that is not a translation.

Assistant Professor D. Kennedy Fraser of the Education Department will attend the meeting of the American Association for Advancement of Science at Columbus, Ohio, during the Christmas recess.

At the meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa society in commemoration of the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of its founding, Dr. Lyman P. Howell, President of Hobart College, spoke on the subject "By-products of the Modern College."

Professor H. Morse Stephens of the University of California, who was professor of History at Cornell from 1894 to 1902, will spend the holidays in the East, and will stop here for a few days as the guest of Professor G. L. Burr. Professor Stephens is President of the American Historical Association.

Professor W. F. Willcox is president this year of the American Economics Association, and he will deliver his inaugural address at the annual meeting at Washington sometime during the Christmas holidays.

Professors H. C. Elmer, C. L. Durham, and C. E. Bennett will probably attend the Convention of the American Philological Association to be held at Princeton University during the holidays.

Dr. H. W. Van Loon will go to Boston for the Christmas recess, where he will deliver a series of

(Continued on Page 160)

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A VERY GOOD REASON

During the lesson one afternoon a violent thunder storm arose, and, to lessen the fright of the children, the teacher began telling of the wonders of the elements.

"And now, Jimmy," she asked, why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Because," said Jimmy confidently, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A SLOW STARTER

The maid of all work in a Brooklyn household was recently taken to task by her mistress for oversleeping. After due reflection the maid replied: "Well, mum, it's this way: I sleep very slow, and so it takes me a long while to git me night's rest."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Slum Worker—You look like a worthy person.

The Flattered One—Oh, I'm all right, ma'am. I manage to get along first rate. I ain't got nobody to support. I'm a single woman. —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Now, my son," said the conscientious father, "tell me why I punished you."

"That's it," blundered the boy, indignantly. "First you pounded the life out of me, an' now you don't know what you done it for." —*Tit-Bits.*

University Notes

(Continued from Page 158)

lectures, and work upon his new novel.

Assistant Professor E. P. Andrews of the Department of Archaeology, will spend his Christmas holidays in making reproductions of rare coins in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Cornell will have as representatives at the American Historical Association Convention at Washington, Professor J. P. Bretz, Professor G. L. Burr, Dr. F. C. Melvin, and Professor C. H. Hull.

Members of the Faculty and undergraduates in the College of Architecture are sending their Christmas greetings to Professor Georges Mauxion, of the College of Architecture, who is at the front with the Allies. Professor Mauxion left Ithaca in the fall of 1914, and has had only six days leave since that time.

Professors H. H. Wing, '81, W. H. Harper, E. S. Guthrie, W. L. Williams, and several other members of the Faculty of the College of Agriculture will attend the annual conference of the New York State Dairymen's and Breeders' Associations held at Rochester from December fourteenth to seventeenth. State Commissioner of Agriculture, C. S. Wilson will deliver an address at the conference.

Professor J. A. Winans' text book, "Public Speaking—Principles and Practice," has just gone to print.

Among the Faculty members who will attend the convention of the Modern Languages Association at Western Reserve, Cleveland, are Professors J. F. Mason, Professor P. R. Pope, Professor A. B. Faust, Dr. L. N. Broughton, Professor W. W. Comfort, and Professor H. C. Davidson.

Dr. Broughton will read a paper on "Pastoral Elements in Wordsworth." The subject of Professor Comfort's paper is "The Siege of Paris by the Saracens." After the Christmas recess Professor Comfort will deliver the Shipley lectures on William Cowper at Haverford College.

Among the Cornell alumni who will speak at the convention are Professor Lewis Shanks of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Robert J. Kellogg, '91, Professor Warren Washburn Florer, and Miss Mary Thayer, now at Vassar.

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of the Department of Semitic Languages and Literatures, will spend the greater part of his Christmas vacation in New York City, attending several important association and directors' meetings, and the first few days of the new year will be given over to a series of lectures in Buffalo.

Mrs. Catterall, wife of the late Professor R. C. H. Catterall, has gone to Boston to resume her law studies. Before her marriage, Mrs. Catterall took a course in law at the University of Chicago.

There's a group of young maids at Cornell
Who in running a paper excel;
Not a thing 'neath the Sun
That they haven't begun
To Review, and they do it full well.

It's the best little magazine heah,
With its short but most thrilling careah;
And when last the Board met
They reviewed what they get
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Talk of students conducting a "Bis"!
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There's not such a "Bis" as their's is!

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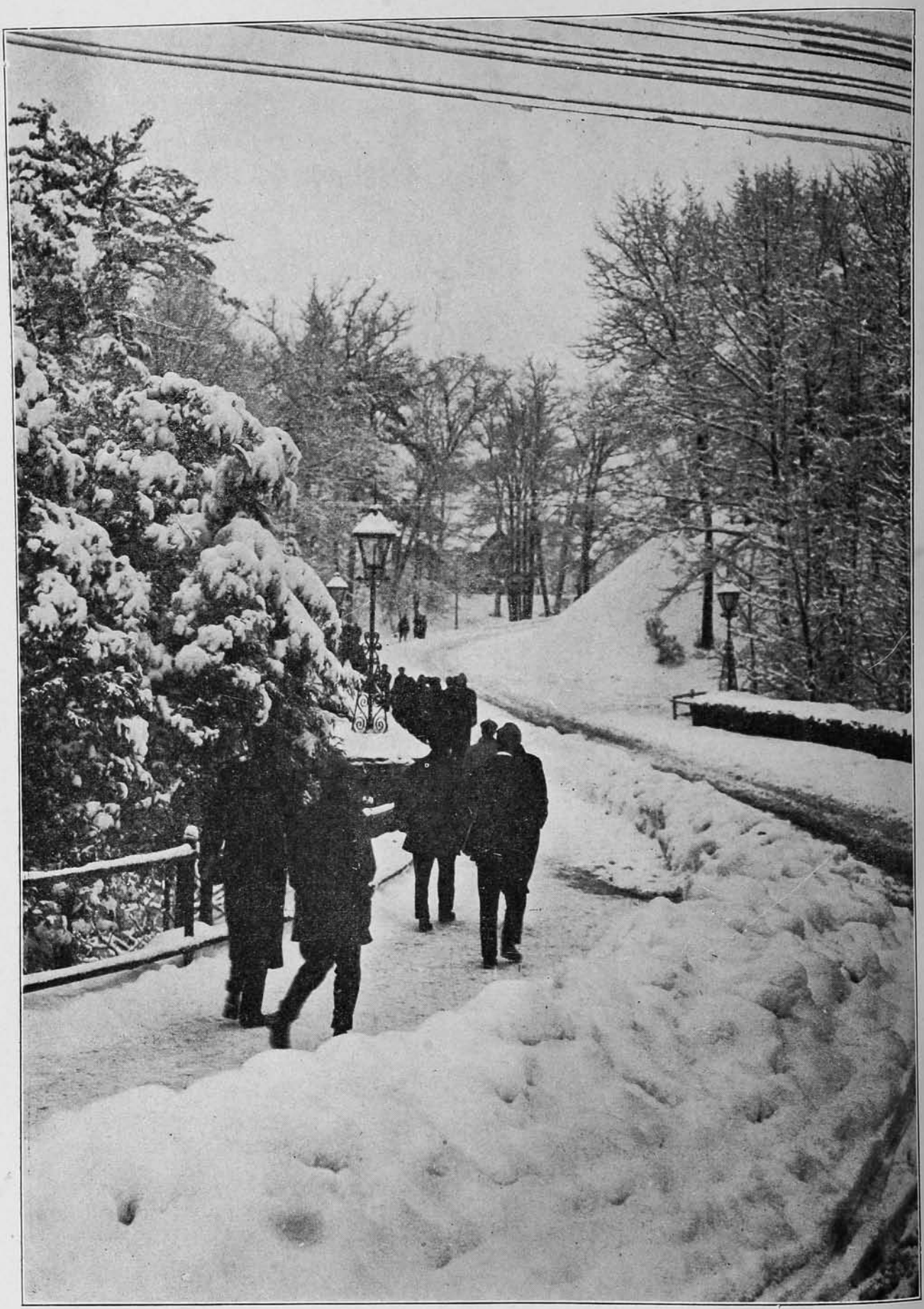

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Patient—Then you will love me?

Pretty Nurse—Oh, no; that's merely a part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful; I promised this morning to run away with a married man who has lost both his legs.—*Maritime Med. News.*

SOCIETY NOTE

Mrs. Stubbins—Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Fox?

The New Lodger—I don't know, Mrs. Stubbins. I never attended any.—*Tit-Bits.*

With most of us the grim necessity of purchasing coal is no joke. Yet a Boston man found at a coal-emporium in that city a chap who managed to infuse a degree of facetiousness into the transaction.

"How much is chestnut coal?" timidly inquired the prospective customer.

"That depends," said the salesman. "A la carte, it's eight dollars; cul-de-sac, it will cost you fifty cents extra."—*Everybody's.*

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THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1916 NO. 4

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VOCATIONAL TELEPHONE WORK
LOUISE BARBOUR, '04

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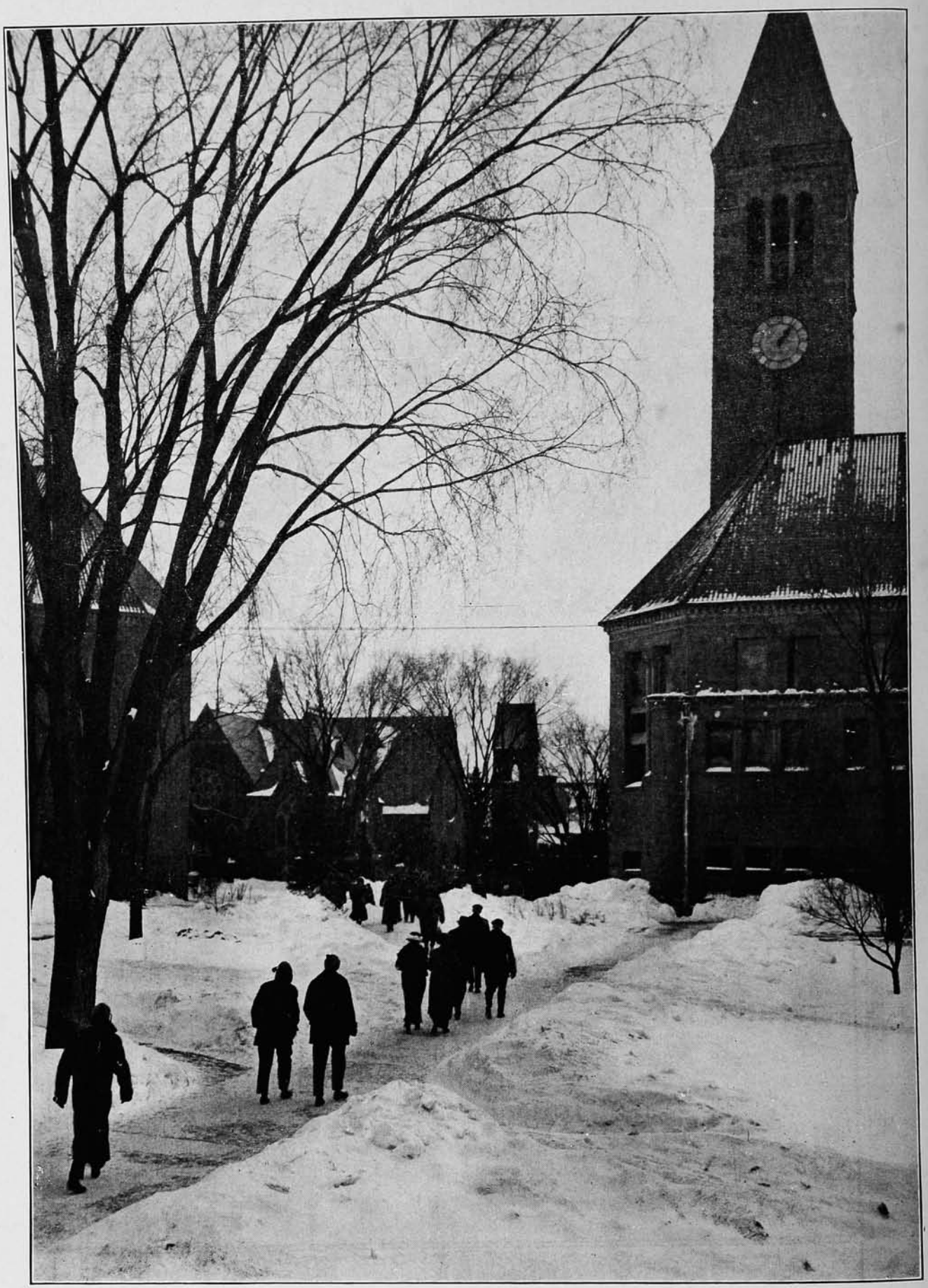

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

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Letters from a French Hospital

By DR. MARY MERRITT CRAWFORD, '04

Editor's Note:—Dr. Mary M. Crawford, A. B. '04, M. D. '07, was one of the six surgeons, who were sent from America to do hospital work in France. Dr. Crawford has allowed the Review to publish some of the letters which she wrote to her family during her service as house surgeon in the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine.

Jan. 3, 1915.

I lunched with the C.'s, and then went to hear "La Fille du Regiment" on Xmas day. Very attractive little opera. Then a chorus all dressed like French Revolutionists sang the noble "Chant du Depart." It's wonderful; and the women, the soldiers, and a man who looked like Camille Desmoulins all made me feel as if I were reading Carlyle again. At the last, Mlle. Chenal sang the Marseillaise, and that was worth all the rest. For a chorus she had all the revolutionary soldiers and women of the previous song back of her. She was in white, a flowing silk robe, and she had a mantle from shoulder to feet of the tricolor. It hung across her back and her two hands held each end, so that from one arm hung the broad strip of red and from the other the broad strip of blue. She herself in her white robe made the middle white stripe. She is tall and handsome, and she tore your heart out with the emotion with which she sang. Everybody in the house had tears streaming down before she finished. So many French and English soldiers were there. It was a unique occasion.

I must write you just one more story that came to me at the Ambulance just a little while before Xmas. We had a French soldier brought in frightfully wounded. One leg had to be amputated, and besides that he had a half dozen other wounds. His dog came with him, a hunting dog of some kind. This dog had saved his master's life. They were in the trenches together when a shell burst in such a way as to collapse the whole trench. Every man in it was killed or buried in the collapse and this dog dug until he got his master's face free so that he could breathe, and then he sat by him until some re-

inforcements came and dug them all out. Every one was dead but this man. Isn't that a beautiful little story? We have both dog and man with us. The dog has a little house all to himself in the court, and he has blankets and food and lots of petting, and every day he is allowed to be with his master for a little while.

On Christmas day too, we had a conferring of the Medal Militaire on a French soldier who had carried his wounded Lieutenant off under fire. This medal is more highly prized than the Legion of Honor. We have had several conferrings here but I've never had the luck to see one yet.

Jan. 17, 1915

I am not on Dr. B.'s service any more. The big French military surgeon, Dr. M., has come back, and taken the service that Dr. D. had for a time. He had no house officer, and Dr. duB., who is a wonderful friend to me came and told me that they had chosen me of all the young doctors to go with M. because I spoke French (!!!) and because all the French doctors liked me. Said I was 'bonne camarade' and 'tres sympathetique.' I told him I'd do whatever the Board wanted me to, but that if Dr. B. still wanted me, I thought I ought to stay. Dr. B. says he doesn't want me to go, but that they have insisted, and he thinks they need me, so I am now with Dr. M., and in full charge at night. It's a step up, but I hate to take it on account of my men. When I told Ahmed, he cried like a baby, and wouldn't eat any supper until I came in and made him get up from bed and fairly fed him. Now he begs me daily to take him downstairs in the big ward with me. Of course I can't. He is really pathetic, and the whole lot of my men act almost the same. I go to see them every day however, and I miss them horribly. It is surprising how you get to love these men—just as if they were your children—and they appreciate so much the personal note and the interest in them as individuals. I get so interested in them as human beings that I spoil them, and hate to lose them when they are well.

Jan. 18th, 1915.

I'm sending you a picture I took a while ago of the most picturesque couple in the hospital. Big Pat McCarty is a broth of a boy straight from Tipperary itself. He is twenty-two years old, as big as a house, and has been in the army for five years. He went all through the Marne fighting, and in the second week of the Aisne fighting, he had his left leg blown to pieces half way down to the knee. He was sent here and amputated immediately. For awhile he was desperately sick, but gradually he recovered. He was the funniest, happiest creature in the world. He had crutches and would hop all over the Hospital. He'd run races with convalescent patients—he hopping on his one leg with both crutches held out in the air. He'd go the whole length of the corridors that way. Also he'd hop all the way downstairs on one leg

touching nothing, and as fast as lightning. You never saw such a natural athlete. The Count bought him a wonderful artificial leg, cost 500 fr, and after Pat had had it for a few days people who didn't know could be fooled as to which was the good leg. With a solemn face, Pat would show sympathetic ladies how stiff and awkward the artificial leg was (using his own leg), and then how limber his own leg was (using the artificial one). I used to suffocate almost with suppressed laughter. His only fault was that if he was let out for a walk or ride to Paris, he always came back roaring drunk, and he'd clean up about a dozen Pious-pious, who would try to control him. But it was a pleasant weakness surely. Well, little Slugi, an Arab boy of eighteen who had part of his hand shot away, ran across Pat one day and fell desperately in love with him. There is no other way to describe his devotion. He followed him everywhere, learned all sorts of English expressions from him, would kiss him night and morning, and when Pat went out, Slugi would sit the picture of woe at a window watching Pat's return, haunted by the fear that Pat was leaving for England and hadn't told him. Pat would say to me: "Indade, Doctor, I'd never be after leaving him if I could take him with me. I'd kape him all my life." But of course it was impossible. I gave Slugi chloroform one night when he had to have another finger taken off. He had cried so for Pat as he went under that I sent an orderly to fetch him. As he came out of the chloroform, big Pat sat on his bed holding Slugi's head in his arms, tears running down his cheeks, and Slugi would pull his head down and kiss him and say: "Good Pat, good comrade, I spik English, one, two, three, four. How do you do. Thanks very much. No go, Pat no go, stay with Slugi," etc. It was sweet, and big Pat would soothe him and pet and comfort him. Their parting was tragic. Pat was taken away a week before Christmas. Slugi was a wreck. He transferred a small part of his devotion to me, because I gave him a copy of this picture. While I was ill, little Slugi was sent away too. He has probably gone back to Algeria, for he is useless as a fighter. He has Pat's home address and will probably send him letters for awhile. I told Pat one day to appreciate Slugi's devotion because he'd never get such love and loyalty again, or at least never get any more. Pat said: "Indade, Doctor, I know it. He'd die at my feet, if I asked him to."

There has been frightful slaughter up at Soissons for the last two weeks. The Germans have advanced, we know, but just how far is not told. All Paris is as dark as a pocket, and last night the order came for the Ambulance to have every window absolutely dark at nine o'clock. Usually we blaze with light for only about half the windows have dark curtains. They say they fear a Zeppelin or Taube raid. The wounded who have come in report desperate fighting with

heavy losses. The French seem to have been routed, only re-forming on this side of the Aisne. As the river is swollen and the bridges are gone, we hear that the Germans are on one side and the French on the other. Also Guillaume is there, well in the rear, watching affairs. But what *we* hear is as apt to be false as true and perhaps the Germans are nearer than we think. The people here say that in the fall no one knew that the Germans were anywhere near until they heard the guns at Compiegne! Very likely you'll get better and more accurate news than I and probably we'll never hear any guns. It doesn't seem possible for the Germans to win back again now that K. of K. is here in such force. Not to mention the French who are massed back of Soissons.

Today, I'm to have my picture taken with Ahmed in his tirailleur costume and Collins the English boy I've cared for so long. It will be very smart, for both of them are six feet tall. I'll send one as soon as possible.

Jan. 27th, 1915

I haven't time for a very long letter but I want to send you the picture enclosed and tell you of our trip. It was quite a progress, because everyone looks at tirailleurs —their costume is so picturesque. The trousers and coat are blue, the braid trimming is bright yellow, and the sash and hat are scarlet. Don't fail to note Ahmed's medals. Neither belongs to him. One is a Maroc medal for service in the last Moroccan campaign, which he borrowed from a friend, and the other is a toy tin thing, which looks something like the medaille militaire. Ahmed thought they added a touch to his costume. The sergeant is really a lovely character. He is French of course, a gentleman through and through and a great help in controlling the Arabs to whom he can talk and who always obey him. Kadraoni looks a little dazed, and was completely so when he saw Paris and the Cinema. He says he is never going home. After the war he will stay always in Paris. Shrewd old Ahmed says it will be different then. No hospital to live in, no uniform to make people look and no money. He wants to go home to Zora, Fatima and the seven children.

The movies are wonderful, a lot of them being about the War which pleased my children. Later at tea, we had an admiring crowd in the window to see us eat. Their manners were painfully correct—the two Arabs I mean, for of course the sergeant was at home. The only other time Ahmed went to Paris to tea was with an American lady who took the sergeant, Ahmed and two others. Ahmed was all right until he bit into a cheese sandwich. Cheese is unclean food to a strict Mohammedan and Ahmed spat it out and remarked out loud: "Sergeant, no good, no good." That mortified the poor sergeant, but imagine when later Ahmed began to smoke. The lady gave him some sulphur matches. The smell *is* bad, you know. So Ahmed again turned to the ser-

geant and remarked in his best society manner: "Sergeant, stinks, stinks." You see he was talking English out of courtesy to his hostess. The poor Sergeant was overcome.

The work is not so heavy just now, for which I'm thankful, for it's so cold and I get tired out trying to keep warm. Next week I expect to be given a room with heat in it. It is over in the main building, and will not be so pleasant as here with all the other women, but it will be larger and well heated, and then I really ought to be there because of night work.

We still have to keep our windows dark and all but faint hooded lights out, although the rest of Paris is a little illuminated. But the Prefect of Neuilly does not propose to have the A.A. a mark for the bombs which they still think may come. How quickly we do get used to things. The first night it was exciting, the second a nuisance and now we don't even remember why we take precautions.

Feb. 3rd, 1915.

The three mufflers came and are fine, but if you make any more make them longer. The men wind them around the waist and over the shoulders in a curious way which makes practically a coat of them if they are about three yards long. I've given two away and the third will go to the next man who leaves me. The Frenchmen feel the sentiment or receiving a scarf made in America by the Mother of their Doctor-lady. They are so sweet and dear. What a wonderful race the French are! All the common people, men, women and little children, so gentle and courteous, and with the hearts of little children. You can't realize how adorable they are until you've cared for them as I have. The world has much to learn from the French, and I wish that we Americans might learn our share quickly. If we could have their courtesy and gentle ways, their simplicity and love of beauty added to our strong points we'd be world wonders. Of course on the other hand the French need some of our strong points too. They need more organization and the spirit of progress. They are a little too contented with things as they are, whether good or bad.

All last week I had a frightful cold and I was really wretched, so Sunday I went to the C.'s after being completely knocked up by the arrival of a little boy about eight or ten years old. He had been living near Arras. A shrapnel had hit his house. His mother, father and sister were killed and he had both legs horribly mangled. He had been several days en route and was a sight to wring even the Kaiser's heart when we saw him. Every one in the receiving office cried over him. He had some poor little toys with him that the soldiers at Arras had found, and he clung to them and begged us not to touch his dressing. We had to send him to the American Hospital, because the Ambulance is only for the militaire. Tomorrow or Friday I shall go to see him and take him some little things. Poor baby, he is only

one of thousands of children who have suffered cruelly in this war.

Well, I went to the C.'s, met some very nice Americans at tea, and stayed for dinner. Mr. W., the orderly came too and spent the evening. I stayed all night and never woke until 10 A. M. Monday. I loafed around until after luncheon and then idly drifted back to the Ambulance feeling like a different woman. Imagine my despair when I found that my son Ahmed had been taken away that very day. They said he had searched all morning for me as had everyone else. The office knew where I was but the others didn't. He cried and mourned because he thought I was sick again and because he had to leave us all. It must have been touching, the old dear. I found out he had been sent to a convalescent hospital about half an hour's trolley ride from Paris. So I sat right down and wrote him that I'd be there the next day to see him. That evening I went in the ward to see the others, and there was Kadraoni with his robe over his head, lying on his bed, refusing to eat or speak. I went over to him and made him look at me and then I told him he must eat because maman was not content that he didn't eat. He stuck it out for awhile but at last he let me lead him to the table, but he didn't eat a thing until I told him I'd take him with me the next day to see his comrade. Then he brightened a little bit and ate a few bites. These Arabs love and hate pretty thoroughly, I assure you. The next day, Kadraoni and I, with a little Alsatian Mademoiselle who has been in America and speaks English as well as French, and who helps the trained nurse in the ward, started to see Ahmed. We found him in a lovely old French boarding school. Lots of gardens and the whole thing very clean and comfortable, but fearfully different from the old A.A. Ahmed was overjoyed to see us, told everybody: "Voila Maman," as if I were peerless in the world. There were lots of former patients of the A.A. there, and they were glad to see us and tell us everything. Ahmed and Kadraoni kissed each other and he kissed our hands most magnificently. He was already known to every one in the house. He told me privately that they were "tres gentils," but the food was awful, and it wasn't as nice as the Ambulance. I was so glad I could see him, for I did hate to see the old rascal go away. He is coming to see us, when permitted, until he is sent to his depot. Really a great deal of color and light left the Hospital with him. He was so smart and quick to learn everything. And full of humor. Such plans as he makes for me when I shall come to Tunis. He has a fiacre of his own and two white horses and he's to drive me all over town and be at the station to meet me.

Today we had seventeen new cases come in. They were all from Ypres and freshly wounded—that is, within the last four or five days. They had been en route a couple of days, and were in such a sad

exhausted state. Such sights as they were, too. Caked with mud and blood. Clothes torn, all sorts of old rags on to help warm them, and yet patiently enduring, with even a smile when one spoke to them. Three of them looked so old that I asked their ages. They were all of the class 1893—42 years old—and were on the reserve of course. One man showed me his papers stating that he had six children and a wife. But even so he had been mobilized in November, and had been in Belgium fighting since November 20th. Later in the day one of the French officers said that these old reservists had done the finest kind of fighting, and had stood up under a strain that had crumpled the younger regiments. Hence they had been kept at the front. But all the same I don't think it's fair. Those men are *old* at 42. They'll never regain their lost vitality. I could have cried over them.

My new room is fine and large and warm and I'm having real comfort. Only it is very far away. We had Zeppelin signals the other night. All lights, even candles, had to go out, and it was rather thrilling for awhile, but it turned out to be sort of a fire-drill.

Feb. 10th, 1915.

Last week we had a wonderful day here. Dr. C. got up a big clinic to show Sir Berkeley Moynihan and Sir Almoth Wright—yes, dearie, these eyes have seen, these ears have listened to, the great arch-enemy of suffrage. But he knows a lot about wounds. After lunch they all made speeches. Crile's "Vivisection of a Nation" was a masterpiece. Alexis Carel was there too, and Prof. Tuffier. Moynihan, the Englishman, (who is Irish by the way) was the guest of honor, and made the best speech of the day after Crile. Mr. Sharp, the Ambassador came and said a few words.

I bought myself a new hat today. Dark brown straw, a stiff brim, satin top, and a scarlet dahlia for trimming; also around the crown some stuff called "fantasie," which is like aigrettes. It is very smart and affords me much internal satisfaction.

I am taking solid comfort in my room. The evenings are so restful. I can lounge, read, sew, or write. Often some of the nurses, my fast friends, come over to see me. I lunched in town with one of them today, and then we loafed down the Rue de Rivoli, looking in the fascinating shop windows. I bought "King Albert's Book," so don't get it. It is wonderful and I've been shedding tears over it this evening. If I could only care for the Belgians directly—do some work for them, I'd be so grateful. We've been getting some horrible cases from Belgium lately. The fighting around Nieuwport must be ferocious. Some of the worst cases are wounds from hand-grenades, thrown as they rush a trench. They lacerate terribly and always infect.

I've just remembered another picture I think I've not sent you. It's a group that Mr. W. and I

took (on Dr. C.'s money) to the cinema and tea. The Turco on the end is the boy who had the hole blown in his face, who couldn't speak for so long. Dr. B. fixed it wonderfully, but that side will always be paralyzed. The English boy, Brown, is a London East-ender—he had his knee shot open and has been with us over five months. Almost well now, but his knee will always be stiff. The Zouave with the Maroc medal is Isaac Hazan, one of the two Jews in the Hospital. He is a dear. He insists I saved his life, when he had so many hemorrhages. The old tirailleur next to him is the man who wouldn't eat because his children were starving. I wrote you, I think. He is the finest, most dignified Arab in the place. The one on the end is an Arab out of whom I cut a big lead shrapnel bullet. Hazan is making a picture frame for your picture.

(To be continued)

Long Distance Telephone Work as a Vocation for College Women

LOUISE BARBOUR, '04

When I accepted the invitation of your Editor to tell you something of the opportunities for college women in the telephone business, I thought it would be a comparatively easy matter to tell you of my own experience and that of other college women from Vassar, Barnard, and Western Reserve who are engaged in telephone work; but, as I think it over, I find that no two of us have had the same experience, and that I shall have to write a dozen personal histories, or none at all. So I have decided to tell you as briefly as I may what the educational plan of one big public service corporation is and let you be the judge of the opportunity which it holds for you.

In the first place long distance telephone work is not easy to master. In order to be able to operate, employees must first spend seven hours a day for five weeks in the class room and at dummy switchboards, learning to use the equipment, codes, reports, to route calls, etc. At the end of this apprenticeship they are allowed to handle real business during the light hours of the day and return to the class room for further instruction for three hours daily. This part-time work lasts for three weeks and at the end of the eighth week, from the beginning of her employment, the student becomes one of the regular operating force and gradually gains in efficiency until at the end of a year, she is able to handle a regular "load." I learned to operate with a regular class of student operators, and I have taught it to college men when they came into the business, and I have known other college women who have learned it; but, so far as I know, they all admit that it is hard work, and they are not

able to grasp it in much less time than it takes the girl who has had only a grammar school education.

A thorough knowledge of operating and operating conditions is absolutely essential to telephone work, and experience gained at the switchboard is of greatest value to any girl who expects to advance in the business. College women who are now with the Company, have spent as much as three months at this work and, without exception, they wish that it might have been more.

In charge of each group of from six to ten operators is a Supervisor who is immediately responsible for their work. Successful operators who show qualities of leadership are selected for these positions and are given a preparatory training of eight weeks, during which they spend three hours daily in the class room and the remainder of the time in the operating room practicing what they have been taught. While in the operating room they are under the direction of skillful Supervisors. After working for a time at supervising, a girl who shows evidence of teaching ability is ready to become an Instructor. Training classes for Instructors are held about twice a year in New York and Chicago, and last for six weeks. The studies are such as are given in summer courses for teachers, including principles of teaching, methods of teaching, school hygiene, class management, and the making of lesson plans, as well as more technical subjects, such as telephony, the conduct of switchboard practices, etc. During the last four weeks of the course a class of operators is actually trained by the Instructors under the direction of a critic teacher, as is done in a normal school.

After a girl has successfully completed this course, she is assigned to some one of our thirty offices to train operators and Supervisors. Some of the larger offices, such as New York and Chicago, have several instructors assigned to them permanently. In the smaller offices where continuous training is not necessary, the services of a traveling instructor are used.

So far, I have mentioned the courses for operators, supervisors, and instructors. These courses have themselves been developed during the past five years, and additional courses are now being planned for many special classes of work. This development of training courses is especially interesting, and the methods of telephone communication are changing so rapidly and becoming so complicated, that there seems to be no end to the amount of work which must be done, not only in preparing them but in keeping them up to date. The work is exacting, but to a girl of a practical turn of mind and executive ability, it presents many opportunities.

Of the college women who came into the business three years ago, one is now devoting her entire attention to service observing, and hopes to develop a course for training observers during the coming

year. Another is studying the problems of the scientific selection and promotion of employees. A third is teaching in the Instructors' Training School, and a fourth is trying out the course for supervisors which she has helped to develop during the past two years.

Girls from Vassar, Western Reserve, Barnard and Cornell are already in the business, and the success or failure of each depends upon her individual ability and aptitude.

A Social Service Power Plant

THE Y. W. C. A. AT THE EXPOSITION

Take from your library shelf your volume of Alice in Wonderland and a copy of the Arabian Nights. Read again the stories of cabbages and kings, dream palaces and magic gardens, and you will think, not of the days of your childhood, but of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which has just closed. It was such a fairyland of radiant colors, such a wonderful play ground and nine-months' carnival, that one was apt to forget that, after all, it was a work-a-day world. Only upon second thought did one remember that hundreds of men and women did prosy work there day by day. They were busy meeting people, directing, amusing, and instructing the crowds of sightseers.

After a long day of walking from one place to another until feet ached and muscles were weary, one was in a mood to remember that there were thousands of other visitors who needed the common comforts, such as food, quiet and a place to rest.

The Exposition officials realized all of this over two years ago when they invited the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association to erect a building which could be headquarters for all women, whether visiting or employed. The National Board responded by placing in the South Gardens, the building which was a center of comfort and hospitality through all the Exposition months, "A Social Service Plant." An attractive, well-managed lunch-room, where meals could be had at reasonable prices, was deemed the best way of letting the public know of the existence of the organization in so an unusual a place as a big international fair. A writing room and reading room on the main floor offered comfort to tired folk; a rest room was provided on the upper floor, away from the noise and rush of things; and photographs, pictures, and exhibits in cases around the lobby called attention to the work of the Associations scattered over the country. Over 5,000 people a day passed through the building, and an average of 800 question were answered.

Before the Exposition opened it was stated that about three thousand girls and women would find employment in its palaces, State Buildings, and Amusement Zone.

Many of these came from San Francisco and had friends and connections in this region, but a considerable number hailed from long distances, drawn here by the idea that it would be possible to make a generous living in a place where there must be so much work to do. In the matter of employment alone, the Y. W. C. A. was constantly appealed to by girls who were unable to get work and who needed to be helped until they could find some way to return to their homes. In many cases employment was secured for them; in other cases, where illness or some other misfortune had overtaken them, they were tided over and cared for. Considerable actual protective work was done. One of the young women who worked on the Zone went down to live in what proved to be a disreputable part of town because she was trying to live cheaply to save money to get back to her mother. When she found that one of the Young Women's Christian Association secretaries cared enough to get her a good home she said, "It would be mighty easy for any girl to keep straight if somebody cared enough to help her out."

Probably more heart-to-heart talks were held in the employment office than in any other spot on the Grounds. The girls were quick to recognize the genuine interest that was felt in their welfare, and, not only did they tell their troubles, but they were ready to take advice.

A discharged employee on the Exposition Grounds brought a note to the employment bureau from the secretary of her former employer, which read:

"This poor soul is in sore straits. She has planned her life none too wisely. She does not fit into our work and has nothing to fall back on. Feed her on our credit—cheer her up if you can—and love her a little. This morning her baggage was seized for rent. A square meal will give her new courage."

The order was filled in all its details and a position less taxing to an untrained middle-aged woman provided.

The employment office kept careful track of all positions open to women on the Exposition Grounds, and, by wise handling, usually succeeded in fitting the woman to the job. Employers were not asked to take inefficient workers or those unsuited to their needs. As a result of this, the employment secretary was able to place in positions from fifty to seventy women every month. In anticipation of the closing of the Exposition on December 4th, a careful canvass was made, building by building, to ascertain just how many women belonged in San Francisco, and what proportion of these must be provided with work. No one was considered who worked merely for pin money. But, reduced to its lowest terms, there were three hundred women who were either entirely dependent upon their own resources or who, added to this responsibility, had the care of some other person, an old mother, an invalid father, a younger brother or sister. An appeal was made to the

business men of the community to take on an extra worker rather than to use that money in donations to benevolences. They were urged that if there was a choice of two workers, comparatively equal in efficiency, where one desperately needed the work, and the other did not, to see that the one who needed it got it. After each one of the previous expositions, the charges have been brought that large numbers of women and girls have disappeared, supposedly lured or driven into an immoral life. Through the combined efforts of the Travellers' Aid, the Young Women's Christian Association and related agencies, the girls employed at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition were comparatively safe.

Perhaps the most picturesque piece of work which the Young Women's Christian Association did at the Exposition was that which centered around the Club House on the Amusement Zone. This club house was a comfortable summer cottage with a club room furnished in rattan, a rest room, kitchen and lunch room, and best of all, an abundance of hot water, with foot baths for weary feet and tub baths for those girls who had been missing them because they were obliged to live on the Amusement Zone. From the moment that it opened, the girls adopted it as their own. It was their "House of Friendliness"—and they came to it from long distances. A hot lunch was served at any hour of the day at a cost of twelve or seventeen cents. Magazines, flowers, and a piano in the club room, a trained nurse who looked after any ailment that might put a girl temporarily below par, and a friendly atmosphere made one come again.

Nobody had so little time to see the Exposition as the people who worked there. So, for the busy demonstrators, and saleswomen, and cashiers, a series of noon-time talks were arranged, on the architecture and sculpture and meaning of the great Fair. Every Wednesday noon, at ten minutes after twelve, and then again at ten minutes after one, somebody, who was especially qualified to explain one of the courts or buildings, or statues, gave a brief talk to any of the girls who chose to come. They brought their lunches, the Y. W. C. A. sent over thermos bottles of hot coffee; and the whole affair was a picnic, a lecture, and a very good time.

Simple, home-like parties were given at the club house, followed by fun and frolic and opportunity to get acquainted. Over half of the girls who came to these entertainments registered from states outside California. One evening, when the roll call was made of the states of the Union, in response to the word "Massachusetts," nine girls rose in different parts of the room, each of whom worked in a different building, and no two of whom were aware of the other's existence. In the various State parties, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York and Ohio, carried off the palm for the greatest number of repre-

sentatives present. On one evening there was a little girl from Belgium, two from Norway, one from Japan, one from Switzerland, twelve from Hawaii, two from Canada, and one from Australia. One of these girls said afterward, "You can't possibly know how much that frolic meant to me. Why, it's the first party I've been to in five years." She was a twenty-two year old girl who had been supporting herself since she was fourteen, and was now working for one of the telegraph companies and studying stenography and typewriting at night to make herself more proficient; but she was a girl, young, pretty, and wholesome, with a perfectly natural love for fun, and she was fairly starved for the lack of it. The Young Women's Christian Association, through the social side of its work, thus tried to banish loneliness from the hearts of the girls employed at the Exposition, who found themselves far away from home and strangers in a western city.

Kiot and Company

Editor's Note—The following travel notes were made by a Cornell undergraduate, who, with another college girl, went to Wyoming last summer and lived on a ranch. The occasional un-English phrases are Sioux Indian dialect.

On the Muza Chunkoo

The adventures of Kiot and Company began on Saturday, July third, when the dining car was switched off before breakfast, and we hungry passengers were transferred in the middle of a great plain to an ancient and rickety train. Scheduled to leave A. at ten and reach V. by two-thirty, no stopovers. We arrived at seven. Because—the engine would go chugging away by itself to deliver a load of horses here, and a car marked "Explosives" there, or quietly move to the other side of a platform, leaving the coaches helpless and alone for an hour or two. Nobody seemed to mind. Most of the passengers did their household shopping, or walked up and down the track throwing stones at gophers until the engine rattled gaily back. A fat man in the next seat amused himself by eating onion sandwiches—oh sicha shpunh! But when the engineer actually went off to a Fourth of July celebration, life ceased to be funny.

At sunset the train jerked into V., a cluster of ramshackle cabins and tin cans, at the foot of the snow-capped Tetons. And there on the station platform stood the counterpart of Owen Wister's Virginian. Tall, dark, and handsome, in dusty blue overalls and high boots. He carried a letter of welcome from the ranch, explaining that he had been sent to meet us and was a trustworthy man. Kiot

asked if there was time for something to eat before driving to the ranch.

"Yes, seh," was the amused reply. "It's a ten-hour drive and you'll have to spend the night here."

Imagine our astonishment to find a modern building in that forsaken place.

An Elephant and a Bunch of Rhubarb

Off at six. A crisp morning. Trunks and baggage strapped firmly on behind. Passengers huddled up warmly, three in a seat. First there was a long drive up the mountains, where wild flowers alternated with snow along the roadside. A pause for the view from the top of an eight thousand foot pass. And then we slid down into the "Hole." The road zig-zagged, the wagon tipped beyond all belief, one wheel up and one wheel down. Sitting on the outer precipitous edge, Kiot clutched the opposite side of the seat desperately, though it threatened at times to vibrate above her head. A sharp curve in the road and it was Ogahunh's turn to cling to the wagon. Meanwhile the horses rivalled the speed of yesterday's train.

Once in the "Hole" we halted for luncheon. More stages drew up, and we all crowded into the road station cabin, beautifully papered with Sunday supplements. There were almost chairs enough to go around, and each person was expected to serve the dish he found before him. It proved my lot to struggle with the toughest kind of beef. A knife would hardy cut it. I said as much and more, when from the head of the table came deep stentorian tones, "Geraldine, Geraldine, that will do!"

Followed a ghastly silence in which I slowly realized that one of the Reverend's five daughters sitting beside me, was also called Geraldine. She too, had exclaimed over the meat and no wonder, for it was not beef at all, but bear, and tasted oh, so furry.

By two o'clock we were again on our way, jolting across miles and miles of endless sage brush, splashing through streams. There were no bridges. The wagon sank into raging streams, and was dragged up the opposite banks at a nerve-racking angle. It was frightfully hot. And dusty! You could hardly distinguish us from our trunks. We had subsided into brown lumps. No one had spoken for an hour or two, when the Kiot said seriously:

"Do you know the difference between an elephant and a bunch of rhubarb?"

"No," I growled.

"Well then, Ogahunh, you'd be a fine one to send out to buy rhubarb!"

Tipi Tanka

The ranch cabins were grouped along the shore of an exquisite little lake in a cool belt of timberland, chiefly cottonwood and evergreen, carpeted with brilliant wild flowers. Tipi tanka, the big living room cabin, like all the rest, was

built of rough logs, and faced the lake. Behind it, stood the post office with its rows of saddles on the porch. Nearby the kitchen and dining room cabins. Grass-grown ice houses protruded from a hillside. Farther down the shore under the cottonwoods were the cozy little sleeping cabins. Each contained two cots, two deerskin rugs, a fire-place, and a round galvanized iron tub that hung outside. The postmaster brought the hot water every morning.

It was the Virginian's business to corall the horses, mend broken fences, and guide camping parties. In fact he had been everything from a horse wrangler to a taxidermist, he confessed one day, while showing us tenderfeet how to lassoo a stump. But this time, the boss had given him a job beyond his skill, and he "hoped the ladies wouldn't mind." At dinner that night his high boots and dusty overalls were partly hidden by a clean white apron, as he moved awkwardly and solemnly around the table. At times he bent double in silent mirth and retreated hastily behind the door. For the Virginian had a keen sense of humor. Only once did it fail him, and that was before our camping trip.

He had been guiding "two yaps who insisted on taking a wash basin along for one night." We expected to be gone three. So when a little six by eight tent was left before our cabin for blankets and other necessities, we promptly filled it with rolls of blankets, two galvanized iron tubs, a folding chair, tin basin, dipper, looking-glass, and broom. The Virginian came for the tent, examined it carefully, walking round and round it. Then he departed without a smile. And in all seriousness, asked "the boss" please to explain to those young ladies that when they went camping on horseback, they could not take all the things they usually needed.

Death Canyon

For many days Kiot and Company had planned to climb the canyon. At last an auspicious moment. Bright sunshine, blue water, a light wind on the lake. So we started, armed with luncheon, camera, rough sketches of trails, and enough good advice to unnerve the bravest heart.

"The iron boat might sink if the wind shifted."

"Keep close to the shore. Water is much too cold for the best swimmer."

"Perhaps you can make it on foot, but no man can possibly ascend the canyon on horseback."

"They say the wind howls up there like a lost soul."

"And it is rightly named Death Canyon. There are so many wild animals."

"But wild animals never attack unless molested."

"Except of course the moose."

"Yes, moose are always dangerous. Besides attacking with horns, they usually jump on a person and

then scatter their feet. Unpleasant death. So be sure to climb a tree."

"Why trees are no protection against bears. They climb ten feet at the first rush, and then go slowly the rest of the way toward their victims. So why climb trees?"

"Well, don't get lost, and be sure to have a good time."

Thank goodness we were now beyond the reach of well-meant warnings. Yet it required almost two miles of rowing to restore our shattered nerves.

According to directions, we landed by three fir trees, "There, there, and there." Found the trail by the "and." Traversed a maze of swamps and young alders. Approached grassy bank on the right, to the left, was the stream. Trail lost itself in the woods. Next land mark, an old bear pen. Kiot and I separated to explore. Suddenly discovered the horrid object. A pile of heavy logs and the bleached skull, shoulder, teeth, leg, and backbones of a huge Mato, scattered about in lugubrious fashion. It was no place to linger and meditate. Shuddering, we hurried on, only to stumble over the remains of some Shunktosha's dinner, neatly left on a stump. A few feathers and a well-picked claw.

"Courage, mon ami, le diable est mort," cried the Kiot, and went plunging through brambles, out into the sunshine.

We had reached the rock slides at the base of the great cliffs. The rocks were baking hot, and hard to walk on. All shapes and sizes from little ones that slipped under foot and clattered away, to boulders forming caves. Besides the altitude made breathing difficult. And the silence had grown terrifying. Stopped for breath in the shade beyond the first stone slide. A chattering squirrel on a log below the rocks told of the presence of "one of them" walking noiselessly through the underbrush. Our luncheon became tasteless.

"Inockani!" quoth I, and we hurried on toward the head of the canyon. On either side sheer walls of rock towered a thousand feet above us. Behind, the lake had shrunken to a mere pond. And below stretched forest. We ran along the edge of precipices, up slanting rocks, slid down a quaking aspen, and on over more stone slides, interspersed with thick clumps of bushes. While breaking through one of these, the Kiot cried, "To the left, I heard him growl just ahead."

Ogahunh wished to retreat. Kiot scorned the very thought. So on we went, one disdainfully calm, the other singing and whistling in terror—to warn Mato of our approach. He must have been within a few feet of us, dodging behind rocks. And above each rock cave, we seemed to be descending into his lair. Hastily traversed a clearing strewn with pine cones, evidenly his sitting room. Scrambled through brush to drink deep from the icy stream.

"Kokipa ikamoo," jeered the Kiot, and pointed to a footprint in the soft mud. "He is a very little bear after all. Why, he would only wear a five and a half shoe, double E, except of course for the claws."

"Courage," thought I. "Le diable vive encore. It is time to turn."

Back along the banks of the stream we hastened, for the sun had disappeared, and a night in Death Canyon suggested unknown terrors. Sometimes we passed through open spaces covered with pine needles and deer tracks, sometimes through thick underbrush or along the trunks of windfalls several feet above ground. A queer little chuckle behind me. Kiot was nowhere to be seen. She had stumbled and fallen into a hole, arms and legs waving helplessly in air.

More bushes. Many blind trails. Too weary to think. So gave up reasoning and submitting to a strange animal instinct, walked on mechanically. Within a few minutes, we had found the right trail and emerged by the three trees and the boat.

"Excuse Us, Please."

While riding one day, we met a man herding cows. Villainous looking person, rough clothes and a grisly black beard. We watched him disappear over a hill before ascending the same, quite unconscious of the fact that there was a fence beyond the hill against which he was driving the cows in order to turn them. When we were half way up the steep slope the whole herd suddenly appeared on the brow of the hill. No escape. It seemed like our last hour. Fortunately the horses had sense enough to step out of the trail and brace themselves for the stampede. Clinging tight to their manes we were almost scraped from our saddles by the solid, jolting mass of hairy, red backs. When the last cow had charged by, and we were beginning to realize that we were still alive, "Blue Beard" himself rode down the hill. Lifting his hat most graciously, he simply murmured, "Excuse us please!"

Shunkaka Akakapi
Or Things Equestrian

"I have something to say to you," shrieked the Kiot. "We are going away from here—Shunkaka akakapi, which means that each person will ride his own horse to the train. A hundred and sixty miles before Saturday night."

Therefore the horses were corralled and saddled early one morning as if for a camping trip. Trunks were loaded on a prairie schooner. Back of them a cupboard full of provisions opened out into a table. And a coffee pot for quick lunches dangled merrily behind. No wonder that Holmes (was it Sherlock or Burton?) asked to take moving pictures of the cavalcade.

Rode thirty-seven miles the first day. Pitched camp after dark. Were late in starting the next two days. Hence at five o'clock on the

fourth morning Kiot zealously let down the tent poles upon my unconscious head. Everybody else was at breakfast, and the guides had gone off in search of the horses; for although their fore feet had been hobbled to make walking impossible, those homesick Shunkakas had "grasshopped" six miles back along the road during the night.

We finally started at nine. And the continental divide had to be crossed three times that day. It was carefully marked by neat little signs. Near one of these and above a steep precipice our shunkakas encountered automobiles for the first time—sixteen in a row. The last was a Ford.

"Whrrunh!" said my horse, and sat down in the road.

In a narrow gorge, on the last morning, we passed an endless line of stages filled with "dudes." Coming straight from civilization and very much alarmed by rumors of outlaws and holdups. On seeing us, a stout man beside the driver of the stage, threw up his arms and cried, "Take my money but don't shoot."

Instantly, frightened heads popped out from both sides of the stage—Exclamations of surprise and relief. An elderly woman leaned toward us for a better look, and much to the Kiot's astonishment, addressed her thus:

"Why, you're the best looking thing I've seen yet."

Trotted the next ten miles, cantered five, walked five, and cantered, trotted, and stumbled the rest of the way to catch a Muza Chunkoo for the far east.

Good Night

GERALDINE M. WILLIS, '17

Twilight! A haze gathers grey
Soft, like a veil, o'er the hill.
In the low West, one gold cloud
Lingers, lonely and still,
Seeming to pause o'er the valley,
Softly to whisper, "Good Night.'
Good Night, you dwellings and spires,
Tree-tops in clumps dull and dark,
Good Night, you thin, climbing road,
And chequered hill-farms, O hark!
Evening bells ring. One lone bird
Circles. Good Night, then, good night!

Discords

GERALDINE WILLIS, '17

Davis pulled open the door with his free hand and stumbled into the kitchen. He put his dinner-pail down by the window, placed his roll of meat on the spotless table, and hung up his coat behind the door.

"My, ain't it hot!" came a voice at the dining room door. "My, ain't it hot! I've been setting out on the porch fanning ever since I got the raspberries canned and the kitchen cleaned up, but my, what a heat!"

Davis' tired blue eyes looked up at his wife, as he rolled up his sleeves and turned on the faucet.

"What'd you can raspberries a day like this for? You're foolish."

Mrs. Davis swished away a fly from the white oil-cloth as she started to untie the meat.

"Well it's got to be done sometime, and you never can tell in this country whether you'll bile all summer or freeze six days out of the seven."

Davis washed away stoically. The fly came and went under Mrs. Davis' vigilant flurries. A final carefully planned slap and Mrs. Davis sighed in triumph.

"There, the pesky thing's dead at last. My, my, what a heat!"

"Well you get out of this hot kitchen. We don't need the meat for supper anyhow."

"Yes, yes," droned Mrs. Davis wearily. "That's you and Helen to a finish. Always 'what's the use of this and what's the use of that?' and 'set down and take it easy,' and 'don't sweep the porch so much?' I'd like to see you and Helen live here alone for about one week. For my part, I never saw a lazier mortal in my life than that girl. Sets around reading and dreaming, and only practices her piano lessons because she's been brought up on them ever since we've had five dollars ahead. Umph. Bah!" Mrs. Davis wiped the perspiration from her neck with an angry sweep of her white apron. "Brat that she is anyhow! Brat that she is and you know it. Oh, just go on washing and shetting up as usual. Oh, and I have to stand it all!" She sank on a chair and swayed back and forth. Oh, oh, oh."

Mr. Davis dried his hands with a dogged indifference, unwrapped the meat and brought a plate for it out of the cupboard.

Mrs. Davis heard his steps toward the ice-box and hastened after him.

"John, John, ain't you got no sense? Fetch that right back here. That meat's for supper."

Davis paused, one hand on the door-knob. "But I thought the heat—"

"Thought nothing," snapped Mrs. Davis. "Land what gratitude! You and Helen; yes, you and that hussy. Here I slave, washin' and ironin' n'd cookin' and sewin'

for you two, and then because it happens to be a little warm you think I won't do my duty and git you the supper I've been gitting every day for ten years straight this July—ever since they brought her to the door-step that night. Oh, oh!"

Mrs. Davis was really sobbing now, sobbing the hot, heavy tears of a tired woman.

Mr. Davis brought back the meat, pulled the frying-pan out on the stove and dropped in a piece of butter.

She rose and took the knife from him mechanically. "A lot she cares for us!" she continued, " a grateful piece she is!"

Mr. Davis stumbled out of the room and out to the vine-shaded porch. Slowly he pulled out his pipe, filled it, trained up some of the vagrant honey-suckle, then settled back in the willow rocker with a dull thump. He uncreased his paper, pulled forth his heavy rimmed glasses and became engrossed in the court proceedings.

A little girl of ten or thereabouts skipped up the walk under the pear tree. She wore a pink, stiffly starched dress with a big, snowy collar. Her hair bobbed up and down in six or eight rebellious corkscrews—curls, her mother called them. She had pale blue eyes and pink cheeks, a nose that tipped too much, and a chin that puckered in to a pretty dimple when she smiled, but at other times sagged a little beneath a rather winsome mouth.

Helen tripped up the steps with her brown music satchel.

"Helen, wait, Helen," her father looked up as she turned with her hand on the knob.

"Better go in the kitchen and help mamma. She's pretty tired out with so much hot work to do."

"A' right," murmured Helen, and Mr. Davis heard the thump of the music satchel on the cabinet and Helen's light feet hurrying kitchenwards.

In two minutes Helen appeared at the door with her grey kitten in her arms. "She don't want me to," she stated laconically.

Davis puffed out a cloud of tobacco, answered nothing and handed Helen the comic picture sheet. Then, "I guess we'd better not go to the picture show to-night," he said, "mamma's too tired."

Helen pouted.

"Supper's ready!" came a high-pitched voice from the dining room.

Davis rose stiffly to go in. Helen stopped to settle the cat on a red porch pillow.

Together they entered the stuffy dining room, and in silence the meal was begun.

Mrs. Davis' face still showed traces of tears, but it wore the determined expression of a martyr.

"Helen," she began, as she picked a tiny fleck of grass from the strawberries. "I ironed your white embroidery dress this afternoon, and you wear that now while this hot weather lasts. What do you owe Miss Smith now?"

"Four dollars for lessons and seventy-five cents for music," stated Helen, taking a large bite from her piece of chocolate cake.

"I'll give you the money the next time then," answered Mrs. Davis. "Now don't let me forget it."

The silence was unbroken for a while.

"Why, Helen," Mrs. Davis exclaimed irritably, "how you've mussed your curls. Looks as though you'd slept in them. What a girl you are! Well there's nothing to do but for me to get right at them after supper, and comb 'em and put 'em up again."

"I don't want you to comb my hair now. You hurt it so, an'—I'll comb it in the morning."

Sleeping lights woke in Mrs. Davis' eyes. "Well, I guess I know when your hair needs to be combed. Do you think I'll have you going out on the streets and having people think I combed your hair when it looks like that! The idea! After the hours I've spent combing and curling that head of yours, that you can answer me like this!"

Helen was whimpering. Mr. Davis set down his cup and pushed back his chair.

"Now, look here, Amelia. There ain't no sense in taking on this way. It ain't reasonable."

"Yes," flashed Mrs. Davis, "that's the way; take her part and I'll be the martyr. I've always been!" She snapped the words out with bitter intensity.

Davis fumbled at the window shade in a dazed sort of way. He only knew that it was very suffocating and that Amelia "should go out on the porch and set down." Helen cried loudly and soon forgot what she was crying about.

With a low moan Mrs. Davis threw her apron over her head and sank in a bowed heap in the nearest chair.

Davis was conscious of leading out the sobbing child by the hand; of the long dark stairs; of Helen's haunting grasp upon his wrist as he stopped to straighten the sheet over his "little gal."

It was evening now. Davis had filled his pipe twice. The moon had climbed slowly over the topmost limb of the silvered pear tree. Davis vaguely envied the peace of the still moonlight and the droning crickets. Why did he see always those small fingers clutching the corner of the white counterpane instead of a mother's hand? He wondered if the grey kitten had missed its saucer of milk by the well-curb. He wondered if Amelia were asleep; everything was so quiet.

He would see; he started indoors quietly. "Poor Amelia." It was hard to understand children when they weren't your own; and Amelia always did fly off so at nothing. But why had she taken the baby then? It hadn't any claim on them. To be sure it had been kind of a pitiful specimen of humanity that July morning, with its thin fingers

and mournful eyes. But Amelia was bound to adopt it.

At the dining room door he hesitated. Amelia might be asleep.

At the window, the velvet leaves of the potted geraniums quivered fitfully. At the refreshing breath Amelia raised her haggard face, her eyes welcomed the still flood of moonlight. She rose stiffly and crept nearer to the gliding curtains.

Outside the sky glowed with stars. The odor of dewy grass and moist warm earth came up to her. Crickets chirped fervently, fireflies twinkled. Amelia caught her breath. She leaned further out.

"Oh, God! I have worked—so hard! I've got to for someone, something—it's right for me, and I want to, I must—but—oh, God—" and the lips half moaned,—"if You'd only given me one of my own!"

In as much as it has seemed best to an all wise Providence to take from this life, our dear friend and classmate, Barbara Boynton, be it

Resolved that we, the women of the class of 1917 of Cornell University, do hereby express our sorrow and extend our sympathy to her family and furthermore be it

Resolved that these resolutions be kept in the class records and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

Americana

LILA V. STEVENSON, '16

We may never rival the Widow,
We may never reach the Sun,
But isn't the Widow a woman?
And aren't we all but sons?
Then let us feel no yearning
That the *Women's Review* have fame:
We shall all be equal when burning—
After all, what's in a name?

The foregoing lyric was received a short time ago at the office of *The Cornell Women's Review*. Such appeared its subtlety that the editors, confessing themselves unable to grasp its full significance, caused it to be read to certain persons of taste and insight, who pronounced it an epigram worthy to rank with the most perfect of Martial. But though of one mind about its merit, these persons offer explanations so radically different as to prove it imbued with that highest poetical quality of lending itself to interpretations as complex and manifold as human nature itself. For this reason the editors concluded that only through ignoble diffidence could such a poem be suppressed, and that their strong preference for understanding what appears in these columns must here give way to higher considerations.

Yet they could not feel that their duty was thereby fully discharged. To entrust to the ephemeral sheets of a college publication a poem of such mystic power, would be to rob the posterity for which we live, and move, and have our being. After due deliberation, therefore, the editors formulated a plan by which the production is to be preserved, to cast its spell over the minds of men when the hand that traced it has long lain idle. Enclosed in a small iron box, it has been deposited in a niche cut in the wall of the Library foundations. There it will lie as the centuries roll on when Cornell shall be no more, when the hills once trod by restless students, heirs of the soft-footed red men, shall feel the weight of a new race, and echo the speech of a people yet unborn. And when in the fullness of time another university shall rise, Phoenix-like, above Cayuga, then, and then only, will its full import be given to the world.

Discovered by workmen clearing away the debris of the ancient building, it will be handed over to the department of Archeology, who will avouch its genuineness as a production of the buried American civilization in the period of the Early Republic. Then will begin the solution of the mystery too deep to be solved by this age of

materialism and strife. The Comimttee on Studies in Ancient English will assign this poem, or portions of it, to the most acute and scholarly of its candidates for doctoral degrees, and that which was hidden shall be made manifest.

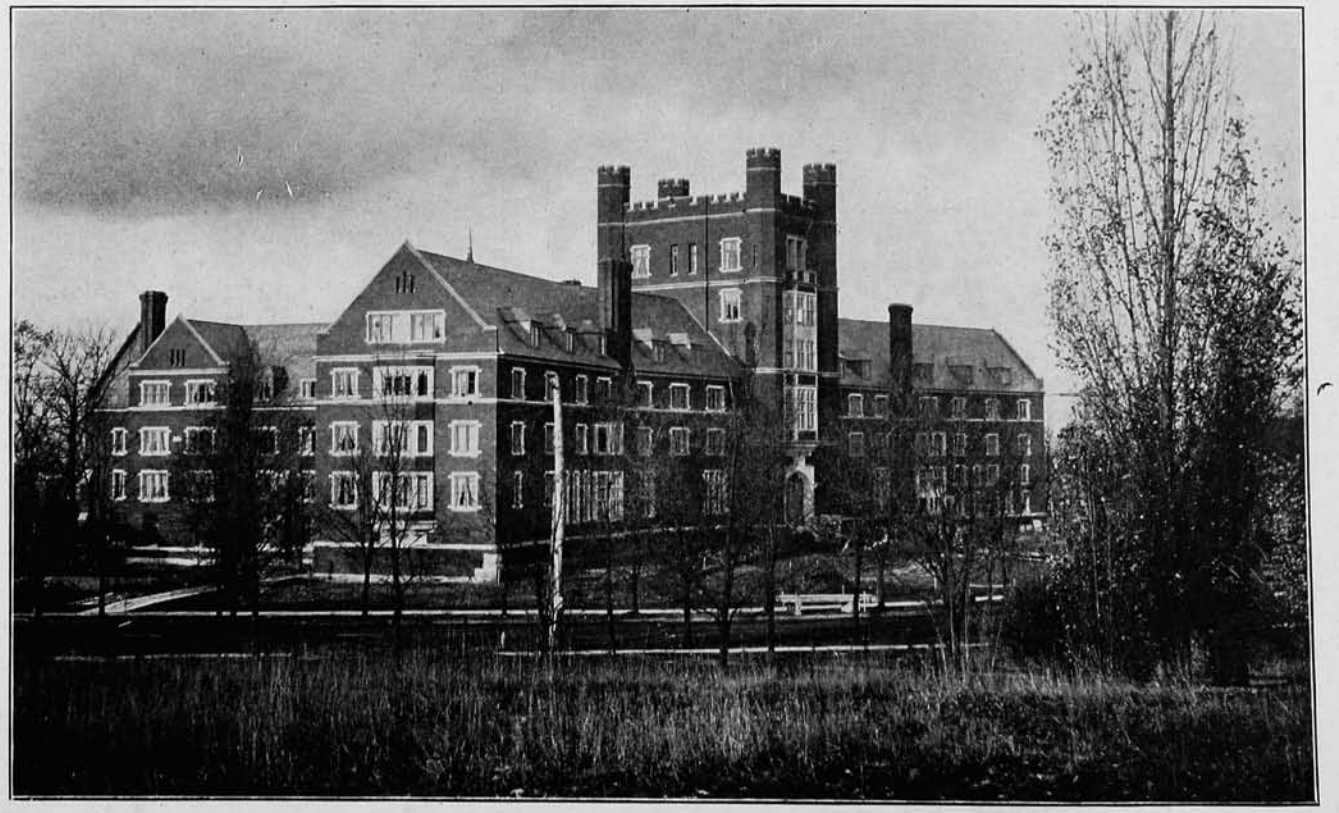
For this minute study several avenues of approach are open. The text alone presents certain difficulties upon the solution of which will depend the interpretation of a number of fragments believed to belong to approximately the same period. What, for instance, was the principle of capitalization in Ancient American (a dialect bearing a striking resemblance to Ancient English)? Again, had rhyme been discarded as an unnecessary adjunct of poetry (as would seem to be the case from a fragment of the writings of an English epic poet)? Or is there authority for a similar pronunciation of the *ear* and *ur* of the fifth and seventh lines respectively, especially since the sixth and eighth lines are almost certainly intended to rhyme? Then there is the grammatical question of the declension of nouns. Was, or was not, Ancient American a highly inflected language? Since there is clearly some connection between *widow* in the first line and *woman* in the third, may we not postulate a similar connection between *Sun* in the second line and *sons* in the fourth? If so, the principle of umlaut would seem to be here operative, as in the words *woman* and *Women's;* but why is the singular in one case capitalized, and in the other the plural? And what is the significance of the diacritical mark over the word *Women's,* which also appears in the word *what's* in the last line?

But these matters of textual criticism are relatively unimportant when the spiritual contents have been examined. For within the compass of these eight lines is to be found so much condensed symbolism that the poem may well be looked upon as an epitome of this vanished civilization, a key to the thought of ages which sank beneath their own weight. As yet only a fraction of this significance can be apprehended; but that fraction is enough to open vistas into the philosophical, religious, and social life of this ancient race. The second line in particular would seem to attest a theory recently advanced as to the hybrid nature of the religious cult of America in the time of the Republic. The reference to Sun-worship is obvious; the interesting feature of the line is the suggestion of the doctrine of a certain Plato, whose lost works seem to have treated of a theory of approximation. This notion becomes even more interesting in connection with that peculiar line, "We shall all be equal when burning." Puzzling as this statement is (partly because of the word *equal,* apparently of great significance in Ancient American, but defined in no extant fragment), it indubitably points to a belief in future punish-

ment: for it is well known that the Ancients conceived of the sun as a revolving mass of fiery gases to which all things (including, therefore, the souls of men) were drawn by a force called attraction, or gravitation.

So much, then, for the philosophical, religious, and scientific import of the poem. The problem of the social life here mirrored is even more interesting, but correspondingly more subtle. There is of course some significance in the proximity of the nouns *rival* and *Widow*, but the meaning of the second and third lines is not quite clear, while the fourth line, which is probably the key to the whole passage, is thought to be corrupt.

As for its relation to other fragments of this ancient literature, the poem would seem to contain at least three allusions to other authors. Of these the best authenticated is that in the last line, *What's in a name?* contained in a fragment, one line and a half long, of what seems to be a treatise on floriculture by a person who among the ancients enjoyed greater reputation for versatility than for scholarly accuracy. The word *fame* in the sixth line has been the subject of much dispute because of its occurence in the fragment, "fame * * * * * * * that last infirmity of noble minds," in which it appears to have a pathological connotation. But the most interesting reference is that in the first line. Is it possible that *Widow* is the name of some literary production of great merit, as the context might imply? So facinating has this peculiar theory become to certain commentators that they have been at great pains to prove their thesis, and it must be admitted that a discovery recently made near the site of the ancient building lends an air of probability to the conjecture. This discovery is part of a sheet, miraculously preserved, bearing the heading, *The Widow*. But if the critics who maintain that this sheet was probably torn from some publication of the ancient university, will consider the crudity of the sketch in the upper right hand corner and the amatory and convivial nature of the partially preserved lyrics, they will be convinced that this fragment belongs to a later and degenerate age, and can on no trustworthy authority be assigned to the brilliant period of civilization to which this poem belongs.



THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

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Once upon a time Mrs. Grundy frowned on girls who went to college, even if it was to women's colleges. Some there were, of course, who had so far forgotten their place in the natural scheme of things as to want a share in the broader curriculum of the great universities for men; but these were really not mentioned in the best society.

Past History

Hence it was decidedly not the fashion for girls to come to Cornell. Those who came here had only intellectual desires to satisfy, and they were women of independent character. They had to be; for the spirit of opposition was strong. That was to be expected. They entered a community of young men, and it is a fact that the more recently a boy has graduated from knickerbockers, the more tenaciously does he cling to mediaeval notions of woman's sphere, and masculine prerogatives. But those pioneer women students were not too deeply concerned, and it is because of their persistence that the girls of today to do not have to exert themselves for an education on equal terms with men.

Time has changed the views of Mrs. Grundy, time is even changing the attitude of Cornellian youths; although the schoolboy spirit is still with us, and does occasionally manifest itself. However, it is only a question of momentary irritation. But, no matter how much we may condemn the shallow reasons which led to the social estrangement of Cornell men and women, we must admit that

Present

the condition itself had obvious advantages. Cornell was spared that undesirable feminine element which comes to college least of all for the sake of intellectual attainments. It was spared the distractions which make the social whirl so serious a problem at Western Universities. Cornell women had reason to be proud of their academic standards, their standards of health, and the num-

ber and excellence of their extra-curricular activities. The past tense is perhaps not justifiable; but we have to consider certain disquieting facts. is not justifiable; but we have to consider certain disquieting facts. This year the list of women students likely to fail in their mid-year examinations is longer than ever before; and this year the doctor's office reports too many cases of physical breakdowns. It is a triangular situation; physical, academic, and social sides have to be considered. No one side can be lengthened except at the expense of the original proportions. The number of those who fail, academically or physically, because of over-indulgence in social diversions is relatively small. We know that. But it is increasing; there is the point; and if something is not done while the conditions are still under our control, we shall soon find ourselves in the predicament of Western Universities.

What that "something" must be is debatable. Certainly we do not care to return to the armed neutrality state of the past, even if such a thing were possible. There is absolutely no reason why Cornell men and women should not maintain high academic standards, and still find occasion to amuse themselves in each other's society. We only want to guard against those who put amusement before health and before university work.

University Material

Student Government called a meeting not long ago for the purpose of considering these questions. Student Government seemed inclined to think that it was simply a matter of encouraging individual personal responsibility. That is true, of course, generally speaking. But when girls arrive at college age without *any* guiding sense of personal responsibility, it is very often too late to inoculate them with it, too late, even for the best of Student Governments. Such cases are admittedly in the minority. But it is a loud, a conspicuous, a very much talked about minority; and it has a most undesirable influence on the attitude which entering classes take toward our system of government. Everything turns on the fact that some girls are not university material. They enter by the fatally easy certificate road, and, once here, they hang on because of ill-timed professorial pity—always to be reckoned with as long as the faculty is composed entirely of men. It is nothing against a girl that she is not good material for Cornell. It simply means that she would be better off somewhere else, perhaps at a women's college, or perhaps not in college at all. There ought to be some authority which could give such a girl an honorable dismissal, for her own sake, and for the sake of others. This decision should be based only on facts. A record exists of social engagements, the register for diversions outside the Halls, and the proctor system for those inside. The academic record is

available; and, from now on, there will be kept a strict physical record, based on examinations. Every girl, whose physical grade is below B minus or C, will be watched. If these records, academic, physical, and social, give the same testimony in regard to a girl's unfitness as university material, this ought to be considered evidence enough for dismissal.

It is not a question that can be settled off-hand, but it has grown important enough to warrant some definite action. Student Government has been told that unless the women themselves make a radical attempt to solve the situation, other authorities will; and probably in a drastic fashion.

Alumnae Opinion Alumnae have a saner and more impersonal point of view than undergraduates, whose appreciation of values is necessarily somewhat biased. Therefore we want our graduates to express themselves on the question of what to do with girls who are not university material. Student Government will be glad to receive letters of suggestion, and *The Review* will be glad to print them. It is a very real issue, and a decision has to be made. Shall we continue to make rules unheeded by the minority for whom they are intended, and irritating to the majority who do not need them; or shall we take the simpler means of removing the cause?

ACTIVITIES

A mass meeting of the Women's Student Government Association was held in Barnes Hall, January eighth. Mrs. Martin spoke briefly on the subjects of scholarship and good health. A discussion of the proctor system followed, and it was voted to have an election on January tenth, to decide the question of "personal responsibility vs. the proctor." The results of this showed an overwhelming majority in favor of the proctor system.

The Women's Student Government Association will hold its second annual Vocational Conference in Goldwin Smith A, on Tuesday and Wednesday, January 18th and 19th. On Tuesday at 2:00 p. m., Mrs. Martin will speak on the subject, "What Cornell Women Are Doing." Following her, Miss Mary Gilson, of Cleveland, Ohio, will talk on "Industrial Welfare Work." Miss Beulah Kennard will close the session with a talk on "Salesmanship." The conference will be resumed at 7:30 p. m., when Miss Emma Gunther will speak on "Institutional Management." Dr. H. H. Crum on "Public Health Work," and Miss Margaretta Landman, formerly connected with Sleighton Farms, on "Institutional Agriculture." The second day there will be only one session at 2:00 p. m. At this time "Corrective Work" will be discussed by Mrs. Falconer of Sleighton Farms, and "Educational Work" by Dr. Coursault of the University Faculty. The conference will close with a talk on "Social Service and the Y. W. C. A." by Miss Mary A. Dingman of the extension department of the national Y. W. C. A.

Basketball practice is being held four times a week in Sage Gymnasium. Alma Wichelms, '15, is acting as coach, under the direct supervision of Dr. A. A. Sharpe, who is particularly interested in the women's basketball squad this year. The Armory has been used for practice twice, but it is difficult to find suitable times which do not conflict with the men's practice. After Christmas, the squad was cut from 106 girls to 60. The class squads have been divided into temporary teams in order to facilitate practice and improve team play. At present, men's rules with limited territory are being used.

Training rules have been formulated as follows:

1. Each girl must have three regular meals per day.

2. Nothing may be eaten between meals except fruit. No candy is permissible.

3. No stimulants, such as coffee, tea, soda, etc., are to be taken. The girls may drink milk and cocoa.

4. An average of 8 hours sleep is the minimum required; nine is recommended. After the beginning of the second term, all candidates must be in bed by 10 p. m.

5. Any girl who cuts practice except for sickness, will be dropped from the squad.

A training table is to be started in both Risley and Sage very shortly.

The finals will not be played until March. It has been proposed that instead of having finals and semi-finals as in former years, a series of six games be played, which will give each class an opportunity of playing with the other three. This has not been definitely decided as yet.

A combined Play Hour and Pageant Party were held in the Armory, Wednesday evening, January twelfth. Miss Ruth Atkinson of Wisconsin University, who is now teaching at the Ohio State Normal School, spoke on "Physical Work in the Public Schools." Her talk was illustrated by the members of the Junior and Senior Gymnasium classes. The rest of the evening was devoted to preparations for the Pageant. Araminta McDonald, '17, chairman of the committee, outlined the plans as already decided upon, and then introduced Miss Marjorie Barstow, '12, who gave a detailed account of the subject of the Pageant. Mrs. Emma Gibbs of Boston, the Pageant Director, then spoke about the work which the undertaking would entail, and gave several exhibition dances. The evening was concluded with dancing. About four hundred women were present.

Indoor tennis will be added to the list of athletics here if enough people are interested to make the plan feasible. A net will be put up in Sage Gymnasium, which will enable tennis experts to keep in practice during the winter months.

The Pageant will be held on the Women's Athletic Grounds on May 26th, the Friday before Spring Day. Araminta McDonald is chairman of the committee, which has it in charge. Miss Marjorie Barstow, '12, who is at present studying for a Ph. D. at Yale, has written the story, which has an Old English setting, and will represent the town plays given by the Guilds before the populace. It will open with a dance of the peasant folk, which is rudely interrupted by the town crier who comes to announce the scenes of the plays which are to follow. These are all symbolic of some line of work done by the women at Cornell. The first scene represents Agriculture, and is based on the old proverb of the woman, who did all things well within the house and without. An English princess practicing the art of healing, and a Venetian Law scene show the early forms of Medicine and Law. The work of the women in Architecture and Landscape Art is interpreted by a scene concerning the building of

the Hanging Gardens by the famous princess of Babylon. The final scene for the Arts College, depicts Plato's ideal republic, where men and women share alike in the affairs of state. The pageant will close with a procession by the entire cast.

Mrs. Emma Gibbs, of Boston, has been secured as Pageant Director. Mrs. Gibbs has had extensive work in professional coaching, having taught in the Lanier Camp, and assisted Professor Baker of Harvard in the presentation of Old English Plays. She is at present teaching in the Boston School of Dance. She was here for about a week early in January to organize the dancing, and will return the first of May to round out the work. During her absence, Bonnydell Karns, '16, and Viola Dengler, '16, will have charge of the dances.

Miss Nye, Professor Young, Professor Curtiss, Professor Bristow Adams, Professor J. Q. Adams, and Professor Brauner are acting as Faculty Advisors to the committee.

The women's Dramatic Club will present Barrie's four-act play, "Quality Street" in the Lyceum Theatre, Friday evening, February 25th. The cast and understudies are as follows:

Valentine Brown	Virginia Van Brunt, 17	Henrietta Ely, '17
Ensign Blades	Jean D. Holmes, '16	Frances Rosenthal, '16
Major Linkwater	Florence Boochever, '18	Mary Dickey, '18
Lieut. Spicer	Florence Faulhaber, '16	Adelaide Mifflin, '16
Major Bubb	Gertrude Huth, '17	Eleanor Fish, '19
Recruiting Sergeant	Henrietta Ely, '18	Laura Miller, '16
Master Arthur Tonson	Dagmar Schmidt, '18	Marjorie Sewell, '16
Miss Phoebe Throssel	Florence Wilbur, '16	Emily Schultze, '17
Miss Susan Throssel	Katherine Lyon, '16	Marion Lowe, '17
Miss Willoughby	Julia E. Smith, '16	Ruth Chappelle, '17
Miss Fanny Willoughby	Mary Larkin, '17	Gladys Bleiman, '19
Miss Henrietta Turnbull	Emma Townsend, '19	Maude Ellis, '16
Patty	Margaret McClanahan, '16	Joanna Donlon, '18
Willie Smith	Vi Graham, '18	

At a meeting of the club with Professor M. W. Sampson and the various Faculty Chairmen, in Risley Recreation Room, Friday evening, January 14th, plans were made for a ticket selling and a poster competition. A prize of $5.00 has been offered to the girl selling the greatest number of tickets over $50.00, with a second prize of $2.50. For the best poster submitted, a prize of a two and a half dollar gold piece will be given. The awards in this competition will be made by a Committee of Faculty from the College of Architecture.

Since this public performance is an experiment on the part of the Dramatic Club, the support of all the women undergraduates and Alumnae is necessary to make it a success. The expenses of the production, including a fifty dollar royalty, the rent of the Lyceum

and orchestra, and the costuming, will be very high, and the theatre must be filled in order to secure large enough financial returns. The price of seats will be $1.00 $ .75 and $ .50.

Frigga Fylge will take an active part in Farmers' Week, to be held by the College of Agriculture, from Feb. 7th to Feb. 12th. A lunch counter will be placed in Main Ag. and home-made candy and cake will be for sale in the Domecon building. The proceeds of these will go towards the club house fund. In Kermis, the annual Agriculture entertainment held at this time, the society will present a musical comedy, particularly suited to Domestic Science, entitled, "Omelet and Oatmelia."

ALUMNAE NOTES

'02—Elizabeth Peabody is teaching a special class under the modified Gary system at Utica, N. Y.

'05—Katharine Emily Selden Kniskern is living in Kansas City, Mo.

'06—Mildred McKay is doing kindergarten work in a settlement house in Auburn, N. Y.

'07 sp.—Mrs. Gertrude McElfresh is Dean of Women at the University of Oregon at Corvallis, Oregon.

'09—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Burrell (Lois Wing, '09) a daughter, Elizabeth Louise, on April 22, 1915. Mrs. Burrell has been elected Treasurer of the Board of Child Welfare in her county. She has recently been visiting her family in Ithaca, N. Y.

'10—Grace Arthur has become a secretary in the administration offices at Wellesley College.

'10—Ethel H. Baker has been living at Winterport, Maine, since the death of her father, Dr. John Henry Baker, December 22, 1915.

'10—May Blitzstein is teaching English at the Philadelphia Normal School for Girls.

'10—Kitty Eaton Nicholls announces the birth of a son, Charles Eaton Nicholls on Nov. 7th, 1915. Mrs. Nicholls is living at Hackensack, N. J.

'10—Rae Selecter is teaching History in the William Penn High School of Philadelphia.

'10—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Montgomery Cooper announce the marriage of their sister, Laura Turner Cooper, '10, to Mr. Austin Patterson Evans, on Tuesday, the 28th of December, 1915, at Bridgeport, Conn. At home after March 1st, at The Trossachs, 106 Northern Ave., New York City.

'11—Edna Foster is doing clerical work for the secretary of Cornell University.

'11—Elizabeth Genung is instructor in Bacteriology at Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

'11—Helen Scheldenberger is teaching in the Girl's High School at Philadelphia, Pa.

'11—Nancy McFarland is studying at Columbia University.

'11—Vinyla Spencer is teaching Latin and German in the Greenwich High School at Greenwich, Conn.

'12—Ethel Bailey is assisting her father ex-Dean L. H. Bailey in the revision of his encyclopedia of Horticulture.

'12—Miss Katharine Donlon is doing secretarial work in Utica, N. Y.

'12—Mabel Dominick is filling a professorship in German at Drury College, Springfield, Mo.

'12—Mabel M. Hunt is teaching in the Morris High School and also studying for an M. A. degree at Columbia University.

'12—Paula Kiso is now secretary of the Studio Club, New York City.

'12—Mildred Louise Murphy and Harry P. Brown were married at Phoenix, N. Y. on Sept. 27th, 1915. Mrs. Brown was formerly a teacher of English and German at Pulaski High School, N. Y. Mr. Brown was an instructor in Botany at Cornell for several years and was then appointed assistant professor of Forest Botany in the State College at Syracuse, N. Y., which position he now holds. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are living at 687 Allen St., Syracuse, N. Y.

'12—Jean Findley Potts is teaching at the Bennett School, Millbrook, N. Y.

'12—Margaret Mandeville Warren (Mrs. Monroe), who has been visiting at her home in Ithaca, N. Y., has gone to Minneapolis, Minn. to live.

'13—Ruby Ames is teaching at Southhampton, Long Island.

'13—Mary Louise Austin, is principal of the Parental Home School at Ormsby Station, near Louisville, Ky. This home and school is an adjunct of the Juvenile Court of the city. Miss Austin lives at 1150 East Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky.

'13—Norma Clark Barr is instructor of Philosophy and English in Connecticut College for women at New London, Conn.

'13—Abbie Dibble is engaged to be married to Mr. Thomas Cross, '14.

'13—Eleanor Dressler is teaching Domestic Science in Cleveland, Ohio.

'13—Dora Earle is instructor in Domestic Economy in the University of Wisconsin.

'13—Gertrude Marvin is managing her father's floral business in Kingston, Pa.

'13—Cecelia McKay is House Superintendent of the Studio Club in New York City.

'13—Harriet Waterman is in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company, New York.

'13—Anna Seipp is teaching English and Drawing in Hempstead High School, Long Island.

'13—Dorothy Wilson is private secretary in the brokerage office of Jones & Baker, 50 Broad St., New York City.

'14—Grace Bristol is superintendent of the Dryden Road Cafeteria, Ithaca, N. Y.

'14—Myra McNichol is employed in The Guaranty Trust Co., New York.

'14—Colena Michael is teaching Biology in the Huntington High School at Buffalo, N. Y.

'14—Mr. and Mrs. J. Dougherty (Agnes Monteith) have a daughter, Marie Ellen, born May 15, 1915.

ex-'14—Marie Palmer is married to Chester Wells Peck and is living in Cedar Rapids, N. Y.

'14—Adelaide Sisson is occupying her same position, teaching English and Algebra at Canandaigua, N. Y. She expects to attend Summer School at Cornell this summer.

'15—Fanny Boone is teaching Domestic Science in Paterson, N. J.

'15—Regina Brunner is studying at Columbia University for her Master's degree in Arts.

'15—Teresa Cox has accepted a position in Winona, Minn., teaching Physics, Mathematics and Chemistry.

'15—Ruth De Groat is teaching in the High School at her home in Piermont, N. Y.

'15—Ethel Giltner is teaching cooking in the Girl's Training School at Hudson, N. Y.

'15—Clara Graeffe is doing secretarial work in New York.

'15—Cecil Hardy is teaching at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

'15—Leonora Holsapple is teaching English and German in the High School at Athens, N. Y.

'15—Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Stevens (Norma La Barre), who have been living in Ithaca, are leaving for Alabama, where they will stay five or six months.

'15—Edyth McArthur is teaching Domestic Science in Erie, Pa.

'15—Anna Lockhead is living at her home, 5728 Baum Boulevard, Pittsburg, Pa.

'15—Jane Montrose is teaching Home Making in the Home Economics department of the High School at Kings Ferry, N. Y.

'15—Alice Mehnert is teaching History and English at Erie, Pa.

'15—Katherine Roese has won a fellowship in Psychology to study in the Research Laboratory of the Reform School at Vineland, New Jersey.

'15—Selma Snyder is Assistant Superintendent of the Women Employees of the Western Union Telegraph Co., at Philadelphia.

'15—Helen Updegraff is instructing in the Chemistry Department of the University of Illinois.

'15—Mildred Watt is at her home in Ithaca.

'15—Olive Wilkinson has announced her engagement to Dr. Mortimer Blair of Philadelphia.

'15—Lewette B. Pollock is teaching in Sandusky, Ohio. Address, 503 Jackson St.

'15—Olive McNerny is teaching at Carl Junction, Mo.

'15—Hazel Ormsbee has a scholarship in Sociology at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

'15—Louise Post is teaching Domestic Economy at Dryden, N. Y.

'15—Lewette B. Pollock is teaching in Sandusky, Ohio.

'15—Katherine I. Roese has won a fellowship in Psychology to study in the research laboratory of the Reform School at Vineland, New Jersey.

'15—Florence Rosenthal is teaching in Cleveland, Ohio.

'15—Henrietta Schulman is assistant dietician in the Cumberland Street Hospital, New York.

'15—Selma Snyder is superintendent of the women employees of the Western Union Telegraph Co., in New York.

'15—Helen Updegraff is instructor in Chemistry in the University of Illinois.

'15—Mildred Watt has accepted a position to teach Mathematics in Brownell Hall, Omaha, Neb.

'15—Olive Wilkinson has announced her engagement to Dr. Mortimer Blair of Philadelphia.

'15—Bertha Wood is teaching sewing in the Manual Training High School in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'15—Sara Wilson is teaching English in the Brooklyn High School

'15—Mattie Webb is touring with a Lyceum Co. through Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois under the management of the National Alliance Lyceum Bureau, as soprano Soloist.

'15—Estella Church is teaching Domestic Science at Worcester, N. Y.

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UNIVERSITY NOTES

A military society for the study of "Preparedness" has been organized among the faculty members of the University. On the fourteenth of December a meeting of those interested was called, and about one hundred and ten were present. About eighty per cent signified their desire to study military tactics as a theoretical subject, while many wished to take the actual drill and rifle practice. The work will be carried on along the same lines as that at Plattsburg. Those members taking the actual drill will meet every Thursday evening in the Armory, and twice a month, discussions of some military subject will be held. The subject of the first discussion will be "The Organization, Equipment and Training of the Modern Army."

Lieutenant C. F. Thompson, U. S. A., of the Cadet Corps is the official head of the movement but the administration of the organization is in the hands of the faculty. Professor M. W. Sampson is the president.

Professor H. W. Van Loon, whose lectures in History have been so successful, will continue the series throughout the second term.

Dean Haskell, of the College of Civil Engineering, has been chosen as one of the four members of the board of consulting engineers to advise with State Engineer Frank M. Williams on the work of completing the Barge Canal.

The first three buildings of the University Dormitories for men are now completely filled. These are the first of an elaborate series of buildings, which will number almost forty. Two other buildings are now in the process of construction, and it is expected that one of these will be ready for occupancy by March first.

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of the Department of Semitic Languages, has left for Buffalo, where he will address a meeting of the Investigation Club on "Moliere." From Buffalo Professor Schmidt will go to Albany, where he will give a series of lectures.

Cornell stands second among the Universities of the United States in the matter of income, according to statistics compiled in the World's Almanac. Cornell, with an income of $3,139,530 a year, is surpassed only by Harvard. In the matter of productive funds, however, Cornell stands sixth with an endowment of $14,057,115.

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but in the number of students it ranks but eighth.

Charles Clifford Barrows, M. D., an eminent surgeon, professor of Gynecology at the Cornell Medical College in New York City, died on January second after a short illness. He joined the faculty of the Cornell Medical College when that school was first opened.

A son was born to Professor and Mrs. Charles L. Durham on December eleventh.

Lieutenant H. T. Bull, late commandant of the Cadet Corps, has been transferred from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he was first detailed, to Fort Meyer, Virginia.

Ex-President William Howard Taft, at present professor of law at Yale University, will deliver a series of lectures here under the Goldwin Smith Foundation. The lectures will cover a general course in politics and diplomacy. February 16, 17, 18, and 19, are the dates set for the first four lectures, and the second group of four will be given on May 3, 4, 5 and 6.

By a bill introduced by Senator Lodge in the United States Congress, Dr. Andrew D. White has been named as a director of the proposed American Academy of Arts and Letters.

At the meeting of the American Historical Association at Washington during the holidays, Professor G. L. Burr was elected president. He has previously been vice-president of the Association. Professor C. H. Hull was one of the "committee of nine," which revised the whole government of the Association. This committee played a prominent part in the convention, in which its work was discussed and approved.

Dr. Melvin, of the History Department, is now making plans for special work in the French Revolution course during the second term.

The Publicity Committee of the Cornell Women's Dramatic Club is sending the following letter to the various Cornell Alumnae Clubs:

Dear Alumnae:

This year for the first time in the history of the Cornell Women's Dramatic Club a play is to be presented at the Lyceum on the evening of February 25th, 1916. In order to make this movement a success, the cooperation of every student and alumna is necessary. We hope that if you are planning to come to Ithaca this winter, you can arrange to come at this time that you may be able to attend the production of "Quality Street." If you cannot come yourself, use your influence with some Cornellian who may come.

A carefully chosen cast representative of the best talent among the women is already at work. They deserve the support of every Cor-

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nell student, and whether they get it or not, depends upon you.

If a sufficient number of Alumnae respond, a section in the theatre will be reserved especially for them.

The committee will be glad to furnish full particulars as to the opening of the seat sale, prices of seats, etc.

Very truly yours,

THE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

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THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

VOL. I. MARCH, 1916 NO. 5

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH HOSPITAL
DR. MARY MERRITT CRAWFORD, '04

MODERN PLAYS FOR AMATEURS A. M. DRUMMOND

HOME ECONOMICS IN RELIEF ORGANIZATION WORK
ELIZABETH BANKS, '14

PRUDENCE RISLEY HALL—ITS MEMORIES AND TRADITIONS LILLIAN AVERY, '16

THE CALL OF THE NORTH HELEN BELL, '17

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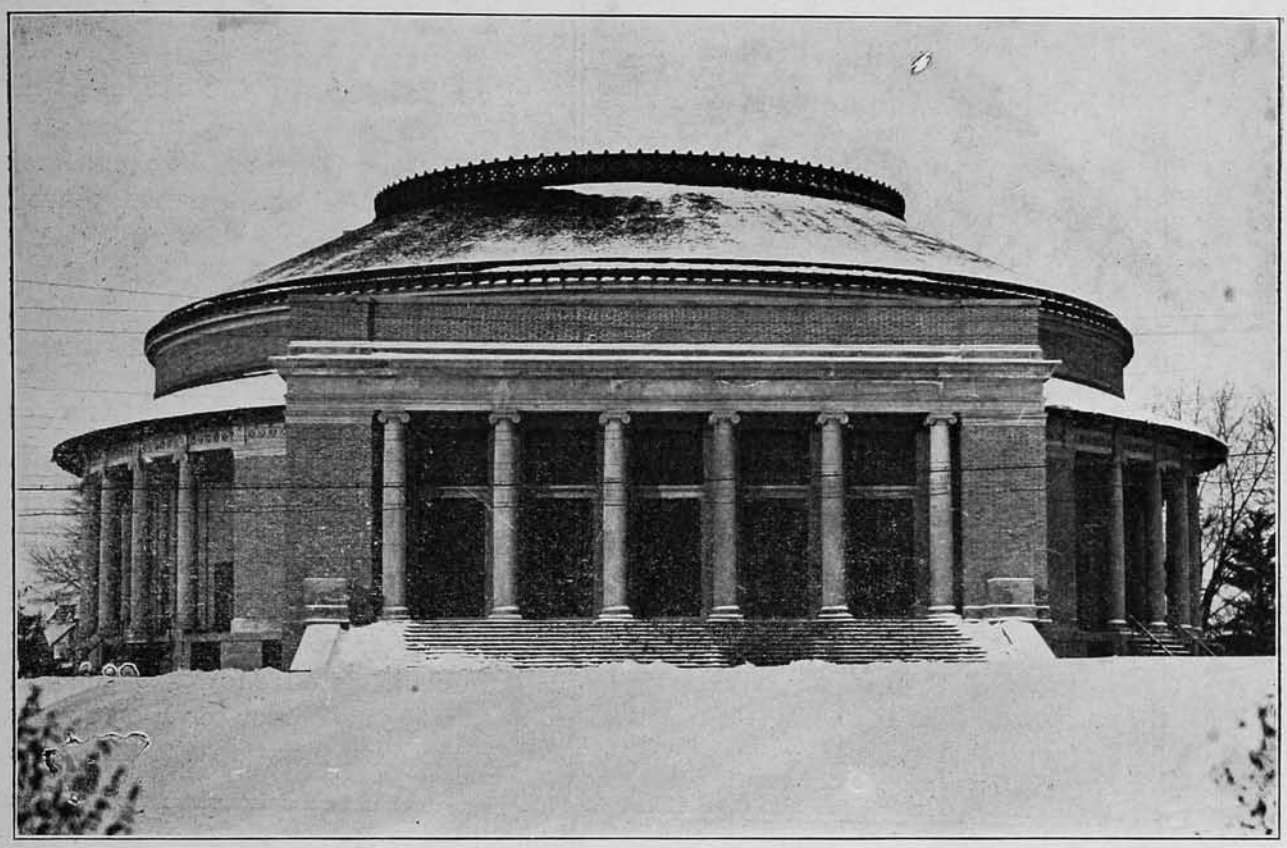

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THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

Vol. I ITHACA, N. Y., MARCH, 1916 No. 5

Letters from a French Hospital

By DR. MARY MERRITT CRAWFORD, '04

Editor's Note:—Dr. Mary M. Crawford, A. B. '04, M. D. '07, was one of the six surgeons, who were sent from America to do hospital work in France. Dr. Crawford has allowed the Review to publish some of the letters which she wrote to her family during her service as house surgeon in the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine.

February 22nd, 1915.

How I do long to have you here with me! It is so untranscribable—the life I live and the impressions I receive. I could laugh and cry with you as I can with no one else. These darling French, with their eyes of children, their sweet, graceful, sunny natures, and their simple courage. People who have lived here for years tell me it is a revelation to them, the present spirit of France, and to me it is the privilege of my life that I can live and work among them now.

I lost a man last week. He developed that deadly gas gangrene and died in about 12 hours. We had operated on him the day before, and thought we'd not only save his life but his leg which was badly wounded. Then the gas gangrene appeared and in spite of everything he went. I was crushed. I can stand the sight of wounds. I can stand seeing them suffer when I know we are helping them, but to see them die—strong men and young boys—it sickens me. He had four children, the youngest only five weeks old, and he was one of four sons—one already dead, one wounded and in another hospital, and one still at the front. His poor old father was a picture of France as she mourns today. Not a complaint, not a bitterness, but oh, the look in his eyes! I shall never forget the looks I've seen here.

Somehow I've not been able to write a word these last few days. I've had plenty to do and I've been tired at night. We all discuss the chances of the United States being dragged into the War. Every day we rush for the papers to see how many more ships have been torpedoed. It is a ghastly business

all around. I'm glad I'm not planning to come home yet, for I'd hate to be blown up. How awful it would be if an American ship were destroyed and war declared. Many Americans here wish it, for they feel it would shorten the whole thing. Germany would be so much more effectively starved into surrender. But I can't wish anything like that to my country, even though I know her share couldn't be at all comparable with what France and Belgium have suffered. It is all a good deal of a strain however.

Another young doctor is leaving here to go to Servia. I am to have his wards so I shall be very busy.

I have a lovely 17 year old boy in my ward. He is big and dear and he has been in the trenches for over three months. He is fully healed but I have omitted discharging him because I couldn't bear to send the darling thing back to be killed. But now of course he'll have to go.

We are having very cold weather just now. But even so I feel the Spring just around the corner. And Spring in Paris, every one says, is too heavenly for words.

Ahmed came back to see me yesterday. He had every one looking for me and gave no one any rest until I was produced. I love the old rascal, really, and miss him around the house.

My French progresses, especially my accent, or so I'm told. Any way I flounder along and make myself understood. But always I feel 'way back that you should be here, for you could really appreciate living in France.

Last Sunday I passed a Frenchman and his little son, a boy about six or seven. As I passed, I heard this scrap in his high pitched little voice: "Si j'etais soldat"—I smiled and almost cried. Boys are the same all over. Have I told you that French boys salute the wounded as they meet them on the street? It is a touching sight.

March 2nd, 1915.

Last Saturday I took a trip out to Le Vesinet to see one of my men who had been sent there to finish his convalescence. He was lonely because he has no friends or relatives anywhere near, and he has no permission to get out to see Paris, or even to come to see us. Most of the French Auxiliary Hospitals are like this.

I am trying to learn a little Arabic. It is fearfully hard and so easy to forget. It does amuse the men to hear my attempts, too. One's throat has to be made differently, really.

Thank goodness the Dacia has been taken by the French! That is one strain the less. I imagine Germany in spite of her talk means to be very careful not to blow up any American ships. Some of the doctors have been wondering what would happen to the A. A. if the U. S. went to war. They thought it would be taken over by the government and all of them made officers on the medical staff of the

U. S. A. That was all very well for them, but I wondered what would become of me! Would I be made Lieutenant Crawford or fired? The latter, I fear. But to be a lady lieutenant would be very chic.

March 10th, 1915.

We have just received some exchange prisoners from Germany. They have been there for over six months and are all crippled men with lost arms and legs. But oh, so content to be in France again! They passed through Switzerland at night and they tell me that at all the towns, the stations were jammed with people who cheered them, cried over them and stuffed them with food, chocolate, tobacco, and souvenirs. They were laden down. I saw all they had and in each package was a card with the giver's name and some message. I copied a few. Most touching they are, and they show the sympathies of the Swiss. Here they are:

Saluts sympathiques aux vaillants soldats francais.

— — —

Bons voeux a nos amis de France.

Souvenir de leur passage a Lausanne.

— — —

Hommage aux allies de la part d'une dame russe.

— — —

Heroique inconnu, je souhaite la victoire aux petits soldats de France.

Aux vaillants petits pious-pious francais.

— — —

Vive la France! Honneur aux heros!

They have been well cared for surgically but are thin and pale. They say the food was very poor and scanty.

Ahmed is coming back to me. His old wound is giving trouble, and the convalescent hospital is returning him. I'll be glad to have the old villain again. When I saw him the last time, he looked thin. You know, we hear that France will not send any of her native troops back to their homes until the end of the war. So all the poor Turcos, who are so crippled that they cannot go back to the front will have to kick around in depots and barracks until the end. It is hard, but of course one can see the reason. If they go back and start talking about the dead and wounded, and the Germans in the north of France, and at the same time German spies should fan the flame as they stand always ready to do, France might find trouble for her in her colonies. One of the frightful things in this war is the utter disregard of the individual. His private affairs, personal happiness, life itself, matter *nothing*.

March 16th, 1915.

I am more than busy just now. We have had a big consignment of wounded from the Verdun region. All are frightfully wounded and have been evacuated from the

field hospitals, because they had to have beds for other fresher badly wounded. So it goes. An endless procession. I spent most of the afternoon getting the four who fell to my personal care cleaned up and re-dressed. They are so pathetically grateful that it is pitiful. And when they found they could smoke in their beds, their joy was funny. Where they had been it was "defense de fumer," in bed and as they were bed cases they hadn't had any tobacco for some time. Not being ordinary sick people they can smoke even with temperatures. It seems to do them good, in moderation.

My old Ahmed is back and is adding color and light to the house. He is really an engaging and amazing old rascal. He couldn't go back to his old Salle 169 for I was no longer on that service. So I put him in a room of mine nearby. The very first day I was sent for by the nurse, who is a bit of a disciplinarian in a rather aggressive way. She had told him to take off his fez at meals. Ahmed had refused, explaining that it was his religion. She had insisted and said he could have no food unless he did. Whereupon Old Dignity had walked out of the room. I was distressed but secretly sided with Ahmed. I sent for him, worrying about his going hungry. I might as well have saved my worry. After his dignified exit he had hobbled swiftly down the hall to his old room 169 and the men there all shared their lunch with him! Trust an Arab and an old soldier to look after his stomach. Well, Ahmed told me that he'd rather cut his throat than eat without his fez. Said that even in the trenches, he observed his religion. Had fasted 30 days there. (They eat at night however—isn't that a clever way to get around a 30-day fast?) He was quite in the right of course, but to preserve discipline, I changed his room. And now he wears his fez in peace and is happy because he has my only English boy next to him.

Some one took Ahmed to Paris to a concert the other day. He came back fairly twinkling with amusement. He showed me how some man had stood up, waved his arms and shouted out about killing the Germans, taking the trenches, and driving the Boches out of France. Then said Ahmed, all wise smiles and knowingness: "Maman, I wanted to say, 'Gently, gently, Monsieur, s'il vous plait, if you were really in the trenches you wouldn't stand so straight; you'd crouch down like this, and you wouldn't talk so loud about killing the Boches for the Boches would be right over there waiting to kill you.'" Then he added, "It's different in a theatre than in a trench."

Yesterday I took my other three Arabs out for a wonderful party. Nadani has only one arm; Mahomed has only one leg; and Bellamoosa has a broken jaw. We went to the Bois first and saw the

Zoo. It isn't any better than our Prospect Park Zoo, but it delighted my three infants. Just before I thought I should die of the smell, they were willing to proceed. So we went to the huge Ferris Wheel of Paris which has just begun to run again. They almost died of excitement as we went up, and as we began to come down they looked and saw the houses apparently rising up to them! They were very much disturbed and impressed Arabs when we got out and I'm sure they were glad to get their feet on the ground. By this time we were hungry, so tea followed. They ate magnificently, but so neatly, an admiring crowd watching us. On our way home, I saw some lovely balloons, built like Zeppelins. So we each got one and came home in state flying our balloons. We made a sensation. I haven't had such fun since I went to Coney with Kipp. But Ahmed was deeply hurt and jealous until I gave him my balloon. He played with it all day until the English boy as a joke burnt the thread with his cigarette, when whiff! Off went the balloon out of the window and away to Paris. Ahmed has now learned to say "naughty boy." His English improves wonderfully.

I'm startled to find that I've let more than a week go by without telling you all about the Zeppelin raid. Except in my postals to Father, I mentioned that we had thrills. It was a most wonderful occasion. Every one felt that it was worth crossing the Atlantic for just that one night. The bugles blew the alarm about one o'clock. Immediately all the electricity in the A. A. was turned off while in the street men were running around turning off the old gas lamps by hand. Neuilly has not progressed to street electricity. Almost immediately the searchlights were flashing everywhere and the guns of the forts began to boom. Suddenly right over the Ambulance appeared a Zeppelin, lighted by the searchlights. The Eiffel Tower guns began shooting too, and in the dark the trail of the shells could be seen. So the ambulance was shot over in two directions. It was a curious sensation. No fear but tremendous excitement. Lots of us on the Terrasse watching and groaning as we'd see the shots pass too low. Zeppelin No. 1 passed out of sight and then No. 2 appeared, even lower down than the first. I assure you that guns booming in earnest sound very different from practice or salutes. Last sight of all was a flock of biplanes with searchlights on their front, patrolling the sky. We tumbled into bed at last, tired but exhilarated. A bomb had been dropped only three streets away from the Ambulance, so we really were in a little danger. Paris is full of tales about How and Why the Zeppelins managed to get here at all. And some sort of military investigation is going on. The German spy system still works, it appears. Sunday night we slept

peacefully, but on Monday night they blew us out of bed twice. The second time I'd have stayed in bed 'come what may,' if it hadn't been for the 'blesses.' But I knew if we did get hit, everyone would be needed and there would be no time for dressing. Next morning we were all cross and inclined to damn the Kaiser and his air fleet generally. But when the very next night the signals came again we were all furious. It did seem too bad that we could have no rest and not even the excitement of an actual raid. Every one said, "Oh, come and get it over with so we can sleep." As an attempt to scare us it failed dismally. But annoy us it certainly did. And lights have to be out even with no alarm. We use shaded candles and little electric flashes mostly. That's one reason why I haven't written sooner for I've had three very sick men, who have kept me busy in the day time, and at night, no light to work by. For the last few days the wind has been so high that we've been secure against the pests. Don't worry about them as far as I'm concerned.

Two of my men are much better but the third is still very ill. I spend a lot of time with him, seeing him about 11 P. M. and usually get up once in the night. He is a Breton from Finisterre, that tip end of Brittany. His dear old mother and father have come to see him. Mme. Getting sent for them; paid their fare and hotel bills. The old lady can't speak French at all, only the Breton tongue. She wears a sweet, little, old white linen and lace coiffe. They both have wooden shoes, and the old man wears a blue smock and a felt hat with a velvet ribbon hanging down behind. I've taken pictures of them which I hope will turn out well. The whole hospital comes to see them. They have three sons in the war and two are now wounded. They have no news of the third. Six daughters complete the family roll. This boy, Jean, is 27 years old and such a dear. His nurse and I shall be crushed if he dies.

Last week in my old ward, 169, they lost such a dear boy. He had been shot in the head. His people lived in the north of France and had been chased out by the Germans. No one knows where they are now, so this lovely 22-year-old boy died with only strangers around him. My nice nurse, Miss Alt, and her little auxiliary, and all the men of his ward followed the coffin on foot from the Ambulance to the little church of Jeanne d'Arc in Neuilly. The Garde Republicaine turned out as always for a military funeral. And we gave Kadraoni a big tricolor Drapeau to carry. He stood at attention all through the service with the flag drooping over the coffin. In France all the men on the street always uncover for any funeral. For these military ones as they pass the Ambulance, all the drivers and boy scouts stand at attention until the cortege has gone by. It is im-

pressive and touching. Miss Alt says that before they reached the church many strangers had joined. In some way the news had spread that he was without relatives and these strangers felt that they wanted to pay a last tribute. The whole thing affected me deeply. It is so heart-breaking to have these boys die. As for the battle-fields, I can't even let myself think of the slaughter there. The life-blood of France is being poured out. Will it ever end before the utter exhaustion of the fighting nations?

Here we are in the midst of a rush of work that is awful. Not that we aren't glad and able to do all that comes to us, but awful in what it signifies. The fighting in Belgium at present is the most frightful since the beginning of the war. The English, the Canadians, the Zouaves, and at the back, the French territorials are in a death grapple with the maximum force of the German army. For the last five days, the freshly wounded men, right off the battlefield, have been pouring into Paris alone about 500 a day! This is only a small percentage of the whole. We have been taking them in at the rate of 15 or 20 a day, as fast as we can empty our beds, or get extra ones. We are full up now, but each day we send out older cases to make room. We are getting the Zouaves, the best soldiers France has, and generally a pretty nasty proposition to go up against. These men say it is a massacre on both sides. The Allies are so maddened by the asphyxiating gas bombardment which the Germans use that they have thrown off all restraints. Both sides are taking no prisoners. Every wounded or captured man is killed. Think of it! They say they can't spare a man from the defense line to guard prisoners or wounded. The Germans are doing it and using the gas besides. Both English and French have adopted "No quarter." I am sick with the horror of it.

Most of our wounded have inhaled some of the gas and describe how it blinds the eyes and grips the throat. I don't know for certain what it is, or whether in itself it kills. We think it knocks them out, or they scramble out of the trenches and begin to run, and the Germans finish them up. The Zouaves say the Canadians are wonderful, but they also say they have had whole regiments wiped out. Isn't it ghastly? Those fine young fellows from three to four thousand miles away, destroyed like that!

Something must give way soon. If the Germans don't break through toward Calais, they must be driven back. They simply can't keep up this awful slaughter much longer. The men get utterly exhausted. They sleep all the time unless in terrible pain. The wounds are mostly from rifle bullets now, not so often from shrapnel. They are very infected and the awful gas gangrene is appearing again. A great deal of this fighting is on

the Belgian plains—no trenches and very little cover. Just charge after charge, attack after attack. The Zouaves fairly lick their lips as they talk of it and most of them want to get back. The Turcos here yearn for it and are quite sad to think they aren't in it. As for me, my horror leaves me almost speechless. I don't believe that the things I hear, can be.

Paris is so lovely these spring days that I can't see enough of her. There is a gorgeous moon tonight and an aeroplane has just gone by with a searchlight on it, and occasionally shooting a Roman candle of green. It is a lovely sight—though why it is done I don't know.

May 22nd, 1915.

An Englishman here the other day heard two of my old Arabs call me "Maman." He stopped me and said: "Do you realize the compliment you've been paid? An Arab never calls any woman but his mother and those whom he considers sacred and set apart, Maman. It is a wonderful thing if in your work with them they give you that title." Wasn't that nice of him? He said he had lived among the Arabs a great deal. I thought it was very kind of him to stop and tell me this. I don't know who he was but I was duly impressed. I told him I'd never had any trouble with any Arab here, and I haven't. Some people laugh at me for championing them and others make rather annoying remarks, but I don't let it worry me. They are in a strange land away from their people and their customary life, and all I can do to make them happy and contented, I'm going to do. Of course they are like children and have to be disciplined occasionally, and above all you have to be careful to keep all promises and carry out all punishments. You are lost if an Arab finds that he can wheedle things out of you.

My good old Ahmed has had another operation. We cut out his old scar which was very painful. He hated to have it done but finally admitted that I knew best. Now he is fearfully proud of seven stitches, and the necessity of staying in bed gives him a chance to have lots of visitors and attention. He has made you a marvellous bag with "Vive l'Amerique" embroidered on it in Arabic.

Send me word of the Intercollegiate Track Meet, please. I began to think furiously of it the other day, Friday, May 21, to be exact and suddenly realized that that must have been the day of the semi-finals. It popped suddenly into my head out of nowhere. Must be a Cornell victory, I suspect. My Harvard associates didn't take enthusiastically to the idea so I let the subject drop. Could afford to, I thought.

Tremendous events are going on in England, aren't they? The attack on Lord Kitchener makes us all enraged, and yet I think it is the government's fault—not Kitchener's. Never did think much of Asquith. Italy is spinning out her

moment of peace marvelously. Here we all feel the tension, especially the American tension. Whatever is to be the next move in the game, I wish all Americans were out of Germany.

With all this we keep getting rumors from high official sources that on the French front things are going wonderfully. They look for a sudden and complete crumpling up of the German line. The wounded say the same thing as they come in from Arras in a different way. The French are fighting magnificently and are, I believe, a better machine today than the Germans. The waiting and working blindly seem more than we can stand sometimes. I would to Heaven the end were in sight!

Modern Plays for Amateurs

A. M. DRUMMOND

There may be many valid excuses for amateur dramatics. Club, school, setlement-house, grange, church,—any organization knows sufficiently the base commercialism of the theatre to utilize a "play" as the soft blandishment to lure half-proffered shekels from the half-reluctant, but certain-to-be-present victims. And why not? To augment the organ fund, to aid the poor, to make a background for amiable chatter, to preface a dance, to make occasion for lasses to be their prettiest and lads to strut, to let fond friends admire,—there are worse reasons for giving a play than any of these, in fact few better.

For such purpose almost any play of the right length, and some play of action, and patter of dialogue will do, and even admitting the better the better, no one would feel energetic or conscientious enough to make ado over such choice of plays as *"The Deestrick Skule," "Mrs. Jarley's Far Famed Wax Works," "Milkmaid's Convention,"*—why not? And classics like *"Box and Cox," "The Brighton Burglary,"* were for such purpose almost worthy their vogue.

But after all there is a more intelligent interest in plays and in the theatre. Despite the imagined balefulness of the "movies" and other influences—popularly and perhaps erroneously thought of as blighting—there is greatly increased demand among a certain number of folks for good plays. Probably there never will be enough such to more than mildly influence the commercial producer—but their interest and support is felt. They want good plays, classic, Continental, British, American. If the commercial theatre responds slowly to their demand, they can and are doing much for themselves. Hence the increased serious interest in the amateur production of worth while plays. For many of these folks the professional theatre can be ex-

pected to do little or nothing. But the rapid multiplication of the interested community is performing a real service in these matters. Such organizations have enormously increased the production of good plays—particularly those, of course, that the commercial theatre does not present—generally for good reasons.

Whatever the excuses for amateur dramatic work may be, to take it seriously is its only justification. And to attempt to do this means time and energy. And as most of this serious play-producing interest is directly or indirectly of schools or colleges, it is a debatable question whether the whole thing or any of it, is a worthy lavishment of effort. But if debatable, debate will not settle this problem. Experience may, I think, demonstrate that serious amateur dramatic work is a proper and illuminating discipline and awakening for whoever will add to interest in the matter, willingness and abilty to work at it. To produce a play—its entertainment value is not reward enough, unless we can surely add some proper and adequate development and training of the individuals who assist in the production.

Certainly first the plays ought to be at least worth while, and to most of us that ought to mean the best obtainable and fit for our purposes. There are not too many really good plays in the world, and when the ones unfit or ill-shaped for amateur use are eliminated, it becomes a problem to keep a supply for the continuous work of an ambitious company of players. Nor does wide and scholarly reading in the drama enable me to name offhand a dozen plays suitable for such use. Plays for amateur clubs should be actable, of sufficient literary value, by a writer of known ability, save when they may be original; the staging should not be too difficult; the acting ability required not too great; "unpleasant" plays involving the customary "sex triangles" or "problems" are best left untried. Here we exclude, of course, most of our best plays—particularly of the modern theatre. Such restrictions need not be prudish, and difficult material can be effectively done by amateurs if taste and discretion is shown in cutting and arranging and playing. But even so, if not for ethical or educational reasons, such matter is well avoided. Socially it is apt to be depressing and fertile with practical difficulties.

For amateurs Shakespeare has long been the popular resource and well so. Pre-Shakespearean drama, the Eighteenth Century comedy, and other fields have afforded excellent opportunities for school and college dramatics. In general, the present tendency is toward modern plays, both American and European. There seems to be a greater interest in plays by modern dramatists and not unnaturally so. And there are so many good modern plays that can seldom be seen on the professional stage, that the ambitious amateur has a real mission in getting some of the best available ones before his public.

There are plenty enough come-

dies and dramas of late on the commercial stage that, lacking any particular literary merit, are very usable for certain purposes—*"Arizona," "The Man From Home," "May Blossom," "Mile Stones" "A Rose of Plymouth-town," "What Happened to Jones," "The County Chairman," "Too Much Johnson," "The Fortune Hunter," "The Gold Mine," "Strong Heart," "The Road to Yesterday," "The Senator Keeps House," "Believe Me, Xantippe"* and half a hundred such others.

But much more valuable—perhaps much more difficult but not beyond amateurs of some skill, and experience and determination—are such American plays as MacKaye's *"Anti Matrimony"* and *"Mater"*; Fitch's *"Nathan Hale"*; Moody's *"Faith Healer"*; Robinson's *"Van Zorn"*; Miss Peabody's *"The Piper"* and *"Marlowe."*

There is a wealth of plays from the better known English Dramatists, a good many of them however (Pinero's Comedies especially) being perhaps too well known. But Pinero's *"Amazons," "Magistrate," "Dandy Dick," "The Times," "The School Mistress," "Trelawny of the Wells"* and *"Sweet Lavender,"* do continue to interest. And some one really ought to attempt his great *"The Thunder Bolt."* And there is Jones' *"The Rogue's Comedy"* and *"The Manoeuvres of Jane," "The Liars,"* the delightful *"Dolly Reforming Herself,"* and *"Mary Goes First."* And Shaw affords amateurs splendid opportunities—the much done *"You Never Can Tell,"* and better, *"The Devil's Disciple," "Arms and the Man," "Major Barbara," "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet,"* and the brilliant one act pieces *"How He Lied to Her Husband," "The Man of Destiny,"* and the suffrage skit, *"Press Cuttings."* There are the plays of Wilde, Sutro, Galsworthy, Barker, Jerome, Barrie, Arnold Bennet, Stanley Houghton, St. John Hankin, Elizabeth Baker,—all of whom have written things not beyond amateur abilty, *"The Ideal Husband," "The Builder of Bridges," "The Silver Box," "The Voysey Inheritance," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "Quality Street," "What the Public Wants," "The Cassili's Engagement,"* and *"Chains,"* are typical.

Then of course there is the whole school of Irish playwrights—Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory. And less known but worth knowing, William Boyle, Rutherford Mayne, and Lord Dunsany—Boyle with, *"The Family Failing," "The Mineral Workers," "The Eloquent Dempsey,"* Mayne with *"The Drone," "The Tarn of the Road"*; and Dunsany with a number of his shorter pieces of poetic charm and dramatic power.

But it is probable that the modern Continental drama is a field still more worth working by amateurs who desire to acquaint both themselves and their public with some of the master pieces of the contemporary theatre. To be sure the Continental drama in general is less adapted by reason of its

"unpleasant" themes to the working social conditons of amateur clubs, but a search for plays which can be produced would be rewarded. Translations, of course, are needed too. But in spite of all difficulties there are available a goodly number of masterpieces which amateurs can do effectively, and which only amateur production is apt to get to even a bit of the American public—if the professional producer of Quixotic courage even touches them. Such plays are Ibsen's *"Pillars of Society,"* and *"Enemy of the People"*; Björnson's *"Leonarda," "A Lesson in Marriage," "The Editor,"* and *"Sigurd Slembe"*; Becque's *"The Crows"*; Giacosa's *"Like Falling Leaves," "The Stranger,"* and *"Sacred Ground"*; Echegaray's *"El Gran Galeoto"*; Gogol's *"Revizor"*; Goldoni's *"A Curious Mishap"* and *"The Fan"*; Zamacois' *"The Jesters"*; Rostand's *"A Fantasio," "The Romancers"* and *"Princess Faraway;"* Tchekhov's *"Sea Gull," "Cherry Orchard"*; Maeterlinck's *"The Intruder"* and *"The Interior"* (one-acters), *"Sister Beatrice"*; Sudermann's great one-act plays *"Fritzchen," "Das Ewige Männliche"* and *"The Princess Faraway,"* Strindberg's *"Dance of Death"* Part I; Angier's *"The House of Fourchambault,"* Capus' *"The Adventurer,"* and others of like interest and merit.

A real service, not alone to those interested in amateur dramatics, but for all those interested in the drama, is being done by such work as Barrett H. Clark and others are doing in the translation and adaptation of plays of the contemporary Continental theatre. Only a beginning has been made but the number of plays suggested above shows that a good number are already available. And many more, especially one-acters, are being rapidly made reachable by this work in translation. Not all these will suit everyone. The poor soul who has the dire task of deciding "what play will it be," will probably feel that none of all these is just what he wants for his purposes and resources—especially when he ordinarily has no money, no scenery, little time, few "actors" with any qualities save good intentions, a small indifferent, but hypercritical public, and when really he would like a play for seven men and six women and "with no star parts."

But if some of those suggested please, he can on reading and choosing, and bolstering his nerve, on lowering his artistic standard to the almost inevitable amateurishness, dismally conscious that if its too good most of the knowing will forget to compare it with other amateur shows and will not admit it an adequate interpretation but will be content to judge the acting inferior to that of Mr. Maude in *"Grumpy,"* and will say that if it really "gets across" it only proves "how well it plays itself." Nor should he neglect in his further excursions Sardou's *"Diplomacy,"* Besier's *"Don"*; that brilliant social satire, Van-

sittart's *"The Cap and Bells,"* Masefield's *"Tragedy of Nan,"* which experienced amateurs might do about as well as professionals; Monkhouse's *"The Eduction of Mr. Surrage"*; Henley and Stevenson's *"Macaire"*; *"Brignol and His Daughters,"* by Alfred Capus; *"Green Stockings"* by A. E. W. Mason, or the increasing number of excellent one-act plays, American, British and Continental, which after all are perhaps the best medium for the regular work of an active amateur club—a hundred of them we might, and will not, list here, but see such lists as The Drama League's "Plays for Amateur Acting"; Barrett H. Clark, "The World's Best Plays by European Authors," and those lists published and to be published in the "Quarterly Journal of Public Speaking."

One principle of selection we ought to stand for strongly—though aware of a practical difficulty in realization;—nothing is too good for the amateur. Whatever the other merits of the venture, the play at least can be good,—and there are many kinds of good plays, and plays are good in their different fashions. While warmly appreciative of the interest and benefit of amateur work in Shakespearean and other fields—even the original written play—there is an added interest apparent in the production of modern standard plays, that may well be directed and encouraged to the advantage of those who will be amateur actors, and to the edification of those who will be good enough, or rash enough, to assist in the audience.

Home Economics in Relief Organization Work

By ELIZABETH BANKS, '14

Assistant Dietitian in the Home Economics Division, New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

"Thousands of children in this city are sent to school every day without breakfast." This is the way the New York papers misquoted the words of Robert Hunter several years ago.

The original statement had been that thousands of New York school children were poorly fed and undernourished. But the misrepresentation flaunted in the eyes of the public, stirred up considerable agitation on the subject of the feeding of the school children.

There were at least two significant results.

Directly afterwards the various public schools of the city were the recipients of generous donations of potatoes and onions and turnips for the "starving children," the dispositon of which food may or may not have been effective in alleviating the distress.

But more important was the fact that William H. Allen—at that time a director in the oldest relief organization in the city—

determined to prove how large a part of the prevailng condition of undernourishment was due to actual want,—and how large a part to the ignorance of mothers in regard to the choice and preparation of food.

His determination did not end there. He was successful in inducing Miss Winifred Stuart Gibbs, a trained dietitian, to undertake the work of investigation.

Mr. Allen accomplished the purpose he had in view for he discovered how large a part of the undernourishment of school children was actually due to the lack of knowledge on the part of mothers.

On the other hand Miss Gibbs discovered that her work had just begun. She saw that the mere proving of conditions did not solve the problem,—that before her lay a vital piece of constructive work, —the introduction of Home Economics into a Relief Organization.

Thus ten years ago, Miss Gibbs began her pioneer work as dietitian in The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

For the first two years she worked alone, the success of her undertaking being marked by results in the individual families. Breakfasts of delicatessen buns and tea gave way to oatmeal and cocoa. Beer was supplanted by milk. And thin anaemic youngsters began to assume normal proportions.

After two years she was given an assistant. Today her staff has increased to three paid dietitians, more than twenty volunteer dietitians from her Teachers' College class,—and one sewing teacher.

And not only has the success of the work been shown by its development here. Relief organizations in twenty-five other cities have already followed the example and have added trained dietitians to their working staffs.

During the first eight years the work fell into two general groups, —that with self-supporting families and that with dependent families. In both cases the problem centered around the bugbear of sociologists—"the poverty line."

The independent families were waiting to be strengthened economically so that they should not fall below the line.

On the other hand the dependent families were making silent if unconscious appeal for advice that should show them how to push up and on until they might reach the further side of the same grim boundary.

With the first type of family the desire for advice in the planning of the income had first to be aroused, —the confidence of the family won. And interest having once been awakened, lessons in budget planning, in dietary needs, in the purchase and preparation of food were enthusiastically received.

With the second type of family a different situation had to be met. Here the danger of appearing to give bounty had to be avoided. The spirit of "give and take" had to be introduced. For no woman can

struggle to keep her family together even on a workingman's wages, without acquiring experience of a nature well worth passing along to others.

During the past two years the efforts of the Home Economy staff have been enlisted largely among the widows pensioned by the Association. Because the pensioned widows represent a fairly uniform and practically stationary group, they furnish a good illustration of the work done by the department.

First of all the needs of each individual family must be studied, and a budget planned accordingly to include the items of Rent, Food, Fuel and Light, Clothing and Sundries.

Rent. The amount for the rent depends on the number of members in a given family and is determined according to a definite scale.

Food. The amount for food is calculated to Atwater's standard allowing $.27 a day for one unit or an adult man, and diminished percentages of that amount for the other members of the family according to age and sex.

In families where there is a tuberculosis history, the food is reckoned at the rate of $.30 a day for an adult man.

Fuel and Light. Three dollars and twenty-five cents a month is used as a standard for fuel and light. During the summer months the average will be high. But the women are taught to save from the summer surplus in order to meet the greater winter demands.

Clothing. Two dollars a month for each member of the family over two years, is allowed for clothing. This is a minimum standard but it is at least an initial step in proving the need for a higher one.

Sundries. One dollar each for the first three members of a family and fifty cents for each succeeding member up to a maximum of five dollars a month is the allowance for sundries.

This is only an arbitrary standard by which to measure the fluctuations above or below that amount.

Considering that this item includes among other things—furniture and utensils, doctors and medicines, papers and postage, church, insurance dues, carfares, pleasure, laundry and materials and ice, one can readily see how easily the expenditures for this item might exceed the amount given.

Insurance represents a problem in itself. But many mothers have been taught to realize of how much greater importance it is to spend money for food which will fortify the children against sickness, rather than to spend it in anticipation of death.

The pension is determined by the difference between the budget and the actual earning capacity of the family—and it diminishes in proportion as the various members of the family become wage earners.

To be sure the budget described is by no means ideal. Obviously,

there is no allowance for recreation or for the emergencies of sickness. But it does represent a minimum standard. And it must be taken into consideration that a relief budget must necessarily differ materially from a normal type of budget.

A relief organization has two very definite obligations. First of all it holds in trust the funds of others which must be stretched to the uttermost farthing in order to cover the needs of as many families as possible. Secondly, the majority of families dealt with—even when they become self-supporting—must face the problem of living on a minimum income. And only training in the wise expenditure of a small income can prepare them to do this, safely.

Among the "Lares and Penates" of every one of these families is to be found the brown covered budget book which, page by page, shows the family expenditures of each week.

The object of the book is not one of idle curiosity on the part of the Association as to how the pension money is being spent.

It is a matter of education. By means of it the women can be taught to spend their money to the best advantage. By means of it they are shown the necessity of planning ahead instead of having a feast today and famine tomorrow. And in many cases where the mother cannot write, the children are already learning the value of money by accepting the responsibility of keeping the budget book.

One woman whose children are of kindergarten age, has laboriously taught herself to add and it can be said to her credit that she almost never makes a mistake, that at the end of each week, the balance in the book corresponds to the last penny, with what she has in her pocket book.

One of the most important features of the book lies in the fact that any one page shows a detailed study of the weekly expenditures for the different kinds of food. At a glance the dietitian can tell how nearly the food used may approach, or how far it may fall short of the dietary needs of the family.

And in dietary needs no two families are quite alike. In one family the mother may suffer from rheumatism, the children may be anaemic. In another family tuberculosis may have stamped itself. In almost every family the dietary must be planned with the view to building up—to correcting the results of years of undernourishment and unhealthful living conditions.

And the fact alone that results are daily being shown in the improved appearance of the children is justification in itself for all efforts put into the work.

Recently a visitor in one of the public schools on questioning a roomful of children found just one bright youngster who had not had the usual breakfast of bread and tea but who had begun his day with

a breakfast of oatmeal and cocoa—the explanation was that he belonged to an A. I. C. P. family.

In families where cooking lessons are needed, they are given not only to mothers but to the daughters of the household who are old enough to take an interest. When a woman finds difficulty in buying to good advantage, the dietitian takes her marketing. And in more than one instance the sewing teacher has been known to take an entire family shopping for their winter clothes.

Group work by dietitians in various parts of the city is still in the experimental stages. When these lessons are "followed up" in the homes and applied to the individual families they bring splendid results. And the value of open discussions concerning their mutual problems among such a group of women is not to be gainsaid.

Assuredly the work of a dietitian cannot be said to savor of the monotonous.

Work among a dozen or so Italian families in the lower part of the city represents a unique problem in itself. The rich and highly protein Italian dietary must be modified. The preparation of American foods must be taught. And much is to be learned from the people themselves.

Recently the writer had occasion to give one little Italian woman a lesson on the cooking of prunes, in return for which the woman demonstrated the art of making macaroni. She was an expert in making macaroni—but she had been feeding the baby raw prunes.

Because of their desire to learn American ways the results in these families are generally satisfactory—and one of the best dietaries among those of a hundred or so families in the Association is that of an Italian family—a widow with six small children.

Still different problems are to be met in the Bohemian families—among the Germans—the Scotch and the Irish Americans. But each family in its own way is proving the results of the Home Economics work. Each family has become a potent force in its tenement community towards improving general living conditions.

Much has been done during the past ten years toward the development of this field of Home Economics work. But there is much yet to be done. Immediate results are now convincingly apparent. But the final results are yet to be shown in the next generation by the higher standards of health, of general living conditions, by the conservation of real homes in a city where the danger of institutionalizing the family is still imminent.

Prudence Risley Hall—Its Memories and Traditions

LILLIAN AVERY, '16

Who is so lacking in sensibility as to declare that Prudence Risley Hall has no atmosphere? How short-sighted, how petty to say that because the building is only twenty-nine months old, no memories or traditions can possibly lurk about its corners! As a matter of fact they are crowding around here in a perfect swarm! Show me another spot on earth where there is a waiting list for traditions! The very fact that most of them are in the future imparts charm to the place and makes it all the more worthy of reverence. Atmosphere! It is thick in Prudence Risley! There is no physical law preventing two traditions from occupying the same space at the same time, hence the possibility of great density. The only limitation put upon them is that they shall be desirable. Each tradition is carefully weighed and considered before being admitted. Such censorship naturally makes the standard very high. Those in charge have due consideration for future readers of guide-books and accounts of travel, and seek to provide material of superior quality for them. It is too evident even for remark, that the makers of traditon heretofore have never been so consciencious.

The memories of Prudence Risley Hall are of equally high tone. Others may boast that they live within walls haunted by memories of the past. We are proud of our memories of things that are going to happen. That such recollections are more aristocratic is evinced by the fact that it is this kind which royalty entertains. "What sort of things do you remember best?" asks Alice of the White Queen in *Through the Looking Glass* and the Queen replies "O, things that happen the week after next." Let us cherish this royal gift. Let us also justly glory in the realization that it is greater to be a memory oneself than merely to have memories of others. How it should inspire us with a feeling of noble responsibility. And then, how romantic to know that one is living in a sort of Mycenean Age—that one is actually making legend—that one *is* an ancient! We shudder eagerly when we meditate upon all that is going to happen! Who can stand at the foot of the basement stairs and be unmoved at the thought of the thousands of feet that will some day have made great hollows in the metal steps by their round of journeys up from their trunks to their tower rooms? It will be considered unkind to use the elevator when one has heavy trunk-trays to carry up. For weeks the groans of our poor elevator made our ears to tremble with emotion. Now all is still. Will it ever run again? Not until we are very sure that an elevator is perfectly good tradition.

I will not repeat that it is a beautiful thing to be living at this very moment in a past that is to

be. I will not remind you, dear reader, that, as I said before (or if I did not, I will not mention again) that, I say, a far sweeter and more delicate mystery breathes for us than for those who come hereafter. How inspiring to live within ivied walls when the ivy is still a young plant about four feet above the ground—to dwell among a forest of young cyprus shrubs whose branches sigh with aspiration rather than boredom! Those who are particularly sensitive to the atmosphere can feel the cold blasts that blow through the future chinks of the crannied walls to be, and can hear the wailing of the ghost of the girl who is going to hurl herself from the roof of the tower, in despair because they insisted upon cleaning her room when she felt inspired to write an English paper, or a Laboratory Report, or a poem, our memory is a little dim as to which it is going to be.

Any day we may look out of one of the windows facing the back yard and rejoice in the sight ("second-sight" we might call it) of the sun dial there. Some class more fortunate than any yet have been in collecting its dues, is going to present this little token of affection to Prudence Risley. Besides this are the empty niches both inside and out of the building. How they stimulate our art-loving natures! Will there be in one of them a statue of Peter Scusa holding in upraised hand a bottle of shoe-polish which enlightens our boots —and darkens our carpets? Will there perchance be an athletic group statue representing the two bell-boys in a death-struggle for the privilege of running the elevator for those who like to ride upstairs at least once a day to make sure by means of its murcuried sides that they look quite right? Or will there be a group representing a young woman passionately appealing to the head-waiter to let her past that cursed green rope which bars her from a square and orthodox meal? Such a piece of statuary would probably be the most affecting to those who have undergone the ignominy of consuming a fourth cup of coffee and a firm piece of toast, huddled on the window-seat in the hall, whither the occuli omnium, coming from the dining room, spectant—but soft, this is too heartbreaking a reminder of Risley's one dead tradition. Short was your life, little grace, long will your memory be enshrined in the annals of our Hall. Benedictus benedicat. Amen!

Let us now pass to a tradition that has not yet been adopted, although it is strange that so beautiful and useful a custom should be neglected. Many other methods of preventing the student waiters from being delayed after meals are employed. They are not entirely successful because the young ladies have so strong a propensity for lingering over their meals while engaged in elevating conversation. Can anyone doubt that the reading of a poem at such a time would most effectualy and rapidly clear the dining-room of all occupants?

Dear Risley Dining Hall! When I think of all the white cherries

that shall be consumed here; when I think of those whose love for one another shall cause them to cheat at drawing for tables so that they may sit together; when I think of all the second squares of butter that may not be gotten because of the waiter's avoidance of all anxious signals; when I think of all the dainties that shall be given exclusively to the training table merely in exchange for the promise that its members will not injure their health by studying; when I think of all these things, coming emotions squeeze out their sobs before! It is likewise so when I pass through the other rooms of our dear Residential Hall. How many visitors in speechless amazement at their grandeur are going to ask us questions about the place which we shall not be able to answer? When we consider how even now many germs of such inquiries may have gained foothold in the consciousness of future visitors and how there is no antitoxin for them, we shudder. Our concerns are not with the past. We may well remember what we are going to have for dinner ten weeks from today, but which of us can tell who Prudence Risley was? however, since the best families are asking such questions about buildings this year, we must accept this among our traditions.

Let us now pass to the upper floors. The wall-space in the halls is at present noticeably bare, but it is some day to be adorned with continuous rows of portraits of all the bell-boys that Risley has had and will have. These portraits will be rather small in size so that there may be one to every square foot. In case there is not space enough in the halls, other means of disposition must be considered, so as not to exclude any of them. The emotions of the last bell-boy as he makes his round with the risng bell in the morning, will probably be analogous to those of Bluebeard's seventh wife when she had opened the forbidden closet door, only the bell-boy's feelings will perhaps be somewhat multiplied. Dear, considerate bell-boys of Risley, how we appreciate the gentle way in which you ring that rising bell, so that we are never awakened by it from our sweet slumbers! Just twice a year we *are* aroused by a substitute for the rising bell. At Christmas and on May Day, carols are sung by choristers in the hall, not being used to them, we must perforce awake before there is any necessity for so doing. When the dining room is open until a quarter to eight, who wants to get up before twenty minutes of?

And now after reading all this, can anyone doubt that Prudence Risley Hall has atmosphere? Indeed we have not mentioned a hundredth part of the memories and traditions that we might have. There is one to be sure that we must not leave out, but give it the importance of final mention in this account, since it is one especially proper to a college, and shows our scholarly attitude. At all times of the day one may see the reading-

room of Risley Hall occupied by students enjoying with antiquarian gleams in their eyes the valuable collection of books that will one day line its walls. Does such scholarship exist anywhere else? Some there are who may call our life such an epithet. We remember here futuristic. We do not resent that to develop a New Art of Living is one of our choicest traditions.

The Call of the North

HELEN BELL, '17

I could hardly believe that I was actually going to Alaska—"into the heart of the mysterious Northland," as the steamship companies call it in their alluring pamphlets.

Yes, we were on the boat sailing from Seattle, myself and two school friends. To be sure our motives for taking this trip were somewhat different, as they were going to see the country, the scenery, and my chief object was the human interest—what the people did and how they lived—anything and everything about them, and I got all that was to be desired insofar as local color was concerned. Not infrequently the coloring was too much in evidence, even for me.

But to go back to our first glimpse of the north. Having set sail in the evening, we awoke in a strange, new country—our ship was gliding through the "inside passage." High mountains, their sides covered with evergreens, their tops with snow, rose straight up from the water's edge and never have I seen a more impressive sight than these quiet, old giants, especially during the flaming sunsets that we had each night.

Our first stop was Ketchikar, a small town built on wooden piers, at the very foot of the mountains. So close did it nestle to them that they seemed to be pressing down on it—I didn't like it because I felt stifled—overwhelmed by their enormity. Perhaps my distaste was partly due to a personal preference for the great rolling plains of the cattle country of our West, but whatever the cause, I was glad to move on, for who likes being a prisoner, even though the jailer is a magnificent mountain.

Juneau, the capital of Alaska, is of the same construction, with its wooden streets and small houses built up the steep sides of the surrounding mountains.

At Skagway we disembarked and took a train across the White Pass, made famous by the gold-seekers of 1897. Up and up, round and round, the little train crawled, frequently very near the old trail that is still visible, having been worn by the thousands of eager feet that hastened to the gold fields of the Yukon.

What stories the old-timers can tell about passing over this trail! How such and such a man was left behind to die at one spot; how another ran out of provisions and was forced to kill his dogs; how all wearily pressed on and on, cold and hungry, for at that time a bag of mouldy flour was worth one hun-

dred dollars or more. Incidentally, the fare on this road is twenty cents a mile for more than one hundred miles, and the freight charges are enormous. It is this excessive rate that makes the cost of living so very high on the inside.

"The inside" is the term that all Alaskans, "Sourdoughs" as they call themselves, use when they speak of their country. When they go to the States they say they are "going out," and it didn't take me very long to learn to politely ask when they were "coming in" again.

"The inside!" We could not appreciate the expressiveness of that phrase until we had been in, for "in" we were when we arrived at White Horse and took a boat for our long journey down the Yukon.

This river flows with a rapid current and is full of sand bars that continually shift so that the passage is rather treacherous. The boat which we took drew about four feet of water and was propelled by a huge paddle wheel at the stern. After two days we arrived at Dawson and then we began to realize that we were truly pioneer tourists.

Oh, what I could tell about the "hotels" we have stopped at, the beds we have slept in and the bathtubs we have longed for!

Now I felt that the small revolver I secretly carried was my trusty little friend and that dodging the customs officers had been worth the trouble, and with increased confidence I slept with it under my pillow from that time until I reached the outside—Seattle.

Dawson is in British territory and the celebrated mounted police of the Northwest, with their gay red coats, attracted our attention. But the real sight was the gold mining. About two miles outside of the town the huge dredges were working on the Klondike river, digging up its bottom, sorting out the gold from the stones and sand and throwing the refuse to one side.

One afternoon we took an auto ride to see Bonanza creek, where the first strike was made; it was a peculiar ride over poor roads that ran along steep cliffs. Everywhere hills had been washed down and strewn around by the powerful hydraulic system of mining. Water is shot through machines resembling cannon and the mountains are simply washed away. The scenery —well, there isn't any, for nobody cares about such a sentimental idea when those mountains and creeks hide treasure. The land is thoroughly devastated by the power of man egged on by his greed for gold. Gold, gold, gold—I almost got the fever myself and I was ashamed to discover my eyes searching the ground, the piles of stone and gravel, with the hope of picking up some nuggets. Our driver decided that he needed fifteen minutes to fix the brakes before going back, so we drew up at Grand Forks, a deserted group of dilapidated cabins. The brakes were overhauled in three minutes and our weak-minded chauffeur spent the remaining twelve in the everpresent saloon.

What a ride we had back to

Dawson! I wonder now that we weren't dashed over a cliff. However, he got us back alive, although several years older. Fate was preserving us for even better things.

Our next boat was to take us to Fairbanks, but before leaving Yukon territory we were searched by a woman customs officer for gold dust—another farce, in the shape of a gentle massage! It goes without saying that no gold dust was discovered on me.

Do you always associate ice and snow with Alaska? I did, but no longer am I misguided. The thermometer in my state room went up to 93 degrees the first day out of Dawson and the very next day we crossed the Arctic Circle. Oh, that queer, queer country—it stays daylight the whole twenty-four hours and we found it most annoying after the novelty had worn off. No wonder their flowers are so large and beautiful with all that light to thrive in. My poor roommate was very unhappy as she found it impossible to sleep in daylight, but she finally resorted to tying a black stocking over her eyes and life became more worth while. As for me, I sat up all night, or most of the night, and then took a nap in the afternoons and succeeded in deceiving myself very well.

For five days we went down the river passing forests and hills; every little while we came to a small settlement of Indians, dirty creatures with scowling faces, and dozens of half-starved dogs that ran down the bank and howled at us. These huskies, animals that are part wolf and part dog, never bark as the good dogs we know, and it is almost impossible to make friends with them, but when one considers the treatment they receive at the hands of the Indians in addition to their questionable ancestry, it is not surprising that they are decidedly wolfish.

Fairbanks was our next stop. This thriving American city seemed to be inhabited chiefly by millionaires and Indians. Here no coin less than 25 cents, "two bits" as they call it, is known, not even the postoffice has smaller change. Soda water, if anybody is rash enough to buy it, costs fifty cents a glass; sweet chocolate, two regulation five cent cakes for a quarter. (Immediately I felt a thirst for the former and a wild desire for the latter—my life depended upon getting some, I was certain!) After a day or two with hotel bills proportionately large, this desire died down. Here we saw fine looking dogs, malamutes and huskies, that are used for sledding in the winter, and I played with a litter of the prettiest puppies. Their mother, a real wolf, was chained nearby, but I carefully kept a reasonable distance away from her. Horses are scarce, which is not to be wondered at with hay at one hundred dollars a ton; automobiles are fairly numerous even though gasoline is ninety cents a gallon. We visited several farms, one the U. S. experimental station, and the agricultural possibilities demonstrated there are almost unbelieveable.

The remainder of our journey down the river was not so interest-

ing as the land on either side was flat and dry. Frequently the trees and underbrush were burning. Finally we arrived at St. Michael, an army post on the Behring Sea, after our river trip of over 2000 miles. Here we were forced to wait five days for the S. S. Victoria, which was to take us outside and although it rained every day, the time did not pass too slowly as there were lots of Eskimos, fur traders and huskies to interest us. The Eskimos are very pleasant, quite different from the interior Indians, and so picturesque in their fur garments, parkas (fur coats), and mukluks (fur boots). Here we ate reindeer meat, most delectable, and bear steak, of which one helping was enough.

At last our boat came and in one night we sailed over to Nome, the town of the great dog races of the North. There is no harbor there, so we were taken in a small launch to a cement structure 1400 feet from shore. At that station we were put in a basketlike car, hoisted high over the sea and swung to shore along a steel cable almost before we had time to wonder at the possibilities of danger. The raw skins that are offered for sale here make one long to invest—ermine, white and red fox, wolf and polar bear—beautiful white bear skins for forty dollars.

The Eskimo village was another source of interest, the natives in their odd costumes, known as kyaks, their dogs and their carved ivory which they offer at ridiculously low prices, all fascinated us.

When the time came for us to return to our ship, the sea had risen and the surf was high, but we insisted upon going, even though we were warned as to the danger. So about two dozen men and women were swung out to sea, packed into a heavily built launch about twenty-five feet long and headed for the good ship Victoria, four or five miles away. Words cannot do justice to that ride—the waves came right over the bow, the majority of the passengers were ill, and wet, too, and then when we did reach our destination, they couldn't take us on board because of the tossing of the boats. At length a small car built to hold four people, was lowered by the freight crane, the sick and fainting women were tossed in and tied when the opportunity came, and away they went up to the deck of the large boat. I thought my turn would never come, but, as the waves had not upset my constitution, I willingly waited until one of the last.

We found that the most eventful part of our journey was still ahead of us. The Victoria which was built forty-five years ago, was at present overcrowded and poorly equipped. She used to be a Cunard liner in her better days, but in my opinion she is ready for the boneyard now. Fortunately we had a very trustworthy master, Captain O'Brien, who has been made famous by Rex Beach in his book, "The Iron Trail," and so we started out on the Behring Sea. For five days that boat tossed and pitched and rolled before we saw land again. All of one night she rolled from side to side—nobody

could sleep for we were thrown from one side of our berths to the other, the water raged, we could barely hear each other speak, the waves swept over the decks and we were shut in our staterooms by the crew. The porthole rooms below were flooded and the next morning I heard men tell how their shoes, suitcases and the like floated around all night. It is needless to say that most of the passengers were laid low by a peculiar malady. I was extremely fortunate, not being ill at all in the traditional way, but I must confess that my head felt rather queer at times, and the very thought of the diningroom made me hastily seek fresh air.

There are other charges I hold against the Victoria, as for instance, going far out of her course to take aboard 150 Chinamen from some salmon cannery, tossing around all one day with one boiler leaking and the rudder not in good working order, crawling along at four knots an hour, tying up at Bellingham for twenty-four hours because of a thick smoke from forest fires and finally driving us to taking the train for Seattle from there. However I have forgiven her although I cannot forget, and never shall I regret the experiences of my Alaskan trip.

Daffodils

CHRISTINE HAMMER, GRAD.

Sweet lights,
Star-figured flowers,
You flash first radiance
Of spring upon the winter's day, like sun
Through clouds—

After Storm

CHRISTINE HAMMER, GRAD.

Tumult
Of storm grown mute
Still felt in close, blue clouds
And broken surf. We tread the beach amazed
And dumb.

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

FOUNDED 1915

Published monthly during the academic year by the Women of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

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"The Old Order Changeth"

It is with great regret that the *Review* parts with its senior members. To them the existence of this publication for the women is largely due. It is almost impossible to express the gratitude of the women undergraduates and alumnae who have long felt the need of the paper and now see their wish to have it gratified. It is an invaluable gift to Cornell women, past, present and future which they leave in the hands of the new board.

First in the Hearts

For a long time the women of Cornell University have had the responsibility of self-government. Although the system has been a very successful one, there are always a number of students who do not understand their part in the governing. A very logical reason for this fact presents itself in the attitude of these persons toward the system. They consider Student Government in the light of a set of rules laid down arbitrarily to harass the freedom of their existence. They feel they have no active part in the making of their own laws, and are consequently antagonistic to them. To remedy such a state of affairs we should begin at the beginning. Our aim should be to make the Freshmen realize before they even come to Ithaca that Student Government is the biggest factor in the life of the women and that it is the best friend any Cornell woman can have. The first knowledge of our intimate college life and the first greeting of the Freshmen should come through Student Government. This has hitherto been most effectively done by the Young Women's Christian Association through the "grandmother letters." We can express only the highest appreciation of the manner in which this caring for the entering class has been performed. But with the growth

of our governing organization it seems that it should assert its right of making the first and biggest impression of helpfulness and interest on the entering women.

"Quality Street"

Cornellians all have reason to be proud of the young women who so successfully managed and produced the first public performance of the Cornell women. It has been a much mooted question whether the women could give a production of first class merit before the critical University public. The performance of "Quality Street" at the Lyceum Theater proved beyond a doubt that the Dramatic Club has won an important place in the life of the Cornell women. The work of both the business and dramatic management of the club was deserving of the highest praise.

Preparedness

At a recent meeting of a group of our alumnae the work in the gymnasium department was discussed. The speaker brought out most emphatically the aim of the department to fit the women physically to do the work for which their university courses are preparing them. From its very nature the supervision of the health of the women becomes the subject of first consideration with us. It is a policy of Physical Preparedness which is involved. The greatest handicap which the workers have to combat is the inadequacy of the gymnasium itself. With the growth of the body of women students and the closer supervision of their health has come a need for greater facilities for performing the work. The women of Cornell feel the need for a new gymnasium and they are planning to get it.

Announcement

The Board announces the election of Mary Larkin, '17, Katherine MacMurray, '18, and Florence Boochever, '18, to the editorial department, and Emma Townsend, '19, and Elizabeth Churchyard, '19, to the business department.

Elections

Arminta MacDonald, '17, was elected president of the Student Government Association for the year 1916-1917.

Helen Adams, '17, will be the next president of the Young Women's Christian Association.

THE REVIEW announces a short story contest for undergraduates to close April 15th. A prize of five dollars will be given for the best story submitted. THE REVIEW also reserves the right to publish any others that are received.

ACTIVITIES

The second Vocational Conference of the Women's Student Government Association was held in Goldwin Smith A., on January 18th and 19th.

Miss Mary Fowler of the Cornell Women's Club of Ithaca opened the first session, at 2:00 p. m. on Tuesday, with a paper on "What Cornell Women Are Doing." She presented a classified list of the occupations in which they are interested at the present time. Practically every profession and all lines of vocational work were represented. Miss Mary Gilson, who is head of the Welfare Department of the Joseph and Feiss Clothes Craft Shop of Cleveland, was the next speaker, on the subject "Industrial Welfare Work." She spoke very favorably of the opportunities open to women in this field, and emphasized the need of democracy and good sense in positions of this kind. Miss Beulah Kennard, closed the afternoon session with a talk on "Salesmanship." Miss Kennard is at present connected with the University of New York, where she is giving several courses in preparing college women for positions of responsibilty in large department stores.

Miss Emma Gunther, of the New York Teacher's College was the first speaker of the evening session. She spoke of the openings for women in "Industrial Management," with particular reference to work in hospitals, tea rooms, schools and dormitories. "Public Health Work" was then discussed by Dr. H. H. Crum of Ithaca, who spoke of the phases of this work which were suited to women. Miss Margaretta Landman, who was formerly conected with the Sleighton Farms, spoke next on "Institutional Agriculture," as a field in which women were more and more in demand. Her talk was illustrated with stereoptican views of Sleighton Farms. This concluded the evening.

A single session was held on Wednesday, at 2:00 p. m. "Corrective Work" was the first subject to be discussed. Mrs. Falconer of Sleighton Farms was in charge of this discussion. She spoke of the real and pressing need of women of broad and human sympathies to take up work of this kind. Dr. Coursalt of the Cornell Faculty, was the next speaker. Under the general heading "Educational Work," he enumerated special branches of this work in which there is most demand for college women. The Conference was closed by Miss Mary Dingman's talk on "Social Service Work and the Y. W. C. A." She outlined some of the most attractive features of Y. W. C. A. service and spoke earnestly of the extreme importance of choosing a congenial vocation.

At a meeting of the Women's Student Government Association on Wednesday, February 16th, in Barnes' Hall, Professor Martin W. Sampson of the English Department, read the story of the Pageant which is to be presented by the women in May. The president of the Association then reminded the members of the importance of the elections for next year, and spoke on the necessity of supporting the production of "Quality Street."

The basket ball finals will be held about the middle of March in the Armory. A new schedule has been arranged, whereby each class will have an opportunity to play with every other class. This will make six games in all and they will be played in this order.

March 13th.
1916 vs. 1917, and 1918 vs. 1919
March 15th.
1916 vs. 1918 and 1917 vs. 1919
March 18th.
1916 vs. 1919 and 1918 vs. 1917

In case of a tie the championship will be determined by a game to be played at a later date. Admission to a single game will be ten cents, and to the series, twenty-five cents.

A committee of the Women's Athletic Association is working on plans for the revison of the Council. Under the new system, it is expected that the managers of the different sports will not be players, as in the past, but will obtain their positions through competition.

Professor Blanche Hazard of the Home Economics Department, spoke before the Social Science Club, February 23rd, in Goldwin Smith 124. Her subject was "The College Woman in the City and Country." This was one of a series of talks to be given before the club on the general topic, "Woman in Industry."

The Women's Dramatic Club will make the first public appearance of its history, in Barrie's "Quality Street," at the Lyceum Theatre, February twenty-fifth. A very well balanced cast has been holding frequent rehearsals for the past two months, and nothing has been spared to make the production a very great success. The play will be costumed by Tams of New York City, and arrangements have been made for special lighting and scenic effects.

Elsie Church, '18, was awarded the prize in the poster competition. This poster represents a girl of the period of 1812, standing in silhoutte, before a stage curtain. It is finished in black and yellow.

The following people have entered the ticket competition; Adelaide Mifflin, '16, Frances Rosenthal, '16, Agnes Hogan, '17, Jeannette Short, '17, Harriet Parsons, '19, Laura Miller, '16, Annetta Wolodarsky, '16 and Elizabeth Rowley, '17.

Twenty-two ushers have been chosen, who will wear the costume of the period. They are: Lillian Fuller, '16, Head Usher; Katherine Rodger, '17, Head Usher in the Balcony; B. Karns, '16, L. Miller, '16, H. Taber, '16, G. Combs, '16,

C. Zeller, '16, J. Courant, '16, L. Osborne, '16, M. Ellis, '16, E. Rowlee, '17, D. McSparren, '17, P. Rudd, '17, A. Luce, '17, E. Schultze, '17 W. Skinner, '18, L. Hagadorn, '18, M. Conlan, '18, G. Kolb, '18. The program girls are Bertha Yerke, '16, Julia Moody, '16, Helen Irish, '16 and Helen Adams, '17.

Wayside-Aftermath held an open meeting in Risley Organization Room, Saturday evening, January twenty-second. Prof. H. W. Van Loon read an original one act play "The Iron Cross" and following this an open discussion took place.

Frigga Fylge took a very active part in the ninth annual Farmer's Week, which was held here February seventh to twelfth. About three hundred dollars was realized from the lunch counter in the Main Agricultural Building, and five hundred pounds of candy were sold. The musical comedy, "Omelet and Oatmealia" was very successfully presented in the Kermis. The members of the cast were as follows:

King Fraudius--Katherine Francis, '16
Omelet----------Bertha Yerke, '16
Bolognius----------Anne Bristol, '17
Postum-------Helen Van Keuren, '17
Baconius----------Lucy Kephart, '16
Sunny Jim--------Marcia Grimes, '18
Jim Dumps--------Esther Grimes, '18
Ghost of Chanticleer---Ruth Starr, '18
Toastum -------Gertrude Button, '16
Milk----------Florence Axtell, '16
Oatmealia----------Helen Adams, '17
Cornmealia------Norma De Vany, '18
First Policeman----Esther Funnell, '19
Second----------Eva Selden, '19
A Player---------Mable Baldwin, '17
Chief of Police----Magna Tillotson, '17

The Y. W. C. A. will hold a series of special meetings from March 8th to March 12th, in conjunction with the spiritual campaign to be carried on among the men of the University at that time. Mrs. Raymond Robbins, of Chicago, who is president of the National Women's Trade Union League, will speak of the industrial conditons among women. Other speakers will be Mrs. Stephen Baker of New York City, Miss Margaret Burton of the National Y. W. C. A. and Miss Kyle Adams of Columbia University. Bishop Henderson will speak to a mass meeting of the women on Friday evening, and John R. Mott on Saturday afternoon. The aim of these meetings is to deepen the religious spirit among the women and to acquaint them more thoroughly with the force of Christianity in the world.

The plans for the Women's Pageant, to be held on May twenty-sixth are maturing rapidly. The Athletic Field has been surveyed for the building of the amphitheatre and the settings for the scenes have been laid out. Practice for the dances is already being held, and tryouts for the dramatic parts will take place shortly. Appeals for financial aid to carry through this undertaking have been made to Alumnae Clubs all over the country, and much support has been offered. During block week, Araminta McDonald, '17, chairman of the committee, spoke before the New York and Philadelphia Clubs, who responded generously. Half of the dues of

all the classes has been added to the contributions.

The Senior Class held the first of a series of class get-to-gethers in Risley Organization Room, Friday evening, the twenty-eighth of January. Games and charades were played, and then refreshments were served around the fire. Marjorie Sweeting, '16, was chairman of the committee.

The second party was held in Risley Organization Room, February twenty-second. This was in the nature of a Washington's Birthday celebration.

The Sophomore class gave a Valentine Party in Risley Recreation Room, on the fourteenth of February. The hall was decorated with festoons of red hearts, and the lights were shaded with red. Almost all the Sophomores attended in costume. Between dances several stunts were given, and at the close of the evening, refreshments were served.

On the eighteenth of February, the annual Sophomore-Freshman Dance was held in Risley Recreation Room. Special music was procured for the dancing, and about three hundred were present. Margaret Chapman was chairman of the committee which was in charge of it.

The Freshman Banquet will be held at Risley Hall on Saturday evening, March fourth.

ALUMNAE NOTES

'98—Adeline Carter is teaching in the Girl's High School, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'98—Gail Laughlin is practicing law in San Francisco.

'98—Mrs. Mabel Meade Marsh has recently moved to Nelson, Nevada, where her husband is connected with a mining company.

'98—Myrtle Massey is practicing medicine in Jamaica, N. Y.

'98—Eleanor Nightingale is teaching in Washington Irving High School, New York City.

'98—Lucretia V. T. Simmons (Ph. D. '14 Wis.) has been for several years Assistant Professor of German at Penn. State College.

'01—Marion Post is teaching English in the Curtiss High School, Staten Island.

'02—Josephine Bessey is private secretary of the law firm of Root and Johnston, New York City.

'02—Zillah Heidenheim (Mrs. Ernest S. Jarr) is now living in Columbus, Ohio.

'02—Isabel Robertson (Mrs. Russel Thatcher) is living at Montclair, N. Y.

'02—May Sullivan is teaching

Mathematics in the Eastern District High School, Brooklyn.

'03—Elizabeth Valentine is playing in New York with Sothern in "Lord Dundreary."

'05—Frances Evans Martin—Born Oct. 15, 1915, a daughter, Frances Dart, to Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Martin.

'07—Frances Hammond is teaching in the Girl's High School at Philadelphia.

'07-'09—Ellen McCarthy (Mrs. J. W. Foley) is living in Weehawken, New Jersey.

'07 Ph. D.—Mary A. Molloy is Dean of St. Veresa's College, Winona, Minn.

'08—Sadie A. Bowman is head of the French Department at Windham High School, Willimantic, Conn.

'08—Altha Shults is teaching in Amsterdam, N. Y.

'08—Florence Strong who has been teaching at Trumansburg, N. Y., was recently married to Dr. Howard Aiken.

'09—Bertha Ellis Booth is Professor of Classics at Hastings College, Hastings, Nebraska. Miss Booth has taken the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Chicago.

'09—Grace Hare (Mrs. M. J. Snyder) is living in Newark, New Jersey, where Mr. Snyder is secretary of Newark Academy.

'10—Margaret Decker (Mrs. Harrison Dixon) is at Garfield Hospital suffering from a nervous breakdown.

'10—Frances McTammany is teaching Latin and English in the Troy High School, Troy, N. Y.

'10—Ida E. Schnirel is head of the German and French Department at Hardin College, Mexico, Missouri.

'10—Elizabeth Leonard (Mrs. Robert Strang) is instructing in the Lawthorpe School of Landscape Architecture and Horticulture for Women in Groton, Mass. Mrs. Strang also practices her profession of Landscape Architecture.

'11—Edna Foster was married on Feb. 3, 1916, to Mr. Warren Trask of Ithaca, N. Y.

'11—Mildred Horton is now instructing in a private school in Livingston Park, Rochester.

'11-'13—Announcement has been made of the engagement of Erma Lindsay to George A. Land (Ph. D. '13). Miss Lindsay is now teaching in Miss Bang's and Miss Whiton's School for Girls, New York.

'11—Bertha L. Morgan is teaching Latin and History in the Abbot Academy at Andover, Mass.

'11—Elsie Sameth is Physical Director of Women at the University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada.

'11—Kathleen Willis is teaching in Escandido, California.

'11—Melita Skillen is principal of Brandon College, Manitoba, Canada.

'11 A. B.-M. D. '14—Anna Tjormsland is now an interne at Bellevue Hospital, being one of the first women to enter by competitive examinations when Bellevue was opened to women. She is continuing both medical and surgical study.

'12—Beulah Bailey, President of the Women's Student Government Association 1911-'12 now has a position in the State Library at Albany.

'12 A. B.-'13 B. S.—Mary Gould Crossman is teaching Geometry and Elementary Science in the Finch School at 61 East 77th St., New York. Miss Crossman also has complete charge of the Cooking Department.

'12—Marguerite Douglas (Mrs. George Luckett, is living in Cherrydale, Va.

'12—Alma Hawkins is teaching German in the High School at her home town, Bellingham, Washington.

'12—Mabel Hobart is teaching in New York City.

'12—Marion Lain has recently graduated from the State Normal in Bellingham, Wash., and is now doing departmental work in the Franklin School at Bellingham. Address 2107 Eldridge Ave.

'12—Edith McCully has resigned her position at Bedford Reformatory and is now Superintendent of the Helping Hand Home for Girls at Hamilton, Ohio. Address 315 Dayton St.

'12—Florence G. Merrill is training for a nurse at the Rochester Homeopathic Hospital at 224 Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.

'12—Elizabeth Undrits is teaching in Newark High School at Newark, N. J.

'13—Eleanor Bertine is now practicing physician in New York City and is doing clinic work at Bellevue, Cornell Infirmary, and the Florence Crittenden League.

'13—Dorothy Bustard is doing secretarial work in the Kent Place School at Summit, New Jersey.

'13—Blanche Corwin is Farm Manager for the Texas State Training School for Girls at Gainsville, Texas.

'13—Alice Ayre Noyes is in charge of the Zoology Department, Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee, Wis.

'13—Eleanor Merrick is teaching at Homer, N. Y.

'13—Blanche Moyer is now Mrs. Bert Wilbur Hendrickson and is living in Brooklyn, where her husband has a positon as Attorney and Councilor for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co. Address 46 Linden Ave.

'13—Edna Post is teaching at Cain, Penn.

'14-'15—Mildred Clarke is teaching in Denver, Colorado.

'14—Jeanette Evans is teaching Sewing and Cooking in the High

School of Commerce at Springfield, Mass.

'14—Grace Brown Gardner is now substitue teacher in Biology in the High School at Fall River, Mass. Miss Gardner has previously received her Master's degree in Botany from Brown University.

'14—Clara Keopke is teaching Nature Study in Jefferson School at Gary, Indiana.

'14—Grace Nicholas is teaching in Miss Porter's School for Girls at Farmington, Conn.

'14—Elsie Saleski is teaching in the High School at Calicoon, N. Y.

'14—Bernice Lee Spencer is teaching History and Civics in the High School at Shamokin, Penn. Address 14 West Church St.

'14—Natalie Thompson was married to Mr. J. F. Morris in June, 1915, and is living in Quebec, Canada.

'15—Constance Badger is teaching Home Economics in Morrisville, Vermont.

'15—Hilma Bergholtz is teaching Home Economics in Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.

'15—Katherine Clendenning and Eleanor Foster are at present with the Century Publishing Company, New York.

'15—Ruth Darville is spending the winter at her home in Brooklyn.

'15—(*corrected*) Ruth Dimmick is teaching History in the High School at Dunkirk, New York.

'15—Frances Dudley is teaching Mathematics at Worcester, N. Y.

'15—Frances W. Edwards is Assistant Matron at the New York Training School at Hudson, New York.

'15—Estella Fisher has a position in the Actuary Dept. of the New York Life Insurance Co. Address 415 West 120th St.

'15—Mabel L. Flummerfelt was married on August 11, 1915, to F. Alton Rogers, '14. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers live at 37 Emerson St., New Haven, Conn. Mr. Rogers is Farm Bureau Agent for New Haven County.

'15—Elsie C. Neipp is teaching at Alexander Bay, N. Y.

'15—Sara Jackson is teaching Science and History in Machias, New York.

'15—Lucille Marshall (A. M.) is manager of the Clinton Farms of the New York State Reformatory for Women at Clinton, N. Y.

'15—Martha Whitworth is teaching Botany in a Normal School at Cleveland, Ohio.

'15—Dorothea Visher (*grad.*) is homesteading one hundred and sixty acres of Government land near Conner, Montana.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

"The University should look forward to a new Sage College for women near Risley Hall on the north of Fall Creek Gorge, and all other women's halls in the future should be located in the same neighborhood."

The fulfilment of this prophecy, voiced in President Schurman's annual address is not far off, since the plans which have been afoot are about to be completed.

The central idea is to form a community exclusively for the women students on the Kline Farm tract, reaching from Thurston Avenue to Forest Home walk. In addition to dormitories with provisions for housing 1500 women, there shall be an adequate gymnasium, playground and a theatre for amateur performances.

The problem of the development of the Kline Farm tract is to be given over to the seniors of the College of Architecture, and a prize of $100 is offered for the best solution. Miss Kate Gleason, the first Cornell woman to take the mechanical engineering course is the donor of the prize.

The materials to be used in the proposed buildings is native stone as in the recently erected dormitories for men.

Morse Hall, the University building given over to the Chemistry course, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday, February the thirteenth. The fire started on the third floor, at about six o'clock in the morning, and the flames progressed down through the building until, by noon; it was completely destroyed. Lack of water pressure hindered the work of the firemen and the fire was practically unchecked in its progress. Student and faculty volunteers, at a great risk, saved much of the library and much valuable apparatus.

At a meeting of the Chemistry faculty, plans were formulated for the re-organization of the various courses, and a tentative program was drawn up. The office of the department will be located temporarily in Rockefeller Hall, while the books and records which were saved will be housed in the circulating library room of the University Library building.

The loss is estimated at $325,000, but insurance amounting to $206,000, will reduce the loss considerably.

Messages of sympathy and offers of assistance addressed to President Schurman and Chemistry faculty members have been received from several universities.

The first meeting of the Advisory Committee of Alumnae, appointed by the Federation of Cornell Women's Clubs, will be held from the twenty-third to the twenty-fifth

(Continued on page 264)

You Have Use For a Camera

Seldom does one stay at Cornell University four years, without beginning a collection of pictures. Many buy these pictures in sets such as the Co-op. sells, but others use the better way, and get their own pictures with a camera. The No. 2 Brownie is the smallest and the least expensive and you will find many models which give good pictures with better equipment.

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Wigs for Rent

University Notes

(Continued from page 262)

of February. There will be representatives from most of the Cornell Women's Clubs, and questions concerning the housing, curriculum and vocational training of the women of the University will be discussed.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given a portrait of Dr. Andrew D. White to Prudence Risley Hall. The artist is Anna Milo Upjohn, a niece of the late Professor Charles Babcock.

The first step toward the foundation of a Cornell School of Commerce was taken on February ninth when the University Faculty adopted the report of a special committee, appointed to investigate the question and to make suggestions as to the scope of the school. This report will be used as a working basis, and Cornell will add a school of commerce to its curriculum as soon as it is possible to obtain an endowment for its foundation and operation. The proposed college would offer courses of training for business pursuits, two years in length, and leading to a master's degree. These courses would be open to college graduates, to students who have completed three years of work in any undergraduate college of Cornell or in other universities of equal standing, and to a limited number of advanced students with business experience, not candidates for a degree.

The ninth annual Farmer's Week, under the auspices of the College of Agriculture, was a most successful one. Besides the many lectures, exhibits and demonstrations, several agricultural organizations throughout the state held conferences at Ithaca during the week. The undergraduates of the College of Agriculture formed into various committees, took almost entire charge of the visitors, since the faculty was busy giving lectures and demonstrations.

Farmer's Week has come to be recognized as a valuable feature in bringing the farmers of the state in contact with each other, as well as with some of the best authorities on agriculture in the country.

The raising of a fund of at least $3,000,000, as an addition to the endowment of Cornell University, will be one of the chief aims in connection with the Semi-centennial Celebration of the University, as planned by the Board of Trustees in their winter meeting at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, on January fifteenth. The raising of this fund will be carried on as much as possible through subscriptions from among the Alumni. While definite plans for the complete celebration are still in the hands of committees, the entire propositon has been taken up on a scale of unusual magnitude. Representatives from all the chief universities of America will take part in the celebration, and perhaps foreign universities will also have delegates if the present European hostilities have been brought to a close by the time of the celebration.

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Three days, starting October 6, 1918, will be devoted to the celebration, and it isplanned that the gathering at the time will be one of the greatest aggregations of educational authorities ever brought together.

Dr. H. W. Van Loon, '05, has written an enlightening article on "The World After The War," for the February number of the Century magazine. Dr. Van Loon knows and understands the European war in its reality, and this article upon it is an inside view which one cannot afford to miss.

CORNELL CLUBS.

A Cornell Women's Club is being organized in Berkley, San Francisco, and Oakland, California. The Club will include all three cities. Miss Clara J. Cogwin, 2333 Channing Way, Berkley, Cal., is secretary.

The New York Alumnae Club entertained at luncheon Feb. 5, 1916, at the Hotel Martinique: Doctor Edward E. Slosson of "The Independent" and Miss Mary Van Kluck who is of the Committee on Women's Work of the Russel Sage Foundation were the speakers at the occasion.

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VOL. I. APRIL, 1916 NO. 6

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THE INDISPENSABLE AMATEUR — CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD, '06

CORNELL AND THE IDEAL UNIVERSITY — MARION CRANE (GRAD.)

SONNET — EMILY SCHULTZE, '17

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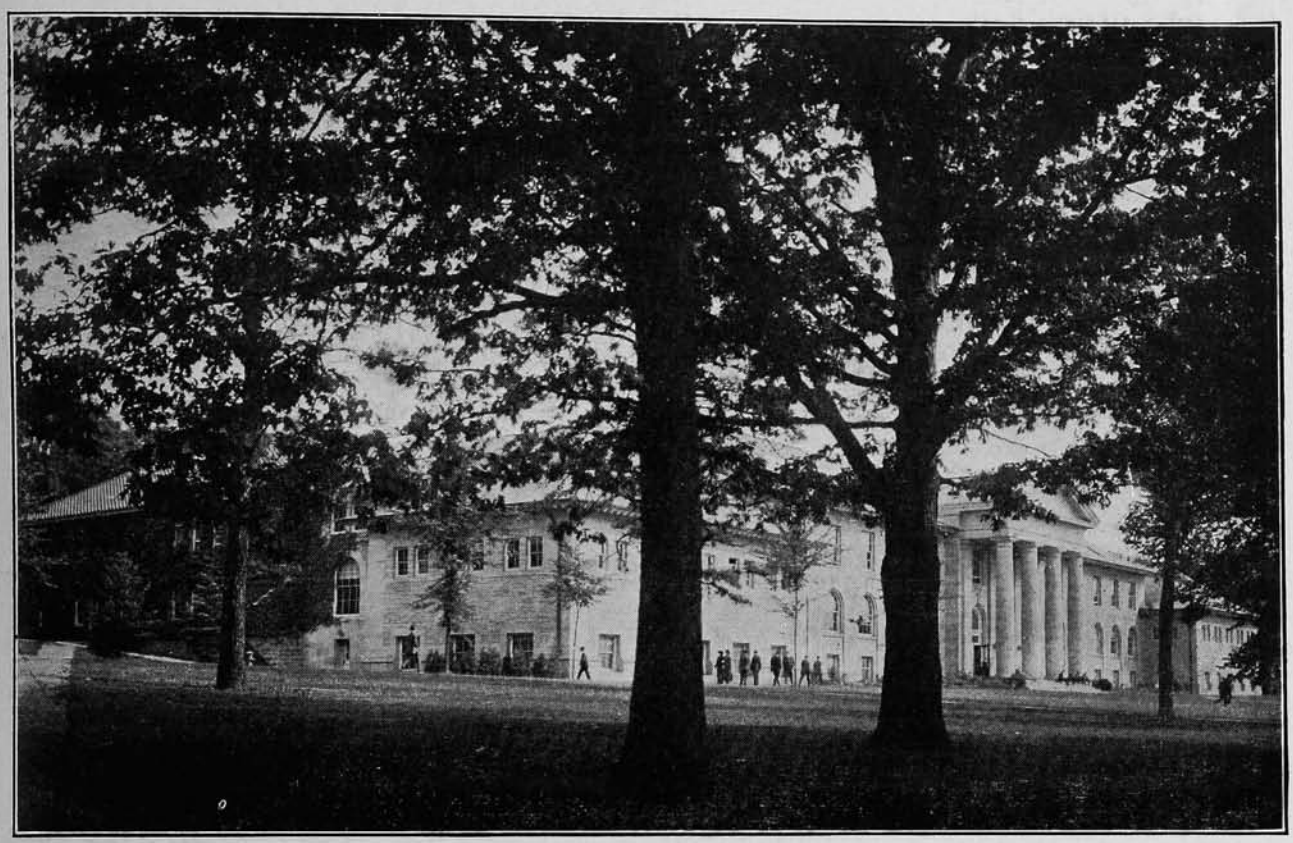

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But not forlorn,
Though of her crown
Of glory shorn.

Said they, "mere slaves
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We are free!"

We gazed at them
Then gazed again
And wrote this tale
With faltering pen.

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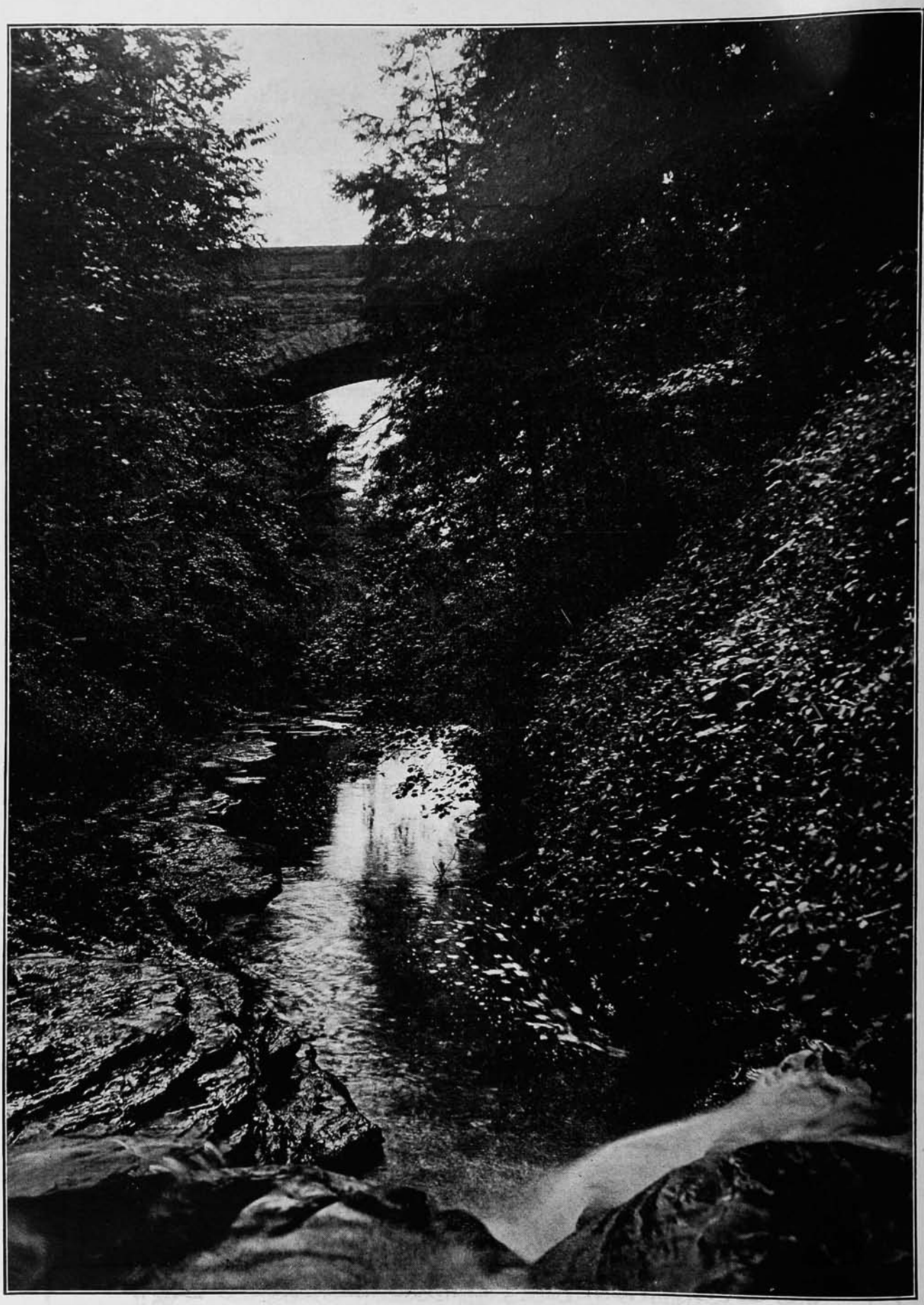


J. P. Troy

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

Vol. I ITHACA, N. Y., APRIL, 1916 No. 6

Reformatory Inmates

IONE DE VANY, '12

To the average reader of the magazines and newspapers, it must seem that almost everything that can be written about Bedford Reformatory has already been written. Somewhere between the dramatic confessions of the author of *"The Taming of My Rebel Soul" and the vindictive raving of Dr. Diedling of Ulster County, it would seem that the truth has been told and that it only remains for the discerning reader to weigh the evidence and draw conclusions.

Nevertheless, little has ever been written about the girls themselves. Dr. Diedling would have us believe that they are mistreated innocents. The author of "The Taming of My Rebel Soul" has given us a faithful portrayal of a case, too unusual to be regarded as typical.

The New York State Reformatory for Women, located at Bedford Hills, N. Y., cares for about five hundred women, between the ages of fifteen and thirty years, committed by the courts of New York City, Long Island, and the Hudson River Counties, for all crimes from manslaughter to vagrancy. All committments are for three years, subject to parole on the recommendation of the Superintendent and with the consent of the Board of Managers. The theoretical homogeneity of the group in the institution rests on the fact that, in the opinion of the committing magistrates, the girls are capable of benefiting by reformatory treatment. As different judges hold entirely different opinions in regard to this matter, we can readily understand that the group thus obtained consists of women who vary widely in age, temperament, experience and possibilities. We have known one judge to commit a high-class crook, with six indictments against her, on the same day that another judge committed a fifteen-year-old girl on a charge of being incorrigible and associating with bad companions.

Considering this, we realize that it would be unfair to generalize too widely concerning them. However, after personal acquaintance with over seven hundred of these girls, and superficial observation of several hundred more, we may say that their main anti-social characteristics seem to be a lack

*See Amer. Mag., Oct., 1914.

of respect for the property of other people, and lax moral standards regarding sex matters. Of course, there are many individual exceptions, but, generally speaking, these are the most prevalent anti-social characteristics found in a group of this kind. Physically they are shorter and heavier in proportion to their height than college women of the same age.

The perverted standards of individual girls are rather more interesting, if less illuminating, than the prevalent characteristics of the group.

One Sunday morning we were awakened by voices outside the window. Two girls on their way to service had stopped to discuss that never-failing topic of conversation, the injustice of their committments. One girl who had supported herself by prostitution for two years, but whom we believe to be perfectly honest, said:

"I've been on the streets for two years, but I never stole a dollar from nobody. They didn't have no right to send me up here just for hustling.* There always has been hustling girls and there always will be, as long as the world stands. He wouldn't have pinched me if I'd had twenty dollars to hand him. 'Tain't right to send me up here for three years, just for speakin' to a detective. Florence got three years, same as I did, and look what she done. She stole three hundred dollars. Aw—there ain't no justice in law. And, My Lord, ain't times been hard since the Becker trial"—etc., etc.

*Soliciting.

On the other hand, we have known a few—a very few—girls committed for larceny and assault who were not sex offenders, and who had all of a respectable woman's contempt for a prostitute.

A peculiar thing about the professional prostitute is her utter contempt for the woman who is immoral without accepting pay. Naturally, one would think that the acceptance of money is one of the most degrading elements in the situation. But the prostitute considers a girl a fool who does not get pay for her services, and often characterizes her as "a charity bum."

In investigating the histories of these girls, we came to the conclusion that the main sources from which they come, are the degenerate, worn-out stock of old, native families in which defectiveness has been evident for several generations, and the first generation of children born in this country of immigrant parents.

Of girls coming from the first source, it is safe to say that, with a few exceptions, they are feebleminded. There are several causes which may produce defective offspring, such as debility of the parents prior to the time of conception, accidents which injure the brain in very early childhood or at birth, or deformity of the maternal organs which prevent normal brain development of the foetus. By far the largest percentage of cases of feeblemindedness are assignable to the one great cause, heredity. Offspring are feebleminded because

they have had a feebleminded parent or grandparent, or some other more remote ancestor. We do not know how the taint starts; but we do know that it comes down the generations, skipping here and hitting there, and helping to fill our jails and prisons, insane hospitals, almshouses and orphanages with an increasing number of incompetents.

The children of immigrant parents are well-known to be the most criminal element in our population—far more criminal than either their foreign-born parents or the native Americans.* Many of the first generation born here cease to be Italians, Jews, Lithuanians or Poles, yet fail to become Americans in a true sense. They seem to lose respect for the ideals, traditions, ethical standards and religion of their parents and they substitute instead a superficial veneer of Americanization, consisting of a little English and a mistaken idea of how things are done in America, based on their observations of the intense struggle for existence and gain, as it exists in the crowded districts of our great cities. Their parents, most of whom have come from the country districts of Europe and are frequently handicapped by their inability to speak English, are unable to guide their children through the dangers of this strange and highly artificial environment.

We remember the case of one young Jewish girl, the daughter of a respectable, old, Russian-Jewish widow living in the Bronx. She had two industrious, respectable brothers who provided a good home and gave her every material comfort. In spite of this, she left home and went to live with an unscrupulous young Jew—a son of immigrant parents—who taught her to solicit and to cash checks which he had forged, and used her aid in other swindling schemes.

It was impossible to make this girl admit that she had done wrong. Everybody did these things, she said, and so long as one did not get caught they were all right. When reminded that her brothers never did such things, she replied, "Oh, no. They don't know enough. They're only Kikes!"

That girl really believed that she knew better how to handle herself in her American environment than did her mother, and she disregarded the old lady's moral teachings with the same contempt with which she sneered at her imperfect English.

The interesting article on Sleighton Farms by Araminta McDonald, which appeared in the January issue of *The Review* gives a careful description of the best type of reformatory institution for women offenders. Although it differs in some details and receives older girls, the Bedford Institution is very similar to Sleighton Farm in its aims and methods. Therefore, we refer the readers of *The Review* to Miss MacDonald's article, rather than offer them a similar

*See Jenks and Loucks: The Immigration Problem.

exposition of the training offered in such institutions.

Can such institutions be considered as a solution of our problem of the criminal woman? When we consider that, estimating conservatively, from 30 per cent to 50 per cent of the inmates of these institutions are feebleminded, that a much smaller percentage are cases requiring psychopathic treatment and that some are habitual offenders, past the age of reform, we can answer emphatically "No!"

The feebleminded woman criminal is capable of benefiting by reformatory treatment only to a limited extent. She is seldom, if ever, capable of maintaining herself in society and can do little work of economic value except under careful supervision. In addition, her poorly controlled animal instincts make her an easy prey for unscrupulous men or women. Most ominous of all, she breeds defective children who in turn become burdens on the next generation.

For such offenders permanent custodial care must be provided. They should not be regarded as criminals—these poor creatures with the minds of children and the physical development, instincts and passions of mature women. Institutions should be provided for them which would afford permanent protection against the evil influences which they are unable to resist and where they can contribute to their own support by doing useful work under intelligent supervision.

The cost of maintenance in such an asylum can be made considerably less than in a reformatory institution, because fewer precautions for safety and restraint are needed and less elaborate educational facilities are required.

In 1911 a Commission was appointed by the Governor to study the problem of feeblemindedness in New York. In 1914 the Secretary of the State Board of Charities, who was also a member of this commission, recommended that all feebleminded girls committed to reformatories be returned to the counties from which they had been committed, as being mentally incapable of being benefited by reformatory treatment.[1]

Although the law which permits this has been in force since 1896 it had hitherto not been acted upon at Bedford, for two reasons: first, because some feeble-minded girls did benefit by the discipline of the reformatory, and secondly, because the policy of the institution under Miss Davis had been to hold the prisoner as an inmate until she could be transferred to an

[1]Chapter 55—Consolidated Law. Chapter 546 of Laws of 1896, Article IV: 3:227—Return of females improperly committed.—Whenever it shall appear to the satisfaction of the board of managers of any such institution, that any person committed thereto is not of proper age to be so committed or is not properly committed, or is insane or mentally incapable of being materially benefitted by the discipline of any such institution, such board of managers shall cause the return of the female to the county from which she was so committed, etc.

institution for the care of the feeble minded. When, owing to the overcrowding of these institutions, this was impossible, the girl was held at the reformatory until the expiration of her term, and then released; it seeming better to protect her for three years than not at all.[2]

The purpose of the commission in thus advising the superintendents of reformatories to return the feebleminded girls to the counties from which they came was to bring this problem of the feebleminded offender to the attention of the community as the problem of feeblemindedness rather than one of delinquency.

The desirability of continuing such a policy is largely a matter of opinion.

Of the six cases where this plan was tried and which we personally followed up, one girl was immediately transferred to the State Custodial Asylum at Rome, N. Y., two were placed on probation which they failed to keep and were subsequently committed to Letchworth Village, three are prostituting as before their arrest. Of the latter, one has become pregnant since her release.

Since this plan has been acted upon fewer feebleminded girls have been committed from the districts to which the returns were made. Whether, however, the desired aim of securing more rational treatment for this class of offenders will be furthered by this method, only time can tell. Certainly it has aroused both the attention and the indignation of the officials of the counties to which girls were returned.

Another type of offender, frequently found in reformatories, and who does not properly belong there, is the habitual offender, who, although not feebleminded, can scarcely be regarded as reformable. They are usually confirmed drunkards or prostitutes with long Workhouse records; and because of their wide experience, often have a bad influence over the younger girls. Such cases should be sent to a State Farm like the one building at Valatie, and should remain there under indeterminate sentence.

Perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most difficult group of inmates is that small number of borderline cases of girls with unstable emotional equipment and psychopathic tendencies. Some of them, when placed under restraint, become insane. Others profit by discipline and regularity; while still others become the most trying disciplinary cases in the institution.

The Bureau of Social Hygiene is at present erecting at Bedford a hospital for the study and treatment of this group.

The exclusion of these three groups would materially reduce our reformatory population, and make it possible to give the reformable girls more careful treatment.

The outline of a practical plan and a description of the machinery required to secure proper treatment for each of these classes of women offenders was presented by Miss Davis at a conference of Judges

held in Syracuse, N. Y., Dec., 1912. It has been published in pamphlet form.

It was the development of these policies and the carrying out of them in the institution in so far as circumstances and equipment would permit, that made Bedford Reformatory under the superintendence of Miss Davis, the most progressive institution of its kind in the world.

---

[2]We have known girls in the institution who were so feebleminded that they stayed on several months after the expiration of their sentence without realizing that their time was up and that they could leave if they wished to do so.

The Indispensable Amateur

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD, '06

"There is always room for the apprentice," says the truism. Its fellow axiom should run: "There is always a place for the amateur."

The true function of the amateur actor is almost universally misunderstood. That is why it is fashionable to sneer at them. Amateurs themselves, instead of attending to their proper business, are apt to mistake a desire to shine for ability, and to magnify a crude effort into a great attainment. Viewed as art, their work is practically valueless. But in their true field, it is indispensable. Amateur theatricals, and especially college theatricals, are of vast and growing importance to the drama.

There are, not one, but two, arts of the drama: the art of the professional and the art of the amateur.

In so far as professionals are recruited from the ranks of the amateurs, the two domains merge. But such recruits are not in a strict sense amateurs. They are rather embryonic professionals, and as such have no business in our present discussion.

The art of the professional is to act. The art of the amateur is to be audience.

How humiliating! you exclaim. Any one can be audience. In one sense, that is of course true. But the art of being a *good* audience is as vital to the drama as the art of acting itself. And its principles are much less widely known.

What is this unheard-of art of being an audience? And what has amateur acting to do with it?

Let me elaborate the theme by means of an illustration from a brief stage experience.

Sitting on the highest dressing-room balcony,—(for back of the curtain as in front, the lowest must mount highest)—I looked down on the scene-shifting. It was our first night on the road. Nobody knew where anything belonged. The bay-window of Mrs. Gibbs' boarding-house on Forty-Second Street, New York, looked out on the Chesapeake Bay. Capt. Jogifer's fishing-boat leaned confidentially against the pseudo-mahogany office desk of the Wall

Street lawyers, Craig and Willis. In the middle of the chaos, sat the Director, brooding over the world he was about to call into being. The outlook was rather discouraging. But presently Prospero waved his wand, disguised as a long unlit black cigar, and the scenes began dancing into place. When the set was up, Prospero moved here and there giving a touch of life to the dead things which were to speak. He slanted the oars against the cottage at natural, haphazard angles, (which weren't haphazard at all), just as an old retired sea-captain might have done when he came back from a day's fishing. The things he touched became a sort of mute chorus to his main motive. He even contrived to lend an air of plausibility to the unconvincing sun-flowers by the cottage. He created a complete *world of illusion,* except that it was still inanimate.

Then the dressing-room lights blinked and the first act was on.

The actors came to give the illusion of life to the setting. I sat in the wings, watching the play. Beyond the actors was a queer blurred breathing thing which laughed often and applauded sometimes. Between me and it was Prospero's frail world of illusion. The thought turned me dizzy then, as often later, of how easy it would be to destroy it. I had only to put out my hand beyond the canvas which screened me to wreck it. A false entrance, an instant's slipping out of character, a lapse of memory, and the fairy world would fade, leaving only paint and canvas, and the desperate necessity of re-creating the illusion. A few days later, a stage hand actually did do it violence. He meant to cross the stage back of the drop and instead found himself presumptuously walking across the Chesapeake Bay. In the uproar which followed, Prospero's fairy creation crashed into nothingness. The Chesapeake Bay became a back-drop, and the characters, "play-actors."

To create and sustain a perfect illusion is the art of acting. In order to act perfectly his part, the actor should fool all the audience all the time. That is a consumation only to be approximated even by professionals after years of effort. With the effort itself, the amateur has nothing to do, but he has a great deal to do with *calling forth* that effort. In other words, demand always of a play that it present a perfect illusion. Whether it be farce or tragedy, ephemeral or epochal, demand that it transport you into its dream.

In this should lie the highest value of your college dramatics. Under the guidance of men and women of taste and cultivation, in the study of plays deserving study, amateurs cannot fail to become sensitized to the beauties of the art. By striving to speak the words of Hamlet as Hamlet meant them, you get some inkling of the infinite subtleties of speech. In practicing inflections, no matter how crudely, you become aware that the real word is the spoken word, that we have no fixed symbols for inflections, and that a word which looks

the same in print is a different word every time it is spoken. You also learn how essential it is to coordinate gestures and movements with thoughts. You learn only in the actual doing of it that you must not, say, point at a thing before you appear to see it, and such rudimentary laws which you would not realize unless you attempted to apply them for yourself. When you go to a play the next time, you will instinctively demand of it that it respect these principles. In short, you will find that your amateur experience has fitted you to be a better audience.

Take the audience in the illustration. It realized well enough the incongruity of the stage-hand walking across the Chesapeake Bay. It would probably have noticed if the lame sea-captain had forgotten and walked straight. It is very doubtful whether it would have detected a lapse from "darky" dialect into "straight" speech, and still more doubtful whether it knew why the leading woman failed to convince in her big emotional scene, while she was "kidding" with the other actors. "Kidding," by the way, is a favorite pastime, especially on the road. It means doing things unobserved by the audience to make the other actors laugh. While it sounds harmless enough, and in some scenes even helps the mirth infection to spread, it is a pernicious custom. True actors do not do it, for they are taught first of all to respect their audience. But there are many who do. Often, when a scene falls flat, it is only for this reason. Audiences should be forewarned, and know what they have a right to expect.

There is a great deal of slovenly work today, even in high places, just because audiences do not know their rights. Only the other day, I saw a play in a Broadway theatre, acted by a star of reputation and awarded a prize as a good example of play-composition. It was a miserable composite of far-fetched situations and forced dialogue; but worse than that, the star insulted the audience by not even pretending to act. She was displeased at her reception or else despised her art, for she lounged through intense scenes, in and out of character as it suited her. She raced through a long speech, in which she was supposed to be remembering events which happened several years before, like a lesson she had learned. She exclaimed: "Oh, my God!" at an intense moment exactly as if she were swearing. Her manner seemed to say: "I have made my name. I draw my salary: What do I care so long as people pay $2 to see me?" Of course people would not pay it long if she always acted like that. But so long as slovenly work like hers passes muster, just so long will the audience get slovenly work. If those who saw that star debase her art as she did refused to go again to see her, she would soon find it necessary to change her methods.

Remember, the rule of the stage is: "The audience comes first." All true actors obey this. No mat-

ter what personal grief or turmoil claims them off the stage, on the stage they belong to their audience. Consider then what power lies in the hands of the audience. It is the true dictator, the true censor, of plays and players. In the scope of its will, lies the drama of the future.

Go out then from your college as a leaven in the audience. Demand your due of actor and playwright, and help the great drama of your country to be born.

Cornell and The Ideal University

MARION CRANE, (GRAD.)

NOTE.—Speech delivered at the First Annual Banquet of the Cornell Graduate Club, February 18, 1916.

In the days when I was an undergraduate, we used to discuss the possibility of an ideal university. We imagined a place where there should be nothing "required,"—no organized student activities, no "assigned" reading, no term examinations, no grades,—a place where there should be just one great chance to pass or fail, like the judgment day, at the end of the course. We had revolutionary ideas about the Faculty, too. We wanted them to burn with wonderful enthusiasm for ideas, and to let us see the fire, so to speak. We wanted to catch fire ourselves in long 'Socratic' discussions with them. Before I decided to come to Cornell I got the idea from my major professor at my alma mater that the Cornell Graduate School was as nearly the ideal university as any real place could be. He was trained here himself. I remember especially one thing that he said: *"You're poor and free at Cornell."* He knew how adventurous that would sound in the midst of the comfortable, guarded life I was leading. And he also said that there was no university in the country where graduate women were treated more fairly than at Cornell.

So I came here with very happy expectations. Perhaps they have helped me to look in the right places for some of the good things that I have found here. Take being poor, for instance. In a recent number of the *New Republic* there is a criticism of a book by the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* The book is called "Why I Believe in Poverty," and the critic says, * * * "this title sounds about as attractive as 'Why I Favor Whooping Cough', or 'Why I Advocate Glass Eyes.'" In spite of this I am ready to defend the advantages of being poor at Cornell. There are plenty of people here who cannot be kept from doing what they want to do by the fear of being poor, and it is good to be of their number. Independence is in the air at Cornell, and triumphs even over the fraternity houses. Fortunately the graduate student, whether man or woman, is likely to be not very much involved with fraternities. We belong to the

larger whole, to the democracy of this great incoherent university, where many nations, many professions, many kinds of people jog elbows. Some day you may hear, let us say, a philosopher and a cheesemaker discussing a big problem together, such as the merits of coeducation. And you must be prepared to find the cheesemaker coming out ahead of the philosopher. One of the most important discoveries which I made last year was that the Chinese are not the strange unaccountable Orientals I had always supposed them to be, but so far as I could see, fundamentally indistinguishable from the rest of us. It is not safe to set up any prejudices between yourself and this university. You may even go so far as to visit a lecture on something you know nothing about, or to whet your appetite for lunch by singing "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" with the Farmers' Week people in Bailey Hall. And if you go to an undergraduate crew rally, and find them first giving a long yell for Courtney, and then listening solemnly to Handel's "Largo" on the big organ, you mustn't be shocked. Perhaps it is not logically possible to regulate by authority the tastes of a true democracy. So much for the activities which are not required from graduate students!

As for academic freedom, I think that in this respect too I have tasted the joys of the ideal university. The head of my department does not believe in "following up" graduate students. He assumes that they are able to take care of themselves. I *have* attended classes and written papers, but I believe from what I have heard of other places that we feel the pressure of arbitrary requirements very little in this graduate school. Some of us have found out the satisfaction of having one all-absorbing piece of work to do, the fail-or-pass kind of thing of the ideal university. Even if we fail, there will have been the adventure of swimming in deep water for a while. Most of us, I think, find it inspiring to be working in a great university, where, whatever may be our individual contributions, really great and useful research of all kinds is being done.

All of this is perhaps even more true from a woman's point of view than from a man's. In spite of the *New Republic* I believe that it is a fine thing for a woman to be poor,—of course within reasonable limits,—especially to be living in an atmosphere where the thing that really matters is to do your work and not to maintain a certain standardized appearance. It is such a fine thing that I wish all of us, undergraduates and all, could live consciously in this atmosphere. I wish that this Prudence Risley Hall and all the dormitories at my own college were not less clean, less open to light and air, less beautiful, but more austere,—"plain pretty" instead of "worldly pretty," as the Quakers say, with an atmosphere less of social occasions and more of hard thought and hard play. It is strange that educators should not realize how proudly the young, men and women alike, will respond to

the chance to be poor and free.

To be free in her work is a fine thing for a woman too,—not to be over-guided and over-advised, but to be left free to fail or to succeed, to do really impersonal work in a professional spirit. One of the most stimulating elements that I have encountered at Cornell is the professional spirit of the men,—men who have chosen their vocation and intend to master it. Natural ability is important, but it is not more important than an undivided purpose. I have certainly not heard of any obstacles at all being put in the way of graduate women at Cornell. They are allowed all the privileges,—scholarships and fellowships, even the privilege of excavating in Morse Hall ruins. They are treated like human beings, which, given the full meaning of the words, is after all the greatest boon that anybody, man or woman, can ask.

Even on so notable an occasion as this you would not have me pretend that I have found my ideal completely realized. I still think the intellectual life in a university a little cold, a little sleepy. We graduate students, for instance, are too apt to go creeping through to our degrees with our noses in our own work, and no brightness about us. I wish we were not even satisfied to master the technicalities of our own particular field. I wish we all wanted to read more widely, to talk with more kinds of people, to hear more convictions and to have more convictions. It looks sometimes as if we were a little afraid,—afraid to get out of our beaten paths, afraid to think things through. Many of us expect some day to be university teachers ourselves. How shall we be filled with enthusiasm then if we sleep now, or if we are afraid to be free? Perhaps we should be helped to wake if we could hear more good talk. If only some of the many wise people in this University could find time to discuss with us, to be altogether frank and impolitic with us, to startle us out of our unripe conservatism, how much we should profit! Or if only we could sit by sometimes and listen to *their* hot discussions. You see I still have that Socratic ideal in mind. I realize of course that Socrates was not required to lecture every day to large numbers of partially unwilling students, and that my ideal is perhaps the hopeless kind that someone has said does not clinch with reality.

At any rate we have enough to do as students to show that we are worth the pains of busy people. I suppose what I have said may have seemed rather inconsistent. I have been advocating single-mindedness in one breath, and open-mindedness in the next. But you can see the truth which lies here, as truth is so apt to do, along the dangerous edge of a paradox. How much cruel narrow-mindedness would be prevented, if only the single-minded were open-minded! Let us at any rate be alive, just because we *are* "the intellectuals." It may be that ideas are the only completely living things in the world. Let us prove that we are not afraid of ideas, or of ideals either,—that we are not afraid to be poor and free.

A Sonnet

EMILY C. SCHULTZE, '17

Roaming the glades with all the world my own,
  I came upon a nook all starred with flowers,
Exquisite, opalescent tints, full blown
  Blinded my sight, then held my eyes for hours.

Arbutus, trailing like a velvet streak
  Through myriads of the flowers of Spring,
And here—a silken violet at my feet,
  A tiny, wondrous, self-effacing thing.

Oh, thou great Master, infinite is Thy scope,
  And infinite Thy power to create.
Teach me to use the Span of Time and Hope,
  That gave this world the modest violet.

Then should I, did the page of Time unroll,
Shape all this flood that surges in my Soul.

A Miss is as Good as a Smile

"It must be there, Frieda, don't tell me you can't find it." Mrs. Reynolds' voice was far from pleasant when her testy temper asserted itself, and it made poor Frieda search the more diligently through the books and papers in the big drawer of the library table.

"I ain't found it yet, mum, but I will directly," she called, hoping to appease her irate mistress. But she turned to her labors with a muttered "That is if it's here, which I think it ain't."

But her efforts did not produce results quickly enough to please the lady of the house, for she soon appeared in the doorway and bore down upon the pleasant little room like a thunder-cloud. The room was a delightful one. The early morning sunlight streamed through the two long windows in the front of the house, and brightened up the dull green upholstering of the furniture. There were neat scrim curtains in the windows but they were looped back so that they did not exclude any more of that precious light than was necessary. Long dull green draperies on the sides of the windows made the room seem very high, but it was really just an ordinary room. There was a big mirror between the windows and that served to make the room look larger than it really was. Before the mirror was a generous writing table which was littered with papers and writing materials. Frieda was devoting her efforts to the library table in the center of the room, and she was hunting for something in the big deep drawer.

"I want to put it out right away, Frieda, so we must find it," Mrs. Reynolds continued, while she pawed the contents of the music cabinet in the corner.

"To think of Mr. Harry's going away, after the long time he's been here, and all the good treatment he's got." And Miss Frieda sighed, as though it were indeed sad to think on.

"There's no time to cry about it, Frieda," said Mrs. Reynolds coldly. "There's other young men to be had, and I can raise my price for someone new. This is a fine neighborhood, and any young man should be glad to live here and pay a good price."

"An' to think he was so fond of Miss Patty, too, mum," added the almost tearful Frieda.

"Hold your tongue, young woman, and don't let me hear any of your gossip ," snapped Mrs. Reynolds. "We've no time to gabble now. I must put my sign out this morning and catch people's attention as soon as possible. If Mr. Allen wants to go today, I'll have somebody as good as him and better too, before he's safely out of the house.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Reynolds," said a pleasant voice in interruption, and the two women looked up to see the slender young man who stood in the doorway holding up a sign which read "Rooms—Apply within." Frieda heaved a sigh of relief.

"You bring your welcome with you," said Mrs. Reynolds pointedly, but the young man only smiled. He seemed to be such a nice chap. His smile was very genuine, and satisfying to look at. Even a misanthrope would have felt its cheerfulness, and poor, impressionable Frieda fairly melted with sympathy for this red-haired, blue-eyed youth who was leaving them so suddenly.

But Mrs. Reynolds saw only her sign which meant the renting of her room. She began to berate Frieda soundly for her carelessness in mislaying it, when Mr. Harry's voice again interrupted, "You left it in my room yourself, Mrs. Reynolds, the day I moved in."

"Are you going so early in the morning, Harry," came from behind him, and the young man stepped aside, disclosing an extremely pretty girl who darted into the room, picked up the clock from the library table and held it up, pointing to its hands. "Seven A. M.—"You shan't go without your breakfast, boy."

"Mr. Allen shall do as he pleases, Patty, with no suggestions from you," said Mrs. Reynolds, taking her sign from her erstwhile boarder and sending Frieda out with it.

"He's quite aware of that fact, ma'am," said the still smiling youth, "but he'll take what suggestions he pleases. Thank you very much, Miss Patty for your kind thought, but you see I'm all ready to go. Even my bag is here," and he pointed to the valise which he had placed by the door when he came in.

"All packed?" said Patty slowly, and she took an involuntary step toward the bag. "Why—why, how funny. It has S. F. on it and you are Harry Allen."

"That—that is funny isn't it? You see, eh, I—I bought it second-hand, Miss Patty—and the initials were on when I got it." But the young man's tone was far from convincing and his smile hardly seemed so bright.

Mrs. Reynolds sniffed. "Come, Patty, you have your duties to attend to. Good-bye, Mr. Allen" and she swept from the room disdainfully.

"I'm sorry," and Patty looked charming when she was sorry thought Mr. Harry, "I didn't mean to be inquisitive."

"Oh, you weren't at all," replied Harry untruthfully but happily smiling again. "Are you really sorry to see me go, Patty?"

"I can hardly stand it," Patty hesitated just an instant too long when she continued, "because the house does look so awful with that old sign in front. I hate to see the thing go up." And the very thought of it made Patty look miserable, but she tried to look cheerful and add "It goes up, you know, every time anybody leaves."

"Oh," said the young man with evident satisfaction. But he sobered in a minute and held out his hand. "But it's getting later and later, Miss Patty, and I might miss my train, so you'll have to say good-bye to me. It won't be for good, I promise you." And he

looked very serious then, and more so when Patty put out her little white hand and tried to smile bravely. Harry Allen was a man of action, and he proved it then and there by picking Mistress Patty up without further ado, kissing her squarely on the mouth before she knew what he was about, setting her down and running from the house with his bag in hand, before the little lady could protest—if she would.

While she was still gazing in astonishment at the door where an instant before Harry had been standing, Frieda burst excitedly into the room.

"Do ye hear them, Miss Patty? I wonder what they're up to now?" she gasped.

"Hear what?" asked Patty in a frightened tone.

"The newsies, Miss. They're a yellin' "Wuxtry," again, like as fit to wake the dead. And it's always the dead they yell about. I wonder what's happened, now. Do ye suppose it's them Rooshans, now? And what on airth can they have done? Sunk another man or killed a ship."

"Do be quiet, Frieda, maybe we can hear what he's calling about."

At this psychological moment the shaggy red head of the newsboy was thrust in the open window and he called "Wuxtry, ma'am, want a paper?"

Whether it was curiosity, or maybe the redhair or the blue eye of the newsy that moved Patty to buy the paper, buy it she did.

"It isn't the war this time, Frieda, it's a forgery—a big one—and—and—"

"Why if that there ain't Mr. Harry's picture in the paper! What's he done, Miss Patty?" And Frieda fastened her eye on the paper which trembled in poor Patty's hands. "Why, of all things, they call him Stuart Fairfax—as though we hadn't known Harry Allen these six months. Them papers are always wrong. There, there, Missy, don't you break down like that, maybe it's just someone looks like him." And Frieda did her best to comfort the now weeping Patty, but did not stop her perusal of the sheet. "Signed father's name to check—the young rascal—has not been home for some time due to a disagreement with his father—cashed check today $500,000—he did a good job while he was about it. There, there, dearie. Red hair, blue eyes, slight build—my gracious me, Miss Patty, they're as like as two peas."

Late that afternoon when little Patty, red-eyed and sad of expression, sat in the cozy living room and essayed to embroider, she was disturbed by a ring of the front door bell. She jumped up to open it and there in the doorway stood the same red-haired Harry, with his brown bag in hand.

How gladly did she smile up at him "Oh, I'm so happy to see you back." And I venture to say she looked as though she would like very much to have him repeat his performance of the morning. Women are trusting.

But this was not the same Harry

who had gone away from her this morning. He was not smiling now, and she thought the lines about his mouth strangely hard. And all the time she was thinking so, she was showing him into the living room, where he sat down and looked around like a stranger.

As she rang for Frieda Patty ventured just one question.

"Aren't you happy, Harry? You look so sad and you were so gay this morning."

"This morning?" Harry looked surprised—but he recovered himself, and said gloomily, "A great deal has happened since then, my dear."

"For goodness sake, Mr. Harry," said the astounded Frieda in the doorway. "So you've come back, have you! Well, I don't know whether Missis 'll let you have your old room back or not. She was going to charge more for it this time."

"Come come, Frieda," interrupted Patty. "Go and find mother and let her speak for herself."

"You do that, Frieda," added Harry in a far from friendly tone. At that Frieda departed sulkily on the errand, muttering something irrelevant about "old bears."

Patty retired shyly into her chair and busied herself with her sewing, not daring to look up at this new Harry who seemed so sour and unsmiling. After just a minute, when she just couldn't resist it any longer, Patty took a sidelong glance at him in the long mirror on the wall. Harry was sitting in the chair by the big table, and his dear red head was buried in his hands. His bag was on the floor at his feet. She remembered it was second hand, and her heart bled for his poverty—but—why those weren't the same initials he had had on his bag. What had those been she had noticed this morning? She couldn't remember, but she was sure they weren't H. R. and those were the ones she saw there now. Was Harry really deceiving her? No, there was some mistake, she knew, and when he felt better he would explain it all; she wouldn't disturb him now.

But at this decison Mrs. Reynolds swept into the room, and Harry looked up, still unsmiling.

"Well, so you decided there wasn't a better place after all, than where you've been fostered for months? I'm glad you had sense enough to come back—but you'll have to pay at least two dollars more than you have been paying."

"Well, I'm not kicking any, am I," snapped Harry. "Lead the way and I'll take the old joint for what you say it's worth." And for once Mrs. Reynolds had nothing to say.

This was not like Harry though, thought little Patty. Dear, fun-loving Harry—there was a sad change indeed. What had happened to him since this morning? And he seemed more extravagant now, too, paying so much more for his room without a word when he knew mamma would let him have it at the old price. And his new bag, too. Why did he have H. R. on it? Was the R. for Reynolds and was he thinking of getting married? Why, how silly; of course not, men never took their wives' names. But still there was

something wrong—and the perplexed Patty sighed and resumed her work.

Some impulse made Patty look up suddenly and there stood Harry in the doorway, smiling, with his fingers on his lips. He came toward her swiftly, and she noted with surprise that now he had the other bag with him. What did make her think of that bag so much?

"I'm in trouble, Patty dear," whispered Harry. "It'll be all right in time, but you must help me, now, quickly."

"Where did you leave mother?" queried Patty. Harry started.

"*Leave* mother? Why I haven't seen her yet. What do you mean?"

"Sh, here they come," said Patty. "Quick."

Harry was pulled bag and all to the window, and for once the great, long draperies did service, for when Harry's double entered the room with Mrs. Reynolds he of the smile was completely concealed behind the generous folds, and little Patty sewed away demurely.

"Well, I'll pay it all right. But I don't want to be disturbed by anyone. You'll find my mode of living somewhat different from what it was before I left you."

The new Harry seemed to have completely overawed Mrs. Reynolds, to that good lady's surprise, and she had nothing to say to that.

There was a short pause and then the stranger bent over to pick up his bag. Like a flash the curtains parted and Harry sprang at the man and had him down in an instant so great was his surprise.

"Quick. Call the police," and there was no smile on Mr. Harry's face now. Frieda ran to do his bidding.

The men struggled for a short time, but the arrival of Frieda and the policeman put an end to the tussel and also to the braggadocio of the gruff stranger. At the very beginning of the scrape, Harry had pulled off the head of his counterpart a very fine head of red hair and disclosed one underneath as black as the proverbial raven's wing.

When the officer of the law intervened, he looked up smiling and said, "I hardly expected to find you so soon, my friend, but I'd have had you sooner or later."

"What's the row, about, anyway," asked the bluecoat. "Say" to Harry, "you look like this Fairfax guy they want."

Patty trembled. What was it all about?

"Just a minute, officer, and I'll explain," said Harry calmly, and then followed the astounding statement, "I am the Fairfax guy they want. But I refuse to go unless you take along my friend here, whom you should recognize as "Black Barney." Here's a red wig he saw fit to use, and a few other things I'll warrant in his bag. I'm Stuart Fairfax's son; don't cry, but he's been playing my double and forged."

"That sounds straight enough, old man, "said the genial cop who scented promotion here, "But you'd better come along with us now and tell it to the inspector."

"Sure I will. Come on there,

Barney. Quit sulking. Good-bye, Patty, I'll be back."

"Please wait till I get my hat and coat I want to go with you," said a very happy Patty.

"You do no such thing, young lady," came the preemptory command from the landlady who suddenly found her tongue.

"Good-bye, Mamma," and the door closed on the little company that left for the police station.

The Short Story Contest

The Review Short Story Contest will close on April 15th. Stories offered should be not less than 1500 words. Manuscript may be turned in to any member of the Review Board, or at the Review office. The Editorial Board will act as judges and a prize of $5.00 will be awarded to the author of the winning story; the story to be printed in the May number. All other stories submitted are to become the property of the Review, which retains the right to print any that are deemed suitable.

Springtime Studies

JULIA MOESEL, '16

Agassiz said "That which is first worth knowing is that which is nearest at hand." The nearest at hand is the natural environment which few of us take the trouble to note. If we but stopped to consider, we would see the countless beauties about us, most noticeable in April and May. The crocuses in the lawn have become dazzling constellations of many pointed stars, amid which the honey-bees hum with contentment, as they flit from chalice to chalice, loading their bodies with golden pollen. The bumble-bee seeks no pollen, but desiring refreshment only, forces her way down one flower after another, gaining her end, even though the flower petals be torn by her actions, and with a hum she is soon gone only to find another wealth of drink. Small flies on quivering wings dance in the sunshine and perhaps a mourning cloak butterfly, the brown one, with yellow edged wings, flickers down the garden path.

If you listen, you will hear the sweet melodious song of the robin which carols continually from some tall shrub near at hand. Presently he seeks dry grass and mud for the nest which is already shaped in the apple tree. Close by, sits another robin, her breast not quite so deep a red, her manner more reserved. During the winter, male and female robins have been living separately, both singing, but now they have united and the male only voices his joy.

A short tramp in the country will bring added joys. One of the most pleasing of these is the calling of the downy woodpecker. You may see him sitting upright in some branch of a commanding tree, uttering his ringing, laughing call and then pausing for response. Receiving no answer he will call again, perhaps many times, but at last he will take wing, and in drooping loops or undulations will fly to another tree, there to repeat his call.

The yellow-bellied sapsucker, another woodpecker, delights in riddling the bark of the sugar maples, to obtain some maple sap. Wonderful it is indeed, to watch him, as he drills holes through the bark with his sharp beak. The nuthatch, whose powers of speech are in no wise disturbed by his often inverted position, slips along the tree in his white-vested suit of Quaker gray. His erratic climbing is accompanied by a conversational twitter, or a loud nasal "yank, yank", which informs us of his presence before we see him.

The song sparrow whose refrain may be heard all seasons of the year is an ever welcome friend. His sombre brown dress with its vest of gray, decorated with many wedge-shaped spots of black and brown makes him very inconspicuous indeed, yet his good spirits and his irrepressible vivacity, proclaim that he is indeed one of Na-

ture's successes. When alarmed, he flies downward or horizontally, never upward.

In the middle of May the sky is lighted by a flash of color. It is the American redstart, garbed in a coat of salmon and black. With wings and tail outspread, as he whirls about, dancing from limb to limb, darting upward and floating downward, he is like a leaf blown in the breeze. The caterpillars feeding in the shade of the leaves and the gnats dancing in the sunshine, know to their sorrow, that there is a method in his erratic performance. Who fails to see the Yellow Warbler, as he flits about in the gardens, the shrubbery of the lawn and the bushy brooksides? In his plumes is the gold of the sun; in his voice, its brightness and good cheer.

Walking through the woods and glancing overhead to the open sky, one may see the hawk describing great spirals in the heavens, or the crow circling above. The latter's glistening coat, ebony form and hearty call make him a conspicuous figure in the sky. A walk to the edge of the wood, will show you where many gather in flocks, especially if food be present. Gradually they disband and lead a more secluded life in twos or threes, sliding down the air, or driving and chasing one another or walking about the fields, the movement of their heads timing the movement of their feet.

"The borders of the road are like the embroidered margin of a fine garment full of embroidered and elaborate detail." If you wish within a limited space of time to gather a number of wild flowers, follow the highway, for in a short time, flowers of the hillside, field and swamp may be observed.

We often pass on our way with unseeing eyes. The dandelion spreads its wealth of gold at our feet, and we do not stoop to recognize it. In the cold, wet hollow the ill-scented Skunk Cabbage is the pioneer, but before April has closed its doors, its place is taken by the marsh marigold, of a bright golden hue. The hepatica, a dainty purplish white flower snuggles deep in last year's large and purple —blotched leaves. The new ones are tiny and fuzzy, and do not appear till the flower has bloomed. Near it we may find the wood anemone or wind flower, a single flower on a stalk, and the rue anemone with its clusters of blossoms. The spring beauty with its delicate pink and white blossoms peeps forth from the grassy borders of the road near the edge of a tiny streamlet. And then the violets: the downy yellow violet with its tiny inflorescence on a short stem which issues from between a pair of long leaves, and the common blue violets, which may cover acres and acres of the woods! As our eyes are carried over this broad expanse of bloom, a mandrake or may-apple may come to view. It is adorned by drooping waxy-white petals borne between two large leaves which serve as umbrellas for many an insect, or wood-frog.

A general glance about the wooded landscape, will reveal a row of willows, boldly wearing the

color of spring, while neighboring oaks and elms are scarcely reddening with swollen buds. The willow, casting sweet odor abroad, tempts all honey-loving insects to its service. Its golden-flecked catkins are the center of attraction. To us, its early color and its grace of growth is very apparent. How did it come to be planted on our landscape? Whenever you stop to admire some giant willow, you will always find the tradition of its origin, an accident. Perhaps it is the very ease of its growing which makes us think so little of this noble tree.

Under its branches you may hear the sweet piping voices of the little spring peepers, those tiny, ochre-yellow brown, smooth-skinned frogs, scarcely over an inch long. In the afternoon the chorus is in full swing, and their shrill, piercing notes have no equal in all musical nature. You can hardly see these creatures for only their bulgy eyes and tips of their noses are above the surface of the pond, and a rapid approach will cause them to disappear instantly.

From the denser wood comes the echo of the wood frog, who is a brown-tan color, except along side the eye, where he wears a black mask. About the early part of April, when the weather is warm the wooded margin of the pond will resound with his spasmodic hoarse clucking notes.

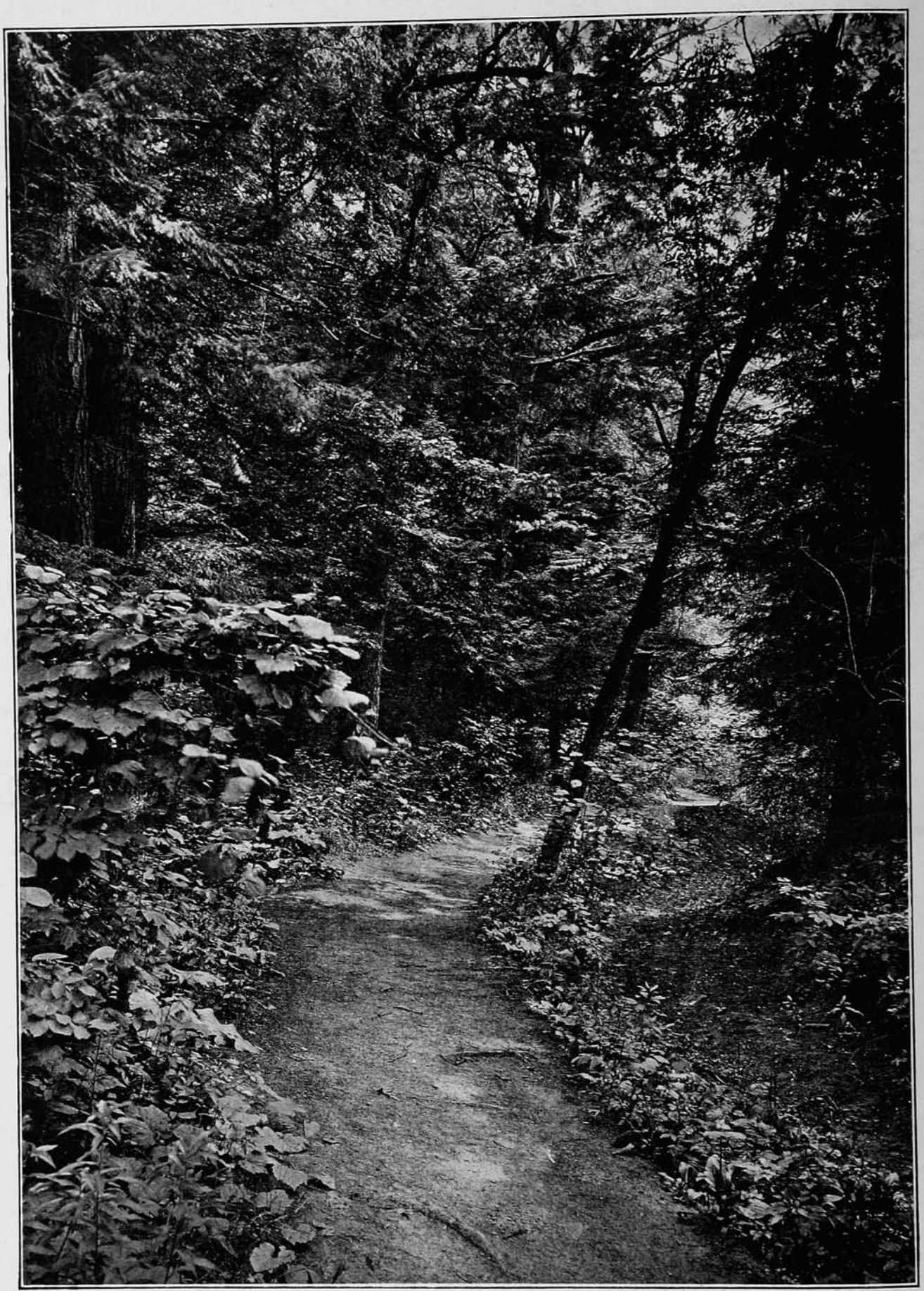
The brown, warty creature which is so repulsive in appearance and which many shudder to touch, is the common toad, who possesses one of the sweetest voices of spring—a dreamy, lulling, musical voice, well fitted to sing the slumber song of Nature. By moonlight, the song of the toad seems even more entrancing. He swells his throat to a whitish, bubble-like form which collapses when the sound ceases. Puckering his lips for another effort, he swells up again and continues for a few seconds more. A sudden movement on your part will cause him to disappear suddenly among the weeds on the border of the pond.

A glance out in the middle of the pond may reveal the painted turtle with his bright red markings as he basks on a floating log. He walks along with his head projecting far from the front end of his shell, and his apparently flabby legs appear from the side, while his little pointed tail brings up an undignified rear. Frighten him and at once, head, legs and tail disappear accompanied by a threatening, hissing sound.

From the edge of the woodside path where the vegetation is more or less dried and tangled, or from the rocky ledges or stony hill-sides will appear the common garter snake, olive-brown above and with narrow light-yellow stripes. He has just been awakened by the vivifying influence of spring sunshine, and scatters now to other localities more favorable for a good meal. With his body curved S-wise and his head slightly raised, he halts motionless, but the next instant sees him scampering away.

Returning home from the pond, you encounter the tall elms with

(Continued on page 309)



J. P. Troy

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

FOUNDED 1915

Published monthly during the academic year by the Women of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

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A College Woman for College Women

In another column of the *Review* appears an announcement of the resignation of Mrs. Martin from the position of Adviser of Women. For some time Mrs. Martin has wisely seen the need of official recognition of this position. A body of College women larger than that at Mt. Holyoke, Barnard, Radcliffe and Bryn Mawr need to have at their head a college woman of recognized position in the community as Dean of Women, to deal with the multiple problems which arise. Mrs. Martin's resignation follows an interview with the President of the University in which Mrs. Martin was given to understand that there was no prospect of the position being given academic recognition.

There are approximately seven hundred women undergraduates and almost without exception each one of these has had one or more occasions to have their difficulties solved in the office of the Adviser of Women. We believe that Mrs. Martin has been the best friend to Cornell Women, not only of her own time but those who are to come in the future. After Mrs. Martin's resignation where will the women of Cornell look for the help she has hitherto rendered us? This is a question which makes us look forward to a time in the near future when Mrs. Martin will return to us as the Dean of Women. Only a woman, graduated from a recognized college, can adequately grasp the problems of college women—and Mrs. Martin has proved her ability to fill the position.

Concerning Us All

The housing question has become a very serious one for Cornell women. Some among us are the sufferers for the time being. Practically every system for the general public welfare is a hardship to one or more members of the community. In our case the situation is of such a nature that a large num-

ber are affected and must forego their privilege of residing in the dormitory. The success of the plan which has been carefully evolved as the best way in which to meet the emergency depends on the co-operation of those chosen to help. It depends on the character of the women in the next Junior and Sophomore classes. Such an expression as "I won't come back to Cornell if I have to live outside" is evidence of immaturity unworthy of a self-governing body. No young woman here, we are sure, on second thought would re-iterate such a statement. We rely on each Cornell woman to do her best in the solution of our housing problem.

And Further

We must also carefully consider how others are going to judge the success or failure of our solution. Not only a willingness to enter the scheme by rooming off campus will insure its success. An adherence to the spirit of the life in the dormitories, an observance of the same rules which govern all undergraduate women, and a strict interpretation of the clause in our by-laws which reads "to conduct themselves as befits ladies" will prove the worth of our young women.

In Refutation

Some of the young women of the University have evolved what they consider a solution of our problem. It has probably occurred to others. They suggest a definite limitation of the number of women admitted to The University to the capacity of our residential halls. The suggestion on the face is a logical one. On consideration it appears to aim a blow at the success of co-education. Co-education at Cornell is practically an experiment of the system in the East. To insure its success, when the body of women is in such a great minority is to favor a policy of expansion. *The Review* believes the existence of this policy is responsble for the remarkable growth of women's activities in recent years. To abandon such a policy on which so large an issue is based, for the convenience of a number of women who lay claim to loyalty and broad-minded ideals would be a rank injustice to the progress of women.

The Cornell Bulletin

A long felt need of Cornell women has been filled by the issuance of The Cornell Bulletin. For some time, since it became necessary for a large number of women students to live out of the dormitories, there has been difficulty in getting notices and news items of interest to women to the women directly and truthfully. The Bulletin with its first hand information and its circulation among the women will accomplish this purpose. *The Review* takes great pleasure in welcoming a contemporary, edited by the women, for the women—may the venture prosper!

Butterfly Bow

BESSIE WALLACE, '17

Of all the wonderful, beautiful things,
Choicest by far are a butterfly's wings.
Of a deep rich blue with sable fringe,
Or mottled brown with reddish tinge;
A creature made only for sunshine and flowers,
Soft warm breezes and fragrant bowers.
And something akin in many respects
Is the charming maiden listed next;
Butterfly-bow,—a wild little thing,
Born for naught else but to dance and sing;
As innocent, thoughtless, free from care
As any blue butterfly floating the air;
Tasting each joy with a dainty sip
As when rose meets rose at butterfly's lip;
Fond of dresses so delicate,—pretty,
Chatter not deep but teasing and witty;
She lives for joy in the living, that's all.
Her merry laughter rings through the hall.
Butterfly's aunt a middle aged dame,
Frowns at poor butterfly saying, "for shame!"
She thinks each girlish prank a crime,
Singing and dancing a waste of time;
And tries to make her a studious maid,
Serious, quiet, submissive, staid.
Crushed and broken, poor Butterfly lies,
As caught in a net,—and then she dies.
And all about the house is still,
Save for rustle of curtain on window sill;
Or the clock's tick-tock as he tells of days
When Butterfly livened the room with her lays.
The aunt soon learns in grief's hard school,
The bitter lesson she's been a fool.
Each has his place, and each must fill
His own little sphere with right good will
Some are meant to be grave and wise,
Others are meant to be butterflies.

ACTIVITIES

MARY LARKIN, '17

Basketball enthusiasm was especially strong this year. Instead of the usual semi-finals and finals a series of six games was played so that every class team played every other team. On Monday night, March 13, the Seniors defeated the Juniors by a score 19 to 6 and the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 17 to 16. On Wednesday night, March 15, the Seniors continued their victory over the Juniors 21 to 3 and the Freshmen scored over the Sophomores 16 to 6. On Saturday night, March 10, the games resulted in a victory for the Freshmen over the Seniors 11 to 10, and the Sophomores over the Juniors 16 to 3. Each class produced a strong team and the skillful passing and team work were very commendable.

Baseball is to be one of the newly instituted athletics for the women. There are to be approximately twenty teams with as many captains, who are to be appointed by a committee. A series of league games will be played by these teams, and the winning team is to receive a trophy. Practices are to be held on the Athletic field, where there will be two or three diamonds and on the field in the rear of the Dom. Econ. Building. Definite plans have not been established for practices and league games, but a committee consisting of Mrs. Williams, Prof. Young, Mary Albertson, '17, and Elsie Botsford, '16, has been appointed to work out the details of the undertaking.

The Cornell Bulletin, a daily sheet in the interest of the women students, will come into existence in its first publication on March 28. *The Bulletin* has been organized by Prof. C. V. P. Young, Mrs. Martin, and the Athletic Association, and will contain announcements, notices, and news of the activities of the women. It will be printed at the Secretary's office and the price of subscription for the remainder of the term will be 25 cents. The editor is Mary Albertson, '17; the managing board: Gertrude Bates, '16 and Vi Graham, '18; the board of associate editors: Francis Cuffe, '17, Helen Carter, '17, Florence Boochever, '18, Eliza Pollock, '19, and Reba Beard, '19.

Florence Boochever, '18, has been elected president of the Social Science Club. Katharine Rodger, '17, has been elected Census Taker.

The Nineteen Sixteen Pageant to be given on the Athletic field by the women of the University has been postponed until fall, as no satisfactory date could be found for the presentation of it, that would not conflict with other scheduled events. This postponement will also give more time for the training and costuming of the players, and the field itself will be in better

condition. It is intended to have all plans completed for the Pageant before the Summer Recess. In the fall a professional dramatic and dancing coach will be engaged for three weeks who will unify all parts and complete the work begun by the girls. The Pageant will be given on October 13th. The responsibility of the Pageant still lies with the girls, and it only through their earnest support that the arrangements can be completed by June. On account of the illness of Araminta MacDonald, '17, Vi Graham, '18, has been chosen chairman of the Pageant Committee. Under her guidance, and with the cooperation of the women, much progress should be made.

A tea dance was given by the Freshmen Class Saturday afternoon, March 11, in the Sage Drawing Rooms for the benefit of the Pageant. The affair was very successful and about one hundred dollars was realized for the Pageant fund.

The Yankee Club is a recently formed organization of the women students of Cornell who are New Englanders. Its purpose is mainly social; to provide closer acquaintance of the New England girls here with each other, and to form a closer connection between Cornell and the "Yankee states." Meetings are held once a month, which are open to guests. Membership in the club is by application. The officers for this year are: President, Freda Gilfillan; Vice-President, Florence Lumsden; Secretary, Ann Arnold; Treasurer, Katherine Lyon.

The Somerset Y was entertained at the home of Prof. and Mrs. J. L. Stone at 302 Waite Ave., Tuesday evening, February 29th. There was a short business session, during which Mrs. Wiegand, June Brown, Edna Sutton, Mr. Snow and Mr. Buck were appointed as nominating committee for the officers of the coming year. Dr. Needham, in his unique way, talked informally and also read selections from one of Joe Harris's books.

A meeting of the Social Science Club was held on Thursday evening, March 16. Professor Burr spoke on the "Medieval Woman" emphasizing her social, economic and political change.

Frigga Fylge will repeat the musical comedy "Omelet and Oatmelia," which it presented so successfully during Farmer's Week in the Agricultural Building, in Geneva. The trip will be made some time after Easter.

Mary Albertson, '17, Aice Quinlan, '18 and Harriett Parsons, '19, have been elected class presidents for the following year.

Virginia Van Brunt, '17, was elected president and Vi Graham, '18, vice-president of the Dramatic Club.

Anna Bristol, '17, will be president of Prudence Risley and Ruth Davis, '17, president of Sage for the year 1916-1917.

The Y. W. C. A. announces the election of Esther Grimes, '18, as vice-president; Virginia Phipps, '19, as secretary and Amy Luce, 17, as treasurer.

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ALUMNAE NOTES

VIRGINIA VAN BRUNT, '17

'02—Nellie Barber is teaching Science at the North High School, Syracuse, N. Y.

'03—Mary Wilkeson is administratrix of Estates in Buffalo, N. Y. Her address is 26 Niagara Street, Buffalo.

'04—Ruth M. Hall is teaching Latin at the Hornell High School, N. Y.

'06—Abbie Potts is in Millbrook, N. Y., teaching English at the Bennett School.

'07—Alice E. Rowe is now living at 100 Morningside Ave., New York City, and is a teacher in Horace Mann High School.

'08.—Celia Haas is a teacher of Science in the high school at Atlantic City.

'08—Gertrude Rand is teaching and doing research work at Bryn Mawr, Penn.

'08—Florence Givens Smith is investigator on the State Board of Charities, Albany, N. Y.

'09—Julia Dillman is a teacher of English in the Ponce High School, Porto Rico.

'09—Mary Hambelt is assistant physician in the Rhode Island State Sanitorium for consumptives.

'09—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Rogers (Christine Avery), a son, Avery Perry.

'10—Ethel Baker is doing graduate work in Emerson School of Oratory, at 68 Warrenton Street, Boston, Mass.

'10—Mabel Dominick, A. B., Ph. D., is a Professor of German at Drury College.

'10—Born to Ellen McCarthy Foley, twin boys, several weeks ago.

'10—Lillian Watson is now living at her home at 303 Highland Boulevard, Brooklyn, after four years of teaching at Great Neck, L. I., and Swarthmore, Pa.

'11—Mary B. Wilson is Medical Inspector in the Department of Health, New York City.

'12—Mabel Garnar (née Ogden), is preceptress of the Luzerne High School, Luzerne, N. Y.

'12—Alma Hawkins is a teacher of German and Latin in the Bellingham High School at Bellingham, Washington.

'13—Abbie Dibble was married in January to Thomas Cross, Alpha Chi Rho, Cornell, and they are now living in Calacoon, N. Y.

'13—Eleanora Durhee (née Roth), is living at Martville, N. Y.

'13—Grace E. Millard is a teacher of French and Spanish at the Bakersfield High School, Bakersfield, Cal.

(Continued on page 317)

UNIVERSITY NOTES

KATHERINE McMURRY, '18

There will be a radical change in the university life of the women students next year owing to the resignation of Mrs. Gertrude S. Martin, Adviser of Women. During the seven years of her constructive administration at Cornell Mrs. Martin has regulated the academic, social and personal affairs of the women and has been of invaluable assistance. Next fall, with Mrs. Martin's acceptance of the Executive Secretary-ship of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae the University will realize the extent of its loss.

Prudence Risley and Sage College are no longer of ample size to accommodate the women students of Cornell. Since the freshman class has been increasing at the rate of one hundred a year special measures have been adopted for next year to house the women as conveniently and comfortably as possible. At a meeting held by Pres. Schurman in conference with Mrs. Martin, Adviser of Women, and other Cornell representatives, and also at a meeting of the Deans of the various colleges the same decision was reached. This decision was that the sophomore and junior classes of next year should live in the approved houses and the freshman and senior classes should live in the dormitories. The drawing for rooms in Prudence Risley and Sage took place March 18th, and was so arranged that the number of seniors and freshmen was equally distributed between the two buildings. If there are any opportunities for others to live in the residence halls the preference will be given the present freshman class since a large number of the class were unable to find accommodations in Sage this year, and lived in the approved houses. It is expected that the women who find it impossible to live in the approved houses will be able to transfer with women to whom the residence halls are open, but who would prefer to live outside.

The twenty-fifth Summer Session of Cornell University will be held from July 6 to August 16, 1916. The teaching staff of the College of Arts and Sciences will have one hundred members, including heads of departments, faculty members, and the usual number of instructors from other institutions. The general program is similar to that of previous years, but of special interest are the best known teachers in the country who will be on the staff.

Dr. James Sullivan, principal of the Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y., will give two courses, one on Contemporary High School Problems, the other on the Teaching of History and Civics in High Schools. Dr. Sullivan is head of one of the

most successful secondary schools in the country. He is a scholar of distinction in his own department and was recently elected State Historian for New York. He will bring the ripe experience and practical observation of a number of years as teacher and principal.

Mr. Arthur L. James, head of the department of Latin in one of the New York City High Schools, will give two courses especially arranged for teachers of the subject. Through Mr. James' work the University aims to do for teachers of Latin what has been so successfully done for teachers of German.

The teachers' courses in modern foreign languages will be continued with every prospect of enlarged attendance. A Deutshes Haus will be maintained as in former years. At Prudence Risley, and possibly at Sage, tables will be reserved where German only is spoken.

Instruction in History will be given the entire term by four men, and in addition a special course of lectures has been arranged on the Commercial and Social Conditions of South America by Prof. Lingle of Davidson College. Prof. Lingle has been sent to Cornell by the Carnegie Foundation for International Conciliation.

Under the direction of Prof. H. Dann the department of Music has been enlarged to meet the increasing demands. At the 1915 session 255 students were enrolled, the largest number ever in attendance. The number will be limited to 250 at the 1916 session that the standards of the department may improve and overcrowding may be avoided. For the first time special application slips have been issued to be filled out by prospective students.

The list of courses new to the department includes Normal Courses in Piano Teaching, Elementary Principles and Practice of Teaching, Orchestral Conducting and Technique, History of Music and Current Events, and Musical Appreciation. Among the faculty members from other institutions are Ernest R. Kroeger, Director of the Kroeger School of Music, St. Louis, Mo., who is an eminent musician in the western states and a composer and pianist of note; Helen Allen Hunt, a prominent soloist of Boston, Mass., who will be head of the department of voice training and will give a series of lectures; William H. Hoerrner, head of the department of Music at Colgate University; and Burton T. Scales, Director of Vocal Music at Girard College.

The usual number of courses available for students in the University who have lost work will be given. The program will appeal strongly to undergraduates in other colleges who were here last year to the number of one hundred. Many find in this way opportunity to study subjects either not given in their own college or for which they are unable to find time during the regular college year. Cascadilla Hall, as well as Prudence Risley and Sage will be open to women students.

(Continued on page 314)

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Springtime Studies

(Continued from page 299)

their graceful boughs, the mighty oaks, and low-spreading chestnuts. From behind the trunk darts a small reddish brown form with black and white stripes, the chipmunk. He is coming from his den. He clambers up the trunk to the branch, creeps to a larger limb, takes off the shell and with his paws places it in his cheek pouches. He continues stuffing them until he looks like a hopeless case of mumps. He then runs down to the foot of the tree or to his den, there to partake of his spoils.

These are some of the inhabitants of the world about us, but these form a very minute part of the infinite number of the wonders which Nature has in store for those who wish to become acquainted with her. By so doing, we may say with John Burroughs, "that one may have a happy and not altogether useless life on cheap and easy terms; that the essential things are near at hand, and that one's own door opens upon the wealth of heaven and earth, and all things are ready to serve and cheer one."

Activities

(Continued from page 305)

A fair has been planned by Frigga Fylge to be held sometime after Easter in the Dom Econ Building. Part of the proceeds are to be given to the Pagaent Fund.

About sixty girls have reported for crew. Practice is being held three times a week in the Armory. There is a plan on foot to have girls act as coxswains, if they prove capable. Tryouts for this position will be held and the girls are urged to come out.

The Eight Weeks Club is the college girl's opportunity for service. Every girl who joins the club does so in the hope that during her summer vacation she may either link herself with clubs already organized in her home community or form an Eight Weeks Club and thereby bring to the girl at home some of the joy of college life translated into comradeship and service. The Cornell Eight Weeks Club held its first meeting Feb. 19th at the home of Dean Bailey, and meets every Friday afternoon 5 to 6 p. m. in the Association rooms. Some of the subjects on the program are "Discovering Girls", "Games", "The Girl's Own Room", "Flowers", "Service", "What the State is Doing for Country Girls", "With Birds". The closing meeting, May 13th, will be in the form of a week-end house party on the lake shore with Miss Anna Clark, county secretary, as a guest. From fifteen

(Continued on page 311)

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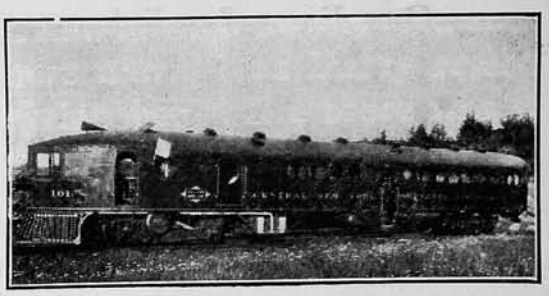

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Activities

(Continued from page 310)

to twenty girls belong to the club, and any girl who is interested in the girl who lives in the country or small town and who wants to make her vacation days count, is welcome.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Special meetings were held for the women of the University, Mar. 8-12, simultaneously with the Christian Campaign conducted by Dr. Mott among the men. Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the National Women's Trade Union League, presented the need for a truer spirit of democracy, of a closer relationship between the girl of privilege and the working girl. Mrs. Robins spoke again on Friday

evening on "Christianity and our Social Responsibility", and also at Risley Sunday noon following dinner. On Friday morning she addressed the seniors in the Home Economics Department on the conditons under which the industrial girl has to live.

Saturday evening, Mrs. Sherwood Eddy spoke in Barnes Hall on her own and her husband's work among the students of China. Miss Clara Reed spoke on Sunday evening on "Christianity as a Reasonable Faith," and during the series took up each day with the girls of the Promotion Committe, the fundamental things of our Christian life. Mrs. Baker's Bible class, originally intended as a Training class, proved of such value that it was thrown open to every girl interested. House meetings were held on Thursday evening and Sunday morning in Sage, Prudence Risley, Cayuga Lodge, and Catherine Lodge, led by Mrs. Robins, Mrs. Baker, Miss Reed, Miss Burton, Miss Adams and Miss Flenniken. On Wednesday afternoon the Campus Club entertained at tea in Sage and opportunity was given for the members to meet the leaders and to hear Mrs. Robins informally.

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University Notes

(Continued from page 308)

The department of Physical Training for women is to be appreciably increased next year by the addition of courses in Physical Education. Owing to the increasing demand for teachers in that subject Prof. Young, Dr. Mumford, Dr. Matzke, Miss Canfield, and their associates have planned a schedule of courses meeting the requirements of the College of Arts and Sciences, including the principle sciences, and requiring the following courses in the department of Physical Education: Principles of Physical Education, combining lectures on the physiology and prescription of exercise with practice and assigned work; Personal and Public Hygiene and Physical Diagnosis. For the satisfactory completion of the program a certificate in Physical Education will be granted. In 1917-18 a more advanced course in the Principles of Physical Education will be anounced.

Prof. E. L. Nichols spent his leave of absence during the first term of the Academic year travelling in the Orient. Prof. and Mrs. Nichols left Ithaca immediately after commencement, stopping at Yellowstone Park and the San Francisco Fair on their way to China to visit their daughter, Mrs. Montgomery H. Throop, née Elizabeth Nichols, '05. Prof. Throop is a member of the faculty of St. John's College, Shanghai. The return trip was made through China, Korea and Japan.

(Continued on page 316)

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University Notes

(Continued from Page 314)

Dr. H. W. Van Loon, '05, will publish his explanation of the causes and purposes of the present war in his recent undertaking, *The Origins of the Twentieth Century.* Dr. Van Loon is also at work on a manuscript entitled *The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators.*

The committee on buildings and grounds has appointed Messrs. Gibb and Waltz, of Ithaca, in association with Messrs Day and Klauder, of Philadelphia, to make studies for rehousing the laboratories of the department of Chemistry. Messrs. Day and Klauder are the architects of the men's residence halls. Prof. Dennis Mr., R. C. Gibb, the architect of Alumni Field, and Mr. C. E. Curtis, superintendent of buildings and grounds, will visit chemical laboratories in this country to study the question.

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Alumnae Notes

(Continued from page 306)

'14—Helen Felter is teaching German, Latin and History at the Hunter High School, Hunter, N. Y.

'14—Eva Garnsey has married Mr. Leslie Card, Cornell 1914, who is in the poultry department of the Agricultural College of Connecticut.

'14—Elsie Saleski is a teacher in the Curtis High School, New Brighton, N. Y.

'15—Helen Blewer is now living with her parents in Owego, N. Y.

'15—Dorothy Douglass is staying at Sage College, Ithaca, on a short visit. Miss Douglass will be married before June to Mr. Joseph Zirkle of Washington, D. C.

Philadelphia Alumnae Notes

Kindness of Mrs. Sidney D. Gridley

The Cornell Women's Club of Philadelphia meets the first Saturday afternoon of each month. Miss Anna Chrisman will entertain the club on Saturday, April the first, at her home, 435 West Miner Street, West Chester, Pa.

'07—Mrs. Frederick Weisenbach (Kid Keller), is living at 11 Millbourne Ave., Millbourne, Philadelphia.

'12—Mariana McCaulley was appointed in February to a teaching position at the new Frankford High School.

(Continued on page 319)

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Once upon a midnight dreary
Sat a Freshman, weak and weary
In a dream
In her hand a letter cheery
"You are on probation, deary."
From the dean—Widow.

Frosh—"What's that man doing over there who is sauntering this way. He has a telescope and is waving his arms."

Pretty Soph—"He is looking for a maiden, and he signals that he has found one."

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Philadelphia Alumnae Notes

(Continued from page 317)

'13—Edna Post is teaching Science in the Bayshore High School, N. Y.

'13—The engagement of Julia Stone and Paul Haviland of Brooklyn, has recently been announced.

'14—Anna Pearl Bowman and Mr. Clifford Rose have announced their marriage which took place early in the fall.

'14—Jennette Evans is a teacher of Domestic Science in the high school at Greysville, N. Y.

'12 and '13—Mrs. Karl Pfeiffer (Anne Bullivant), Harriet Waterman, and Anna Berry Bosley have visited Cornell girls in Philadelphia this winter.

'14—Bernice Spencer, who is teaching in Shamokin, Pa., attended the March meeting of the Philadelphia Club at the home of Mrs. C. A. Carpenter (Margaret Van Dusen, '09). She is visiting Harriet Sperrett, who has recently been appointed to teach Latin in the Camden High School.

'14—Ethel C. Whiteley is teaching in the new Southern High School in Philadelphia.

'15—Dorothy Bustard is secretary of the school at Kent Place, Summit, N. J.

'15—Helen Weideman is teaching in the High School at Gloucester, N. J.

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A queer little Frosh in a queer
little way
Some chemicals mixed just for fun
one day,
And the green little grasses now
tenderly wave
O'er the green little Frosh's
green little grave.—Widow.

Girl—"Hold on there! Why are you putting my clothes away?"

Roommate—"Keep quiet, and help, my folks are in town."

Far Thinkng Warden—"What will they call the new Chem. building?"—

Her Companion—"Remorse, I guess."

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—*Cornell Widow.*

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Hence with thy stiffened, cardboard swabbishness!
Back to thy vests, thy collars, shirt-fronts, cuffs!
Serve thou thy mission in thy papered way!
But when I come to dry my dripping hands,
GIVE ME A TOWEL!—(*Life.*)

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ON NOTHING

When you meet her in the hallway
When you meet her on the stairs
Whenyou hear her sad bewailing
Of the fate she bravely bears,
  Then you wonder what's the matter
  Then you wonder why she's blue,
  And you say, "Now prithee tell me
  What it is that worries you."
But she merely glares abstractly
But she merely heaves a sigh,
  And says, "I am an editor—
  Haste not to pass me by."
Then you say "What is the trouble?"
And she says, "I want a poem
Please write on "spring" or "gorges,"
On "love" or "home sweet home."
But these themes were not so pleasing
To a brain void of all thought,
So this poem was writ on "Nothing,"
On a subject never taught.

"I need a rest"—remarked the hard-worked Stude—whereupon he went over to his desk calendar and took a day off.—Widow.

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THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

VOL. I. MAY, 1916 NO. 7

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THE POINT SYSTEM — DOROTHY WINNER, '16

THE MINISTER'S VISIT — VERENA LUSCHER, '16

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE HOME ECONOMICS APARTMENT — RUTH SMITH, '16

CHILD THOUGHTS — CATHARINE CONNELL, '18

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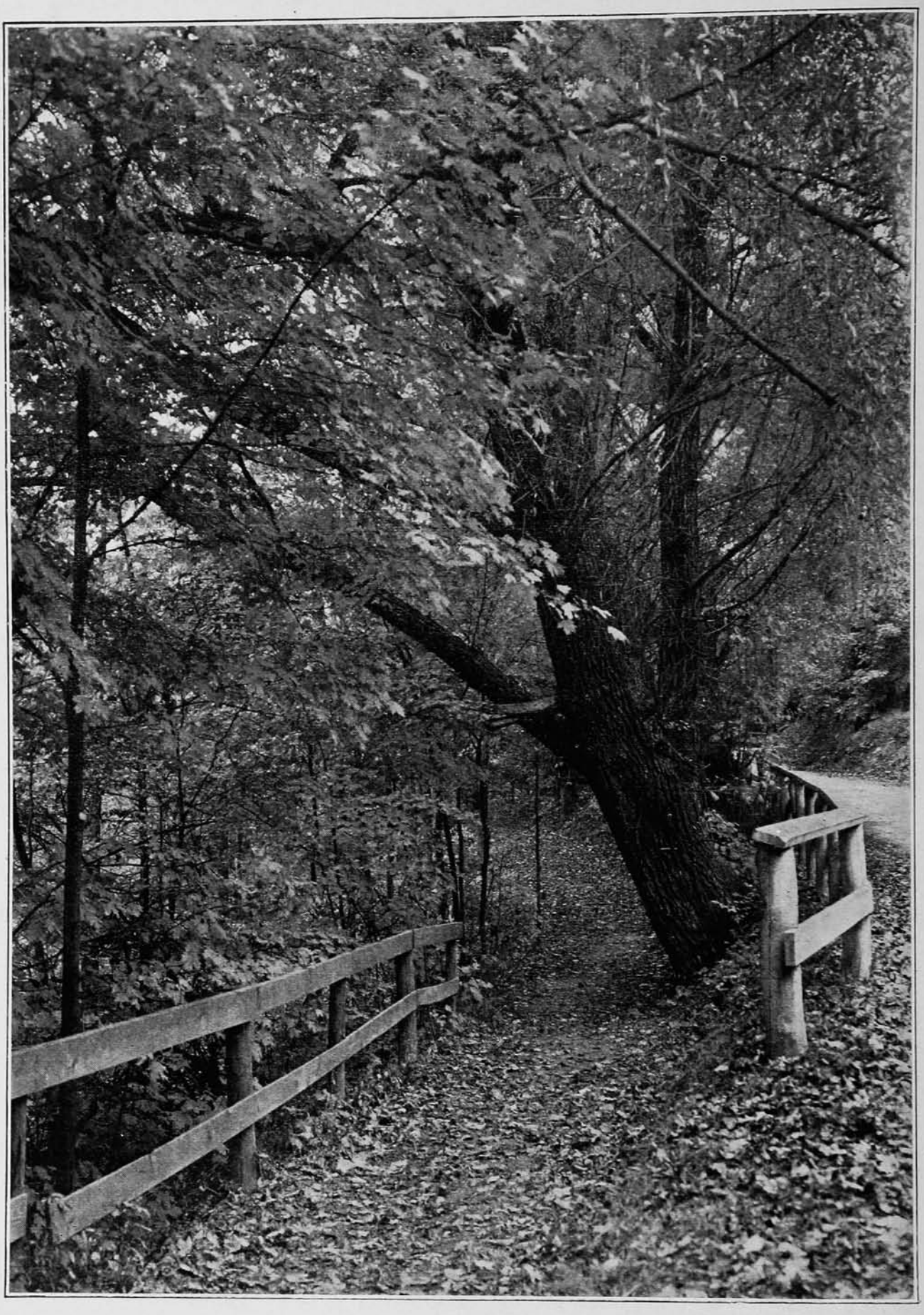


THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

Vol. I ITHACA, N. Y., MAY, 1916 No. 7

Petrarch in English

MARY FOWLER, '82

S' amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' io sento?

If no love is, O God, what fele I so?
And if love is, what thing and whiche is he!
If love be good, from whennes comth my wo?
If it be wikke, a wonder thinketh me,
Whenne every torment and adversitee
That cometh of him, may to me savory thinke;
For ay thurst I, the more that I it drinke.

And if that at myn owene lust I brenne,
Fro whennes cometh my wailing and my pleynte?
If harme agree me, wher-to pleyne I thenne?
I noot, ne why unwery that I feynte.
O quike deeth, o swete harm so queynte,
How may of thee in me swich quantitee,
But-if that I consente that it be?

And that I consente, I wrongfully
Compleyne, y-wis; thus tossed to and fro,
Al stereless with-inne a boot am I
A-mid the see, by-twixen windes two,
That in contrarie stonden ever-mo.
Allas! what is this wonder maladye?
For hete of cold, for cold of hete, I deye.

—*Troylus and Criseyde.* I:400-420.

On the shelves of the Petrarch collection bequeathed to Cornell University by its first librarian, Willard Fiske, is a volume in handsome dress of brown morocco, richly tooled, which contains fourteen hundred and eighty-seven pages measuring nine by five and a half inches, and which weighs twelve pounds. Its title is "Francisci Petrarchae Florentini Opera quae extant omnia"; its imprint: Basileæ, excudebat Henrichus Petri anno M. D. LIIII. A brief examination of the volume where it stands (it is scarcely a vade mecum) acquaints one with the scope and extent of the poet's work in letters. The first surprise is to turn fourteen hundred pages be-

fore one espies the Italian verse—the Sonnets, Odes, and Triumphs, usually thought of when the name of Petrarch is mentioned, filling only the last eighty-one pages of the book, whose big bulk is, for the rest, filled with Latin writings of varied import. First in interest are the Letters, filling a third of the volume. The Latin verse, including Epistles, Eclogues, and the epic "Africa," upon which the poet expected his fame to rest, fill a hundred odd pages. Best known of the other works are "De remediis utriusque fortunae" (Remedies of good and ill fortune)—a favorite work, often printed in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and translated into at least eight modern languages—and the "Secretum," published also under the title "De contemptu mundi." "De obedientia et fide uxoria," better known as "Griseldis," fills a half dozen pages in the middle of the book. Other treatises, half a score in number, cover a variety of themes—historical, geographical, philosophical, political, religious. When it is added that scholars of the last century found a voluminous text not included between the brown covers before us, "De viris illustribus," which, issued with an Italian translation, in Bologna, 1874-79, filled two large octavos, it easily appears that a modern edition of "Francisci Petrarchae Opera quae extant omnia" printed in volumes of convenient size would fill a shelf or more of a student's Globe-Wernicke—more than twice the showing his great predecessor could make.

The English reader wishing to become acquainted with "the Discoverer of modern culture" can scarcely make a better start than by reading a little volume published in Mrs. Oliphant's series of "Foreign classics for English readers": "Petrarch, by Henry Reeve," Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1877. Introduced by the charming "Epistle to Posterity," which leaves one with the feeling of having had a personal interview with "one of the human family like yourself"—to quote from its lines—Mr. Reeve's sketch is sympathetically conceived and written with true comprehension. Bits of translation from the letters and poems are included. One finishes it with an appetite for more, and turns naturally, perhaps, to the Sonnets, which in their own tongue have been published in hundreds of editions.

The Italian verse of Petrarch has been translated with more or less felicity, no fewer than ninety writers having first and last taken a hand at turning a sonnet or two into English—beginning with Chaucer, and ending with "Some love songs of Petrarch by William Dudley Foulke" published by the Oxford University Press in 1915. The Divine Comedy cannot count so many English translators, even in fragments. Mrs. Susanna Dobson publishing in 1777 "The life of Petrarch, collected from Mémoires pour la vie de Pétrarque" prefaced her work with the statement: "No life of Petrarch nor any translation from his writings has ever

appeared in English." Yet even at that time, besides Chaucer's solitary "If no love is, O God, what fele I so?", there had been printed half a score of sonnets translated by Sir Thomas Wyatt (in "Tottel's Miscellany," 1557); Morley's "Tryumphes of Fraunces Petrarcke" (1558?); Spencer's "Visions of Petrarch" (in his "Complaints," 1591); Sir John Harington's "Playne ye, mine eyes" (in "Nugæ antiquæ," 1769); Anna Hume's "Triumphs of Love, Chastitie, Death," 1644; not to mention scattered sonnets by Hon. Mary Monck, John Langhorne, and Milton's rendering of six lines from the sonnet *Fontana di dolore*. The same year of Mrs. Dobson's work appeared an anonymous publication, "Sonnets and odes translated from the Italian of Petrarch," thirty-three pieces, which have since been attributed to Dr. John Nott, who published in 1808, again without his name, "Petrarch translated in a selection of [eighty] sonnets and odes; by the Translator of Catullus." Continuing his task, Dr. Nott prepared a complete version of the sonnets and odes of Petrarch, with a commentary, which, however, has never been printed. (The manuscript came by gift to Harvard University Library in 1907). The first published translation of all the Sonnets and Odes was comprised in two volumes issued by Smith, Elder & Co., the first in 1851: "Odes of Petrarch, translated into English verse by Captain R. G. MacGregor"; the second in 1854: "Indian leisure—Petrarch; On the character of Othello; (etc.)," by the same hand. Captain MacGregor was not the first one of his profession to find diversion in the amatory verse of Petrarch. Philippe de Maldeghem, Seigneur de Leyschot, in the year 1600 prefaces his "Pétrarque in rime francoise" with a rhymed apology to French poets, wherein he narrates how in the vicissitudes of a military career he had found solace in a "booklet of Petrarca done into French prose, given me by a beauteous dame," which so greatly interested him that he set himself to learn the Italian tongue, the better to comprehend it—with the result finally of bringing out his own version. MacGregor's translations were largely drawn upon in a compilation issued in the "Bohn Library" in 1859: "The Sonnets, Triumphs, and other poems of Petrarch, now first completely translated into English verse by various hands; with a life of the poet, by Thomas Campbell"—aiming "to select from all the known versions those most distinguished for fidelity and rhythm."

By this time had appeared, besides the translations found here and there in anthologies and odd volumes, "Translations, chiefly from the Italian of Petrarch, by * * * M. A., Fellow of New College [Thomas Le Mesurier]," Oxford, 1795, containing twenty-two sonnets, with text; "A few sonnets attempted from Petrarch in early life [by Francis Wrangham], printed at the private press

of Lee Priory by J. Warwick, Kent," 1817; "Res literariae" by Sir Egerton Brydges, the first number of which, issued in Naples in 1821, contained thirty sonnets and two canzoni of Petrarch in a literal prose translation; "Select sonnets of Petrarch, with translations and notes, by James, late Earl of Charlemont," Dublin, 1822, twenty-one sonnets; twenty-five translations by Barbara Wilmot, Lady Dacre, in various publications during the years 1805-1836, "preserving," said Ugo Foscolo, "the very spirit of Petrarch"; "One hundred sonnets translated after the Italian of Petrarch, with the original text, notes and a life of Petrarch, by Susan Wollaston," 1841. MacGregor's achievement was repeated by a well known translator whose version of the Divine comedy, published 1851-55, was, in the opinion of W. M. Rossetti, "the one which, attempting most and aiming highest reaches also furthest": "The sonnets and stanzas of Petrarch, translated by C. B. Cayley," London, Longmans, 1879—the third and thus far the last attempt to render the entire Canzoniere into English. In 1898 was published by Kegan Paul, "One hundred sonnets of Petrarch together with his Hymn to the Virgin, Italian text, with an English translation by Albert Crompton." "On the death of Madonna Laura, rendered into English by Agnes Tobin" (London, Heinemann, 1906), is a version of the entire second part of the Canzoniere—"the first translations we have seen which make Petrarch's great name credible", a writer in *The Academy* was moved to say a few years earlier, when ten of them were published under the title: "Love's crucifix."

Of American writers the first to print Petrarch sonnets was George Washington Greene, consul at Rome, whose article "Petrarch," published anonymously in the *North American Review* for January, 1835, contained five excellent translations. Ten sonnets of Petrarch were included in "Records of the heart, and other poems, by Estelle A. Lewis," published by Appleton in 1857. Higginson's "Sunshine and Petrarch" contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1867 contained ten sonnets, which, with additional ones were issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in 1903 as "Fifteen sonnets of Petrarch, selected and translated by Thomas Wentworth Higginson." Dutton in 1904 published "The secret of Petrarch, by Edmund J. Mills," containing translations from the Canzoniere. The following year appeared, in dainty dress, from the Marion Press of Jamaica, Queensborough, New York, an anonymous volume: "Certain sonnets to Laura, in life and death," whose authorship has been confessed by F. W. Mann, writing from Alassio, Italy. A volume of translations by Lois Saunders: "Strangers and foreigners," London, 1912, shows eighteen sonnets of Petrarch, some of which had previously been printed in Canadian journals. The latest American name to add is that of Mr. Foulke, whose "Love songs of Petrarch,"

already mentioned, contains sixty-eight translations.

It is to an English book-man that we turn in the end. No translator of them all, perhaps, has so perfectly rendered the Petrarch sonnet, conveying the very essence of the orignal in English of high poetic quality and movement, as did Dr. Richard Garnett in the sixty-four sonnets from Petrarch of his "Dante, Petrarch, Camoens" (London, John Lane, 1896).

Many readers, happily introduced to Petrarch by the little work of Reeve will wish to engage in further biographical studies. In a recent compilation by the late Professor Angelo Solerti: "Le vite di Dante, Petrarca, e Boccaccio" (Lives of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, written down to the end of the seventeenth century, Milan, 1904) are thirty biographies, Latin and Italian, of Petrarch, no one of which, excepting his own "Letter to Posterity", has been translated into English. In 1764-67 appeared "Mémoires pour la vie de Francois Pétrarque tirés de ses œuvres et des auteurs contemporains," published anonymously, the work of the Abbé de Sade—three large volumes "containing at least ten times the quantity of all that had ever been written on the subject—" which was for three quarters of a century the source from which most writers drew their information concerning the poet. Its pages are largely taken up with translations from the Letters and the Italian verse of Petrarch, and with illustrative material. This is the work industriously brought into English by Mrs. Dobson in 1777, with, however, much abridgment. Here one finds the earliest English excerpts from Petrarch's Letters, most important of all the biographical sources. Such as it was, this work was the only biography in English for more than half a century, if we except A. F. Tytler's "Historical and critical essay on the life and character of Petrarch," (Edinburgh, 1810), a working over of two earlier essays, and largely taken up with objections to De Sade's identification of Laura as the wife of his ancestor, Hugues de Sade. The life of Petrarch by Thomas Campbell published in 1841 and several times reprinted, claiming to follow De Sade, is scarcely an improvement on Mrs. Dobson.

In 1821 were published the earliest efforts in English criticism of Petrarch verse, in the "Res literariae" of Brydges, already cited, and more notably in "Essays on Petrarch" by Ugo Foscolo. Macaulay in 1824 devoted the second of his "Criticisms on the principal Italian writers" published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* to Petrarch, "an amatory egotist"—imitator of the Troubadours—"whose zeal for literature communicated a tinge of pedantry to all his feelings and opinions. His love was the love of a sonneteer:—his patriotism was the patriotism of an antiquarian." Thus glibly is passed the writer's verdict upon the poet whose celebrity, he admits, is scarcely equaled. Petrarch the humanist had not, as yet, been presented by English writers. Foscolo

barely touches upon the poet's interest in antiquity, and sees in the patriotism which inspired *Italia mia* nothing higher than a "crusade against foreigners." It was indeed the sketch of Greene in the *North American Review* in 1835 which first presented a portrait of truer proportion.

The study of the Italian Renaissance introduced, in a measure, by Jacob Burckhardt's "Die Cultur der Renaissance," published in 1860, prepared the way for a new estimate of the long famed man of letters, in which the humanist took a certain ascendency over the poet. It is the merit of Reeve's biography, as well as of the earlier account contributed by Miss Catherine M. Phillimore to *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1873, that this most significant aspect of Petrarch is not neglected. The second volume of Symond's "Renaissance in Italy," whose chapter on the first period of humanism hails Petrarch as "the Columbus of a new spiritual hemisphere," had just appeared (1877). In it did this luminous writer by no means finish what he had to say of the earlier "Columbus." The following year, taking Reeve's "Petrarch" for a text, he published anonymously in the *Quarterly Review*, a characterization which for manner of telling is not likely to be surpassed. Its concluding paragraph on Arquà one reads and reads again, as one does Byron's famous stanza. Passages from this essay are incorporated in the chapter on the "Triumvirate" in the fourth volume of the "Renais sance in Italy." Symonds was thus naturally the writer asked to contribute to the ninth edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" the article on Petrarch (1885). "Not worth a place in your collection", he wrote to Mr. Fiske, in sending a copy of the proof sheets. "Encyclopaedia articles have to be a bare summary of facts, dates, etc. There is not room for criticism. I would sooner have sent you an Essay on Petrarch which I wrote about six years ago for the *Quarterly Review.*" The "summary" should not, however, be omitted by readers of the "Essay." The setting forth of facts has perhaps not elsewhere been so clearly done, while the critical estimate, in nowise neglected, completes a sketch which does not suffer by comparison, even with the Essay.

More recent biographies are the slight but useful one by Mrs. May Alden Ward, published by Roberts Brothers in 1891, Mr. Holway Calthrop's endearing portraiture, by G. P. Putnam's Sons (American edition) in 1907, and the conscientious study of Miss Maud Jerrold, "Francesco Petrarca, Poet and Humanist," London, Dent, 1909. To each of these, again, excerpts from the Letters make a considerable contribution.

We are still waiting for the Latin scholar who will do for English readers what Fracassetti accomplished for Italians, and M. Victor Develay for the French, in the rich field of Petrarch's correspondence. A beginning has, however, been made. Harriet W. Preston and Louise Dodge contributed a few pages to the *At-*

lantic Monthly in 1893. Five years later G. P. Putnam's Sons published "Petrarch, the first modern Scholar and Man of Letters; a selection from his correspondence, translated from the Latin, with introductions and notes, by James Harvey Robinson, Professor of History in Columbia University, with the collaboration of Henry Winchester Rolfe." The letters translated number twenty-seven, including the Epistle to Posterity. The book is a notable contribution to our material, and may well follow Reeve in the English reader's bibliography. (A second edition published in 1914 contains a chapter on Petrarch's "Confessions"). Professor Robinson has been followed by Dr. Cosenza of the College of the City of New York in two volumes of recent date: "Petrarch's Letters to classical authors" translated from the Latin, with a commentary, Chicago, 1910, and "Francesco Petrarca and the revolution of Cola di Rienzo" (largely drawn from Petrarch's correspondence) Chicago, 1913. One may mention also a dainty volume: "Thoughts from the Letters of Petrarch, selected and translated by J. Lohse," New York, Dutton, 1891, which makes its own appeal to lovers of tidbits—a sort of nourishment abundantly provided in the larder of our poet-moralist.

More closely revealing his inner self than the Letters is Petrarch's "Secretum," or "Confessions"—three dialogues between himself and Saint Augustine. This is now fortunately given to English readers in the translation of William H. Draper, published in 1911. "The earliest unmistakable example of cool, fair, honest and comprehensive self-analysis that we possess" says Professor Robinson of these Confessions. As an appendix to the dialogues one may read Chapman's English translation of the "Seven penitential Psalms," and the less authentic "Psalmi confessionales" in the version of Dr. Allan Gilbert of Cornell University, published in the second volume of the *Romanic Review*.

Of Petrarch's Latin verse Mr. Warburton Pike has translated selections from the "Metrical Epistles" and from book five of the "Africa" ("Translations from Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna," 1879). A well-known fragment from the latter poem, "The death of Mago," was ascribed by Foscolo to Lord Byron.

Chaucer's "Clerkes Tale" is the closest English version we have of Petrarch's Latin prose rendering of Griseldis, the hundredth *novella* of Boccaccio's "Decameron," though the story is common enough in other forms.

The sole remaining Latin text of Petrarch to find English translators was, indeed, the earliest (if we except "Griseldis") "De remediis"—Remedies of either fortune—"Help and Counsel in every Case," as one of the German versions puts it. This work, dedicated to the poet's friend and patron Azzo di Correggio, who had suffered many reverses, is again in the form of dialogues—between *Ratio* and

the subject of Fortune's caprice. *Gaudium* in the first book, Prosperity, *Dolor* in the second book, Adversity, do little more than reiterate the announcement of the particular good or ill which has befallen; whereupon *Ratio* proceeds to array the offsets. It was to "De remediis" that Mrs. Dobson gave her attention after translating De Sade's "Mémoires," producing in 1791 a version in "Petrarch's view of human life." This was not the earliest translation. Two hundred years before she wrote the words "no life of Petrarch nor any translation from his writings has ever appeared in English," scarcely more than a score of years after Morley's "Tryumphes," Spencer's "Visions" and Wyatt's dozen sonnets had made the name of the poet known in England, there issued from the press of Richard Watkyns, An. Dom. 1579:

"Phisicke against Fortune, aswell prosperous, as aduerse, conteyned in two Bookes. Whereby men are instructed, with lyke indifferencie to remedie theyr affections, aswell in tyme of the bryght shyning sunne of prosperitie, as also of the foule lowryng stormes of aduersitie. Expedient for all men, but most necessary for such as be subject to any notable insult of eyther extremitie. Written in Latine by Frauncis Petrarch, a most famous Poet, and Oratour. And now first Englished by Thomas Twyne."

The quaint rendering of Thomas Twyne gives, one may suspect, added flavor to the pithy comment of *Ratio* on the exultant announcements of *Gaudium*. A citation or two, illustrating the method of the author and the style of the translator may conclude the present summary. The selection is from the forty-fourth dialogue, "Of the Fame of Writers":

Joy. Yea, what say you unto it, that I write bookes my selfe? *Reason.* A publique disease, contagious, and incurable. Every man taketh upon hym the office of writing, which belongeth but to fewe, and one that is sicke of this disease infecteth many: It is an easie matter to enuie, and harde to imitate: so that the number of the sicke encreaseth haply, and the strength also of the sycknesse waxeth more myghtie: every day more doo wryte euery day worse, by reason that it is an easyer matter to folow, then to ouertake. * * * *Joy.* I doo write. *Reason.* I woulde wyshe that men coulde keepe them selues within their boundes, and that an order amongst all thynges were obserued, whiche by the rashnesse of men is confounded: They should write that haue skyll and are able, and other reade and heare. * * * *Joy.* I write bookes. *Reason.* Perhappes it were better for thee to goe to Plough, to keepe Sheepe, to be a Weauer, to play the Mariner. Many whom nature hath made Handicraftes men, in despite of her, haue become Philosophers: And contrariwise, fortune hath kept vnder foote some whiche were borne in the feeldes, or vnder hedges, or vppon shoppe boordes and staulles of Artificers, or the nettyng of shyppes, which were

apt to have been philosophers. Whereby it commeth to passe, that they that are ignoraunt of the causes doo woonder, yf as in the myddes of the Sea, or Countrey, in the Wooddes, and Shoppes, there be founde sharpe and quicke wittes, when as in the Schooles there be dull and blockyshe: For yf nature be wonne she is hardly wonne. * * * *Joy.* Notwithstanding, I write for desire of fame. *Reason.* A strange desire, for paynes, to seeke winde: Truely I had thought, that Saylers only had wished for winde.

Housekeeping in the Home Economics Apartment

RUTH SMITH, '16

The seniors in Home Economics look forward with pleasure to the time when they shall live in the apartment of the Home Economics Building, when in groups of four they are required to manage the work of the little house under the direct supervision of an instructor for a period of eight days during the college year.

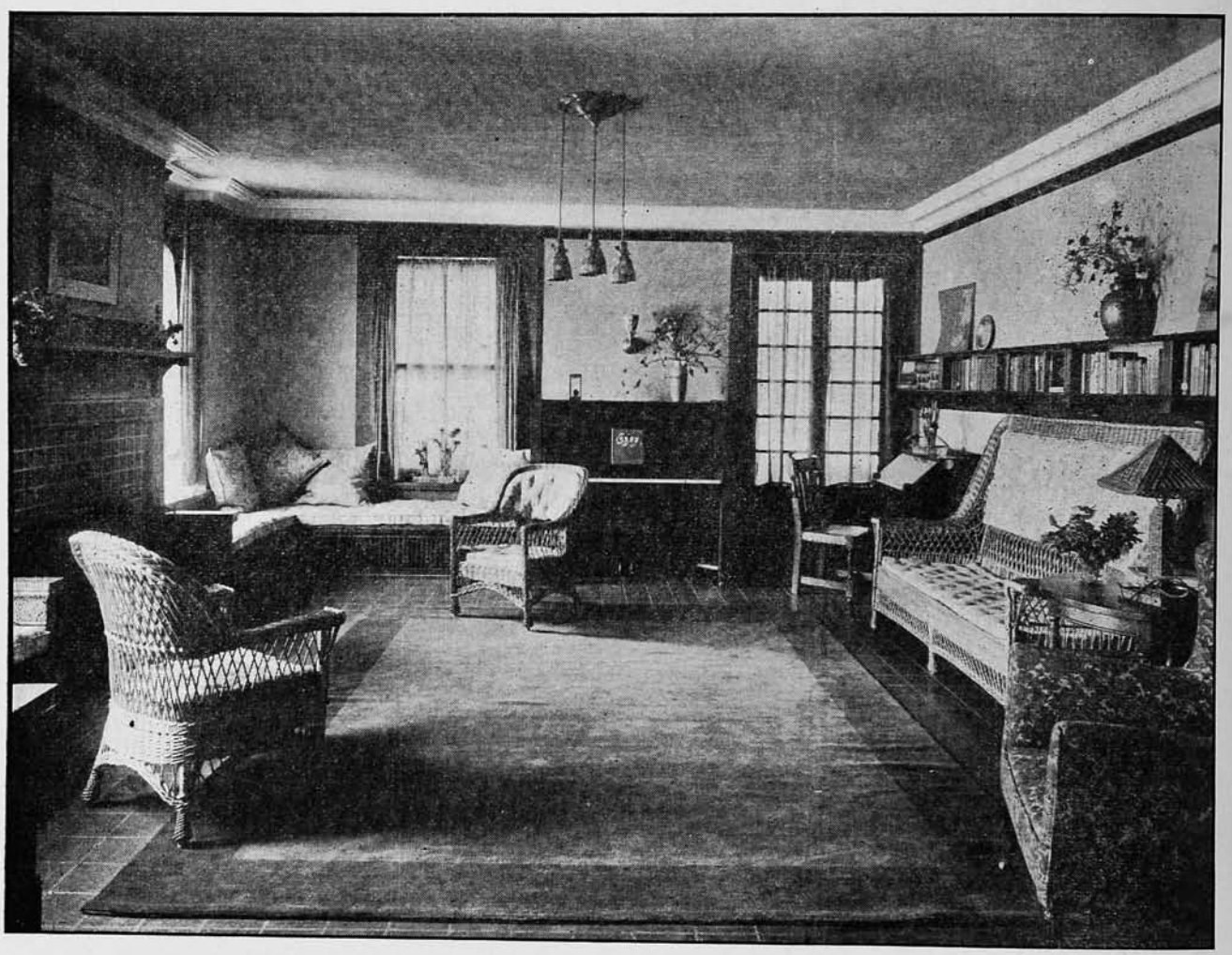
There are several factors that make this problem important. The chief aim of the work is to learn to coordinate the things which we have been taught to do separately. In other words, it is as if we had been given, one at a time, the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. In the apartment problem our aim is to fit these pieces together into a unit as nearly perfect as possible. We may have lost a piece; the work is of value in that we find out which piece is gone and may, because of that knowledge get it replaced. Many of us may have managed a household before and, therefore, have put the puzzle together, but it has usually been done with the help of our mother or some other experienced person. Although the work is easier in this case, it is still valuable in that we are responsible for results, which develops initiative, independence, and accuracy.

To a senior in Home Economics, this problem is a practical examination of her four years of study. It tests her abilty to conserve energy and time, to meet emergencies, and to adapt herself to new situations. Here she has the opportunity to test the practicability of the many theories which she has absorbed throughout her college course. But, best of all, she learns that he right kind of housekeeping demands the application of all the intelligence that is at her command, and that it may be made an art instead of a drudgery.

The apartment, which is on the first floor of the Home Economics Building, consists of a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, two bathrooms, and three berdooms. The rooms are well arranged and thoughtfully furnished. It is a beautiful place in which to live and after the eight days spent there, most of us leave the apartment with the resolve to embody some of

its principles in our own homes some day.

Four girls live in the apartment at one time, each girl drawing lots for her companion, not "in misery" but in housekeeping. Just as a farmer practices rotation of crops, we practice a rotation of work, for the good of the mental soil. The cook gets the meals, and, in order that she may realize how many dishes she uses in cooking, helps to wash the dishes, besides cleaning and mopping the kitchen and washing the dish towels. The assistant cook gives one hour a day of assisttance to the cook and helps to wash the dishes. Her help may be demanded by the cook whenever the need arises, all at one time or a few minutes at a time, either before or after a meal. The waitress sets and clears the table, washes the napkins, answers the doorbell and the telephone, and serves the meals. The housekeeper sweeps and dusts the living room, the dining room, and the halls, and cleans the bathrom. Each girl has each of these duties for two days, in addition to cleaning her half of the bedroom and airing and making her bed.



The amount of money allowed for this problem for the eight days is either twelve dollars or fifteen dollars, as the group may desire. The girls pay a laboratory fee to cover most of the expense, and the group that chooses the less amount of money is the one that wishes to live

the more economically for the sake of the experience and economy that may be gained. With this money, the girls buy groceries, meat, butter, eggs and milk, each cook ordering her own supplies. Account is kept of the amount of ice, gas, and electricity used. Neither these items nor the rent, however, are paid for out of the budget. Any materials that are left are sold to the next group at retail price. A strict account is kept of all money spent, and the account is balanced every day.

An unexpected guest comes, usually for lunch, on a half hour's notice. This gives a little training in planning for emergencies. One formal diner is given, when each girl and the instructor may invite a guest. This money must be taken from the regular allowance. Every week there is a tea at which the girls who live in the apartment act as hostesses, but the expenses of which they do not pay.

At the end of the eight days, a score card of the work is given to each one of us and one to the group as a whole. It reads like this:

1. Neatness
   a. Person
   b. Room
   c. Apartment
2. Efficiency
   a. Skill
   b. Speed
   c. Cooperation
   d. Resourcefulness
   e. Promptness
3. Conservation of Energy
   a. Quietness
   b. Saving of labor
   c. Organization
4. Social obligations
   a. Toward the group
   b. Toward the guests

The marks on the score card may vary from "excellent" to "very poor." Each day a record is made of how each hour is spent, and these cards are turned in at the end of the eighth day with the other reports.

Regular university classes and studies go on as usual during the apartment work. From this it is easy to see that it is not because the task is easy that the girls enjoy doing it.

It might be of interest to note that the difference in menus of the groups which had $15.00 as a basis and the ones which had twelve dollars was slight. A typical luncheon for the former was stuffed eggs, date and celery salad, French fried potatoes, Parker house rolls and tea. A luncheon for the group using twelve dollars was poached eggs, rolls, sweet potato salad, baked apples and cocoa.

The girls in the Home Economics Department feel that this is an interesting problem and well worth any extra time and energy that may be required. It is enjoyable and teaches us what our deficiencies as well as our efficiencies are. We like the social life which gives an opportunity for better acquaintance with at least three of our classmates. Most of all, we enjoy putting into practice the best of what we have learned at Cornell.

The Point System

DOROTHY WINNER, '16

Those of us who come to college for the first time, can best appreciate the many things which puzzle us. We find new friends, new modes of living, and a new atmosphere in which we must become acclimated. Then too, the college organizations, each having its ideals and standards are problems and among them is the Student Government Association which trys to solidify all the interests of the girls and be of some special use to them. House Committee Executive Committee, and the like are terms closely connected with this organization, and before long we know what they mean when we hear them mentioned. Then voting days come and we are mystified to know why a list of names is placed at the ballot box and designated as ineligible. But why ineligible? In two words, it is because of the point system.

For several years this system has been successfully worked at Cornell, each year new offices have been rated and changes made as conditions demanded. This system means that each major office is given a certain number of counts or points, and they have been rated according to their relative importance and time they require from the persons holding them. The following is a list of offices graded according to our system, (it might be well to save this list for individual reference). As you see, our scale is from 2 to 20.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

President	20
1st Vice-President (Pres. of Risley)	15
2nd Vice-President (Pres. of Sage)	15
Secretary	5
Treasurer	6
House Committee Members	8
Census Taker	15

Y. W. C. A.

President	18
Minor Offices	8
Sub-Committee Chairmen	5

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

President	15
Secretary	2
Treasurer	6
Managers	8

DRAMATIC CLUB

President	15
Vice-President	5
Secretary	5
Treasurer	5
Chairmen of Permanent Committees	5
Sophomore Representative to Council	3

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB

President	12
Vice-President	2
Secretary	3

THE CLASSES

President (Senior)	15
Presidents (other classes)	13

Vice-President (all classes)	2
Secretary (all classes)	2
Treasurer (all classes)	5

PUBLICATIONS

Editor in Chief (Review)	15
Business Manager (Review)	15
Associate Editors (Review)	8
Senior Representative to Sun	5
Junior Representative to Sun	3

AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATIONS

President Frigga Fylge	10
Vice-President Frigga Fylge	2
Secretary Frigga Fylge	2
Treasurer Frigga Fylge	4
Secretary Agricultural Assoc.	3
Member Agricultural Honor Com.	2
Representative to Executive Com.	2
Senior Representative Countryman	4
Junior Representative Countryman	4

A. T. A. President	15
Fire Chief	10
Student Chairman Pageant Committee	15

In addition to this, next year parts in plays will be rated according as to whether they are major or minor parts. The Dramatic Club Council will have charge of this.

This system has many advantages. One is, that there can be a distribution of officers among girls and this is a vital and essential problem in college life. If a few girls have proved themselves worthy during their Freshman year, it very often happens that they are elected to fill many offices during the remainder of their college course. Some girls have so much ability and fill positions so well that they would be overworked if it were not for the point system coming to their rescue. It is hardly fair that the numerous offices in college organizations should be held by a special group year after year. Much good talent is always among us and the system tries to aid in bringing this into notice. For example, if a girl held an office listed as 15 points she could not hold an additional one listed at 10. Hence it would be necessary to look for another person to fill the second office mentioned. And this girl could probably do the work as well as the one under consideration first, and perhaps she might be able to do it better. Secondly, it is a guard to her academic record which is of vital importance to each college girl. Lastly, it is a guard against the girl's losing her health because of overwork. There would be a great temptation for some ambitious girl to accept offices given to her and break down before she realized the strain was too much.

The point system is in charge of the Chairman of the Census Bureau who keeps a permanent record of all the offices held by the girls during their four years in college: She in turn is responsible to the Executive Committee of Student Government. To quote from our Constitution will make some elements of the point system clearer. "No undergraduate woman of the University shall hold at one time offices to which she is elected or appointed by other members of the

student body which aggregate in value more than 20 points nor during the academic year more than 25 points, except by special decision of the Executive Committee. The rating of the offices shall be determined from time to time by this Committee."

This point system is used in other colleges and very effectively. Wellesley has an excellent one. They are even more strict than we, in the matter of just which persons shall hold office. In their Constitution we find the following provisions made: First. a. No student on probation shall hold any office in any college organization, nor shall she receive any class honor.

b. No conditioned student shall hold more than a 5 point office in any college organization.

c. No student who has not diploma grade shall hold more than a 10 point office in any college organization.

Second. Offices shall be valued as 30 point, 25 point, 20 point, 15 point, 10 point and 5 point offices.

No student shall hold offices amounting to more than 30 points in one term.

It seems that the time should come when, we too, will have such a carefully guarded academic standard for those who are to hold offices and further, it would be advisable to have a girl's health record taken into consideration before she is elected to any office, as her health is considered before being allowed to take part in any of our athletics.

Some of the objects of the system may sound trivial and yet from our past experience, we have found that all these factors go to make up the efficient officeholder.

Each year our system should meet the new demands made upon it, and each year add something of permanent value to it. Many girls cannot see why such a system should exist, but we feel certain that after they have reflected more, they will reach the decision that it is a wise provision to have in connection with the college activities.

The Minister's Visit

VERENA LILLIAN LUSCHER, '16

The maples in Miss Letty Belle's lawn were a vivid riot of red and gold, but far above them the sky was blue as it had been in June. The far off hills were bathed in an autumn haze, to which the sun gave vague, opalescent tints, and far down in the valley you could see a thin strip of silver where the creek laughed to itself as it passed. Everything was peaceful, even the chattering of the squirrels greeted one's ears in a drowsy stacatto.

Miss Letty Belle sat on the porch, gazing contentedly around her. Letty Belle loved her farm, with its rambling old orchard and overgrown woodlot where the wild strawberries grew, and the mossy

old stone walls that sheltered so many violets and windflowers in their friendly corners. And best of all was the fact that it belonged to her and she could do with it as she pleased. Hiram Pimm, her hired man who lived in a little house nearby was a capable farmer, and Letty Belle's farm was the best producing farm in Beulah. She took great pride in this of course, and attributed it all to her own good management.

This had been an unusually good year, Letty Belle reflected, as she watched the smoke clouds arise from the fields where Hiram was burning potato vines. The apples and potatoes and corn were almost harvested and every cranny of the old barn was redolent with the fragrance of hay. Yes, on the whole it had been an unusually good year. And Letty Belle was now making plans for the next season.

It was so pleasant to look ahead and know just what she would be doing next year, and the year after that, and many years to come. To know that each succeeding spring she would walk under the apple blossoms in the orchard, or feel the soft little nose of a colt nuzzling her fingers, or cuddle fluffy baby chicks in her cupped hands. Letty Belle loved to make a leisurely tour of the farm, getting acquainted with all the animals, or seeing just how the crops were growing, and what was going on in the woods. It was such a comfort to know that no hungry husband or children were waiting for the belated dinner, or desecrating the sacred order of her home, while she was enjoying the ramble. With her farm and telephone and daily papers Letty Belle was happy as a queen.

The mailcarrier was even now coming down the road. Letty Belle rose as he halted before her box, and went leisurely across the lawn. The coming of the local paper was the big event in the day to her.

But today there was a letter along with the usual paper. Letty Belle regarded it with interest, and then blushed a dull red when she saw the even flourishing writing of the address. She knew that writing only too well. Ever since Dr. Bunn, Beulah's former pastor, had gone to another charge, she had been receiving these letters, and some of the meddlesome gossips had even dared hint that the good old minitser was in love with her. Rumors of this effect had reached even Letty Belle's indignant ears, and she had shuddered in secret as she realized how almost true they were. Dr. Bunn had come perilously near proposing once, and it had taken much tact and patience to get him back to every day matters.

Letty Belle had prevented the minister from actually proposing, but she could find no good excuse for not answering his letters, especially since they were very interesting ones and addressed as much to the community as to her. Yet she had read between the lines, and detected how lonely the poor old minister really was. His family was scattered, his health was

not good, and, naturally he was often very lonely.

Letty Belle always felt vaguely guilty over his loneliness, although she was not sure why.

So, with mixed feelings she opened his letter today. And then she blushed again, and gasped, and rushed into the house as if she were fearful that somebody might look over her shoulder and read what it contained.

"My dear Miss Harmon," ran the letter, "A long time ago I tried to tell you how lonely I was, but you, dear lady, were strangely unsympathetic, although you are usually so kind to everybody. Now I feel that I must see you very soon. I have a very important question to ask you, which concerns me very closely and the decision of which I feel rests with you. Perhaps you understand to what I refer, but I must speak privately, and at greater length concerning it.

"Now may I come and see you soon? I have not forgotten the kindly hospitality of your home, and I am longing to see Beulah again, and especially you. If it is convenient I will arrive Friday on the 4:30 train.

Heartiest greetings to you and all my dear flock in Beulah.

J. D. BUNN."

"Hm", said Letty Belle, after the third reading, "up to his old tricks again. Well, I suppose I'll have to let him come. But the house'll have to have an awful riddin' up before it's fit to have company in. I'll call up Emily and ask her to help."

Emily, otherwise Mrs. Shaw, was Letty Belle's sister, a thin energetic little woman, the exact opposite of Letty Belle. When she heard that Dr. Bunn was coming she was quite excited.

"What do you suppose he's coming for?" she asked before she was fairly inside the house.

"I don't know", Letty Belle answered.

"I kind of thought that he was sweet on you one spell", continued her sister as she bustled around the already immaculate kitchen. "I always said you were cut out for a minister's wife, Letty Belle."

Letty Belle kept an ominous silence.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he proposed this time, not a mite," continued Mrs. Shaw. "And it would be a good thing for you, Letty Belle. You ain't as young as you used to be."

Letty Belle's usually placid temper was beginning to smoulder. "Well, I guess that's my own business", she snapped.

"Oh well, you mustn't get mad about it", rejoined her sister. A woman gets lonesome without a home and family."

"For the land's sake!" cried Letty Belle in exasperation. "You talk like you lost your senses, Emily. What pleasure would I get with a husband and children messin' everything up? I've got a home of my own and am better off than any other woman in Beulah." Having delivered this tirade Letty Belle retired to the pantry.

"Well, you can't pretend that there isn't anything between you and the minister," continued Mrs.

Shaw, "and I call it down right selfish if you refuse him. He's a poor lonesome man, and you'll be a blessin' to him, Letty Belle."

Letty Belle did not deign a reply, and the subject was dropped, and she began to wonder if after all, she was not selfish to refuse good old Dr. Bunn.

Of course she could not marry him. That was entirely out of the question, even if Emily and all Beulah did expect it of her.

But Emily's words had brought Dr. Bunn's side of the case to her mind. Hitherto she had thought of him only as a poor old man who needed a wife to look after him. Letty Belle was rather skeptical about love, and the thought that Dr. Bunn really cared for her had never entered her mind. Now she saw how lonely the minister must be and dreaded hurting his feelings by refusing him. Dr. Bunn had a persuasive tongue, and Letty Belle had a horrible forboding that all would not be well if he once started to propose.

She thought about it all day, but try as she would she could not get away from the thought of poor lonesome Dr. Bunn. At last, in desperation, she made a truce with her conscience.

"Well", said she to herself, "I'll trust to Providence and do whatever I think best when the time comes, but oh, I wish he doesn't propose."

Friday afternoon found Letty Belle still uneasy concerning the probable workings of Providence. Under ordinary conditions she would have driven to the station herself, but today she dispatched Hiram Pimm and sat uneasily awaiting his return. Mrs. Shaw was there too, and her continual bustling and fidgeting got on Letty Belle's nerves like the buzzing of an imprisoned blue-bottle fly. It seemed ages since she had received Dr. Bunn's disturbing letter.

At last they heard the rattling of wheels on the gravel, and the familiar old phaeton came in sight. Letty Belle and her sister went to the door to receive the guest.

"For the land's sake," cried Mrs. Shaw adjusting her spectacles, "if there ain't three in the buggy! Now who do you suppose that is?"

"I don't know," answered Letty Belle, also interested. "Maybe Hiram gave somebody a lift."

"Look, Letty Belle" cried Mrs. Shaw as the carriage drew up, before the horseblock, "it's a woman, well I never!"

Letty Belle looked on in a dazed surprise while Dr. Bunn lifted a woman from the carriage, a small, delicate looking creature, with big brown eyes and a dainty faded face. She clung timidly to Dr. Bunn's arm as they walked up the mossy brick walk.

Dr. Bunn was fairly bubbling with happiness and looked very different from the desolate old man Letty Belle had pictured to herself. He seized Letty Belle's hand in a fervent grasp.

"Ah my dear Miss Harmon!" he cried, "now my happiness is complete! Permit me to introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Bunn."

Mrs. Shaw gave an odd little

gasp, but Letty Belle presented a calm exterior, although her heart gave an odd jump, partly of happiness, partly of something else, she was not sure what.

However, this was no time to analyze her fine points of feeling. She laughed her old cheery laugh, and took little Mrs. Bunn's tiny fingers in her own generous grasp.

"Well this is a surprise, I must say," she said "I'm real glad to know you, Mrs. Bunn, and I guess everybody in Beulah will be too. Dr. Bunn, it wasn't fair of you to keep me in the dark like this. I suppose this was the good news you had to tell me."

Dr. Bunn chuckled like a boy. "Yes it was", he admitted as they settled themselves on the haircloth chairs in the parlor. "And now can you guess what the important question is?", he put his finger tips together and regarded her generally.

"Good land!", gasped Letty Belle, thinking again of the letter. "No I guess I give up," she said aloud.

Dr. Bunn chuckled again. "Well, you know there were some slight—er—misunderstandings when I left Beulah. But I'm lonesome for Beulah and from your letters, I think that you all would like me back too. And my little wife needs some good country air, eh? And so, Miss Harmon if you would mention it to the session next Sunday—you have so much influence in Beulah, you know—" he left the sentence hanging in mid air, but Letty Belle understood.

"Yes, I'll be glad to," she said rising, "it'll seem real good to have a settled minister in the parsonage again. Now if you'll excuse me I'll help Emily start supper. Make yourself right to home."

Letty Belle bustled into the kitchen, and heaved a great sigh of relief. Emily was rather perturbed by the strange turn affairs had taken, and was inclined to feel sorry for Letty Belle. She did not understand why her sister's face had suddenly grown so radiant or why she was humming a cheerful old psalm under her breath. Nor did Letty Belle try to explain. She was too happy thinking of her beloved home that would be hers for years and years to come, and rejoicing unselfishly in Dr. Bunn's happiness. And now there would be a settled pastor in Beulah again and everything would be as right as anything could be.

"What you talking to yourself for?", asked Emily as she came from the cellar with a jar of preserves.

"Oh, nothing", answered Letty Belle hastily. "I was only thinking how it doesn't pay to worry after all."

Child Thoughts

CATHARINE CONNELL, '18

I. My Soul.

When I'm at play with my toys all beside me
    Down in the dell, near the big fairy ring
Sometimes, a glory I can't keep inside me
    Comes with a rush to my lips, and I sing.

Up in the sky, silver swallows are winging
    Spring's bluest violets cover the knoll
God is so good! I can feel all my singing
    Deep in the innermost fold of my soul.

My soul's a piece of chiffon, white and shimmery
    Caught to my chestbone, it drapes round my heart,
It sways back and forth, with a sheen soft and glimmery
    Each little happiness gives it a start.

When I rejoice over some new-found treasure
    Or I greet someone I love with a smile,
All my soul, thrilling and gleaming with pleasure
    Stretches as wide as it can all the while.

But when I'm naughty and come late to table,
    Or mother calls, and I say I've not heard,
Sadly it wrinkles as much as its able
    And gets all smocked and unpleasantly shirred.

All souls are not made with equal dimensions;
    Mine will grow bigger I hope day by day
It all depends on your acts and intentions
    Daddy's is almost five yards, I should say.

II. Evening Scene.

It's very near my bedtime, all my toys are put away
And I'm sitting at the window, tired but happy from my play.

Good-bye, day with all its pleasure! Good-bye smiling, golden sun,
Far below me in the valley, lamps are lighted, one by one.

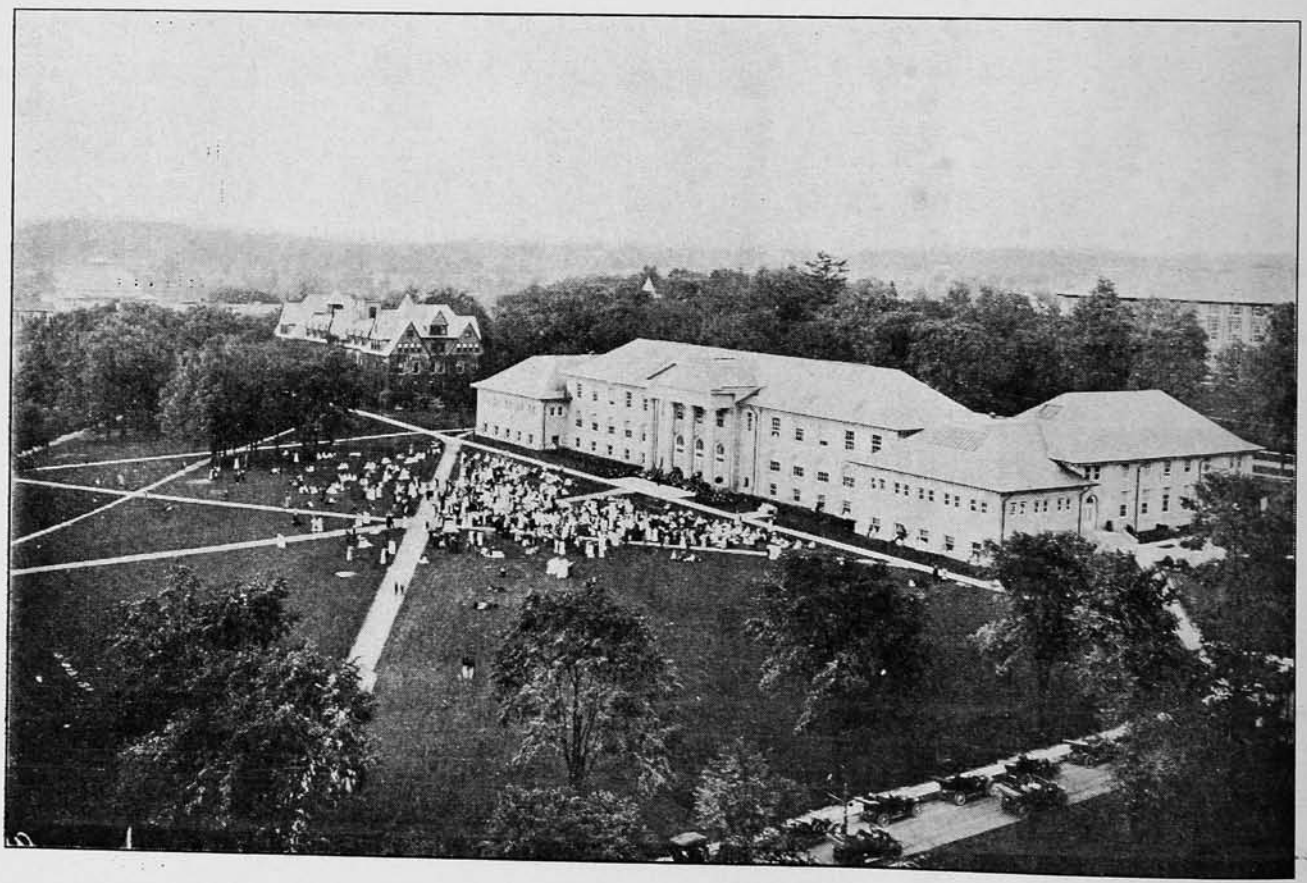
Trees and houses, streets and gardens, growing dimmer, fade from sight;
Just the lamps in countless numbers, gleam against the black of night.

And perhaps just now some angels tired of heavenly song and mirth,
Sit beside the gate of heaven, looking downward to the earth.

Shadows blot away the color from the green world, swung in space.
And in silence, now each star comes forth to twinkle in its place.

From the largest radiant planet, to the star that's just a spark,
Bright and clear God's lamps are shining, as in hosts, they dot the dark.

And I wonder if the picture that the blessed angels see
Doesn't look about the same to them, as this one does to me!



THE CORNELL WOMEN'S REVIEW

FOUNDED 1915

Published monthly during the academic year by the Women of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

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Regarding a Dean of Women

By the permission of the Editor of the Alumni News, and at the request of several alumnae and undergraduate women, we are printing a copy of an editorial which appeared in a recent number of the News. It is a very fair statement of the situation and one deserving of official notice. It is a precise statement of the opinion prevalent among Cornell women and one which they emphatically endorse. It is, without doubt, the only logical stand which can be taken in the face of the circumstances. No justification for a demand is required, where the need is acute. The Editorial follows:

"The resolutions of the Buffalo Club of Cornell Women in the matter of creating the office of dean of women at Cornell, published in last week's News, have brought to the front a question in which the three thousand women who have attended Cornell appear to be deeply concerned. It is a matter which does not seem in any way to touch the 4,500 male students of the University. But it does seem to affect essentially the 700 undergraduate women and therefore to demand the careful attention of the University.

"The seven hundred women who are undergraduates at Cornell are not in the University by sufferance; they are here by right. They are here because Ezra Cornell, Andrew D. White, Henry W. Sage and the others who made Cornell in the beginning threw the doors of the University open to women forever. And just as it is the business of the University to seek to give to its male students today training as good as men receive in any college in the land, so also is it the business of the University to seek to give to its women students the best education, to meet their particular needs, that can be had anywhere in the country.

"We are frank to say that we do not know just what the educational needs of the women of the colleges and unversities are today. And we are inclined to believe that the men who compose the Board of Trustees and the Faculty at Cornell do not know what those needs are. We do believe that those needs are known to the three thousand women who have attended Cornell and who have gone out into the world, many of them to occupy important and responsible posts in the world's work. If the majority of those women feel that the educational needs of Cornell's undergraduate women can be best provided for through the appointment of a dean of women with educational qualifications equal to those of a regular member of the University Faculty, and occupying a place in that Faculty we are ready to accept their judgment on that question."

Service

We have recently witnessed at Cornell the annual inspection of the Cadet Corps. The especially fine work of the organization points to an increased interest in military training. Those who in the classroom seem to us redoubtable have expressed their desire for preparedness in the organization of the Faculty Military Society. All this stands out as a local expression of national preparedness. Sooner or later this movement must touch the women of the University, for preparedness is a vital issue to all of us. The opportunity for service comes to us in the form of the installation at Cornell of a chapter of the National Special Aid Society. The women who join this organization are pledged to do service for the country when need arises, and their activity takes the form of training in first aid and general nursing of the wounded. The Society is one which should appeal in the nature of its service to all women regardless of their attitude toward preparedness. Although the possibility of war may seem remote to us, it remains a possibility, and in the event of a national issue throwing us into difficulties with a foreign power, this humane work must be done, and an organzation which plans to deal with the problem efficiently should be supported by college women.

Organization

Student Government has appointed a committee to arrange a calendar of Student Activities in order to avoid conflict during the remainder of this year. The plan is one which has been successfully carried out in almost all college and university communities. It is prima facie the most efficient method of solving community problems to work along the lines of an organized plan. The committee has assigned dates to all the organizations who applied for them, and will arrange for all other occasions which may arise later. In this way there will be a saner distribution of the many social affairs which overwhelm us every May. It is to be hoped that the plan will be made a permanent one and that during another year

we will have a calendar of dates for every month in the academic year, and make up in efficiency of management what individual organizations may lose in the matter of choice.

The Question of Finance

It has come to pass this year that some organizations among the undergraduate women are on a firm financial basis, even flourishing, while others are practically insolvent. So intimately bound up are the activities among our University group that the same young women may be involved in several of these organizations. To be specific, one young woman may have put in a great deal of time and energy to bring about the substantial bank account of one club, and through her connection with an insolvent club must put in more time and energy to pull that organization out of the mire. Since we are turning our attention to organization, why should we not do away with this an omolous situation by instituting centralized finance? A feasible plan would be to have a committee working under Student Government to control an endowment or sinking fund. Each organization should be taxed either proportionately to its present wealth or by a standard tax. Various money making affairs could be run under the management of the committee for the benefit of the endowment fund. This would prevent the annual hectic scramble among organizations for certain types of affairs which have in past years proved most lucrative. When the tax is paid each organization should present a budget for the year, and then in May when any one group may be facing a deficit the committee could investigate and make an appropriation from the fund to prevent financial failure. In this way the work of the women would go to support all of their activities, for all of which they are responsible, and would prevent an uneven distribution of pecuniary returns from community labor. The Student Government Executive Committee should consider this suggestion seriously, and act upon it favorably for the women whom they represent.

The Review announces that the first prize in the Short Story Contest has been awarded to Verena Lillian Luscher '16, for her story "The Minister's Visit." Honorable Mention is awarded Elsie C. Carroll for her story "His Wife's Talent," which will appear in another number of The Review

ACTIVITIES

MARY LARKIN, '17

Student Government

Dorothy Winer, '16, President of Student Government, and Amy Luce, '17, as Junior Delegate, represented Cornell women at the Conference of the Middle Western Intercollegiate Association for Women's Self Government, held in Lincoln, Nebraska, May 4th, 5th and 6th. The main topics of discussion of the Conference were the "Position of the Association in the University," "College Activities," and "Finance."

Mass Meeting

The final Mass Meeting of the year was held in Sibley Dome, Saturday night, April twenty-second. The President of Student Government gave a brief survey of the year's work, thanked the girls for their cooperation during the year, and suggested some reforms Student Government might bring about in the continuance of its constructive policy. Among these were the abolition of compulsory Mass Meetings, the establishment of an individual Proctor System, in which each girl is directly responsible to the Head of the House, and the establishment of a scholar ship, given by the Association to the girl most worthy. On account of the illness of Araminta MacDonald, '17, our Student Government President for next year, Anna Bristol, '17, spoke in her behalf. It was decided to hold a reception for Mrs. Martin on June second, in token of the services she has rendered us during her work at Cornell.

A chapter of the National Special Aid Society has been established at Cornell. This is a national movement "to enroll women in some specific branch of industry in which they could be of immediate us should the day of trouble come to us swiftly." The Cornell Chapter, under the direction of Laura Miller as chairman, decided to make a special study of First Aid. About twelve girls have already pledged their services to this patriotic cause.

Our Pageant

Plans for the Pageant, which is to be held on October thirteenth, are near completion. On account of the graduation of the Senior members of the committee, a new committee has been appointed as follows: Chairman, Vi Graham; Business Manager, Jeanette Short; Grounds, Marjory Sewell; Cosumes, Elizabeth Alward; Properies, Rosamond Wolcott; Dramatics, Virginia Van Brunt; Music, Dorothy Maier; Publicity, Harriett Parsons, and Program, Elsie Church. Meetings of this committee are held twice a week and reports from subcommittees submitted at this time.

The Pageant Grounds were staked out for planting. Tryouts

have been held for the speaking parts and several parts assigned. About twenty-five accurate costume books have been placed on the shelves of the circulating library for use of the costume committee. A poster competition is being held and a prize of five dollars is offered for the best poster for the Pageant. The winning design will be reproduced on post cards, and placed on sale at the Co-op and Corner Book Stores on Spring Day.

The postponement of the Pageant was surely a commendable step, for our Pageant has outgrown its first planning and has become something too big and fine, to be completed in so short a time. This change of date, therefore, should mean an encouragement and proof of the extensiveness of the task we are attempting. It may be hard to adjust our enthusiasm to a plan whose realization is far off, but surely the Pageant is worth it. Success on October the thirteenth will prove it.

Get the spirit that lies behind the Pageant. It has every element of worth-whileness in it. This is our first organized, united and purposeful effort towards doing something for Cornell Women. This Pageant is Publicity work in their interests.

Can we do it? Look into the Pageant's organization. The costume committee with its accurate costume books in the library, the Grounds committee planting the Pageant stage. Lend them your support. Help the Publicity Committee and spread this Pageant everywhere.

The ideal is seven hundred girls working for a thing that is worthy, big and beautiful. It is your Pageant—your place is in it. If you do not do your part, you count one against the Pageant, instead of one toward its greatest possible success. It must be the greatest possible success!

Y. W. C. A.

The installation services for the new cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. were held, April 20th. Lois Osborn, the retiring president, was in charge of the service and gave the charge to the new president, Helen Adams. The small cabinet and the subchairmen who form the large cabinet were present. The president in accepting for the cabinet and the association, the charge, spoke of need of permeating our college life with the ideals of Christian democracy.

Miss Olga E. Hoff, student reprepsentative of the Presbyterian Board of Home and Foreign Missions visited Cornell, May 4th and 5th.

The final meeting of the Cornell Eight Week Club will occur on May 13th, when Miss Anna Clark, county secretary, will be the guest of the club. A house party will be held on the west shore of Cayuga lake for the week end. Every girl interested in club work in community centres is invited.

EAGLESMERE

Women students from the leading colleges in Ohio, West Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania and western New York, to

the number of five hundred and more, are laying plans for the Student Conference of the Y. W. C. A. which is to be held at Eagles Mere Park, Pa., June 27-July 7.

These conferences are all held in places remarkable for their natural beauty, and Eagles Mere, with the lake on top of the mountains, holds its own. Miss Bertha Condé is in charge of the conference. The chief addresses will be given by Dr. Fosdick, and among the study courses, will be one on Dr. Rauschenbusch's new book on the social principles of Jesus. Classes on methods of teaching, Modern Problems, and Missions are offered as well as those in Bible study.

Cornell is represented each year at this conference, and our hope this year is a delegation so large that we may have a "Cornell Cottage." Expenses are as follows:

Program	$ 5.00
Room and board	14.00
Fare (estimated Ithaca and return)	10.06
	$29.06

Registration for the Cornell delegation should be handed in at the Association rooms before June 16.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club will end a successful season with the presentation of "The Burglar" by Margaret Cameron at the Lyceum Theatre, May 11, for the benefit of the War Relief Fund, under the auspices of the Cosmopolitan Club. The members of the cast are: Katherine Lyon, '16, Virginia Van Brunt, '17, Mary Larkin, '17, Margaret Luckings '18 and Henrietta Ely, '18. The play is under the direction of Florence Wilbur, '16.

The members of the Dramatic Club Council elected for the coming year are: President, Virginia Van Brunt, '17, Vice-President, Vi Graham, '18, Secretary, Clara Cowhill, '18, Treasurer, Dagmar Schmidt, '18, Sophomore Representative, Emma Townsend, '19, Mrs. Gertrude Martin and Professor Sampson.

The new Constitution of the Club is ready for publication and will be read at a meeting of the active members to be held early in May. At that time the "shingles," designed by Vi Graham, '18, will be awarded to all those who have played one major role or two minor roles in any of the productions of the Club.

At a recent meeting of the Council it was decided to use the surplus funds of the Club each year in the equipment of a Campus Playhouse for University Productions.

Professor Parsons, Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Julia Melotte, Miss Catherine Schurman and Mrs. Strunk, the honorary members of the Club, and the newly elected Council were entertained by the 1915-1916 Council at a dinner in the New Ithaca Hotel.

ELECTIONS

The president of Sports and Pastimes for 1916-1917 will be Rosamond Wolcott.

E. Smith, Mable Baldwin and Melva Lattimore were elected as

Senior members of Sage House Committee, and Lydia Seager and Helen Beals as Sophomore members for next year.

In Prudence Risley, Phyllis Rudd, Helen Carter, Ruth Chappelle will represent the Senior class on the House Committee and Virginia Phipps and Reba Beard will represent the Sophomore Class.

Evangeline Thatcher, '16 has has been chosen Class Essayist and Catherine Lyon, '16, Class Poetess for the Senior Class.

1917 elected for next year as Vice-President, Julia Aronson, Secretary, Ruth Chappelle and Treasurer, Phyllis Rudd.

The class officers of 1918 for the year 1916-1917 are Vice-President, Harriett Hosmer, Secretary, Marian Lewis and Treasurer Evelyn Hieber. Those of 1919 are Vice-President, Lydia Seager, Secretary, Dorothy Balliett and Treasurer, Jean Hall.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB

At a meeting of the Social Science Club on April 26, Miss Ella Freeman of Cortland, N. Y., outlined the history, aims, and the social and economic problems of the George Junior Republic. Her purpose in addressing the Club was to solicit the interest and assistance of Cornell Women in this institution. Helen Van Keuren, '16 and Ruth Smith, '16 have volunteered their services once a week to teach Home Economics to the Girls of the Republic. It is hoped that other girls will aid this most worthy cause.

On May 16, Professor Hazard will speak on "Child Labor." All interested are invited to attend.

RAVEN AND SERPENT

On April 30, ten Sophomores were chosen for Raven and Serpent, the Junior Honorary Society, for the year 1916-1917. They are Florence Boochever, Joanna Donlon, Ernestine Becker, Esther Grimes, Marcia Grimes, Harriet Hosmer, Vi Graham, Katherine McMurry, Alice Quinlan and Dagmar Schmidt.

ATHLETICS

The last Play Hour of the year was held in the Armory, Tuesday evening, March 28. The program consisted of marching, dancing, fencing, games and a competitive drill of the Freshmen wand classes and Sophomore dumb bell classes. There were five relay races in which 1918 scored six points and 1919 three points. The Sophomores were awarded the Gymnasium Championship, and each girl participating in the events was given a ribbon of merit.

The Play Hour is a new institution for us, but surely a worthwhile one. In its short existence, it has resulted in bringig before the student and faculty, present day phases of physical education, combined with the general good of social assembling, so its continuance in the future is assured.

The Basketball Championship for the year 1916 was awarded to the Senior Class. The series played, resulted in a tie of the Sophomore, Freshmen, and Senior

(Continued on page 362)

ALUMNAE NOTES

VIRGINIA VAN BRUNT, '17

'03—At the Cornell Dinner given at the University Club of Pennsylvania State College, March 31, 1916, Mrs. Harriet Cowell spoke on "Co-education at Cornell," giving a brief history of its beginnings and growth, and making a plea for the woman candidate, Miss Kate Gleason, for Cornell trustee to be elected in June, 1916. Mrs. Cowell and Dr. Lucretia V. T. Simmons, '98, were both on the committee in charge of the dinner.

'06—Margaret Stecher is a teacher of Economics and Sociology at Mount Holyoke College.

'08—Mildred McArthur is an instructor in German at Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

'10—Lotto J. Bogert is a graduate student in Physiological Chemistry at Yale University.

'10—Louise W. Howell is a teacher of History in the High School at Ridley Park, Pa. She received a M. A. degree from the University of Pennsylvania in February.

'10—Ruth Chipman is taking graduate work at Cornell for the year 1915-16.

'10—Mary B. McElwain is Associate Professor of Latin at Smith College, and her address is the Gillett House, Northampton, Mass.

'10—Edith J. Munsell is an editor in the Department of Agriculture under Commissioner C. S. Wilson in Albany, N. Y.

'10—Lizie C. Van Denburgh is a cataloguer in Cornell University Library.

'11—Emma Crandall is a chemist in the employ of Dr. Smith, at 50 E. 41st St., New York City.

'11—Mrs. Mabel E. Hodder is an Assistant Professor of History at Wellesley College.

'11—Anna Mayme Howe is taking graduate work in the University, and her address is 702 E. Buffalo Street.

'11—Edna Foster Trask is living at The Whitney Farm, Almond, N. Y.

'12—Ethel Callahan is teaching Mathematics and Physics in the High School at Johnson City, N. Y.

'12—Mary Craig is teaching school in Logan, Ohio.

'12—Grace Delany is doing office work in Birmingham, Alabama. Her address has been changed to 722 First Ave., West End, Birmingham, Ala.

'12—Ada Reed is teaching English and History in the State Model School, Trenton, N. J.

(Continued on page 368)

UNIVERSITY NOTES

KATHERINE McMURRY, '18

Mrs. Martin made a tour of the Mohawk Valley in the middle of April. She gave talks on Cornell and showed pictures of the College to the Utica Academy, Herkimer High School, and other High Schools. The Mohawk Valley Women's Club gave a lunch which Mrs. Martin followed by an address. She spoke likewise to the Alumnae Collegiate Association at the New Century Club. In Chicago on April 22 she spoke before the Association of Collegiate Alumnae of whose staff she will be a member next year. She also met the Cincinnati members of the Collegiate Alumni in Cincinnati.

The Committee on Housing of the Advisory Committee of the Federation of Cornell Women's Clubs met in February to lay more definite plans in regard to the development of suitable housing accommodations for the annually increasing number of women students. With the reservation of the Kline tract for a basis of work, the committee, with Jennie M. Carrier as chairman, has been working on the present crisis as well as on the future needs. Its suggestion for immediate use is that since the kitchen facilities of Prudence Risley are able to serve a larger number than they now do, the most economical solution would be to build a dormitory near Prudence Risley which would use the same kitchen and social rooms. In preparation for laying out the Kline purchase the committee has gone over the ground observing its general facilities, and has looked through the present dormitories, to note good points and to guard against defects. Brooks-Hall of Barnard College was also studied, and questionnaires have been sent to other women's colleges and institutions.

At the suggestion of the committee, Prof. E. V. Meeks has assigned to the class in design in the College of Architecture the problem of planning housing accommodations and facilities for social and play life for fifteen hundred women students on the Kline tract. The class is working on the plans merely as an academic problem and therefore no definite results are implied. It will be a means of gaining suggestions which will be of value when the building project is definitely undertaken.

From the report of the chairman "the work immediately before the committee is to secure facts in regard to other colleges and to glean suggestions from the data thus received: also, to study the results of the competition by the students, in the College of Architecture, when that work is completed. Later, in cooperation with

the Trustees' Committee, a final program should be outlined and a firm of architects should be decided upon."

A Summer Session will be held at Cornell this summer in the College of Agriculture, which is supported by the state. The Department of Home Economics will offer work in foods, sewing, household management and extension, without tuition to residents of the state.

The Home Economics Cafeteria, which is the laboratory of the Home Economics Department for Institutional Management, has been enlarged this year by adding an extension to each end of the cafeteria, thus increasing the seating capacity by at least one hundred. The cafeteria is now furnishing about eight hundred meals per day, prepared in the main by men and women employed for that purpose. The work is carried on under the direction of Miss Hunn, '12, and Miss Janet Smith, Wells, who not only superintend the cafeteria but direct the practice work of the students as well.

The annual meeting of the American Home Economics Association will be held at Cornell from June twenty-eighth to July third. In addition to Miss Van Rensselaer and others of the Cornell Home Economics Department, there will be present visitors from many institutions who are interested in Science and Art as applied to Home Economics. The speakers have not yet been settled upon, but they will be representatives of Pratt Institute, Teachers College, Simmons College, Drexel Institute, High Schools in various parts of the country, and several Universities of the west.

The convention of Kappa Kappa Gamma will be held at Cornell from June twentieth to July second. Prudence Risley and Sage will be open to the three hundred guests who it is expected will attend. Dr. Mary Crawford is one of the noteworthy members returning. The schedule of entertainments for the week includes a trip to Watkin's Glen, an informal reception, and a fancy dress masquerade. A banquet is the closing feature.

The Department of Home Economics offered the use of the household management laboratory on the fourth floor of their building to the Chemistry Department in order that the course in Quantitative Analysis need not be discontinued because of the loss of Morse Hall. Certain necessary accommodations were installed and classes were continued after only a short intermission.

ELECTIONS TO PHI BETA KAPPA

From the Class of 1916

Lillian Gladys Avery, Brooklyn; Catherine Ann Bard, Gowanda; Grace Bates, New York; Grace Louise Bennett, Buffalo; Mabel Catherine Bohall, Lowville; Cora

(Continued on page 366)

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Activities

(Continued from page 357)

Classes. The Athletic Council awarded the Championship to the Seniors on the basis of their high score.

Baseball practice is being held every afternoon on the Athletic Field. The Athletic Council voted to give thirty dollars to the Baseball fund to purchase equipment. Four captains have been chosen for the Class Teams: Nellie Benster, '16, Phyllis Rudd, '17, Anna Schnirel, '18, and Dorothy Balliett, '19. These captains will pick their teams from the entire squad, and semi-finals and final games will be played at the end of May.

CREW

Crew as usual is popular with the girls and a squad of about fifty is at work. Practice is held in the Armory three times a week under the direction of Miss Canfield. Work is progressing fast on the machines, and the girls will go out on the lake as soon as the weather permits. The plan of having girls as coxswains, has brought out many competitors, and if their work is efficient, they will steer the boats in the final races, on June third. The Athletic Council decided on the purchase of two four oared gigs from the Cascadilla School for use this year.

A training table has been arranged for at Sage, and strict adherence to training rules is demanded, as it is only through this conscientious cooperation that the best work can be done.

(Continued on page 363)

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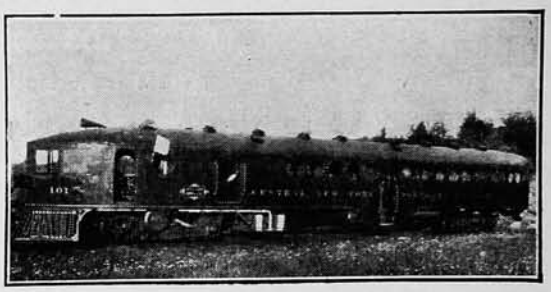

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Nov. 19, 1915

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Activities

(Continued from page 362)

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior-Freshmen Wedding was held in the Sage Gymnasium Saturday evening, April first. The bridal procession, composed of Juniors, was arranged with utmost precision. The contracting parties were Anna Bristol, Junior President, as bridegroom, and Virginia Phipps, Freshmen President as bride. The ceremony itself was a clever parody, uniting the two classes with a bottle of glue, instead of the usual ring. A reception and dance was held afterward, in Sage Drawing Rooms. Late in the evening ice cream and wedding cake were served. Helen Carter, '17, was chairman of the committee in charge.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomores entertained the Seniors at a May party, Monday evening, May first. The Sophomores attended in war costume. Stunts were given by the Seniors. Special music was procured for the dancing, and refreshments were served. Marguerite Edwards was in charge of the committee.

SENIOR CLASS

The Class Banquet, the Baby Party, and Mrs. Barbour's Reception for the Seniors will be held the week beginning June 19th.

The Guilford Prize for English Prose compositon was awarded to Signe K. Toksvig, '16, for her essay on the "Children of Lilith." The prize is a medal or $150.00 and considered the highest literary prize in the University. Lila V. Stevenson, '16, was given honorable mention.

DIXIE CLUB

The Dixie Club entertained its faculty members and those residents of Ithaca interested in the organization, at Sage College, at tea, Sunday afternoon, May sixth.

A. T. A.

The A. T. A., a social organization for girls living outside the dormitories, has had a very successful year. Greater enthusiasm and interest were shown in this association than ever before. Meetings with parties were held every month. On December 18, the first dance of the year was held in Prudence Risley Recreation Room.

(Continued on page 367)

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University Notes

(Continued from page 360)

Crucis Carroll, Highland Mills; Frank John Flannery, Pittston, Pa.; Katherine Lyon, Hudson; Julia Boyette Moody, Memphis, Tenn.; Earl Pugsley, Salt Lake City, Utah; Frances Cleveland Rosenthal, Brooklyn; Mary Smith, Mahanoy City, Tenn.; Mary Steele, Wagram, N. C.; Samuel Joseph Theodore, Aruppukota, India; Prescott Winson Townsend, Middletown; John Marinus Van-Horson, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Sidney Stevens Walcott, Washington, D. C.; Howard Daniel Wert, Shamokin, Pa.; Adelheid Bertha Marie Zoe Zeller, Scranton, Pa.

From the Class of 1917

Huldah Ellen Adams, Silver Bay; Robert Sigmund Beifeld, Chicago; Hyman Berkowitz, Brooklyn; Amanda Katherine Berls, New York; Lea Altenburg Bramhall Brown, Ithaca; Randolph Vivian Cautley, New York; Viola Buchert Dengler, Philadelphia; Irma Helen Faith, New York; Percey Austin Fraleigh, Poughkeepsie; Miriam May Kelley, Wyoming; Grace Elizabeth Kelly, Fonda, Edward Dennis McCarthy, Cattaraugus; Irwin Likely Moore, Worcester, Mass.; Gladys Marie Müller, Brooklyn; Maud Alice Palmer, Brooklyn; Charles Victor Parcell, Jr., Ithaca; Jacob Gould Schurman, Jr., Ithaca; William Elmer Seely, Poughkeepsie; David Louis Ullman, Buffalo.

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Activities

(Continued from page 364)

On March 17, a St. Patrick's Day Dance was given. "Stunt Night" was given May 3. The Dormitory Girls were invited to this for a joint meeting. The final event of the year will be a dance in Prudence Risley on May 19. The committee in charge of this is composed of Margaret Gills, Eleanor Fish, Lois Osborn and Dorothy Cooper, ex officio.

The officers of the Club are: President, Dorothy Cooper; Vice-President, May Niedeck; Secretary, Dorothy Delahunt; Treasurer, Gladys Smith.

SOMERSET Y

At a meeting of the Somerset Y held March 23, at the home of Professor Owens, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. P. Portey; Vice-President, Ruth Starr; Secretary, Hazel Stokoe and Treasurer, M. N. Turner. These officers were installed at the next meeting held April 10 at the home of Professor Worden. The program for the evening was in charge of Frances Jansen. The Y paper was read by Pearl Warn, and Sidney Palmer. Games were played and refreshments were served.

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Alumnae Notes

(Continued from page 358)

'12—Mariana McCaulley is teacher of Latin in the Camden High School and also has supervison of the girls gymnasium work there.

'12—Marguerite McGuire is teaching in the Bay Ridge High School. Her home address is 167 Himrod Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'12—Ona E. Reed is teaching German and English in Trenton High School, N. J., and is living at 56 N. Clinton Ave., Trenton.

'12—Rosa Vassar is a teacher in the Armstrong High School, at Richmond, Va.

'13—Rebecca Gibbons is an instructor of Domestic Arts in the Louisiana Industrial Institute.

'13—Dorothy Curtis Kent moved to Philadelphia about four weeks ago, on account of her husband's change of business address.

'13—Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Godfrey (Hazel W. Brown), a daughter, Gladys Irene, September 17, 1915. Address, 706 N. Tioga Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

'13—Ruth Heughes, now Mrs. Delany, is traveling through Missouri and Mississippi, on a business trip with her husband.

'13—Dorothea Kielland is studying Zulu at the Adams Mission Station preparatory to becoming a foreign missionary in the Inonda Seminary.

'13—Margaret L. Robinson is head of the Domestic Arts Department of the High School in Winchester, Mass.

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'13 (ex)—A beautiful baby girl was born to Mrs. T. V. Scudder, (Marie Townsend), March 28, 1916.

'14—Ruth Bayer came back for the Music Festival and stayed in town with friends.

'14—Jean Broadhurst is an Assistant Professor of Biology in Teachers' College, Columbia University.

'14—Cordelia Mattice is now at Wellesley College as an instructor.

'14—Charlotte Sherman McCloskey announces the birth of a son, James B. McCloskey, Junior.

'15—The marriage of Helen Bungart and Mr. Austin M. Leavens on April ninteenth has been announced.

'15—Leonora Holsapple visited her sister, Alethe, at Sage Hall during the Festival week-end.

'15—Ida May Howard is teaching music in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'15—Grace Laing is doing library work in Buffalo, N. Y. Her home address is 306 Bryant Avenue, Buffalo.

'15—Lucile E. Oliver was married in March, 1915, to Henry Otis Bonnar of Buffalo, N. Y. A daughter was born February 12, 1916.

'15—Mildred Severence is a graduate-assistant in Physics in the University.

'15—Helen Smith is substituting in the Philadelphia High School.

(Continued on page 371)

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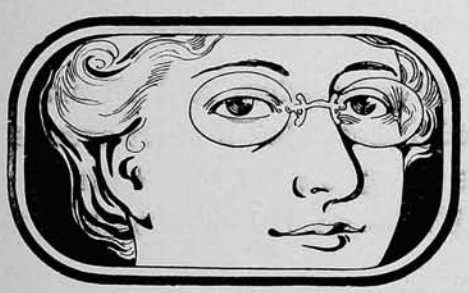

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Alumnae Notes

(Continued from page 368)

'15—Olga Schwartzbach is teaching German and Mathematics in the Southold High School, L. I.

Ex. '15—Mrs. Henry L. Doyle (Katherine Stebbins) announces the birth of a daughter, Katherine Alice. Mr. Henry L. Doyle is Cornell '12.

Philadelphia Alumnae Notes

The Cornell Women's Club of Philadelphia was entertained on Saturday, April first, by Ann Chrisman, '15, at her home in West Chester. The May meeting of the club will be held on Saturday, May sixth, at the home of Miss Alma T. Waldie, '09 at 437 E. Washington Lane.

'04—Emma Gertrude Kunze, who is teaching in the West Philadelphia High School, expects to attend the summer session at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

'09—Elizabeth Anna Anderson is with the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, as Assistant-Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal.

'09—Mrs. Sidney Dias Gridley (Josephine Brady) expects to spend the summer in Saginaw, Michigan, and will be glad to have "sister Cornellians" look her up.

'15—Anna Chrisman is teaching at Royersford, Pa.

'15—Marion Potts is teaching English at Landsdowne, Pa. She spent part of her Easter vacation at Sage College, Ithaca, visiting Gladys Muller, '17.

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