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THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVII OCTOBER, 1910 No. 1

EAST SIDE SKETCHES

Last summer a member of the senior class asked me to write something for the Sorosis. When I asked her what I should write she immediately answered: "Don't write anything scholarly or classic because we college students furnish enough of that. Oh, write a story or something interesting!" So it was to be, but story-writing is not in my line. Consequently since everything scholarly is eliminated and since I am not allowed to write a master-piece, all that remains is a reminiscence of some experiences in New York last winter.

The children are always adorable no matter where they are found. My particular friends were Jews and Italians, with whom I became acquainted while making investigations in respect to eyestrain among school-children. There was little cross-eyed, bow-legged Annie, who was characterized as shy and unmanageable in school. The principal said to me, "You never will persuade her mother to let you take her to the clinic. She will swear at you; you will find her a regular tornado." However, I started out, climbed three dirty flights in a tenement, felt the wall where I could not see my way, and finally found the right number, but no one was at home. After knocking, some one—rather half a dozen, appeared from various dark places and jabbered Yiddish at me. Finally some one made me understand that the tailor on the first floor was Annie's father. I interviewed him. He was quite polite and told me that Annie did need glasses and that I could take her to the clinic, although he didn't know what his wife would say. The mother was not there, so I decided to go back to school after Annie. The principal informed me that Annie would not go with me since she was afraid of strangers. However, Annie took my hand and we started up the street.

I was feeling quite elated at my success when we saw Annie's mother running frantically towards us. As soon as she began to talk a crowd collected, fifty or sixty dirty urchins, and some disreputable older people. All of my persuasive powers and arguments were used but to no purpose. Mrs. T. would not allow that child to go with me. Then she in turn became eloquent and told me that even the poor people loved their children. "Yes, we want to do everything for them. It is kind of you to take an interest in Annie," and then—she put her arm around me in a most affectionate manner. The little Jewish kiddies seemed to enjoy it. I felt too prominent in the midst of that Jewish throng on a narrow East Side street. I was so hemmed in by children that I hardly saw how to make an escape. Uppermost in my mind was the thought that my first "case" was a failure but just as I was leaving, Mrs. T. said: "I will take Annie to an oculist this very afternoon." Some days later I visited the school and found that the child was wearing glasses. Several months later her eyes were very nearly straight. Her teacher remarked that she was doing much better in school and was quite friendly.

In another East Side section were two Italian children who lived a pathetic existence. I visited them in their home, if such a place could be called a home, where seven lived in two rooms. One room was hardly large enough for one bed; the five children slept in the other room. At night the bunks were spread out; in the day-time they were piled against the wall and covered up, for this was also the living room. When I first saw them a boy of twelve and a girl of fourteen were making artificial flowers. They showed me how well they could work, and then asked four-year-old Beatrice to make some. It was a sad sight to see the tiny fingers fit the petals and stems.

The two older children and mother make flowers at every odd minute through the day and at night until eleven or twelve. It is no wonder that Fanny and Tommy suffer from headaches. I took them both to an oculist who fitted them with glasses. It was difficult to test Fanny's eyes because she was not familiar with her letters. She could hardly read but while questioning her she remarked: "At school the Sisters don't teach nothing but prayers." Tommy's glasses

seemed to help him but Fanny's headaches continued. One day I heard that Fanny's teacher had struck her so that her glasses were broken. She saw the oculist again so that she might have some relief. In the spring I went to the district where Tommy and Fanny had lived but found that they had moved a few days before. A social worker is trying to find them in order to give them what comfort a few friendly visits will bring. One cannot help a feeling of sadness at the thought of the many children who attempt to add to the family income by working early and late at artificial flowers.

In work among these poor and needy Jewish and Italian children the social worker is often the center of some amusing incident but more frequently she encounters evidences of the misery which surrounds the children's lives. They have the same longings as other children, yet there is so little to satisfy them. However, they seem to be made happy by friendly visits and never forget those who are kind to them. For several weeks I did not visit one little Jewish maid of seven but when she saw me she said: "I knew you would come again and I told mother you would wear that coat. I like it." She put her hand in mine as we made our way through the crowded push-carts.

Lilla A. Greene, '08.

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

Long ago in the maize of a dark forest grew a slender stalk. At its foot and overhead bloomed many lovely flowers of the wood but no leaf or blossom tipped its stem. Down in the soft dampness of the earth and moss the dainty arbutus trailed its way unmindful of its fragil hold on life and unenvying. Above the flame-colored petals of the rhododendron rose tauntingly. All around the wind and the aenemone, hepatica half hid by withered leaves, the eglantine and the laurel foaming in pink and white, spread their varied beauties. The mosses and ferns were fair and delicate. But no loveliness lay in the single green stalk. She was the old, bald Prude of the forest.

One night when the pale light of the early moon had silvered the woods with its glow and the mystic shadows of

the trees were flickering a witching beauty on the flowers and ferns, the poor, bare stalk gazed and wondered with ever-growing jealousy. All other things were lovely; everywhere there was beauty—grass, moss, ferns, flowers, trees, all except itself. It was nothing but a plain stem without flower or leaf. A sigh quivered through its slender body.

"Ah!" it thought, "if I could bear but one small flower, I too, would be happy as you aenemone."

The filtering moonbeams shimmered through the trees. The birds were still; the flowers asleep. Only the gurgling of the brook broke the silence of the woods.

Then a soft light singing was heard, a soft fluttering as of faintest gauges blown by a breeze. The stalk listened, then looked across the shadows. In the bright moon-shine swayed many small white forms, skipping and dancing over the grass and flowers. The fairy-children had come to gather dew.

Every evening when the dusk was gathering the fairy-mother sent them with little white ivory buckets to gather dew from the flowers. They would dance and play all through the night, then at the first streaks of the sun would hasten home, their buckets brimming with dew.

This night they froliced with unusual recklessness and swung their wee buckets.

"Come," said the eldest, "we can dance more lightly if we have no buckets to carry. Let us hang them here on Old Baldy."

"Good! Good," all the faries cried. They hung their buckets on the stem, then scampered off among the flowers.

"How lovely they are," thought the envious stalk. "The buckets in which they gather dew are more lovely than I am. They make my bare stem seem no longer bare. Why can't I keep them here? I am stronger than the tiny children. They have much that is lovely."

The whole night the fairies played until long red streaks shown in the woods. They ran up to the stalk and reached for their buckets but they could not loosen them. They pulled again with all the strength of their bodies but the buckets hung fast.

"Whatever shall we do," they moaned. But the covetous old Prude held firmly to the buckets. Day was fast coming

on. The little fairies could linger no longer but hastened weeping away.

"Now they are mine," whispered the green stalk exultingly. "They have grown into my body and no one can ever rob me. I too, am beautiful. Other flowers will envy me for none are so lovely as I."

Life stirred the night stillness; soon the birds and flowers began to wake. Far away sounded the joyous call of the lark. But the green stalk still did not raise its new beauties to the sun. The stem, no longer bare, was covered with exquisite bell-shaped blossoms but their faces were earthward. And so they always have been for conscience keeps them ever downhanging.

Mabel F. Crowe, '11.

THE SUGGESTIONS OF A BOOKLET.

With a last shrill whistle and rattle of farewell, the train disappeared behind a hill. Iva and I gathered up our suitcase and looked about us for a porter and omnibus. The only living thing visible was a sedate, gray hen who strutted across the road with a complacent "chuck," and gave us not the slightest attention whatever. We were disappointed.

"I wonder which way we are to go," we questioned.

The hen made no response.

Then, half hidden in a clump of dusty weeds, we discovered a weather-beaten sign which read:

"Idlewild."

"Scarlet and Higgins Health Farm," while one lean finger of an emaciated hand designated the way up the hill.

It was a hot, dry, August afternoon. Among the trees on either side of the road, locusts sang incessantly and from over the hills, somewhere, came the busy hum of a threshing-machine. Such sounds were music to our ears after the metallic confusion of the "Smoky City."

As we trudged through the dust, bearing our suite-case bravely, we talked eagerly of our destination, "Idlewild!" The very name carried with it visions of cool groves, running streams, springs, and spacious cottages. But imagination alone was not the source of our mental pictures. Iva

had secured a charming, green Booklet which would have delighted the heart of a psychologist—it was such a vivid illustration of the Power of Suggestion. Besides enthusiastic eulogies of the Farm and environment it contained pictures of Gibsonesque men and women, playing tennis or mounted upon spirited steeds. Then there were—. But there were so many other suggestions that the whole place had become as attractive to us as the "land of the heart's desire." So we discussed our destination and were very happy. Iva hoped the larder would provide brown bread, while I longer for real country butter, made in a wooden churn, on the cool, flat stones of a locust-shaded springhouse.

At last by the aid of a second sign and pointing finger, we reached the crest of a hill and looked along a yellow road, sloping down before us. There lay the Health Farm: three wooden houses, painted a dark, despondent green with hopelessly pale trimmings, a bungalow with no distinguishing marks whatever, and four hay-stacks. At first we stopped and looked; then, after the first shock our mental imagery adjusted itself to circumstances and we pretended to each other that it was exactly what we had expected to find. I did not mind the woodenness of the houses but I did mind their complexion.

Down the road we went.

Iva is older than I and wise. She had been reading "Physical Culture" and so was somewhat familiar with the whims and foibles of its devotees.

"Physical culturists," said she, "often go barefooted. It stimulates the circulation."

"What a peculiar idea," said I, thinking of it only in the abstract.

Just then we met the first apparition. He came around the corner of the bungalow, in the wake of a discouraged looking dog. We caught one glimpse of a shock of hair, two long brown arms, some fluttering garments, and—two bare feet. I think we both gasped.

"I told you so, Mary," whispered Iva, hysterically.

Something, way down deep in our inner consciousness whispered that we were about to have an experience and that it was going to be a great "lark".

With the inevitable suitcase, we hurried to the farthest of the green houses, because it had a balcony and there was a chair on the porch. Iva knocked expectantly. There was an impressive silence. We listened. Then, suddenly, a chair creaked painfully and we heard the "patter of little feet" upon the boards above. Then the proprietor of the feet—they were bare appeared, asked us to sit, and beat a hasty retreat. Presently we heard him call:

"Mrs. Higgins, there are two ladies down here. What'll we do with them?"

Iva and I looked at each other and waited. Soon we were led into a parlor and requested to "make ourselves at home" until Mr. Higgins should arrive; he was not expected until ten o'clock and it was then three. The prospect was not particularly appealing. The room was inexpensively furnished in imitation black oak. The design on the wall-paper consisted of miniature reproductions of what might have been Health Farms as lacking in charm as this one. There was a piano in the room, one of the kind given as premiums for solving a puzzle advertisement in the newspaper. On top were two dilapidated sheets of music, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and "I Wish I Had My Old Girl Back Again"; then there was a spectral violin with two strings.

After several vain attempts to soothe our feelings by means of the piano, whose keys offered a great resistance, we sought solace in a stroll. The country itself was as stimulating as any one could wish though the atmosphere was a trifle warm. We talked of many things, from green apples to philosophy—Iva is versatile—and in the meantime each was covertly searching for a "pebbly pool," one of the veiled suggestions of Iva's Booklet. Instead of cool and gurgling streams we found yellow, stony bottoms lined by dust-powdered shrubbery; and, no not anywhere, did we see a "pebbly pool." But we had decided we would be tolerant; besides, we had found three really—truly blackberries which, by a little imagination might be classed among the "fresh fruits" of the Booklet.

Upon our return we found a Healthy Man sitting upon the "spacious veranda," reading "The Popular Magazine." To him we appealed for information. Yes, it was fine coun-

try. No, the tennis courts were not yet completed—we had not seen the slightest trace of any. We also discovered the race track to be a thing of the dim future, and riding horses, it seemed, so far as "Idlewild" was concerned, were abstract ideas. Later we discovered that our informant was one of the proprietors and inward congratulation that we had said nothing disrespectful about the "institution" softened our disappointment.

Soon the announcement of dinner offered a new field for thought. Here again the "healthy" suggestions of Iva's Booklet afforded "food" for meditation. The salon was in the bungalow and after a short search among a forest of empty black tables, we found one at the farthest end of the room which offered two vacant places. Otherwise it was occupied by a swarm of brown-armed, bare-footed men and a second swarm of another species. (Window screens were deplorably lacking.)

We took the vacant places. Just opposite sat a little, bald-headed man who was audibly evident. He conducted an anything but entertaining monologue, during the meal, in which the only enlightening remark was something about his mother and we wished she were there to take care of him.

"I know he's a bachelor," Iva informed me, afterwards. (To Iva a bachelor is the personification of all unpleasantness, "sticks and nails and puppy-dog's tails.")

Iva found consolation in brown bread. It had raisins in it. But alas for my butter; it was not.

After our repast we continued our search for the "pebbly pool" but without success. We asked the Healthy Proprietor about it.

"Oh, its about a mile over there," he replied, vaguely, waving his hand in a curve which embraced all points of the compass indiscriminately.

Then we knew that the pool of our dreams had been but a mirage in the desert of the Booklet author's mind; but then his mind could not be likened to a desert, for the Booklet had proved its fertility. Our last hope was crushed and we passed the rest of the evening upon the "spacious veranda," in desultory conversation. The proprietor endeavored to amuse us with physical culture ideas and abuses of the standard dic-

tionary, while we listened to a vocal spasm which sounded like: "I'm going ho-ome, to dinomore." Then someone rendered the "Spring Song" upon the two-stringed violin. We decided the enthusiast must be the Bachelor.

So we spent our first day at "Idlewild" and the second was like unto it. Yesterday we walked for pleasure; today we walked in desperation. As we wandered past the bungalow we discovered a new object of interest. It consisted of two earthen pipes, the smaller protruding above the larger. Each was filled with yellow clay and from the top hung the wraithe of a sunflower. To this day we have wondered what that object was but somehow I have always had a haunting suspicion that it might have marked the remains of some mortal who, like ourselves, had been lured hither by the green Booklet, and, having no philosophy for support, had perished in his disillusionment.

At ten breakfast was served. Let us not discuss it. We asked the Proprietor at what hours the trains left and packed our suitcase.

As we wandered down a ravine which formed a short cut to the station, Iva felt ill and I was suffering from neuralgia. The sky was gray and threatening and the wind blew fitfully as it does before a storm. We did not speak of our anticipation of yesterday and our disillusionment of today; we only thought of many things.

On another day we were called upon to account for our speedy return to a circle of curious relatives. We told them we had an interesting time.

"We had brown bread," said I.

"And cherry pie," added Iva.

"And Iva ate two pieces."

"I'm not so interested in physical-culturists as I used to be," Iva admitted, after a pause.

M. H., '11.

SKETCHES

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH.

She was very much in earnest, very decided in her opinions. The question of a Sunday School library had come up before the board and the little teacher held the floor. The superintendent had remarked timidly about the difficulty in choosing proper books but she brushed this aside as an affair of no moment.

"Why," she said, "I know a set of books for boys which will be the very thing. The moral teaching is splendid. They are all about poor boys who start out in life with absolutely nothing but if they are kind and treat their parents with respect, they always become millionaires at the end, but the boys who are cruel to their little sisters and disrespectful to their parents always become drunkards. Another set of books —these are for girls—I approve of even more. It is the Elsie Dinsmore series. My, the tears I've shed over poor Elsie! Dear child, what a hard time she did have for her cruel father didn't like Elsie's being a Christian but her forbearance and gentle teaching finally won him over. Such a sweet little thing—she never did anything wrong or naughty. Why, I'll choose the books. It won't be any trouble to me at all—I'd love to do it.

'11.

THE PRETTIEST FLOWER IN THE MEADOW.

A Fairy Tale.

"I am tired of the flowers in the garden," said a bright butterfly one summer's afternoon. "I'm going away to the meadow to see if I can find a flower that's beautiful because of its simplicity, one that is not spotted, or striped, or checkered with all kinds of colors." So saying the dainty butterfly spread his wings and in a moment's time arrived in a cool green meadow.

"What a relief!" he sighed and flitted about from flower to flower charmed by each of them. At last he came to the edge of the meadow, near a road-side and lit upon a timothy stalk.

"Which is the most beautiful?" he thought, when a bright yellow flower caught his eye. Up flew the butterfly from the swaying stalk and hovered over the golden flower.

"What a wonderful color you have!" he exclaimed. "You are just like the sun! Your well-varnished petals form into such a firm little cup. Do you catch the dew at night-fall?"

"Still you have a saucy air and carry your head above the grasses, looking inquisitively at the passersby. You are a wonderful flower!" he murmured, alighting for an instant upon the fringed leaf at her side. "You look very bright and clean, and so happy. I like you, pray what is your name?" and the butterfly nestled close in the center of the flower, brushing the pollen from the well-arranged stamens, to hear the reply. But so softly she whispered, that none save the butterfly caught a sound; yet between you and me, can you guess what it was?

J. P., '14.

THE QUARREL.

Horace As long as I alone was dear to you
Happier did I seem than Persia's king.
Lydia As long as you to me alone were true
Life held for me no greater, happier thing.
Horace Now Chloe, maid of Thess'ly, rules my heart
Love crown'd Chloe, skilled in harp and song,
For her with my dear life I'd gladly part
If but the Fates her dearer life prolong.
Lydie Now Calais, youth of Athens, rules my heart.
Calais, like to the sun-god, fair and strong,
For him with my dear life I'd gladly part
If but the Fates his dearer life prolong.
Horace What if the old love should to us return
And bind us, each to each, with golden bands?
What if gay-hearted Chloe I should spurn
And place my heart and life in Lydia's hands?
Lydia Though you are fickle as the changing wave
And he is radiant as the stars above,
To you, and you alone, my life I give;
For you I live, and dying, still will love.

—From "Odes of Horace."

Marjory Boggs (Spec.)

"IMAGINATION."

One evening I was going home through the woods. Twilight was deepening into night, a night very dark and moonless. The atmosphere about me seemed to thicken and the stillness of the place grew oppressive. The tree stumps and bushes took on wierd forms. The crickets and frogs made more noise than usual. An owl hooted. The breeze rustled the dead leaves. Oh how uncanny everything looked! And what horrible sounds I heard! I hurried on my way with throbbing heart and cold perspiration teeming down my forehead. Every minute I expected to be grasped by one of the ghastly paws that were groping along in back of me. I dared not turn to look. Suddenly a huge monster appeared in the path before me. I closed my eyes and darted past. A brier caught my dress and held me. I tore myself away shrieking, "Let me go!" I ran blindly on, trembling with fear, to be confronted with a calm matter-of-fact "What's the matter, Sis," from an unimaginative brother coming to meet me.

A. M., '14.

"THE BILLOW AND THE SHADOW."

(From "Les Miserables" Vol. I, Book II, Chapter VIII.)

A man overboard!

What does it matter! the ship does not stop. The wind is blowing hard, the dark ship must continue its way. It passes.

The man disappears, reappears, he calls, he stretches up his arms, no one heeds; the ship trembles in the hurricane, everyone is busy, the sailors and passengers do not even see the drowning man; his wretched head is but a speck on the vast expanse.

He screams in despair. What a spectre is this ship as it moves away. He looks at it, he looks at it frantically. It grows dim, it shrinks. He was on the ship but an hour ago, he walked on the deck with the others, he breathed, he saw the sun, he was a living soul.

The gales are blowing, the billows seething. He raises his eyes and sees the livid clouds. There are birds in the clouds

And all my friends, my quiet loving friends,
I leave thee here behind me evermore.
My sheep! oh scatter wildly o'er the heath
For where is now thy gentle guide of yore?
Another flock I must lead on out there.
There, on the bloody fields of awful war!
It is the Spirit's cry that urges me
Not the desire of any treasure store.

He who to Moses, high on Hareb's hill
Within a flaming bush appeared at night
Commanding him to go to Pharaoh's court;
He who hath chosen as His valiant knight
The sheperd, Israel's meek and pious son;
Who loves the lowly sheperd's staff and rod,
He from these leafy branches spoke to me,
"Thou shalt bear witness of the Lord thy God!"

"For when in war the bravest hearts shall fail
And France shall feel her pending destiny,
Then thou shalt bear on high my Oriplaine
As Savior of this nation's liberty.
Thou shalt cast down the haughty conqueror;
Thy hand shall turn the wheel of fortune round,
And home-victorious lead the sons of France;
Deliver Rhein's and have the Dauphin crowned."

And lo a sign hast heaven granted me,
My God sent it, this helmet came from Him.
The touch of it gives me a power divine;
My heart now feels the strength of cherubim.
I ride into the tumult of the fray;
The violence of it sweeps me away—
The cry of battle surges mightily!
The chargers stamp! The trumpets sound!

A. C., '14.

The Sorosis

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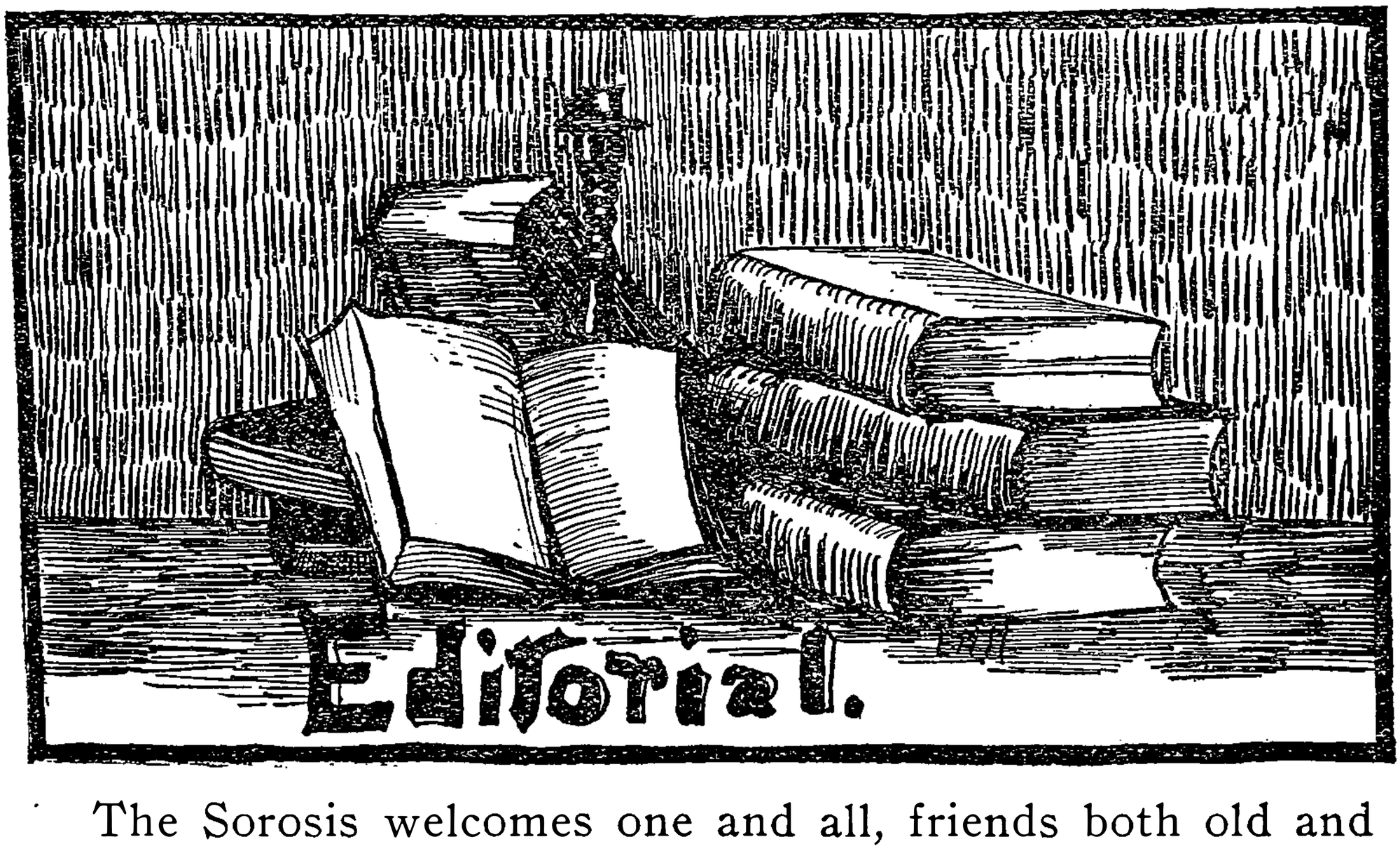


The Sorosis welcomes one and all, friends both old and new, and wishes them all success during the coming year.

A few days after college opened this fall an article appeared in the "Chronicle Telegraph" from which we quote as follows:

"When Dr. Lindsay enjoined as little conversation as possible in the class-room . . . three hundred and fifty

pairs of eyes looked up in amazement . . . three hundred and fifty tongues began to wag. . . . Why just think! If Genevieve wears a new frock must we all keep silent? What shall we do when Gwendolyn gets a box of sweets from home? We shall want to say that we're just crazy about Carolyn's hat and it will be killing to mope about in silence!"

The point of view of the author is perfectly clear. He was evidently striving for that frivolous atmosphere which seems so indispensible when writing of women and women's colleges. It is natural that the students and friends of P. C. W. should resent it. When higher education for women first began there was a prevalent idea that college women were wonderful intellectual beings who thought in abstractions and discussed the Evanescence of the nothing. Fortunately this false idea soon passed away, but now the general tendency seems to be towards the other extreme and college women are continually associated with the fashion book, chafing dish and even American slang.

Such a view is entirely false. The modern college girl does not devote all her time to the gentle art of making fudge. She reads seriously and thinks seriously; she is interested in other phases of life besides her college surroundings. It is to be hoped that in the near future the idea of the "blue stocking" and the idea of the frivolous consumer of fudge will be altered and the true college woman recognized.

For several years the Sorosis has conducted an annual "Short Story Contest." These contests have proven profitable not only as encouragement to students but as a means of adding interest to the paper itself. This year the prize of five dollars will be furnished by the Omega Society and given for the best short story submitted to the editors before November twenty-fifth. The theme suggested is Christmas and all college students are urged to brush up their wits and compete.

ALUMNÆ.

During the summer Miss McKee spent a month at Vineyard Haven, Mass. She returned about the middle of October and on the way lunched with Miss Edith Stanton of New York, from whom she learned many interesting details about Y. W. C. A. work.

Decade Club II held its first annual meeting on Friday, October 14th, at the home of Miss Ellen McKee, Wilkinsburg.

There was an Alumnae meeting on October 7, at which it was decided to give a series of two noon luncheons down town. The dates will be announced later.

Miss Bessie Johnston, of the class of 1907, is teaching in Verona High School.

Miss Grace Tatnal, '09, was at the college part of the summer, doing secretarial work. She is now in Harrisburg.

Miss Elma McKibben, Miss Ethel Tassey and Miss Mary Kramer of the class of 1910 are all at home this year.

Mrs. Boyd, '07, is at the home of her father in Wilkinsburg.

Miss Jarecki, '09, is shortly to visit the college, after which she will sail for Europe.

Miss Beard, '09, is teaching in Atlanta, Ga., and Miss Coulter is also in the south, teaching in Greenville, Miss.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Friday evening of September thirtieth the Seniors entertained the faculty and college girls in Dilworth Hall at a dance. This is one of our most enjoyable and popular forms of entertainment; it is especially popular at the beginning of the year as it offers such a good opportunity for the new and

old girls to become acquainted with each other and with the facutly.

The decorations were carried out in purple and white asters. Contrary to custom the stage was not arranged as elaborately as usual for the faculty. A large space at the left and front of the hall was cozily arranged with rugs, easy chairs and pillows for their use. For some reason, no doubt because they wished to remain in a position of dignity, the faculty seemed to care more for their old position on the platform and the place designed for them was used mostly by the girls.

The dance in itself was very pretty. It opened with a grand march led by Miss McQuiston, the president of the class of 1911, and Miss McKibben, the president of the class of 1910. Needless to say the dignity of the Seniors added much to the impressiveness and stateliness of the grand march. The other feature of the evening was a cotillion led by the Seniors; the favors given were purple and white asters. At quarter of eleven the dance broke up. The expressions of pleasure heard on every side made the Seniors feel that their efforts had not been in vain.

Miss Brownson is ill at her home in Washington, but she hopes to be with us again before long. Mr. Stewart is teaching in her place.

The Y. W. C. A. entertained on the first Friday evening of the school year. On this occasion the porch of South Hall was decked in flowers and ferns—and cushions. One hundred guests were present; they were pleasantly diverted with games that called for keen wits, until ten o'clock, when the "old girls" escorted the newcomers to Berry Hall, where a pleasant repast closed a most enjoyable evening.

The Delta Sigma society, composed of Juniors and Seniors, gave a tea for the Freshmen on Wednesday, September twenty-eighth.

The Sophomores have chosen Miss Butterfield as their honorary member, while Miss Root has accepted a similar position in the Freshman class.

This year's Freshman class is large, and promises to be an interesting one. The Freshman officers are, President, Mary Gray; vice president, Nell Parrish; secretary, Adeline Colebrook; treasurer, Sarah Jackson.

The President's house is almost completed. It is a beautiful dwelling and one that looks as though it could be comfortably inhabited.

In the Y. W. C. A. a new custom has been adopted. Some of the meetings have been informal ones at which members design articles destined for the Thanksgiving Bazaar.

Every fourth Friday there is to be no entertainment in the evening. This gives the house girls a regular time for going home, when they will miss no college event by so doing.

Miss Demmler, Miss Shurmer, Miss Neal, Miss Tassey, and Miss McKibben have dined with us in the new dining-room this fall. The new dining room has proved very successful thus far.

A luncheon for the day Freshmen was given by the Sophomores on October seventeenth, in the college den.

Friday, October seventh, Miss Coolidge was hostess in the drawing rooms. We had the singular pleasure, while there, of enjoying a foreign tour. Miss Campbell told us of a motor trip through Wales. We accompanied Miss Lovejoy along the narrow streets of Edinboro's "Auld Toon," and followed Mlle. Fournage, as well as we could, when she led us into a land where we heard a strange tongue spoken. It is a musical language, however, the French, and it made a fitting prelude to Miss Butterfield's English Ballad, which she sang very sweetly indeed. A tour of Switzerland was ably conducted by Miss Fisher. Last of all we were reminded by Doctor Lindsay that we were Americans. At the close of the program, Swiss maidens served dainty refreshments.

The officers of the Senior Class for 1910-11 are, Rachel McQuiston, President; Rosalie Supplee, vice president; Edna Reitz, secretary, and Margaret Greene, treasurer.

The Juniors have chosen the following officers: Martha Kim, president; Eleanore Davis, vice president; Frances Davies, secretary, and Hazel Hickson, treasurer. Sophomore officers are, President, Claire Colestock; vice president, Lucy Layman; secretary and treasurer, Marguerite Lambie.

In the first lecture period the different organizations of the school were spoken of by their representatives. On October twelfth. Professor Martin gave us an inspiring lecture on Temperance.

On Tuesday afternoon, October eighteenth, the tennis tournament finals were played between Pauline Burt, P. C. W. '14, and Miss Gable (mus. spec.) verses Naline Hickson, D. H. 4th, and Helen Nicholson. Splendid playing was displayed on both sides and college won by a score of 6—1 and 6—4.

Student Government is an accomplished thing in the new Dormitory. Hazel Hickson,, '12' is president of the organization. Miss McFarland, a graduate of Goucher College, spoke one evening of Student Government there.

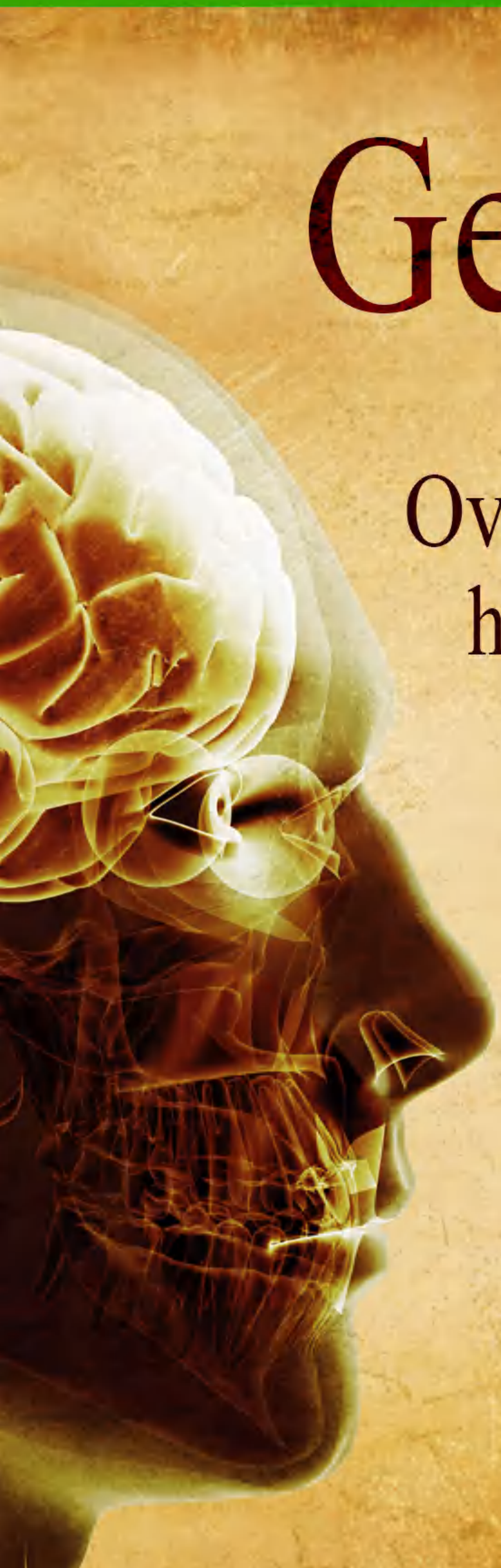
At a recent Y. W. C. A. meeting Lillian McHenry, '13, the president, gave an interesting account of the conference held at Dennison College this summer.

Mr. Stewart.—The Czar went down and took a slice out of Turkey.

Miss Lindsay (looking through the microscope)—Is that the vermicelli? (vorticelli)

Miss S. (in Livy)—"There was a great need of women, the same age as the men."

Miss S. (speaking of death)—"The cramp of life had spilled away."



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bers and all those who have not yet joined and can play anything, provided it is not too classic, will be gladly welcomed.

On Friday evening, October twenty-first a very enjoyable concert was given by Madame Graziani and Miss Fisher with Mr. Witmer at the piano. The program follows:

Aria from "Nadeschda," "My Heart is Weary",Goring Thomas

Mme. Graziani

Prelude No. 13.....Chopin
Prelude No. 22.....Chopin
Etude Op. 25, No. 2.....Chopin
Etude Op. 25, No. 9.....Chopin
Legend No. 1, St. Francois d'Assissi, "La Predication aux oiseaux".....Liszt

Miss Fisher

To a Nightingale.....J. Brahms
The Maiden Speaks.....J. Brahms
The Forge.....J. Brahms
The Quiet of the Woods.....Max Reger
Covered with Roses.....Max Reger

Mme. Graziani

Carnival.....R. Schumann

Preamble—Pierrot, Harlequin, Valse Noble, Eusebius Florestan, Coquette, Reply, Sphinxes, Butterflies, Dancing Letters, Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella, Recognition, Pantalon and Columbine, Valse Allemande, Paganini, Confession, Promenade, Pause, March of the "Davidsbündler" against the Philistines.

Miss Fisher

The Lover's Pledge.....Richard Strauss
Sweet Love, Now I Must Leave Thee.....Richard Strauss
The Lament (Egyptian Song).....G. W. Chadwick
The Danza.....G. W. Chadwick

Mme. Graziani

On November eighteenth there will be a Recital of Original Compositions by Mr. Witmer; Miss Kerst, Reader; Miss Christine Miller, Contralto.

EXCHANGES.

"The Sorosis" welcomes all her exchanges and wishes them a prosperous year.

The two serious articles in "The Washington-Jeffersonian" are interesting and well written. The editorial "To the Freshmen" is good. "The Washington-Jeffersonian" would perhaps be more interesting if the spaces filled by poems from various authors were to be devoted to original compositions of the students.

Several exchanges were received after the publication of the Sorosis in June. The editorials in the June "Juniata Echo" show a widespread interest in affairs. The "Alumnae Notes" and "Personals" are especially well written. A few jokes would brighten the paper.

"The Holcad" of Westminster College is a well-balanced and attractive magazine.

Young Man (nervously)—"There's something about—er—your daughter I—"

Crusty Pa.—"Yes, there is. I had noticed it myself. It comes every night about eight o'clock and doesn't go away until about eleven. One of these nights I'm going to kick it into the street and see what it is made of."—Ex.

Instructor—"Give me an example of a coincidence."

Freshman—"Well, my father and mother were both married on the same day."—Ex.

It was in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet;
'Twas there he first fell into debt,
For Rome-od what Juli-et.—Ex.

"Pat, do you believe in fate?"

"Shure, and phat would we stand on without 'em?"

"The Ohio" of Marietta College, Ohio, is to be congratulated on account of its sparkling exchange column.

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We don't see how it would be possible for this patronage to grow so rapidly.

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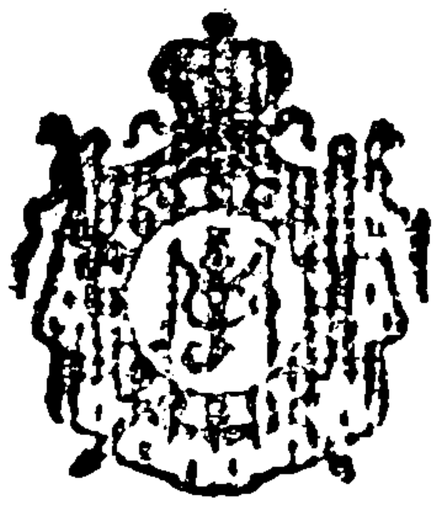

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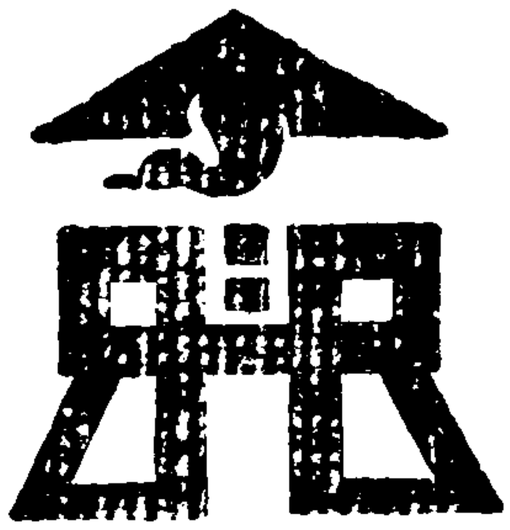

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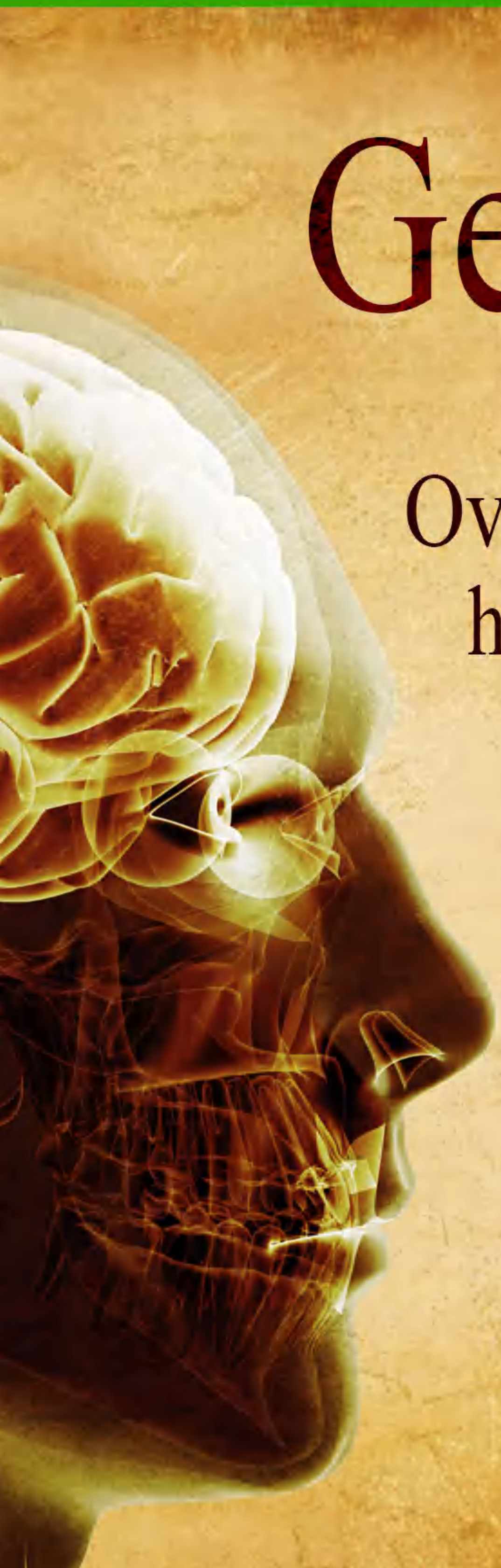

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From Wordsworth's point of view in regard to nature this is plain sacrilege, yet Browning is as true a lover of nature as Wordsworth ever was. He merely did not take his love so seriously. Anyone who has read "Saul" cannot question that he loved life in companionship with nature—

"Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver
shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water."

In his descriptions of nature, Browning ranges all the way from the horrible to the sublime. He is sarcastic regarding sentimental attitude towards nature and believes with the realistic novelist that he should portray things as they are. In Childe Ronald, he describes a most repulsive scene—

"As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud
Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.
One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there:
Thrust out past service from the devil's stud."

In great contrast to this is the sublimely terrible description of the Judgment Day in "Easter Day." Yet the most of Browning's nature studies are of neither of these extreme types but are of the beautiful. His "Home Thoughts from Abroad" resembles Tennyson in its artistic beauty. The drowsy charm of the "Lotus-Eaters" is found in the poem, "Ina Gondola."

"Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves."

In all his description of nature, Browning gets his effects through broad, swift strokes. He rarely fills in the details.

His pictures are suggested rather than drawn. Such descriptions are the delight of the imaginative reader but the despair of the one who is not. This is only one instance of many which illustrate Browning's idea that the audience should work with the entertainer. There are many passages which might be used as examples of this suggestive method of painting but one of the best is from "The Two Poets of Croisic"—

Such a starved bank of moss
  Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
  Violets were born!

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
  Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
  Splendid, a star!

Another characteristic of Browning's pictures which is especially prominent in his earlier poems is his reversal of the ordinary forms of comparison. Instead of comparing life to nature, he compares instances in nature to human experience. In "Pauline" we find the following example—

"Autumn has come like spring returned to us,
Won from her girlishness; like one returned
A friend that was a lover" . . .

Such a method of comparison shows that Browning, even in contemplating nature, was still above all, the poet of human nature. As he says in "Fra Lippo Lippi"—

"You've seen the world —
The beauty and wonder and power,
The shapes of things their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!
Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman and child,
These are frame to?"

Browning loved animals, perhaps more than any other poet; he loved the mountains, moon-lit nights and all other manifestations of nature but above everything he loved man's soul. To him nature was soulless. He had no sympathy with the pantheism of Wordsworth. He explains nature as he does man's bodily existence—it serves as a means of soul development.

"The forests had done it; there they stood;
We caught for a moment the powers at play:
They had mingled us so, for once and good,
Their work was done—we might go or stay,
They relapsed to their ancient mood."

God does not exist in nature but he reveals himself through nature. Browning believed the human soul to be the highest creation of God and he therefore interested himself in it. This is the reason that although well able to describe the beauties of nature, he reveals this ability only in scattered instances. No poet but Shakespeare has so completely subordinated nature to the study of mankind.

R. S. '11.

DUST, THE WATCHMAKER

The early morning sunshine did its best to show up all the imperfections of the little brown house. And to the critical eye of John Hodgkins these imperfections were many. He stood on the opposite side of the street, looking askance at them.

Crooked door frames, sagging porch, lack of paint! All these discrepancies were boldly revealed by the cruel sunlight—Hodgkins shivered to himself at the thought of living there. From the place where he stood there was a partial view of a grass-grown back yard. In it he could discern a feminine figure clad in prim percale, hanging up badly washed clothes on a shaky clothesline. Her thin hair was done in curl-papers, but she seemed blissfully ignorant of the impression she would make on a passerby.

"Miss Lottie!" Hodgkins exclaimed to himself, "what a mess of a place!" And turning on his heed, he left the little brown house, with its appealing "Furnished Room" sign, to search for something better.

"So that was Miss Lottie!" he mused. "How could McLeod have been so enthusiastic? But still, enthusiasm comes easily to youth." He wandered up and down the crooked streets of the little town. His eye was quick to catch the "Furnished Room" sign from afar. But no matter how neat and inviting the house appeared, something within him seemed to keep him from going in to inquire. "I'm not playing square," he said to himself, "After all, why can't I try it?"

With an attitude of mind and a gait resembling that of a martyr, he retraced his footsteps toward the little brown house.

Miss Lottie, in the act of taking down her curl papers, was much startled by the unaccustomed peal of the door bell.

"Mercy! Perhaps it's the minister come to call," she ejaculated, while wildly scrambling her hair into a most unbecoming knot. The wrapper which she wore, soiled by the work of the day, would never do to receive the minister. The bell pealed loudly again. "Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed the little old maid. "It'll waken mother." She scrambled as hastily as possible into some other contraption of wearing apparel, and hastened down. The bell had just given its fourth impatient peal, and John Hodgkins was in the act of departing. But alas! The door opened, disclosing a disordered hall, and a scarcely less disordered little woman.

Hodgkins' heart sank within him. It was too late now, however. So he came straight to the point.

"A friend of Mr. Ben McLeod?" exclaimed Miss Lottie. Her manners, he thought, were a decided improvement on her looks. "He stayed with us for three years, and mother and I have been lost without him. In more ways than one," she added, with a pathetic upward glance. "We will be very glad to give you a room, Mr. Hodgkins, not only because you are Mr. Ben's friend, but because—well—we need the money." And she laughed, as did he, at her own frankness.

Somehow, he was beginning to be glad he had come. The room which she showed him was large, the bed looked comfortable, and he resolved to make the best of it.

After giving Miss Lottie a glowing account of Ben McLeod and his city successes, he settled himself to enjoy a quiet evening in his room. The easy chair in which he chose to sit, gave forth a perfect fog of dust, as his weight descended upon it. A spasm of sneezing was the result. Hodgkins glanced around the room. Dust everywhere! And musty! He threw open the windows, shook the curtains, and was overcome with a coughing fit.

"This will never, never do," said the methodical John to himself, as soon as he was able to think. He went to his trunk, and carefully went over his stock of handkerchiefs. After selecting three, he stealthily made his way to the back yard pump.

He met no one in the hall, for which he was duly thankful. He heard a monotonous sing-song drone above stairs and decided Miss Lottie was probably reading her invalid mother to sleep. With a cheery whistle he set to work, and soon forgot himself entirely, in the contemplations of his improved surroundings. "Poor Miss Lottie," he thought. "A person can't blame her for not doing her work better. What has she to live for, anyhow?" and he went off into a long train of musing on the advantages and disadvantages of "unwedded bliss." He had always thought himself satisfied with his lot. She probably so deluded herself, too. But was either of them happy?

So engrossed was he in dusting and thinking, that he did not hear the timid little knock on his door. Then he was not only surprised, but angry, to look up and see Miss Lottie in the doorway.

"Oh! Mr. Hodgkins!" she exclaimed, with a mortified little giggle. She succeeded in explaining to him her mortification at the state in which he found the room. But the giggle was not accounted for, until he glanced at himself in the mirror. Their eyes met in the looking glass, and they both went off into a perfect paroxysm of laughter. His appearance was indeed laughable. Even his bald spot wore a grimy appearance.

"I've brought some clean bed linen," she explained, after some minutes.. "If you'll go down stairs awhile, I'll remake the bed."

"Not a bit of it. I want to show you what a well-trained housekeeper I am." He forcibly pushed her into the easy chair and proceeded.

"Wouldn't it be better to handle clean sheets with clean hands?" she put in feebly. As a result of which remark, the bed making was given over to her.

"Really, Mr. Hodgkins, I can keep house, even if I don't," she said apologetically, but she made no further excuses.

They had quite a long chat that evening. Miss Lottie showed herself somewhat cleverer than one would imagine. John Hodgkins last waking thought that night was, "Well, McLeod isn't so far off, after all!"

Miss Lottie was from the first, very much interested in the new "Roomer." So were the neighbors, but precious little satisfaction did they get from her about him.

One evening he came home to find the house in worse than usual disorder. He had been there long enough to be perfectly at home, and sought Miss Lottie in the kitchen. She did not look up, for the very good reason that tears were choking her, and she did not want him to see. It had been a long hard day, and she had accomplished nothing. Her mother's demands upon her had been insistent, and altogether, well, she was at the limit of her endurance.

"Miss Lottie, what are you doing?" he asked, with emphasis.

"N-Nothing—that is, I'm crying, go away and let me alone," she returned decidedly, with her accustomed frankness.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," he said, taking a dishtowel from her hands. "Go on over there and cry your head off, then tell me about it. Meanwhile, I'll finish this."

And he set her aside, as if she were so much nothingness. Instead of obeying him, she dried her eyes and laughed.

"I'm very silly, Mr. Hodgkins, but it was inconsiderate of you to find me just now."

He turned upon her fiercely. "You've got to go out more. No wonder you're blue. There's a lecture tonight down at the Opera Hall, and you're going with me."

"I'd love to," she smiled. "But I can't leave mother."

"Get one of the neighbors then. All I know is, you're going."

And they went. Miss Lottie trembled and quaked at what the neighbors would say. It was so long since she had gone anywhere with an escort. She knew they would make fun of her, and she told John so, without hesitation or embarrassment. The latter was his. The "pretty speech" with which he answered her sounded forced and stiff.

That evening was a never to be forgotten one for both. Miss Lottie's enjoyment was somewhat hampered by the fear of her fellow townsmen. It was so unusual for her to go out in the evening, she well knew there would be talk.

As they walked home, conversing about the lecture, a little urchin ran up behind them. He was shouting something very fast, so fast that the only words Miss Lottie could distinguish were "Ripe peaches". With a swiftness which took her breath away, she beheld the strong arm of John Hodgkins lift the offender from his feet. When he had deposited him with vigor upon the opposite curb, John returned to her side. They both laughed heartily for a few moments.

"I'm trying not to mind things of that sort," she said, simply.

"I'm glad you are. For you've got to go out with me often. Some night we'll have to go into the city to the theatre."

"Mercy me! It's so long since I've been to the city, I'm most afraid to think of it," she laughed.

In all his forty years, Hodgkins had never felt the same kind of pleasure which he now experienced. Miss Lottie enjoyed what he did for her so thoroughly, was so very appreciative, that his one ambition in life seemed to be, to do more. He had always been very busy, too busy, in fact, to bother with women. Then, his engineering work had taken him from town to town so much, he never could call himself really settled, till now.

"It's not often a woman reaches the late thirties with so much native, childlike charm," he thought to himself that evening.

When Miss Lottie came down stairs a little later she was neatly dressed for the evening. The neighbors, who lived opposite, said that she took twice as long to dress, as before "the roomer" came. Perhaps it was the truth. At any rate, the improvement pleased herself, and—Hodgkins. Truth to tell, he had done his best to make her care more about her appearance. He always remarked upon any little becoming touches. This appreciation gave her a motive and a desire for attractiveness.

"Thank you, Mr. Hodgkins. You would make a wonderful house-maid," she said, viewing the order he had created from chaos. "You see, when I do try to do housework, I'm always so interrupted—Oh, there's mother calling now." She ran up the stairs, leaving Hodgkins below angrily biting his lip.

"That mother of hers is hipped!" he muttered. "Women who are invalids forget that anyone else is capable of being tired."

Miss Lottie did not come down stairs again that night. Hodgkins was more disappointed than he would have cared to admit. This little woman made the place seem more like home to him than anyplace he had ever stopped before. "Why not—" he thought, and stopped himself before he had finished. He was afraid to admit it, even to himself. It seemed so foolish in a man of his years. He had thought himself a confirmed old bachelor. What would she think of him? Did she care for him in any other way than she had for McLeod? "Well, why not," and this time he finished it. "Why not ask her?"

That next evening they went to a musicale in the town "opera hall." Miss Lottie was enthusiastic and talkative. Hodgkins was more preoccupied than usual. He tried to rouse himself, and was overjoyed that she did not seem to notice. All evening he was torturing himself with wondering just how and when to tell her. She was so innocent and unconscious now. It would be so miserable to spoil it all, if—For it was only the pessimistic "if" he allowed himself to consider.

They were nearing home, and conversation was flagging. He could think of nothing else than what he wished to say, yet somehow, it wouldn't be said.

Two or three small boys were giggling behind them, to whom they paid no attention. Most of their conversation was too low to be heard, but one sentence, loud and clear, reached the ears of both—

"Wouldn't they make the grand married couple?"

Hodgkins seized the opportunity. "What do you think about it?" he whispered to Miss Lottie. "Do you think we would, really?"

Miss Lottie was much too taken by surprise to think. But, withal, what she thought seemed to be satisfactory to both of them. For, the most difficult task for the neighbors that winter, was to learn to say, "Mrs. Hodgkins," where they had long been accustomed to say "Miss Lottie".

Florence Kerr Wilson, '11.

A JUNE MEMORY

No memory of summer days is more fragrant than the memory of the wild-strawberry picking. With it comes the vision of wide fields of grain waving in shadowy billows in the sun. Nowhere is there any darkness of forest, but all around the brightness of broad sunny slopes.

In an uplying meadow, unploughed for several years, where the daisies outgrow the timothy, the dark red, cone-shaped berries grow. Daisies and wild field strawberries are close comrades.

The breeze laden with the perfume of the o'er ripe fruit brings the searcher nearer June than roses themselves. Everything is yet tender and succulent; the very air is bright and new. To his knees he is in a sea of daisies and clover; from his knees up he is in a sea of solar warmth and light. He stoops low. His errand seems so private and so confidential. He parts away the grass and daisies as if he would reveal the inmost secrets of the meadow.

The bees and the butterflies are frightened at the intrusion. The birds are alarmed at the close scrutiny of their

domain. They hardly know whether to sing or cry and do a little of both interrupting the dull chant of the grasshoppers.

But soon the chanting is resumed. The birds and the bees and the butterflies no longer fear the intruder, lying quietly among the grass and flowers. The warm wooing influences of the young summer are upon him. Nature is at her kindliest. He feels an intruder no longer. The virile rays of the sun drench him to the very marrow of his being. The fragrance of the meadow fills his nostrils. With gentle and deft fingers he picks the luscious fruit.

The abstract and concrete delight of this June strawberry picking is irresistible.

M. C., '11.

SKETCHES

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

"It's light reading, and somewhat interesting. I'll send it down this afternoon, but don't let the girls read it." Thus spoke the departing guest to Mrs. Harvey.

Mrs. Harvey was entertaining a houseful of girls, over a very important social function which was to occur the following Monday.

She laughingly assured her guest that the girls had no time to read, and that she would not mention the book to them at all. "Hm!" thought Marian, who was writing letters in an adjoining room.

"Oh!" ejacualted Sarah, seated in the window seat, where she couldn't help hearing.

"We'll just read it," declared Martha, to the other three girls, as the voices of the ladies reached the room at the top of the stairs.

And the girls compared notes later, amid much giggling and conversation.

"Where are you going, mother?" inquired Martha, as she perceived her mother ready for the street.

"I'm going calling, for a while. Can you girls amuse yourselves without me, do you think?"

"I think we can," demurely replied Martha. Five giggles were perceptibly choked back.

As Mrs. Harvey departed, the search began. "Where is it, and what is it?" asked Marian, laughing.

"Here it is! And it's Old Wives for New, by David Graham Phillips," said Martha, pulling the book out of her mother's top dresser drawer.

"Oh, that really is awful. Mother wouldn't let me read it, last summer," gurgled Katherine.

"Then go on away from us. We're going to read it," said Sarah.

Therewith the reading began. They strained their ears for every little word. "Nothing so terrible, as yet," scornfully said one of them, at the end of two chapters. "Hurry up! I'm anxious for the awfulness!" said Marian, pushing Katherine, who was reading. "Oh! not so fast! I'm missing all the juicy parts," plead Martha.

They were intensely interested for an hour. In about the middle of the book, the reader threw it down.

"Rot," she said.

"And tiresome rot!" agreed another voice.

"I wouldn't call that awful. It's only disgusting."

"Why wasn't he satisfied with just a little of that kind of stuff? But it's splendid advice to sloppy fat women, isn't it?"

"I'm not going to let mother waste her time on it," said Martha decidedly. "But I'm dying to tell her we've read it."

"I could write a worse book than that myself," said Sarah, at which they all giggled once more.

F. K. W., '11.

THE SUNFLOWER

At the close of the day the sunflower stood with drooping head at the edge of the garden. All day long she had waited with face turned patiently towards the east for the radiant ball of fire on which her very life depended. Nothing but storm-clouds, piling heavily together, answered her anxious

gaze. Now, at evening, the ominous clouds, crushed thickly about the horizon, gave forth strange lurid flashes of fire; rain beat down with devastating force; a mighty wind swept over the earth. In the morning when the sun rose over a fresh and glistening land, the sunflower did not greet them with proudly upraised head. She lay crushed to earth, but even now her torn and mud-spattered face was turned up to her god, in death as it had been in life.

M. B. (Spec.)

THE FAIRIES' WASHBOARD

You walk down a shady, winding path, on a green hillside, passing many rustic seats and springs of clear water, which fall into natural basins of stone hollowed out by the gentle but continuous force of their trickling streams. Soon you will come to the rock which I have called the Fairy's Washboard. It is flat, rather squarely shaped and lies just above the path against the side of the hill. The front of this rock is indented with numerous irregular curves, just such gentle souvenirs of themselves as receding wavelets would be apt to leave behind them. Do you wonder how this queer formation of stone was brought about? I do not know. Perhaps long ago the river flowing at the bottom of the hill rose higher than it does now, and when it sunk, left this stone to show us how far it had once climbed. Or perchance the fairies dwelling nearby made it to serve them as a washboard for their delicate finery. I don't know how it came to be fashioned so strangely, but I know that anyone who cares to walk along that pretty path can see the Fairies' Washboard.

E. W., '14.

SKETCH

Long ago when I was small, I used to accompany mother on her visits to an elderly aunt. These occasional visits were always a treat to me, for there was one special thing that I

always did there. I would go into the great darkened parlor, with its old-fashioned furniture and mirrors which almost scared me when I looked in and saw just my own little self all alone,—and play on the big square piano. We had no piano at home and to be allowed to play on one somewhere else meant a great deal to me. First mother always required me to politely request Aunt Mary for permission. Aunt Mary was a small old lady but one of these who ever maintains her dignity, and is unable to throw it off even so far as to make a child feel that she is in sympathy with her. On this account I was somewhat timid in presenting my request and nothing less than the coveted privilege could have given me the courage to do it. However, I might always be sure, past experience had taught me, that her permission would not be withheld.

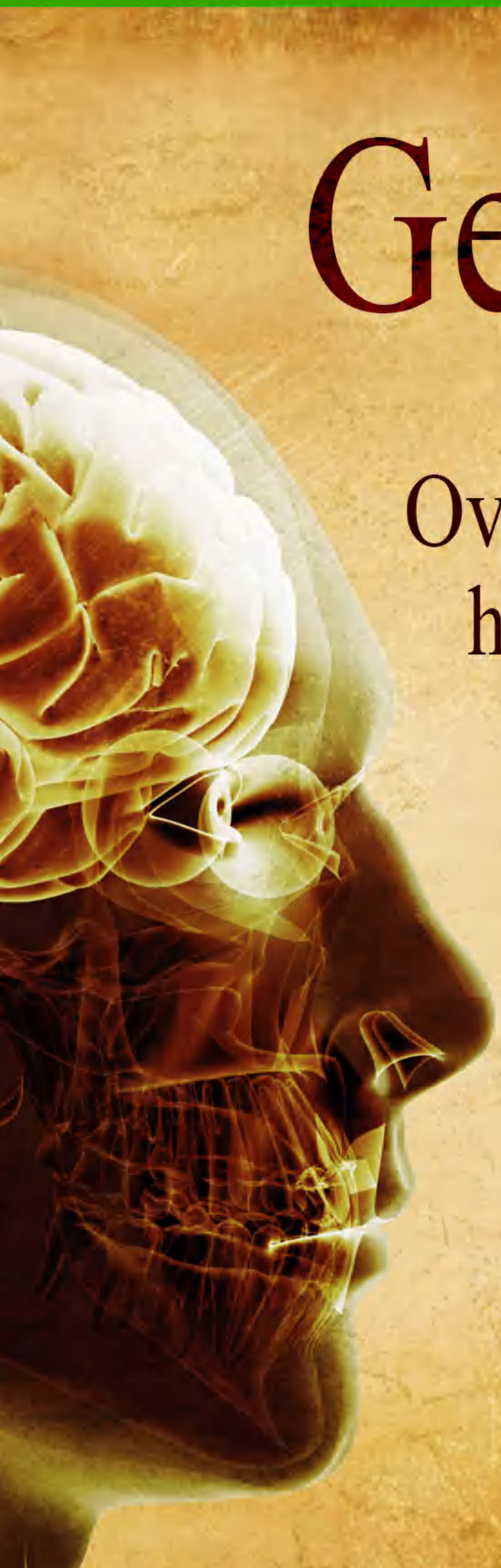
Once permission obtained, nothing could have kept me away from that piano. If I had been in my own home any such occasion would have sent me bouncing out of the room, but here the subdued atmosphere of the big house forced me to adopt a moderate tread and I had to keep my excitement down so much the longer, as walking is slower than running. But even so I was soon perched on the piano stool, and the dry grown-up conversation that I had endured so patiently was forgotten. There I would sit, fingering those keys, almost afraid to have anyone hear me and yet almost more afraid to be so alone. But my great pleasure in the unusual privilege overcame all fear and surroundings hardly mattered. How I wished I might take the piano home with me. There I would keep it, always open, in the family sitting-room and when the others were gathered together, reading and studying, I would be able to experiment in making music to my heart's content. But all this was nothing more than pleasury material for my imagination and in sad reality the piano must remain just where it had been standing for so many years and I must leave it. Yes, leave it but only to dream of it all the way home,—to wonder how many of the people in the car, were musicians, to gaze with reverent longing at all piano stores along the way, and finally to wonder just how soon again Mother might make Aunt Mary another visit.

E. S. McC., '13.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Music has a wonderful power over us. Joyful music dispels care and grief from our hearts, and brings a smile to our lips and a brightness to our eyes. Have you not often felt this even with the harsh music of the organ grinder when it floats unexpectedly through your window? When we hear martial music, instinctively we beat out the rhythm with hand or foot. If we hear dance music, we spring to our feet and with buoyant spirit lightly tread the measure. A national song fills us with patriotism and courage. A popular ditty puts us in a careless frame of mind. We hum and sing the tune and for hours afterwards, the refrain repeats itself over and over in our minds. On the other hand, solemn or sacred music has a quieting and soothing influence. It makes us thoughtful and serious. We desire to seek out some secluded spot, where we may close our eyes and all unobserved listen to the harmony, melody and grandeur of the music. Such music when it is classical and artisticly rendered, effects only the inner self. It elevates our mind above the reach of ordinary impressions. We are filled with contrition, with a longing and striving for the good and the beautiful. Such is the power of music, since in itself it expresses every phase of human emotion.

G. P., '14.



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women prominent in different ways. Last year we had a song recital by Miss Christine Miller, a violin recital by Luigi Von Kunits, and a splendid lecture on ideals in art by Mr. Kaffin of New York. Then Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, we obtained a personal glimpse of her famous relatives. Japan seems to be a favorite topic and I am sure the girls who have been to all the lectures must have secured much valuable information about that enterprising country. This year we have heard a little about the latest efforts being made for the betterment of the sick and the poor from Dr. Edwards of the Board of Health here in Pittsburgh and from Miss Hamilton, who is engaged in organizing working girls' clubs in various cities. These are but a few of the movements which have been presented to us. If we should only stop to think how very necessary it is to study these things and what a valuable opportunity these lectures afford us we should never yield to that too frequent temptation to cut.

M. H., '12.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

Miss Carla Jarecki, '09, has been visiting friends in Coraopolis.

Miss Mary Mellon, '08, is in Cleveland where she is continuing her work as librarian.

Miss Mary Kramer, '10, is doing library extension work among the factories of the North Side.

The Alumnae Association gave two luncheons at Trinity Church parish house on the sixteenth and seventeenth of November. Mrs. G. W. Martin was chairman of the Dining Room Committee.

Miss Edna McKee entertained Decade Club II at her home, on Friday, November eleventh.

Miss Carla Jarecki, '09, and Miss Grace Stephenson, '07, visited the college, on October twenty-eighth, and since that time Miss Jarecki sailed for Europe, where she will spend the winter.

The Alumnae have contributed generously to the Christmas Bazaar which is to be given by the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Verna Madtes, '06, was married on September fourteenth, at her home in Punxsutawney, Pa., to Mr. James L. Rifenberick of Monessen.

Miss Lilla Greene, '08, is studying, this year, at the school of philanthropy, Columbia University.

COLLEGE NOTES

The Sophomore class gave a luncheon on November fourteenth for their honorary member, Miss Butterfield. The den was vacated by the accommodating Freshmen on that day, and there the feast was spread. Clever toasts were given, and an excellent repast enjoyed by all.

Several of the college students attended a German play given on November eighth at the Alvin. The play was a modern humerous one, entitled "Im Bunten Rock." But of course the wit was German wit and rather lost upon some of our audience.

The German Club held its regular meeting on November third in the Senior Parlors. An amusing, as well as instructive hour, was spent. A short business meeting was held in the Senior parlor on October twenty-eighth, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Gertrude Wayne, '11, president; Belle V. McClymonds, '11, secretary and treasurer.

On the third of November, the first of the fortnightly college teas was given in South Hall. The hostesses were Hazel Hickson, '12, Margaret Greene, '11, and Clarissa Blakeslee, '11. The affair was a most pleasant success. On the seventeenth Helen Rutherford, '14, Nell Parrish, '14, and Hazel Rider, '14, entertained. These teas promise to be a charming innovation.

The college girls have heard two very interesting lectures within the month. Miss Beatty spoke to us of the Juvenile Court, while Miss Hamilton told of clubs in large cities for working girls.

The weekly "German Tables" have been re-established in South Hall dining room, these give an opportunity for the girls to air their German.

Doctor Lindsay has returned to us after several weeks' absence.

Dilworth Hall gave two interesting plays on October fourth. The third year class presented "A Dream of Fair Women, while Fourth Year girls gave "Anne of Old Salem."

The Hallowe'en celebration was unusually attractive this year. In addition to the dance, at which many unique and original costumes were seen, a playlet entitled "A trip to Hades" was given by some of the house girls. This was a product of local genius and was very clever, and duly appreciated.

Miss Weed addressed a recent meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Preparations for the Christmas Bazaar are becoming very absorbing.

A lecture by Mr. E. D. Cowan was given on Wednesday, November sixteenth.

Several of the college students aided at the luncheons given recently by the Alumnae Association.

Preparations are being made for the musical program of the annual Christmas chapel service. Several old English carols will be sung by the students.

The Delta Sigma Society held its initiation for new members on Thursday afternoon, October twenty-seventh. The first regular meeting of the society was held Monday afternoon, November fourteenth. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Miss Belle McClymonds, president; Miss Florence Wilson, secretary, and Miss Edna Reitz, treasurer. The society will hold its meetings on every third Monday, in the reception room.

OMEGA NOTES

At an initiation meeting held November seventh, Edith Medley, '11, Rachel McQuiston, '11, and Martha Kim, '12, were received into the society. They demonstrated their fitness to become members by the performance of various fats—physicial, mental, vocal and gastronomic. Miss Mary Kramer, '10, a former Omega girl, was an interested spectator.

The regular meeting of the society was held Thursday, November tenth. The following program was carried out:

Paper.....Margaret Greene, '11
Life of Henry Arthur Jones

Discussion.....Minerva Hamilton, '11
"The Liars"

Discussion.....Irma Diescher, '11
"The Case of Rebellious Susan"

Miss Coolidge was present at this meeting.

PERSONALS

Miss Brownson, after her long illness, is with us again. We all welcome her most heartily. Already she has resumed some of her classes.

Mr. Roger Greene, of University of Pennsylvania, recently visited his sister, Margaret Greene, '11, of South Hall.

During the recent absence of Dr. Lindsay, Miss Coolidge gave the class in ethics a series of interesting and inspiring talks upon the History of Education. This course which will be offered second semester promises to be a popular one among the two upper classes.

Monday of election the Senior parlor was the scene of earnest political debate for the echoes from the recent campaign had penetrated even these peaceful walls. In their ardor of their cause five staunch stateswomen repaired to the Highland Building of the East End and cast five safron hued ballots. They declare they knew for whom they were voting and of course we dare not question further but they could not elect Berry.

Mr. S. (in History VII)—"Now, Miss G., will you kindly tell us about the resurrection in Greece."

One of our Seniors recently added lustre to the fame of her class by writing a treatise upon "The Prominence of Rock Metal in the Epic 'Beowulf'."

Mr. Keys visited his daughter, Florence Keys, '13, Friday, November the eighteenth.

THE EXPRESSION LAUGH

By far the most exciting part of the weekly Expression lesson is the laughing drill. Imagine a row of sober, interested Freshmen. Then watch them burst into ha, ha, ha, ha, loud and rhythmatical ha, ha. Through hee, hee, and hoo, hoo they go, until, about the time the laugh has arrived at hi, hi, someone usually breaks off into a stupid little giggle which gradually spreads from girl to girl. Then imagine a row of very undignified Freshmen with red faces and tears streaming down their cheeks.

MUSIC NOTES

On Friday, November eighteenth, a most delightful concert was given by Mr. Whitmer, who played original compositions, Miss Kerst and Miss Christine Miller. The program was as follows:

Improvisation (recorded) in g minor

Miniatures:—

Prelude
Humoresque
A Tale
Soaring
Gaiety
Conscience
The Friar (Canterbury Pilgrims)
Sunrise

Mr. Whitmer

Willowwood (Four Sonnets by Rossetti)

Miss Miller

(a) Symbolisms (Whitmer)

The Grinding
The Earthen
Interlude
The Mother
The Darkening

(b) Chill of the Eve (Stephens)

Miss Kerst and Mr. Whitmer

Songs—

Hearts' Haven .....Rossetti
My Star .....Browning
Concerning One .....Tucker
Song from "Pippa Passes".....Browning
Christmas Carol .....Park
Our Birth is but a Sleep and a Forgetting...Wordsworth
Ballad of Trees and the Master.....Lanier
I Will Twine the Violet (Greek Lyric).....Meleager
The Last Eve of Summer.....Whittier

Miss Miller

On Friday mornings the fifteen minute periods after chapel are made the occasions of little informal recitals by the music students. November fourth we were favored with a song by Miss Helen Grooms, "Jerusalem thou that Killed", and two songs by Miss Margaret Bonsal. November eleventh Miss Evelyn Crandall played four of her own compositions: "Evening," "April," "The Serenade," and the "March Grotesque."

The Mandolin and Glee Clubs are progressing. The Mandolin Club seems to meet every once in a while in the reception room. Any who can play or would like to learn to play the guitar will be heartily welcomed. The Glee Club is still laboring on three pieces but having good times.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The exchanges for this new year are pouring in and it is almost impossible to do justice to them all.

The "College World" is an interesting feature of "The Holcad."

One reason why there is so much sadness in the world is that somewhere—always it is time to get up in the morning.—Ex.

An enthusiastic spirit runs all through the October "Washington-Jeffersonian". It is evident in "A Senior's Dream," "Traditions and Customs of Washington and Jefferson College," the articles under "Found in the 'Jeff' Box," and in "Athletics."

"The Mercury" is to be congratulated for its "Exchanges." The criticisms are well chosen and well written. The ex-

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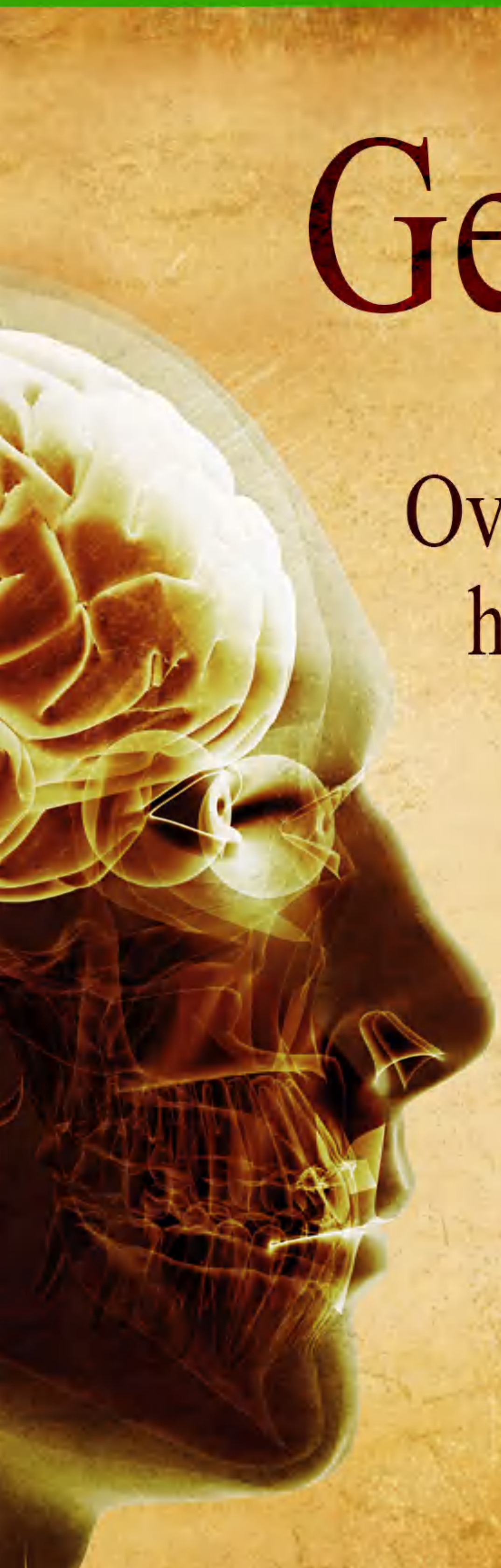

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THE SOROSIS

VOL. XVII DECEMBER, 1910 No. 3

THE COMING OF THE SNOW QUEEN

(Awarded prize in Short Story Contest)

Dusk had fallen and it was beginning to snow. Lights twinkled one by one in the windows and cast long reflections out upon the whitening ground, making the snow crystals glitter like the stars in the Milky Way.

Twilight was the old man's favorite hour and his room was unlighted except for the ruddy glow of the fire. He was sitting alone gazing into the smoldering logs and thinking of youthful days in the old home in Norway for the snow always brought memories of the north country, when the door opened suddenly and a little boy ran into the room.

"Time for the story, Grandfather," he cried pulling a chair up to the old man's knee, "have you forgotten it's Christmas eve?" The grandfather nodded and smiled and began to tell once again the old story which he had told every Christmas eve since the little boy could remember—a legend it was of the far-away Norwegian fatherland.

In the long ago when Greenland was named so because it was a beautiful green country, a mighty god ruled supreme over the whole world. He was called the Spirit of Fire and of the Sword. When he spoke, earthquakes rumbled in the earth. When he was angered, the red flames spurted forth from the mountain peaks and the black lava streams rolled down into the valleys burying the villages in the green meadows and making them barren wastes. Then the Spirit would laugh heartily for such a sight pleased him mightily. All the children of the earth served the Spirit. They worshipped the fire and the sword. The whole world resounded to the thunder of war-chariots, to the battle-cry of the conqueror and to the death-song of the conquered. The fires of the earth burned near the surface: the fires of hate burned in men's eyes.

So the years rolled on and then, no one knew how, a new Spirit came into the world. One morning, far up at the top of the world a strange, fair radiant creature appeared. She was of a marvelous whiteness, like a statue of Parian marble but with a wonderful softness and radiance about her. Long, flowing draperies, soft as down, were her apparel. On her head above her mysterious eyes, she wore a diadem of frozen dew-drops which blazed like magnificent rubies and sapphires when the sun shone through them. People call the reflection they cast in the sky the Northern Lights. No one knew the name of the new Spirit so they called her the Spirit of the North from her birthplace.

When the Fire Spirit heard that his rule was menaced, he was terribly angry. How the smoke and flame poured from the mountains! It was then they say that Iceland was formed by the eruption of volcanoes under the sea. An army of fire-spirits was sent forthwith to kill the enemy. She stood there, the Spirit of the Cold, tall and white with a far-away look in her young-old eyes, while all about her was a mysterious calmness—mysterious for the world had never known quiet before. On they dashed, the red flame spirits, mounted upon their black horses with the fire-breathing nostrils. The air grew lurid. With uplifted spears they charged upon that silent majestic figure and then in the twinkling of an eye they became as rigid and quiet as though carved in rock. The invisible army of ice-spirits had chained them in fetters of eternal cold and far down in the Jostedalsbroe, the great glacier of Norway, they stand imprisoned with their upraised spears to this day.

The power of the Fire Spirit was broken. Never again could he have supreme power over man and nature. As the years passed the Spirit of the North gradually increased her dominions. The Fire Spirit had to retreat before her, farther and farther south. He yielded his territory inch by inch, with angry mutterings, and the earth children hated the Spirit of the North for stealing the lands of their ruler.

Up in the north the White Spirit lived in her ice-palace made for her by her servants, the frost-spirits. They painted wonderful designs upon the windows—far more beautiful than

the stained glass of cathedrals. The halls were hung with gossamer draperies woven by the Children of the Mist and the walls were carved with mystic symbols by the cutting winds. The icebergs were her ships in which she sailed about her dominions in the polar seas.

As her territory increased the whole world began to feel her influence for the mischievous little frost sprites would cling to the dark pinions of the North Wind when he, on his pilgrimage southward and at the touch of their icy fingers the leaves fell from the trees and the flowers all died. The earth became barren and ugly. Then the Spirit of the North went out into her white gardens, where the spirits of the dead flowers bloom eternally as the snow crystals and told them how cheerless the world was without them. She asked if they were willing to give up their immortal life in the regions of eternal cold and go back to hide the deformities of the naked old earth.

"You will bring joy to some," she said, "but others will only trample you underfoot." And the flowers from the tiniest buttercup to the statliest white lily all murmured dreamily, "We are willing to forgo immortality to beautify the old earth which gave us life." So she gathered her spirit flowers and borne by the North Wind sailed over the earth and strewed the snow-flakes over the ugly brown sod until it became a thing of purity and beauty.

So the earth-children now called the Spirit, the Snow Queen. But she only sighed and said, "They do not know me yet. They think I am come to destroy, to bring death. They are blind, they do not see. But some day," and her eyes grew star-like,"some day they will know my name."

The Fire Spirit still reigns in the hearts of men. Though the season when the Snow Queen rules brought the light and the song of the Christmas angels, still the earth-children say, "It destroys the power of our god. It brings death—the death of the year." "And with it comes the resurrection of the year —the glad New Year," whispers the Spirit of the North as she sits in her ice palace amid the wide white gardens and broods over the world.

"Poor warring, oppressed, sinful earth-children," she says while her eyes grow mysterious, wonderful, "some day you

will all be mine. Little by little my ice-spirits are chaining the earth in fetters of cold and one day they will bind the Fire Spirit himself. Then everything will become silent and white and the world will be at rest—for I am the Spirit of Peace."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The little boy smiled drowsily for the fire had made him sleepy.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head approvingly, "that's a very nice story, grandfather, but of course it isn't true. Little boys in America don't believe in silly fairystories. I'm so glad tomorrow's Christmas," he prattled on, "papa has promised me a velocipede and I told mamma I must have a train of cars, the kind that run on a track, so I guess I'll get that too. What do you think you'll get, Grandfather?"

But the old man did not hear. He was gazing with a smile on his lips at the glowing back-log. Outside it was still snowing and the flakes shown on the ground like glittering stars.

Rosalie Supplee, '11.

A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

Upon the eve of Christmas
Within the wooded park,
No festive garments cloaked the trees;
Each one was gray and dark.

The trees that had been sad and gray
At dawn were glistening white,
The silver dust from angel's wings
Had decked the woods that night.

F. K., '13.

"HENRY IV"

Among the gayest at the court of Henry II on his accession was a handsome young girl of seventeen years, Jeanne D'Albret, niece of Henry and daughter of the King of Navarre. Her father would have liked very much to see her marry the King of Spain, but Henry, fearful of the Spaniards gaining the

province, her son, her all to defend the Protestant religion from extinction in France. The boy, Henry, was accepted, amid shouts of enthusiasm, as leader of the forces, the first to swear allegiance to the youthful general, being the greatest of French admirals, Coligny himself, under whose guidance the prince really was.

For a time there had been a lull in the religious strife of the country but now it seemed on the point of breaking out again. The most agreeable means of quelling the trouble seemed to be the marriage of Margaret and Henry. This union would bring together Catholic and Protestant, it would link the leader of the troublesome Bourbons, Montmorencys and Chatillons with their enemies, the Lorraine families. To the Protestants the marriage presented an opportunity to introduce the true religion into the royal circles, to them there was an opportunity for patriotism. Jeanne herself negotiated with Charles for the marriage of her son and the Valois princess, arrangements were completed and Henry, together with the other Huguenot leaders, made their way to Paris for the wedding celebrated August 18, 1572.

But this was all but a part—the veneer, as it were—of a deep laid Medicean plot—a masterpiece of Catherine and the Duke of Guise, with Charles as the dupe. They thought rightly that Paris would be thronged with Protestants for the wedding festivities, never again would so many be collected in one place and with this is mind, a sharp report from the palace at midnight August 24th was to put out of the way a large part of the heretics. It was as they had planned and the Massacre of Bartholomew has come down through the ages as the blackest blot on civilization. Sixty thousand Huguenots were slain —Henry and his cousin, the young Condé only saving their lives by promising to give up their "fine" religion and espouse the Catholic faith.

For two years Henry remained in Paris, a nominal Catholic under the surveillance of the Valois, being made to show his sincerity in his new faith by besieging his own garrison at La Rochelle, by taking part in Henry III's penitential processions, by being, in truth a member of the most debauched court in Europe. Henry himself says of this experience in a

letter to the Governor of Béarn—"the court is strangely distracted; we are all ready to cut one another's throats; we wear daggers and chain vests under our cloaks. The king loves me more than ever." So successfully did he play his part that more liberty was allowed him and in 1576, he escaped to the Protestant forces—arousing so much enthusiasm in them that once more the court became alarmed and sued for peace, now known as the "Peace of Monsieur." Like all other peaces of the time it proved to be but a truce and civil war again broke out.

Numerous small battles and their subsequent peaces were engaged in during the next few years. But in the meantime the small court at Pau was one of gayety—as d'Aubiguy says, "we are all lovers together." To be sure relations between Henry and Margaret were not of the happiest, but the fashion of the time demanded that a man should love a woman other than his wife, and in this respect Henry belonged to the "ultra fashionable." The first of the three women who so influenced his life was the Countess of Granemont. To her he writes his plans, his aspirations, his saner declarations of love—it was she who seemed to stimulate his better ambitions. It is to Gabrielle d'Estreés, however, that his most ardent letters are addressed. It was while on a campaign in 1590 that he met the fair Gabrielle, then a girl of twenty with the innocent face of an angel and the worldly knowledge of the most worldly court lady. Straightway the king lost his heart—at times he desired to marry her, but for years she rules him not through reason, but through the heart. Madame de Verneiul—the most despicable of his favorites, fascinated the man and merely used him as a tool for her own elevation. It is aptly said that "Henry's love affairs present the wretched side of his biography—the dark side of his picture." Nor were these his only affairs of the heart—his favorites were many.

1589 marked another year of warfare between the Protestant and Catholics forces—this time resulting in a battle in the open—that of Coutras. The Huguenots, led by Henry of Navarre, and aided by German mercenaries, completely routed their adversaries but the victory was not of any great value. The League itself was thrown into confusion by the murder

of its leader, Guise, and Henry III hastened to St. Cloud to conclude peace with Henry, "the Béarnese". Great crowds witnessed the meeting of the kings—never did two men present such a striking contrast—Henry III, the exponent of ceremonial and effeminacy, a true Valois; Henry IV, the soldier, genial, frank and unassuming. This had the appearance of too powerful a coalition, in the eyes of the League; Paris seemed doomed before the combined forces of the two kings—but once more a monk turned the tide of human affairs—this time by the assassination of Henry III, the last of the Valois-line. The dying king appointed Henry of Navarre his successor.

Though Henry had royal sanction in his claim for the throne and was supported by the Huguenot forces, together with some free thinking Royalists, his demands for authority were contested by the whole Catholic party, the Pope and the King of Spain. This occasion—this struggle to seat once more on the throne a lineal descendant of St. Louis—called for the king's most brilliant military endeavors, culminating in the Battle of Troy, March 14, 1590. It was before this decisive battle that Henry addressed his soldiers with the brevity so characteristic of him—"Vous êtes François; je suis votre Roi; voilà l'enemi," and exhorting them to follow his white plume should the standard fail, he led the charge and completely overthrew the forces of the League in the open. "Spare the French and fall upon the foreigners" were his orders, for he now realized that he was in fact—as well as in name—monarch of France, the protector of its people.

Paris still remained to be taken. The siege began in 1590 and was resumed at intervals for four years. Conditions within the city beggared description; famine and pestilence threatened to make it a city of the dead when the panic came and relieved somewhat the desolation. Henry himself was touched at reports of the starving Parisians and at times sent rations to the nobles—thereby much enraging the very practical Virgin Queen who was backing him with troops. Had it not been for the high pitch of religious fanatacism of the populace and their aversion to a heretic king, the city would have sur-

rendered in a short time—but the king of Spain had other plans in mind—the occupation of the French throne itself.

Dissension broke out even in the League with the protracted warfare with no advance to either party; Protestants complained of the depleted condition of the country—the only remedy for the growing dissatisfaction was peace. The powers of the League provided that should Henry fulfill his promise to receive instruction in the Catholic faith and abjure the Protestant, Paris should be his and he should have their allegiance. Henry never had been a religious man, though he was leader of the Protestant party; immoral in his social life, he lived entirely at variance with the austere creed of Calvin. It was not his nature to be a martyr to any faith—rather was he a patriot of France, France with all her people prosperous, happy and free, France a country in which "every one should have meat in the pot every day and a fowl on Sunday." What mattered it whether the monarch be Catholic or Protestant? So reasoned Henry the statesman, the idol of the army, the all round free thinker of his time.

On July 25, 1593, he made the "perilous leap," as he terms his abjuration in a letter to Gabrielle D'Estreés. Clad for once in the satins and velvets befitting his station—not unkempt as was his usual wont—amid shouts of "Vive le Roi" he entered the historical church of St. Denis and came forth "the most Christian king," no longer a heretic, but in name at least a Catholic. The question is often raised as to the sincerity of his conversion—to me he seems as sincere in this as in the Protestant faith. As has been said, religious convictions were not of vital importance to him on their own account—the thing to him was the state. In a letter to Protestant friends he attempts to justify this "leap". "It is good intention for the welfare of France," he says and entreats them to serve him as of old.

Though King of France—and Catholic at that—Henry was not yet at leisure to begin a reconstruction of the government. The Spanish Leaguers still maintained a belligerent attitude on the northern frontier and in January, 1595, Henry declared war on Philip II and in his röle of a daring guerilla leader put down the trouble for a time. The last vestige of

opposition on the part of the French League disappeared with the submission of Amiens. Philip himself condescended to treat with Henry—as king with king—in the treaty of Vevais May 2, 1598.

To win back to absolute faith the sullen Calvinists who, composed so large and important a part of his kingdom, Henry issued the "Edict of Nantes", in which he granted to the Protestants freedom of conscience, but slight restriction to their services, admission to government positions, entrance to the universities—in fact never before had such a work of toleration been drawn up. Surely everything had been done to satisfy all factions and at last Henry felt that the time had come when he could "change his desires into designs."

For the task of reorganizing the government Henry had one of the ablest men France has ever produced, Rosuy duc de Sully, who had followed Henry ever since the two were lads. Heartily encouraged and aided by the King, Sully reorganized the financial affairs of the country on a definite plan and raised the treasury of France from debt to a large surplus. He did away with unjust taxes, dishonesty among officials, and opened the country to free trade. Traveling through the country he saw the needs of the people and set about to rectify them, especially in agriculture.

Henry IV took great pride in making Paris "a city beautiful" in a negative way—that is he cleared away the refuse, drew up building restrictions and provided definite play grounds for the youth of crowded St. Antoine. There was not enough of the classic taste in his practical temperament to become a great builder—though the Palais Royale is a monument to his skill in that direction.

There was reorganization in the royal household as well as in national matters about this time. Henry obtained the longed for divorce from Margaret in 1598, and thwarted in his desire to marry Gabrielle by her death, he was prevailed upon to marry the Florentine, Marie de Medici in 1601. Needless to say it was not a love match, but of the union were born six children, so a Bourbon heir was a surety.

On May 20, 1610, an assassin's knife once more deprived a nation of its monarch—this time the nation was France, the

monarch Henry IV. The whole country was plunged in grief —it felt that its father was indeed gone. For the sovereign they lost was not perfect, he was no wonder but it was his essentially French nature, with its strength, its weaknesses and its sentiment that endeared him to the hearts of all.

Rachel McQuiston, '11.

THE LAMP WITHIN

(Awarded Honorable Mention in Short Story Contest)

When James Brandt awoke on the morning of December twenty-fourth it was with a sense of impending evil. When he had dressed he went to the window and looked out over the broad acres of his farm covered, as befitting the season, with a mantle of new fallen snow,stretching away in unbroken sheets as far as the eye could reach. As he stood gazing upon this mysterious white world, his thoughts turned to his brother Michael who had left home many years before.

"Forty-three years ago today," he said aloud, "since Michael went away. Forty-three years of silence. Is he dead? Could he be alive somewhere, some time to come and claim his inheritance? His inheritance? No, mine! Mine by right of faithfulness, if not by law." This was the recurrence of the old question, which he thought he had settled years ago. Thought he had settled? Yes, but it, lingering in his mind like a slow fire, was gradually consuming his reason.

As he went about his duties that day, the thought of his brother would not leave him. This day, the anniversary of his departure, brought back his image persistently. Brandt went over in his mind that scene of years ago, all the details of which seemed outlined with flame. The angry father, the rebellious son; the denunciation of the man, the spirited reply of the youth. Then the hasty departure of the accused, the hurried changing of the will, leaving all to James. Slowly his tortured mind turned to the last days of his father's life, the late repentence, again the will was changed, each son received half. Half? The thought stung him anew. Half a paltry fortune in exchange for a life time of devotion! For fifteen years, since the rumor had come to him that Michael was dead,

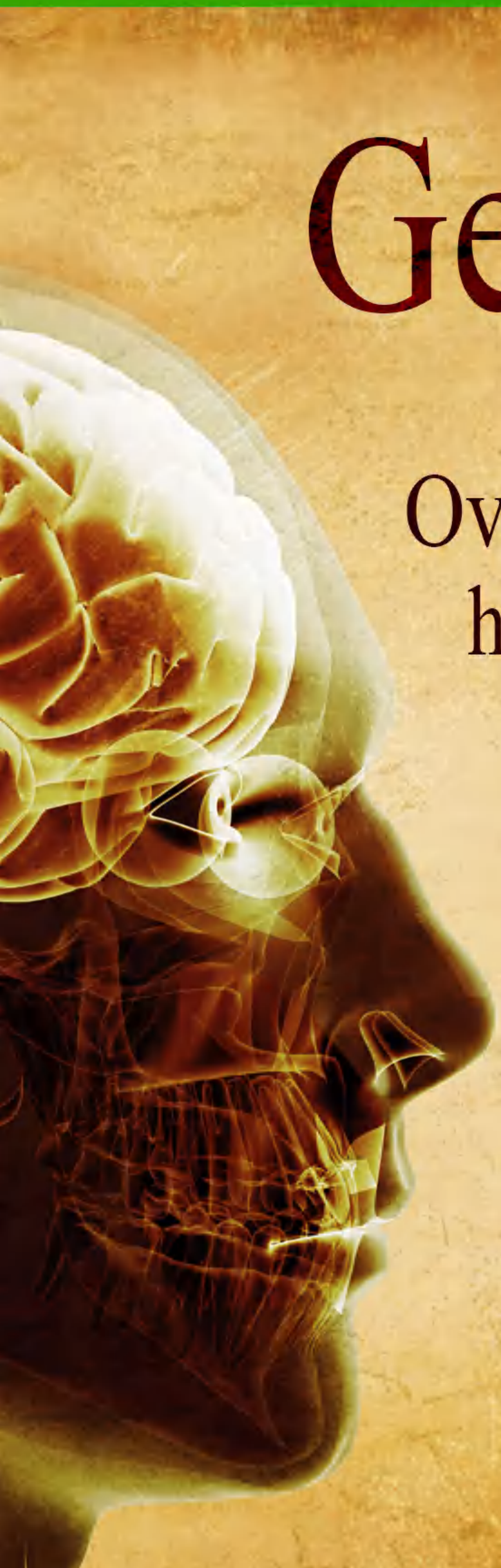
the thought had not troubled him so. Fifteen years of comparative security, safe in the possession of a fortune hoarded with miserly care. Yet he was not sure, the news had been merely a rumor but he had been afraid to set on foot an inquiry. Possession of money was James Brandt's one pleasure; he did not love money for what it could give him, for it gave him nothing but itself. He did not cherish it for another, for there was no heir to come after him, but he delighted in its mere possession.

If Michael came home it would dwindle to half. Half his importance in the community would be gone; half his content, half his life he told himself passionately as he finished his duties and again drew near the window, fascinated by that long pathway of white, unsullied by any mark. Eagerly he strained his eyes to the crossroads beyond the curve and in his heart he cursed the stately pines which barred from him that which he feared to see.

The day wore on. Two o'clock found him sitting in his chair before the fire, rebelling against the misery of his aching eyes and thumping heart. A sudden knock at the door brought him staggering to his feet, his shaking hand grasping for the back of his chair. He tottered over to the door and flung it open.

"Mother wants to know if you're sick, sir," said a childish voice. "She didn't see any smoke from your chimney and guessed you weren't well."

The man's wild eyes and shaking hands startled the little girl who backed precipitately off the step. He fought vainly for control, the reaction had been too great. At last he managed to say that he wasn't very well today, "But," he made haste to add, "all I need is a little rest," fearing that a sympathetic neighbor or two might hasten to visit him. The child did not wait for any further message but departed, dragging behind her an old and clumsy sled which bumped creakingly over the snow. Slowly Brandt closed the door and went to the window from which he could almost see the crossroads. The snow was not pure and unmarked now, little footprints somewhat blurred by the broad track of the sled, led down to the curve.



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" 'Tis a queer welcome you've given me, brother," he said. "I supposed by this time our old boyish differences would have been forgotten and you would be willing to receive me as a brother."

"You left this house, Michael, not as a brother but as an enemy, turned out by our father and forbidden to return. Do you think forty-three years can blot out a father's curse? No! not forty-three years, not eternity."

Michael shrank back in his chair.

"Did he not forgive me when he died?" he whispered. "Surely he did not go to meet his God with hatred in his heart. Ah, no James, I knew father for a just man, a hard one if you will, but ever a fair one. James, my brother, tell me that he blessed me when he died."

James leaned forward in his chair. This was his last chance. Michael did not know of the altered will, he must never know.

"Michael, he never forgave you. I was with him to the last and he never mentioned your name." As he said this the scene of his father's death rose in James' mind; the dying man refusing the ministrations of his faithful son and calling ever for the one whom he had driven from him. The picture made the man doubly bitter. He continued.

"You must not stop here, you were cast out by my father, by me you cannot be received."

"James! you cannot say that, you do not mean those words. Think, brother, reflect a moment." But James had fallen back in his chair, gripped with an overwhelming thought. If Michael went to the village, he would hear of the will from the neighbors. "That cannot be," sobbed the bitter heart. "He said he came home to die. Why not?" flashed a thought. "No!" he shuddered away from the black suggestion.

"Well," he said at last in another tone, "you cannot go tonight at all events, stay and we will celebrate Christmas together," with an ugly sneer.

Michael looked his relief and rose to his feet.

"I'm going to my old room now," he said, "and I want to have a look about the old place."

James rose also. "Yes, Michael, go to your room and wash up and I'll get us a bite of supper. It's past time now." As he heard the weary steps drag upward, he stood with such a look of burning hatred in his face, such a tumult in his breast that he was frightened. He was shaken by that ever recurring thought, "To die! To die!"

While he prepared something to eat, half formulated designs to get Michael away from the village flitted through his head, but behind all stood out that one phrase, "To die."

When Michael came down stairs again the two sat down at the table and ate the meal in silence. Michael's thoughts were fixed on something far away, while his eyes wandered about the familiar room. He saw the great brick fire place with the logs burning merrily within, where so often he had crouched as a boy fearful to move lest he disturb his father who dozed in his chair. There was the chair now just as it had been then, almost as if the old man had just left it. He noticed the bare uncovered floor, the frosty uncurtained windows, two of which faced toward the crossroads, and one, the one near which the table was set, looked out on the orchard and the lane which led to the pond. In spite of the bright light on the table, he could see the line of posts along the lane where he had often stolen to the swimming pool, looking furtively back over his shoulder, always expecting the angry voice of his father to call him back to where James, the obedient, was working in the barn or in the fields. Involuntarily he looked at his brother and found his eyes fixed upon him with just such a look of undisguised hatred as he had surprised there before.

"James," he said, startled. The lids lowered quickly.

"Yes, brother," came the calm reply, but behind those drooping lids, the eyes were alight with the bright fire of madness, all thing were enveloped in a red mist of hatred. He had fought it out now, all was over except the actual accomplishment; which he looked upon as small compared with the racking thoughts which had been tearing his heart for the past hour.

"Yes, Michael," he said again, rising from the table then as his brother did not answer, he said, "I'll just put these

dishes in the other room and then we'll talk about old times." Surprised at the smoothness of the tone, Michael glanced up and met a smile on his brother's face.

"Very well," he answered, and moved toward the armchair at the fire place. All was silence for a while except the crackling of the coal in the fire and the rattle of the dishes as James carried them to the kitchen to be washed in the morning. As he walked to and fro he did not glance at the bent figure in his father's arm chair. His thoughts were wholly with himself. "It must be done," he said to himself. "But how?—and when?" "Now," said a voice within him, "for tomorrow will be too late." "I can't," he said, half aloud, then looked apprehensively at his brother. Out in the kitchen a thought struck him, he stood still. "What if someone had met Michael on his way home." "Still he must die," said the voice. "How?" questioned James. "A suicide," came the answer. Ah! an idea seized him. He stole up to his father's old room and out of a chest of drawers drew an old revolver and some cartridges. He held them in hands that trembled so that the cartridges fell to the floor and scattered noisily about the room. Too wrought up to collect them he picked up enough to load the revolver and hastened out of the room, locking the door behind him.

Once more in the kitchen, he turned the weapon uncertainly in his hands. It must be carefully done, it takes time and thought. Dipping it into his pocket he went into the room where his brother sat and drew a chair up to the fire.

"Well, Michael," he said in a voice which strove to shake off its tremor, "that was a sorry welcome that I gave you, but you must remember that it was a shock to see a man whom you believed dead these many years standing before you. You'll admit that?"

"Yes," replied the other. "A shock, but, I should think, a pleasant one. You looked at me, James, with eyes that I cannot understand. However, you were always different from me, that was why father loved you. He never liked me; I was too headstrong and disobedient. I wish I had it all to do over again though, my life has been one long mistake."

Then they fell silent, one brooding over the past, the other planning, planning. Presently Michael spoke again. "It is

tomorrow that I must start on again, James!" James looked at him with unseeing eyes.

"Tomorrow!" he cried at last. "There is no tomorrow, there is only tonight!" Half startled Michael glanced at him, then at the clock. Ten o'clock. He was weary and restless, but James made no move to retire and his brother did not disturb him.

Through and through James' mind was going a plan. He perfected it bit by bit. He would get up to stir the fire (for Michael must not suspect), and turning, face him, draw the revolver and shoot. Then all would be over. There would be all night to arrange the details for throwing off suspicion. The two men sat silent by the dying fire and the minutes ticked off. James, now fully ready to accomplish his purpose, waited—waited for his shaking hands to calm themselves, for his excited mind to still to reason. Eleven o'clock! James looked over at Michael, he sat with his elbow resting on the arm of his chair, his face hidden by his hand. James half rose from his chair then sank back, his limbs refusing to obey him. The figure in the chair that had been his father's never moved. The minutes passed rapidly, nearly midnight! "It must be done soon," said the madman to himself. "My heart thumps so, my head whirls, where is my courage of an hour ago? Why did I not do it then? He rose determinedly and stole across to the fire. He grasped the poker and stirred the red embers. Hark! What was that? A half heard lilt of music sounded, a faint, far-off voice.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good-will toward men." He held the poker suspended and turned around to look at his brother to see if he too had heard. He sat motionless, his face still shaded by his hand.

"What tricks is my head playing me," said James, half aloud, then almost unconsciously slipped the weapon from his pocket and again turned around. Again came that strain of heavenly sweetness.

"On earth peace and good will toward men." He looked at the clock, it was just midnight, Christmas day was dawning. Christmas! He gave a half sob and flung the revolver from him and on his knees crawled to his brother's chair.

"Michael," he cried. "Michael, forgive me. It's Christmas, Michael, Christ's birthday. But Michael did not move. The contact jarred the concealing hand from his face, his head drooped forward. The face was still and peaceful, sleep was on every feature, except those fixed and half opened eyes. James gave one look, and fell forward on his face, his head resting on the dead man's knee.

"Christmas Day," he sobbed. "O, God forgive me!"

Marjorie Boggs (Spec.)

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE VIOLET

In a pretty country garden one May day, a little violet raised its head. Around it on every side grew flax, candy tuft, balsam and all the sweet old fashioned flowers so dear to the hearts of the little old ladies who owned the garden. In the center of the garden a tall sunflower towered above the tiny violet, throwing it completely into the shade. The modest wild flower felt out of place among its more cultured neighbors; all the flowers frowned upon her, and, although most of them were too polite to say anything rude, the sunflower was not so scrupulous. "What are you doing in our fashionable garden, you little plebian," it said. "I am sure I am doing my best to hide you from the sight of Miss Anne and Miss Jennie. They don't want any weeds in their garden." "Hush," said the rose, for, as the queen of the garden society, she always upheld good manners, though anyone could see from her scornful look that she agreed with the sunflower. A pansy, who was considered one of the humbler flowers because she was short and less showy than the others, sympathized with the poor violet, whose head was drooping woefully from humiliation. "Never mind, dear," said she, "I don't believe the old ladies will mind having you here. They like wild flowers." But the poor violet could only cry and wish she were like the stately, glorious, golden sunflower, flaunting its bright head so proudly.

Just then Miss Anne and Miss Jennie came daintily down the garden path. "I am still wondering how that sunflower seed happened to be mixed with our other seeds," said Miss

Jennie. "Sunflowers are so big and ugly that they always look like weeds to me. Oh, Anne, I thought all those violets we transplated last fall were dead, but here I see one dear little fellow, though the sunflower is trying so hard to hide him. Our garden would not be complete without violets, my favorite flower, you know, dear."

The little violet smiled up at the gaudy sunflower.

E. W., '14.

The Sorosis

Pennsylvania College for Women.

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Gertrude Wayne, '11.....Business Manager
May Hardy, '12.....Literary Editor
Florence Keys, '13.....College Notes, Personals
Adeline Colebrook, '14.....Exchanges
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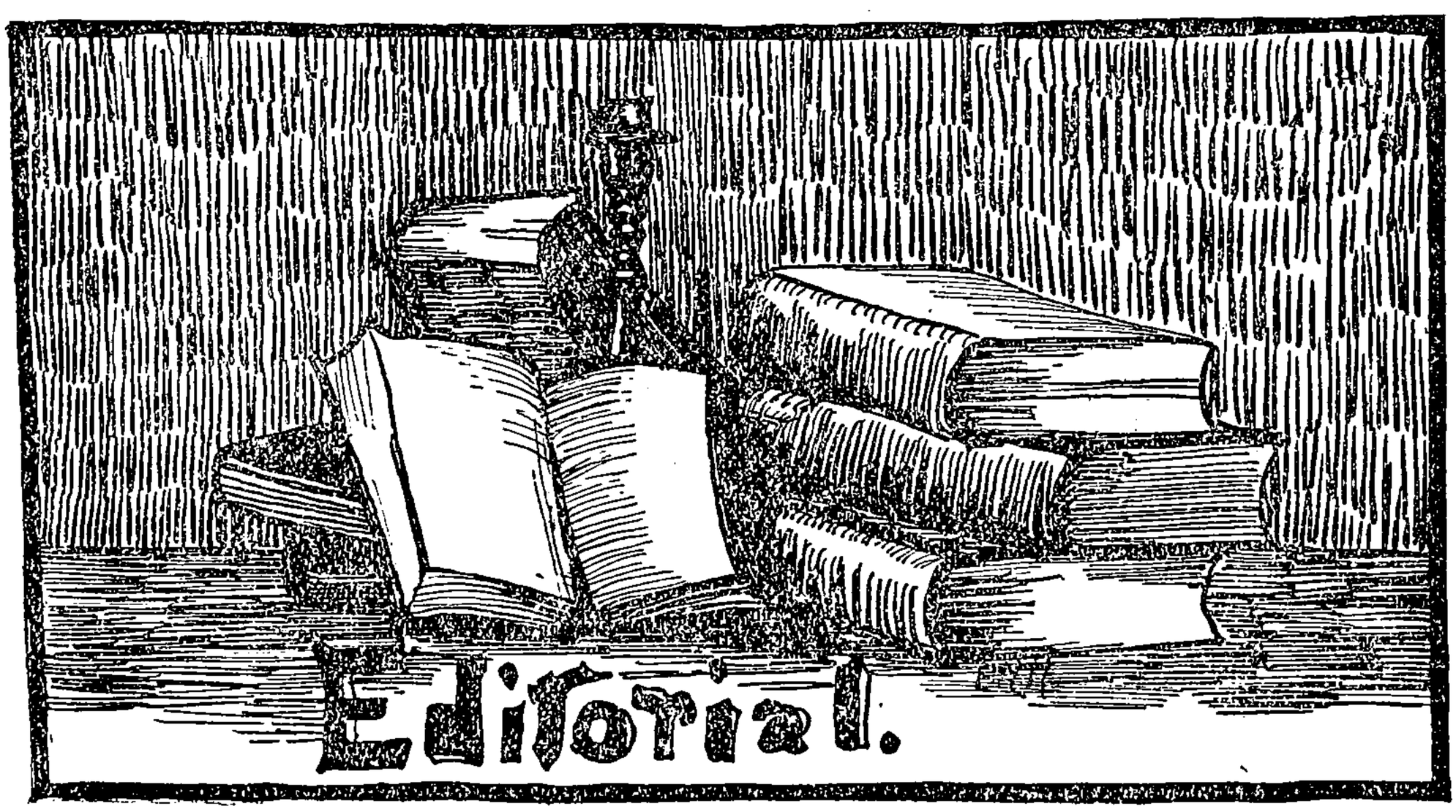


Once more the spirit of Christmas is abroad. Its presence is made known to us in many different ways: in the crowded shops bedecked in greens; in the glad, expectant faces of the children; and in the general atmosphere of geniality and good will which pervades the world in general. Into our little college world also the spirit has penetrated and has certainly not been lacking in vitality. It walks among us powerful, all-

of Miss Frances McCreery, and from the collection at the Carnegie Library. The Faculty and Alumnae both hope that the student body will regard this course as an unusual opportunity for information on a subject forming part of every college woman's education.

Miss Edith Stanton, secretary of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association of America, is now an honorary member of our Y. W. C. A. and has contributed the "Association Monthly" and the "Intercollegian" to the reading room table .

The Alumnae hope to include Mr. Charles Kaffin among the lecturers who will speak before the college girls this year.

Mrs. T. A. Blakely (Myrtle Grow, '08) announces the birth of a son, T. A. Blakely, Junior.

The two Alumnae Luncheons lately held in the Trinity Church Parish House, were very successful. As many people as could possibly have been accommodated were served, and a sum of more than five hundred dollars was realized. The Alumnae worked enthusiastically for these luncheons, and are planning to do more, somewhat later in the season.

COLLEGE NOTES

Several of the college girls had the privilege of hearing Ellen Terry lecture on the Triumphant Heroines of Shakespeare, on November twenty-second.

Miss Coolidge and Mr. Stewart were the honor guests at the Junior Luncheon on November eighteenth.

Mr. Galbreath, a well known writer, spoke to Mr. Putnam's classes on December sixth. His subject was Robert Louis Stevenson. This lecture was interesting and inspiring. The speaker gave us a fine idea of Stevenson's life and work, and an increased appreciation of the man. He spoke of Steven-

son's method of improving his writing, and of his untiring efforts in his chosen vocation, even though he were in great pain. At the close of the lecture, there was opportunity for anyone to ask questions, which was gladly taken advantage of. Much interest was shown by the College girls.

At a recent meeting of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Wright spoke on "Self-Examination."

The Y. W. C. A. bazaar, held December second, was a most gratifying success. There were booths for candy, novelties and fancywork, a Christmas tree, a doll show and a palmist. From these various sources, when everything was sold, a sum of more than sixty-five dollars was gathered in.

The hostesses at the December teas in South Hall have been: Ionia Smith '13, Marguerite McBurney '14, and Janet Brownlee '14, on December first, and Clare Colestock '13, Lillian McHenry '13, and Sarah Jackson '14, two weeks later.

There was a lecture on the Passion Play in the library on Wednesday morning, November thirtieth. Miss Campbell gave a graphic account of the great presentation, and showed very interesting pictures in connection with her talk.

Under the management of Mrs. Armstrong, more than one hundred dolls were dressed, this holiday season, for the free kindergartens of the city.

After the Thanksgiving recess, the girls came back with renewed strength to accomplish work of the three weeks remaining before Christmas holidays.

Two plays were presented by the Senior Class on December ninth. Both were well done, and extremely entertaining. "Meisterschaft" is a take-off on the German language by Mark Twain, and is very funny. "The Topaz Amulet" is a masque from an unpublished manuscript. The effects in it are beautiful.

The casts of the plays given on December 9, are as follows:

"Meisterschaft."

Mr. Stephenson.....Margaret Greene
Margaret Stephenson.....Florence Wilson
Anna Stephenson.....Edna Reitz
George Franklin.....Mabel Crouse
William Jackson.....Alberta McClymonds
Mrs. Blumenthal, the Wirthin.....Minerva Hamilton
Gretchen Kellnerin.....Rosalie Supplee

The Topaz Amulet.

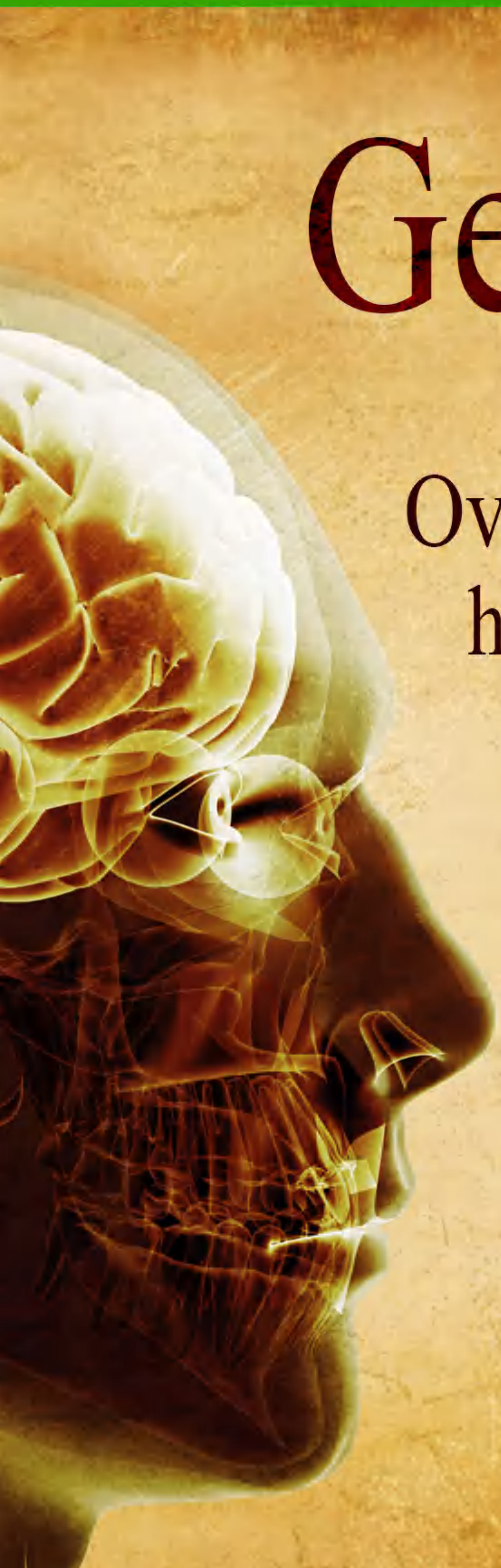
Mortals.

Baron Mauraine.....Gertrude Wayne
Lady Barbara, Guest.....Rachel McQuiston
Italian Image Maker.....Margaret Greene
Redmeere, Outlaw.....Florence Wilson
Stephen, Captain.....Mabel Crowe
Fletcher, Jester.....Frances Gray

Immortals.

Maeve, Queen of the little folk.....May McCullough
Bard.....Sara Carpenter
Holly, Sprite of Mischief.....Edith Medley
Wayland, the Smith.....Irma Diescher
Nixie.....Belle McClymonds
Gnome.....Clarissa Blakesless
Mermaid.....Alice Darrah
Waxen.....May McCullough

"Tolstoi" was the subject of a lecture given by Mr. Henry George in the library on December seventh. Mr. George has been with us before, and we knew that a treat was in store for us, so we welcomed him eagerly. He is the son of the illustrious Henry George. Russia, and the greatest Russian, were made very real and interesting to us by the lecturer. He told most entertainingly of his travels through Russia, and of his visit with Tolstoi. This lecture came at a particularly opportune time, so soon after the death of Tolstoi.



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the guests; these gifts are considered as jokes. At the end of the dinner everyone joined in Christmas and college songs. This affair is a "family" gathering, with no guests excepting Dr. Lindsay and his daughters, and four or five alumnae, present.

The President's attractive home has been completed, and Dr. Lindsay and his family have taken up their residence there. The dignity and beauty of our college grounds have been greatly increased by this addition to its buildings.

OMEGA NOTES.

At the meeting of the society held December first, the annual election of officers took place. Eleanor Davis, '12, was elected president and Beaulah Pierce, '12, secretary-treasurer. The society is studying the modern dramatists this year, but some time ago it was decided to vary the programs with an occasional one devoted to a writer who is being given especial notice at the present moment. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was the one selected for the first program of this kind and her life and works were discussed at this meeting. The program was as follows:

Duet.....The Battle Hymn of the Republic
Paper.....May Hardy, '12
Julia Ward Howe—the Woman.
Paper.....Martha Kim, '12
Julia Ward Howe—the Author.
Reading.....Edith Medley, '11
Selections from poems by Julia Ward Howe.
Paper.....Rachel McQuiston, '11
Julia Ward Howe—the Reformer.

The meeting was a semi-open one, the following guests being present: Miss Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, Miss Brownlee, Miss Eva Cohen, '09, and Miss Mary Kramer, '10.

That same evening Mr. Galbraith read two of his own stories, "Corn-cob Service," and "The Mills that Grind Slowly," before a small company of friends at Mr. Putnam's house.

MUSIC NOTES.

On December second, after chapel, we were favored with some very pretty songs by Madame Graziani and Miss Butterfield. On last Friday Mr. Johnson Bane, recently arrived here from Boston, played some selections on the guitar. On the Wednesday before the Christmas holidays, the Christmas service was held in the chapel. The songs, "Good King Wenseslas," "The First Noel," and "Little Town of Bethlehem," made part of this service. Miss Kerst read a selection from Lew Wallace's Ben Hur, Mme. Graziani sang, and a quartette of girls sang "Christmas." The address was made by Dr. Lindsay.

The Glee Club has a new German piece which they expect to render at a concert soon after Christmas.

The Mandolin Club has plenty of engagements—also boxes of marshmallows now and then.

The College has a prosperous music school this year. The school has both instrumental and vocal departments and there are also classes in Harmony. Many outside students are enrolled as well as our own college girls.

PERSONALS.

The Christmas vacation is close at hand. Let us hope that the girls may be able to hold out until then, and go home in good health and spirits. But even more do we hope that these same girls may return on the third of January, 1911, in an equally healthy and happy condition.

Miss Jean Hamilton, a member of our household at present, who has been in Pittsburg organizing Working Girls'

Clubs under the direction of the Civic Section of the College Club of Pittsburg, will leave her work under the direction of Miss Gilson, a graduate of Wellesley College.

Dilworth Hall has had so many "mass meetings" lately that the college girls are quite envious. Isn't there something we can have mass meetings about?

The girls from Wellesley, Miss Longanecker, Miss Pepperday, Miss Stoeltzing, Miss Foster and Miss Weiler, will be with us on Friday, December 16th. They are eager to visit their old home again.

Mr. John Brownlee, a student at Washington and Jefferson College, visited his sister, Janet Brownlee, '14' on December 7.

Of the College and Dilworth Hall faculty, Miss Coolidge, Miss Lovejoy, Miss Kathan, Miss Root and Miss Butterfield, will go to Massachusetts for their Christmas vacation. Miss Hooker will spend her's in New York; Miss Kerst goes to Ohio, and Miss Skilton to New Jersey. Dr. Lindsay will go to Ashville, North Carolina, to spend Christmas with Mrs. Lindsay.

Dr. Kelso, President of the Western Theological Seminary, with Mrs. Kelso, were guests at South Hall on Friday evening, December 9. They attended the Senior Play.

College closes on Friday, December 16, at twelve o'clock, and re-opens on the morning of January 3, 1911.

Miss M. (In Chemistry)—"Fluorin comes from the Latin verb fluo, I flew."

Miss F.—"Both my little nephews are boys."

EXCHANGE NOTES.

"The plot thickens," said the old lady as she sowed the grass seed for the third time.

The descriptions in the story, "Father Murphy," in the "Allegheny Literary Monthly," are very vivid. Read "Ben's Experience."

The November "Ohio" has an interesting athletic department. The paper needs more stories.

"Pittsburgh High" has a school paper which might be envied by any other school or college.

Interest in all the students and friends of Franklin College is shown in "The Franklin."

"Does anyone know how to turn off the heat in this room?"
"Open the windows!"

"The shades of night are falling fast"—for the girls inside are going to bed.

"Mr. Martin Certainly makes the little things count."
"In what way?"
"He teaches Geometry to the Freshman."

"The Smith College Monthly" for October contains excellent stories.

"There's room at the top," the Senior said.
As she placed her hand on a Sophomore's head.

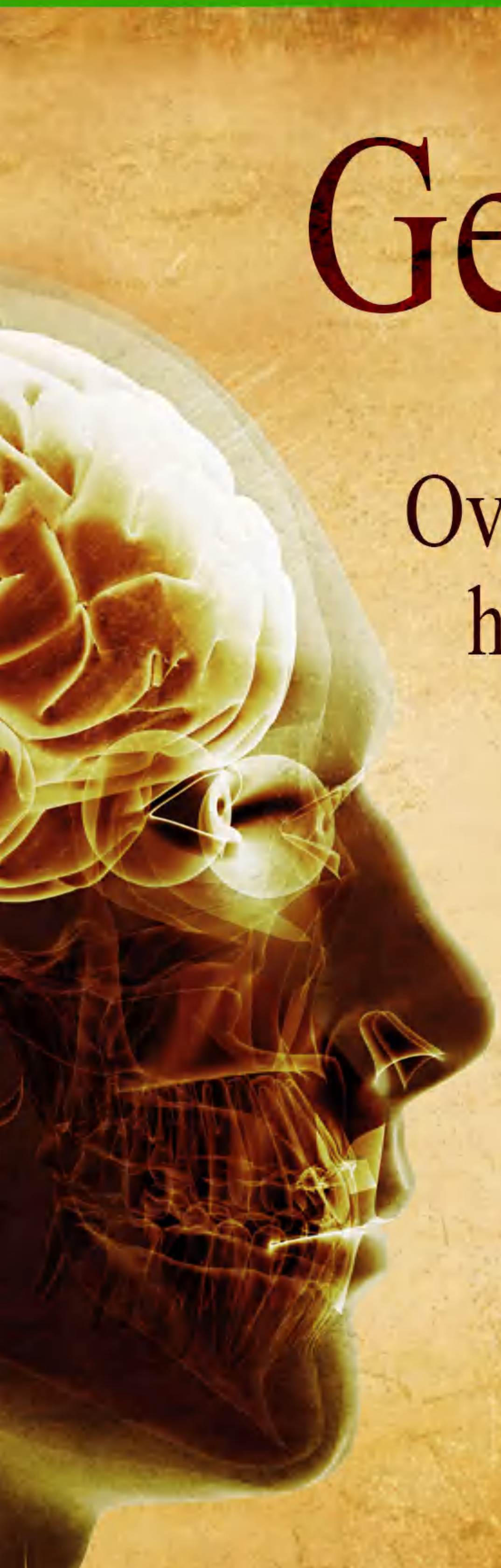
"The Pittsburgh High School Journal" is made very attractive by its cuts. The cover design on the October Journal is good.

Teacher—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

Small B oy—"For the same reason as the 'en crossed the road.

Don't Git Sorry fer Yerself."

Don't you go and git sorry fer yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. Therc's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry for 'stid of yerself. Ain't you proud you ain't got a hairlip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gittin' sorry for myself.—Mrs. Wiggs.



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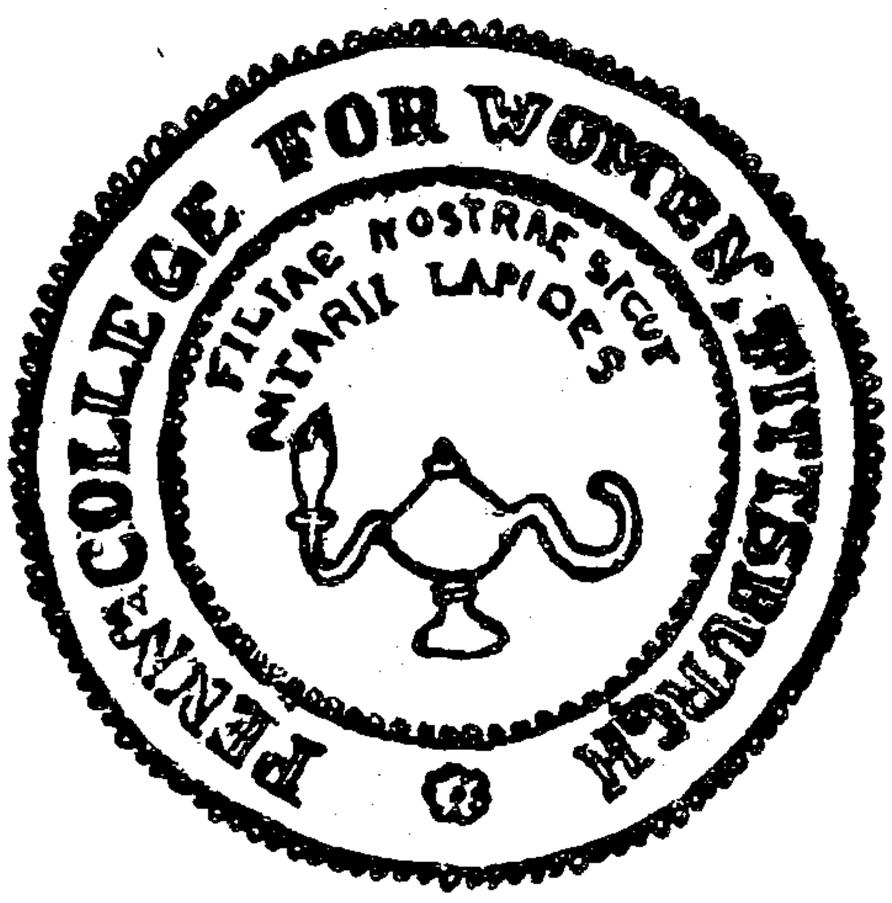
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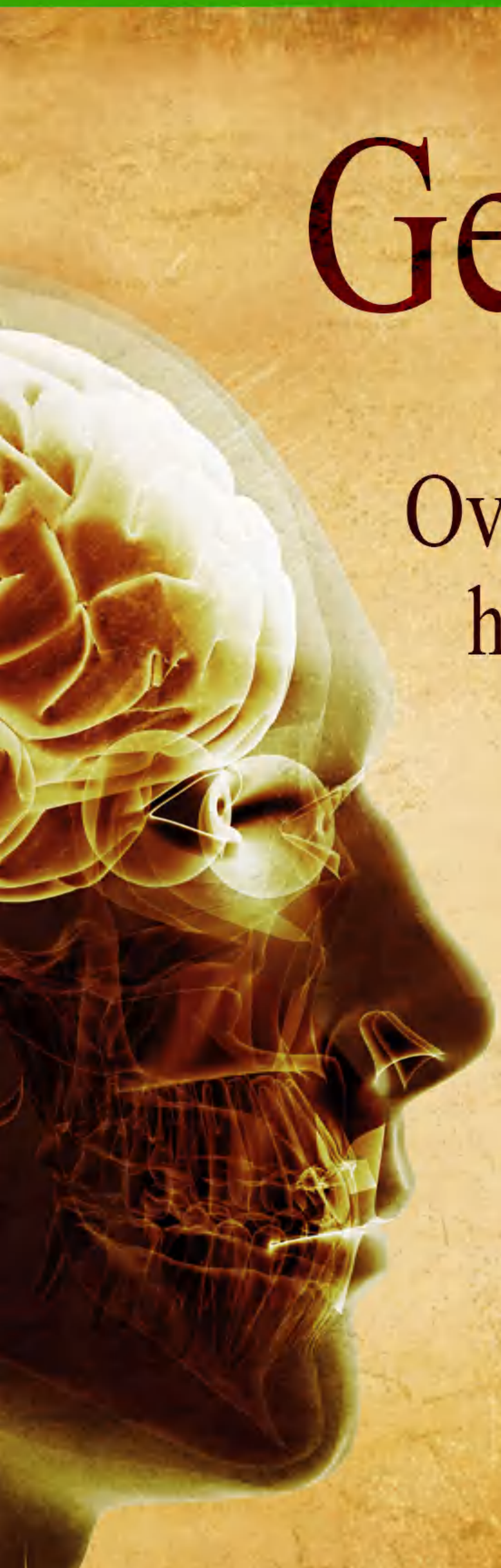

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CONTENTS.

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Catholic marriage while the Protestant sought a king of their own faith. The latter party advised a marriage with an English noble. So the palace was soon filled with suitors of different rank who quarrelled continually among themselves. The best known and most favored of these was Lord Leicester. He was even charged with having disposed of his wife in order to make possible a marriage with the queen.

But although these home negotiations are interesting they are not of such importance as the foreign ones. In these love affairs we find Elizabeth's true foreign policy. The most serious negotiations were carried on with Spain and later France.

Phillip of Spain was the first prominent suitor for Elizabeth's hand. In this affair the queen showed great discretion. Phillip was a Catholic and so, of course, was favored by the Pope and by the Catholic party in England. Now the Catholics had never recognized Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn as legal. If Elizabeth should accept a Catholic for her husband she would be recognizing the Catholic party, and through them the pope, and through him her claim to the throne, as illegal. The queen and her ministers understood the situation perfectly, so after continuing negotiations for several years in a more or less desultory fashion, no successful agreement was ever reached and the matter was finally dropped.

When Spain withdrew from the contest for Elizabeth's hand, or rather throne, naturally, her rival, France, appeared upon the scene. Marriage was proposed between the Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles IX and son of Catherine de Medici, and the queen of England. In an old, worn volume of Digges' "The Compleat Ambassador" we find a number of letters from Sir Francis Walsingham, ambassador to France, in which the proposal is discussed. He describes the Duke as three inches taller than himself and as to complexion, somewhat sallow. "Touching the health of his person I find the opinion diverse, and I know not what to credit. At this present I do not find him so well colored as when I was last here." Walsingham continued to describe him as "haughty but more affable upon closer acquaintance."

A French courtier gives us a more vivacious description: "His eyes, that gracious turn of the mouth when he speaks, that sweetness which wins over all who approach him, cannot be reproduced by pen or pencil. Do not ask me whether he has inspired the passion of love! He has conquored wherever he has cast his eyes. If the queen, your mistress, be not satisfied with so worthy a person she will never marry." How could Elizabeth resist such a suitor as that!

For some time affairs moved along smoothly and comfortably for all concerned. Elizabeth thought she was duping the wily Catherine, while the latter was glorying in dcceiving Elizabeth. At first the queen and her suitor seemed agreed but soon the ardour of the latter began to cool. His conscience was troubling him, his conscience being the Dukes of Guise. Mary Queen of Scots was at this time imprisoned in England and her uncles, the Guises, were anxious to do all they could to frustrate the plans of Elizabeth. In the papers of agreement there was one clause in particular which caused difficulty. Anjou claimed the right of keeping his own religion (Catholic) in England. To this Elizabeth would not consent and so the affair hung in suspense until the St. Bartholomew's messacre and then the accession of Anjou to the throne ended the whole negotiation.

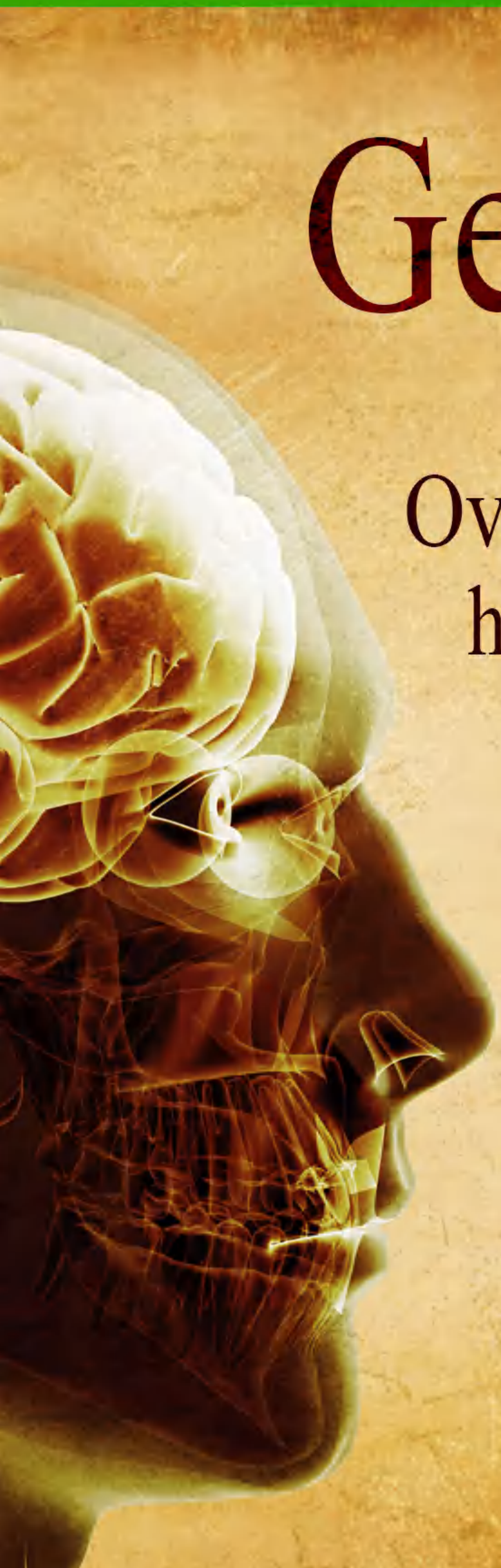
But though Henry III as a candidate was impossible France did not quench her aspirations, but brought forward the new king's younger brother, Duke of Alencon, as a suitor for Elizabeth's hand. Alencon was eighteen and Elizabeth almost forty, but this was not the queen's chief objection to the new aspirant. The one thing she did deplore was the fact that her suitor's countenance was disfigured with pockmarks, and this innocent disfigurement played an important part in the negotiations which ensued. Whenever an obstruction appeared which made it wiser for Elizabeth to hesitate she would complain vehemently of Alencon's pockmarks, and a period of respite would follow.

Through this, the longest of her so-called love affairs, in spite of her continued coquetry and crafty deception, Elizabeth's policy can be easily traced. She feared an alliance of Catholic Spain and France against herself. Alencon was

leading an army in the Netherlands against Spain. His brother was king of France. Elizabeth wanted Alencon to secure the aid of France for the Netherlands and so make war between France and Spain, break up any Catholic alliance, and secure the safety of England. For this purpose the shrewd queen blinded the Duke and almost everybody else for over twenty years. Although it kept her ministers in a harrowing state of mind this courtship of Elizabeth, aside from its political significance, was amusing.

She insisted that Alencon should visit her in romantic disguise and after much negotiation, persuasion, and promising, finally induced him to come. This first visit seems to have made a favorable impression on both. Elizabeth became most affectionate, addressing the Duke in such endearing terms as "my dear frog" and his ambassador, Simier, as her "dear monkey." The latter upon his master's departure from England wrote: "Madame, I must tell you how little rest your frog had last night, he having done nothing but sigh and weep. At eight o'clock he made me get up to discourse to him of your divine beauty. Do not then be cruel to him as he desires only to preserve his life so long as you are kind. The weather is beautiful and the sea calm and I expect he will have a fair passage unless he swell the waves with the abundance of his tears."

Whenever Elizabeth suspected no danger of alliance between France and Spain she would begin to complain of Alencon's pock-marks and threaten to discontinue marriage negotiations altogether. Then upon the least symptoms of combination on the part of her enemies she would overwhelm her suitor or rather his ambassador with renewed protestations of affection which generally ended with a visit by Alencon to England. To carry out her policy the queen kept up the delay by continually making new conditions. But contrary to her desire Alencon accepted these quite meekly, at last even to giving up his own religion. Again and again Elizabeth promised to marry him and repeatedly she dismissed him. At last he came to England and refused to leave until the queen fulfilled her agreement. At one time she had found it difficult to persuade him to visit her; now it was al-



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questions of the conductor, Elinor decided to risk it, and followed the elderly lady.

The elderly lady smiled—"Are you coming out to teach for Miss Boswell today?" she asked.

"Thank Heaven! It is the place!" sighed Elinor to herself. Then she entered into conversation with the primary teacher, as she proved to be.

"I'm afraid you'll have some trouble," comfortingly continued the elder teacher. "I had the children in Miss Boswell's room last year. They certainly are a lively lot."

"But Miss Boswell told me they were so good!" said Elinor.

"Yes, but for a substitute, you know, my dear," and the primary teacher looked sympathetic. "If you need any help, call on me."

Elinor thanked her, feeling as blue as the combined unpromising circumstances could make her.

The room looked promising—Elinor loved children, and these were decidedly attractive and pathetic. "Beautiful, lovable little things!" she thought. "If they only were properly clothed!"

She began the morning with the hundred and twenty-first Psalm. The instant she commenced to read, there was a great disturbance throughout the room. She laid the Bible down, looking inquiringly at the children. "Please, we know that ourselves," volunteered one little boy, bolder than the rest.

"Oh! How nice!" enthusiastically returned Elinor. "Then we shall all say it together." So she began again. But she was forced to stop, by the wild desire to hold her ears. Never would she have dreamed so much volume would or could be contained in one roomful of little children.

To finish the devotional exercises they sang a hymn. By this time she was prepared for volume. But the noise was deafening. She had fears that the principal would come down to find out the cause of the disturbance.

It was over, at last. She began the work of the day with a class in reading. She told the others to study, and what to study, then devoted her attention to the class at hand. But not for long. Glancing toward a dozen or more hands,

wildly wagging. "What is it?" she asked. "Charlie Dougall is out of his seat," replied one little boy, in a not too respectful tone. Not knowing Charlie, or where Charlie's proper seat was, Elinor directed her glance toward the corner of the room where the hands fluttered. "Charlie, take your own seat at once!" she said sternly. At that the room shouted with laughter. "You aint lookin' at Charlie at all," volunteered a brown-eyed cherub in the front row.

After discovering Charlie, and his proper sitting place, Elinor continued. The classes were not so hard. The "little darlings" were bright, for the most part. It was her delight to take pains with the ones who were not.

Soon it came time for the spelling lesson. She passed the nicely sharpened pencils, and the little squares of paper. Then she prepared to give out the words. Instantly a hand went up. "My point's broken!"—"So's mine"—"And mine!" she heard a chorus from one corner. From all sides chubby fists were stretched toward her, containing pointless pencils. As there were no more in the box, and time was precious they had oral spelling that day.

The teacher's desk was at a point in the room where it was possible to see the hall clock. Yes, Elinor was interested in teaching, nevertheless, she watched the clock anxiously.

After an eternity, time for dismissal for lunch arrived. "This much of the day gone, anyway," sighed the enthusiastic Elinor. The order as the children went to get their wraps was dreadful. But she was too tired of reproving to mind that. She straightened the ranks as they marched out, with the wild impulse to give each one a shove, to hasten his departure.

Miss Boswell had left her a schedule for the day. On the desk was a list of words to be put on the blackboard, for afternoon work. She looked at the writing already on the board, much chagrined. It was neat, even, copy book, vertical! Her own hand was anything but that. All the noon hour she struggled to write the words acceptably. At length she succeeded in partially satisfying herself.

When the children came back in the afternoon, the order was worse than in the morning. Elinor inquired severely the

cause of the disturbance. Amid shouts of laughter, a timid little innocent volunteered "Sammy's not here."

"Well, we'll get along nicely without Sammy," replied Elinor, with dignity. Come, let's get to work.." But the laughter continued audibly. Suddenly there was a great kicking on the door of one of the wrap closets. Elinor hastily opened it, disclosing Sammy, limp and disheveled.

A little later, she told the children to copy the list of words. Almost immediately, up went the ever-ready hands.

"Can't read a word," remarked the brown eyed cherub, who acted as official informant. "What a reward for labor!" siged Elinor, to herself. Patiently she read the words again and again, till the "little nuisances" succeeded in getting them.

The afternoon was really much the same as the morning. But Elinor was much more tired, and yes, she actually became cross! Cross with the "dear, beautiful, pathetic little things who had so appealed to her earlier in the day.

"It is over! It is over! It is over! Hooray! !" sang Elinor to herself, as the tail end of the straggling line disappeared from view, at four o'clock.

"Oh, yes! I think I should enjoy teaching" she told her friends, next day. "But I can't say I ever would be wild about substituting."

Florence K. Wilson, '11.

THE POOL

The great trees of the forest arched deeply overhead, their interwoven branches crackling dryly with every breath of wind. A carpet of crisp brown leaves spread itself densely over the ground with here and there a little tuft of green to show where a bit of moss dared thrust its head above the dark coverlet. Dark paths stretched everywhere between the trees where in summer thick bushes and trailing vines made the way impassable. In some mysterious way all the paths seemed to terminate in one spot, a slight depression in the ground thickly covered with leaves. At a chance look it seemed only a hollow from which the far-reaching roots of a mighty tree had been torn, a wide shallow hole matted with the decaying leaves of many autumns, but on closer obser-

enough to walk steadily with a baby's imitation of his father's stride. Old enough to say in a voice without a tremor.

"I think we've lost Uncle John, Peter." Peter hung his head dejectedly, flopped his tail in a disconsolate manner, and sat down. The boy, brave until this moment, became disheartened by his companion's evident despondency and sank to the ground, leaning his head against the dog's curly black neck.

"Just remember we didn't do this because we were naughty but because Uucle John told us to walk along the little path to meet him if he didn't come. He didn't and now we can't find him. You're not afraid are you, Peter? Why do you lie down like that with your head in my coat? You know I wouldn't leave my doggie. Uncle John will soon come. Why Peter! what's the matter? The dog had bounded to his feet, the hair of his neck bristling, his eyes staring. Across the pool stood the wood spirit, her arms stretched out to the child, a tender smile on her lips. The boy scrambled to his feet.

What is it, Pete? It isn't a—snake is it? Don't leave me! Don't run away! Pe-ter." But the dog had disappeared.

"Uncle John" called the child, running blindly forward, "Uncle John."

A swish, a gurgle, a cry—a little bare space on the face of the water. That is all—except that the slender little tree at the edge of the pool, bends a little closer, as if swayed by a gentle breeze, to the surface of the water now thickly crowded with leaves. Marjory Boggs.

DAISY

On top of Knockmany hill where the wind never ceased to rage there dwelt a loyal Irishman named Ivan O'Donnell, who owned nothing, barring the hovel over his head and one cow, Daisy. At the heel of the hill lived a rich farmer named Ivan O'Neary. He had poultry in his yards, sheep on the uplands, and cattle in the meadow-land alongside the river; but for all that he wasn't happy at all, at all, because he hated his neighbor, Ivan O'Donnell, with true Irish hatred, and

for no reason at all, barring the fact that Ivan O'Donnell had married the sweetest girl in Ireland. Well Ivan O'Neary was always scheming how to plague Ivan O'Donnell and one day it came to his mind to steal Daisy. So on a dark night he lead her away from her box and put her among his own herd, for a little joke merely. The next morning there was considerable commotion in Ivan O'Donnell's hovel, for Daisy was the chief support of O'Donnell and his good wife. Out O'Donnell went to search for the cow, over hill and dale, bog and pasture, field and covert. He met Ivan O'Neary going to market.

"Musha, friend, what is it you are after doing so airly," says O'Neary.

"Its' hunting for Daisy I am," says O'Donnell.

"Be Jabers, and is the poor beast lost" says O'Neary.

"She is surely," says O'Donnell.

And Daisy was not found that day nor the next.

Three days afterward Ivan O'Neary was coming home at an unearthly hour. He was always stumbling up against some tree, or stumbling down into some bog hole and he was thinking what a neat little joke he was playing on Ivan O'Donnell. He began to feel very drowsy, so down he sat by a large stone to rest a bit. Presently he heard someone calling, "Ivan O'Neary," "Ivan O'Neary." He looked around and saw a figure coming towards him, and when he clapped eyes on him he knew him for Patrick Rooney who had gone overboard fishing long years ago.

"Ivan O'Neary," says he, "Ivan O'Neary," on what are you thinking?"

"O, Patrick," says Ivan, 'I'm thinking of a poor neighbor of mine that lost a cow last week."

"A cow, a cow, why I belive there was the likes of a cow came to our kingdom last week."

"To your kingdom? and would you mind telling an old friend where that be?"

"It's in the 'Land where lost things go' that I'm living now."

"In the 'Land where lost things go'! indade now are you?"

"I am surely. I've just been out walking and am after going there now, would you like to come along?"

"Egad and that I would," says O'Neary.

Hardly was the word out of his mouth when Patrick Rooney stepped right down through a hole under the stone. O'Neary followed Rooney through a long passage. On the way Ivan grew curious and he asked.

"What kind of a land is this?"

"Indade I don't know, it's lost, it's never been discovered," says Patrick Rooney.

"Oh—! and where is your house."

"I don't know, it's lost too."

"Oh—! indade."

Finally they came to a gate with the name, "Lost Land," floating in the air above it. They entered and the first thing to be seen was a small church built from the arms of Venus; thimbles and collar buttons were passing into church. Along the street stately umbrellas were walking. Ivan O'Neary and Patrick Rooney strolled on down a lane. There was not much conversation exchanged between them because Rooney's voice was lost and O'Neary was too drowsy to talk. They passed a miserable house. In the meadow behind the house was straying Daisy. The sight of her tickled O'Neary so much that he laughed outright, woke up and found himself sitting on the white stone by the road side. It was day time.

Ivan O'Neary stroked his chin and set off for home. He stopped at Ivan O'Donnell's.

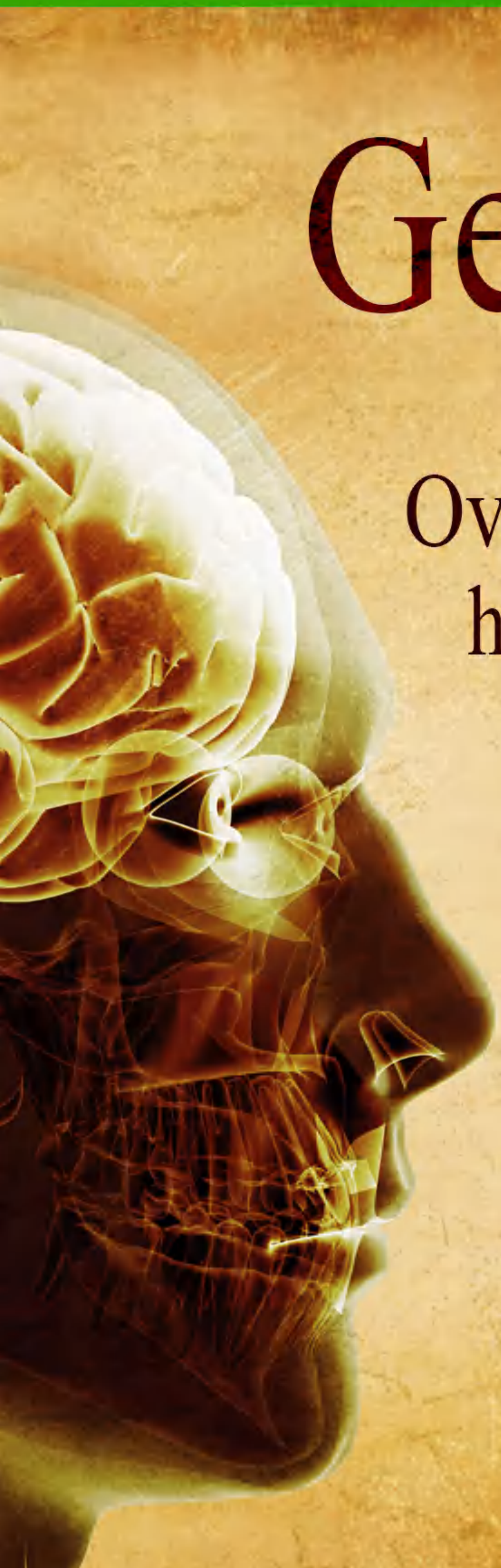
"My bitter grief," says O'Neary, "that you were not in my place last night."

"For why do you wish that?"

"Why I saw Daisy," and he related his experiences.

The next night Ivan O'Donnell thought he would try his luck at seeing his old cow. He went to the same tavern where Ivan O'Neary had been, returned by the same road, and sat down by the same stone. By and by he heard a voice, "Ivan O'Donnell, Ivan O'Donnell." He looked up and saw the lank Jack Dudden, a young orphan, who, when a baby, had been found at one of the villager's door.

"Ivan O'Donnell,' says he, "on what are you thinking?"



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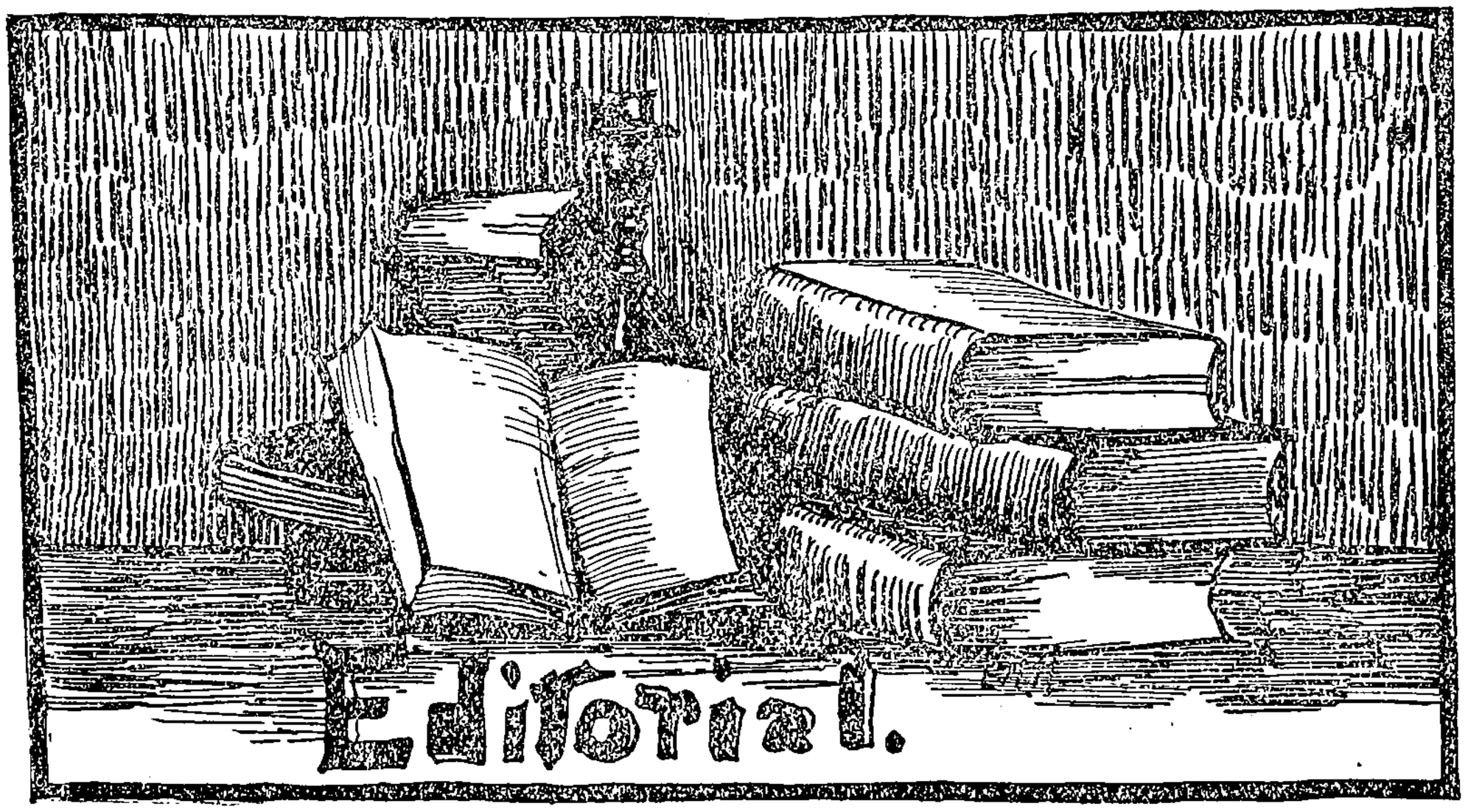


THE READING ROOM

Some time ago there appeared in a New York newspaper an article concerning reading in colleges for women. Its author made several statements which were rather startling. He declared that college women were well versed in the classics, that as a general rule they were well read in modern

fiction, but that they were lacking in a knowledge of the serious practical reading of today. Upon reading such statements we naturally pause to reflect upon their truth or falsity.

If they are true our colleges are failing in one of their chief purposes, namely to broaden our minds and awaken an interest in the movements of the world about us, social and otherwise. Such an interest would be shown by the choice of reading of the student. Do college students spend most of their leisure hours perusing the fiction or the serious articles in our best magazines? The questioner seeks an answer by visiting the reading room of our own institution. Here she finds perhaps four girls reading at a table which is liberally supplied with all the best publications of the day. The first student is carelessly turning pages in pursuite of the latest millinery creations; the second smiling over a fascinating carton in "Life"; the third interested in a short story or bit of light fiction. These the questioner passes by, and approaches the fourth who is pouring intently over an article on "The Conservation Problem". Surely this is a student of the serious and the observer accosts her with rising hope, only to discover that she is in desperation trying to consume the article for an economics recitation during the five minutes before class. Such a situation is frequent.

Should we not then spend our leisure moment more profitably; avoid wasting time and thought on too light fiction and consider the worthier advantages of our reading room.

All those who have been attending the art lectures, which are being given in the library by Miss McIneery, under the auspices of the Alumnae Association, can appreciate their interest and value to all college students. Miss McIneery has wide knowledge and intense interest in her subject and is able to present it in such a concrete way that it is both instructive and entertaining. These lectures form a very good substitute in our curriculum for a History of Art course and the wise student will be quick to take advantage of them. So do not forget to join the audience in the library Wednesday mornings at ten o'clock. You will be amply repaid.

ALUMNÆ

The Society of Collegiate Alumnae gave their annual reception to the Secondary Schools of this vicinity on Saturday, January twenty-first. The girls who visited the college on that day were shown the buildings, then refreshments were served to them. There was an address by Mrs. Roberts, president of the Society, and one by Mrs. Maclschlan, president of the College Club. Miss Butterfield sang, and there was music by the Mandolin Club. The play, "Meistershaft", was repeated by the Seniors.

Born November eleventh to Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Shaw (Florence Van Wagener, '05) a son, John David Shaw.

Several of the P. C. W. Alumnae attended the first of Miss McCreery's art lectures in the library on January eleventh.

Mary Kramer, '10, visited the college Wednesday morning, January eleventh.

COLLEGE NOTES

On January fourteenth, the college entertained the Classical Club. The members of this club are teachers of classics in colleges and secondary schools in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. The meeting of the club occurred in the library at ten-thirty, the speaker being Professor Allen of W. & J. Later, luncheon was served in Woodland Hall.

Miss Frances McCreery gave the first of a series of lectures on Art, in the library on January eleventh. The subjeet of the lecture was "Giotto and the Early Renaissance." The students found it very interesting as well as instructive. Subjects for the other lectures, with their dates, are as follows: January eighteenth, The Venetian School and the Four Great Venetians; February first, The Renaissance in Florence; Leonardo and Raphael; February eighth, Michael Angelo and

Junior Class. This was a very pleasant occasion and much appreciated by the many guests. The music was excellent, and the guests seemed to find no difficulty in "footing it fleetly." Delicious refreshments were served. At the close of the evening the unanimous sentiment was that the class of nineteen twelve was most successful as hostesses.

Thursday afternoon, January twelfth, the Omega Society held its regular meeting in the reception room. The society has taken up the study of the modern dramatists and William Butler Yeates with Stephen Phillips were discussed. Maggie May McCullough, '11, read a paper on the lives of Phillips and Yeates. Rosalie Supplee, '11, gave a discussion of "The Hour Glass" by Yeates, while "Paolo and Franceska" by Phillips was criticised by Beulah Pierce, '12. Miss Coolidge and Mrs. Drais were guests of the afternoon.

Der deutsche verein held its regular meeting in the reception room, Thursday, January fifth, Irma Diescher, '11; Lillian McHenry, '13, and Florence Keys, '13, were "conjugated" into membership of the society. After the initiation Madame Graziani gave a very interesting talk about Heidelberg, her home city, and illustrated her talk by means of post cards; then German folk songs were sung by all. Miss Cooldge, Miss Fischer, and Miss Skilton, honorary member of the society, were present. The hostesses of the afternoon were Mabel Crowe, '11, and Sara Carpenter, '11.

PERSONALS

Miss G.—I don't know what the question was, Miss Butterfield, and I feel sure if I did, I wouldn't know the answer.

Miss B.—Please give the kinecular moletic theory.

Is it the fashion to sleep in class? Ask the Freshmen.

Miss C. (speaking of Basketball)—"That happened in the first act didn't it?"

Miss M. (in Greek after hearing suggestion)—This word means "kill time".

Miss W. (who is tall)—He was very unattractive in his personal appearance. He was short!

The old fad of sliding down hill on trays has been revived by the college girls this year. Snowy hillsides, laughing girls, battered trays and giddy whirls are the usual things hereabouts.

MUSIC NOTES

Friday evening, January thirteenth, a delightful concert was given by Miss Margherita Welling, pianist, and Miss Butterfield, soloist. The programme was as follows:

Theme and Six Variations.....Beethoven
Humoreske in C Major.....Grieg
Nocturne No. 1.....Schumann

Miss Welling

Bride Songs, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.....P. Cornelius

Miss Butterfield

Prelude in B Minor.....Chopin
Nocturne No. 4.....Schumann
Humoreske in G Sharp Minor.....Grieg
Indian Melodies .....Farwell
a Approach of the Thunder God
b Old Man's Love Song
c Inketunga's Thunder Song
Butterfly ..... Grieg
Romance ..... Sibelius
Humoreske in G Minor.....Grieg

Miss Welling

Promise ..... Chaminade
The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold.....Whelpley

Miss Butterfield

Waltz ..... Jensen
Vanished Days..... Grieg
Wedding Days..... Grieg
Miss Welling

The Mandolin Club are practicing zealously. We hope their labors may be rewarded in the near future. On Saturday, January twenty-first, the club played at the meeting of the Collegiate Alumnae.

EXCHANGES

Send exchanges to "The Sorosis", Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa.

In the "Allegheny Literary Monthly" we can always expect to find good material arranged in an attractive way. "The Professor's Thanksgiving", in the December number, is a good story.

The "Training of John" in the November "Holcad" is bright and unusual. The "Holcad" for December contains good, spirited editorial articles.

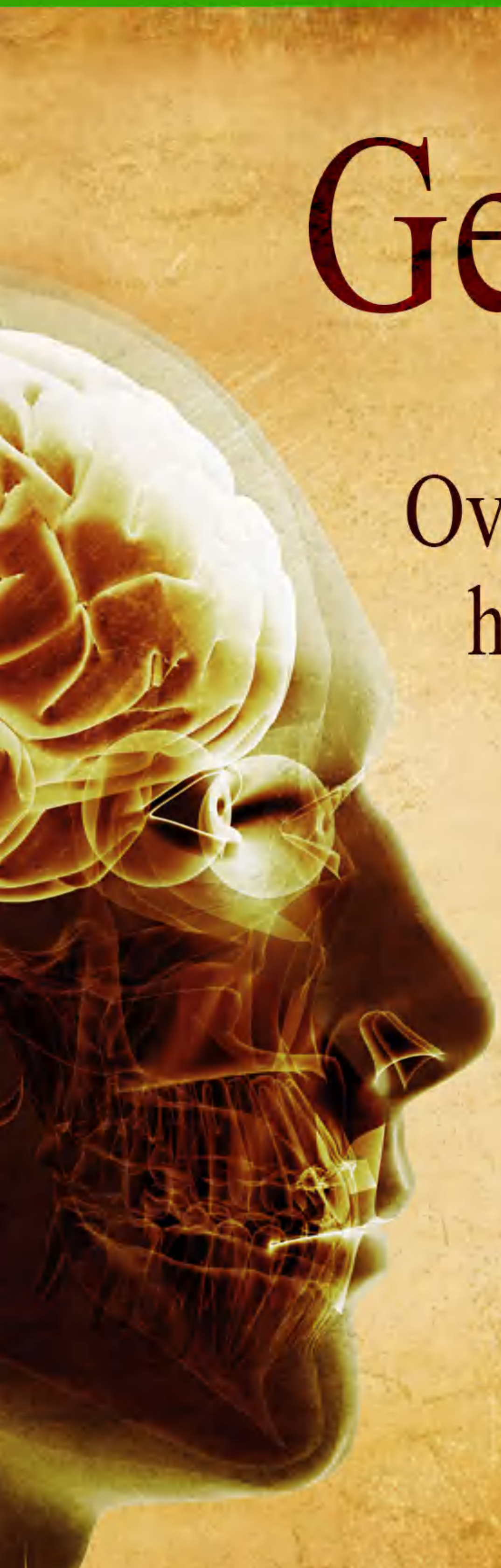
Tramp—Come, missus, arst yer 'usband if 'e aint got a old pair o' trousers to give away.

Spinster (anxious not to expose her solitude)—Why you see, he—er—er never wears such things.

There is too much slang and not enough literary articles in "The Buchtelite".

Can you make good sense out of this sentence: "I said and I did and not but."

"The Muhlenberg" is an attractive paper from cover to cover.



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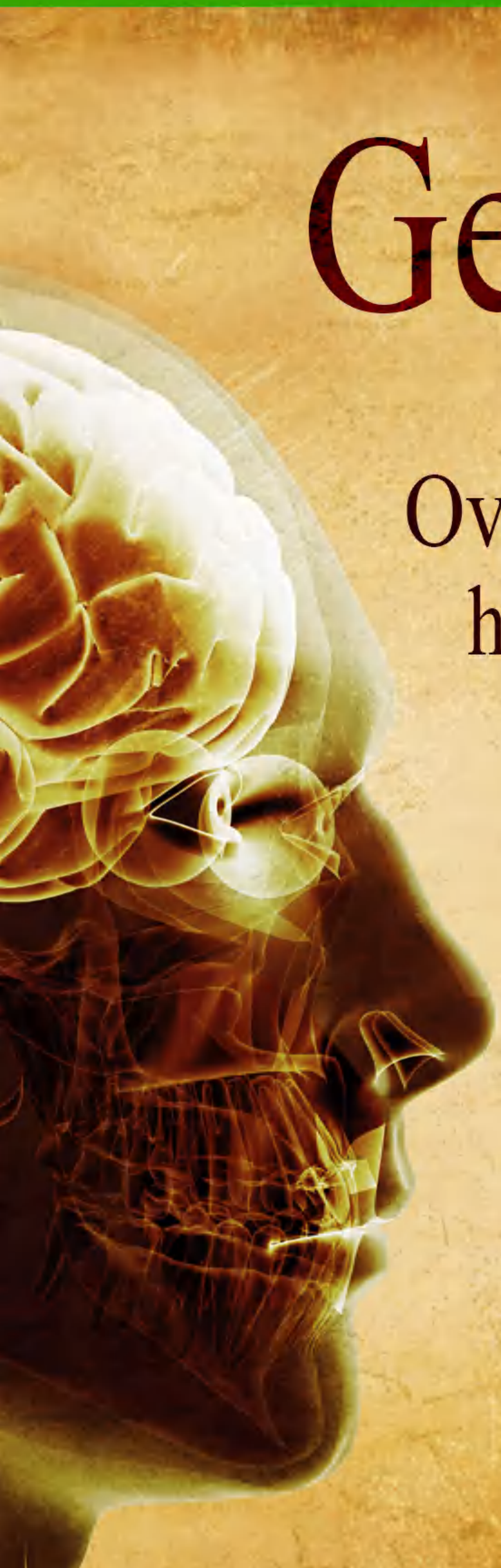

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CONTENTS

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When Wellington learned of Blücher's defeat, he retreated from Quatre Bras, situated a few miles northwest of Ligny, to Mont St. Jean in the vicinity of Waterloo. His troops occupied Hougomont, a chateau which was almost a fortress, having strong brick walls and a moat, and also a brick farm house called La Haye Sainte. His position was very well chosen. Napoleon had followed Wellington and deployed his army in three lines to the south of the Allied Armies. The French array was brilliant; the number was superior by about four thousand to that of the enemy, but they were far from being as efficient as the British veterans or the German legion.

On account of the rain of the night before the 18th, Napoleon delayed opening the battle until the ground was firm enough to use artillery, so the first attack was not made until almost twelve o'clock. With his usual penetration, Napoleon saw that the Allied left was the weakest, so he decided to make a feint upon the right where the enemy entrenched behind Hougomont was the strongest and then to descend suddenly upon the left, force Wellington toward France and so cut off his line of retreat to Brussels. The plan was brilliant in its conception but was never executed. Napoleon allowed Reille to whom the charge upon Hougomont was intrusted to convert the feint into a real attack. An immense loss of life was sustained by the French in this fruitless endeavor to take the enemy's strongest position, an attempt in which they persisted until the end of the day. During the afternoon, Napoleon seated at a table upon which his map was spread dozed most of the time. Ney and d'Erlon, left to their own judgment evolved a scheme for attacking the enemy's left. It failed completely. Ney then directed his energies toward the Allied center. He made charge after charge against the British squares, ruthlessly wasting the flower of the French cavalry. Dubois's brigade, to add to the terrible carnage, dashed in ignorance over the brow of the hollow road of Ohain and it became the grave of almost one-third of them. Ney, finally realizing how vain his charges were, fell upon La Haye Sainte and took it. He broke through the very heart of the opposing line. He was badly

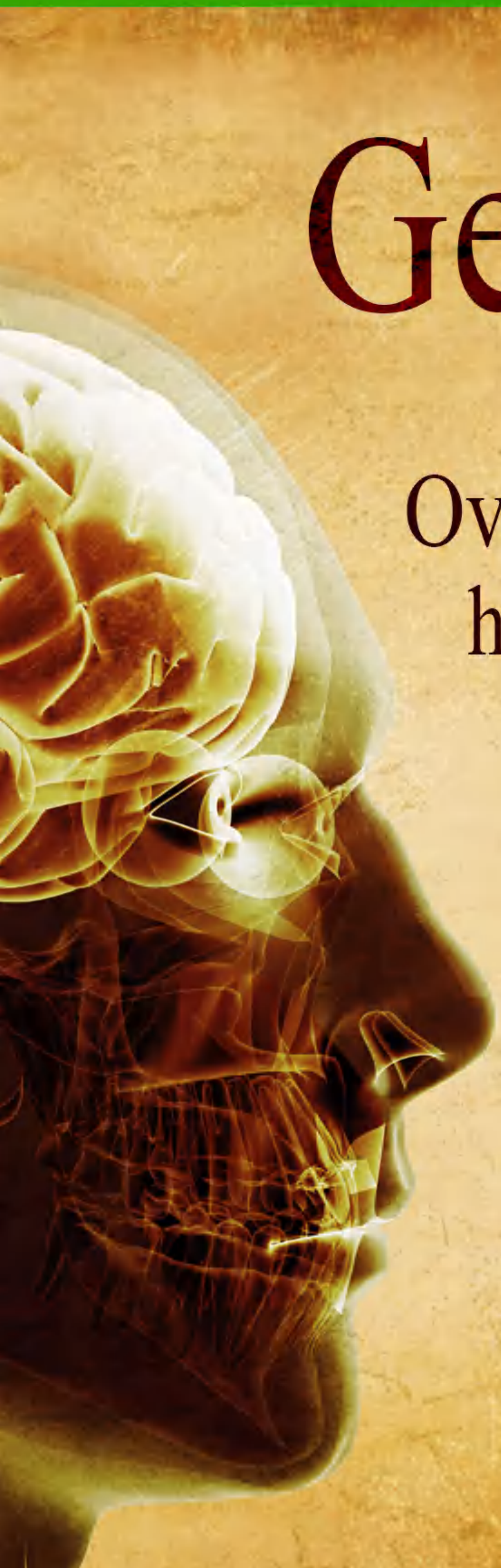
in need of a reserve force, however, and sent to Napoleon for infantry to which demand he petulantly replied, "Where do you expect me to get them from? Am I to make them?" It was now about six o'clock; both Wellington and Napoleon had sustained heavy losses. A cloud of dust appeared in the east which Napoleon took to be reinforcements from Grouchy whom he claims he ordered to keep in touch with him. The reinforcements were for the English, not the French. It was Blücher whom Grouchy, because of his slowness and lack of appreciation of the importance of his mission, had allowed to slip by him. Against the added strength of the Allied Armies, the French, worn-out by the hard fighting of the afternoon, hurled themselves with wonderful exhibitions of reckless bravery. Ney, who led the charge, had five horses shot under him. He was almost mad with the frenzy of a losing fight. Brandishing a broken sword in his hand he cried, "Come see how a Marshal of France dies on the battlefield!" As a last resort, Napoleon ordered the Old Guard to charge the enemy. It was composed of soldiers who had fought with the Emperor in all his famous battles. They were for the most part children of peasants who had been well-drilled, and well-paid and who had no ties but those of their Emperor. Napoleon's influence over them was almost hypnotic. This was the last charge they were ever to make for their beloved commander. They fought until but one hundred and fifty survived. They did not know how to surrender. The retreat of the French soon became a rout. Napoleon, who, sunk in a drowsy stupor, was incapable of looking after himself, was cared for by a guard of forty men who conducted him to Paris.

Thus was lost the most decisive battle of the Age. If it had not rained, if Grouchy had cut off Blücher, or had himself joined Napoleon, if Reille had not converted the feint upon Hougomont into a real attack, if Ney had been given reinforcements at the proper time, if etc., ad infinitum, the history of Europe would have been changed. It is quite probable that if only one of these hypotheses had actualy occurred, the French would have won but it is useless to continue in such surmising for none of them did nor could occur,

not because blind fate or destiny ruled it otherwise but because it is impossible in this age for a single man, of no matter how great, genius to victoriously oppose almost the whole of the civilized world. The days of Alexander and Caesar are past for the plane of civilization of the masses is higher. Napoleon was a man of genius but he was only a man; he could not accomplish the impossible task of putting the world back to what it was a thousand years ago.

The Napoleon that came back from Elba was not the Napoleon of Austerlitz. After having been forced to abdicate once the possibility or even the probability of final overthrow must always stand before him. A lethargy and indecision marked his movements where formerly were swiftness and self-confidence. As in the case of all "one-man armies", the spirit of the commander is found reflected in his men, so were Napoleon's troops vitally affected by their leader's loss of self-confidence. Though at his return from exile they rallied to him with their old time enthusiasm, yet a doubt of his success was there now.

In addition to this purely psychological ground for failure there was also a physical one. Napoleon was one individual fighting an organization. For years, we might say, his brain had not rested—had not had a chance to rest for upon its keenness and alertness depended the fate of an Empire. It is contrary to the laws of nature that a man could carry such tremendous responsibilities and never have any relief from them, so we see Napoleon dozing away the afternoon that the Empire was fighting a losing battle for its life. His brain had become incapable of responding to his will as heretofore. At Waterloo, the Emperor's plan of battle was as brilliant as any he ever made but he had lost his grasp upon details and it was upon these mere details that the result of the battle depended. He did not follow up the Prussians soon enough after their defeat at Ligny and when he did he chose a man unsuited for the office. He did not follow up his assaults, he did not retreat when beaten, he could attend to only one thing at a time, and in great contrast to Wellington he was neither calm nor alert.



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outright and slammed down the book she was reading. The next day she was to sing a great oratorio in a large eastern church. It would be impossible to make the train now.

"Let's take a walk," the shoe man proposed and with the shirt man started off.

On every side rolled the uneven foothills. Far away to the north lines of the dim blue peaks were shadowed against the clear horizon little vegetation adorned this desert land; the rocks of the hills shone under the sun in all their hazy multi-colored beauty.

The two men directed their steps to a clump of cotton-woods a hundred yards off. As they drew near they saw a man digging a narrow wedge-like hole under the trees.

"Prospecting?" inquired the shirt man.

"No sir." The man raised his head and they saw that his face was sad. His eyes looked as if he had been weeping.

"Grave?" asked the shoeman.

He nodded his head.

"Who for?" The tone was sympathetic.

"My little girl," said the man. Then he went on. "We lived in western Kansas. She took sick. The doctors said—try the mountains—so we did and started out in our wagon. But it was too late—" his voice broke. "She died—last night—it's a long ways to the nearest town—we don't know a soul in the territory—we concluded we'd bury her ourselves." Then looking at the men he asked wistfully.

"Be either of you a preacher? We just can't bury her without some Scripture and a song."

The shirt man coughed and swallowed the lump in his throat.

"No we are not ministers but I guess we can read some scripture and pray."

"There's the singer on the train," the shoe man added.

"Wait a few minutes, sir, and we'll be back."

"She's over yonder," said the man pointing to the covered wagon.

"We can get the boys," said the shoe man as they walked back to the train, "but I don't believe that singer will budge out of her seat."

"I'll ask her any way."

When they reached the train the shirt-man went directly to the singer.

"Pardom me for speaking, madam, but I have a request to make in behalf of a mother." He told the tale briefly. "Will you sing something for that mother?"

"Yes," she said and followed him.

The mother across the aisle heard the story and with her little girl in her arms joined them. The four men, the singer and the mother, and a dozen others made up the party. When they reached the little grove, the grave had been dug. A long shoe box had been emptied of its contents and a patch-work quilt folded and placed in it. In this, resting her head on a small pillow, lay the "little girl"—a sweet-faced child of four. In her arms she held a battered doll. By her side knelt the mother. She had gathered an apron full of bright cactus flowers and some green leaves. These she was arranging around the inside of the coffin talking all the time to the still form.

"Mary," her husband touched her arm, "here are some people come to help us."

"I knew God would send some one," she answered simply.

The shirt-man stepped to the head of the coffin, the shoe-man to the foot. The shirt-man took out a Testament and read a few familiar passages.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

Then the shoe-man prayed that "though this grave was far from any human dwelling that the angels would keep the little one from being lonesome or afraid."

Four of the men lowered the small coffin slowly and gently while the shirt-man said, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. 'I am the Ressurection and the Life.'"

Then the singer clasping her hands raised her eyes heavenward and with all the sweetness of her marvelous voice sang "Angels ever bright and fair," repeating so softly that it sounded like an echo, "Take, oh take, her to your care". Then stepping to the mother she put her arm around her and led her back to the wagon.

The men filled up the grave and placed a little mound of stones over it, then walked slowly back to the wagon with the father. The singer and the mother were sitting on a box hands clasped and tears on both their faces.

A whistle sounded. The singer kissed the weeping mother. The man turned and said simply, "Gentlemen, you are strangers but you have been kind to us in trouble and we thank you."

A strangely silent group walked back to the train. The shirt-man looked back as they drew near it. The wife was leaning on her husband's shoulder, his arms around her.

The big engine puffed, snorted, the bell rang, the whistle blew and the train moved off.

But the game of cards was not continued. The little golden-haired tot did not "bother" mamma any more but was held close and at last was lulled to sleep. The singer spoke pleasantly to the gray-haired lady in front of her. A mother with three children occupied a section near the front of the car. As it grew dark the children became restless. The singer walked forward and took the smallest one in her arms and sang a baby song until the little head drooped on her shoulder fast asleep. Then she told the others wonderful stories until the brakeman called out,

"Thirty minutes for supper. Passengers for south change cars."

M. F. C., '11.

A FRAGMENT

A tangled thicket, where a lazy stream
With pleasant gurglings wanders out
And winds itself with many a wanton gleam
O'er level ways, where briary bushes sprout.
There hang the berries on the laden vines
Each dark globe lustrous like the fruit of mines.

Within the shelter of the gloomy brake
Small woodland creatures now abide.
The timid rabbit and the stealthy snake
And cautious turtle here in peace may hide,
And fear no sound that through the tangle goes
But let each rustle lull them to repose.

I saw many dear and familiar faces, faces that I had known through all past years of reading, faces of men and women beautiful, intelligent; filled with the happiness and joy of living with faith in humanity and with love.

On the other side the throng was not so dense and held but few faces that I knew. Looking at them gave me a confused impression of having known them, yet I could name none. They too were beautiful but the beauty filled me with repugnance. There was none of the happy joy of life but in their cynical blasè expressions a sickening knowledge of something unknown to me seemed written.

The learned gentleman rose. He turned to my friends and spoke. "And now my friends, we have need of you no more. You are dreams. You have failed to show us life as it is. This world is one of real things. Ideals have no place now in men's minds. You were enjoyed, perhaps loved but this my latest tribe is the truest. Truth we must have. Farewell. Come my children. At last we have found life's deepest truths."

He turned with the morbid "children" and passed away from my sight. My friends remained. Their faces never sad. A deep voice spoke and I recognized my early love, Ivanhoe.

"They have need of us no more? 'Tis a way some have, to forget. Yet they have known us so long."

"Aye, and loved us."

"Who are these usurpers?" The voices faded away and all dissappeared but one woman, young and beautiful.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ah, have you too forgotten? I am the offspring of a master's mind—the great bard. He fashioned me with loving hands and deepest sympathy, putting in my being a part of his own great mind, a love of life, of beauty, of romance, a love of love, pure and true. Perhaps," she smiled, "a little wit, a little bravery, a little foolishness. I am Rosalind, my child. You loved me once. And, oh child, love me still. Love still the romance, the great blessing of trusting love. Love still that life, that nature teaches those who love her. My great creator knew humanity, and that humanity is little different

now. It is not the kind our judge pronounces it. My friends have left me sad but I still have faith."

Her voice grew fainter. I awoke.

The modern masterpiece had fallen to the floor. I picked it up. Perhaps it speaks the truth—a part of it. But I have still my friends, the healthy, happy, ideal loving friends. They are the closest.

M. F. C., '11.

SKETCHES

A QUAKER MEETING

A person who has never attended a Quaker meeting can never fully realize its beauty. The perfect stillness with nothing to distract your attention is enough to make any one better. Even though no one has an inspiration to speak you feel that you have been benefited. The truth of the old saying "Silence is golden" is nowhere better seen than here. People need to be in quiet frequently that they may search themselves to see if all is as it should be in their lives. Unfortunately in the hurry of our present day life none of us take enough time for such things. But here in a plain meeting-house, amid plain people with beautiful faces which are alone an inspiration we find plenty of time for a heart-searching. Even though we may grow very weary sitting still so long the effect of the service is still beneficial.

M. S., '14.

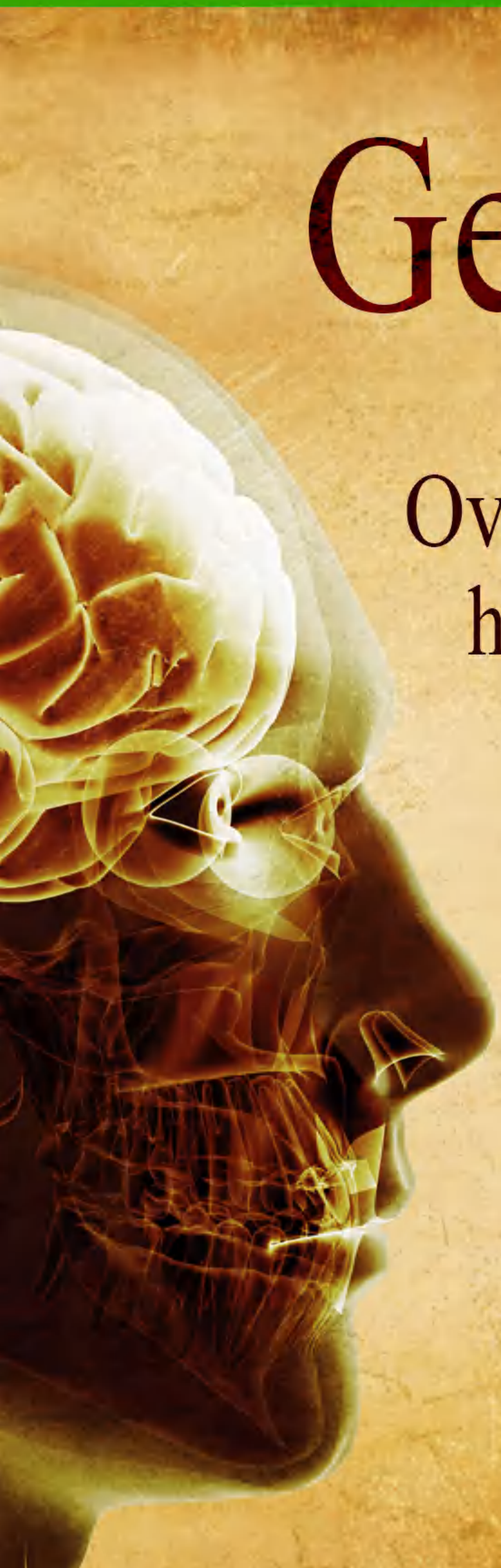
WHAT IS IT?

The fly was walking slowly across the desk. Suddenly he found his way blocked by an obstacle which was not much higher than himself, but seemed to stretch interminably to both sides. The fly liked the fragrant cedar wood, so he crawled to the top and then down the entire length. At the end was a piece of shiny, slippery metal, but little ridges in

this helped the fly keep his balance. He counted the ridges. Five. Then he sat down on a soft little cushion imbedded in the metal. Soon he crawled down and went on across the desk.

A few days afterward he happened to be passing that way again; and again he found the obstacle. This time it was much shorter. At one end there projected a worn-down point around which the wood was chewed into splinters; the soft cushion at the other end was rubbed away, leaving the sharp metal projecting. The fly looked at it and passed by on the other side.

A. C., '14.



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college, organizations which require work for which we do not receive credit in pen and ink as we do for our academical labors. It is not to the truth of the statement that we should object but to the spirit which prompted it. It was evidently prompted by a lack of that spirit of loyalty which is the life of any institution.

The spirit of a college is always reflected by its student organizations. They form the part of our life which is best known to the outside world. It is by means of them that we are judged and so either aided or injured.

We have among us several societies, of various natures, which require support; Y. W. C. A., the dramatic club, the athletic associations, the glee and mandolin clubs, Omega and "Sorosis". One account of their diversity of interests, they naturally appeal to students of different types, and ordinarily one student would be expected to support one or two only. But here, where there is still room for increase in the size of the student body, the situation is different. There are several clubs to be supported by comparatively few students, so that each girl must support more than the usual number. It is easily seen that such a situation, in spite of the pleasures, social and intellectual, to be gained, requires real devotion of time and energy.

But why should we consider this work as a sacrifice upon our part? Should we not rather consider it as a duty which we ourselves owe to our college. As we, through our organizations, must represent our Alma Mater should we not as loyal students do it in the best way possible? To accomplish this each individual must be wide awake and faithful in fulfilling her obligations to our societies. What our organizations need is loyalty.

ALUMNÆ

Miss Leila Estep, '09, is teaching in Alliquippa.

Mrs. Armstrong is still absent from the College, and Miss Eva Cohen, '09, is taking her place in the teaching of Sophomore History.

Miss Carla Jarecki, '09, is spending the winter abroad.

Miss Gladwin Coburn, Miss Leila Estep and Miss Eva Cohen, all of the class of '09, were guests at the Midyear Reception on February third.

Mrs. Spencer was with us in chapel, Thursday morning, February twenty-third, to express her thanks for the part taken in the missionary pageant by the Seniors and Juniors.

Mrs. Maurice Trimble of Ben Avon, one of the Alumnae, attended the Midyear Reception.

Two members of the Alumnae who were appointed on the Recorder Board at a meeting in June, could not serve, and the present committee consists of Mrs. Thomas Hanna, chairman, and Miss Edna McKee, and Miss Ethel Tassey with Mrs. P. O. Fulton as advisory member.

Mrs. Helen Duncan Patton, '90, died February first of heart failure. She leaves one son, Duncan Patton.

Miss Anna Hunter, '04, was among the guests at the reception, Friday evening, February, the third.

Miss Ethel Tassey, '09, is teaching in the High School at Rotterdam Junction, New York.

COLLEGE NOTES

The new catalogues, for 1910-11, are almost ready for issuing.

Miss Clarissa Moffat, Secretary of the Pittsburgh Teachers' Association, spoke to the Pedagogy Class on "The School Code," on Friday, February seventeenth.

The German Club had a very pleasant meeting on Thursday, February sixteenth, at three thirty.

The great Women's Missionary Jubilee was held in Pittsburgh February sixteenth and seventeenth. The College Juniors and Seniors took part in the Pageant representing the New Women of the Far East. A choir from the College also helped with the singing at a meeting in the Third Presbyterian Church on Friday, February seventeenth.

At the Rittenhouse on February eighteenth, was held the annual luncheon of the Collegiate Alluminae and the College Club of Pittsburgh. President King of Oberlin College was the speaker, and Dr. Lindsay was a guest, bringing greetings from our college.

The College Basket Ball Team has been chosen. It consists of the following members:

Forwards—Jeanne Gray, Pauline Burt.
Center—Claire Colestock.
Side Center—Ruth Peck.
Guards—Helen Blair, Josette Kochersperg.

The second or sub team are:
Forwards—Marguerite Titzell, Ethel Williams.
Center—Martha Young.
Side Center—Sarah Jackson, alternating with Maude Shutt.
Guards—Lillian McHenry and Mary G. Gray.

The present series of art lectures by Miss McCreery, will be followed by some stereoptican lectures in the Assembly Hall, on Wednesday mornings to which both the College and Dilworth Hall are invited.

The Freshman Dramatics, consisting of a play entitled "The Girls of 1776", took place on February twenty-fourth. The cast was as follows:

Characters

Madam Evelyn Mayfields.....Helen Rutherford
Amanda Her Daughters..... Mary Savage
Helen .....Pauline Burt

The schedule of March events at the College runs somewhat as follows: March third, Sophomore Dance; March tenth, Glee Club Concert; March twenty-fourth, Dilworth Hall Class Day.

There have been some very interesting meetings in Y. W. C. A. lately. Miss Root gave an instructive talk on "Discerning Christ," at a recent gathering. The subject, "Lincoln" was discussed on February fourteenth. Miss Stitt led an active prayer meeting the week before. Mr. Putnam recently spoke to the association on "The Old Ways."

An event long expected, took place on February tenth—the Valentine Dinner. There was a gay throng in Berry Hall dining room. Love messages were sent flying up and down the long tables, and merry jests went round. A wonderful repast was set before the guests. After dinner, dancing, and then a delightful play, presented by the Faculty.

Special Performance—One Night Only

Sarah Bernhardt and Cast in "His Lordship" at the New Theater, Pennsylvania College. Daniel Frohman presents his All Star Cast.

"His Lordship"

A Play in Two Acts

Mrs. Farrington.....Sarah Bernhardt (Miss Kerst)
Miss Helen Page.....Ethel Barrymore (Miss Kathan)
Miss Jessie Vincent.....Fritzi Scheff (Miss Fisher)
Miss Polly Eastman.....Billie Burke (Miss Hooker)
Annette, alias Ernestine.....Nazimova (Miss Root)
Comtesse de la Ville
Sir Henry Tifton.....John Drew (Miss Lovejoy)
Mr. Marmaduke Craft.....E. H. Sothern (Miss Butterfield)
Jack Brady.....Jack Barrymore (Miss Lindsay)
Tom Boynton.....Robert Mantell (Miss Campbell)
James Robert Hanly.....David Warfield (Miss Meloy)

Executive Staff

Manager .....Daniel Frohman
Business Manager.....James Robbins
Stage Manager.....Robert Mantell
Chief Mechanician.....John Wolford
Mistress of the Robes.....Mlle. Elise

Act I—Sea View Villa. Pass Christian. Mrs. Farrington's Garden. Afternoon in June.

Act II—The same. Evening. Time—Present.

The gowns worn by Madame Bernhardt were designed by Madame Collette, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

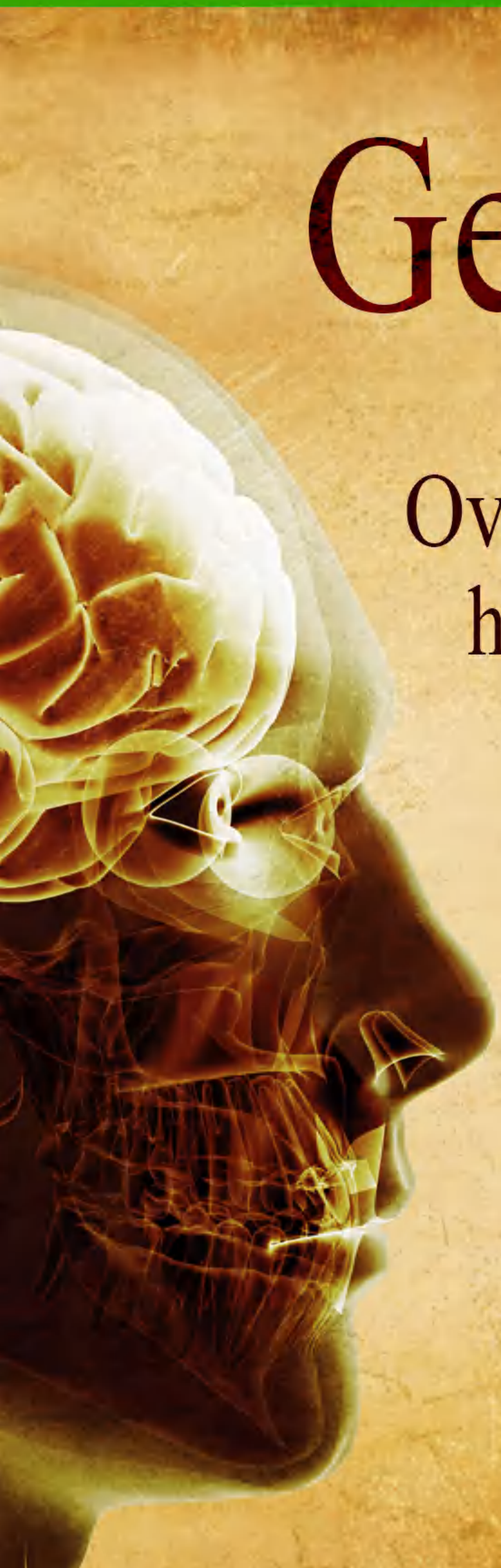
Prologue

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."
And even teachers, grave and stern
'Tis Cupid's night, time to be jolly
Can, now and then, a joke discern.
And gratify our love of folly.

When most of us our way did wend,
The Christmas days at home to spend
One of our number stayed at College
And got romance mixed up with knowledge.
The faculty for quite three days
Had all the students in a haze,
Then could no more the secret keep
And someone's lips it did o'er leap.
But here's another secret still,
And this one none of you must tell.
Another friend, guess if you can,
Went sighing soft, "O for a man!"
In other hearts the sighs resound,
Until through all the building round
An undertone of sighing ran
"O, for a man!" "O, for a man!"
In the dean's room was heard the wail;
Danger to see, she could not fail;

What can be done in all the fuss
When teachers take to acting thus;
Then, happy thought, "O do not fear,
St. Valentine will soon be here;
And on that day, his aid you'll ask
To help you in this awful task.
Cupid shall give you ten new darts;
Quick aim them at ten love-sick hearts.
Five lovers fond shall straight appear
And find five sweethearts waiting here.
For each, her own romantic kind,
For lovers all, one to his mind."
How they'll be found, I will not say,
You all can see in your own way,
Modest and shy, dull, sharp and bold,
Each has his own tale to unfold;
They form tonight a cast all-star,
You'll know at once just who they are.
Sarah divine and Ed and Dave
Have come for you to o'er them rave.
And John and Bob and Jack are here
And Fritzi bright and Ethel dear;
Nazimova and Billie too,
Applause and homage ask from you.
Forgive, I beg, each foolish dream
And think them now quite what they seem.
On Monday morn, it all will pass;
They'll meet you once again in class;
But if they wear romantic smiles,
And seem yet caught by Cupid's wiles,
Recall Mid?Year and, if you can,
How you felt, waiting for a man,
And pity those who wait and wait
Until that day when kindly Fate,
Shall in our hearts bright youth renew,
And bring us all a lover true.
These I present; my task is done;
Judge kindly all, it's only "fun".

Daniel Frohman.



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Prof. Stewart—"What is Mr. Ramsay's theory with regard to this?"

Class (in joyful chorus)—"Ramsay's lost."

Prof. Stewart—"O, horrors! But then you mean the book?"

The honorary members of both Freshman and Sophomore Classes aided nobly in creating excitement and enthusiasm at the great inter-class game."

Miss Soffel, teacher of German in Pittsburgh High School, was the guest of Pauline Burt, '14, on February eleventh.

There were a number of outside guests at the Valentine Dinner. The non-resident Faculty were present, and several of last year's resident students. Miss Dorothy Fox of Altoona was the guest of Esther O'Neill, '12. Miss Gladys Brown of Kittanning was entertained by Marguerite Titzell, '13.; Miss Charlotte Rutherford of Washington by Lillian McHenry, '13; Miss Margaret Corbett of Wilkinsburg by Helen Blair, '13; Miss Helen Spence of Uniontown by Cosette Spence, '12; Miss Katherine Silvus of Pittsburgh by Martha Young, '13; Miss Margaret McQuiston of Pittsburgh by Rachel McQuiston, '11, and Miss Margaret Woods of Pittsburgh by Ionia Smith. Miss Juanita Husband, Dilworth Hall, '09, was also a guest on that evening. Seniors and Fourth Year D. H. girls were the honor guests at the Faculty Play.

Hazel Hickson, '12, who has been at home for several weeks on account of illness, is now at school again.

Mme. de V. (calling the roll in French II)—"Miss G.?"

Miss G.—"Present."

Mme. de V.—"But—you were not in Italian, Miss G."

Miss G. (explanitorily)—"No, madam, I didn't get there."

Miss Kerst is giving a series of Expression Recitals. The Freshman and Sophomore performances are now ancient history.

Miss Martha Hoover of Jamestown, N. Y., visited Josette Kochersperg during the week beginning February thirteenth.

Dilworth Hall Athletic Association entertained the College "Ditto", at a Valentine Party in the Gymnasium on February foutreenth.

Miss C. (in Pedagogy)—"What effect did this have on the women of India?"

Grave and Reverend Senior—"It highered them."

All the College girls feel relieved that the Mid-Year Examinations are a thing of the past. Surprising as it may seem, everyone survived and all appear happy of countenance, with the next examinations quite four months away.

February seventeenth, Miss Coolidge spoke at the Rittenhouse before the Pedagogical Section of the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The Sorosis wishes to express its sympathy with Elma Trussell, '11, on account of the death of her father.

To the memory of the Senior Petition cut off in its youth.

Take it up tenderly; handle with care,
Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair,
How we all mourn for thee, pride of our pen,
But mortal tears can't revive you again.

Miss Essie Naugle and Miss Margaret McJunkin of Beaver Falls were recently the guest of Florence Keys, '13.

Miss Beatty was among the guests of the Faculty at the Valentine Dinner, February tenth.

Prof.—"Why are they called feminine endings?"

Fudge Consuming Sophomore — "Because they are weaker."

MUSIC NOTES

The Glee Club concert is planned for Friday night, March tenth. The combined clubs of the University of Pittsburgh and the Pennsylvania College for Women have prepared a delightful programme. After the concert there will be a dance for the two clubs, the house girls and the Westminster girls who will be here for a basketball game.

On Friday morning, February the third, we were favored by solos by Amelia Donovan, D. H., and Jessie Palmer, D. H., and by a duet from Ethel Williams, '14, and Jessie Palmer, D. H.

EXCHANGES

The exchange column of the Washington-Jeffersonian is very good and shows that all exchanges have been read and examined thoroughly. The January number does not have any stories.

The editorial in the January Muhlenberg is good. What a serious frame of mind the writer of "A Unit of Hope" must have been in! This is an interesting treatment of a much discussed subject, read it, it is well worth your time.

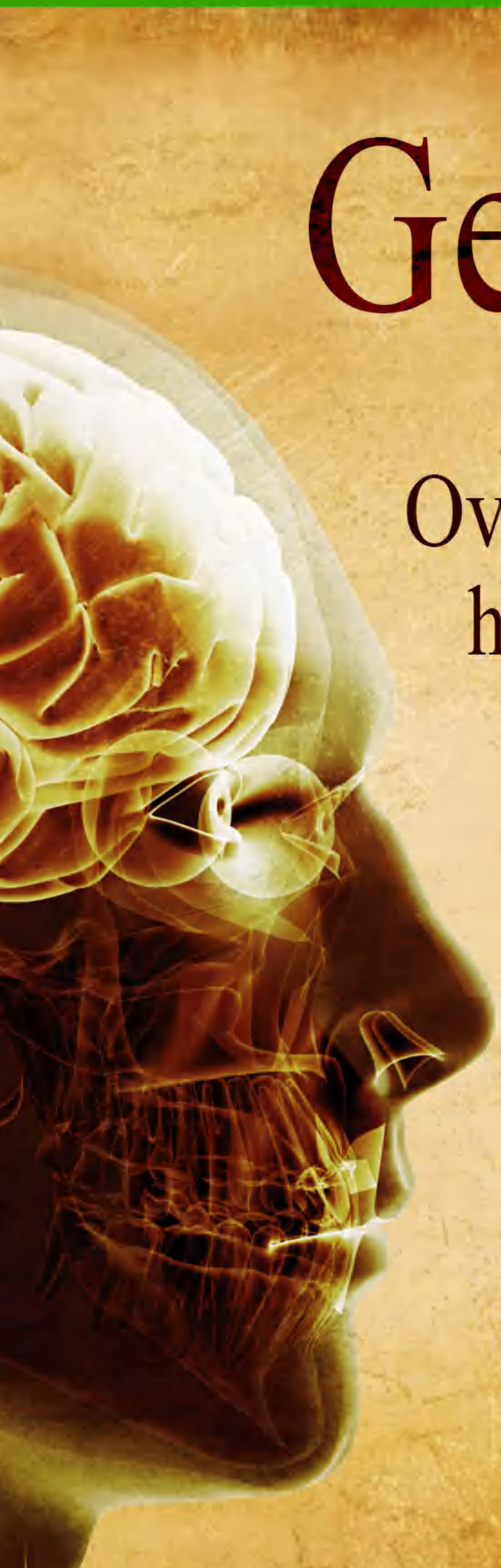
History teacher in despair—"Can any one in the class name a single memorable date in Roman history?"

"Antony's with Cleopatra," ventured someone.

The song of the Chemistry students; sung in a dismal tone:

"Flunk and the class flunks with you,
Pass and you pass alone."

The stories in "The Collegian" are rather weak. The editorials are good. Publishing the "Regulations Governing the Grove City College Paper" was a happy thought. This paper manifests united effort on the part of the students to make it a good, spirited magazine.



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LIBERTY AND OLIVER AVENUES

The Sorosis

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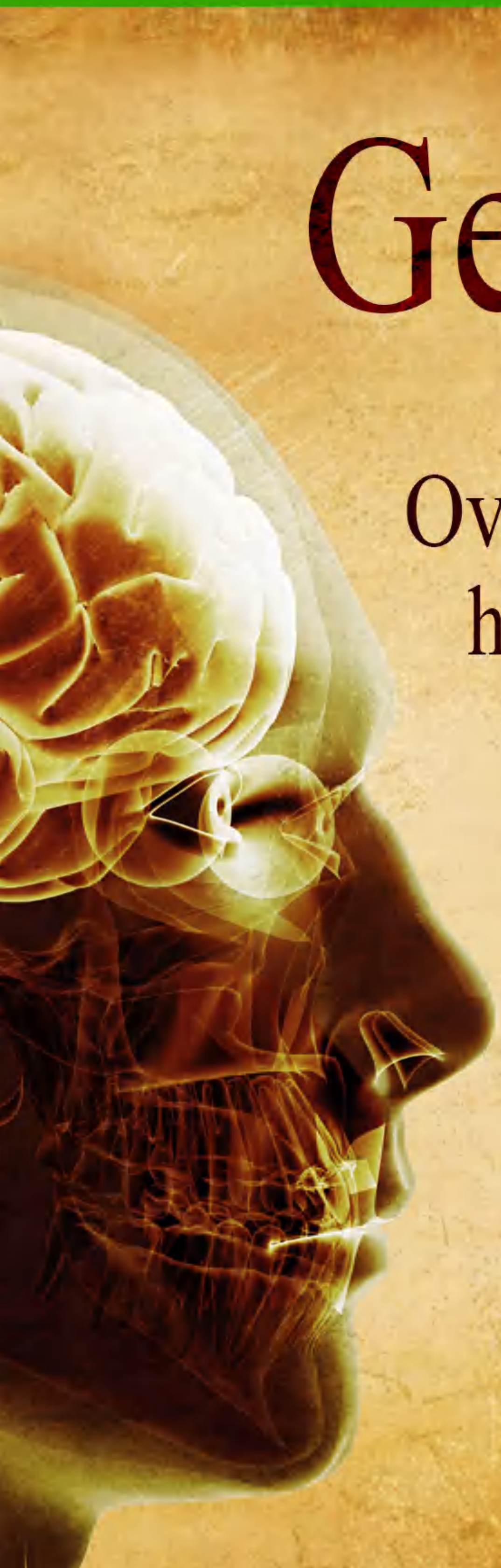

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IN UNITY TO DWELL.

· · · John and Edith McPherson were enjoying a quiet evening at home. The fire gleamed invitingly. The soft light of the reading lamp lent a ruddy glow to the little living room. It was all very inviting. John sank back in his easy chair and rattled the evening paper contentedly. Edith busied herself with her embroidery, sighing a sigh of satisfaction now and then at the easy comfort of it all. Conversation was not continuous, but the feeling of wholesome enjoyment was present, even without speech. The very puffs of smoke issuing from John's mouth bespoke the comfort so plainly evident in his attitude.

So it continued for many minutes. In the apartment beneath them, Johnny Jeffries was practicing his music lesson, Johnny was not especially talented in a musical way. Therefore, the sounds which reached the upper apartment were not conducive to the soothing of tired nerves.

"Drat the young one," said John, looking across the reading table.

"Has his mother no sense, that she lets him practice at night? He'll ruin his eyes."

"I shall have to speak to her about it. Willful ruination of eyesight is criminal!" said Edith, at which they both laughed. From the "dwelling" across the hall, the sound of a lively jig began to issue forth.

John looked inquiringly at Edith. Edith returned the glance with an apologetic smile. "I did tell you the Moores' had sent their graphaphone to be repaired. So they had, but it was returned today.

"O, I see," sighed John. The mingled sounds of the murdered "Russian Prelude" from below, and "The Blue Danube" played at ten-forty rate, were too much for any newsgatherer. So he tried to content himself with his pipe, and engage his wife in conversation.

"I can't talk," said Edith impatiently. "Either speak in jerks, as Johnny is playing, or in waltz time, to keep up with the graphaphone. Which do you prefer?"

"I'd prefer something original. Couldn't you go sing 'Annie Laure' or something? he said, making wary faces as he spoke, as Johnny made discords more glaring than usual. 'What in thunders' that?' "

"Oh, that's the Williams' baby. She always cries like that when they put her to bed—"

"I wish they'd do it before I get home then. Disagreeable little piece of humanity!" Silence ensued for a few moments.

"Strong lung power that youngster has! I'll be a raving lunatic in five more minutes." John laid his pipe on the table in disgust.

"There'll be two of us, my dear," said Edith. "And its just like this all the time. My nerves are being worn to a frazzle. Some day, I'll get into a neighborhood brawl, and disgrace myself for life."

This was a very usual way for an evening to be spoiled. A home of their own had been for some time past, the ideal of the McPhersons. One evening John came home with determination in gait and manner. He had found a house! To be sure it was a double one. That was the reason he could afford it. But Fred and Laura Holcomb would buy the other half. They were such good friends, it would surely be enjoyable.

Edith demurred a little at first. "You know, John," she said, 'their baby may be cross. And sounds carry as well in double houses as in apartments."

"Maybe they do," he returned, "but one baby and one piano, which aren't likely to "go" at one time, wont be as bad as a baby, a piano, a graphaphone, and a girl entertaining her beau with shrieks and giggles, all at once!"

"Your remarks might sound better if you would take time to breathe," said Edith squelchingly. But John had won the day and the house was bought.

"We'll just be like a happy little family, only separated by a wall thin enough to talk through," said Laura, one day, in a fit of enthusiasm.

Yes, there was no getting around it. The house was built like the majority of modern houses, so sounds in one

half were distinctly audible in the other. But they were all glad of the prospect of a home which they really owned, so they were very willing to make the best of defects.

They were settled at length, just a few days before Christmas. "This is what I call solid comfort," said John lazily settling himself in the same old easy chair, beside the same reading table. But this time the peace was real and lasting.

Edith was busy with her accounts. "John," she said. with a troubled expression, "will we do without turkey or holly this Christmas? We simply must economize somehow."

"Well, I'd rather begin the economy business after Christmas. But if we've got to begin now, lets do without the holly. It wouldn't be Christmas without turkey."

"Just like a man! But turkey is so dear," and Edith chewed the end of her pencil meditatively. Just then there was a rap on the wall.

"Busy over there?" called Laura's voice from next door. 'Fred and I are coming over!'" In another minute they were there, bringing with them a proposition which met with a hearty reception.

So it came about, that Christmas morning found Edith busy with various dainty bits of cookery, and Laura, red-cheeked and happy, watching over a generous looking "bird" in the oven. The wonderful plan had been for the two families to dine together at Laura's house, thus cutting the expense of the diner in half, to say nothing of boubling the enjoyment. Great were the preparations for the feast. What there was not room for in Laura's stove, Edith prepared in hers, and carried over. It turned out to be as nice as it sounded. They were like four happy children, playing at housekeeping, throwing responsibility and care to the winds. Little Bob was as sunny and cheerful on that auspicious day, as his surroundings. What did it matter if he broke Edith's cake plate in his wild exuberance of spirits! Or if he spilled cranberry sauce down the entire front of her new dinner gown? Everything "went" for it was Christmas. There was time enough to lament these happenings later. That day was given over to care-free merrymaking. None of the participants

"Bobby Holcomb! Bless your heart! And did he tum over to see his Aunt Ediff all by his own self?" as she hugged him delightedly.

"I wunned off," he announced, with his winning smile. "Bobby play wif purthy fing," pointing to the bronze paper knife on the table. Just then the telephone bell rang. Leaving Bobby by the table Edith hastened to answer it.

"Bobby! what are you doing?" was her frantic exclamation upon her return. A slow steady stream of ink was descending from the table to the Persian rug, the pride of Edith's heart. "I writed" was his innocent, joyous reply. The damage was not irreparable, and a half hour's labor left nothing but a faint spot.

Meanwhile, Bobby busied himself pulling the lights on and off in the electric lamp. When Edith had time to notice he was pulling them dangerously hard and fast. "Bobby!" she spoke sternly. The "enfant terrible" paid no attention. Edith crossed the room to force obedience. Bobby thought she was playing with the lights too, and began to pull the chains harder and faster. And, adding insult to injury, she received a maddening pinch back of the ear, while she was lifting him from the table. This was the last straw. By this time Edith was thoroughly angry. She shook the little miscreant heartily. Not satisfied with this, she gave him a sound spanking. Immediately his megaphonic howls rose on the air, startling enough to rouse the neighborhood.

Bobby was out of the house in a flash and into his own. With grim satisfaction she heard him explain to his mother, "Aunt Edith fipped Bobby." The unrestrained sobbing continued.

"The child makes as much fuss as if I'd murdered him" scornfully muttered Edith.

"Edith," called Laura's angry voice. "Did you whip him?"

"Yes, I did. And if he were mine I'd whip him again. He is positively diabolical."

The conversation waxed hot, and needless to say, loud.

"I have grown heartily tired of being neighbors and friends at the same time." It will not break my heart at all if

you choose to be angry because I punished a thoroughly depraved child." This from Edith.

"Your heart is not the only one which will remain whole," snapped Laura. Edith heard a door slam in the rear of the other house. So she knew regretfully that Laura had had the last word.

Both husbands were regaled that evening with a detailed account of the happenings. Naturally, their conversation as they went down town together next morning was stilted and difficult.

Days went by. Then weeks. Cool "Good mornings" or "How do you do's" were the only words which passed between the two families. The breech semed to widen. Whenever Laura felt the least inclination to forgive Edith's treatment of her boy, the thought of Edith's tart remarks brought her anger all back again . If Edith ever had a desire to go next door to apologize, the sting of Laura's sarcasm rankled so that the longing for reconciliation was stifled.

When summer came the situation became embarrassing. The porch was difficult to manage. One morning Edith heard hammering and voices without. She hastened to the door, to behold a carpenter building a partition between the porches. Fred was watching him, with an air of proprietorship. When he saw Edith he tipped his hat. "It seems the only way,. Mrs. McPherson," he explained awkardly. She stared silently a few moments, then banged the door behind her. Fred shrugged his shoulders. "What a mess!" he sighed, then whistled and strode off.

The coolness showed no signs of thawing. Edith missed little Bobby, "bad little Bobby," most of all. One day she found him playing with pebbles in the back yard. Enthusiastically she was down beside him. Unconsciously. looking up, she beheld Laura's stern glance resting upon her from a window. She arose quickly, feeling like a very wicked little girl, caught in the performance of a serious misdeed.

So summer passed and fall. Neither of the women would admit, even to herself, how she missed the other. At length Christmas approached again.

"Turkeys are dearer than ever," remarked Edith to John, one evening. "We need so many things for the house, I guess we'd better order chicken," she looked at him inquiringly.

I wonder if they'll be having turkey next door," mused he, thoughtlessly. "Next door" was a forbidden subject.

"Christmas isn't Christmas without turkey and a fuss!" sighed Edith.

"It would be our turn to be having them in here," returned John, the unquenchable. At which remark Edith left the room.

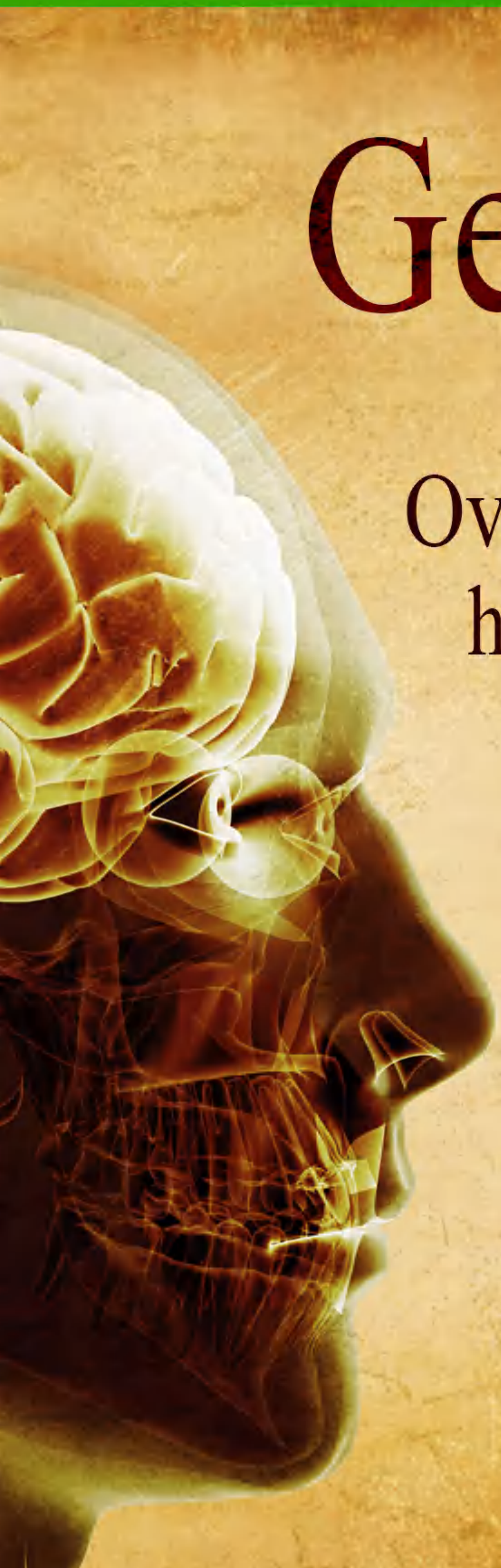
A few days later, Edith was startled to hear the opening of her front door. She rushed into the hall, to find, of all people—Bobby. "Muver cwoss! Bobby wunned away," he exclaimed breathlessly. Edith put her arms around him impetuously. "Bless the child!" she murmured. Almost immediately the door bell rang.

Edith hastened to answer it. Laura comfronted her. "Oh, good morning!" said Edith stiffly.

"Is Bob—I mean—I heard—I mean—I came—that is I wouldn't for the world let Robert trouble you again," came haughtily from Laura.

"Yes, he's here. I knew you would hear him," and she handed him over to his mother. Laura turned hastily and was leading him down the steps. Edith stood hesitatingly in the doorway. "Laura," she said, flushing. Laura turned. "Laura, aren't we fools? It seems to me we are acting like two year olds!" She extended her hand, and Laura, with nervous tears in her eyes, accepted it. "Come in, and let's have it out!" Which they did. It came near being a renewal of the quarrel, for everybody knows how easy it is to renew past grievances. But it ended happily. The two women parted with tear-stained faces, the best of friends.

Another jolly Christmas it turned out to be—that Christmas which both families had secretly dreaded. This day they all came over to Edith's. Somehow the Christmas spirit seemed to pervade everything. The friends had learned a lesson. And having learned it, they would "let bygones be bygones," and enjoy themselves.



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could make believe in her mind just what it was she was playing.

But all earthly paradises are transient. One Tuesday Sadie greeted the club with the announcement delivered with a consciously superior air, "I can play!"

"So kin I," shouted the club in injured chorus..

"Huh, I kin play right. Youse kin only bang with your fists. My cousin learnt me," was the Molinowski's haughty rejoinder.

When the club hour was over and teacher gave the eagerly awaited permission, there was the usual stampede to the piano, each one bent on being first in line, but Sadie did not join with them this time. She sauntered after with a superior air.

"Now youse listen," she said nonchalantly brushing a little Italian who had reached the goal first off the piano stool, you'll hear what real playin is like," and with great dignity, if laboriously, she proceeded to play "Chop sticks." The others all listened in respectful silence, a growing awe showing in their faces as Sadie played her piece over and over again. After she had tired of her triumph and had given up her place a few of the most venturesome spirits started in to thump the keys in their old joyous manner but somehow it didn't seem to make them as happy as it used to and they soon gave it up. The others did not even sit down at the instrument but slyly and with a wistful air pressed down a key or two and then turned away.

The Tree of Knowledge had again yielded up its fruit and once more Paradise was lost. R. S., '11.

A DRIFTING CLOUD.

Clouds were adrift in the sky. The wind rose and swelled into a lingering moan. The bare boughs of the trees beat together in a dirge-like monotone. Across in the lagoon the reeds and grasses swayed and sighed. Above it a fitful melancholy moon hung and shed its uncertain light over

the dull level of the land. One low hill broke the lifeless monotony of the landscape. An irregular path bordered by clumps of magnolia bushes led down the hill to a cabin at its base. From the windows a bright light shone giving the single touch of human existence. A latticed veranda over which limp morning glory vines trailed surrounded two sides of the cabin. Through the white-curtained windows a cheerful interior could be seen. A bright fire burned on the hearth; a cheerful rag carpet covered the floor. In the center of the room stood a table set for the evening meal. On the floor before the grate a little brown picaninny played, now and then hindered by the caresses of the mother who passed to and from the kitchen, preparing the meal.

"Yesn'deed honey, yo' daddy a comin' soon,an' dis yeh pone jes about done."

The young mulatto came to the door and shading her eyes with her hand peered into the darkness. A crouching figure crouched lower among the magnolias by the road side.

The woman returned to the kitchen but a pair of livid eyes followed her with a hateful hungering glare. The swarthy face was bestial with cunning and passion as the creature gloated over the bright shining thing in his hands.

"Oh my true lub he's a comin'
He's a comin' home tonight,
An' my li'l pickaninny—"

The mellow notes fell on the stillness and ended in a caressing laugh.

The eyes in the bushes grew a little more livid, the hands that clasped the piece of steel a little more tense.

Her "true lub" was not coming home tonight. He was never coming home again, home to Mandy, the Mandy that should have been his but this man—this man had stolen her—this man, her husband.

The thought choked him.

"Pretty li'l Lou
Mammy's honey Lou
Daddy's comin' soon."

The soft crooning broke the silence and Mandy stood in the door way, her child in her arms.

"You daddy's late tonight, chile. I reckon he's moughty tired. But we's got de bes' supper and you's got de bes' kisses fo' him." The brown baby cooed her delight.

A whistle sounded far up the path.

"Der he is, chile. I told yo' he's a comin' an' he's hungry. I can tell by dat whistle sure as you're born."

The man in the bushes did not move. It was almost time but the hand lay stiff: the eyes had lost some cunning.

That girl was still Mandy, the Mandy he loved and the child was hers. It might have been—

He slowly raised his right hand. The steps grew nearer.

"Mammy loves her li' Lou an' nothin' won't ever hurt my baby cause her daddy's comin.'"

"An' how's my li' pickaninny tonight?" a clear voice rang out.

The eyes of the hiding figure were fixed on the woman in the door way and the negro child. The nerveless hands hung loose.

"You sualy is late honey. Yo' pone—"

"Spoiled? Oh well. But never ma Mandy an' ma Lou. They won't—"

The husband and wife and child passed into the house.

The clouds still drifted. The wind swelled and moaned and the moon still hung. The cypress and magnolias breathed a strange sad sigh as a dusky figure stepped out from their shadows and crept stealthily away across the path toward the lagoon.

The man raised his arm and swung it. The bright steel gleamed for an instant. Then a faint, far splash was wafted from the depths of the swamp.

Mabel F. Crowe, '11.

THE TRAGEDY OF BOBBY WHITE.

Bobby was a very small fellow, and had twelve little brothers and sisters just like him. But of course he thought he was the prettiest of them all. How did he look? He had a coat of reddish brown, with little black spots upon it. He had a smart white waistcoat and a black tie, too. But then all his

was more to the point, he could not possibly find the way back now.

But stop! what was it that his mother had told him about using his wings—these queer feathered things that always had lain close to his side. He stretched them cautiously—how nicely they worked. A careful flap he gave them, and then he sprang from the ground quickly. In a moment he was down again with a rather unpleasant thud, but he had actually flown! Next time he tried it he hit the wall more than half way up in an effort to reach the top.

At last, after many trials, he found himself sitting on the top of the wall, perfectly able to get down on the other side if he chose, but rather too exhausted to try it just yet. And now he had something to be proud of, for he was sure that none of those brothers and sisters of his could do what he, all by himself, had accomplished.

Here on the top of the wall he could see to a great distance—much farther than he had ever seen before. Just below him was the road, and it stretched on, and on, in both directions always close beside the wall on which he sat, and which stretched on and on too, until both road and wall were out of sight behind a hill.

A little way down the road was a shining black stick, long and curving. "That looks interesting," thought Bobby Suppose I find out what it is.

So down he flopped and walked cautiously over toward the black object which lay conspicuously in the middle of the yellow road.

"Why here we are—just what I came for!" Bobby cried. "Here are the berries I wanted. There are two right near the end of this thing. I am very bright to find them so quickly."

And proud Bobby pecked inquisitively at the shining spheres.

But there Bobby's tale ends, for the black stick suddenly became animated with a wide opening at one end, down which Bobby disappeared, pride unavailing.

F. R. K., '13.

THE WITCH.

The night rain beat hard upon our heads, but it mattered not—we had come down to see the old witch; so we stood all unconcerned and gazed through the narrow window panes.

There she sat, a dark lonely figure huddled together before a small table, playing at cards. By her side burnt a short candle stick with three candles. The flames flickered with every gust of wind, which blew in thru the cracks and chinks of her dilapidated old hovel. She wore a dark plaid shawl folded across her forehead and tightly drawn under her chin. The darkness of the shawl and the gloom around her brought out in sharp contrast the pallor of her face. At times, when the lights burnt low, the shawl disappeared into the black background and naught remained visible but her ghostly countenance, with its sunken eye sockets, withered cheeks, long pointed chin, and still more pointed nose, which curved downward almost cocealing her small toothless mouth. She was constantly mumbling something in her mouth and seemed to be talking to herself.

She hastily gathered up the cards which were scattered on the table before her. They were small, yellow cards about an inch square and appeared to have either a letter or a number printed on them. She gathered them up and placed them in a greasy red leather bag, shook them up quite vigorously, and then shook them out on the table. She repeated the process again and again and each time grumbled vexatiously to herself. At last the ninth time she threw them in the air and they came fluttering down before her. "Good!" she cried in a shrill voice. "Good! Good! Nine and ninety-nine of them." She gazed a moment in admiration, and as she mused she took the tip of her nose and chin between her thumb and forfinger and pushed them together with frightful ease.

The temptation was too great. We tapped upon the window pane. She looked up quickly and gazed at the window. Her black eyes snapped. She looked fixedly and constantly toward us. That she could not see us from where she sat, we were positive from our own experience; so we con-

tinued watching her. She raised her skiny bare arms from under her shawl and pointed at us with her long, crooked finger, which resembled a knotted twig on the branch of a diseased plum tree. Still her bright, piercing eyes gazed at us. They seemed to grow larger and larger. Surely they could penetrate through the darkest blackness of night. We moved furtively away, unable to endure it longer.

Still that picture remains in my memory, as it was created on my young imaginative mind—a picture of horror, desolate loneliness, and secret mischief.

Giuletta Plympton, '14.

THE DREAM GARDEN.

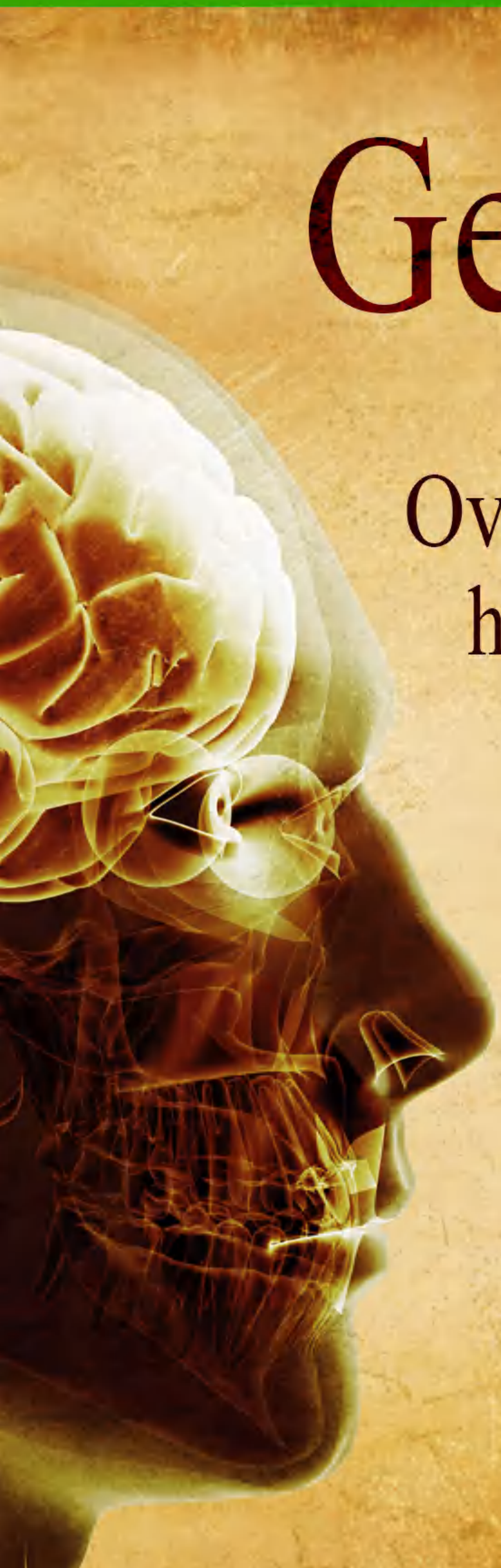
Last night I visited once more my garden of dreams It is the last time I shall see it for I plucked my dream and the garden vanished—forever. The last time I saw it was when I was a bride, the first time I was a tiny girl. I have only a faint remembrance of that first time. I had been very ill and delirious for days. After a particularly hard night, I became conscious, turned to mother and said:

"Mother, I have been in my garden."

"What garden?" she asked, willing to humor me.

"The garden of dreams," I replied. "A wonderful garden of flowers, each flower is a dream, and to pick a flower is to make the dream come true." Then I turned away and slept. I have only a vague idea of that first visit. A mass of colors, a dizzying realization of the heavenly perfumes. I can remember wandering among the blossoms, desiring to pick one but always deterred by a voice which said, "Choose well! Choose well!"

When I entered the garden again I was a young girl. One winter night I sat in my room reading, and suddenly I entered my garden of dreams. I walked timidly about among the flowers, now bending in an ecstacy over a purple clump of violets, now reaching up my arms to grasp a spray of lilac which nodded above my head. Always the voice was with me, "Choose well!". At last I found my heart's desire, a great



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TO THE WINDS.

Blow ye soft wind of the east,
From the land of the rising sun,
From the happy bournes
Whence the traveler returns,
Oh, blow him again to me.

Blow ye cool breath of the morn
With freshness of youth in your train,
From the land afar,
Over hillock and scar,
Oh, blow him again to me.

Blow ye warm breeze of the noon;
When the hot sun stands overhead,
Oh blow me one breath,
From the mountain crest
Oh blow him again to me.

Blow ye soft wind of the dusk,
When the day light is laid to rest,
With sweet peace once more,
Since our labor is o'er,
Oh blow him again to me.

M. L., '13.

The Sorosis

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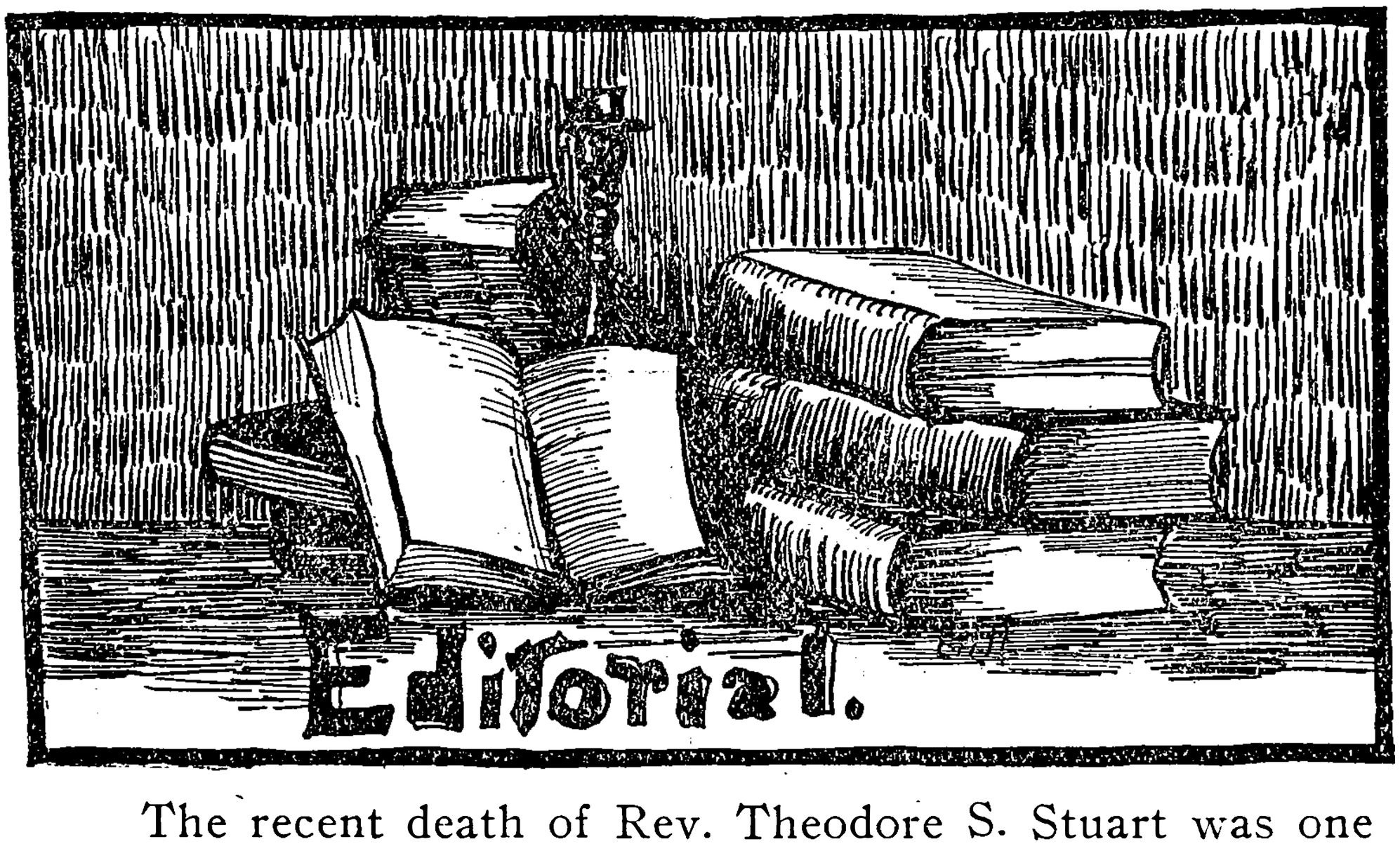


The recent death of Rev. Theodore S. Stuart was one of the saddest events in the history of our college.

Mr. Stuart was born in New York City, June 28, 1881. When he was three year old his parents moved to Springfield, Ohio. At an early age he was left an orphan and taken into the home of cousins in New Castle, Pa. He lived in Lawrence County until he entered Grove City College at the age

of seventeen. From this institution he graduated in 1902 and became teacher of Latin at Fredonia Institute where he remained about a year.

In 1903, Mr. Stuart entered the Western Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1906. At his graduation he was awarded the fellowship of honor which provided for a post-graduate course in one of the larger universities. He studied in the University of Leipsig for a year and upon his return to America in 1907 was ordained a minister.

During the last three years Mr. Stuart has been pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, where he has been carrying on a most successful ministry. In 1908-1909, in addition to his pastoral labors, Mr. Stuart conducted a course in Sociology in this college and during the present year has taken up several courses abandoned by Miss Brownson on account of her illness.

Although the students have known Mr. Stuart for a comparatively short time they soon learned to appreciate his helpful personality. He was a man of brilliant and high attainments; we feel his loss greatly and realize how we have profited by the inspiration of such a life.

ALUMNAE.

Miss Anna Willson, '06, died at her home in the North Side, on March 9th. Miss Willson was a charter member of the Omega Society, Editor-in-chief of the "Sorosis" in 1905-1906 and at the age of eighteen became the youngest graduate of the college. The "Sorosis" wishes to express its sympathy.

The college girls appreciate the efforts of the Alumnae in providing such interesting lectures for them.

Miss Elizabeth McCague, treasurer of the Alumnae, is home from Europe, where she has spent several months.

The Alumnae Association has sent notes of sympathy to the family of Miss Willson, and to Mrs. Patton's son.

compensated for the defeat, and we hope to retrieve ourselves in a returning game on our own floor. Our team played well, and were afterwards banquetted royally at the Girls' Dormitory. A jolly evening was spent, and the girls returned next morning.

The whole school has been saddened by the death on March 8, of Rev. Theodore S, Stuart, who has had charge of Miss Brownsons' Bible Classes most of the year. The death was a very sudden one and is a great loss to the school. The Sorosis wishes to extend sympathy to the relatives of Mr. Stuart.

The Sophomores entertained the other College classes at a German on Friday evening. The assembly hall was decorated in red and white, and novel and interesting cotillions were danced. There were favors for all the dances, and these added interest to the occasion. The grand march was led by Miss Coolidge and Miss Butterfield. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening.

The German Club was entertained in Woodland Hall, on February 9, by Florence Keys and Lillian McHenry. It was a real fudge party and all the members enjoyed it exceedingly.

Dilworth Hall Class Day was held on March 24th. The Fourth Year Class very successfully presented the play "She Stoops to Conquer."

A lecture was given by Prof. Baxter on March 15 in Dilworth Hall. His subject was "South American Civilization." The lecture was illustrated by steropticon views and proved both interesting and instructive.

This was followed on the morning of March 22, by a second lecture by Prof. Baxter. This also was much enjoyed by the students.

The Delta Sigma Society entertained its friends of the college, at a tea in the Drawing rooms on March 17. The

event was a delightful one. A musical program was furnished by Miss Eleanor Davis, soprano, Mrs. Helen Schuabel Yahres, contralto, with Miss Florence Burgoyne as accompanist. Irish readings were also given by Miss Ila Marshall. The decorations and refreshments were suggestive of St. Patrick's Day.

Several of the music students gave a delightful recital in the drawing rooms on the evening of March 15.

Miss McCreery concluded her series of art lectures with one on "Modern Art Movements." The College girls feel that they have gained a great deal by these lectures.

At a recent College Mass Meeting plans for the May Day celebration were arranged. The exercises are to be held in the new amphitheatre, and will begin with a procession headed by heralds and composed of all the elements of Spring's awakening. Songs and dancing are to be features of the festival. Everyone is to be in costume, and dance characteristic dances. College Seniors are to be Spanish girls in the pageant, the Juniors will be costumed as Japanese, Sophomores as "Iris," and Freshmen as Romans. Dilworth Hall girls are to represent: I, Scotch Peasants; II, English Peasants; III, various spring flowers; IV, Butterflies. The crowning of the queen will be the central event of the day.

A queen from the two upper classes of Dilworth Hall, was chosen recently. The honor was accorded to Harriet Haskell, D. H. III.

The Seniors will give "Much Ado About Nothing" on Class Day. The parts were recently contested for by the members of the class.

PERSONALS.

A taffy pull took place not so long ago in the Woodland Hall kitchen. It was a memorable occasion, for everyone had a rousing good time.

Two recent visitors at the Dormitory have been Miss Blanche Broake, as the guest of Ionia Smith, '13, and Miss Martha Cunningham as the guest of Cornelia Gillespie, '14.

Altogether there has been little sickness all the year among the resident students. The advent of Spring has brought with it a few illnesses. Marguerite Titzell, '13 has gone home for a few days because of an illness and Mary Heinsling, '14, was in her room for a few days.

Ruth Peck, '14, expects to spend the April recess in Altoona.

Josette Kochersperg, '14, visited Hazel Rider, '14, in Uniontown from March 17 to 20.

Miss Brownson finds herself unable, on account of ill health, to complete her years' work here. She has gone to Clifton Springs to rest. The College misses her much.

The class of 1911 was passing with its usual imposing dignity down the hill to Woodland Road when a member of the frivilous universe was heard to remark: "See the serious Seniors sliding swiftly down the slippery steps."

The Sophomore History class has been making some brilliant and highly interesting recitations. Listen while it holds forth on Feudalism.

"Gunpowder grew up."

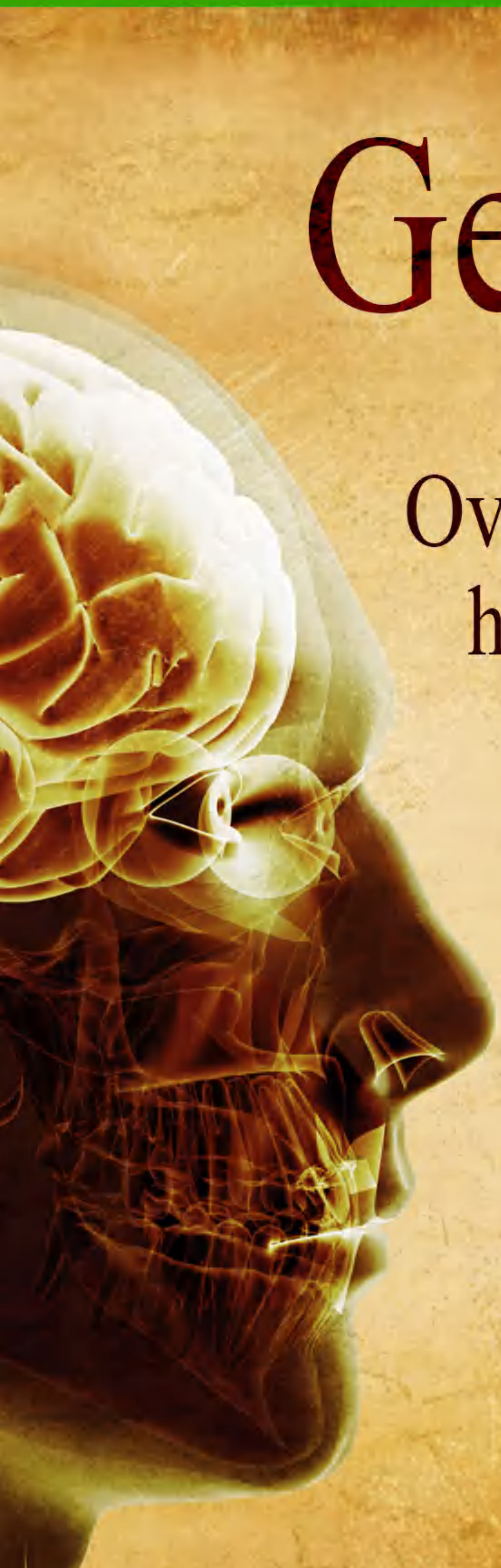
"They brought the gold dust (twins) from Africa."

"They'd leave a hawk loose and try to catch it after a meal usually."

"They stayed up all night, fasting."

Mr. P. (holding aloft a bright blue book) "This book can be obtained in the supply room. It's green, I guess."

Dr. Lindsay has lately returned from a short trip to the south.



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Part I

1. "Hail to Pitt.....Kirk and Taylor
Glee Club, Pitt
2. "P. C. W. Girls"..... ———
Combined Clubs P. C. W.
3. "Director's Choice .....Liddicoat
Mandolin Club. Pitt
4. "Cradle Song" .....G. Braga
Mandolin Club P. C. W.
5. "Italian Love Lyrics" ..... ———
Vocal Solo by Andrew Cancelliere
6. (a) "Songs of Seasons" .....Hawley
(b) "Fairy Lullaby" ..... Sherwood
Glee Club P. C. W.

Intermission

Part II

7. 'Sandman" .....Propheroe
Glee Club. Pitt
8. "Neapolitan Folk Song".....Denga
Chorus and Solo. Glee Club P. C. W.
9. "The Garden of Roses" .....Schmid
Glee Club Quartet. Pitt
Messrs Young, Ashe, Kiskaddon and Clare
10. "Medley" ..... ———
Mandolin Club. P. C. W.
11. "Madame Sherry" .....Hochma
Mandolin Club. Pitt
12. "Alma Mater" ..... ———
Combined Clubs P. C. W.

The choir has been reorganized and now occupies imposing seats in the front of the assembly hall, inspiring all to sing at chapel.

On Tuesday morning, March 7, after chapel we were favored with selections by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

Thursday evening, March 16, the Mandolin Club gave a St. Patricks' day programme at the Soho Settlement House.

Mr. Godpey and Lucille Atkinson, '13' gave readings, Jesse Palmer, (spec.) and Elma Trussell, '11' sang. Calla Stahlmann, '12' played a piano solo and several selections were presented by the musical clubs.

EXCHANGES.

The idea of a "Knockers' Number" of "The Washington —Jeffersonian" was clever and is well carried through the various departmnts.

"So you broke your engagement with Mr. Spencer?"
"No, I didn't break it."
"Oh, he broke it?"
"No, he didn't break it."
"But it is broken."
"Yes, I told him what my clothing cost and he told me what his income was; then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."

The January "Allegheny Literary Monthly" contains some good stories. "The Quantack Hills" with the illustrations is interesting and instructive.

"A Tiny Missing Link" in "The Muhlenberg" is a story which holds the interest of the reader. "The Muhlenberg" keeps in touch with its Alumni. The February number contains good editorials it has also an attractive cover.

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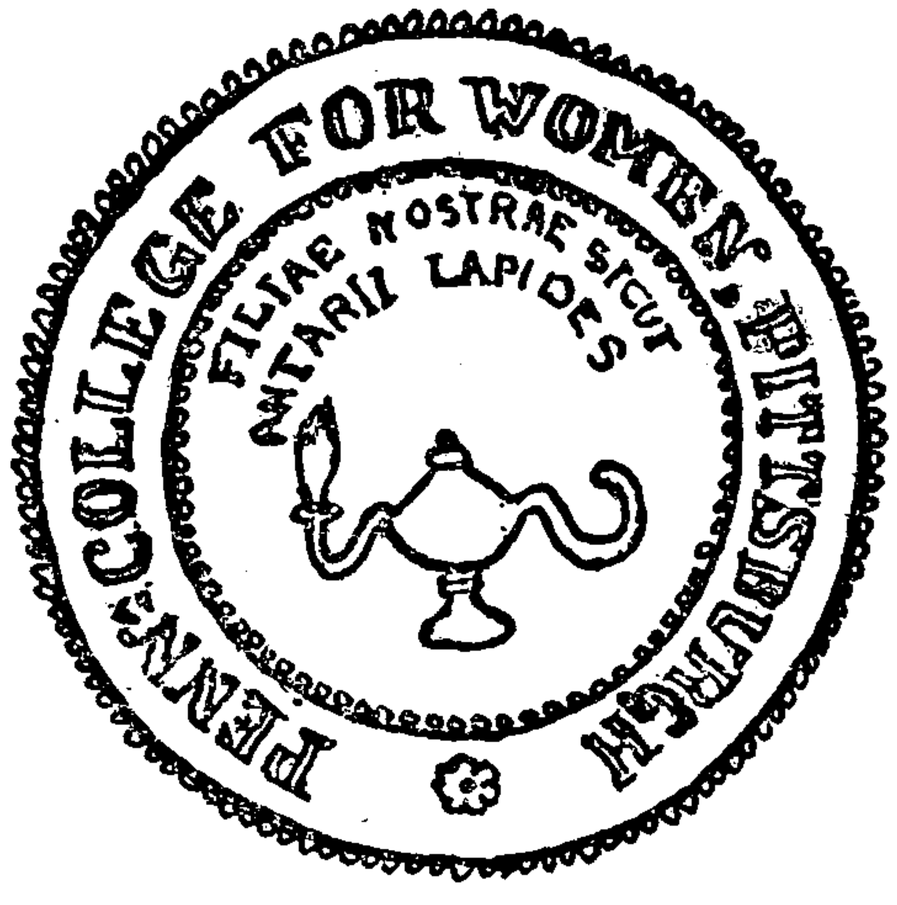
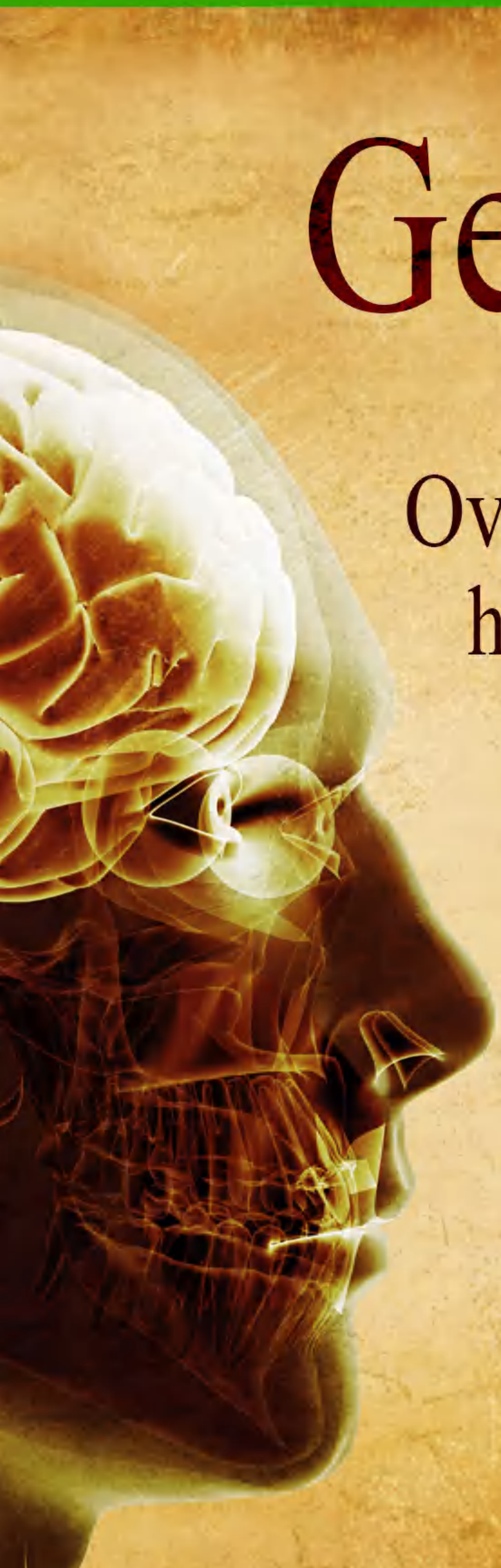
LIBERTY AND OLIVER AVENUES

The Sorosis



Senior Number



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CONTENTS.

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The gril turned at the deep musical tones.

"Herr Liebermann! I am glad to see you. No, the clouds and sunset were second, I'm. afraid. How glorious they are!"

"They ought not to make the regret and discouragement I saw in your eyes."

"They didn't. I did not even see them."

"That is sad. Do the castles shake?"

"I'm afraid they are vanishing. When they do, there won't be even ruins left and I fear I'll forget that they were ever built."

"June, June. Never must you forget the dreams. When castles perish, when dreams perish, then must the world perish too. You have not been accepted again?"

"No. There was a note this time, criticism and a little commendation." She spoke to the man with utter frankness and confidence. Herr Liebermann had been the tutor of the early years of her life and was still the best friend she knew.

"Let us sit, June. I would tell you a story. It is very simple, but to me it has been ever beautiful."

The old man was looking out of the door, past the roses at the changing colors in the horizon.

"In a lovely woven nest hanging from the branches of a stately oak tree, three oriole birdlings were brought into life. They were nourished with great tenderness by the mother and were happy in their small home. Days passed. The little birds grew. After a time they could look out beyond their nest walls. They could see the swaying leaves and the blue sky. Sometimes another bird would fly near and they could see the beautiful glistening colors of its feathers. 'Some day,' thought one little bird, 'I will fly too. How all other birds will watch me and wonder at the beauty of my feathers.' He spread his wings for the first flight. To fly was very difficult, but day after day he tried, and each time the wings grew stronger, until one great day he flew far, far away from the nest in the oak. The sun shone on his golden breast and shining black wings. Sometimes he would perch on the spreading branches of a tree and pour forth music so sweet that all other

birds must hear. But so many other birds sang too, and few looked at his feathers. The little bird grew sad, but if he did not fly, then he could not live. Each day he could fly higher and sing more beautifully. One day while he flew, suddenly the sky grew dark; the winds blew and the rain poured from the clouds. The little bird was flying near the earth. He tried to rise, but the winds were strong. When he would fly to the east, the wind drove him west, and when he would fly westward he was driven back to the east. It seemed that the small body would be crushed. But still he flew, and by and by very slowly as he flew, he rose. Up! up! The winds beat him cruelly, but through the weeks his wings had grown strong. At last he rose above the storm and soared away."

For a time no word was spoken. The girl was gazing at the glorious setting of the sun, wrapped in masses of ever-changing clouds. It's last spreading rays suffused them with a triumphant brilliancy.

The old man rose. "Do you not love the little bird, Kindchen?"

"Yes, dearly. I can see the sunset, too. Thank you, mein Herr."

They walked down the path together. The glaring ball in the west was half sunk below the horizon. But still far away on each side and above were the flaming streaks of red and gold, and the soft blended lights.

"What a day! What a night!" The girl's voice was vibrant.

"Magnificent! And June, don't forget, this beauty was not born in one instant, not in one moment did it burst out from the clouds."

I'll not forget again. Far off in those clouds I can see my castles."

M. F. C., '11.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN AMERICA.

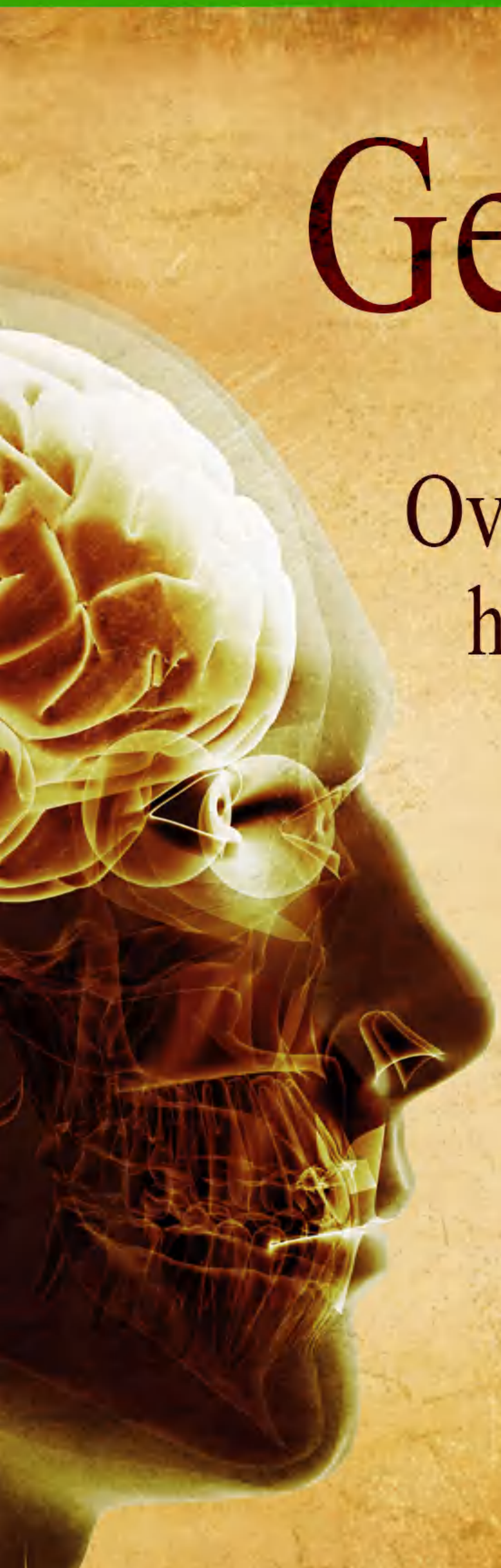
The very beginnings of education in America were made after so many of the master educators had lived and died, that

it would be interesting to preface my topic with an analysis of the methods introduced and the sources from which they came. However, I found the education of our modern woman so complex that there is space only for that.

We have little evidence that our forefathers of early colonial days felt the importance of educating their daughters. Doubtless, in the home, many of them became familiar with at least two of the "three R's," and occasionally a girl in some of the larger settlements seems to have prevailed upon some fortunate brother of grammar school privilges to share with her his knowledge of the third, but such cases are extremely rare.

The Dame schools were, however, open to her from the first. These were at first, private elementary schools, taught by women, usually in some room in their own homes. This school was of the most elementary as well as the most primitive type, though it was the only source of book learning for the girls, as well as for the boys, during at least a century of our colonial history. There were no desks, blackboards, nor any other school equipment, save a tearcher,—who in many cases, knew little beyond the letters she was teaching. The Dame school was at first a private venture; but as time went on and it proved useful it was supported, at least in part, by the town. So it became in a sense, part of the public school system of early New England colonies. In it the boys acquired what little learning was necessary for grammar schools and the girls, all that it was thought they needed.

As time went on, and Grammar schools were established in greater numbers, we find very occasional instances in which girls were in any way admitted to their privileges, until nearly the beginning of the nineteenth century, Deerfield, Massachusetts, voted in 1698 that "all families having children either male or female, between the ages of six and ten years, shall pay by the poll" for their schooling. Such instances are extremely rare and the sentiment of the times seems to be expressed in the ruling for the Hopkins School in New Haven, made in 1684. It reads: "And all girls be excluded as im-



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fact that a considerable proportion of them were public high schools which have been merged with those for boys, and also to the fact that competition with the public schools has caused others to close their doors. There are however, very many admirable schools for girls all through the country, not a few of which are convent schools belonging to the Roman Catholics.

The custom of teaching the sexes together in the public schools of our country arose through convenience and for reasons of economy, rather than because of any felling on the part of those in charge that it was the best plan. In its latter development it has been supported by pedagogic principle, but in the beginning it was lacking. Where separate schools were maintained, the girls received much less than the boys. Meanwhile the co-educational high schools in the smaller cities and towns of the country had been for generations offering the girls the same advantages as the boys. The South has been more conservative and has only gradually adopted the system of co-education; but it is practically in full possession of the field there today. The move there has been made, as indeed it has in the east, somewhat largely through the device of building a school with the so-called boy side and girl side; that is, by making two essentially separate buildings out of one by means of a division wall. The next step, when it was found that there were no dangerous results from teaching boys and girls within the same structure, was to demolish the wall, and teach both sexes in the same room. Very recently there seems to be a tendency to separate the schools again, but time alone can show whether this movement will amount to anything.

Matthew Vassar, founder of Vassar College, made this remark: "It occurred to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development." Such an idea seems, very slowly to have occurred to many people of our country at about the same time. But it is largely due to the genius of several exceptional women that public sentiment in favor of woman's higher education was created. Little as it is known, tables of statistics show that the majority of seminaries and so-called colleges founded

before 1850, were in the South. These suffered a severe blow during the years of the Civil War, and it is the college founded after 1850 which have grown into prominence at the present day. It is as interesting as a romance to read the history of the founding of the prominent women's colleges of America, but as there is a certain similarity in their records, the story of one will give us an idea of all. For that one I have chosen Smith College located at Northampton, Massachusetts.

Sophia Smith, born and bred in Hatfield, Mass., was a woman of splendid ancestry and of fine character, a devoted Christian and one who placed a supreme value upon education. With Victor Hugo she believed that "whoever opens a school closes a prison." She also had an exalted idea of womanhood and thanked God for her feminine birthright. She rather pitied men than envied them. So, it is not surprising that when, on the death of her brother in 1861, she inherited his wealth, she immediately determined to give it for public good. Her pastor advised the founding of a woman's college or a deaf mute institution. The former appealed to her, but owing to great outside discouragement the latter was decided upon. In 1867 John Clark provided for the latter need and so her will was changed as Miss Smith desired. On July 11, 1868, she became the founder of Smith College. There were four cardinal principles which Miss Smith desired to have put into practice:

1. Educational advantages provided by it should be equal to those afforded young men in their colleges.

2. Biblical study and religious culture would be given prominence.

3. The cottage system of buildings, or homes for students, instead of one mammoth central building would prevail.

4. Men would have a part in the government and instruction in it as well as women, "for it is a misfortune for young women or young men to be educated wholly by their own kind."

Upon the death of Miss Smith in 1870, her estate valued at $500,000 went almost entirely to the college, and in 1871

the first building was purchased. Rev. L. Seelye had been chosen as president. He determined that the college should have no preparatory department and that he would have it on an intellectual par with the standard men's colleges. In September, 1875, the college formally opened at morning prayers with four residing teachers and fourteen students. Since that time the college has grown, enriched by bequests of friendly residents of Northampton, generous alumnae contributions and sums of money from many different sources in all amounting to $922,753. If the value of additional gifts in land, works of art, books, apparatus, were fairly estimated, the sum would be increased to about $1,000,000. With the exception of Sophia Smith, few have given large sums. The college is the outgrowth of widely extended charity. The student body has grown very rapidly, until in 1900 they had 1,900 alumnae. The campus of forty acres is well supplied with buildings, including in 1906, 2 lecture halls, a gymnasium, a general science building, a chemical laboratory, an observatory, a conservatory, a music building and thirteen residence halls, with accommodations for 500 students. Many more students board in the town making of Northampton a woman's college town.

Mt. Holyoke, founded by Mary Lyon, Elmira, Vassar, Wells, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Woman's College of Baltimore are but a few of the many high rank colleges for women now existing and growing rapidly in America.

A different grade of colleges, those affiliated with universities have met the demand in another direction. The first of these was the H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College for Women affiliated with Tulane University, New Orleans, established in 1886. Although the South had been active in the foundation of separate seminaries, none of them had attained high rank and with sentiment not strong for co-education, the plan of an affiliated college was tried as the most favorable means of providing full collegiate instruction for women. The buildings used by the college are in another part of the city from the university buildings. The same trustees officiate for both institutions, though the productive funds are, in part, separate. The president and faculty are also distinct. Since

That there is no question among the educational leaders as to her ability is shown by a statement made by George Herbert Palmer, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University to the effect that if a woman cannot stand a college training it speaks pretty badly for her womanly qualities. To quote directly from him, "I have no use for womanhood that won't wash."

The college girl certainly has her work to do in the world. College teaches her to be demorcratic, a thing of great importance in this country. She is an exponent of culture and many say that the future of American culture depends on the women for they alone have leisure for it. And upon the college woman who has been laying up stores of intellectual wealth rests the duty of redeeming the over-commercial tone Americans are in danger of acquiring.

The American woman, through her hard-earned education has grown from a person of minor importance and extremely limited opportunities into an equal of and a companion for man in his struggle to make the world better.

Sara R. Carpenter, '11.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

An air of tragedy enveloped the big house. Passers-by paused to glance curiously up at the drawn blinds and the crepe at the massive front door. More than the usual casual interest in the death of a rich man was expressed in their faces. The house seemed to hold their gaze with a kind of shocked fascination.

The door opened and two men talking to each other in hushed tones came out.

"It had to be," the older man was saying. "It was in the blood. His father before him did so—some say it goes back to his father's father----and I suppose it will descend to his son."

"But the boy has never had much intercourse with his father. He has been kept away at school. Besides they tell me you wouldn't take him for a Kirkland. He is very different

in both appearance and temperament," the younger man protested.

"The sins of the fathers," the other quoted sternly. "It has been decreed so. John Kirkland for all the wealth he will inherit can't escape the taint. It's in the blood."

A boy who had just passed the speakers paused at hearing his own name mentioned. He caught the phrase "in the blood," before the men passed out of hearing. He looked after them questioningly and then went on up the steps and into the gloomy house. Inside white-faced maids were hurrying about and groups of black-garbed men conversed solemnly. The boy slipped unnoticed into the darkened room where the dead man lay. He had been placed on his side in order that the disfigurement on his face might not show---the small round hole in the temple which the nerveless hand had put there a few hours before.

John Kirkland stood gazing stonily down at his father. The phrase he had heard repeated itself over and over in his mind. Gradually comprehension awoke in him. A look of fear came into his eyes. "It's in the blood," he said, aloud.

After the funeral the boy was sent back to school again. According to the manner of children, his classmates treated him as one different from themselves----as one having special distinction because of the family tragedy. His teachers also treated him as if he were somehow not like the others. The boy felt the repressed repulsion in their manner just as he did the open admiration of his friends. Being by nature a happy-minded youth, he ignored the former and enjoyed the latter to the full.

So time went on but as John's friends grew older they began to understand that he was to be pitied and not envied. He was a man under the doom of heredity and it was their duty to prevent the tragic realization if possible. He soon found out that if he were ever to have any time to himself he must always seem in the best of health and spirits. If he showed the slightest indication of despondency, a number of his friends were certain to descend upon him in wildly hilarious spirits and carry him off with them to some scene of merry-making.

At last their well-meant but clumsy efforts upon hs behalf irritated John so much that he went abroad to escape them. He endeavored to avoid acquaintances in his travels from place to place until he discovered that his conduct was giving them the impression that the queer streak in his character was coming to the surface. So he abandoned this policy and accepted any and all invitations.

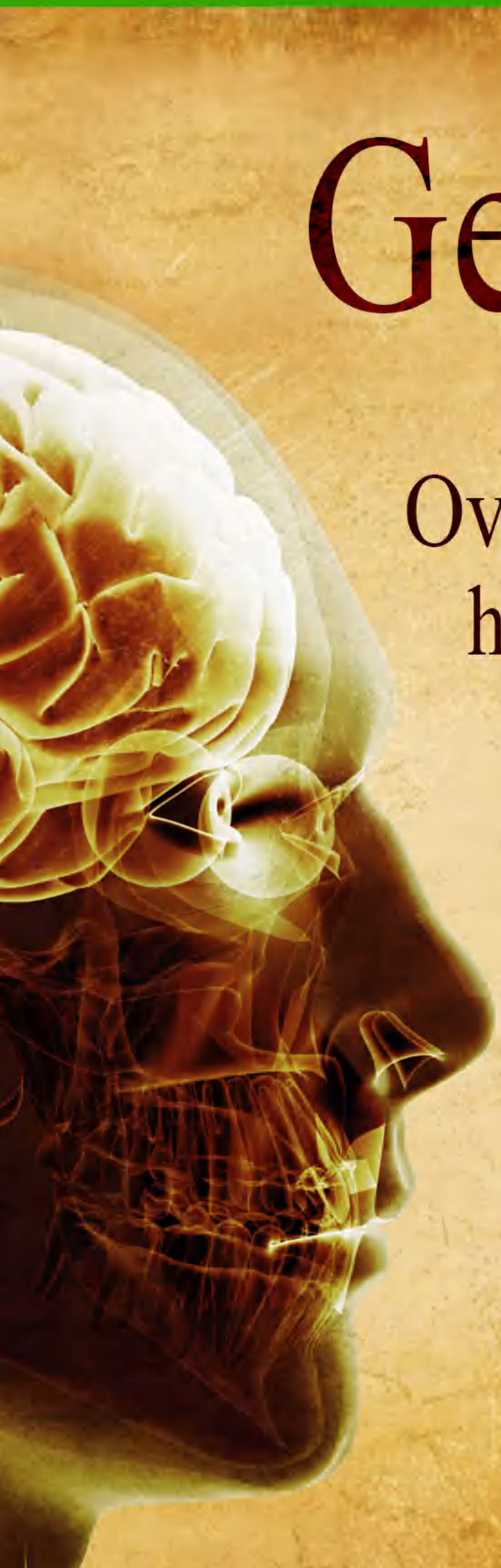
But no one would let him forget the past. When presented to strangers he felt the shocked interest in their tone when they inquired, as they invariably did, if he were one of the New York Kirklands. He could not help but notice the eager conversation which would take place between host and stranger when his identity had been made known.

"It's in the blood," he knew they were saying, while they nodded their heads sagely at each other. The phrase seemed to shadow him. It had followed him ever since the day he had been called home so unexpectedly and had passed those two men on the street. He had not comprehended the meaning of the words at all then and only vaguely when he had stood in that darkened room. They were becoming more awful in their foreboding significance each time he heard them. He tried to laugh off his fears.

"It's ridiculous to let those words bother me," he would reason with himself. "I have no desire to do what my father did. The very idea is abhorrent to me. All I want is to live —to be happy like other people."

He tried to impress this upon his friends only to have them agree with him heartily and to proffer their help eagerly. When he impatiently assured them that this was just what he did not want them to do, that he merely wished them to treat him as they would anyone else, they would look puzzled and say to each other that "poor John was nearer to it than they had thought."

Wearying of ever succeeding in making the world forget the past he decided to go back to his old home and there work out his happiness by himself. He denied himself to all his old friends and tried to lose himself in the companionship of books. But he was of a social nature and the enforced seclu-



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No one to send petitions in,
Or precedents to set!
And underclassmen will have none
To teach them etiquette.
No one to push the clubs along
Or be the college Belle.
Or order luscious "honey-boys"
Yet we must say farewell.

Come classmates all, we must not heed
Our Alma Mater's tears
The waiting world has near lost hope
And we must still its fears.
It wants to know how it should wag
We must its woe dispel,
Our duty calls, 'tis time to go
And we must say farewell.

R. S., '11.

The Sorosis

Pennsylvania College for Women.

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Gertrude Wayne, '11.....Business Manager
May Hardy, '12.....Literary Editor
Florence Keys, '13.....College Notes, Personals
Adeline Colebrook, '14.....Exchanges
Beulah Pierce, '12.....Assistant Business Manager

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Commencement season is fast approaching. In many institutions once more, other classes are on the eve of graduation. It is the second, perhaps the third, time in the existence that they have been placed in the same situation. On a former occasion they had been exhorted by their elders to take life seriously. They did take life seriously; they took everything seriously; they took themselves seriously and from the wide

range of their experience wrote deep, moralizing essays for the uplifting of their commencement night audiences.

Then they went to college to prepare for some definite work. They discovered that college was not so much a place for preparation for a definite occupation as an institution to enable us to choose our future work. Now a broader view of life has been acquired and each one, filled with a sense of her own personal responsibility to society, is eager to put her theories into execution. She is anxious to give her little mite towards the uplifting of her fellow men. She realizes that it is for this she has been educated and she takes herself very seriously.

But she will make many mistakes and encounter many discouragements; discouragements which years and experience would smile at and forget. Then we will realize the wisdom of Kipling when he says not to take ourselves seriously. Let us think seriously of the problems of the world, let us think seriously of others, but let us learn to see the humorous side of the seeming disasters in our own lives.

ALUMNAE.

Miss Grace Anderson, '94, who furnished Woodland Hall infirmary in memory of her grandparents, recently suffered the loss of her mother.

Mrs. James S. Hill, '92 of Latrobe, has been elected president of the "Woman's Club" of Latrobe.

The "Recorder" Board is busy preparing the Alumnae journal for the meeting in June.

Mrs. Holding (May Krepps, '94) is away for the summer, after which she leaves her present home in Ben Avon to live in the East End, Pittsburgh.

The class of 1911, after many spirited, not to say peppery discussions, chose Shakespeare's delightful comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," for their Class Day production. The name seemed to describe very aptly the process of the choosing, but we hope to make the production much more than a great "ado."

In connection with the play, the class introduced the contest for parts, which it is hoped and believed will become a custom of the school to be carried from class to class. As this class is so much larger than any previously graduated, it was found to be excedingly difficult to assign parts with justice to all. It was decided to try the plan of contesting for all speaking parts. The plan worked out admirably and everyone is assured that she has won her part by her own effort and merit, and therefore the interest in the play and the efforts put forth and increased by the feeling of individual responsibility.

The class feels that it can, without egotism, rest assured that it is far on the way to the successful accomplishment of its two aims.

E. R., '11.

Rachel McQuestion, '11 and Helen Rutherford, '14, led recent meetings of the Y. W. C. A.

There will be no dance this year at commencement time, since there was no strong desire among the college girls that such a dance be given.

Miss Wilbur, a prominent Y. W. C. A. worker spoke to us in vespers recently. Her talk was very interesting. Miss Vance, of the Pittsburgh Y. W. C. A. visited the college with her.

The Social Service classes took a trip to Morganza on March 17. There have been several other trips recently which, though shorter, were very interesting; among these was a visit to the Blind School.

On Dilworth Hall Class Day, an excellent presentation of "She Stoops to Conquer," was given by the Fourth Year girls.

This is a worthy successor to other similar plays given in other years.

May Day will be observed by the college on May 20.

May 26th is the date of the Commencement Concert.

On March 18, Miss Root was hostess at a most enjoyable St. Patrick's party in the Freshman Den. The Freshmen were guests and enjoyed the Irish festivities very much.

There have been some very interesting lectures provided for the Pedagogy class. Dr. Chalmers spoke most instructively on the "Principles of Education," and Dr. Davis on an other occasion gave a very clear and helpful explanation of the "School Code."

The Social Service classes will have a drawing-room afternoon before long.

The Omega Society's open meeting will be omitted this year.

The Westminster—P. C. W. game at Pittsburgh was well attended by an enthusiastic audience. Both teams played well, critics saying it was a fine game. P. C. W. lost by one point, the score being 18-19 in favor of Westminster. The visiting team was royally entertained and seemed to have a pleasant visit with us.

Professor Baxter's lectures on "Old South American Civilization," and on "Mexico," taught us many new things about the countries on our own continent which most of us have not seen. These lectures were excellently illustrated by lantern slides.

Complimentary tickets were sent to the members of P. C. W. Glee and Mandolin Clubs, to hear the Carnegie Tech-

nical School's Concert in Carnegie Music Hall. Many of the girls took advantage of the opportunity and enjoyed the entertainment very much.

The championship basketball games between P. C. W and Dilworth Hall were victories for the college.

The German Club was entertained at its latest meeting by Edna Reitz, '11 and May McCullough, '11.

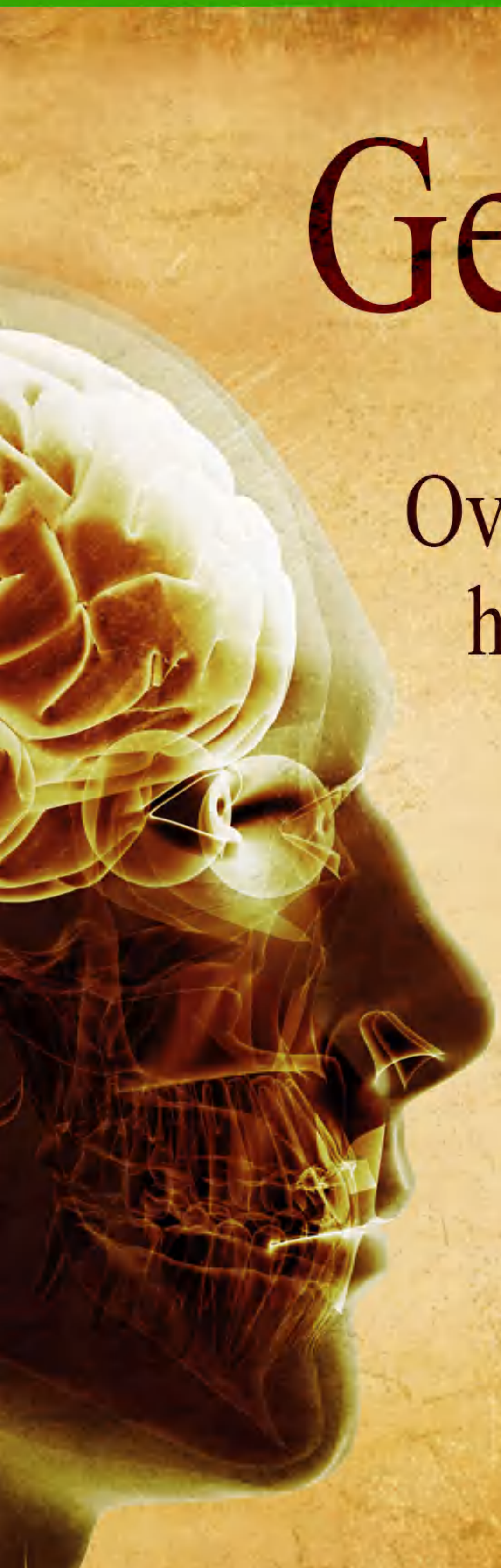
Mr. Charles F. Campbell delivered a lecture to the Social Service classes on "Work Among the Adult Blind." This lecture was of exceptional value to social workers. Mr. Campbell gave much unique information.

The prize offered by the Delta Sigma Society for the best college yell, was won by Florence Kingsbacher, '13.

Two well presented plays were given on April 21st. The Junior Class was seen in "The Shopkeeper Turned Gentleman," and the Sophomores appeared in "King Rene's Daughter." Every one of the amateur actors did her part creditably and the interest in each play was well sustained.

On May 5th, the P. C. W. Glee Club will give a concert in Dilworth hall.

For some time the college students have felt the need of an annual publication, in which would be preserved for them certain personals and items characteristic of their classmates. Up to this time no attempt has been made to supply such a lack because of time and labor which such an undertaking would require. In this, the Senior Number of "Sorosis" the editors have endeavored to answer the demand for a college annual in at least so far as the Senior Class is concerned.



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Irma **Endres Diescher**

"Time, place and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, 'tis never taught."

Rachel McQuiston—

She seeks with deeds to grave the thought-tracked line
The "what is," by "what will be" to define.

Edith Medley—

"One who to herself is true
And therefore will be so to you."

Margaret Green—

"But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends.
A deedful life, a silent voice."

May McCullough—

'Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

Minerva Hamilton—

"I've answered three questions and that is enough
So pray do not give yourself airs,
If you think I will listen all day to stuff,
Be off or I'll kick you down stairs."

Edna Reitz—

"In mathematics she was greater
Than Tyler, Brake or Ezra Pater."

Belle McClymonds—

Maiden, with the fair brown tresses
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye
Floating o'er thy thoughful forehead,
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Rosalie Supplee—

"True as a dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.

Irma D.—"By Gum!"

May McC.—"Well, I don't care, girls."

Gertrude W.—"Go hang fire."

Frances G.—"Say, Girls!"

Minerva H.—"Why, what does he mean?"

Elma T.—"Do you know what he said last night?"

Sara C.—"Y-e-e-es. Well, who'd a thunk it!"

Belle McC.—"What's the use of talking; they'll do it anyway."

Florence W.—"Oh, I hate these goody-goodies."

Edna R.—"O! I don't know."

Clarissa B.—"Did you, little one?"

Margaret G.—"O, he makes me tired."

Rachel McQ.—"Good! Night!"

Alice D.—"Do you think so? I don't."

Edith M.—"I'll dead you yet."

Mabel C.—"Oh! this Harmony makes me tired."

Rosalie S.—"O, you girl!"

MUSIC NOTES.

On Thursday afternoons at four-thirty from April thirtieth to May eleventh, recitals by the music students will be given in the drawing rooms. All are invited.

On April twenty-eighth, the University of Pittsburgh and Washington and Jefferson will give a combined concert at Carnegie Music Hall.

On May fifth the annual Glee and Mandolin Club Concert will be given. It promises to be quite a success.

Recently the Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a joint concert at the Young Women's Christian Association. Jesse Palmer, '14 and Vivian Stith sang, while several readings were given by Lucile Atkinson, '13.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW.

'Twas on a morning late in June
  In "nineteen twenty-one,"
My "math" class was all out of tune,
  With not one lesson done.

Disgustedly I smiled, and tried
  In vain to keep my temper
Just then the door was opened wide,
  A voice said, "May we enter?"

"Why what—well, where"—as stunned I gasped
  The three girls looked their pleasure
To answer all the things I asked
  Required more time and leisure.

So, when the tiresome class was o'er,
  I found out simply this
Those blessed waves have cast ashore
  "Marg," "Nervar" and "Clariss."

A nickleodeon, you know,
Was always Rachel's doom:
She's managing a vaudeville show
Whose box receipts bring gloom.

Small Gertrude, fickle, now as then
Has married one, of many.
But now she'd fain be free again
And husbands have, not any.

As Frances with her coffee pot
Presided o'er our feeds,
Now with a large one, ever hot,
Dispels Alumnae's needs.

Though Edna, with her household arts
Has captivated men,
She much preferred to break their hearts
Than marry one of them.

And as for Alice, saucy maid,
Who was so hard to suit;
She married a preacher, stern and staid,
A widower, to boot.

But Belle----Oh, dear! girls, don't you know
The tragedy of fate?
Her "athlete" lover vanished quite,
So now she lacks a mate.

Wee Edith Medleys, as at college
Drives pupils to despair
They'd ne'er suspect that so much knowledge
Lies under her red hair.

And Irma, you'll remember, then
Of men was mighty wary.
Well, she's been wooed by nine or ten,
And wed a missionary.

Well, now, I guess we've placed them all,
Don't say you must be going!
But promise me again you'll call
And tell me all you're knowing.

My next class is Geometry
You wouldn't care to stay?
Well then, dear girls, woe is me,
I wish you all "good day."

PERSONALS.

Miss Brownson is steadily improving in health at Clifton Springs.

Marguerite Titzell, '13' will return to school about May 1.

Miss Margaret Stuart is the present College Secretary.

A classical lecture on "Greek Plays," given by Dr. Harris at Carnegie Lecture Room, was attended by some of the college girls.

Margaret Green, '11 has been ill at the Albany City Hospital for two weeks. She has now returned to her home in Hoosick Falls and we hope to have her among us again in a few days.

Miss Sidney Colestock, former secretary of the college, visited her friends at the college during the week of April 10. A little social function was given for her by Miss Coolidge on April 15.

Good Friday was observed as a holiday at the college.

A lecture at the Third Presbyterian Church by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfel, was attended by many of the college girls. Those who took advantage of this wonderful opportunity

will be glad of it all their lives. He spoke with absorbing power on his work in Labrador.

Freshman (to instructor) —"O, do you think so, I don't."

Margaret Greene, '11' spent a recent week-end with Janet Brownlee, in Washington.

There has been an epidemic of "Daffodils" in the school, so a few examples may not be amiss. "When the freshmen play basketball, will Florence Root?" "If this is Woodland Road, where is Chamberlain?" "If me says me loikes Social Service, does Me-loy?" "If Madame fell in, would Jean Fisher out?" "When the sophomores play baseball had Alice Butter-field?" "If Miss Coolidge's dress buttons, why did Arline Hooker?" "If anyone tells a joke is Miss Skilt-on?" "When the freshmen write bad themes, what does Miss Lind-say?" And so on ad infinitum.

Rachel McQuiston, '11 and Ruth Peck (spec.) attended W. & J's. "Junior Prom."

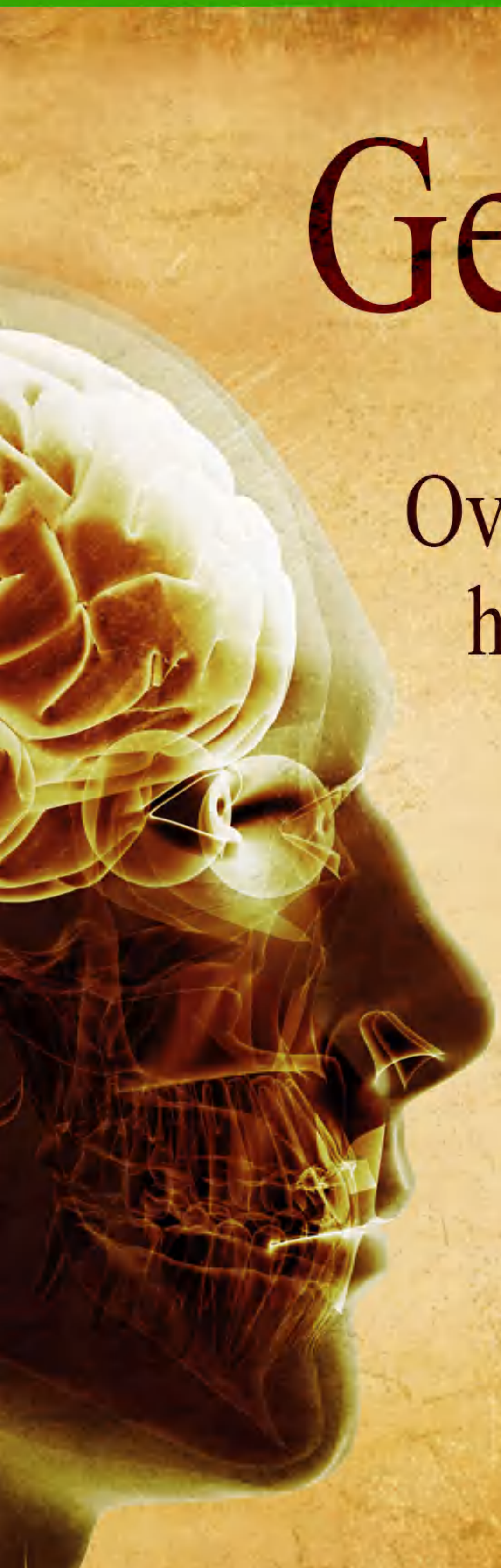
Margaret Greene, Minerva Hamilton and Clarissa Blakeslee, all members of the Senior class will go to Europe under Miss Brownlee's chaperonage, at the end of the school year to spend the summer.

Miss Coolidge has been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the University Extension Society. This Boards selects the lectures to be given under the auspices of the organization and determines the policy of the society.

The mascot of P. C. W. at the Westminster game received a pleasant impression of the doings of the team on that occasion which he imparted to his friends as follows: "They dance and sing."

An event of St. Patrick's Day was the "Dutch-Irish Baseball game," which was skilfully played and resulted in a signal victory for the Dutch, 25-17.

Heard in Latin—"The vessel was weakened by the loss of a tear (tier)."



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Name	Appearance	Favorite Occupation	Needs	Fond of	Disposition	Noted for
F. Wilson	Rosy	Pursuit of Happiness	"A" Friend	Her teachers	Dreamy	Being the Class Baby
E. Reitz	Classic	Talking	A Job	Chatting	Lisping	Mathematics
C. Blakeslee	Divine-like	Giggling	A Chaperon	Everybody	Dove-like	Her French
M. [illegible]ne	Thoughtful	Reading Greek Classics	Decision	Sines and Cosines	[illegible]t	Her smile
R. McQuiston	Dignified	Reforming Society	Suffrage	Poetry	Sentimental	Diplomacy
A. Darrah	Robust	Keeping Quiet	An Alarm Clock	Ahem!	Tempestuous	Onion Sandwiches
E. [illegible]y	"Petite"	Cramming	The Power of Omission	French Prose	Dangerous	Eloquence
M. [illegible]we	Statuesque	Dreaming	Mail	Louisana	Lively	Cases
R. Supplee	Benevolent	Playing "cats" on the Mandolin	Some Conceit	Dramatics	Loyal	Sense and Nonsense
I. Diescher	Decidedly "jolie"	Eating "Honey Boys"	Votes for Women	Her ethical self	Violent	Her lunches
M. McCullough	Cameo-like	Teasing others	Hair Puffs	Which one?	Loving (?)	Noisiness
G. Wayne	Soulful	Dancing	To draw down Her Parlor Blinds	Medicine	Energetic	Higher Criticism
F. Gray	Pleasant	Making lace	Discrimination	Flowers	Helpful	Making Dainties
M. [illegible]ton	Always welcome	Dreaming	A Trip	Dickens	Stormy ! ! ! !	Short Stories
E. Trussell	Stately	Tennis	Decision	Her fellow-men	Bubbling	Singing
S. Carpenter	Wide-awake	Making Friday evening Calls	A Tender heart	Automobile Rides	Comforting	Wit
B. McClymond	Genteel	Writing Letters	A domestic Science Course	Football	Coquettish	Those Mysterious Poems

EXCHANGES.

"The Goucher Kalends" is always one of our best exchanges. The April number contains several interesting stories among them a very original sketch called "The Edge of the City." "Animal Experimentation" presents several new views on "vivisection."

"The Allegheny Literary Monthly" maintains its usual high standard. "The Story of Ham," is clever. "The Four Links" is a pretty description of that well-known poem, "I know a place where the sun is like gold."

"Thomas," said the professor to a student of the Freshman class in chemistry. "mention an oxide." "Leather," replied Thomas. "What is leather an oxide of?" asked the professor. "An oxide of beef," answered the bright youngster.

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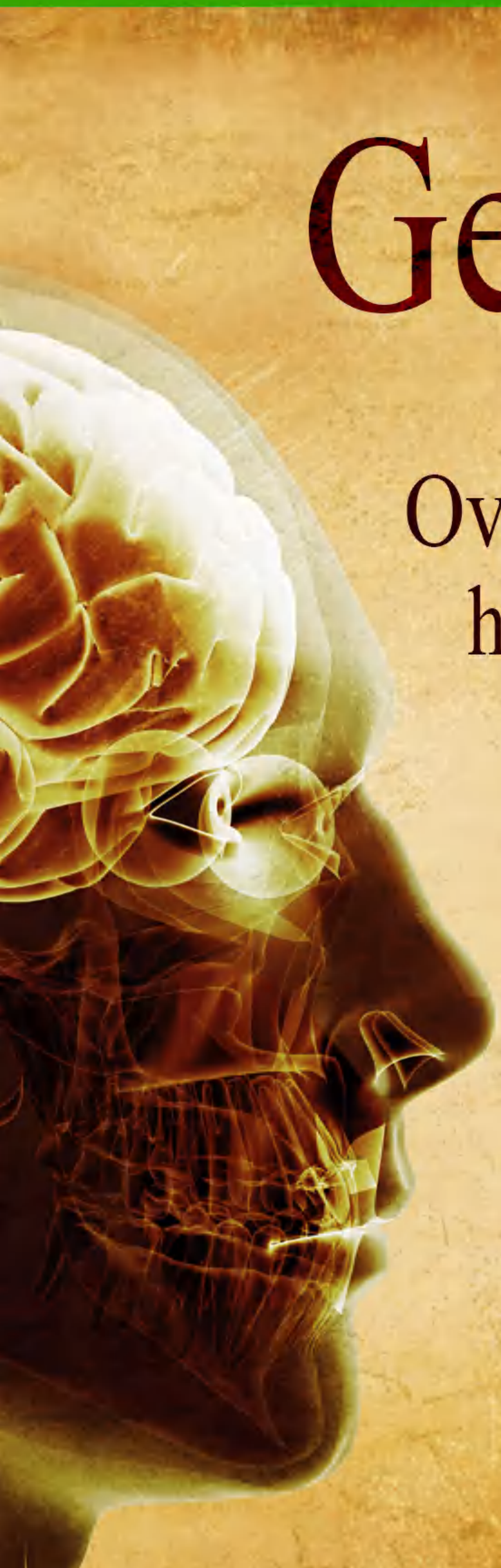

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVER

CONTENTS.

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COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS.

In this age of advancement the question of college entrance requirements has finally been brought to our notice as a vital one. "Tradition" has been the ever ruling tyrant of the college and its demands. Why this is or to some extent we may say has been, is a very evident fact when we consider where and why the college was founded.

New England, in its early colonial days, found a great dearth of cultural men having used most of their resources along other lines. Now when the colonists began to organize as a social community they found the need of professional men especially for the ministry, so in order to supply this lack—the college was founded. Now the question was where were they going to get men prepared to go into the college and do the required work? As a natural course of events the secondary school was founded with the chief and, in fact, the only aim of furnishing men to the colleges. The secondary school at that time might have been called the "college feeder."

From this time on the college proceeded to plan the work of the secondary or high school; to watch over and finally tyrranize over it. We can all readily see that in these earlier beginnings it was necessary for the college to assume this attitude, but we can also see that today the chief note is the "education of the masses" and not entirely the cultural classes. Today the aim of education is to place the pupil in an atmosphere, favorable not only for receiving needed help but also for proper stimuli for self help; today the prime purpose of the high school is to prepare for service in the community and the prime purpose of the university also to prepare for service in similar thought in higher lines.

Since service to the community is the keynote of the modern high schools, we can easily see how the college has in the past been a menace to the aim rather than a help. Not so many years ago many of the colleges required Greek for entrance and besides offered six counts for this while for modern language was only allowed four counts. It mattered

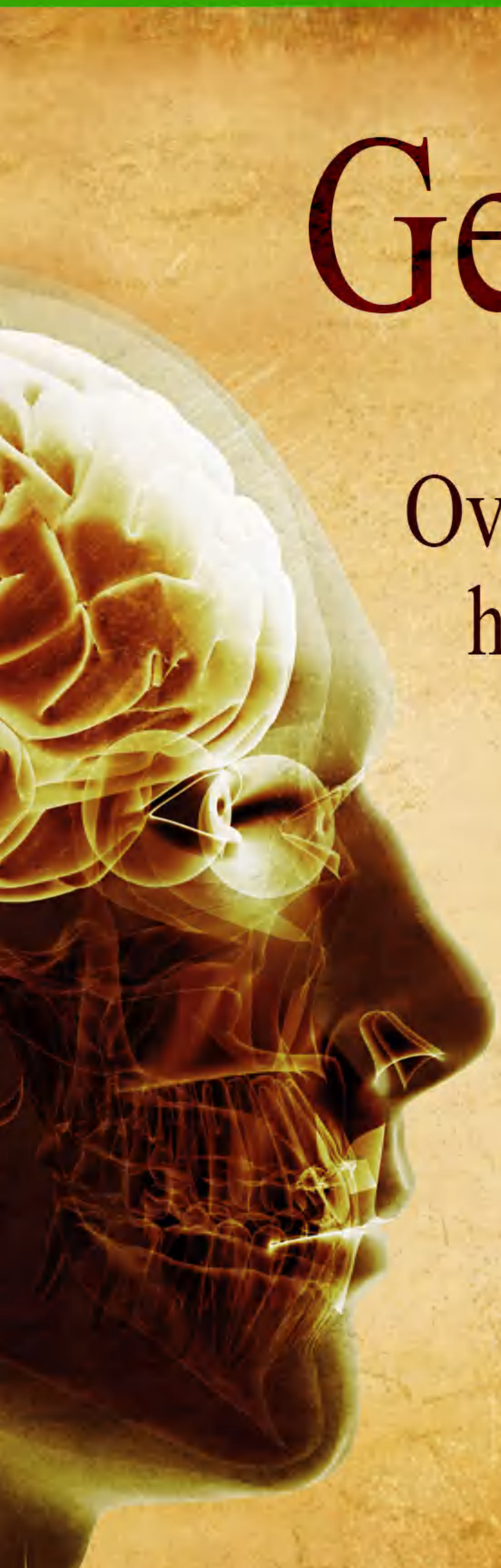
little to the college whether the boy or girl received any benefits from studying Greek or not; whether this requirement helped to carry out the general plan of education or not. No—such things were not even taken into consideration. The result was that boys and girls who had no tastes along these lines were possibly forced out of school or at least were not allowed to carry on their education farther than the high school. In many instances they were losing numberless good students from their ranks and also lowering the standard of the citizens in communities. So the high school was forced to defeat its own end.

We may ask the question: "Why couldn't the high school furnish other courses for those students who were not so inclined?" Statistics show us that a larger majority of the high schools are what we term the small high school. In these schools there are possibly two or three teachers to carry on the entire work of the school. Here the college required languages fifty per cent.; English, twenty per cent.; mathematics, nineteen per cent.; history and civil government, four per cent; science, six per cent; miscellaneous, one per cent. These courses demand about sixteen hundred recitation periods per year which burdens two or three teachers with an impossible task. Not only has it been necessary to teach these studies but it has also been necessary to teach them according to a plan mapped out by the colleges. Our teachers in most of these schools are young college graduates who are able to teach the technicalities of a subject but they are also human beings with deep felt interests along certain lines. Would it not be much better to allow these teachers some scope for an outlet of originality? Take for instance in the English courses, the college requires certain books to be read and studied which may or may not interest the pupil. They answer by saying the scope is large but statistics, gathered by a certain prominent educator, show that many of the prescribed books are positively distasteful to a large majority; others are read without much feeling one way or another, while some would bear a second reading. To force a boy or girl to read something which

is distasteful is not only doing a great injustice to the person but is also going to destroy a literary appreciation rather than create one. Here we readily see how the English course is defeating its own end. These statistics may help to overcome this evil in some degree in that it gives a general idea as to the kind of literature the average boy or girl likes. Ten years ago the powers would have gazed in astonishment at a suggestion of this sort—to change the standard on entrance requirements—that would have seemed almost as impossible as changing the course of the sun, but we shall presently see what time has accomplished.

All these aforesaid evils are present in the entrance requirements, but, to a much greater extent, does the college which requires entrance examinations narrow the limits for originality and research work. The boy or girl who is preparing for entrance to one af these colleges has no higher ambition than to be able to pass the examinations. In this way many pupils enter these colleges who are not fit for college training, while a large amount of good material is kept out. Of course these methods are not absolutely inflexible, but are forced to be almost so, on account of the very slight opportunity that is given for the individual's case to be looked into.

In 1892 a "Committee of Ten" of the most efficient educators in the country met. In a discussion of the relation of the secondary school to the college they resolved that the high school training was rightly regarded as the stepping stone to higher education. The next step was the establishment of the "College Entrance Board," which of course organized things a little better than they had been heretofore. Incidentally, I might remark, that lack of organization has been one great fault of our school system. The board has provided for a uniform course of studies throughout the country, so that the boy from the west may enter eastern colleges without any trouble. This board might be an ideal working out if they were broader in their methods but doesn't it seem absurd for one board to select readings for all the schools of the country? This board has also aimed to make



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Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching. Mr. Wilson Farrand, head of Newark Academy, and Dean Frederick C. Ferry, of Williams College and superintendent of the Standard of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and the officers of the Carnegie Foundation proposed the unit system. In this the unite represents a year's study in any subject in any secondary school, constituting approximately a fourth of one yea's work. This takes the four year high school course as a basis and assumes that the length of the school year is from thirty-six to forty weeks; periods from forty to sixty minutes and the study pursued four or five periods a week. A year's work in any subject cannot be accomplished in less than 126 minute hours or their equivalent. Only four such units a year are recognized by the Foundation so that the evil of hasty preparation is averted.

Heretofore it has been considered an absolute necessity that the child be prepared for what was to come rather than allowing the child to live in the present and carry out his own idea, but today the tendency is to allow the child more freedom and not to burden him with preparation of what is to come. If we are going to advocate the advantage of such a scheme nothing will be so necessary as to allow freedom in school work. This will then necessitate a deep consideration of the question of College Entrance Requirements; relationship rather than specialization. When the college is willing to admit a pupil who has the proper mental development and not necessarily a "specialized" development, then the question of College Entrance Requirements will no longer be a question.

GERTRUDE WAYNE, '11.

"THE LETTERS OF HORACE VALPOLE."

Some of the dearest friends that are gained in a lifetime are the "book-people" who come into our lives not as transient visitors but as beloved friends who grow dearer with each succeeding year. These book friends of ours may have been at one time real, living people or they may

be only creations of an author's fancy; however, as we meet them now in the Land of Books they are always alive, always real, always present with us. To this number, new friends are being added, not to push the old and tried aside but to join with them and make the old even more dear.

A man's letters must be more or less a revelation of the man himself, of his life and his times; they reflect as would a magic mirror, not the body of the man, but the inner unknown personality not shown to the world. When I began the letters of Horace Walpole it was entirely without prejudice for I knew little of his public life. When I had finished I felt that almost unconsciously I had accepted him among the number of my friends in the book country.

The character of the man is not so very attractive, but still—you number Becky Sharp among your friends as well as poor, thundering Rawdon Crawley. Walpole seems a man who faced only the little things of life. He assumes toward the world a gentle, joking attitude, somewhat cynical to be sure, but it is cynicism of such a kindly nature that we smile with him rather than at his victim. I have heard said that he assumed the amused attitude, that it was not a part of him but rather a mask to conceal and distort. After reading the letters, however, I am rather inclined to think that it is the real fact, not a mask, for one must sometimes lay aside a mask, and this Walpole never does.

He had one attractive characteristic shown particularly in his friendships, namely, his devoted loyalty to his friends. He had ever some kind word for those he loved. He was a clever writer, speaking wittily of the events of his day and characterizing cleverly the great people of his time. He seems to have been lovable and attractive in himself but of such a quiet and retiring nature that few knew him as he really was. The world looked upon him as a critic, sneering at the deeds of others, yet not stretching out a hand to correct or guide. Publicly he sneered, privately he watched always for the opportunity of helping someone.

A good idea of his private life is given in his "Letters." He was of rather a lazy and indolent nature, keenly interested

:ffairs of the time, yet as an observer rather than a
ant. He spent most of his time at Strawberry Hill,
ıtry home, famed even to our day for its collection
ınd tapestries. As a youth he travelled on the conti-
ıd we have quaint word-pictures of his adventures
Later he visited places of historical interest in
l and he seemed to have the utmost appreciation of
All his life he was a connoiseur, collecting odd pic-
ıandsome marbles and adding continually to his col-

.

gave a vivid picture of his times, especially the social
London. He tells of garden parties, theatres and balls.
of the customs of the time are mentioned. Once he
The fashion now is to send cards of invitation to the
, and to declare that all men are welcome without
ısked. This is a piece of ease which shocks the prudes
last." Scandals, too, are given ample space and dis-
without reserve.

his letters figures Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who,
ing to him, is one of the most despicable characters
:ory. There we find Lady Marlborough, widow of
mous duke, called "old Sarah" by Walpole, and by
ord, a wretched old woman hated and scorned by every
He sometimes pictures the most delightful comedies.
is one old lady who has two beautiful and unmarried
.ers whom she tries desperately to marry to men of
The despair and rebellion of the daughters and the
ıide-stepping" of the prospective husbands are cleverly
ed. He tells of the beautiful Gunning sisters, so
down to our time, of their various adventures and mar-
So intimately acquainted did I become with one lady
he constantly mentioned, that it was with á genuine
that I read of her sudden death.

any persons well known to us are mentioned. Of
ĸ, he says: "All the rum is now after Garrick, a wine
ınt, who is turned player at Goodman Fields. He plays
ts and is a good mimic. His acting I have seen and
ell you who will not tell it again, I see nothing so

DER ALPENJAEGER.

Wilt thou not the lambkins cherish,
Lambs with fleeces white and soft?
Playing here they soon would perish
If thou did'st not feed them oft.
"Ah, dear mother, let me seek
The deer on yonder mountain peak."

Come, my son, the herds are straying;
Call them with thy mellow horn!
Sweetly sounds the sheep bells playing
In the music of the morn.
"Mother, mother, I must know
Where the mountain creatures go."

Wilt thou not stay with the flowers
Nodding friendly in the grass?
On the heights no shady bowers
Will invite you as you pass.
"Let me leave the garden blooms—
I'll not miss their soft perfumes."

So the boy went hunting, hunting,
Eager with the joy of chase;
Blind he was with reckless daring,
As he scaled the mountain face.
While before him, swift as wind
Fled the timid, frightened hind.

High upon the rock she's clinging
With a dizzy depth below,
Through a rent cliff now she's springing
Swift and swifter must she go.
Still the daring boy comes faster
With his symbols of disaster.

There she stands on rocky ledges
  Where the precipices sink,
Far beneath are jagged edges,
  Just ahead, a chasm's brink.
For the path, alas, is gone;
She can speed no farther on.

In her eyes dumb fright is pleading,
  And she turns to face her foe,
But he sees the plea unheeding
  Cruelly he aims the bow.
Quickly from a rock's smooth fact
Steps the spirit of the place.

"I have love for all the creatures,
  And these mountain herds are mine,"
This with wrath illumined features
  Speaks the master with a sign.
While he shields the trembling deer
"Must you bring us death and fear?"

FLORENCE R. KEYS, '13.

LITTLE STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

No. 1—The Vegetarian.

The vegetarian is a species of the gens humanus. Its habitat is cities—it is never found in country districts. Its means of locomotion is by the hobby, "Back to Nature." Unbounded admiration for more favored members of the animal kingdom is its chief characteristic. Its object in life is to educate man to attain the agility of the squirrel, the strength of the horse and the poise of the cow. The food of the vegetarian is selected with reference to the acquiring of these traits. To obtain a husky physique, nuts, rice, raw fruits and vegetables, breakfast foods and all other kinds of husks are indulged in freely.

If the vegetarian is caught when young it usually can be tamed and trained to accept with meekness the limitations of the human animal. If this is not done, however, the only policy which can be recommended is to dodge it, if possible. If successful in buttonholing its prey, it is exceedingly dangerous to liberty and pursuit of happiness.

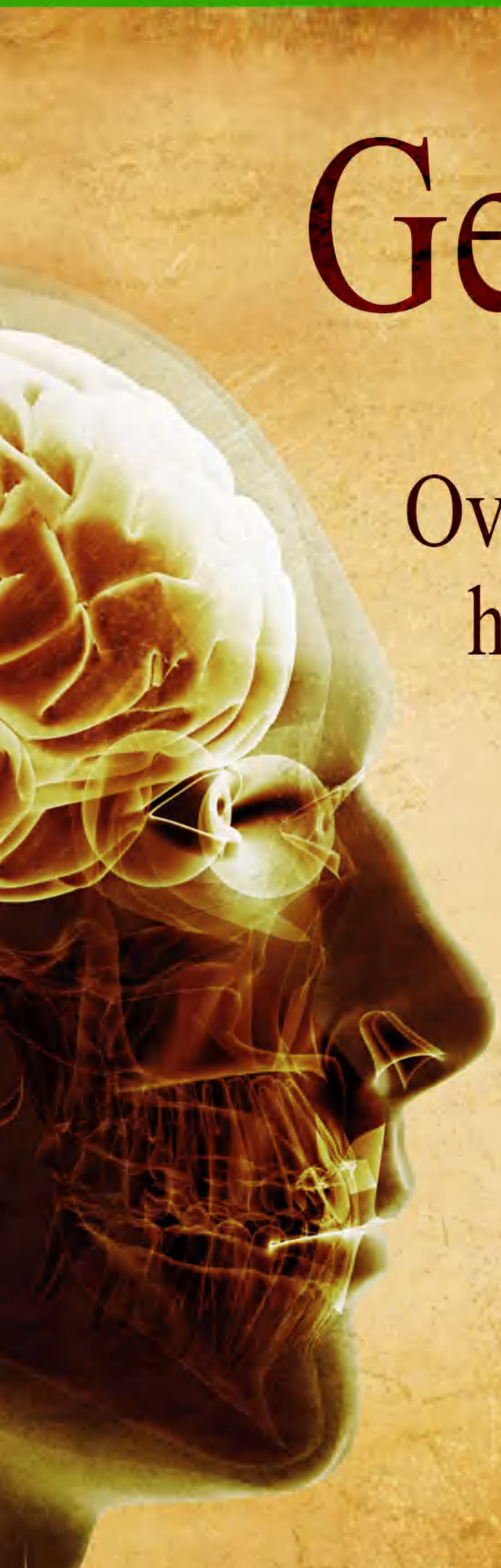
No. 2—The Health Faddist.

The health fadist belongs to the same species and is closely related to the vegetarian heretofore described. Its chief characteristic is that it can never be found where it has been left. It has the stability of the weather cock—that is, it always revolves about a fixed point. The pursuit of good health is its chief end. Since its nature is to revolve about the object pursued it is very evident that its goal is vain. There are numberless methods employed in this pursuit among which are baths, contortions and fasting. This latter method is very interesting. The theory is that microbes belong to the epicurean school of philosophy and prefer company of like views. When they find their diet becoming restricted they will move to fresh fields. Anything from toothache to old age can be cured by fasting. If some advocate of this theory is a little too zealous for his cause and dies as a result it only clinches the argument that fasting is a cure all.

R. S., '11.

DESCRIPTION OF A PLACE.

There is a certain point in the Allegheny mountains from which it is said that you can see seven counties lying spread out before you. Near this point was once built a summer resort which became very popular for a time but gradually became less and less frequented by summer tourists. At the time that I visited it, having driven over from a neighboring resort, it had lain deserted for five years. It was like a neglected village, with its groups of cottages all untenanted, some falling to pieces, one or two charred and blackened by fire. Decaying swings and benches stood about the over-



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"Look at the moon," dark Midnight said,
"How soft and low she swings,
The heavens, too, are bending down
List, hear the flut'ring wings."

"I hate the moon," my sick soul cried—
"My heart is dead from grief.
I hate this life with sorrow fraught
From which there's no relief.

All day the other souls have marched
Unthinking, towards the sun;
Without a thought or e'en a tear
To soothe a sorrowing one."

The sweet night wind caressed my cheek
While murmuring a prayer;
A trailingg jasmine on the wall
Twined tendrils in my hair.

Soft glistening, the stars came out
To help the chaste moon keep,
Her vigil over Mother Earth
Wrapt in mist-shrouded sleep.

"Oh, child," cried Midnight, sable cloaked—
"Thy soul seeks sympathy.
The soft night wind, the sweet jasmine
And fair moon weep with thee.

The moon is the all-seeing eye,
The stars, the tears she weeps,
For souls who sicken unto death
While all the vast world sleeps."

The night wind and the jasmine
Their soothings did repeat,
Until when morning pearled the sky
I found my sorrow sweet.

MILDRED WESTON.

The Sorosis

Pennsylvania College for Women.

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Gertrude Wayne, '11.....Business Manager
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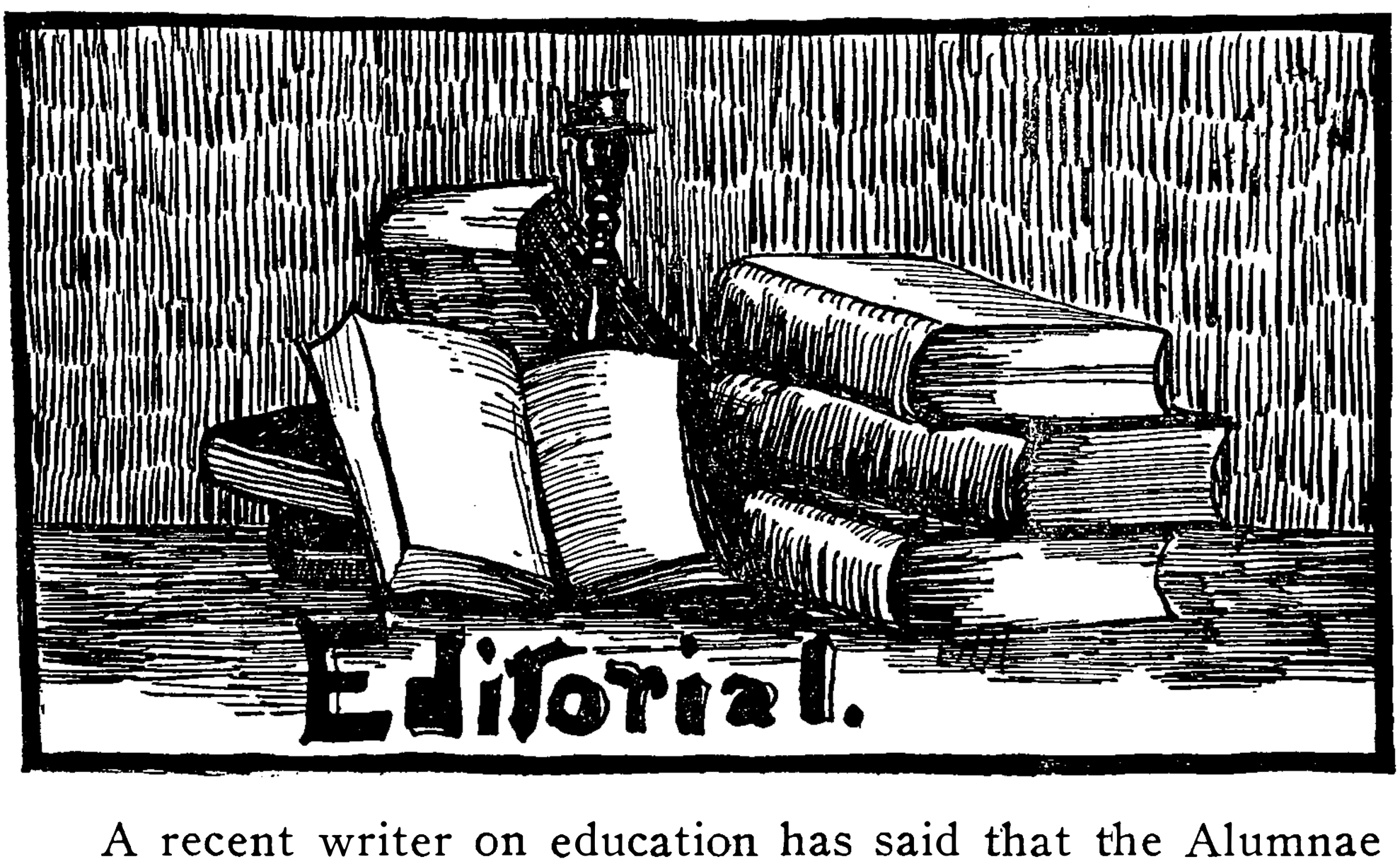


A recent writer on education has said that the Alumnae form perhaps the most important of the six factors of our American college. Discrimination among the members of an organization is always difficult, since he welfare of he whole often depends as much upon the unprominent as upon the prominent parts. We find it almost impossible to compare the relative powers of president, faculty, trustees, stu-

dents, community, and alumnae in the life of our college; existence without any one of them would be hazardous. Here we will consider briefly the influence of the alumnae upon the welfare of this college.

That we owe much to their loyal support is made more evident to us each day. By their presence at many of the college functions they show great interest and lend much encouragement to students and faculty. Another proof of their loyalty can be found in articles of furniture and works of art which add to the beauty and comfort of our buildings. The tall, old clock, in Berry Hall, which chimes its sociable warning before each mad clanging of recitation bells; the Santa Barbara and memorial window, in the chapel; the pipe organ which daily lends its full tones to our morning chapel service; these are a few of the reminders of alumnae's generosity and faithfulness.

Perhaps the most substantial, visible proof of their loyalty can be found in Woodland Hall. The complete, artistic furnishings and homelike comfort of this new building are entirely their gift; the result of large expenditures not only of money but of time and unselfish forethought. So much they have done for our material welfare, but they have not neglected the intellectual side of our college life. They have established a lecture fund by means of which we are brought into touch with the vital movements of the world and given inspiration by the greatest minds of today. Such talks as those of Alma Tadema, Seumas McManus, Jane Adams and Mr. Caffin will not soon be forgotten.

We are indebted still more to our alumnae. Several years ago the life of this college was endangered because of the lack of an endowment fund. It was a time of great anxiety to all. The alumnae came loyally forward and by their untiring energy and enthusiasm secured a large part of the endowment. So we can say that we owe them in a large part the very existence of our college.

These are but a few suggestions of the debt we owe alumnae; a debt which increases daily as new signs of their generosity appear. Let us be grateful for the support of

Omega initiation was held on April 25th.

The Sophomore Class gave a spread for the president, Claire Colestock, in consideration of her noble efforts fo the Sophomore play.

Two recent Social Service lectures have been given by Mr. Burns and Mr. Chambers.

The Freshman Twin Party on Friday, May 12th, was a great success. The "children" were cared for and amused by the nurses in charge, Miss Root and Miss Butterfield. The little ones played games, dances and sang, and ate, so their happiness was complete.

The Seniors were entertained by the Sophomores at the Alvin Theatre on Saturday, May 13th. The play they saw was "The Piper," from which everyone derived the keenest enjoyment. "The Piper" is a play one never forgets, but holds in one's memory for many years.

Miss Coolidge and Miss Skilton gave a luncheon for the Seniors at the College Club on April 29th.

The Freshman spread on April 25th, was a very jolly affair.

The Spring Tennis Tournament began the week of May 22nd.

Miss Butterfield took her classmates, the Sophomores, to the circus on May 16th. Everyone had a glorious time.

The May Festival a P. . W. this year was the most beautiful that has yet been held at the College. It was celebrated on the new amphitheatre. The program follows:

MAY DAY PAGEANT

"The Awakening of Spring"

Pennsylvania Colege for Women and Dilworth Hall.

Saturday, May 20, 1911, 2:30 o'clock.

The Pageant symbolizes the awakening of Spring in Nature and illustrates the customs by which it has been greeted among nations.

Queen of May

Harriet de Forest Haskell

Maids of Honor

Florence appe.

Maids

Martha Elizabeth Young — Helena White Gray
Edwina Noeline Hickson — Dorothy Kohne

Attendants

t I. "The Awakening of Spring."
Spriug awakens the flowers, daffodils, forgetmenots and roses, who dance merrily in the sunshine while the butterflies hover about, then all join in a revel.
t II. Maypole Dance.
t III. Crowning of the Queen.
IV. Roman Rites of Spring.
V. English Maytime.
VI. Scottish Peasants.
VII. Festival of the Cherry Blossoms and Wisteria.
VIII. Spanish Gypsies.
IX. Songs.
X. Close of the Revels.

Omega Society held its last meeting on May 25th, in Woodland Hall. The subject for discussion was "Sudermann."

Miss Paden, of Egypt, spoke to us in Y. W. C. A. on May

2nd on her misisonary work in Cairo. This was a gr and very inteesting to everyone.

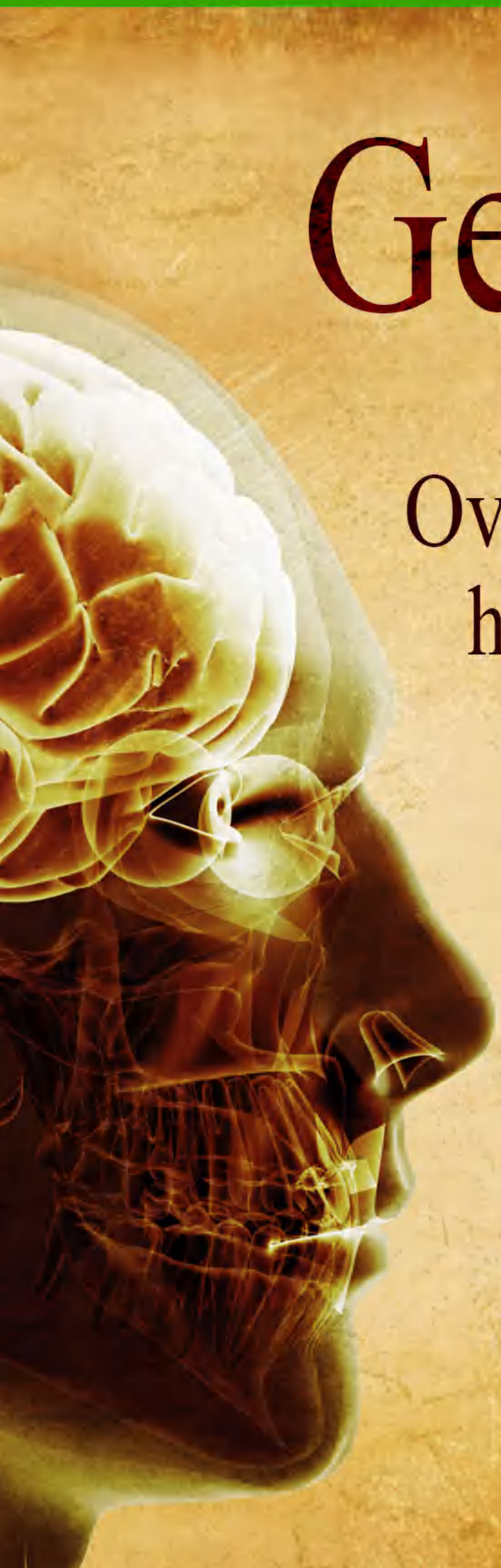
Election of House President will take place a first of June.

On Wednesday, May 24th, a MacDowell prog be given in the drawing rooms. Madame Graziani Fisher will furnish the music. Miss Corlid will giv count of the Pageant in memory of MacDowell, England last summer. This is the close of the te Wednesday Lectures of the year.

The College commencement exercises will b Friday, June 9th, with Alumnae Day. The Alumn ing will be at 3:00 o'clock, with the usual dinner at special feature of the occasion will be the presence Helen Pelletreau, a former president of the ollege, not been here for many years.

Saturday afternoon, the Class Day exercises will The graduating class will present the play "Much A Nothing." The cast is as follows:

Don Pedro, Prince of Arazon.....Florenc
Don John, Don Pedro's brother.....Alic
Clandio, a lord of Florence.....Elma
Benedick, a lord of Padna.....Mab
Leonato, governor of essina.....Belle Mc
Antonio Leonato's brother.....Minerva
Balthazar, servant to Don Pedro.....Rosali
Borachio.....Frar
Conrade.....Lucille
Followers of Don John
Dogberry.....Irma
Verges.....Marga
Officers of Police in Messina
Seacoal.....Clarissa



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McHenry, Helen Blair and Martha Young are the chosen ones.

We asked of an errand boy in the front hall whom he wished to see. "I'm waiting for the change from Crazy Anna (Graziani)," he replied.

Heard in French—"The carriage was drawn by an old hog."

History Gems: "The menu of Mediaeval people consisted of things they shot."

Question—What kind of fruit did the travelers bring from the east?

Answer—Asparagas.

(Owing to her brilliance in geneology) Betty's a peach on the family tree.

Miss Coolidge recently spoke to the girls of Central High School.

If your name were Pigg, wouldn't you add an e on and get Pidgeon?

Botany—A catkin is a little sapling.

At the College Mass Meeting it was decided not to have a June dance this year, but an informal house dance will be given for the Seniors on June 2nd.

Miss Layman—"Ignorant people are called Laymen."

English as she is spok in the Chaucer class—"It makes me tired to tell of his falseness." ffl ffl ffl

"He let the feast go crying through the city."

Mr. Putnam made a trip to Harrisburg recently in the interest of civil welfare.

Visitors at Woodland Hall within the month: Miss Jean Caldwell, Miss Uarie Voegtley, Misses Margaret and Rachel Woods, Miss Eugenie Senn, Miss Bessie Shipley.

Miss Mildred Weston has come to live in Woodland Hall for the last two months of school.

Have you noticed the look of levity of the Apoll of the English Room?

Miss Coolidge spent the week of May 8 at her home in Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

The Botany class spent a Laboratory Period with great pleasure and provt at Phipps Conservatory.

The tennis courts are ready for use and are being used early and late.

Margaret Greene, '11, after an absence of several weeks, is back at school, looking quite well again.

We are sorry to know that Marguerite Titzell, '13, will not return to school this year.

At a fancy-work party given by Belle McClymonds, "1, at her home in Wilkinsburg, was announced the engagement of Mabel Crowe, '11, to Mr. Louis Baird, of Cleveland. No date has been set for the wedding.

Sandwich and candy sales are still popular, for some unaccountable reason.

The Faculty Teas adjourned after drinking ice tea on May 11.

Miss Coolidge, Miss Root and Miss Butterfield entertained the Pittsburgh Smith College Club at Woodland Hall, May 27.

Miss Campbell entertained, on June 3, the Woman's Club of Canonsburg, in Woodland Hall.

Belle McClymonds '11, entertained the Senior Class and a few others at her home in Wilkinsburg on May 18, with fancy work.

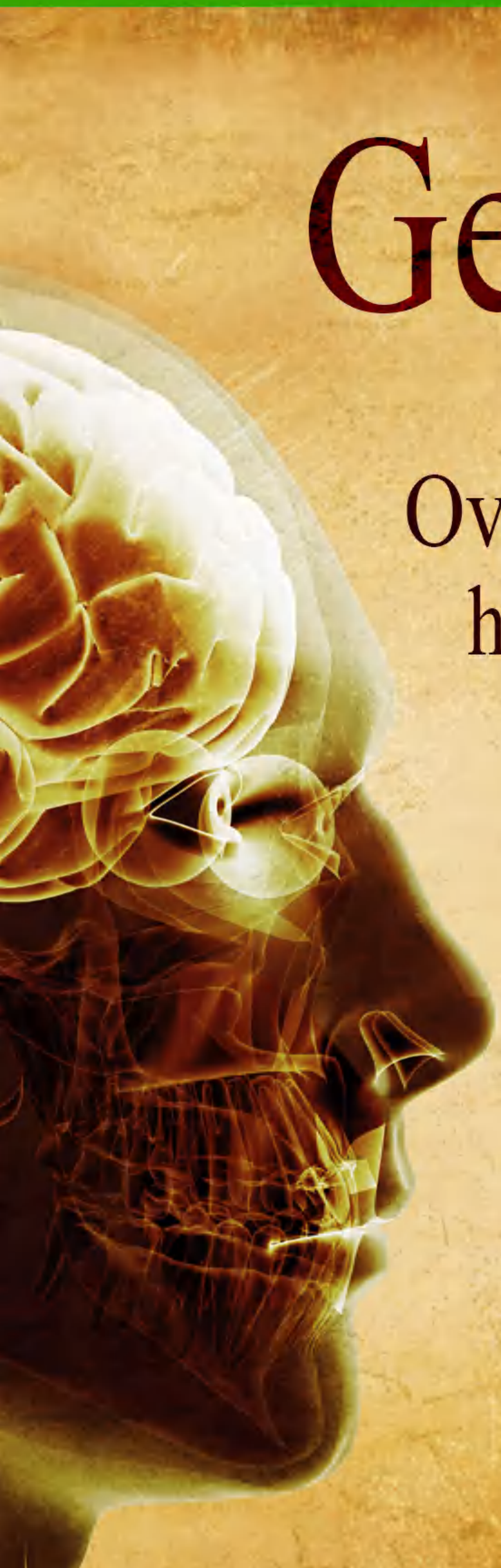
Dr. and Mrs. Kelso, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rea and Miss West and Miss Bray, the latter of the Margaret Morrison School, dined in Woodland Hall on May 5.

Miss Brownlee and Miss Coolidge gave a dinner to Fourth Year Dilworth Hall on May 26.

The teas in Woodland Hall were resumed on May 11, with one on the veranda. The hostesses were Louise Fletcher, '13, Ethel Williams '14, Elsie Weihe '13, Elizabeth McCague '13 and Florence Keys '13. On May 18 the hostesses were Corelia Gillespie '14, Marjorie Blackburn, Jessie Palmer '1b and Mary Gray '14. On May 25 Vivian Stitt '13 Calla Stahlman '12, Rebecca Larimer '14, Mary Keen '12, Cosette Spence '12, and on June 1, Phebe Knight '14, Helen Blair '13 Mary Heinsling '14, Ruth Peck '14 and Esther O'Neill '12.

Teacher—Can you be angry without being angry with a person?

Cocksure Soph—Yes, I can be angry with myself.
Teacher—Aren't you a person?



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