VASSAR QUARTERLY

NOVEMBER, 1918

Vassar Nurses in the Diet Kitchen

Vassar's Camp from the Nursing Standpoint

College English

The School of Psychiatric Social Work

Volunteers—Amateur and Professional

Who's Who in the Vassar Units

To All the Poets

First Words from the Units

Book Reviews


The Clearing House

In the Absence of the President—A Plea for Vassar—Alumnae Doctors, Attention!—A Vassar Woman "Stumps" the State—The QUARTERLY Passes a Milestone.

Through the Campus Gates

The Scholar in War Time—Glimpses of the Training Camp—This Summer's Farmerettes—The Faculty Club in Time of War—Faculty Notes—Just News—Coming Events

Contemporary Notes

The Board of Representatives Holds its First Meeting—The Report of the Unit Committee—The Double-Barreled Conference—The Workshop's Best Foot—The Alumnae Supper—Notice to Alumnae—The Classes.

In Active Service

Published by the Associate Alumnae of Vassar College, Inc., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

$1.00 a year 25 cents a copy
VASSAR QUARTERLY

Published by
THE ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE OF VASSAR COLLEGE, Inc.
Office: Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ADVISORY BOARD
Elisabeth B. Cutting
Katherine B. Davis
Orie L. Hatcher
Elizabeth M. Howe
Burges Johnson
Lucy Madeira Wing
Herbert E. Mills
Amy L. Reed
Lucy M. Salmon
Alice Poirier Sanford
Mary Thaw Thompson
Laura J. Wylie

EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor: Elizabeth Elliott Wellington
(Elisabeth Woodbridge Morris
Associate Editors: Ruth Cornwall
( Sarah Hincks
Business Manager: Harriet Sawyer
Advertising Manager: Elfa Hasbrouck

BRANCH CORRESPONDENTS
Boston: Amy Wentworth Stone
Chicago: Loren Tolman Stubbs
Cleveland: Emma M. Perkins
New York: Eleanor Lecour
Northern New York: Grace Barnett Muhlfelder
Southeastern: Mary Brown
Philadelphia: Natalie Wilson Clothier
Southern California: Katherine Carr
St. Louis: Viola Kilgren
Indiana: Frances Morrison
Mohawk Valley: Mertice Sessions
Pittsburgh: Gertrude Taylor Watkins
Washington: Sarah Spalding

Manuscripts should be sent to Miss E. E. Wellington, Bronxville, N. Y.
Business communications should be sent to Alumnae Office, Vassar College.
Items of Association or class news should be sent to the Alumnae Office, Vassar College.
The editors request that so far as possible all material submitted shall be typewritten.

Yearly subscription, $1.00, payable in advance.
Single copies, 25 cents.
Best & Co.
Fifth Ave. at 35th St.
Est. 1879

The Dolly Hibson Coat

The coat that is newer, warmer, and smarter than a leather coat and even more serviceable. For motoring, for a general "bad weather" coat, for any occasion where a top coat is needed—the best looking service coat in New York.

The "Dolly Hibson" is a sister to the "Major Hibson"—the official army officer's coat—of the same soft finish moleskin cloth, absolutely weather proof.

Because of its special usefulness in a war time wardrobe, this is specified as a War Service model. Our folder of War Service Fashions, containing many other practical fashions created by us, will be sent on request.

You Never Pay More at Best's
CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NOVEMBER QUARTERLY

Nina D. Gage, A.B., R.N., was in charge of the Department of Practical Nursing at the Training Camp, and is Superintendent of Nurses at the Hunan-Yale Hospital, Changsa, China.

Burges Johnson is Assistant Professor of English and Director of the Bureau of Publication at Vassar, and is also literary adviser, with especial direction of educational publications, at Dutton’s Publishing Office, New York.

Mary Vida Clark, 1893, is Assistant Secretary of the State Charities’ Aid Association, New York, and was interested in the establishment of the Smith Summer School, and was also a student there.

Agnes Naumburg Bass, 1909, is a newspaper writer and Associate Editor of the QUARTERLY.

Grace Cooley Patrick, 1894, is a member of the Unit committee, in charge of the publicity for the Unit.

Katherine Schermerhorn Oliver, 1915, has published a number of poems, stories, and essays, in various magazines, since her graduation.

Miss Guild and Miss Evans’ School

29 Fairfield St., and 200 Commonwealth Ave., Boston


Miss Jeannie Evans,
Principal

Miss Augusta Choate,
Associate Principal.

For Artistic Views of the College, either as Post Cards or as a Souvenir Book, address THE FLAG SHOP
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Woman’s Medical College of Pennsylvania

69th year began Sept. 18, 1918. Entrance requirements: two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and two languages other than English (one of which must be French or German).


Special course for Laboratory Technicians, approved by the National Research Council of the Council of National Defense.

Four months’ preliminary didactic and laboratory course for those expecting to enroll in a nurses’ training school.

For announcement and further information, address MARTHA TRACY, M. D., Dean
Box 600, N. College Ave. & 21 St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Any Way—Any Time
White House
Coffee and Teas

"None better at any price"

The meal is judged by the coffee you serve. Under all conditions and on all occasions White House Coffee gives pleasure and commands respect. Always sold in the airtight, all-tin cans—never in bulk.

White House Tea is superb. It has a quality as distinct and superior as White House Coffee. Five favorite varieties in 1-4 and 1-2 lb. cans. Order by name "White House." Decline substitutes.

DWINELL-WRIGHT CO.
Principal Coffee Roasters
BOSTON CHICAGO

THE BALDWIN SCHOOL, BRYN MAWR PENNSYLVANIA
A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS


ELIZABETH FORREST JOHNSON, A.B. (Vassar)
HEAD

If you would know the Vassar of to-day

SUBSCRIBE TO THE
Vassar Miscellany News (SEMI-WEEKLY)

$1.50 the Year

Please patronize our advertisers and mention VASSAR QUARTERLY
The importance of securing the best Linens obtainable, when young ladies are forming their Household Linen Trousseaus, cannot be over-estimated.

"Walpole" Linens have always been of the highest standard, and can be relied upon for durability, individuality, and value.

TABLE CLOTHS AND NAPKINS
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
BEDSPREADS, TOWELS, HANDKERchieFS, etc.

Also of
583 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
LONDON DUBLIN BELFAST
MELBOURNE and WARINGSTOWN

ALNWICK BEDSPREADS. An old industry revived

These beautiful creamy white spreads are made by the Southern Mountaineers for the Handwork Shop, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. They are exact reproductions of old English bedspreads 100 to 150 years ago. The designs are worked entirely by hand and the fringe is hand-tied. They can be ordered without fringe if the spread is to be tucked in, and with fringe on the sides only for beds with foot boards. We will make the spreads to measure without extra charge. The bedspreads make beautiful wedding or Christmas gifts. The prices are from $15 to $30.

If you will write direct to THE HANDWORK SHOP, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., giving references, we will send a number of bedspreads on approval, express prepaid.

THE HANDWORK SHOP
57 Market Street
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Please patronize our advertisers and mention Vassar Quarterly
Vassar Nurses at Work in the Diet Kitchen, constructed in the basement of Music Hall for the use of the Training Camp
VASSAR'S CAMP FROM THE NURSING STANDPOINT

By Nina D. Gage

Up to date the Training Camp for Nurses has been a great success from every standpoint. Of course final results must be judged by the record which the students make in the hospitals which they are now entering, and we know the College will watch their progress to see what happens. But the faculty has faith in these students, and believes they will justify the great advantages which Vassar and the Red Cross have given them. You alumnae did splendid work last spring, not only in the number of students which you secured for the school—434 finally arrived—and in the widespread area from which you drew them—42 different states and 115 different colleges being represented—but also in the fine caliber of your recruits. Any and all of them would be a great addition to a profession, and we shall be delighted to have them in nursing. Dr. Winslow of Yale, who taught the introductory bacteriology, said he would have been glad to have them as bacteriologists, and wished he were able to take them all to Yale with him. He said they were more interested in their work, and more industrious than any group of students he had ever taught. Dr. Folin of the physiological chemistry department at Harvard, in charge of the chemistry work at the Camp, had heretofore objected to teaching women, but these girls converted him to women as students. He said these were all so earnest and hard working that they were quite as good as any men he had ever taught. All of the faculty think it is going to be hard to return to teaching ordinary college students, without the keen interest and zeal of these enthusiasts. The course has been very full, with much hard work, but no one would take an exemption if she could possibly avoid it, and that spirit has extended throughout all the activities of the Camp.
From the nursing standpoint this course which you sponsored has been vastly different from anything hitherto possible. Miss A. W. Goodrich, for several years President of the American Nurses' Association and now Dean of the Army Nursing School, called it a "milestone in nursing." Miss Nutting, Professor of Nursing and Health at Teachers' College in New York, says of it, "Hardly anything, it seems to me, in all my long life of nursing, has been of such deep interest or of such significance as the work going on up there this summer, and the thought of what must come of it makes me very happy indeed."

It has been so different from previous attempts, first, because never before were so many women gathered at once to study any one subject, as Mrs. Blodgett told us at the opening of the Camp. Secondly, it has been different because never before were so many college women preparing to enter the profession of nursing. We have at present only 400 or 500 college women among the 100,000 nurses of the country, and we need additions to that number. We have always felt that nursing had much to offer college women in its opportunities for creative work: public health work of manifold varieties, district, school, factory, industrial, insurance, infant welfare; instructing in nursing schools; directing nursing schools, especially that now more and more universities are taking nursing schools under their auspices; superintending of hospitals; nursing in schools and colleges, with positions on the faculty as instructors in hygiene, anatomy, etc.; mental nursing, which should be especially attractive to college women because it requires more from a nurse than any other kind of nursing. On these peace time opportunities are now superimposed the urgent demands of war: military nursing; more instructors for the military nursing schools; reconstruction work at home and abroad; neuropsychiatric work among invalided soldiers; extra cantonment work to protect the army; thousands of extra nurses needed to do the nursing work which must be done. College women, always so interested in social work, will find that more possible with a nursing background in addition to their social studies. Not only do they need us, but we need them, for only women with the fullest training can meet the demands which are daily being made upon nurses, and which daily increase in scope and insistency.

Thirdly: The Camp this summer has given a preparatory course for the nursing schools, a course which has been found necessary as a foundation for their work; but which never can be adequately given in a hospital without good laboratory facilities, and with only one or two overworked instructors. The general scientific subjects have been taught before to preparatory nursing students, but never so fully, by such authorities as were gathered together.
on your campus this summer. These students have had unparalleled opportunities for learning what they will need to know in the coming days, and the teaching has been so simplified because of the splendid laboratories and lecture rooms loaned us by the College. Only those who have tried to teach with such inadequate apparatus that they could have no individual laboratory work for the students, but had to depend on demonstration alone, and where materials and appliances must needs be collected from several different sources before each period and returned after each period, only those of us who have struggled under such difficulties, can appreciate what it means to have the use of laboratories fitted out with all the necessary things, as we have had this summer.

Fourthly: So many authorities on scientific subjects as were gathered together this summer never before taught nurses at one and the same time. Usually, except for special lectures by authorities, one or two instructors or the over-worked superintendent of nurses, have had to do all the teaching. The difference in teaching, in freshness, enthusiasm, knowledge of subject matter, can be better imagined than described.

Fifthly: Never before have so many hospitals united in receiving students taught in some other place than the hospital. That means for the students, that they may have to change their practical methods in some minor details, but it means also that the hospitals may make a start in standardizing some of their procedures. In the hospital world to-day there are several different ways of attaining the same end, i. e., making our patients' recovery as rapid and sure and comfortable as possible. For instance, a bed may be made in several different ways and still be comfortable. Hospitals vary their procedures according to individual preferences and local conditions. If the preparatory students were taught together many of these minor differences would disappear with advantage both to the hospitals and their graduates, and thus indirectly to their patients. For though we believe that

“There are nine and sixty ways
Of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right,”

yet simplicity in teaching, and later in practise, make a certain amount of uniformity in details desirable. A beginning has been made this summer, for some superintendents of nurses have told us they would be willing to accept our beds, which we have made up according to a method modified from that of several different hospitals. Our method of giving baths, too, has met with approval. If our students, going to thirty or more different hospitals, are
allowed to use these exact methods in even some of the thirty, more uniformity than before will be an accomplished fact.

Sixthly: The summer course has also been unique in that, except for the endowment of the Department of Nursing and Health at Teachers’ College in New York in 1910 by Mrs. Hartley Jenkins, never before has such a large sum as the Red Cross donated for the Camp been given for nursing education.

From a nursing standpoint the summer has been most successful. Of course we must reiterate what we said in the beginning, that final success can only be judged two years hence, or even longer, by the number of these students who finally complete their course, and by the success of these in the profession. But judging by the ideals and conception of the inner meaning of nursing which the students seem to have by this time, we think that only a very small percentage, if any of them, will be ruled out of hospitals. They have worked hard and unremittingly all summer, with such zeal that they refused to take exemptions from courses which they had sometimes already covered, because they feared they might miss something! They have worked faithfully to practise and learn many things which seemed to them quite far from actual nursing. Making your own bed, dusting your own room in all its corners, washing out your duster, and keeping your closet in order, gets tiresome done day after day for three months, and one wonders why it should be necessary for a prospective nurse. But these students have done that not only uncomplainingly, but cheerfully and with zest, a spirit which argues well for their accomplishment in the hospital of some things which will seem equally monotonous, but which must be done for their patients, and which often give an opportunity for observing a patient’s symptoms unnoticed, provided that the doing has become automatic so that the mind is free to think of one thing while the hands are doing something quite different.

In the spring it was feared by many nurses that with no patients these students would get very little of the real nursing feeling, or of practical skill in even the simplest procedures. But with their zeal in practising on each other and in applying what they learned in other departments to their practical nursing, we think that on their entrance into the hospitals it will require only a short period of practice in the ward routine to enable them to stand very favorable comparison with other probationers. Several nursing superintendents who have visited the Camp have been both surprised and delighted with the practical work done by the students, when their small chance for practise was taken into consideration.

The pupils’ comprehension of nursing essentials and ideals has been in large measure due to the Dean of the school, Dr. Mills.
Rarely has an outsider so understood what nurses are trying to do, and why they consider certain apparently trivial details so important, and rarely have we been upheld so valiantly on all questions. Without his aid the Camp must have failed to reach many of its objectives from the point of view of the nursing profession.

Everyone at the College has been so cordial and helpful to us this summer, in opening up all your buildings, rearranging to meet so many needs and demands in absolute opposition to the usual tenor of their way. Instead of feeling that our presence on the campus was robbing them of a vacation everyone, from the President to the laundry workers, has seemed to consider us their guests, and has tried in every way to make the school a success. And each one has contributed a share to its success, for without this splendid cooperation in giving us what we needed for our work, and making us comfortable while we did it, we could never have studied and taught as hard as we have, and the students must inevitably have failed to gain from the opportunities the body of knowledge and spirit of service which they have found.

If any of you have been watching the Thermometer, the weekly paper published conjointly by the Camp students and the farmerettes, you will understand something of the spirit which the students are carrying away with them. An article on “Living up to One’s Uniform,” in which the uniform conferred upon the writer a feeling of noblesse oblige, which is one of the nurse’s greatest obligations, a poem after Kipling’s “If,” showing some of the things a nurse must do, other articles scattered through, are few in number, perhaps, but they are straws which show which way the wind blows. The spirit with which these students enter the hospital will be of the greatest importance in starting them on the path of nursing. In addition they have a body of knowledge greater than that of most probationers at the end of their probationary period, making a good foundation for the work to come both practical and theoretical. The hospitals have been relieved of all that part of the training, and can start these pupils very quickly in second year work. We are sure that these girls will very soon be ready to undertake responsibility. Never have hospitals been so quickly, and with such slight expense to themselves, able to have students of second year grade on the wards ready to be of some service as nurses. This, it seems to us, is one of the great advantages from a nursing standpoint, not only the better educational foundation, but the ability of the pupil to give some return for her training at an earlier stage than usual, and with infinitely less expense to the hospital.

We hope that this summer’s venture will not be considered the
end of such schools. It would mean a great deal to hospitals to have the most expensive part of the nurse’s training taken off their hands, and to receive students at a more advanced period of their course, and to be sure of a steady supply of such students. The preliminary period was put into nurses’ schools because probationers were being received without sound educational foundations, and the only way to have them get the necessary knowledge seemed to be to give it to them after their entrance into a nurses’ school. But really there is no more reason why a nursing student should not have the necessary scientific foundation before she enters the nursing school, than why a medical student should not have it required of him for entrance to a medical school. If it could be given before a student enters a school of nursing it would save the hospital the expense of laboratory material and apparatus, and of getting instructors trained for that sort of teaching, really the heaviest expense of a nurse’s training. On the other hand, it would save the pupil’s time and strength, for this knowledge can be gained more quickly when she is fresh, and not distracted by too much ward work. From our experience this summer, however, we should say that some practical nursing should be included in the course. With it the pupils are not only interested in the work for what they are going to do in the future, but they can immediately correlate their work with what they are doing at the time, and find some of the practical value of the sciences they are learning. They begin to see why so much theory is necessary as a background, and it does not all seem so much like economic waste. It has been found, too, that where nursing is a part of the curriculum, all the courses bear more directly on the end for which they are given, and they are of more practical value than where nursing is forgotten except as a far-off ending to the course.

Vassar having started the nurses’ course, having made it a success, knowing what it needs, would seem to be the ideal college to continue such work. Many hospitals have expressed a wish for such preparation for their pupils in the future as well as the present. It does seem a waste, war or no war, to have Vassar’s splendid physical equipment of buildings, laboratories and grounds, stand idle for three months every summer, one whole quarter of the year. Patriotism will be an adequate motive for such work for some time to come, because many, many nurses are going to be needed for reconstruction work after the war, both at home and abroad. What a splendid contribution to this work would be a permanent summer school to give a foundation for the best sort of preparation to do it! The nurses hope that you will be able to repeat every year this summer’s experience.
THERE is only one standard of English. Surely there should be no meaning to the phrase "College English" as distinct from "Practical English." If there is, the fact is not only a charge against the newspaper and the magazine and the business letter; it is also in too many cases a charge against the classroom. There is only one English, and it is properly divided into two great divisions, good English and bad English. Yours received and contents noted; would say in reply to same, have billed as of above date, should reflect just as much discredit upon the business concern as it would upon the classroom.

I recall that about fifteen years ago a young man attached to the literary staff of a reputable publishing concern, where he had been engaged in the criticism of manuscripts and in the planning for the magazine of articles of a more or less scholarly character, prepared by college experts, and in their editing and revision, applied for a faculty position in a neighboring university. He approached the matter in properly humble spirit, with this ponderous hypothetical question: "Is it possible that six or seven years devoted to practical journalistic work of the better sort, in establishments where high standards prevail, might be accepted by the authorities of the university as equivalent to some of the necessary advanced study under academic supervision, in the case of one seeking to deal with written English?" The Dean of the Graduate School in question replied, with almost brutal emphasis, "No! The standards of journalistic and newspaper English are so low that there can be no relationship between them and college English, and the less the classroom has to do with the present-day practical English of the world outside, the better." The fate of empires did not hang upon his decision, and I am sure that in that specific case the university was the better for the Dean's action. The young man returned to his desk, which he had come to feel was, if not a chair of English, at least a three-legged stool, from which he was able now and then to aid younger graduates in their efforts to write.

Surely it is worth while even for a college professor to consider the way in which certain social, commercial and professional groups of the outside world are studying and utilizing written English, in order to see how far the work of the classroom may parallel their efforts, take advantage of their experiments, and profit by their achievements. How can he ignore, for instance,

* A paper read before the Modern Language Association of the Middle States and Maryland
his daily newspaper, full of experiments, proved and unproved? First comes journalistic news-writing, or the presentation of facts uncolored by opinion, with only two legitimate aims in mind, namely, the luring of the reader and the conveyance to his mind of a truthful impression; next, the editorial in its various forms; and finally advertising, in a commercial sense.

At first I had started to make a grand distinction between art and business, thus placing the poem and the advertisement as far apart as my cataloguing would allow, but I found myself in perplexity. I remembered that a student of about my own undergraduate time, a man of the finest literary instincts, who had retained all of his interest in literature and his ideals after graduation, instead of undertaking imaginative writing as a vocation, as we had expected, went into advertising. There will be some among you, perhaps, who will say that this was imaginative enough. The other day I called upon him in his office, where he manages a branch of one of the largest advertising concerns in the country. His views were most interesting. His delight in the beauties of English style was as great as ever. He talked of the written word as an artist might speak of his pigments, and of course he exalted his own profession as we would want every right minded man to believe fully in the worthiness of the thing that he is doing. This man asserted that as in one period of English Letters literature reached its highest expression in the sermon, and in another period it was the drama that carried the written word to its point of greatest service, and in another, lyric poetry; at this particular time, he maintained, it is in the advertisement that written English has achieved the most, and the study which students of advertising apply to the intrinsic value of each phrase, and in fact to each individual word, weighing its effectiveness in every way,—shape and appearance as well as shade of meaning,—has given to letters the great contribution of this time. I do not agree with him; but with such a man before me, believing so earnestly in his work, how am I able to say what use of written English is an art, in the fine sense of the word, and what merely or solely commercialism?

Since men of ideals and scholarly spirit are applying their intelligence, here and there, to a study of the written word in news-stories, in advertising, in all forms of propaganda and publicity, the undergraduate classroom cannot afford to overlook the results of their labor. These things are not subjects solely for the professional student in a post-graduate department, who is studying journalism or advertising. I would have you bring the advertisement, and the news-story, and the editorial, as well as the poem and the essay, into the undergraduate classroom, consider
their merits and their demerits, with full consideration also for the aim the writer had in mind, and so gain a better understanding of the forcefulness, as well as the beauty,—in fact the full potentiality of the written word.

News-story writing must aim first and always to convey truth; yet practice in that sort of writing has schooled many of the worthiest fiction writers of our time; the newspaper editorial—I include its adjunct, journalistic art-criticism—develops naturally into the essay; and the search for and appraisal of words to fit a twenty-word advertisement differs only slightly from the process of polishing a sonnet.

If these literary forms have a training value for older artisans and artists who weld words, then let us by all means bring them into the classroom.

Professor Erskine asserts that the art of writing cannot be developed by these means, but merely an imitation of present manners of writing; often bad manners at that. I trust I present his contention fairly. I cannot quarrel with him and teachers of his spirit because at least we agree that writing is an art,—its creation an achievement of the spirit as well as of trained faculties. My quarrel lies with those teachers of composition whose gospel is Imitation of the Masters, and whose definition of a Master includes the specification that he shall have been dead a long time. If no "classics" are being written any more, there must be something at fault in our English teaching and it is time we changed it. But I cannot argue with an ichthyosaurus, however much I respect him as an historic monument. I envy him his calm; his beliefs are far less troublesome to him than mine are to me; but we cannot argue for we have too few terms of speech in common.

To those teachers who protest that the use of these models and materials taken from the everyday life about us tends to establish lower standards than the college should desire, I would say that they are permitting such a writing course to loom too large in their imaginations. Let us start together from the point of agreement that writing is an art, and that it must be taught as an art. Then I will gladly follow them into all of those invaluable classes where the spirit is fed by the contemplation of works of the masters, past and present, dead and living, and into those other classrooms where expression is brought about by the irrepressible demand of the students' stimulated emotions. But then I ask them to agree with me that great numbers of students, capable of these emotions, with a spirit developed by the finest sort of idealistic teaching, grope for means of expression and find that they do not possess it, and so the emotion itself dies. To meet that situation, I ask for classrooms where the writing faculty is
trained by a utilization of every means which will interest the student and give his pen facility. In this I think many college English classrooms have signally failed, so far as the majority of their students are concerned.

What are the possible points of contact inside the college with the various practical applications of written English, so carefully studied by experts in the outside world? Most obvious is undergraduate journalism. A useful relationship between the course in written English and the undergraduate newspaper, it seems to me, is inevitable. This question has nothing whatever to do with the question of a faculty censorship over student publications. That suggests a discussion of control over student freedom of expression; it is a question of administration, to be settled according to the local views as to student freedom. But I am thinking of an opinion expressed by President Meiklejohn of Amherst College in a public address. He said: "If we want to know the effect of what we are doing in the classroom, let us look to see what the students are doing outside it when they are free to follow their own desires. If they do not on their own initiative carry on activities springing out of their studies, then you may count on it, however well the tests are met, that the studies are of little value."

What is the market in this undergraduate community for written English? These student editors according to their powers are studying that question. They are supplying news-stories and editorials and criticisms to meet that student demand. If the classroom can undertake similar forms, and establish a standard higher than that set by the student paper, the contrast will be apparent, and the work of the classroom will influence the standard of the undergraduate publication. The establishment of an unauthoritative but sympathetic relationship between classroom and undergraduate journal will involve occasional discomfarts and the instructor will sometimes find himself sharing moral responsibilities he did not seek. But reactions upon classroom and editorial board make it all worth while.

Advertising is a means employed by the students in their posters and their dodgers. They have therein an opportunity to measure the value of the word and the phrase for its telling effect upon their fellows. They gain a small fraction of the vision attained by my friend the advertising manager. Let the classroom gain the impetus and the inspiration that arises out of this student need, and let these student advertisers gain such higher standards as the classroom may be able to set for them, not by requirement, not by any enforced jurisdiction, perhaps, but by the mere display of obvious contrasts.

But there are more important points of contact, and the college
at large and the English department in particular should be grateful for their increase. Less and less do the campus walls separate the college from the surrounding community. The charities of the town, the town newspapers, propaganda aiming to secure community betterment,—all these things are not only legitimate classroom material, but they give at once a vitality to the classroom "theme" that it did not possess before. What is more, they bring that theme into direct and helpful comparison with the undertakings of writers outside the classroom, and break down this artificial distinction between college English and any other English. There is no limit to the variety of work which may be undertaken. All of your artificial divisions, argumentation, description, and the like, as well as the essay, the editorial, allegory and verse, all these may gain inspiration from the fact that there is an actual community audience to be reached, and to be aroused, amused, or in any particular way influenced, rather than an imaginary reader, or rather than—and this is the most pernicious element that enters into some classroom writing—rather than no reader at all. Much actual harm must have been done by the class theme which has as its only object the fulfilling of an assignment; where even the instructor himself is not considered as a human reader, but merely a sort of cash register which records the receipt of the paper and an arbitrary ruling as to its standard of excellence.

You do not need to hear a discussion of the advantages gained by any student,—or any older writer,—who sees his writing in print. But you may ask whether the quality of the average undergraduate writing is such that it can be gotten into type in competition with outside "professional" writers, even in a small community? Yes; the average college student can write a certain sort of thing better often than the jaded professional. He cannot hit the mark so often, but in twenty-five experiments by twenty-five different students there will be at least one result that is better because of its very amateurishness, its freshness of viewpoint, than the average professional piece of work. In fact, I dare say that some of these young college writers, if they can be brought to write naturally and with facility, will do better in the field of lyric verse, for instance, than at any time in later life. In their inability to write naturally they do not differ from the thousands of writers whose manuscripts crowd the mail bags entering every magazine office. I should say that class papers on a stimulating self-suggested topic average rather better than the suitcases full of miscellaneous manuscripts that I have carried home from an editorial desk. But these student writers do not know how to be themselves. They face a sheet of paper with that same unhuman ex-
pression some people assume when facing the camera. Yet in their brief, self-assigned editorials and more intimate “letters to the editor” the natural individual begins to appear.

I have before me certain exhibits of practical composition work by a classroom full of college students. These exhibits are not the work of a few, but represent published writings of every individual in that classroom,—forty juniors and seniors whose facility results in great measure from their various writing courses in this institution as under-classmen. The class is one of several writing courses. It works in thorough accord, with the work throughout the English department. Such students as elect it bring to it the inspiration they have gained from the critical consideration of masters of English style, and a drill in writing which began with their freshman year.

Here is a file of newspapers containing a column of economy paragraphs appearing weekly under the direction of the State Council of Defense. Undertaken at the beginning of the war, it has appeared weekly without interruption in certain New York State newspapers, and I believe that its field has been widely extended through exchanges. Here are theater programs from some of the large theaters of the country, containing a column entitled “Serve by Saving.” This is changed weekly, and appears in the programs of most of the large theaters throughout the United States, under the auspices of the United States Food Administration. Here is Liberty Loan propaganda, and still other more local propaganda in behalf of the Dutchess County Health Association. I will agree that this is not inspired writing, but the purpose of it is so clear and so appealing that the students, I find, throw off that lethargy which so often marks the spirit behind the classroom theme, and they write with zeal and earnestness, taking into consideration the reader, whether he be a prosperous citizen at his ease in the theater seat or a county farmer, suspicious of any form of uplift that may tend to increase his taxes. This work is all in brief paragraph form. Some is light verse. All of it shows an increasingly successful effort to find the most effective word for the place, the most convincing phrase for each undertaking.

There are longer pieces of work in this clutter of class manuscripts. Some are editorial in character, little essays in many cases, often crude, but surprisingly good. They were written at the suggestion of another government department in Washington, and were used at regular intervals in a bulletin, in so far as they justified themselves. Here is a group of letters to girls of Russia, sent also as part of a bulletin service to all neutral countries; not to meet an imaginary need, but for actual use as part of a government undertaking; and here in these letters is much that the most
idealistic teacher would wish to see attempted in class writing, falling short in accomplishment of what one would wish in many ways, of course, but expressing natural emotion, and written with the greater facility because there is a real reader in mind, and a real purpose to be accomplished.

This, of course, is war work,—"preparedness work," as the colleges have come to term it. I am glad that phrase comes to my mind because of these papers before me. If we were not now at war against Germany, we would still be warring against disease in Dutchess County or attempting to stimulate public interest in this or that cause in the city of Poughkeepsie or in the state or the nation. We resent the use of that term, "preparedness courses," if it implies that other vital studies within the regular college curriculum do not essentially prepare young people to be more valuable to the nation in time of emergency.

In thus exhibiting the material of one classroom among others, I hope I have indicated clearly what I mean by the utilization of all points of contact between campus life and the practical writing that is being done in the world outside. This final word I would add, with the greatest possible emphasis: The use of such contemporary material is not in order to encourage students to become reporters or practical journalists of various sorts after graduation. It is simply an effort to discover that secret which practical journalism has long possessed, namely, how to give its students a facility in the use of the written word; and then to utilize that secret in a classroom, never losing sight of the fact that success in the art of writing demands not only trained faculties, which this classroom seeks to provide, but also a development of the spirit behind this "knack of writing," toward which all classrooms should work harmoniously.
THE SCHOOL OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORK

By Mary Vida Clark

This joint undertaking of Smith College and the Boston Psychopathic Hospital was announced in the July Quarterly. As stated there, such a course was first proposed last January as a branch of the Vassar Training Camp but was crowded out by the overwhelming demands of the main course for all the space and other facilities available. It is interesting to notice that those connected with the Northampton school see a connection and opportunity for cooperation between that course and Vassar's. Miss Edith Dunton, the Smith alumna who has had charge of that college's share of the publicity, says in an article in the Smith Alumnae Quarterly for July: "The basic idea of the plan is increase in power to specialists. This means the relief of the shortage in psychiatric doctors without entrenching upon the supply, also insufficient, of trained nurses: a plan as practical as Vassar's Plattsburg, only more specialized. Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, our high authority on shellshock, in one of his monographs, says, in regard to the high grade of nurses needed in neuro-psychiatric base hospitals: 'a large proportion of college women will be found advantageous.' This suggests interesting possibilities for partnership work between graduates of Vassar's Training course and ours."

It was probably fortunate that the training of social workers to assist in the care of nervous and mental cases roughly and inaccurately classified as "shell-shock" should have become the main interest of a great college like Smith rather than a "side show" of the Vassar enterprise, for the importance of such training can hardly be exaggerated, not only for soldiers, but also for civilians, and not only in time of war but for all time.

The school carried on jointly by Smith College and the Boston Psychopathic Hospital is under the auspices of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene through a special committee of its War Work Committee appointed to act with the President of Smith College, the Director of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital being the chairman of this special committee. The course also has the endorsement of the Division of Neurology and Psychiatry of the office of the Surgeon General of the Army. The faculty of seven included Miss Mary C. Jarrett, Chief of Social Service of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, as Director, Dr. Edith Spaulding, Psychiatrist of the Bureau of Social Hygiene at Bedford Hills, in charge of the Department of Psychiatry, and Professors Chapin and Rogers of the Smith College faculty in charge.
respectively of the Departments of Sociology and Psychiatry of the summer school. Dr. Houston, the Superintendent of the Northampton State Hospital, instructed the students at frequent clinics held at the hospital.

The success of this initial experiment has exceeded the expectations of those who proposed it. The course begun in Northampton during July and August is now being continued for six months in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore with the facilities offered by such institutions as the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins, the Neurological Institute and the Cornell Clinic in New York and the University Hospital in Philadelphia. By late winter the sixty-five graduates will be equipped for active service.

The school might have been a much larger one, for notwithstanding the lateness of the announcement of the course more than twice as many applications were received as were finally accepted. Those responsible preferred quality to quantity, and selected the seventy candidates who seemed to them best adapted by health, personality, experience, and previous education for the arduous demands of the proposed course. The chosen seventy came from twenty states and from Ontario, and from nineteen colleges; only fourteen had not been to college. They ranged in age from 19 to 46 years, thirty of them being under 25, and twenty-one between 25 and 30. There were four from Vassar—Helen Clark, '13, Lillian S. Gray, '17, Miriam Litchfield, '18, Eleanor Stokes, '15.

It is hard for the general public to understand what such a course of training can consist of, or at least what students are taught in the Department of Psychiatry. It is comparatively easy to grasp the fact that in the Department of Sociology the elements and methods of social diagnosis and case work may be learned—studying and interpreting family histories and illuminating the understanding of the patient by a knowledge of his past and of the environment where he normally belongs. The public has habituated itself also to the content of a course in modern psychology with its mental tests. But what can non-medical students learn of psychiatry, the science of mental disease? That many of the ablest psychiatrists in the country thought that there was much these young women could learn and that it was worth their while to teach them was sufficiently evidenced by the really remarkable number of brilliant lecturers that appeared, two or three a week, on the lecture platform, donating to the cause the valuable gift of their time and thought and energy. To mention some of them, there were: Drs. Putnam, Southard, Fernald, Healy and Myerson, of Boston; Drs. Brill, Clark, Kirby, Frink, Cheney and Harrington, of New York; Drs. Amsden and Lambert of White Plains
Dr. Hall of Marblehead; Dr. Barrett of Ann Arbor; and Captains Bott and Farrar of Ontario. To indicate what these men taught would be a difficult matter, involving indeed a greater familiarity with that borderland between psychology and medicine on the part of the writer and the readers of this article than can safely be assumed. It may, however, be said briefly that the lecturers in this division emphasized the unsuitability of the popular term "shell-shock" to describe the large numbers of nervous and mental cases resulting from the strain of war, or the fear of it, and not essentially different from the neuroses and psychoses of civilian life, the danger of encouraging and fixing symptoms by unintelligent sympathy and petting, and the necessity of thoroughly understanding a patient's difficulty, even if it involves an intimate knowledge of the patient's life history, and of helping the patient to understand and cope with it and overcome it. The bad effects of a soldier's natural and normal fears when repressed through shame instead of faced sensibly and overcome consciously were dwelt upon, and the complicated mechanisms of mental symptoms were explained and illustrated by a wealth of material from both military and civilian life. One speaker mentioned that all the military text books emphasized Napoleon's saying that the morale of an army was to physical strength as three to one, and yet gave no instruction as to how morale is maintained. For the first time in history this important subject is sufficiently understood to be taught, and the success of many modern regimental surgeons in preventing "shell-shock" among their men is noteworthy. To restore the lost morale is the task of the medical men behind the lines or on this side, aided by the lay assistants who are being initiated into these mysteries. All branches of mental therapy are, of course, the province of the physician, and in ideal conditions should be handled by him, but as a matter of hard fact the number of equipped specialists is comparatively so small and the number of patients requiring treatment so enormous that if the field is to be covered at all, the services of non-medical women will have to eke out those of the medical men.

It is not only in the field of psychiatry that this course is significant. It may be the pioneer in bringing a new and much needed element into general social work—the study of social problems from the point of view of individual mental and moral difficulties. The pendulum is swinging back, or rather the aspiring curve of the cycle is again approaching, but on a higher plane, the position of a half century ago. Then poverty and all its problems were generally considered due in large measure to moral causes inherent in the "unworthy" individual. Later great emphasis was laid on physical drawbacks, and poverty was represented as largely
the result of disease. Hence the great health propaganda which have done and are doing so much for the improvement of the individual and the race. The public concern with the results of subnormality was perhaps the first approach to a realization of the importance of mental causes of disaster; and abnormality, however slight the aberration may be, is at last gradually becoming recognized as perhaps the most common of the types of difficulties in the adjustment of the individual to his environment.

Those who are primarily interested in social case work would have reason to rejoice if a large number of these young women now being initiated into causes of human behavior should ultimately find their places in the ordinary social agencies dealing with the men, women, children and families that are their concern. The graduates of this school, however, and of such others as may be started in imitation of this excellent example will probably be claimed almost exclusively for some time to come by the growing mental hygiene propaganda and the social service departments of state hospitals, psychopathic hospitals and psychiatric clinics, where their services are indispensible. It is to be hoped that the graduates of the Vassar and Smith courses may, as has been suggested, soon find themselves in the work of the war as general practitioners and specialists in the rehabilitation of our soldiers and sailors, physically or mentally impaired through service abroad or in this country. All honor to our sister college for doing her share, as Vassar is, in preparing to meet the needs of the hour and of all time to come.
VOLUNTEERS—AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL

By Agnes Naumburg Bass

IT was a year since I had seen Corinne and when we met at last I found myself saying to her after five minutes conversation, "And what are you doing this year?" That question asked sometimes in curiosity, sometimes as a challenge, sometimes in a spirit of sincere interest, has come to be a password among "us women." It has stimulated some of us and now and again—as for instance at social gatherings—it has bored us almost to tears. Yet here I was, interrogating Corinne at luncheon!

Corinne a year ago and for several years before that had been a musician and music-teacher and I suppose I really expected some account of recent concerts and new classes. But no. "I was tired of teaching," said Corinne, "I didn't need the money, so I've given it up. I wanted to try something else. And I have." She sighed and smiled. "Behold in me a volunteer," she said. "First I helped in a draft office, then I sold Liberty bonds; I am doing canteen service and making surgical dressings; I worked hard on the Hoover drive; I visit soldiers' families and fill comfort kits; I help on any committee—in short," she concluded, "I am what you might call a professional volunteer." "And do you like it?" I asked. "Well," said Corinne, "I like being useful in such concrete ways; I am learning hundreds of things and they tell me I have real executive ability." And she went on to say how necessary all these things were, and to tell of the many significant experiences she had had.

Before the war Corinne had never been a volunteer, that is to say, a public volunteer. She had always given lessons to a certain number of children who could not afford to pay for them, and that of course was volunteering in the old sense of the term. But numbers of the women who to-day are giving all their time and talent to war service have always given some volunteer time to social work for one or more of several reasons—because their health and strength did not allow of full-time "jobs," because of a special interest in some special cause, or in order to acquire that experience that is a prerequisite for certain kinds of regular work, or by way of marking time until they should become clearer as to their real ability and purpose. They were often rather scorned, these volunteers, by the professional paid worker, as being not entirely dependable or difficult to keep busy. It is a question whether many social organizations have known how to make effective use of volunteer workers; a Bureau established as a clearing-house for institutions needing volunteers and for volunteers seek-
ing work, came to the conclusion that from the volunteers' point of view, volunteering was a failure.

That was in time of peace. What volunteer now considers herself, or is considered, a supernumerary? Americanization committees, Red Cross committees, all committees, as Corinne attested, are clamoring for her. The women in paid professions who once said to her, "Why don't you get a real job," are saying to her now, "I wish I had more time to give to your committee."

This change in the status of the volunteer has been brought about, it seems to me, not only by the nation's need of her and by her generous response. Some causes have always needed volunteer workers and could always have gotten them had they been able to make their needs vivid and had they known exactly what to do with the volunteer when they got her. Our war committees have learned to do both. Last April the women who asked for work at various headquarters were given the cold comfort of registering. To-day the work of the volunteer has been to some extent standardized. She may wish to give an evening once a week or all her waking hours—whatever time she has to give, some committee is prepared to use effectively. And equally important, the volunteer seems to be given a chance to work out new ideas and methods, for war work is still in the experimental stage and chairmen are eager to develop leaders.

There are several things that impress one in contemplating this great array of volunteers. One is that the work is as new and stimulating to numbers of women, as it is to my friend Corinne.

Knitting is the first handicraft in which many a woman has ever engaged. A middle-aged lady of my acquaintance, an age-long anti-everything became so interested in the food drive in which she assisted last October that she declared her intention of "looking into suffrage." Work in a draft office convinced another woman that she was made for "running things" and now she is looking for a "business opportunity."

These are the first reactions and they persuade one that it would be well if women could all have a more varied experience of different types of work before choosing a profession, than they have had heretofore. Yet many of these occupations will become after a time no longer stimulating or significant. They will belong in the class of things not interesting but necessary. Learning to knit is an absorbing occupation, or, if one has always known how, learning to knit new kinds of garments has its fascinations, but after one has turned out, say, three of every kind, it becomes quite automatic. And so with answering questions at headquarters and selling bonds and visiting housekeepers. So that this sort of volunteering could be done perhaps to the best
advantage of the work and also the workers by successive groups of women. It seems entirely possible that some sort of program of national service could be worked out for the volunteer woman, enrollment in which would assure her of variety of work and efficient supervision. There might be really two such programs—one for older married women with a limited amount of time to give, the other for young girls who have "finished" their education. The first might be undertaken by a Woman's Club and the second by a private or public girls' school and offered as a postgraduate course. It would include a several weeks' apprenticeship at all sorts of work—teaching in connection with the Americanization of aliens, visiting under the direction of the Associated Charities, recreation work for sailors and soldiers and committees, instruction in food conservation, in teaching occupations to the crippled, in farming—work that is "war work" now but indebted in method and ideals to long and inconspicuous years of toil on the part of "social workers." And in method and ideals such a program would look forward to a nation-wide participation in social reconstruction when there is peace again. The practical work would be supplemented by lectures and reading and the entire course could cover a year, during which time a girl would be giving her services to the country, receiving in return a training that should help her in choosing some one line of work.

It is such a course that Corinne is giving herself in a somewhat haphazard way. But after a year she will in all probability want to return to music or take up one kind of public work as a profession. The natural next step for the graduates of one year of National Service would be to become either specialized volunteer or specialized paid workers. And which it is to be—paid or volunteer—is a thing no one can decide for anyone except for herself. It is perfectly true that a volunteer worker who hasn't the professional spirit of sincerity and responsibility is useless now as always. But the paid worker without the volunteer spirit of eager and wholehearted devotion to a cause becomes simply a routiner. The suggestion was made not long ago by the City Bank of New York that every unmarried woman under forty find herself a paid position so that she could buy Liberty Bonds with her earnings and so that the funds formerly devoted to her personal expenses could be released for Bonds and the Red Cross. It is an idea that should make a strong appeal to girls living in cities where social opinion until now has been rather opposed to a girl working for money unless she had to. There must be many a girl who, weary of working with boards and committees and clubs in her home town, would turn with satisfaction to work in an office or a business or a school, encouraged by this patriotic appeal to her earning powers.
As a matter of fact it is a regular profession with its small but steady income that for the majority of women makes volunteering possible. Many self-supporting women have had their volunteer interests in the past. Women doctors and lawyers have served on committees to study the wider implications of their professions; "working girls" have served on the boards of trades unions; and the public school teacher and the social service worker would be put to some difficulty in stating where their paid work ended and their volunteer work began. This volunteer work is often a by-product of a profession but sometimes like the Big Sister movement it is a purely "outside" interest. So it is that self-supporting women are finding time now for war work, especially where they have organized themselves for the purpose. For example,—there exists a large group of business women who are making great numbers of garments to send abroad; employees get together to give a day's pay to the Red Cross or to equip an ambulance; working girls' clubs come as hostesses, and bring their knitting, to soldiers' and sailors' entertainments; an informal club of thirty college women in two weeks' time turned out two hundred and fifty Christmas comfort kits. Such associations are putting a little time to a great use, and perhaps their effectiveness is due largely to the fact that their numbers have learned in the course of their day's work the difficult prerequisite of cooperation.

Besides the "professional volunteer" and the working woman who gives of her leisure to volunteering, there is another kind of volunteer whom the war has created and whose services peace times would do well to continue to demand. This is the conscripted volunteer. She is the woman of wide experience in some field whom the government has asked to serve it in a special capacity. There come to mind four such women—a social investigator, a great suffrage leader, a journalist and a president of Women's Clubs. Before the war they served their country often by urging upon it things in which it refused to take much interest. Now they are part of the counsel of an awakened nation. Will not the country in peace times hold to this precedent of asking aid of its best citizens?

It is an interesting fact that many of these women began their chosen careers as volunteers. The woman with a new idea must often offer it to the world as an experiment for which she is willing to forego, at least at first, the usual rewards. The founders of social settlements, for instance, began work with a fund contributed by friends and no salary for themselves included; educators not in sympathy with the routine school have given their inspiration as volunteer teachers to classes gathered in from the highways and hedges. In the fields of teaching and social work and politics,
as opposed to business and entertainment, an idea is not paid for in money. The result is that many women who are really creative can not afford to have ideas, unless they have the gift of interesting the wealthy to the end that they may endow them. On the other hand, have not many women who could afford to "have ideas" been o'er-willing to stifle them in a conventional paid position? It has been glorious no doubt to prove our ability to do all sorts of tasks that have been laid upon us. Yet the time has come perhaps now in the history of women's work to value our efforts more highly than that—to originate and lead. Responding to the call of the time women who worked before and those who did not, have become volunteers or paid workers—women with a "job." They will more generally go further still and as conscripted specialists or women-in-general contribute not only money and energy and time but their most earnest and thoughtful initiative to the great problems of wartime—and of reconstruction.

WHO'S WHO IN THE VASSAR UNITS

By Grace Cooley Patrick

It is with great pride and pleasure that the committee of the Vassar Units for Service Abroad under the American Red Cross is now able to announce to the Vassar world the names of the women who have been chosen to serve under our colors in France, and to carry our message of cheer and comfort to the women and children of that suffering and heroic land. And it has been no easy task for the committee for most enthusiastically and unselfishly have Vassar's women responded to the call, which was sent out last spring, for volunteers for this great work, and it has been the committee's duty to try to choose from all this splendid material, those best suited to bear the heavy burden which membership in these Units entails.

The committee's difficulties were greatly increased, too, through the many restrictions put upon candidates by Government regulations and for a time it almost seemed as if no one could be found to fit all the requirements. The most difficult of these to meet was the one which specified that no one having a brother in the service could be chosen for work in France. When in July this regulation was changed practically our whole Unit was released and the committee went joyfully to work to equip and send them on to France as soon as passports and passage could be procured.

Already seven Relief and eight Canteen workers have passed
these last trying ordeals and are on their way or safely landed in France. Where they go or just what work will be assigned to them "over there" the committee can not tell, for the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. reserve the right to direct all such detail and for obvious reasons do not take us into their confidence in these matters. Like good soldiers our workers must obey their orders and go wherever they may be sent and do whatever may be given to them to do by their commanding officers. And we who stand behind them, have no fear but that when their story is written it will run in letters of gold that will make Vassar glow with pride in their achievement.

Eleven Vassar alumnae have been selected for the Relief Unit, the director of which is Miss Margaret Lambie, '07, in whom the committee feels that the Unit has a leader of exceptional ability. Miss Lambie has personal qualifications which are attested beyond dispute; power and tact in working with people, ability to draw out the best service from others, and great personal charm and force. She is peculiarly qualified to serve as director of the Unit because of her fluent French; because of her experience in Social Service at the South End Settlement House in Boston; because of her business training in the United States Secretarial School of New York City; and because of her recent practical experience as Director of the Bureau of Chapter Equipment of the Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross for the past fifteen months.*

Miss Lida Agnese Little, '06, who will act as secretary to the Unit has had preparation for this sort of work in the Auditing Department of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company in California, and she speaks French fluently. She has worked with the Unit Committee this summer and has shown great ability tact and good judgment, and we shall look forward with pleasure to her reports from France of the work of the Unit there.

Miss Gertrude Hodgman, '12, is the head nurse of the Unit. Besides her training in the Johns Hopkins School for Nurses, she has had experience as head nurse in a sanitary zone around the big army cantonment at Chattanooga, and so brings to the Unit much that will be of great benefit in her work in France.

In order to secure Miss Hodgman's services for the Unit, it was necessary to obtain from the Red Cross her release from the Sanitary Service and to have her transferred to our Unit. This was accomplished to our great benefit and to Miss Hodgman's joy, for she was most anxious to undertake this work in France and to serve under Vassar's colors there. In her letter of acceptance she

* The high opinion which the committee had formed of Miss Lambie's ability was confirmed by the Red Cross Society which put all their women workers on that steamer, thirty or more, under Miss Lambie's direction until they reached Paris.
writes, "I do appreciate the honor of going with the Unit and I hope my work will be worthy of your trust." And indeed this is the spirit and key-note of all the women who are members of our over-seas force.

Miss Marion Rose Meyers, '10, is the dietitian. She has had courses at the Mechanical Institute, Rochester. She speaks French, Italian, German and Spanish, so the Unit will never lack for an interpreter.

Miss Ethel M. Riddle, '10, is the head social worker. She was graduated from the School of Social Economy, Washington University, in 1915 and since October, 1916, she has been head-worker in the Social Service Department of the Barnes Hospital, the St. Louis Childrens' Hospital and the Washington University Dispensary. She speaks French and has lived in France for six months.

The other social service workers are: Miss Helen Bradfield, '06; Miss Ruth Crippen, '04; Miss Ruth Cutler, '12; Miss Helen I. Haight, '98; Miss Elinor Prudden, '12; Miss Ruth Tuttle, '13.

Besides special training in social service work, these women can, one or another or all, respond to almost any demand made upon them for special work of any kind. They can drive cars, and repair them too; do carpentry-work; use a typewriter; garden in fruit and vegetables, and can and preserve the results of such labor; sew, cook, tool, leather; work in basketry, weaving and millinery; do secretarial work; keep accounts—correctly; do laundering; and give "first aid" to any needy one. One of the women says she has learned to make an "iceless" refrigerator and a "fireless cooker!" Given a few twigs and leaves from the forest, she will be able to keep the Unit both cool and warm. With talents such as these our Vassar Unit should make a reputation for itself second to none, not even the Salvation Lassies, and when a "drive" is on we shall expect to hear that our "Glory Boys" are provided with "all the comforts of home," no matter what the weather!

The great requisite for work among the women and children of France is, of course, a knowledge of their language, and all our Unit-members speak French with more or less fluency. One of them, Miss Crippen, has already served among these people, as she was in Paris when the war broke out and did volunteer work that summer at the British and American Y. W. C. A., and later under the Secours Anglo-Américain, and she is a member of the Secours Anglo-Américain, Amiens.

They have almost all of them travelled in Europe and have had experience as teachers and social service workers in dealing with children, both American and foreign-born.
The members of the Canteen Unit have all been chosen because of special qualifications for this work which is under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A., and will be chiefly among our own soldiers, where the particular requisites will be the ability to do hard work under trying circumstances, and to be cheerful and happy while so doing, and perhaps amusing at the same time.

The personnel of the Unit is as follows: Elizabeth K. Van der Veer, 1906, leader; Mary C. Prizer, 1910; Elizabeth Page, 1912; Emily Ford Ward, 1906; Irma Waterhouse, 1914; Elizabeth Maltby, 1915; Gertrude Valentine, 1912; Dorothea Gay, 1911; Anne Hopson, 1907; Laura C. Hickox, 1905.

The committee feel sure that with a group of women such as this, no work will be assigned to our Vassar Units which will not be efficiently and enthusiastically carried through, and as we speed this little band of Vassar women to their work across the sea, our hearts and prayers go with them, and through the long hard days that are ahead we bid them know that Vassar stands behind them, “fair and high and strong,” to keep them in the work that she has sent them forth to do.

[Such members of this “little band” as had not already sailed on August 27, were welcomed and bidden God-speed, at a most delightful luncheon on the roof of the Women’s University Club. There Unit members and alumnae exchanged words of good-fellowship, and there the travellers must have felt themselves re-dedicated to their high services in listening to the speech of President MacCracken.—The Editors.]

**TO ALL THE POETS**

**By Katharine Schermerhorn Oliver**

A poem is a lovely flower  
Whose beauty grows with every hour,  
Whose sturdy root strikes down and clings  
To silent, elemental things.

But poems do not fade and die  
Their loveliness may fallow lie,  
Then touching some new vibrant soul  
They wake, and reach another goal.
FIRST WORDS FROM THE UNIT

FROM MARGARET LAMBE

Director of the Vassar Relief Unit under the American Red Cross

"Somewhere in the Atlantic"
September 18, 1918.

We are part of the most wonderful pageant I have ever seen, with all kinds of splendid weather effects for fitting backgrounds, but unfortunately the censor forbids us to write any descriptions which would transmit to you the thrills we feel. Numerous rainbows have cheered us on our way, and yesterday when the end of a bow came upon our deck we immediately claimed the boat with its cargo of soldiers and war workers as the long-sought pot of gold.

We are all becoming critics in the art of camouflage for we can observe the effects all around us. The Cubists are now fully justified in their claim to have had a "vision," and those who once laughed at their efforts must now give them thanks for the protection they afford military manoeuvres.

There is nothing like music to relieve the tension that is everywhere undercurrent on shipboard. This does not mean that our improvised "Glee and Mandolin Club" makes any really artistic contribution, but we ourselves have had a great deal of fun, and the boys seem to like our concerts, especially as they signify our desire to be "with" them. To be sure we have to choose carefully tunes which do not suddenly veer off into another key or complicated minor chords, for we ukulele players acknowledge that we are limited to the elemental. "Katie" and "How I hate to get up in the morning" seem to be our best hits.

Perhaps the best fun of all is in talking with the boys on their deck between two-thirty and five every afternoon. It is good indeed to get into close touch with the individuals who are the main stay of our army. They make our work seem so much more significant, as well as giving inspiration for the work back home. We dance with them, too, to the music of their jazz band. As the deck tips suddenly at unexpected angles and as the boys wear very heavy hob-nailed boots, the result is strenuous rather than graceful. One of our most noted modern dancers is on board and she dances in a very democratic manner with the privates, who stand in line waiting for their turns with her.

The professional member of our Unit has already begun her service, for she has had the care of a Y. M. C. A. girl who was threatened with appendicitis and several of ours who were a bit sea-sick. Gertrude Hodgman is already known as "the Vassar
nurse,” and I know she will carry a large part of the Units’ work.

When Mrs. James of the National Red Cross Bureau of Personnel asked me to be “group leader” of the Red Cross civilian workers until we report in Paris, I little realized the variety of personalities that could exist among twenty-seven women going over for more or less similar kinds of war work. In my group are Red Cross Canteen workers, Hospital Hut workers, Social Service and Clerical workers. We all wear the regulation grey Red Cross uniform with blue, dark red or buff bands on our hats and on our collars indicating the branch of service to which we belong. The Unit has red. The first few days I was quite busy cheering up the sea-sick or homesick, hunting lost luggage, calling meetings and helping get the entertainments for the soldiers started, but I am more than repaid for the time and effort spent this way, for there are many fine women enlisted in Red Cross service and I am glad of this opportunity to become so well acquainted with them. Lida Little has continued the good work she did in New York, by helping me with my lists and reports.

We are honored by having a Brigadier General on board who is very democratic and as sociable as his duties permit. One of our Red Cross workers knows his family intimately, so on the occasion of her birthday a celebration was held for her in the General’s room. We entertained him with our soldier songs and an original one in his honor, while he told us of his experiences at West Point and the Philippines.

While the journey has been very pleasant so far, we are all eager to reach our destination and begin the work that is waiting for us, and write back to you that the Vassar Unit has become a reality at last.

6 Haymarket, London, S. E.
September 23, 1918.

Yesterday when we were on the bus going to St. Paul’s for noon service, an American officer sitting next to me said, “Have you just arrived?” I was rather surprised but supposed we had a “new” look. Then he said, “I was part of your convoy—the pilot of the aeroplane which came out to meet you.” He has been over three years and was a member of the Lafayette Esquadrille.

Although I was here so long ago, I remember London very well. Of course it has changed. There are soldiers everywhere, many Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, as well as British and an occasional American, but nearly all are wounded. The convalescent soldiers wear a bright blue suit with a red neck-tie—a cheerful combination. I am told they are not required to salute.
Book Reviews


The New Death, the amplified form of the essay first published in the Atlantic Monthly, is by its very theme assured of an eager and a thoughtful reading. The title itself challenges scrutiny, in these days of new-old truth and a Wells-discovered God. The author defends her adjective. The New Death is “the change in standards that is being wrought in everyday living by the present concentration upon death.” The heart of it is “its essentially practical acceptance of immortality, its essentially practical approach to God.” Miss Kirkland implies that this experimental, adventurous faith is in itself new; yet her own assumption that a real faith is always a practical issue contradicts this inference. The attempt to adapt living to dying is new only in so far as it is becoming the universal, the supreme issue of the war.

To interpret the deepest feeling of humanity at war is a hazardous task. The very formulation falsifies by rendering inarticulate, scarce conscious intuition as conscious, reasoned conviction. The author is aware of this danger; she constantly reminds us that the New Death is “a vast recuperative instinct rather than an argued faith”; she aims to deal with it pragmatically, scientifically. Yet her absorption in her theme betrays her, now into sweeping generalizations, now into absolute conclusions, that stand the test neither of her own evidence nor of the facts of experience.

The first element of the new attitude toward death is defined as a new frankness and directness. It is noteworthy that in a recent essay Freud shows how war is destroying our conventional attempt to eliminate death from life. This premise is then at one with the conclusions of psychology: and the first definition of the New Death as a resilient intuition “that spirit alone is indestructible” is also at one with the voice of witnesses from the simplest to the subtlest. The error that vitiates the argument lies in ignoring the truth, insisted on by thinkers as diverse as Freud and Gilbert Murray, that the psychology of war is a reversion to subconscious, primitive instinct underlying reason and religion. Over against Miss Kirkland’s assumption that the sol-

1 Reflections on War and Death. Moffat, Yard.
dier's "hilarity of heroism" is in itself a "conviction of immortality," we must set Professor Hocking's analysis of this "miracle of undepressible spirit" as a self-preserving instinct, youth's grip on life, its defense against thought. The very intensity of her appreciation of these soldier-heroes sometimes blinds her to their diversity of gifts; to cite Alan Seeger with Donald Hankey as witness to faith in a personal God is to lose not only the individual beauty but the real significance of each. A like disregard of intellectual distinctions leads to such inaccuracies as the implied identification of "scientific" and "materialistic"—as if there were no difference between a Huxley and a Haeckel. And the frequent repetition of "for the first time in the world" gives an effect of historical nearsightedness.

Truly and finely does Miss Kirkland describe the final aspect of the New Death: the new valuation of daily life, "the responsibility to the dead to build the future they died for." Yet here again the argument is falsified by the assumption that faith in the human spirit is always a clear creed of immortality, and that this creed is responsible for every sign of seriousness in current life and literature, for every effort toward reconstruction and internationalism. And to trace "all the varieties of cruelty that the German soul has exhibited" to "the old, materialistic views of death" is surely to fly in the face of fact. Were there no believers in immortality among the invaders of France? No agnostics among her defenders? In Les diverses familles spirituelles de la France, cited by Miss Kirkland, Barrès bears witness on every page what cause it is that unites Catholic, and free thinker to-day: not the future life but "l'affranchissement de l'humanité."

This insistence on a single hypothesis for every war reaction has given to an interpretation essentially penetrating the effect of an artificial rationalizing of the war. The emotional absorption that thus clouds the thought development pervades the style. Amid much that is beautiful and poignant there is a certain diffuseness unbecitting its theme. The recurrence of such a phrase as "our boys who have passed" is too like the old euphemism which, we are told, even the German women are abandoning. Surely the New Death demands a new and simpler speech. Yet our final word must be one of gratitude for a book which, by facing the ultimate spiritual issues of war, by affirming a faith that transmutes grief into energy and joy, impels us to the continual remaking of our thinking and our living.

My Little ' Town, published in the Atlantic Monthly under the title Christmas in Littleville, is now reprinted as a book. It is a

1 Religion in War-Time, in the September Atlantic Monthly.
chronicle of Christmas as "we of the rectory" knew it, from the first greens to the last greetings. There are realistic sketches touched with affectionate humor; the procession of women, armed with mob-cap, apron, and broom for the yearly church cleaning; the row of Sunday School scholars, "the boys' locks slicked smooth by the hearty family brush that hangs by the kitchen sink, and the little girls' tresses frizzed to wantonness." Yet the whole picture gives an effect not so much of reality as of one of those quaintly sweet, decorously gay Christmas cards, with their holly wreaths and yule logs, their seemly sentiments in old English lettering. To those in search of such a Christmas greeting, My Little Town will be welcome.

Frances Wentworth Cutler.

A Study in English Metrics. By Adelaide Crapsey. Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, New York, 1918. $1.00.

Miss Crapsey's suggestive Study in English Metrics, left incomplete at her death in 1914, reveals her scientific interest in the technique of English poetry. This interest is seldom associated with the instinct for poetic creation which was hers in so marked a degree. But the richest and truest criticism of literature surely proceeds from the poet, provided his training in the analysis of aesthetic experience be adequate.

An examination of the poetic vocabularies of Milton, Pope, Tennyson, Swinburne, Francis Thompson and Maurice Hewlett, led Miss Crapsey to distinguish three types,—the purely or mainly mono-dissyllabic, containing a percentage of polysyllables from 0 to 2, the somewhat polysyllabic, containing words of three or more syllables in a percentage of 4-5½, and the "extremely" polysyllabic, containing from 7-8½ per cent of words of three syllables and over.

There are two interesting points in this classification. In the first place, the number of polysyllables in even the most polysyllabic poetic vocabulary is shown to be amazingly small. We have all known in a general way that poetry tends to use simple and primitive (hence short) words rather than scholastic and lengthy terms. A writer in the Spectator for August 31, 1912, on "The Mighty Monosyllable," cites many impressive lines from English poetry which are almost or quite monosyllabic:

from Lovelace,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more";
from Tennyson's *Ulysses*,

"There gloom the dark broad seas";

and

"The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs, the deep Moans round with many voices";

from Isaac Watts's hymn,

"O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come."

But he does not show as Miss Crapsey does, by the actual counting of polysyllables, how small a part they play in English poetry.

It would be interesting, by the way, to compare the prevalence of polysyllables in the vocabularies of various prose writers with Miss Crapsey's tables. Merely to satisfy my own curiosity, I counted the monosyllables, disyllables and polysyllables in 100 consecutive words taken at random from the essays of Macaulay and Samuel Johnson, and found a percentage of polysyllables for Macaulay of 13, for Johnson of 16, as against 8 per cent in that most polysyllabic of poets, Milton.

The second point of interest in Miss Crapsey's analysis is the effect of a larger or smaller number of polysyllables upon the sound values of poetry. This is a phenomenon well worth the further study which Miss Crapsey would undoubtedly have given it, could she have lived to carry on the work she had begun. A high percentage of monosyllables does, as she notes, tend, roughly speaking, to "weight" the line. But "tone-color" must also be taken into account.

"To be or not to be—that is the question"

is a far lighter line to the ear (however heavy with meaning) than

"But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest,"

or,

"Along the margin-sand, large foot-marks went."

These and innumerable other interesting points of inquiry or challenge are raised by this suggestive little book. One closes it with some degree of that poignant sense of loss evoked by Miss Crapsey's poems. Why was it not given her to finish work so rich in possibilities? 

*Gertrude Buck.*


The color of the flowers, the sound of the waves, the glory of the stars is here in these poems in living rhythms. There is the surge and stir of nature,
"You are my lover, O wind of the night
Beautiful, wonderful, cleaving and bright,"
and there is the mad ecstasy of human youth,
"Come, while the life of you lifts in the day,
And laughter through you slips."
but there is not the inner silence and the joyful recapitulation of a
life of fulfillment and experience. We should not question such
omission in a young poetess, did she not appear to be so dis-
illusioned concerning it. She dreads completion and fruition,
and it makes many of the poems less meaningful for us that she
feels nothing but death in a completed circle. The span of human
love is not always ventureless, dim days as in "A Wife to her Hus-
band," nor yet partial, yearning union as in "Insulation." Nor
is this persistent conviction due to lack of sensitiveness toward
human intercourse, beautifully expressed as it is in "Flood-Tide"
where she feels the lover's repressed passion waiting to sweep out
in a "resistless, radiant tide." There is indeed glorious readiness
to know, feel, even suffer, in experiencing the essence of nature,
life, God—but it is the essence of things in their promise and youth.
Most of the poems fall into natural and lovely rhythms. There
is nothing forced or modern about them, few examples of _verse libre_,
no strange rhyme schemes. Once a triolet, once a poem in the
manner of Tagore—"On the Shore," and of Browning in "The
Cloak," and for the rest simple four line stanzas of pentameter and
tetrameter, couplets, or blank verse. Two of the loveliest things
in the book "Passion", and "The Acolyte", are the simplest four
line verse. Occasionally we notice unusual words—maximal,
splendent, impletion, profluent—but they are strong words and
usefully placed. In the masque, "The Builders of Walls", the
colorful words and lilting rhythms are very expressive suitting ex-
actly the varying moods and thoughts.
There is no touch of war, of the tumult of cities, the revolts and
revolutions of the modern world in these poems. Beauty is the
creed and the preoccupation of the poetess, beauty alive and press-
ing upward. She claims no philosophy, no plan, no message.
And in iridescent color, crescent thought, and throbbing freedom
her poems do bring beauty to us.

"Ask me no message
In this wild, jogging, reckless, irresponsible earth.
Message?——
I will sing you a few strains from her songs,
The mad floatings of her minstrelsy——None else.
I have no message,—and I think she has none!"

_Katharine S. Oliver._

Mr. Burges Johnson’s recently published volume of collected essays, The Well of English and the Bucket, appeals to many readers, for its point of view is refreshingly original and its contents both stimulating and humorous. Mr. Johnson addresses his book to “anyone interested in the art of written expression, who enjoys a discussion of subjects connected with the study of that art.” He speaks as a teacher, but not didactically; and as a guide who has found the path over which he would lead others a goodly way to tread. Gently, humorously, persuasively, convincingly, he beckons the reader on, and demonstrates the reasonableness of what he preaches.

In the essay which gives the title to his volume Mr. Johnson advocates what he says has been called vocational training in literature. Being interpreted, vocational training in literature means training in the practical, effective, and vigorous use of our mother tongue. This training should be given in college since many college students are strikingly incompetent in their use of English, and it should be given by experts convinced of the necessity and worth of their work.

Against technical grammar Mr. Johnson makes out a strong case. He believes that it is the bain of boyhood and rightfully so. The hours spent in struggling with this abstract and difficult subject are worse than wasted. Not only is the subject matter of negligible value, but time which could be used to advantage in constructive work in English is wasted, and boys and girls acquire a distaste for language study because of their dislike of grammar, their only introduction to it.

As we read, we find ourselves in perfect accord with Mr. Johnson’s criticism of the system which allows slipshod English to be accepted in the place of the correct and exact usage which is our ideal, and which has consumed precious time in forcing study of an abstract science on minds that were unable to grasp its intricacies. The argument is consistent, the criticism fair. If the author stopped at criticism we should feel that his contribution to the correction of these abuses was purely negative. The most valuable part of Mr. Johnson’s work, however, is the constructive suggestions he has to offer,—vocational training for literature in the college, a concrete, practical, and best of all, attractive program for the English training he would substitute for grammar. Of even greater value constructively than these suggestions is the essay “Impression and Expression.” There we see Mr. Johnson as the stimulating teacher, his theories in practice, his teaching vital
because the class-room is kept in such intimate touch with the busy, absorbing world of to-day. There can be few dull moments in Mr. Johnson’s classes, and all who have struggled either as teacher or pupil against the deadly inertia of a class in the conventional required Freshman English rejoice at the thought that the old order may change and a new and better order be evolved.

“Essaying an Essay” and “The Ethics of the Pen” are familiar essays, the first setting forth clearly and simply the requirements of that delightful form of literary expression made use of by the author in this volume; the second, formulating literary ideals and standards. It goes without saying that these are high. In a gentle, friendly, humorous fashion the author beckons us on to the high place he has attained; difficulties in our way he encourages us to surmount, and the goodliness of achievement he continually points out.

“The Right Not to Laugh” and “The Everyday Profanity of our Best People,” the remaining essays of the volume, are as entertaining as their titles are alluring. In these the author’s light touch is very deft, his mood genial and contagious. He gossips with us—his desire to redeem this word from the undeserved ill-repute from which it now suffers has already been explained to us—he gossips with us about a sense of humor and about big words fallen from high estate, and we find what he has to say very pleasant. There is a pill to be sure, but it is so thoroughly sugar-coated that we suck it lingeringly before, at the last, we realize that we have unwittingly swallowed a small but wholesome dose.

As has already been said Mr. Johnson speaks with authority. Readers are sometimes timid about approaching the authoritative word because it may be so profound as to be confusing, or so severe as to be repellant. There is a place for the profound treatise which reaches and appeals to the scholarly few but there is also a large place for such a book as this which can and should be widely read and appreciated. Parents of children in grammar school, or of young people about to enter college, all thoughtful critics of the language work of our educational system, will enjoy and profit by reading The Well of English and the Bucket.

Elizabeth Stanwood.


To those who are interested we can promise an agreeable, even an [absorbing, evening to be spent with A Girl Named Mary,
and the pleasure of the occasion will be in no wise lessened by the presence of the girl’s mother, the beautiful Marise Jaffrey.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins has given us in this book a new view of an old and well-worn theme—that of the lost child and the discovered heiress. Mrs. Jaffrey, when the book opens, is still, after sixteen years, searching among the Marys of the world, and particularly among those of the working classes and below, for her little daughter Mary, stolen from her when she was two years old. The reader, with the instinct of a born detective, discovers the right Mary at once in the person of a handsome, successful, self-assured office clerk, and prepares to be patient while the author follows false clues. But this is no mystery story and with surprisingly little fuss Mary Healy’s identity is established and she is faced with the choice between her own mother and the warm-hearted Irishwoman who brought her up and whom she loves with intense loyalty.

The rest of the book is devoted to these spiritual adjustments; the patient and difficult winning of her daughter’s affection, and also the breaking down of certain last strongholds of aristocratic prejudice, on the part of Mrs. Jaffrey, the overcoming of a tendency to irritation at her daughter’s cock-sureness, and her pronounced preference for the life of a successful working girl to anything wealth or new-found mothers can offer.

The author has cleverly suggested here that the very strength and good qualities of the girl’s nature, which were presumably her inheritance from her well-born ancestry, make the return to her natural sphere difficult. Instead of the battered flower the mother had been prepared to “lift out of the mire” and cherish, was a sturdy young sapling which resented being lifted anywhere.

The happy dénouement is Mary’s wedding with a young workman, of the diamond-in-the-rough variety, whom Mrs. Jaffrey welcomes as a son-in-law with a broadmindedness which the reader finds if difficult to imitate; and at the wedding festivities Irish Healys and aristocratic Jaffreys mingle and rejoice with an abandon that suggests Scrooge’s Christmas after being put through a course of sprouts by the Spirits.

There is an elderly and faithful suitor in the story who is not unknown to fiction, and also a faithful and scolding servant, Han-nah, of the “rabbity jaw.”

But the book’s strength lies in the statement of the problem, the witty comments, and the light sure touch which keeps the story moving rapidly and interestingly from the first page to the last.

At the Sign of the Oldest House is a story much lighter in tone than A Girl Named Mary, it is a picture novel rather than a prob-
lem novel. The scene is frankly laid in the “Oldest House” in St. Augustine and through the shadowy background of old house, old relics, old thoughts, with an old woman for presiding genius, the spirit of the youngest sort of a young girl flickers like sunshine.

Pansy has left her Connecticut home to come to her grandmother in St. Augustine to “see life”; and, clad in quaint costume to match the “Oldest House,” taking entrance fees, and showing the tourists about, she manages to string together a surprising number of amusing little adventures. Her education is most rapidly advanced however by a stoop-shouldered dreamer of dreams who keeps an antique shop around the corner, and who suffers in silence from his love clear through to the last chapter because he feels it would be unchivalrous in one of his age to intrude on her young destinies. It is quite dashing to find that this venerable preux chevalier is only twenty-eight, but perhaps from the angle of eighteen twenty-eight is venerable—if anything is.

This pretty book—pretty in its externals as well as in its thought—is a light and dainty story of youth, and may bring an hour’s forgetfulness, to those who crave it, of the sterner lives of the youth of to-day.

Elizabeth Elliott Wellington.


“For there is a certain relaxation that comes when we know that we are not going to be held up to what we have said, that we shall escape the annoyance of being expected to be the kind of person who said it, whatever it may be.” Thus the author of *Days Out and Other Papers* describes the flavor of “the wine of anonymity.” And it must, one feels, have been with something of a pang that she renounced the anonymity of the Contributors’ Club, from which a number of these papers have been collected. But to us, who have long known the writer as one among “the Olympians who sit enthroned in the Body of the Magazine,” this book brings new joys of recognition and of discovery: the joy of meeting some of our essay-friends again, and of knowing whom to thank for them.

It is the quality of the Contributors’ Club that still pervades these papers: the “spontaneous and happy” flavor of the anonymous. The reader must share this mood if he is to taste their full savor. He must open the book with the same zest with which he seizes on the new *Atlantic*—last end first. You must read *Days Out* as you pick blueberries—not methodically covering the ground,
but lured hither and yon by another tempting bush. For you will find yourself coming back to certain patches with appetite renewed.

There is a delightful diversity of subject, ranging from "A Brief for the Hat" to "In the Matter of Faith." One or two papers are frankly occasional; one or two are instances recorded with little comment. But beneath the variety one becomes aware of a oneness of method and of spirit. "The little incident has lain in my mind for years, serving as a nucleus round which ruminating thoughts have gathered"; here is revealed the method of the essayist whose writing is the natural fruit of full living. And here too is the source of its charm. Sometimes it is that blend of common sense and imagination that we call humor, shedding new light on hats and truthfulness, on Puritan manners and travelers' letters—on "the humor-fetish" itself. In this light cooking becomes "an art not only creative but social." (How remote now seem those days when there was no lack of flour or sugar to arrest the cooky-impulse!) It is another kind of remoteness that characterizes the essays to which one comes back again and again: the artist's power to "distance" experience, a power so wisely discussed in "The Literary Uses of Experience," so perfectly imaged by that framing window in "The House on the Hill." A New England hillside, the antics of a belled cat, the trite proverb on last moments, become the stuff of essays that have caught something of the beauty and the wonder of human adventuring.

The secret of such writing is not to be defined; perhaps it may be glimpsed in such a passage as this: "...To live as if each moment were, not last, for that gives up the future, nor first, for that would relinquish the past, but in the midst of things, enriched by memory, lighted by anticipation, aware of no trivialities, because acknowledging no finality."

Frances Wentworth Cutler.


It would be good to know whether college makes or unmakes a poet. The potential poet as yet perhaps unaware of her talent, it might, by the very variety of material offered, turn aside from verse writing. But one who comes to college so conscious of her goal, so absorbed by her art as was Edna St. Vincent Millay has grown wise enough to choose or reject the new knowledge open to her. So Vassar can boast that out of her thousands of students at least one shall stand out as an artist,—individualized.
In her "Renascence" she has achieved an importance, together with a great simplicity. Her other two long poems—"Interim" and "The Suicide"—are commendable for their striving, for the imaginative effort, and are for this reason a more certain promise of later work. But they haven't the perfection of the Renascence, so quaintly profound, so like the wisdom of a child.

The musical lightness of all her verse no one can deny. It is too full of bewitching grace to be called facile; the simplicity is at times of a quality like the Shropshire Lad. But a depth of meaning, which a glimmering surface can easily suggest, I miss sometimes in her later and shorter poems. When feeling runs highest, it winds usually through mist and doubt and bewilderment before it finds expression,—and so with a gladder cry it reaches light. Is that background of darkness in her poetry?

To be sure some of the Elizabethans—especially Robert Herrick—sang with little apparent thought of yesterday or to-morrow. And there are fragments of their song in many of Miss Millay's poems; she belongs by temperament in that tradition. The happy lyric has existed, and it comes so rarely to us any more, that should Edna St. Vincent Millay persist in this quality her gift to posterity would be immeasurable.

In this connection, however, I think of that other poet of whom Vassar should be proud to-day and of whom she shall be more proud in the future—Adelaide Crapsey. Her classic verse is held firm and poised over abysmal suffering. It is of course unfair to let knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the writing of the verse too sympathetically move one in appreciation of the imaginative product. Yet it seems to me there is concentration, a mastery of intricate emotions, a point of view and scholarship in Miss Crapsey's work which Miss Millay has not as yet attained.

I would have them different, to be sure. They belong in widely separated schools, the grave and the gay, and I have no nostalgia for tragedy. Miss Millay's poetry has a human warmth worth as much as Miss Crapsey's glacial austerity. The very homliness of her imagery gives her verse peculiar charm—her houses and streets, and

"Perhaps that chair, when you arose and passed
Out of the room, rocked silently a while
Ere it again was still. When you were gone
Forever from that room, perhaps that chair,
Stirred by your movement, rocked a little while,
Silently, to and fro . . . ."

which in its context conveys most poignantly the sense of loss. Or,
“And all at once, and over all
The pitying rain began to fall;
I lay and heard each pattering hoof
Upon my lowly, thatched roof,
And seemed to love the sound far more
Than ever I had done before.
For rain it hath a friendly sound
To one who’s six feet underground;
And scarce the friendly voice or face;
A grave is such a quiet place.”

It is a sweet and gentle note that comes from her singing, but not always, as in these snatches, does one catch the import of that sound.

Ruth Pickering.


When the troops come swinging by, when the service flags go up in each and every town across these broad states, and those who live in ports of embarkation see the trim blue figures of the Red Cross Army nurses marching quietly off two by two from their mobilization center for service overseas, then comes the realization that this war is youth’s great adventure and that everything one is and has to the uttermost effort of their being must be given to stand behind this amazing host.

The eighteen months that have passed since our entrance into the war only makes this realization keener because these happenings are part of our daily experience, and another part is learning, as we now are doing, how this one and that have met the test and were not found wanting.

No better picture could be given of the vital part a Base Hospital is in the adjustment to ease from pain or to peace at the last than is told in these letters written to her family by Julia Stimson of Vassar’s class of 1901, while serving as Army Chief Nurse in a British hospital in France. The frankness and the freshness of the letters show easily that there was no thought of publication but in the successful attempt Miss Stimson made to give her family the clearest possible notion of the daily machinery of such a hospital, a record has been secured which will prove of a reminiscent interest to all those who were a part of the enterprise, and a manual of arms, hands, feet, head, and above all cheer, to the many others who are now going over to similar service. A host of readers are in great debt to Miss Stimson’s family for allowing us to share in these intimate personal experiences as told in these letters.
A vivid picture is indeed made of the routine of the hospital the "wards," lines of tents, the night service in the cold, when the convoys come in, the ease and speed with which the bleeding Tommies were given resting place where the longed-for sleep might overtake them; the rain, that lasting, lasting rain, that makes the mud Barbusse has told of so vividly in "Under Fire," and that Masefield says every soldier knows is the real enemy of the Western Front; but above all the abounding good will and eagerness with which patients and nurses and doctors alike help each other through the dark hours, and are able to see the amusing side, for it is not all sadness by any means. In short, the book is a little breviary for travelers in the country of human endeavor for a common good, and no tale was ever more simply told.

This particular group of sixty-four women, No. 12 (St. Louis, U. S. A.) General Hospital, B. E. F., led by Julia Stimson has toiled and cheered and cheered and toiled for thousands in order that something which kindled their souls might keep alight in the world the knowledge that service to humanity transcends an enemy's hate.

The book begins with the assembling of the Unit at the Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, and ends with the leave-taking at the Base Hospital in France a year later, when her country's army order summoned Miss Stimson to Paris "to report to the Chief Surgeon, American Red Cross in France, for duty as Chief Nurse with the American Red Cross."

Elisabeth Cutting.
The Clearing House

IN THE ABSENCE OF THE PRESIDENT

The alumnae returning to Vassar met with a great disappointment in the absence of President and Mrs. MacCracken who, in their three years at College, have made the acquaintance and won the friendship of an astonishing number of them. They were grieved to learn that the President had been granted a year’s permissive leave of absence on account of ill-health, and both officially and unofficially they expressed their regret and their hope that he would soon be able to resume his duties.

As for the Quarterly, it too looks forward eagerly to the day when its most valued friend and helpful adviser will be back at the helm.

Aside from the two very real blows which the Annual Meeting sustained—one in the absence of the President, and the other in the absence of, literally, hundreds of its members on account of the epidemic—the occasion was a very real success. We had a touch of weather too, it rained all day Saturday, and the Workshop Plays which were to have been given in the Outdoor Theater had to be given indoors, but the rest of the time we had just those golden days we had bargained for.

The new legislative body showed an interest, a thoughtful sense of responsibility, and a dignity, which never flagged even when the hands of the clock were veering around towards midnight on Friday evening. There was some constructive legislation—notably that looking toward a survey of the field of education for women (according to the recommendation contained in Miss Julia Lathrop’s report for the Alumnae Trustees in 1917), and a study of college governmental systems—which promises to be of significance and value even outside the Vassar community.

It would have been a great addition to everyone’s pleasure if we could have had the class of ’18 with us as they had planned, and we hope that in future the youngest alumnae will always follow ’18’s example and hold their first reunion at the time of the Annual Meeting instead of the first Hall Play, if they must choose between them.

The newly established Alumnae Office, housed by courtesy temporarily in the Athletics room of the Students’ Building, and the gracious hostess therein, the Executive Secretary, were perhaps the most delightful features of the new régime, and made us long all the more ardently for that exquisite mirage on our horizon, the Alumnae House. In the meantime the students made us welcome and happy in their building which they generously placed at our disposal during the whole three days.

In fact, with every good wish and good augury, and with many substantial little dollar-dues for membership pouring into its coffers, the new Association has been happily and successfully launched. Good luck to her and bon voyage!

A PLEA FOR VASSAR

To the Alumnae:

You remember that last June the Alumnae Association expressed to the Board of Trustees its desire to assist in the necessary improvement and development of Vassar. The Trustees replied through the President cordially welcoming our support and stating briefly the needs of the College.

Our alumnae representatives on the
Board of Trustees made a further and more detailed report to the Association on the financial condition of the College; at its recent annual meeting. Our representatives also reported on the administrative situation as it now exists. Confident that our alumnae representatives on the Board of Trustees are keenly alive to the difficulties Vassar faces, assured that they stand for the best administrative policies, and relying on their counsel, the Association took such action as will strengthen the hands of our representatives on the Board of Trustees, and at the same time accomplish the great purpose for which we as an organization exist: "To promote the interests of Vassar College." Explicitly the Association voted to raise a War Emergency Fund. It was decided by the Directors that we should aim to raise $150,000 of the $400,000.

The plan is to make a short quick campaign with the money in hand or pledged by February 1, 1919. Two years will be allowed for payment when desired. The money will be transferred to the Board of Trustees under a deed of gift, in this way binding the conditions and purposes of the gift.

The appeal will go out almost immediately, accompanied by a pledge card which every individual is asked to fill out and return. We hope for many large gifts; no gift is too small. Liberty Bonds are acceptable.

There can be no doubt of the educational crisis confronting women's colleges nor of the enormous responsibilities the Government is placing on trained women. Elizabeth Kemper Adams, one of our alumnae trustees, and chairman of the committee on War Service Training for Women College Students under the American Council on Education, convinced us all—if we needed convincing—that increasing the higher educational facilities is an imperative measure.

Helping Vassar at this time is true war service.

Mabel Horst Kirk.
Chairman of the Endowment Committee.

ALUMNAE DOCTORS, ATTENTION!

The Vassar Unit Committee sends out an S. O. S. call for a doctor for the Vassar Relief Unit in France under the American Red Cross. So far all efforts and appeals of the alumnae committee to secure an alumnae doctor have been of no avail. We cannot send a specialist, nor an inexperienced person, but we must have a physician with experience in general practice and we must have her soon. Some training in administrative work is highly desirable and some knowledge of French is essential. The question of expenses will be taken up by the alumnae committee with the candidate.

The members of our Red Cross Unit will soon all be in France, and without a physician their work will be hampered. Must we appeal to other colleges to furnish our physician? Or will some doctor among our own alumnae hear this call and, whatever the sacrifice involved, volunteer for overseas service?

The Vassar Unit Committee.

A VASSAR WOMAN "STUMPS" THE STATE

When I went down to College for the alumnae meetings I thought that I was going to get a little respite from a somewhat strenuous political campaign, but the ever-active editor of the Quarterly, with her sixth sense for news items, discovered that I was running for public office, and my troubles began. As I am the first Vassar woman to enter the political world as a candidate for the Assembly, nothing would satisfy the aforementioned editor but that I should tell, through the Quarterly, how it feels to be a candidate and "stump" your district.

Well, in the first place, it feels mighty queer. If anyone had told me about this time last year when I was canvassing my county for Woman Suffrage that this year I should be canvassing it as a candidate for office, I should have laughed heartily at the idea.
Things do change these days and that right speedily.

I thought that I had experienced every phase of the campaigner’s activities in the Suffrage campaign, but I assure you that campaigning for yourself is a far more difficult proposition. It is comparatively easy when you are fired with zeal for the “Cause” to approach a perfect stranger and solicit his vote. What I do wish is that someone would suggest to me a graceful way to convey to the minds of the voters—both new and old—that I am the very best possible kind of a representative for them to have in the Assembly.

If you think it is easy thing to tell a stranger all your own good points and at the same time appear normally modest, just you try it. Fortunately, I have many good friends, and they are a great comfort in what would otherwise be a trying situation.

Of course, the main purpose of a political campaign is to get acquainted with the voters and get them acquainted with your political ideas. It sounds easy enough. But when you have a district like mine mostly rural, with only two cities and those comparatively small ones, you appreciate the difficulty of reaching all the voters. It requires many a long ride out in the country. It necessitates trailing a farmer right out into the fields, and approaching his wife at her work in the kitchen. It means going through mills and factories to talk to the men and women workers. It demands an endless number of calls and a constant change of emphasis in your story to meet the particular interest and point of view of the particular person to whom you are speaking. Everybody with an “ax to grind” wants your promise to assist in the grinding of his particular ax. My support has been solicited for everything from prohibition and labor legislation to birth control and censored motion pictures.

And a little later when the influenza is over and the Liberty Loan is raised, it will mean speaking at mass meetings and trying to arouse enough enthusiasm among my audience to keep them loyal to me in the face of my opponent’s arguments—both verbal and financial.

Then, too, I must not forget to keep up the most cordial relations with the press. It is invaluable as an ally. As an independent candidate, I number among my supporters many people of varying points of view. It requires some degree of diplomacy to keep them all happy. It takes considerable of my time to consult individually with my various supporters, for so radically different are they in their respective beliefs and temperaments that if we tried to have a general conference it would probably end in a riot. Up to date I am thankful to say that I am on good terms with them all, and I earnestly hope that this happy state of affairs will continue.

Perhaps it may be interesting to know that my platform is conservation in its many phases—conservation of food, labor, waterpower, money, etc. My main claim for general support is that, as an independent candidate, I would be unhampered by political debts and could represent all my constituents equally along the lines suggested. My opponent, on the other hand, is the mouthpiece of a certain faction of the Republican party, and not being a particularly strong man, would of necessity do as he was told. The faction which backs him is very strong, and I have no well-organized support, so the odds are against me. However, I am making a strong appeal to the women voters and the independent men voters to support an independent candidate, and it only remains to see how well they will rally to my support.

All this sounds like hard work, and it is, but it is great fun after all. The real value of such an experience is the enlarged acquaintance which results from it. People are the most interesting facts of existence, and if anyone wants to meet many people of many types and many so individual that they belong to no type, I advise her to run for public office, and conduct an active
campaign. Naturally I want to be elected, but in any case, no matter what the result of election day, I consider it an experience well worth while.

Kathryn Starbuck.

THE QUARTERLY PASSES A MILESTONE

The Quarterly editorial board having been appointed three years ago this November has reached the end of its term of service, and goes out of office in such a modest little blaze of glory as may be created by the returning of three hundred dollars of its capital loan, in the form of Third Issue Liberty Bonds, and the purchase of six more Liberty Bonds of the fourth issue, value $50.00 each, in view of, and in hopes of, returning these also next year to the friends who helped the Quarterly onto its feet.

While we are far from being wealthy enough to incur envy or displeasure, our steady growth in subscribers and resources give us courage to release our clutch on a part of our original capital and trust Providence and the alumnae to keep up the yearly income.

The business manager, Annie L. Green, with this handsome gesture of confidence, makes her bow to the alumnae and leaves our stage, much honoured and much sung by all who have had the happiness of working with her. From now on the Alumnae Office will "manage" us as well as all other alumnae affairs.

The campus editor, Alice Snyder, also makes her farewell bow and at the same time introduces her successor, Sarah Hinckes, of the class of 1910. The only reason we can submit to this seeming desertion is that we want Miss Hinckes for a partner very much, and we never mean to let go of Miss Snyder no, matter how completely she may erase her name from the cover of the Quarterly and from our letter-head.

Contemporary Notes has suffered a sea-change. The all-devouring Alumnae Office will collect your reports, your information, and your subscriptions. All are equally welcome and urgently requested. Miss Naumburg's place as associate editor (and by the way, Miss Naumburg is now Mrs. Murray Bass), will be filled by Ruth Cornwall, '16, but, as in Miss Snyder's case, we do not relinquish our hold on our ex-editors but have exacted a promise of contributions, advice, interest, and all sorts of things which they vainly thought to escape.

To Mrs. Morris we are indeed indebted for remaining on the Quarterly board as its invaluable guide, philosopher and friend.

As to the editor of the Quarterly, you can't lose her. She merely runs out of one door to reappear through another, saying with a smile as nearly ingratiating as she can compass, "Please bear with me a little longer, and I will try to make the Quarterly much more what you want, and to make you want it much more. I will try to run harder and faster than ever, with a pinch of salt in my hand to put on the tail of that vision of mine, of a Vassar magazine which shall come somewhere near to being as valuable and important in the magazine world as Vassar itself is in the educational world."
Through the Campus Gates

THE SCHOLAR IN WAR-TIME*

I was sitting one Sunday this summer in a country church listening to the Litany. And it struck me suddenly how changed it was in its significance. We prayed for “all prisoners”; for “those who travel by sea”; for “young children.” What did those phrases mean to most of us before the war? The first, Sing Sing or the Tombs; the second, tourists or sailors caught suddenly in what were, after all, Heaven’s own tempests challenging, out in the open, man’s wit and resources; the third, remote waifs, who, we felt easily, were being nicely cared for by charitable organizations. What do those phrases mean now? The first, men we know in German prison camps; the second, women we know sailing over seas full of sinister, creeping monsters; the third, children we do not know, whose pinched hands offer us not chance for philanthropy but proudest privilege. And since then, the sense of the changed color and significance of words has never left me. And how they have changed in four years! Think of a few of them! Belgium, Germany, war, peace, coal, sugar, self-control! Is it stretching the truth to say that scarcely a word, outside of technical terms, has not acquired, since 1914, new significance?

How, then, about the word scholar? Have we here one of the few fossil, unchangeable words? Or is it, too, shot through with a new meaning? A scholar, I take it, is a man who has more or less withdrawn himself from mere acceptance of established facts, or from the doing of things on the basis of established methods, into reflection upon the world’s phenomena, lured on always by their challenge to a certain eager, questing spirit in him. “Why, how, are these things so?” is his eternal query. If this haunting curiosity lures him towards the stars, he will become an astronomer; if toward the physical constitution of things, a chemist or physicist; if toward human society and its relations, an economist or historian or psychologist; if toward the interpretation of great poetry, a literary critic. The scholar, working out his theories, differs from the practical doer as the scientist, studying principles of plant growth and development, differs from the young woman who worked, on the basis of principles he established, on our Vassar Farm this summer.

So much for a rough definition of the word scholar. It is necessary, also, to note a misconception of it rapidly gaining ground before the war and based upon the throwing of it, often, into misleading antithesis with terms we apply to the efficient executives whom the necessities of modern society have forced into positions of well deserved prominence. “A mere scholar” was a not infrequent expression, and about as absurd as would be the speaking in war time of a mere soldier or a mere sailor or a mere nurse. And one notable recent verbal phenomenon is the reinvesting it with its rightful virility. A young Anglo-Saxon specialist from Oxford just before his death scribbled upon the wall of his trench, in high-hearted acceptance of the gage fortune had thrown to him, the refrain of an old English poem, “That he overcame, this, also, can I,” a refrain voicing the resolution of an old time bookman, also torn suddenly from his work at home, that of happy singing to his prince, out of his store of carefully accumulated knowledge, the traditions and deeds of his clan. This Oxford man is typical of the throng of ripened scholars who have sprung to the fore-

*Address delivered at Convocation, Sept. 23, 1918.
front of danger and death. So are those four other young Oxford men, their brains elate with the immortal rhythms of Greece and with the inspiration of a great teacher, upon whom, I understand, Gilbert Murray depended to carry on his noble tradition of classical scholarship and who, all four of them, have made the ultimate sacrifice. And it is not only to the battle front that our scholars have thronged. They have turned aside, thousands of them, from dearly loved work to the fulfillment of arduous executive tasks, or to those involving the humblest drudgery. I know a woman who, two years ago, said to me, at the completion of a complicated year full of all kinds of executive and committee work, "Next year I can write again!" Then the war came and she is carrying heavy war responsibility that has postponed indefinitely the fulfillment of her dream. And I know a man, also carrying buoyantly heavy war responsibility, who, when consulted about a point connected with a Middle English manuscript, cried out laughing, but with an undertone of poignant regret, "Why do you show me this sort of thing? It makes me so want to get back." These scholars, as truly as scholars at the front, are typical of the numberless men and women who are vindicating so far as popular appreciation is concerned, the right of the scholar to recognition as Man Thinking, not simply The Thinker.

What of the scholar, however, who keeps straight on within the field of his ordinary activities? Is he, also, making valuable contribution to the war? Of course, you would say that certainly, in so far as his research widens the scope of the scientific knowledge necessary for the prosecution of the war, he is making such contribution; and you would probably add that the scholars along these contributory lines who, here on our campus during the past months, have given up a summer of research for a summer of teaching, are twice justified since they have enriched their gift by the enhancing power of personal contact. But it is not here that I want to stop. What about the scholar whose lines of research seem at first sight only remotely, if at all, connected with this national crisis? In the first place, it is well to remember, I suppose, that it is not always easy to judge, at first, whether or not a given subject is so connected. A specialist in mediaeval literature might not seem, at first flush, particularly well adapted to practical war work. Yet just such a Man Thinking is at present in Washington deciphering intercepted wireless despatches because his skill in interpreting old manuscripts especially qualifies him for his task. Be it admitted, however, that this case is exceptional. Are there not questions, nevertheless, aside from those related to the actual winning of the war, for which the present situation demands consideration? Of course we all know there are. All over the world, men are getting ready for reconstruction, after the war, of trade, of commerce, of international relations, and what not? And along all these lines expert scholars,—economists, political scientists, etc,—as a moment's thought will show, are furnishing invaluable data and constructive suggestion. Does not the work of the scholar, however, in lines other than those instantly recognizable as of service in these connections, need nevertheless to be utilized in the solution of the very problems here involved? Take, for instance, the subject of future international relations. Everywhere practical statesmen are working upon the problem of new adjustments necessarily involved in the future closer economic and spiritual affiliation of nations. But the success of our statesmen and diplomats will largely depend upon the degree in which they understand other nations and their peculiar ways of thinking and feeling. And it seems to me that here the subtlest and most fascinating work of the scholar lies. What about these new friends and intimates of ours, the group of allies, some of whom were merest acquaintances, if not quite strangers, before the war. Not only
are we being forced into closer relations with these fellow nations, but we have lately seen revelations of their spirit which make us eager to pursue these new adventures in friendship. We need and want to know Belgium better, and France so well that a certain former false estimate of her in the popular mind, based upon her gayety of heart and dramatic gallantry of gesture in times of peace, can never again arise. As for England, we are anxious, except for the humor of it, that our little boys should no longer greet distinguished English guests, like Sir Herbert Tree, by a vigorous punch and the indignant exclamation, “Take that for spoiling the tea!” apropos of a certain episode in Boston Harbor some hundred years ago. And if we need to understand better nations whose culture roughly resembles our own, even more necessary is enlightened comprehension of those whose age-long tradition is utterly different,—the Japanese, for instance, among whom one of our own number, Professor Caroline Furness of the Astronomy Department, moved by this new impulse of cosmopolitan friendliness, is spending her sabbatical year; especially necessary is comprehension of tragic Russia whose noble impulse toward democracy has been thwarted by her own confusion of will; necessary above all is such comprehension, however austere and stern, of that member of our own racial group whose amazing psychology has confounded the world. In the evolution of such international understanding it is evident, to mention one science alone, how greatly the practical statesman must depend upon the psychologist, and how, in turn, the psychologist must depend upon students of contemporary political and social conditions. But it is obvious, also, that the psychologist will go astray if his vision does not involve a long sweep of social and historical perspective; if he cannot consider the present temper and condition of a nation in the light of the ages of past development that have made it what it is; and, of those who can aid him in this task, stand out prominently first, scholars whose field is a nation’s even remote political and social past; second, the scholar whose field is the sweep of a nation’s art, whether sculpture or painting or architecture or literature or music, since both fields alike reveal the texture of a nation’s character, the quality of its spirit. It is not without a significance for my point that a work at once an ancient historical document and a consummate piece of literary art, Caesar’s Commentaries, records the fact that, of all the Gallic tribes, “Fortissimi sunt Belgii.” Constantly remotest history and literature thus unite in giving a unified impression of national caliber. Fourteenth century Rolls of Parliament, and the fourteenth century “Vision of Piers, the Plowman” alike proclaim the determined striving of the English Commons for domestic freedom. A twentieth century official proclamation of Lloyd George, and an eighth century war song, held smoldering between the pages of the Anglo-Saxon Chonicle to break into flame whenever the book is opened, utter alike the invincible determination with which, through all the ages, from eighth century Dane to twentieth century German, they have risen against the foreign invader. And the persistence of this passion for freedom in the English heart is well illustrated by the fact that, of all poets, Tennyson, Laureate of Victorian sweetness and decorum, is the man who, under inspiration of this old war song, The Battle of Brunanburh, sprang into a heat of spirit that enabled him to perform that hardest of feats—the production of its adequate and thrilling translation. An interesting suggestion of the fashion in which history and literature supplement each other, in giving impressions of national character, came to me not long ago in connection with current discussion of the way in which the German people have been moulded for generations by the ruthless ideals of Frederick the Great and those rulers who inherited them. I was reading the earlier literature of Germany,
written, of course, before Frederick's time; and I found there two strains running side by side: one originating in characteristics we used, in the old days, especially to recognize and admire in the Germans: love for the Fatherland and for homely, simple things, the fireside, the garden, the field; and tenderness for children, which made of Germany the land of Christmas saints and trees and of fairies and elves and happy wonder. And beside this strain it seemed to me I found another, curiously suggestive of modern talk and temper of the Germans—talk about networks of enemies, and the "untrew" of England with implied hatred and fear of her; and, also, that mood of childlike amazement which astonished us so at the beginning of the war, that all people would not instantly accept conclusions that seemed to them, where Deutchland was concerned, indisputable. It seemed to me, in short, that I found indications of a certain temperamental liability to political obsession, of which unscrupulous rulers might easily take advantage; and that this remote literature was reinforcing the theory of a certain mass madness into which they have been driven by conscienceless leaders and demigods—a theory that, under the growing bitterness of war feeling, has been lately giving way to the theory of inherent depravity. It is obvious that this question bears pertinent relation to the work of practical statesmen and diplomats after the war.

We can now cease speaking of the scholar whose work is related, subtly, to the world's readjustment, just as we ceased speaking of those contributing conspicuously to the immediate winning of the war, to consider another set of scholars—those contributing nothing, either subtly or conspicuously, to the solution of present problems. But can we find such? I think not, granted that they are alive and worth while, which is the only kind of scholar, of course, that we are dealing with to-day. What I really want to speak of is the indispensable spiritual element in all live scholarship alike, entirely aside from any possible application of it to a well defined, more or less utilitarian, end. May I make what I want to say more plain by pausing a moment on a certain word with which we have grown familiar during this war? That word is morale; and morale, I suppose, roughly speaking, is fitness. Our men at the front have morale when they set themselves to a task with the vigor and effectiveness born of a certain glad self-confidence. They must have a certain faith in their cause. And what again contributes to morale? Many things. As high a degree of physical comfort as possible, which means not only food and clothes and housing, but also comfort kits and tobacco; mental stimulus, which means not only educational and religious facilities, but also interesting plays and interesting books and interesting women to talk to in hostess house and canteen; inducing of moral fitness, which means not only inculcation of qualities of sobriety, honesty, and self-control, but also of self-esteem, of hope, of capacity for buoyant comradeship, of generous ardor for achievement. There come many a black day and night for our soldier, however, when his hope for preservation of his morale must lie only in the power to keep his high goal steadily in view; to have himself, and to feel in the men around him, so steady a faith in his cause that by means of it he can banish regret, perplexity, despair itself. And, there is no condition so certain to keep alive in him this spirit of high and steady resolution as the unfailing support of an enlightened public opinion. Now, Public Opinion is not likely to be much finer in quality among the soldiers than it is in the nation from which they sprung; and high among the many forces moulding it must stand national capacity for sincere, aggressive thinking, of which the scholar is the ideal exponent since it forms his whole stock in trade, this fact differentiating him, as a scholar, from other men whose titles imply combination, with it, of other elements. And now, entirely
apart from the material upon which he works, and from any proposed application of his thought, let us consider how direct, how inevitable must be the influence of this sheer capacity for thought on that essential element in maintaining national morale, sound Public Opinion. Take a so-called somewhat remote field of scholarship. Suppose a man is trying to place the date and environment of a newly discovered Greek manuscript whose cultural indications will cast important light on the period and place of its origin. It is obvious that he must be able to glance through centuries and have in mind all conceivable environments; in other words, his thinking must be exhaustive. His thought must "carry on," like spirited marching soldiers, in spite of baffling discouragements and apparent contradictions: that is, his thinking must be imperturbable. He must be willing to cast to the winds conventions of contemporary thought: in short, his thinking must be independent. And he must refuse to wrest any slightest detail in favor of some preconceived theory: that is, his thinking must be disinterested. If one conceives, now, that the fashion in which he handles this play represents the fashion in which he spends the strenuous working hours of his life, that he is professionally and constantly exercising this discrimination and integrity of thought, you will see that he must inevitably form certain habits of mind. And the point I would make is this. No scholar who is really alive can possibly dam within the reservoir of his own special intellectual interest the momentum of such a forceful intellectual current. Of its very nature it must break down all barriers and flow stimulatingly down the ages into the regions of contemporary human experience—to-day, it happens, into the gigantic madstream of the world-war. The man thinking thus exhaustively will not decide, for instance, upon a policy of reprisals against Germany without at least considering that, the more humane the nation, the greater, in such a policy, will be its disadvantage. The man thinking thus imperturbably will not be depressed into inhibition by temporary defeat, or elated into incautiousness by the success of our arms. The man thinking thus disinterestedly will set his face against unjust privilege for his nation in the final settlement of affairs. Now imagine a scholar like this multiplied by hundreds of thousands throughout our land, living, vital scholars, whose professional material lies outside the range of immediate or ultimate practical application, but whose minds eagerly and easily transfer to current affairs this asset of sane strong thinking. What a fine and subtle molder of the public opinion that must lie back of our army this volume of aggressive and just thought must be, first, because of the inherent magnetism that such thinking expended upon subjects of popular interest always exerts, and second, very definitely, because it happens that never before has the mind of the masses been trying so hard and so genuinely to think, to see the causes and probable outcome of the spectacular phenomena filling our eyes and ears; never so consciously has it longed for leadership in discovery of solid ground for conviction and opinion—that opinion which, in mass, must form so strong an element, for our men at the front, of a morale unbreakable because founded in wisdom and justice.

And now, what is the application of all this to you, young undergraduates just at the entrance of your college course, you, of whom I have been specially thinking this morning? I have had in mind three things: first, the giving you, if I could, a moment's vision of the throng of stimulating men and women throughout the land and world with whom, by virtue of your very presence here, you may be growingly united, if you choose, in a certain fine esprit de corps. My second point is suggested by my words your presence here. Indeed, what about your presence here at all? In a very peculiar way you must justify yourselves for it. Do you realize that those in college
form, in peace time, less than one per cent of the youth of the country? How much less, obviously, in war time? Your undergraduate brothers, many of them, have given up this studious life that you are continuing, are sacrificing this early embarking on their chosen careers. All through the warring countries thousands of young women no older than you are working in industries that contribute directly to the war. How then can you justify your presence here? This question of course is answered by asking you what you are here for; and if you have any right at all here, there is, here and now, precisely one answer. It may or may not be true in peace time—for my part I think it is not true—that you would have the right to come to an institution like this for some vague purpose of general social development. You are only legitimately here in war time to enter, in so far as in you lies, the scholarly attitude; and by this I mean the attitude of intelligent constructive reflection, always with the element of a fine curiosity alive in your minds, upon the material you find here in laboratory or library or study or classroom, and, as supplementary to them, in the complicated social life around you. You are justified in being here in war time by virtue only of your capacity to learn to think, in the scholar's way, just as your brother in camp is justified in his presence there only by his capacity to learn to fight. And this purpose is not so easily accomplished as it seems. Do you realize how rare real thinking is? Try some night to follow the achievements of your brain through the day. How often has this brain of yours been really thinking at all, how often merely a vehicle of receptive consciousness floating through a sea of mildly agreeable or disagreeable sensation, like a submerged submarine without its periscope up and its power working to some end? Granted that during hours spent over your books it is active and vigorous. What about the hours between? Are you going to learn here, are you determined to learn here, the secret of transferring your increasingly clear, sane and vigorous thinking to the world situation, to punctiliously discharge the scholarly function by the formulation of a clear, sane, general point of view? Unless you are going to learn to do this, you have no right here in war time. If you are determined to learn to do this, nothing else particularly matters, since out of such rigorous thinking, as out of the rigorous faith of St. Paul, will inevitably spring, in war or in peace, your legitimate works. This then, is the second point I would make, and, for my third and last, I would emphasize one condition upon which your morale as a thinker depends. It is no idle speculation but a fact that will be confirmed, I am sure, by all who have talked much with undergraduates, that there is resting upon the hearts of many of you a distinct burden—the burden of choosing rightly in the curriculum your line of concentrated interest and specialization. There is little question that some of you are harried and perplexed because, by following your special bent of intellectual interest, you will not be able to step, upon graduation, into such direct practical connection with war or reconstruction work as will your classmates who have followed other lines of scholarly interest. That some of you will be swept aside by stress of the world situation in your development as Man Thinking into channels of your least natural effectiveness is almost certain unless you are on your guard. Your position is very different from that of the seasoned scholar, who has already achieved the land of his natural inheritance. The overwhelming chance for you is that, if fitted by nature for a scholar, this precious opportunity misapplied, you will never enter the noble demesne of scholarship since you will have tried to blunder into it by a wrong path; and if it is a scholarly attitude, as preparation for other lines of work, that you are striving for, you will inevitably have missed your maximum of development through the loss of morale that always comes from
working with a minimum of work's legitimate joy. And it is with this danger in mind that I am making the final application to you of what I have said concerning the mature scholar in war time. I hope you felt, with me, that each one of them, in so far as he was a sincere and vital scholar, was definitely ministering to the present needs of the country; and in so far as you are destined to attain the scholarly attitude, you will fall into the same general classes. Of some of you, the outstanding trait as scholarly persons in war time will be your ability to combine, with scrupulous prosecution of your main business here, a conspicuous amount of practical war service; of others, that outstanding trait will be the pursuit of special lines of study, with glad recognition of the training they are affording you of stepping, even during undergraduate summers, into practical war service, or of the effective fashion in which they are furnishing your mind with strenuously ordered knowledge of some strain of the world's spiritual experience, that sort of knowledge upon which alone its effective reconstruction can be based; and, of some of you, your scholarly war service may prove to be the standing, unconsciously we fervently hope and with no taint of priggish egotism, as centers in your circle of a sound public opinion. For you all alike the root of your effective service, in the present as in future crisis, lies in the possession of a controlled, vigorous and eager mind. Do not be troubled, then, as to the line along which your instinct urges you so far as specialization in studies is concerned. Be anxious only concerning one thing—that just as earnestly as your brother is learning to fight just so earnestly you are learning to think, and that you are transferring without cessation this growing power of yours to the world situation. Then follow, unburdened, your steady star through the mazes of the curriculum, unconcerned as to whether it guides you into the secrets of nature as they disclose themselves to those who care, through the out door world, or through the chemical laboratory, or through the glory that was Greece, or the grandeur that was Rome, or through the orderly laws controlling, beneath all superficial chaos and confusion, the subtle workings of the mind of man.

C. F. Fiske.

GLIMPSES OF THE TRAINING CAMP

A Non-Alumnae View

How would you like to hear about your Alma Mater from one who never saw it before its Nurses' Training Camp was opened? We came, we nurses from all of one hundred and fifteen colleges, and you made us feel your guests in every possible way.

You have given us a complete plan by which to guide our course. It has been like a play in which setting, characters and plot must work into a satisfying whole because they are so artistically in harmony. And we like the artist too—for Dean Mills has proved himself that in every detail of his management.

But let's go on with the play. The curtain rises on Vassar campus, a rolling, tree-laden area with dream provoking walks and with stern buildings to yield us poise for those dreams. The dramatis personae are girls in various shades of gingham, who dot the screen completely. They walk from class to class with serious mien or again go arm in arm in groups, singing perhaps a serenade to Professor Winslow, or perhaps a cheer to comrades in the infirmary who have fallen by the way for a while.

The scenes are varied,—but perhaps you'd like to know how we spend our time ordinarily. A bell—no, four bells—clang in the morning at just ten minutes to six. That means we must rise and rush into the halls for "setting up" drill. We have breakfast at seven and from then on through the day until five o'clock we are studying the complicated technique of making people
well and happy. Week-ends we have hiked in the Catskill foothills. We have bathed in the Hackensack and we have seen the marvelous panorama from Sky Top and Mohonk. Several times we have had famous people visit us, too. The Japanese Red Cross Legation honored us by their presence, and they liked the play immensely.

Should you want to know more of us, we have a written history in our weekly paper, the Thermometer. If you go through its files in your library you can trace the progress of our spirit, and can give a cheer for your farmerettes at the same time too, for they've been so much a part of it.

We are going away from here in September, separated now just as inevitably as we were brought together in June, but we want you to know that we shall always carry a bit of the love you have given us deep in our hearts wherever life or this awful war may direct our course. We feel sincerely that you have "done your bit" and we thank you for your service.

Mary S. True.

University of Michigan, 1915.

As Seen by the "Old Alum."

Our emotions were mixed—we alumnae at the Training Camp for Nurses—when we returned among so many other students who, of course, did not feel our old traditions, and when also we had been led back by such very new ideas. Certainly few of us thought that our rooms on the campus, our room-mates, our friends, our hospitals and our future lives would entirely depend upon whether we had had the foresight some five or six years ago to take chemistry. Such has been the case, but it doesn't really matter. That or any other contingency, such as blue eyes or brown, would have served as well in our frenzy to get on. And I believe that we have done that.

It was strange to find ourselves calmly doing the same old things over again. To go to Vespers and Chapel Sunday evening, to participate in the well known mail rush and try to twirl your combination between somebody's right shoulder and someone else's left ear, and to wander down the long back corridor of Main—full of hidden peril this summer—to the grocery store, have held a deep charm of reminiscence. There were the same recognizable hunger pangs at 11 a.m., the same tombstone for Sunday desert. Sunset was as alluring as ever and so also were Charlie and Benny at the Inn. The Great Auk was still with us and. Mr. Polk remained our cheerful adder.

As gorgeous novelties we welcomed the Students' Building and Taylor Hall, but it was for the new paths, that we had remembered as steep and full of wicked pitfalls in winter and due to clinging and adherent this summer, that many of us offered up a sigh of relief. We have spent a great deal of time on those paths! In the three large rooms of the Gymnasium were to be found the surprising innovation of wards complete—with the slight exception of patients—with beds and baths and everything. Saunders as usual managed to endure Chemistry but we fear may have suffered in sheltering the strenuous Materia Medica. The New England Building has stood up nobly under the combined assault of a great variety of gruesome interior workings, millions of assorted Bacteria and a new third story. The Music Hall has had a Cooking Laboratory forcefully inserted in its base and the Harmony there has been so close that no one could consider the new Assembly Hall being composed above. Josselyn has been Faculty Hall and contained all the instructors, assistants and nurses, from those who wonderfully expressed it a "deep privilege to help us buckle on our armor" to those who thought college women a little more hopeless than sixth grade grammar children.

The details of our environment have thus been not very different from college days but above and around us all has been the campus, and the alumnae have been deeply impressed with a new and strange beauty in these fa-
miliar things. Perhaps it is just in seeing it all again, and perhaps we have always been either too busy or too tired in the spring to fully realize the wonderful charm; and then again it may be in our imaginations that we are seeing in its beauty something of the unity and inspiration that has been contained within its walls this summer. For we feel that to the spirit of Vassar there has been added a new spirit of life, and it is the most ardent wish of the alumnae now here that this high level of endeavor and unity of purpose could in some way be impregnated into the student body, so soon to return. We realize as we never did before how much could always be achieved at Vassar for we now see that although college contains twice as many students as the camp it also contains a thousand times the number of individual ambitions.

No small part of our hoped for success will be due to our ideal faculty who, by their sympathetic insight and readiness to cooperate to the extent of all their time, have been a tremendous help in showing us the best way to discover and retain the essential values in our work. Here again there has been but one end in view for everyone. But undoubtedly the greatest inspiration for the Vassar alumnae has been to feel the whole-hearted and enthusiastic way in which some four hundred graduates of other colleges have studied with us, walked along our walks, felt the beauty of our campus and finally, for the rest of their social usefulness, have undertaken to make the Vassar Idea their own.

Beatrix Sutton.

WHAT "A FACULTY" SAYS

The Vassar Training Camp will always be a happy memory to everyone connected with it, except perhaps the janitors who had to unlock and lock the doors almost every evening, because of the intellectual activities that would spill over into the night hours. Those opening days stand out so clearly. The beauty of the campus acted as a stimulant. Then everyone had come for the same purpose, whether student or faculty—namely to consecrate themselves to the needs of the hour. Both had the same fundamental concept of a nurse—namely a highly skilled woman with vision. Both set themselves to the attainment of that type of nurse. The result was a sparkle and enthusiasm seldom seen—especially remarkable considering that most people had been recruited from the rank of teachers, students, or other lines of activity, all foregoing that pre-war necessity, a vacation. Not even an eight-hour schedule on Monday could dampen the enthusiasm. Said the faculty, "There never were such students." Said the students, "There never were such faculty!"

During the opening days an observant eye could have detected the dressmaker's husband, of ante-bellum chimney-loving proclivities, now turned messenger boy, *nolens volens*, delivering a pupil nurse's uniform "in time to wear it to-morrow morning!" What a satisfaction to the elderly alumnae to see this husband at last gainfully employed in a useful occupation. What a sigh of relief to the enforced messenger boy when all those uniforms had been delivered!

And then the lecturers—only the best were invited, although not all the best, of course, because there was not enough time to invite all of speaking alumnae *et aleri*, but only the best, and several a week at that, until one over-driven student struck, saying that "not even if the Angel Gabriel himself were to speak to-night" would she go. But that was a week overcrammed with examinations and heat!

Life on campus had its human side too. There were picnics and campfires on Sunset, usually by hospital groups, i. e., all the girls going to one hospital would band together and sometimes would invite "dear teacher" to the picnic. During the hot nights there was a well defined flight from the dormitories to the circle, where vast
mounds of perigrinating pillows and blankets sought their night's repose. (Fancy that happening during our undergraduate days! However, it is idle to speculate, since it never was hot in December anyway.) Several joint parties of farmerettes and nurses put life on campus on a firm footing. It was as the if farmerettes and nurses had always been.

And then came the closing week. Click, click, click went the kodaks. To set foot on campus was an ill-advised act—"May I take your picture?"

Until one member of the faculty was heard to remark, "Today is the last day. Thank goodness the sun is under a cloud—otherwise we never would have a chance to pack!"

Such enthusiasm and such devotion to a call have seldom been seen. Each person who was privileged to be there in any capacity (including even aforementioned janitors and expressmen) will always recall the memory and inspiration of the summer at the "V. T. C."

Elsa M. Butler.
Assistant Professor of Social Economics, V. T. C.

THE FACULTY CLUB IN TIME OF WAR

The officers of the Faculty Club in 1917-18 decided that meetings during the year must be few, but the discussions always important. Accordingly an opportunist policy in the choice of subject was followed, for the subject of paramount importance varied greatly from month to month, and no long series of discussions on a single theme seemed likely to interest the members.

The October subject was Vassar College as a Neighbor. Miss Helen Kenyon, 1905, a member of the Board of Education of the Town of Poughkeepsie, outlined for us the improvements made in the schools of the township through the spread of college ideas on organization, sanitation, and community spirit. The help of Vassar students, and the cooperation of the President in granting the use of the campus for an annual Township Day had been factors in the success of the work. Miss Nellie Oxley, Community Nurse in Arlington (supported by the Vassar Students' Association) followed,
with an analysis of the health situation in Arlington indicating that this needed watching and constant effort at improvement. The discussion called attention to the spirit of good-will and cooperation now existing between the College and Arlington citizens, as contrasted with the general indifference reported at the Arlington meeting of the Faculty Club held three years before.

At the November meeting, which occurred after the victory of woman suffrage in New York State, the Club considered *The Voter's Opportunity in the Town of Poughkeepsie*. Professor Fite spoke on the laws affecting the government of the township and Mrs. Fite on local politics as observed in her experience as a member of the Public Health Committee of the Town of Poughkeepsie.

The December meeting came during the week's visit to Vassar of Miss Helen Fraser, one of the special organizers and speakers for the National War Savings Committee of Great Britain. Miss Fraser gave us an inspiring talk on the war work of English women who had had the training given by the higher education, and convinced us—if we needed convincing—that college education for women is an essential industry, even in war time.

At the January meeting, Mr. John E. Mack, a leading citizen of Arlington, spoke briefly on *What Arlington Needs*, and Dr. Henry E. Jackson, of Washington, D. C., head of the newly organized Division of Community Organization of the Federal Department of Education, made an address on *What Is a Community Center and How to Get One*. He brought the information, then new to most of us, that the government had found community associations so necessary to effective military action that it was prepared to furnish free lectures, information, and advice to communities attempting to organize.

In the second semester, the discussions were more specifically educational. In February, Professor Peebles and Professor Macleod led a discussion on *The Function of the College for Women*. In March, Professor Salmon and Professor Whitney made *Constructive Suggestions towards a Curriculum*. In April, President MacCracken spoke informally on *The Curriculum*, suggesting especially some ways of making the Freshman year more interesting to the student and of laying a broader foundation during that year for the later work.

The officers of the Faculty Club elected for 1918-19 are: president, Miss Sandison; vice-president, Miss Elizabeth Palmer; secretary, Miss Mary Wells.

*Amy L. Reed,*

President of the Faculty Club, 1917-1918.

**FACULTY NOTES**

[Our faculty all spent such busy summers that they didn't even have the time to tell us about them. The following bits of news that we managed to elicit must be considered simply as samples.—The Editors.]

Dr. Baldwin served as Resident Physician of the Vassar Training Camp for Nurses during the first half of the summer.

Miss Ballintine visited the Sargent School for Physical Training for a week in September.

Assistant Professor Johnson spent his vacation serving under the Y. M. C. A. on the French front. He has done a little of everything, from carrying cigarettes and chocolate to the front line trenches, to entertaining the men in huts and in hospitals.

Associate Professor Haight acted as Reader for the College Entrance Examination Board in June, served on the alumni committee for the Vassar Units in France, and wrote "The Life and Letters of James Monroe Taylor."

Mrs. Hale acted as Camp Hostess of the Nurses' Training Camp, June-July.

Professor Macurdy gave two courses in Columbia University and also assisted in the Barnard Canteen for soldiers and sailors.

Assistant Professor Emmeline Moore
continued her researches for the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries at the inland laboratory, Fairport, Iowa.

Miss Jean Palmer spoke on August 18, at the Woman's Club of Chautauqua, New York.

Miss Pike was a member of the Cornell Farm Unit at Ithaca for six weeks.

Miss Raymond was in charge of the correspondence of the Warden's Office from July 15-August 15, and at the same time acted as Warden for the Farmerettes.

Assistant Professor Winifred Smith taught French for a short time to a group of overseas canteen workers at Barnard. In this work Miss Smith was assisting Miss Fahnestock.

Associate Professor Stroebe spoke at the meeting of the New England Modern Language Association held in Boston last May, on Summer Schools of Languages in War Time.

Professor Marian P. Whitney spoke on "National Ideals and the Teaching of Modern Languages" at the War Time Conference of Modern Language Teachers, held at Pittsburgh, July 2 and 3, under the auspices of the National Education Association. Miss Whitney also attended the meeting of the Committee for Federating all the Associations of Modern Language Teachers, of which she is a member.

JUST NEWS

Faculty and students have been busy these opening weeks of College with innumerable kinds of work directly and indirectly connected with the war. Liberty Loan campaigning, organizing the year's war work, furnishing supplies for relief work occasioned by the influenza epidemic, in Poughkeepsie and elsewhere, raking leaves on the campus, canning tomatoes,—these are but a few of the extra-curriculum activities that have been carried on with enthusiasm and efficiency.

"Universal registration, voluntary enlistment, this enlistment to be enforced by penalties," is the plan of war work adopted by the students for the first semester of this year. The idea is to keep all war work purely voluntary, as it has been before, but to encourage greater regularity among the volunteers. The semester's experiment will be watched with interest.

The work of rebuilding, occasioned by last year's fire, is still going on. The Quarterly expects to come forth in its next issue with a glowing account of renovations and improvements.

Married, in the College Chapel, the evening of October 8th,—Emma Stuart Dunbar, of the senior class, and Walter Eastly Lawson, lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps.

COMING EVENTS

Nov. 28-30 Thanksgiving vacation.
Dec. 7 First Hall Play, "The Admirable Crichton."
Dec. 20-Jan. 8 Christmas vacation.
Jan. 24-31 Semester examinations.

IN MEMORIAM

Died, at the College, Friday, October 4,—Winifred Isabel Margaret Adam, of the class of 1919.

Died, at the College, Wednesday, October 16,—Harriet Kelly, of the class of 1922.
The Board of Representatives Holds Its First Meeting

It was with some amusement and a great deal of pleasant satisfaction that the seventy-one duly accredited representatives of the Associate Alumnae who were present, out of the one hundred and two elected, gathered in the big auditorium of the Students' Building and found their way, each to her own designated chair. A diagram in the lobby showed the well thought out arrangement—the chairman in the middle, flanked on her right by the alumnae representatives on the Board of Trustees, and on her left by the Directors of the Association, the representatives-at-large, and the chairmen of standing committees. Facing her were, first, Branch representatives, then class representatives.

Altogether it was an august affair, and if the Chosen-Elect felt themselves in a somewhat chilly and splendid isolation they assured themselves that they would undoubtedly have been surrounded by an admiring and whispering throng of alumnae constituents had not said constituents been at home all politely sneezing and coughing into their handkerchiefs, as per Government request, or avoiding crowds, as also per Government request.

Be that as it may, there was no doubt but that the Board of Representatives was a far more efficient and practical piece of machinery for the doing of alumnae business than the old Association as it used to appear at alumnae meetings.

We wish we had space to give here in the QUARTERLY the whole story of that interesting twenty-four hours, but printing is expensive and only the Govern-
ment can use it ad libitum, so instead we urge you to read it in what has to appear, and will appear to you, under the chilly and forbidding title of Annual Report. Don’t let that barbed-wire entanglement keep you out but attack it boldly and learn what good service the Vassar Alumnae Association is doing in the country and what power for good as well as for pleasure your annual dollar acquires in its hands. In this report you will read the details of much business done, much interesting discussion and forward-looking action, which, other considerations aside, cannot properly go to those outside the Vassar family. The report of the Unit Committee we give in full as being our most important activity at present, but the reports on agriculture, on Intercollegiate Community Service, on endowment, on the Quarterly (especially on the Quarterly!) and all the others are well worth your attention.

The interest of the meeting was undoubtedly focussed on Mrs. Armstrong’s report for the Alumnae Trustees which contained a recommendation that the alumnae assist in raising the War Emergency Fund of $400,000. An informal report on the financial condition of the College was given by Miss Elizabeth Kemper Adams, proving that Vassar was in a perfectly sound and solvent condition financially.

The sense of the meeting after a long discussion was expressed in the Vice-President’s resolution, which was adopted:

“The Board of Representatives of the Vassar Alumnae feel that although the difficulties in raising money are very great at this time, still as alumnae, our interest in the College is so paramount that we are resolved to make every effort to assist the Trustees in the raising of the present Emergency Fund.”

The meeting adjourned at 11:15 Friday evening.

We append for the interest and convenience of the alumnae, a list of those appointed by the Board of Representatives on two important committees:


Chairman of the Board of Representatives: Margaret Jackson Allen, ’01.

Report of the Vassar Unit Committee

The committee has been receiving applications since the Alumnae meeting in January. To the present date, one hundred and sixteen Vassar graduates have applied for service abroad.

Meetings have been held frequently to consider and pass upon the applications, and the committee now has the pleasure to announce that the personnel of both the Canteen Unit and the Relief Unit is complete, with the exception of a physician to serve as a member of the Relief Unit. The following are the members of the Relief Unit: Margaret Lambie, director, Lida Little, secretary, Gertrude Hodgman, trained nurse, Marion Meyers, dietitian, Ethel Riddle, head social worker, and Helen Bradford, Ruth Crippen, Ruth Cutler, Helen Haight, Elinor Prudden and Ruth Tuttle, social workers. Elizabeth Van de Veer has been elected head of the Canteen Unit and the other members are: Anne Hopson, Laura Hickox, Dorothea Gay, Emily Ford Ward, Irma Waterhouse, Gertrude Valentine, Elizabeth Malby, Elizabeth Page, and Mary Prizer. Nine members of the Canteen Unit and five of the Relief Unit have sailed, and two more will probably have joined them by the time the Quarterly is out.

It was a great pleasure to the committee to learn that Margaret Lambie was appointed director of all the Red Cross women workers on board her
They numbered about thirty, and she had entire charge of them and all their arrangements, not only on the steamer, but until they reached Paris.

While it is improbable that there will be many future changes in the personnel of the Unit, the committee feels that it is advisable to keep a waiting list for this purpose and as a source from which to supply calls for independent workers abroad. The Inter-collegiate Committee on Women's War Work Abroad, at the Woman's University Club, is responsible for recruiting college women, and upon the request of anyone who has applied for service under the Vassar Unit, we will transfer her application to them.

It is only possible at this time to give an estimate of the cost of these units to their Vassar supporters. The financial arrangements made with the Y. M. C. A. differ from those made with the Red Cross. The Y. M. C. A. has agreed to support a unit of ten workers for a year, if we would pay $10,000 toward their expenses. In addition to this, however, we are giving to some members of the Canteen Unit a small sum for extra equipment, and in some cases members have given us contributions toward their own expenses. It is estimated by the committee that the net cost to the alumnae of this unit will be in the neighborhood of $8,000, itemized as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Payment to the Y. M. C. A.</td>
<td>$10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional amount for equipment</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office expenses?</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total cost of Canteen Unit</strong></td>
<td><strong>$10,920</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Probable donations in cash and</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pledges from members of unit</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Making net cost of Canteen Unit</strong></td>
<td><strong>$6,000</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The latest arrangements of the Red Cross with college units is entirely different from the plan of the Y. M. C. A. The Red Cross prefers to have all college unit members listed as volunteers, with all of their equipment, transportation, and living expenses paid by the organization which is backing them. This makes it much more difficult for us to estimate the cost of the unit in advance, but a few approximate figures may be helpful.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cost of transportation both ways (10 members)</td>
<td>$2,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of maintenance for a year (10 members)</td>
<td>15,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash given to members on sailing (11 members)</td>
<td>1,100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of equipment (11 members)</td>
<td>3,850</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traveling and living expenses here</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salary to Head Social Worker for a year</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of twelfth worker</td>
<td>2,250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General expense and emergency fund</td>
<td>2,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office expenses?</td>
<td>1,700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total cost of Relief Unit</strong></td>
<td><strong>$29,500</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Probable donations in cash and</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pledges from members of unit</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Making net cost of Relief Unit</strong></td>
<td><strong>$27,300</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Thus the two units will probably cost about $40,420, of which $7,120 will be paid by members of the units, leaving $33,300 to be paid from the War Service Fund.

Some of the items given above need explanation to alumnae not in close touch with the work of the committee. You will notice that the eleventh member of the Relief Unit has only part of her expenses paid. That is because the Red Cross is assuming most of the expenses of our Red Cross nurse. The item, "Traveling and living expenses here," covers some railroad fares where members have come from a long distance and did not feel that they could pay their own way, and in some cases where members have had to wait some time in New York before sailing. The twelfth worker is to be a physician, who has not yet been selected. "Office expenses" includes printing, stationery, postage, telegrams, salary of a secretary, expenses of committee members, rental of a typewriter, etc.

The "General expense and emergency
fund' of $2,000 which was given to the Director of the Unit is a very important item. It is intended to cover: first—unit expenses which could not very well be charged to any individual member of the unit; second—any emergency expenditure, which may have to be made, on account of loss of equipment, illness of members, etc.; and, third—emergency relief work. The committee wishes to call special attention to the last mentioned purpose of this fund. The Red Cross has agreed to bear the expense of all relief work and furnish all relief supplies. But, according to a letter written by the leader of the Smith Unit last summer, it makes all the difference in the world, if workers have some funds on hand, which they can use for immediate relief, besides what is given by the Red Cross. This letter says, 'Of course eventually the Army and the Red Cross would and could get everything. Our advantage is that we do not have to requisition and sign and make out duplicate order slips. If there is a real need, we just fill it. It has meant everything to us to feel that we could supply the needed things which were tied up in the larger organizations by red tape.' The Vassar Relief Unit members, in the opinion of the Vassar Unit Committee, should certainly feel free to help quickly, where immediate help is needed, and their $2,000 fund for general expense and emergency is not large enough to be used for much relief work.

The Double-Barreled Conference

The educated woman in war time, her opportunities, her adjustment to them, and her training, was the theme of the principal address, by Miss Elizabeth Kemper Adams, '98, at the joint Educational and Social Workers' Conference held in the Students' Building Saturday morning, October 12. The presiding officer was Miss Katherine Bement Davis, '91.

The two proposed separate conferences on education and social work were united for several reasons. The epidemic prevented some speakers from coming. A number of persons wished to attend both conferences. And both tried to secure the same speaker. Miss Adams' theme contained much of interest to both groups.

She is in a position to know the latest developments in these fields, since she is 'in the thick of it' at Washington developing a service for the placement of professional workers in the United States Employment Service. In this big, brave effort to remove private profit from the important function of connecting the man with the job a department for professional service has been opened. To include all classes in this way was the only democratic method to follow.

The first group of openings for college women mentioned by Miss Adams was in this employment service. Since the service would stand or fall by the type of employees it secured, it was very important that trained women should enter it. The service was obliged to operate while it was in process of organization, and was planning lecture courses for its workers in the larger cities, so that they might combine theory with practice.

Another field into which college women had entered largely was that of government employ in Washington. But as yet, Miss Adams believed, too few women were holding important jobs and too many were doing simple clerical work, which fact was the cause of much discontent. However, there were in the air plans for performance tests for office workers, which would sift out those capable of thinking about their work, of working under pressure, and of managing subordinates. Plans for 'officering' the clerical staffs were also being discussed, which would supply opportunities for many trained women.

It was Miss Adams' opinion that not only in Washington, but throughout the country, as the draft calls more men away, we are on the verge of a wide replacement of men in executive positions by women. For this reason it could
not be "education as usual" during the war for women any more than for men.

The changes in education to meet these needs were providing many suggestions for educators. There was for instance, the War Aims course of the Students' Army Training Corps. English, History, Philosophy and Economics Departments were cooperating to give this course, and free discussion was emphasized. A similar course might admirably be given in the women's colleges.

Another suggestion, gained from the intensive summer courses given at Vassar, Smith, and Mt. Holyoke was the possibilities of short, intensive courses, with a definite aim, if given to a selected group of students.

Miss Adams had helped to organize a committee on war service training for women to bring definite suggestions along these and other lines to the colleges with women students. In her judgment both work and education during the war involved the problem of tapping the hidden energies which William James describes. We have things to do we never had before, we must do more of them and more quickly.

Miss Davis spoke briefly of the interesting experiments carried on by the army to segregate mental defectives. The tests were worked out by the eminent psychologists, Yerkes, Bridges, and Terman, and were given to groups rather than to individuals. They were tending to reveal the existence of a higher percentage of mental defectives than had been supposed. Tests were also being worked out for use in assigning men to different branches of the service.

Miss Mary Vida Clark's discussion of the training for psychiatric social work, given at Smith College last summer, will be found in the front part of the Quarterly.

An inspiring description of work with the foreign-born by the Committee on Public Information was given by Miss Josephine Roche, 1908, of the Division on Work with Foreign Born. The work filled an immediate need not met by the Americanization movement, she said, as it was meant for the many who have not yet learned English. Chief among the instruments employed in getting the message of the committee to these foreigners are the various national alliances and over 1400 foreign language newspapers in thirty-three different languages. The various government bureaus having material to put before the public, such as the Food Administration, bring their articles to this division for translation and transmittal to the foreign language press.

Miss Roche closed with an account of the 1918 July Fourth celebration in which, throughout the country, thirty-three different nationalities joined, as Americans of foreign descent, in pledging allegiance to the United States.

Margaret Hobbs.

The Workshop's Best Foot

Of course if the Vassar Dramatic Workshop had been notified beforehand that it would rain on the Saturday of the alumnae meeting at college, and that the alumnae assembled would be weary with many long meetings, it could have planned a performance of snappy, tired-college-woman plays, for it has all sorts on hand. The two plays, that were chosen, "The Dowry Jewels," adapted from an Indian story of Prabhat Muberji, by Elizabeth Quigley, '18, and "The House of Falcone," adapted from Merimée's story, by Mildred Thompson, '17, were selected for this presentation primarily for their adaptability to the Outdoor Theater. They proved themselves, however, no less suitable for indoor presentation, and the grey curtain furnished almost as satisfactory a background as the trees of the open air Theater. The two plays of widely different mood gave an excellent idea of Workshop material and method, although plots in this case were not original.

The new organization of the Workshop Players made its debut in this production. A group of students interested in dramatic production and
the aims of the Workshop have agreed to do the acting and committee work, under the direction of Miss Buck, for the plays given this year. Their staging and costuming was tasteful and effective, and made it seem incredible,—as did the acting,—that the plays had seen less than three weeks of rehearsal.

The acting of “The Dowry Jewels” was graceful and unstudied, and suggestive of the Oriental spirit, if not imbued with it. That of “Falcone” was so thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the play as to make even an audience eager for diversion quick to grasp the poignant, tragic quality of the play. The tensity of the audience was relaxed so suddenly after the end as to cause involuntary little laughs from sheer relief.

The Alumnae have great cause to be grateful to the Dramatic Workshop,—especially to Miss Buck and the Workshop Players, for this most attractive sample of their rapidly developing work, and to grant any possible support to the thoroughly admirable Workshop enterprise, as outlined by Miss Buck to the audience between the two plays.

Julia Coburn.

The Alumnae Supper

About one hundred and thirty alumnae gathered in Students' Building for the Supper on Saturday evening, Oct. 12. As most of those who were there had labored and legislated together for about three days there was an intimacy and informality about the occasion which used to be entirely lacking in the big luncheons the Association has held in New York. Of course everyone hopes that in other years, when circumstances are more favorable, there will be all the hundreds present at the College meetings that ever used to go to the Luncheons, and more too, and that the days, instead of hours, together, and the visible presence of our common background, will still preserve to us the “happy-family” feeling that was so evident this year.

After being graciously served to an excellent supper by the Granddaughters of the College, we all sang the “students' Alma Mater,” “High Mother is thy heart,” and then scraped our chairs expectantly toward the speakers' table, and the fun began.

Miss Wylie held the close attention of her audience from her first word to her last while she spoke on certain aspects of education—the relation of the teaching profession to the other professions and the outlook for it in the future.

Dr. Mills spoke then on a subject that lies near our hearts—the Training Camp. His story of Vassar's wonderful summer was a remarkable record of high aims and high achievement. It can only be briefly sketched here.

“In the first place the faculty was a remarkable group of people. Very few people appreciate its great names. “The number of students enrolled was 435. My own belief was that because of the intensity of the heat, because of disappointment of one sort or another, because of undue enthusiasm at the time they entered, due to outward appeals, perhaps we would not have more than 300 last through the summer, but 418 finished out of the 435. Of the seventeen who left, perhaps eight left on account of their illness, seven because of conditions in their families, and only one was a real quitter. She sighed for the fleshpots of Egypt. Too much can not be said about their remarkable earnestness and loyalty. To work as they did, day after day, in the heat which was intense part of the time, to work on schedule, almost never complaining of the amount of work, was a remarkable thing. They came to think of nursing not as a temporary war service but as a great life work, a life service to the country.

“A very remarkable thing was the love that grew up on the part of most of them for Vassar College and its campus. At the very end the thought was, ‘The reunion we are going to have in two years.’ On the boat that Saturday, when many went to New York, the constant talk was, ‘How can
we ever leave it?' and, 'I want to go right back now.' They appreciated everything that was done for them, including the housekeeping side, the table and living conditions.

"They were very serious students but they had a great deal of personal charm, were as good-looking, as well-dressed, as charming in manners as any girls you could find anywhere. There was a fine group from Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, and many other colleges, but there was no finer group here than that from the University of Texas, a wonderful set of girls.

"Early in the summer I decided that we would have a pass printed for those who wanted to go away through the week, supposing that there would perhaps be about one request per student during the summer, and that about 500 passes would be needed. Only about 40 were asked for, and many of those were to go an hour earlier on Saturday in order to get a better train connection. One girl asked me for a pass to stay over Monday, to see her fiancé whom she had not seen since last November, specifying that it would be the last time that she would ask for leave. She came a week later and told me she was going to be married the last of the week and asked if I had any objection. I told her I had no objection, although I raised the question whether the hospital might object; but she assured me they did not care. She was to be married Saturday night and offered to come back Sunday afternoon. I said, 'You would better stay over until Monday.' She exclaimed, 'Oh, could I? I wouldn't ask it because I had asked you once before.'

"The closing exercises were held Monday night of the last week; we had Miss Crandall, Miss Nutting and Mrs. Blodgett. It was thrilling to think what the high resolve and earnestness of these girls meant for the nursing profession of the country, the almost everlasting influence to the public health of the community. What we expect is not that many of them are going into private family nursing, probably none of them will do that, but they will be leaders in public health nursing work, administration of hospitals, boards of health. But even if all of them should give up nursing it will have been well worth while because of their knowledge and intelligence in the matter of personal hygiene, and their influence in their communities, and the kind of mothers they will make.

"Two of these girls died yesterday of pneumonia following influenza; one of them went to the Philadelphia General and the other to Bellevue. They died in the course of performing their duty. Others are ill.

"That group of women, rendering great service, have been under fire, they have had their baptism in a way that no one expected. If they can do this in the first days of their work, what is not going to be done for the country in the way of leadership in nursing and of general social betterment?"

Isabel Vanderslice, '99, on a furlough from France, gave the alumnae a delightful half-hour in listening to her experiences in Red Cross canteen work "over there." We have Miss Vanderslice's promise to give them to the Quarterly, so we will not attempt to report them here. After singing the Star Sanged Banner "as well as could be expected," the alumnae dispersed.

Notice to Alumnae

Every Bite, a patriotic burlesque on food conservation suitable for presentation by schools, colleges and clubs, and written by Ruth Mary Weeks, 1908, and Bertha Goes, 1917, has been distributed by the Government, together with directions for cheap and easy costumes and staging, to each State library director of the U. S. Food Administration. Copies may be obtained in each State from this center. No royalty charge is made for performances free to the general public, but a royalty of 85.00 is charged for each performance of Every Bite to which an admission fee is asked. For permission to produce this play on a royal-
ty basis, apply to Ruth Mary Weeks, 3408 Harrison Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

THE CLASSES

1869

Winona Caroline Martin, a daughter of the late Caroline Davis Martin of ’69, was killed on March 11, 1918, in the Claude Bernard Hospital in Paris by a German bomb, during an air-raid. Miss Martin was on her way to the front as a canteen worker for the Y. M. C. A. and was detained by illness in the hospital where she met her death. She is believed to have been the first American woman killed while on war service in France.

Miss Martin was born in New York but passed her childhood in France, and received part of her education in Belgium. Later she returned to her home in Rockville Center, New York, where she devoted herself with signal success to library work, and various literary ventures. Her funeral took place at the American Church in Paris, and later an impressive memorial service was held at Rockville Center where she was greatly beloved and honored. A tablet to her memory has been placed in the church she attended there, and another, with a bas-relief in bronze of her head, in the library, where she served as librarian with unusual efficiency for nine years, resigning only to go to France in the service of her country.

1870

Died:—On September 14, Mary Harriet Norton. Miss Norton was for sixteen years principal of a private school in New York, and for a year was dean of the Women’s section of Northwestern University. She contributed to magazines, and edited a number of English classics. Miss Norton was best known, however, as an author, and wrote about seventeen books, including, *The Gray House of the Quarries*, *The Veil*, *The Golden Age of Vassar*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *The Nine Blessings*, *Phebe*, *The Story of Christina*, and others.

She was the first to establish a class of study of current topics in New York, was active along equal suffrage lines, and was a trustee of the Equal Franchise League of New Jersey. Miss Norton marched with the New Jersey officials in the first suffrage parade held in New York several years ago. She was a member of the Author’s League of America, the Author’s League Committee of 100 on National Health, the National Geographical Society and the Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

Died:—On July 16, Ellen Skeel Adee, in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Adee was deeply interested in all local charities, was a member of the D. A. R. and of the board of managers of the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, and for forty years was a communicant of St. John’s Episcopal Church.

Died:—Belle Hatt von Holst, in Freiburg, Germany, in the summer of 1918.

Died:—Mary Harriott Norris at Morristown, N. J., Sept. 14, 1918.

1874

Following the new plan for class reunion adopted by the Alumnae Association, ’74 was invited to hold its reunion in 1918 when the class had been 44 years away from College instead of the usual celebration of 45 years.

Six of the class met and the number was increased to seven by the welcome presence of Mrs. Fannie Rollinson Sweeny of Poughkeepsie, a non-graduate member of the class.

The class met at eight o’clock on Saturday evening, June 8, in the dining room of Josselyn Hall where we were entertained. Our class president, Mrs. Frank Fisher Wood, presided at one end of the table and our trustee member Miss Florence Cushing, opposite. The members present were: Mrs. Frank Fisher Wood, Miss Florence M. Cushing, Mrs. Lettie Stow Cummings, Mrs. Sarah Hamlen Hollister, Miss Virginia Gilbert, Mrs. Agnes Cutter Bigelow.

It was voted that our class gift be given to the Endowment Fund of the
College. The President called the roll and eighteen names responded by letter or presence. Almost every one reported war service of some kind and several reported sons and daughters in the service. There are now twenty-five living members out of our class which graduated forty-two.

Mame Skillings Sanborn has passed on since our last reunion. We are so thankful for the pleasant time we enjoyed with her at our fortieth reunion.

It was requested to report that our fiftieth reunion should take place in six years—1924. A committee of arrangement for the fiftieth reunion was appointed, consisting of the president, Mrs. Frank Fisher Wood, and Miss Virginia Gilbert. The secretary was chosen to represent the class on the Board of Representatives of the Associate Alumnae of Vassar College. The meeting adjourned about eleven o'clock. Agnes Cutter Bigelow, Sec'y.

1878

Dean McCabe spent her five weeks vacation in the Adirondacks and the Catskills, continuing various forms of Red Cross work.

1879

Mary Burch Schiff's son, Martin, was killed in battle a little over two years ago, and lies in "a little corner of France." Her only remaining son is not in the fighting line but is an officer in the transport department in London. Mrs. Schiff and her three daughters are hard at work in hospital, canteen and Red Cross work.

79's Class Baby, Catherine, has two sons, one two and a half, and the other one year old.

Helen Banfield Jackson's son, Lieutenant Roland Jackson, was killed in action in France, June 6, 1918. Everett Jackson, his oldest brother is an instructor in heavy artillery at Fort Monroe. A younger brother, Lieutenant Gardner Jackson, is stationed at Camp Gordon, Florida. William Jackson is in the Department of Justice at Colorado Springs.

1880

Mrs. Brice J. Moses (Mary F. Hoyt), expects to spend the winter in Boston, where her husband is treasurer of the Gray & Davis Co., Inc., engaged in making munitions; and her daughter is taking her second year at Sargent School of Physical Education, Cambridge. Her older son, Roger Hoyt Moses, holds a responsible position with the Bethlehem Motors Corporation, Allentown, Pennsylvania, making Liberty Motor Trucks for the Government; and her younger son, Alan MacPherson Moses, stationed at the Machine Gun Training Center, Camp Hancock, Georgia, has just been made First Lieutenant.

1881

Charlotte C. Barnum, M.D., is consulting actuary and editor, and is at present engaged in work upon a series of fifty volumes, the "Chronicles of America," now being issued by the Yale University Press. Her address is 345 West 57th Street, New York.

1883

Mrs. Arthur T. Hadley presided at the Symposium on "Vassar Women in the Nation's Program," which was substituted for the usual Class Day exercises at the College, on June 10.

Professor and Mrs. Wharton Stewart Jones (Matty Boyd) announce the marriage of their daughter, Martha Wharton, to Mr. William A. Jones, Jr., in Memphis, Tennessee, August 31. Martha Jones is a graduate of the class of 1917.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitefield Thompson of Hartford, Connecticut, announce the engagement of their daughter, Irene, to Mr. Barry Morgan, Williams, '16, son of Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Morgan (May Atwater). Mr. Morgan has just received his commission as Ensign at Annapolis, and has been assigned to the battleship, New Hampshire.

Jack Bagley, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bagley (Esther Cutter), received his commission from Annapolis in the same class with Barry Morgan, and
has been assigned to the same battle-

ship.

1884

Catherine Patterson Crandall's eldest son, Captain Francis W. Crandall, of the 319th Field Artillery is with the American Expeditionary Force in France.

1885

Anna Wheeler Dickenson's daughter, Agnes, was married to Dr. Thomas Patrick Regan, on September 12.

1887

The following members of '87 have been appointed by the president, an executive committee for the transaction of class business in the absence of Miss Skinner in France: Mrs. Gertrude Cleveland Storrs, Mrs. Ida Frank Guttman, Miss Elizabeth Raeburn Hoy.

Elizabeth Raeburn Hoy has been appointed '87's member of the new Alumnae Board of Representatives.

Freeman R. Swift, son of Louise Smith Swift, and a member of the class of 1920 at Cornell University has entered the Tank Service and is in training at Camp Colt, Gettysburg.


The two sons of Verlista Shaul Burrowes are with the U. S. colors. Hillier McC. Burrowes is a 2nd Lieutenant of Ordnance, "somewhere in France," and Robert M. Burrowes is a 2nd Lieutenant with the 6th Regiment, U. S. Infantry, in England.

Dr. Margaret S. Halleck spent three months last winter at Mandarin, Florida, and now is at Mount Vernon, New York, where she has gone into general medical practice at Corcoran Manor.

Laura C. Sheldon has been teaching history at the White Plains High School this past year.

Miss Hoy produced at the closing exercises of the Washington Irving High School on May 20, the play, "A Masque of Democracy," written for the students of the school by Miss Ellen D. Chater, '94.

1888

Adeline McKinney Hatch is working in the Atlantic Division, Red Cross Offices, Department of Women's Work. Her daughter Adeline, ex '17, is a first class yeoman in the U. S. Naval Reserve. Her son Horace McK. is a 2nd Lieutenant, Signal Reserve Corps, Aviation Section, at present stationed at Taliaferro Field, Fort Worth, Texas.

1889

Caroline Weeks Barrett, wife of William Hunter Barrett of Brooklyn, N. Y., died at Long Beach, L. I., after a long illness Sept. 27, 1918.

1896

Louise Booker McElroy, Margaret Brown Mitchell, Mary Parmele Hamlin, and Queene Ferry Coonley, all of '96, have daughters in Miss Madeira's (Lucy Madeira Wing, '96) School, Washington, preparing for college.

1899

Augusta Choate, is associate principal of Miss Guild and Miss Evans' School, 29 Fairfield Street, and 200 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

Mabel Horst Kirk's husband is First Lieutenant in the Chemical War Service at Camp Humphrey, Va.

1901

Louise Bragdon is an orchardist in the Yakima Valley.

Adaline Buffington is on the staff of the Atlantic Division, Red Cross, Civilian Relief Department, teaching Home Service, with three classes of volunteer workers.

Edna Cornell is treasurer of the Woman's Committee in Saginaw, and also supervisor of surgical dressings.

Margery Currey has left her work with the Chicago Tribune to do the publicity for Illinois on the "Children's Year" Campaign.

Elizabeth Dutcher is still Superintendent of the United Charities of
Beloit, Wisconsin, but expects to return to New York next year.

Mrs. Robert Barrett (Katharine Ellis) has returned from four months in England and France with her husband, who was sent by the Government to investigate British Government methods of dealing with labor in war time.

Helen Foster has been cataloguing fine prints at the Metropolitan Museum.

Grace Gilman is director of advertising in a large manufacturing concern in Detroit.

Kate Glendenning Wanvig is working at the Lighthouse for the Blind in New York City. Her husband, Major Wanvig, is in France.

Alice Howe Marshall's husband is a surgeon attached to the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. Alice has been chairman for Worcester County of the recruiting committee for the Vassar Camp.

Nannie Hume Jewett is in Tacoma, near her husband, who is Colonel of the 316th Engineers, stationed at Camp Lewis.

Lena Jackman has been teaching this year in the Poughkeepsie High School to fill a war vacancy.

Emily Jennings' address has been changed to 2161 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit.

Margaret Jackson Allen has been chosen class representative, with Louise Platt as alternate, on the Board of Representatives of the Alumnae Association.

Bess Kutcher Bloom's husband is a Captain of Engineers and has been on the other side since November.

Eleanor Lord Lewis has been running the Philadelphia Auxiliary of the American Red Star Animal Relief.

Elsie Mendell Hall is planning to teach Latin and Algebra next year in Miss Seller's School in Wilmington, Delaware. She will have her daughter, Henrietta, with her.

Ruth Parker has been teaching in Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio.

Betsey Peters Huffman has bought, and moved to, a farm at Bedford Hills, New York.

Julia Pulsifer is doing Government work in Boston. Extension work in Home Economics.

Mabel Riddle Fouke of St. Louis is City Chairman of the Women's Committee.

Alice Stimson has changed her address to 432 Walnut Lane, German-town, Philadelphia. Her husband is building ships for the Government in Philadelphia, during the war.

Eva Tilton Sullivan's husband is on patrol service in the submarine zone off the North Coast of France.

Ethel Totman Turner has left Calexico, and is living in Los Angeles, at 1821 Toberman Street.

May Belle Tupper Marshall has moved to 10 Hampshire Road, West Newton.

Gertrude Vowinckel Buell has gone to Wilmington, Delaware, 2507 West 17th Street. Her husband is with the Du Pont Powder Company there.

Elizabeth Warner Gallowhur's husband is Captain of Ordnance, stationed at Edgewood, Indiana.

Elizabeth White Burdett's husband has been in France since October, a Captain of the Engineers' Reserve Corps.

Mary Whitman Warner's husband is spending half his time in work with the Personnel Bureau of the War Council of the Y. M. C. A.

1903

Married:—Ernst May Bennett to Mr. Louis Francis Anderson, on June 26. At home at 364 Boyer Ave., Walla Walla, Washington.

Born:—To Mrs. Charles Homer Haskins (Claire Allen), a daughter, Claire Elizabeth Haskins, July 9, 1918.

The address of the class secretary is 140 Slater Ave., Providence, Rhode Island, instead of 199 Slater Ave.

Margaret McCulloch, is teaching at the Indiana School for the Deaf.

Born:—July 9, 1918, to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Telling, a son, Edward Chapin Telling.

1904

Married:—Abby Beal Forbes to James Ormsbee Chapin, on July 1.
1905

Born:—On July 27, in Hamadan, Persia, to Mr. and Mrs. Cady H. Allen (Helen Hague), a daughter, Dorothy Hague.

Born:—Feb. 12, 1918, to Mr. and Mrs. Cadwell Benson Keeney (Grace Parrot), a son, Cadwell Benson, jr.

Born:—On October 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eddy (Martha Henning) a daughter, Marjorie Linden.

1906

Married:—Mary Jordan Dimock to Samuel Burdett Hemingway, on June 15.

Born:—To Mr. and Mrs. George W. Spohn (Lucy Tyler), a second daughter, Cynthia Tyler, on May 18.

Blanche Brumback Spitzer is taking entire charge of the financial end of her husband's business (the National Paper Box Co., Toledo) while Captain Spitzer is serving the Government in the Ordnance Department at Washington.

1907

Margaret Lambie sailed for France the latter part of August as director of the Vassar Unit. Lydia Sayer, as a social worker, and Anne Hopson as a canteen worker, are also members of the Unit.

Elizabeth Woodbridge has arrived in France and will work in connection with a Red Cross hospital in the South.


Harriet Sawyer has been elected the first Executive Secretary of the Associate Alumnae.

Colonel and Mrs. Roscoe Conkling (Ibi Woodbury) are living at 141 Randolf Place, N. W., Washington, D. C. Colonel Conkling is associated with General Crowder in war work. The sad news of the death of Lieutenant Robert Woodbury (Ibi's brother) has been received. He was wounded in the Battle of Fismette, on August 9, and died three days later.

Delpha Coolidge has accepted a position to teach French in Milton Academy, a girls' school in Milton, Mass.

Born:—To Mr. and Mrs. Hunnewell Braman (Eleanor Brinsmade) a son, Grenville Chapin, on February 28.

Margaret Lyall underwent an operation for appendicitis in the spring. This summer she has conducted her girls' camp on Lake Champlain as usual.

Died:—On August 7, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence B. Watkins (Gertrude Taylor), Martha, aged four days.

Lucy Gow Chase died at her home in Newton Center, Oct. 1.

1909

Married:—On August 15, Agnes Naumburg to Dr. Murray H. Bass. They are living at 57 West 91st Street, New York.

Married:—On August 18, Beatrice Daw, to Carleton Brown. At home, 416 Eighth Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Married:—Thekla Weikert to James Bannister Westervelt, on June 27.

Anna Wilson has been appointed General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Albany.

Grace Speir has been appointed assistant to Miss Hannah Jane Patterson, Resident Director of the Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense.

Born:—On March 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Gould W. Van Derzee (Margaret Brand) a daughter, Margaret.

1910

1910 has six stars on her Service flag, representing:

Charlotte Hand: Just returned from Canteen service in France.

Charlotte Gailor: Red Cross Tracer of the "Missing."

Mildred Street: Y. M. C. A., Opera di Fratellanza Universale, Case Del Soldato, Direzione Centrale per L'Italia, Hotel Baglioni, Bologna.


Margery Sweeney: Hospital work in England.
Marion Mason: Y. M. C. A. Canteen service.

The husbands of the following girls are in the service, either here or abroad: Prue Ellis Kinsley, Gladys Damon Rounds, Helen Dwight Fisher, Stephanie English Galpin, Margaret Jones Benton, Ella Mason Lupfer, Helene North Narten and Margery Sweeney.

The following new addresses have been reported:

Mrs. A. F. Jennings (Catherine Anderson), 288 Cadillac Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Sydney V. James (Beatrice Topping), 521 Barry Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Ruth M. Whysall, 888 Franklin St., Marion, Ohio.
Mrs. Leslie Crothers (Della Hawk), Leeds, North Dakota.
Mrs. David N. Iverson (Alice Hilton), 130 Mohawk St., Cohoes, N. Y.
Mrs. Robert N. Lupfer (Ella Mason), 2520 17th St., Washington, D. C.
Mrs. George R. Clement (Alice Pearl), Haverhill, Mass.
Mrs. John S. Chalfant (Louise Reekers), 60 S. Wade Ave., Washington, Pa.
Beth Clark Rice, 129 Roosevelt Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
Married:—Ethel Antrim (former member) to Louis James Jones of St. Louis, on June 12.
Marion Price is running a large Carnegie Library in McKuppsport, Pa.
Beth Rice is in charge of the children's room, Syracuse Public Library.
Marguerite Wales is in training at the Presbyterian Hospital, N. Y.
Jessie Lobdell is in the Secret Service Department, Washington, D. C.
Mary Cunningham has been teaching Landscape Gardening at Smith.

1911

Marjorie MacCoy spent a month this summer in Hartford doing Charity Organization work, then went to Maine for her vacation before going back to her Civilian Relief work in Philadelphia.

Olive Ulrich is in Hartford, clipping all the State papers for certain news of interest to the Council of Defense and works every day at the Capitol.

Alberta MacLean Gilday's husband, Lieut. Col. Gilday, has been invalided home and will probably not return for many months. He has received the D. S. O. for bravery under fire.

Lieut. Herbert d'Autremont, husband of Helen Congdon d'Autremont, has been transferred from Lake Charles, Louisiana, to Dallas, Texas. They had two weeks' leave which they spent in Denver with Lieut. d'Autremont's family, then Helen visited her own family in Duluth before rejoining her husband. Her address is the Adolphus Hotel, Dallas, Texas.

Married:—August 21, Ethel M. Reynolds to Lieut. William E. Gould, U. S. A., at Oriskany Falls, N. Y.
Married:—Katharine Forbes to Linwood Mandeville Erskine, on June 29, at Worcester, Mass.
Dorothea Gay is a member of the Vassar Unit of Y. M. C. A. Canteen workers.

Muriel Rogers' fiancé, is at the Fire School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Muriel expects to be married this fall.

Betty Kaufman reports in September that she is sailing for France. She will be with the Ordnance Department, American Expeditionary Forces.

In brief, the report of the 1911 Nurse Fund for the Vassar Training Camp for Nurses is as follows:

Total number of class members contributing ............................................. 98
Total amount contributed, (including one scholarship of $200.00, and balance from 1911 Class Gift toward Endowment of $72.97) ........ $447.22
Audrey Conklin Talcott, Chairman 1911 Recruiting Committee.

Audrey Conklin Talcott has been Captain of a W. S. S. Booth at the Biltmore all summer. Her husband ex-
pects to enter the Artillery Officers Training Camp at Louisville very shortly, and Conkie says she is looking for a "regular job."

Letters of grateful acknowledgement have been received from five student nurses in the Training Camp, to whom these funds have gone, through Dean Herbert E. Mills, of the Training Camp.

Peg Halsey has spent most of her summer serving as one of the committee who pass judgment on Y. M. C. A. Canteen workers. The office is at the Women's Overseas Section of the Y. M. C. A., 1st floor, 347 Madison Avenue. Women between 25 and 40, of great physical strength and adaptability are needed. Her husband has become a Major.

Gertrude Orr has been reported as in fine shape in Paris. She has gained ten pounds, is doing good work, which she shares with us in the letters published in "Active Service."

Ruth Danenower Wilson spent the summer on Lake George, recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. She has given up her house in Bronxville, and will be at 36 Gramercy Park, New York, after October first. Ruth's permanent address is 7% Prof. A. F. Wilson, New York University, Washington Square, New York City.

Ecce Rea has been singing for the Y. M. C. A. with her accompanist and a violinist, through the New England army camps and naval stations—"barn storming," she calls it. She has been asked by the Y. M. C. A. to make up her own trio to go to France.

1911 has two members on the Board of Representatives, K. Starbuck who is the class representative, and Marjorie MacCoy who represents the Philadelphia Branch of the Associate Alumnae.

Florence Elwell's permanent address is still Amherst, Mass., though it was omitted from the Directory. Florence will teach Latin and English at Colesburg, Iowa, this year. She came East this summer, visited her home in Amherst and then attended the summer session at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Engaged:—Barbara Vandergrift to Edgar H. Arnold, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

New and corrected addresses:

Mrs. Clyde Morrill (Sophia Lewis), 5 Willowdale Court, Montclair, N. J.
Mrs. Edwin C. Robbins (Helen Mossman), 2312 Carter Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
Mrs. Alan Bateman (Grace Street), 1 Everit Street, New Haven, Conn.
Elizabeth Kaufman, Stoneleigh Court, 40 & Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Penn.
Mrs. Ed. L. Markell (G. Williams), Bureau of Markets, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. A. Lorne Gilday (Alberta McLean), 402 Mackay St., Montreal, Canada.

The address of Ruth Mitchell Van Breda given in the Directory no longer reaches her and the class has no other. Anyone knowing Ruth's address, please send it to A. Kutzner, 61 South Sherman Street, Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

The following additions should be made to the 1911 Baby List published in the Directory.


Born:—On June 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Reed (Gertrude Schafer), a daughter, Matilda Jane.

Born:—To Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Robbins (Helen Mossman), a second child, Margaret, on July 30, 1918.

Born:—To Mr. and Mrs. Maurice DuPont Lee (Gerry Shaw), a daughter, Katharine Carson Lee, on June 2.

Born:—To Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Markell (G. Williams), a son, Edward L. Markell, on April 14.

Gertrude Smith Slocum is now living at 6324 Douglas Ave., Pittsburgh, Penn. Her husband is in the Ordnance Department and Gertrude and their little year old son go everywhere with him.
Lois Zimmers Brown is moving to New York June first.

1912
Born:—On May 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cavert (Mary Mead), a daughter, Jane McCreas Mead.
Born:—On May 21, to Mr. and Mrs. James Warren Fellows, (Marion Floyd), a son Charles.
Married:—Harriet Thwing, to Harry L. Havens, Lieut. Engineers Reserve Corps, on May 8.
Edith Hornickel is doing full time volunteer work in the Bureau of Personnel, Cleveland Red Cross.

1913
Lillian Land was married to Alfred Arthur Scheffer at the Lenox Hill Settlement House in June. Bernice Marks, Peggy Leach, Esther Rood and Peg Chambers were present at the very pretty informal wedding. After a short honeymoon, Mr. Scheffer entered the Naval Reserve and has been stationed at Cape May, where he is helping the war in his own trade by superintending the building of a large base hospital. Lillian is going down to keep house for him October 1. Her permanent address is 511 East 69th Street, New York City.

Agnes Wilson was married to Harold Smith Osborn in California in August. Her family are back from Persia on leave and living in California. Agnes appeared at the end of the honeymoon just in time to represent Southern California at the Vassar luncheon given to the Units.
Born:—On June 21, at 77 N. Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas W. Whitney, (Florence Dunham), a son, Douglas Cushing.
Married:—August 14, Mary Agnes Wilson to Harold Smith Osborne, in Pasadena, Cal. At home at 160 Claremont Ave., New York City.

1914
Married:—Margot Cushing to Edward Alonzo Small, jr., of the Aviation Section Signal Corps, on June 29.
Married:—June 25, 1918, Amabelle Dunning to Captain Gordon H. Butler of the 318 Engineers, N. A.
A. M. L. P. Rose’s brother Richard died in France, June 24, of wounds received in action, June 6. He was with the Marines.
Ruth Pickering is on the staff of The Nation. Her address is 126 Washington Place, New York.

1915
Charlotte Hipple, is in Washington working in the Nurses’ Department of the Council of National Defense.
Helen Kinsey, is also in Washington, in the Military Intelligence Department.
Charlotte Eaton is now with Bonwit Teller as office efficiency man. Her family are moving into New York from Montclair.
Married:—Emma Lester and Lieut. Warner Seely, Ordnance Reserve Corps, U. S. A., on July 30. Lieut. Seely is now in France. Mrs. Seely expects to continue her work with the Wannemaker Club girls.
Katharine Oliver has had three poems published this summer: “The Guardian Angel,” “Charlot Dans Le Vagabond,” and “To All the Poets.” She has done publicity work all summer for the Y. M. C. A., the Fourth Liberty Loan, and the Second Library War Fund.
Theodora Owens has a position in the Civilian Relief Board of the Red Cross, Cleveland.

1916
Married:—Rosa Sharpe to Captain Yale Stevens, Infantry Reserve Corps, U. S. A., on May 18.
Married:—Ethel Rose to Captain Nathaniel Baxter Jackson, on May 4.
Married:—On June 29, Lucy A. Tilloston to Frank Cames Young, U. S. N. R. F., of Wellesville, Ohio.
Esther Ransohoff has been at the Nurses’ Training Camp at Vassar College.
Margaret Vose Fisher is in Lawton, Oklahoma, with her husband, who is
instructing at Fort Sill. Lieut. Fisher returned last May from France where he had been for eight months.

1917

Married:—Lucy Dunlap Smith to William Dow Harvey, Lieut. 330th Field Artillery, U. S. A.
Married:—On May 4, Polly Guy to Captain Harold De Yoe Dyke.
Married:—Virginia Lee and William Ayres Galbraith, on July 2.

1918

Married:—On August 8, Martha Pilcher to Lieut. Lloyd Percy Chitten-
den.

Among those of 1918 who are teaching are: Louise Nicolet, Helen Garrett, Katharine Middleton, Isabel Mann, Margaret Edge, Bessie Coonrod, Polly Root, Martha Braun, and Jean Sherwood.

Mary Watson, Mary Snider, Margarette Snider, Edith Sturgis, Mildred Wheeler, Florence May Warner, and Hermine Baum are doing Civilian Relief work in various parts of the country.

Jeanette Baker, Elinor Hays and Catharine Wellington did Home Service work during the summer.

The following girls have entered Army Schools of Nursing: Ruth Chandler at Camp Meade, Baltimore; Elinor Hays and Grace Pratt, at Camp Lee, Va., Helen Turner, Sophia Mallon at Caledonia, N. J.

Dorothy Coleman was ready to begin her training at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington when she was taken ill with influenza-pneumonia. She died October 19, at her home in Milwaukee.

Among the girls taking the regular nurses' training course are: Gertrude Banfield and Jean Turnbull, at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York; Lucy Clark, Elizabeth Wilkinson, Ruth Hoyt, at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital; Dorothy Raybold, at the Newton Hospital; Andrienne Sullivan at St. Luke's; Marjorie Bassett, at Brooklyn, and Cecile Bradshaw, at Bellevue.

Helen Rose, Mary Gans, Julia Coburn and Alice Sweeney are in Washington doing war work.

Jeanette Baker, Janet Lane, Grace Baldwin, Anne Farr, Helen Emmons, Marjorie Child, Belle Allchin, Mary Watson, are in New York doing war work.

FORMER STUDENTS

The new address of Mrs. Edgar Foster (Frances Miller) 1865-1867, is 94 Berkeley St., Rochester, N. Y.

The new address of Mrs. Roscoe Hawkins (Martha Harmon) 1866-1867, is 129 Midland Ave., Montclair, N. J.

Charlotte Catcheart, daughter of Alice Morrison Cathcart, 1865-1866, is in active service as registrar with Base Hospital No. 32. Mrs. Cathcart's present address is The Cathcart, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Merica Hoagland, 1875-1876, has a social service position with the Diamond Chain Works in Indianapolis. Her present address is The Lexington, Indianapolis.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Trow, 1877-1881, is chairman of Woman's Work of the Jefferson County, Indiana, Chapter of the American Red Cross, and chairman of the Home Service committee of the Jefferson County Council of Defense.

Mrs. Charles O. Roemler (Adelaide Goetz) 1897-1899, is the Indianapolis City Chairman of the Marion County Woman's Committee for the Third Liberty Loan. Died:—in January after a short illness, Mr. Phillip N. Goetz, father of Adelaide Goetz Roemler, 1897-1899.

The new address of Mrs. Harry Fitton (Bertha Bals) 1901-1902, is 4 Hampton Court, Indianapolis.

The present address of Mrs. A. Jay Boardman (Edith Reynolds) 1908-1910, is 613 G. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

In Active Service

FROM JULIA STIMSON, CHIEF
OF RED CROSS NURSES

Thursday, July 18, Paris.

It is a long time since I have written any decent account of my doings. The trouble is there have been too many doings to recount. But as the boys say, "You take it from me this running a war isn’t all leading processions down broad boulevards and having flowers thrown at you."* I can’t remember very far back so I’ll just tell you what has happened in the last week. It was just a week ago to-morrow that I went by automobile out to Juilly to help the Chief Nurse at the hospital there turn her whole staff into part of the army system. This had to be done because the hospital had just been taken over by the Red Cross as a part of the system which makes some of the Red Cross hospitals part of the army formation. This had been a large hospital supported by private funds from the United States, managed through the Red Cross.

* * * * * * *

The next morning I went down to my office ready for anything. I hadn’t been there an hour when a messenger came in from our hospital at Jouy-sur-Morin to say that the hospital had been bombed the night before and a nurse hurt, and a number of hospital corps men hurt as well as the patients. The whole place was terribly busy as the offensive had begun and more nurses were needed at once. I saw that I should have to go up to the hospital at once and decided to conduct some of the reinforcements of nurses up there myself. Luckily I had some of the army nurses General Ireland had assigned to us at our request all ready and waiting for just such a need, and by two-thirty I had them and their baggage all stowed away in a new Doris truck and off we started, with me on the front seat with the maps. The driver had been over only a month and had never been out of Paris since he arrived. Our truck was so new and stiff and we had such a heavy load that we could not go fast, so we did not arrive until 8:30 p.m. It had been a long, hot, dusty, tiresome ride but oh, how we were welcomed! And how glad these new army nurses were to be assigned to such interesting work! Every one of the ten went on duty that night, for all the other nurses had been on duty for thirty-six hours straight. The night before when the hospital had been bombed had been such a horror! But oh, they had all been so wonderful! I saw the nurse who had been hurt, immediately. Fortunately her condition is not serious. A small piece of shell hit her spine and injured it somewhat without apparently hurting the cord at all. It was a most narrow escape. She had been operated upon and was doing finely, only concerned that she was making extra trouble for an already overworked staff. When I told her that we were going to take her into a hospital in Paris as soon as she could be moved she said she was so disappointed because she had hoped she might go back on duty in a few days, and would I promise to send her back to Jouy as soon as she was well.

That evening I was shown the demolished tent, the holes in the ground made by the bombs, the wrecks of the beds in a fortunately unoccupied tent, and the riddled canvas of many other tents, etc.

About eleven I persuaded the dead-tired Chief Nurse to come to her room.

* Miss Stimson led the Red Cross Nurses in the July Fourth parade.
I was to share it with her and I said I would not go until she came. We were undressing in the complete darkness, for not a single light was allowed anywhere (the operating room was working because blankets had been nailed over the windows from the outside—it was in the building part of the hospital, as was our room), when the guns began, meaning that another raid was on. Miss Miers was not fully undressed so she jumped into her uniform and down she went to be with her nurses and patients in the tents. I started to dress and was just going down when everything stopped, so I got undressed again. Then it all started up again and I lay there and listened to see if the explosions were getting nearer, but they didn't. They pretty soon stopped and Miss Miers came back. It wasn't much of a night for sleep for the ambulances went and came all night, and some reinforcements of hospital corps men arrived.

In the morning we learned that a neighboring village had been hit, but this time the devils didn't seem to be after the hospital. It is plainly marked with a big cross but that means nothing to the Boches.

At eight-thirty I left in a Ford ambulance, or rather on the front seat of it, to go a considerable distance to investigate the rumor of other nurses hurt, this time army nurses. We drove all the morning, such an interesting ride, and went through Montmirail and Châlons. At one time a big black plane sailed over our road. I thought nothing of it until three big shots were aimed at it from some concealed gun, then we realized it was an enemy plane. My driver said, “This is no place for us,” and I said, “Well, you needn't linger on my account,” so he gave his little Ford a bit of gas and we ate up the road. The old black thing sailed away north. It had been probably getting a line over the hospitals. This is the first enemy plane I have seen though I have heard them before. On my trips I see so many planes all the time I never give them a second thought except to marvel at them, so this one was a bit of a surprise and gave us quite a thrill. We weren't so far from the line that day anyway. The guns were making a big racket almost all day, and to-day I have learned there was much activity in that sector all day. We saw so many interesting things: convoys of men and horses and supplies, all being transported in camions, camouflaged ammunition dumps, hidden cannon in thickets, and such things.

About twelve-thirty we reached the Army Evacuation Hospital I was looking for. I was there about an hour looking things over and having a talk with the C. O. . . . Fortunately I was able to be assured that no nurses had been hurt in the recent bombardments, nor had any of the personnel. A little after two we started back to Jouy. . . . We got to Jouy at four-thirty and after some few final commissions to the Paris office were explained we started back. The C. O. needed my Doris truck and he sent me in on the Ford ambulance which made excellent time and landed me home at seven o'clock. I had gone about 150 miles on the front seat of that little Ford and I can tell you I was ready for bed. I could hardly sit up through dinner. But dead-to-the-world sleep, flat on my face, from 8:30 p. m., to 7:30 a. m. made a new woman of me. Today I am just lame.

It has been a rushing day at the office. We have had to rush our army nurses and every nurse we could lay our hands on off to various hospitals and to-morrow we shall have to call in more from civil work. But the news is good and every one down at the office is thrilled for the telephonic reports that we are getting to-day are that the Germans are on the run and the line is being pushed back.

AS A DOCTOR SEES IT

15 Boulevard Lannes, Paris, July 24, 1918.

At present I'm writing at 2 a. m. in the surgical pavilion of a big French
evacuation hospital just near the front. We spent a few days in Paris getting necessary papers, but as we're under the French Militaire we have far less red tape to go through than lots of others and we get a camel rouge that passes us all over the War Zone without any trouble. The trip over took twelve days and was more like a prolonged Sunday-School picnic than anything else. It was a French steamer and we were a motley crew of Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Knights of Columbus and Salvation Army. There were very few that I find I can't live without, but four or five of us had an awfully good time. I lost my voice completely, so kept to myself and slept most of the time and I'm glad I did. During these days I like to remember what that sleep felt like. The hospital we were in was taken by the Boches, so we had to begin and fix another one up. We were busy putting a beautiful one in order,—Le Chateau du Chemins, —and it was just ready for blesses, when the hurry call came from here for two doctors and two nurses. Dr. Hunt and I came, and two nurses, and I don't know how long we'll be here. When I came in and saw hundreds of wounded and saw what I was to do, my little insides just felt numb. Then I fell to work and I've fallen ever since. We (Dr. Hunt and I) alternate, and are on 18 hours one day and only 13 the next, and we're only on all night every other night. The second day I felt a bit done up, but now I seem to have become automatic, and sleep when I'm off duty and work when I'm on. There are six surgical tables in this pavilion, with a doctor, nurse and orderly at each. My orderly is the dearest thing in life to me and I never will be able to live without him. He's as gentle, quiet and courteous as he can be and never has been cross once.

I never did see anyone as fine as these poilus. We get 1000 a day right off the field,—their wounds are indescribable,—but they never complain and never fail to say: "Merci bien, Madame," as they are carried off.

You can't imagine how utterly weary they are,—most of them have had years of it and these wounds are only some of many. I say some, because almost none have just one wound and many have literally dozens from bursting shell. I have some chocolate and you ought to see them when they get it.

The "Canteen des Dames Anglais" does wonderful work here and gives the blesses hot coffee or lemonade and good warm pyjamas if they need them. We have to cut their clothes off them generally and it's fine to have something clean and warm for them. Everyone praises the Salvation Army and the Red Cross above all American institutions, and I certainly agree with them. The men may be done up when they come in here, but they will almost always rouse up with a tale of the battle,—of the Germans running,—of their comrades,—and end with: "Ah, Vive la France." I wonder if any nation can put as much into any words as the French do into these. This place would make one an eternal optimist if anything could,—this place and the orderlies. But I wish the damn Kaiser would live forever and pass every day in places like this. I feel sure no German hospitals show the spirit of these. I work under a poster with the words: "Pour que vos enfants ne connaissent plus les horreurs de la guerre."

I've written this in scraps between cases, but it was now or heaven knows when.

Jean H. Pattison.

FROM A RED TRIANGLE GIRL

It is hard to know what to say when people ask you about war work—there is so much to say!

Every day in France was different, all were interesting, but the last two months behind the lines were perhaps the most exciting. When our division moved up to this new front we women were kept in Paris for some time because it was considered too dangerous for us to follow immediately. Finally
we were told to be ready, on a half hour's notice, and that a truck would call for us. Ten of us left Paris in a cameomette at about 7 o'clock in the evening and were driven at break-neck speed until about 11 p. m., when we reached the 'Y' divisional headquarters. That night we stayed there, billeted as usual in peasant's houses.

The next morning Miss Torrance, a Western girl, and I were assigned to a little town about three miles back of the front line. As we drove up we watched the poor marksmanship of the Germans as their H. E. (high explosive) shells came whistling over and did no more damage than to blow up a field. They were evidently trying to 'get' a road beyond but had poor range. We had been given our gas masks and helmets and were warned that it would be best for us to have our most important belongings always packed in a knapsack, ready for any emergency. This little warning proved useful a number of times when the army ordered us back in the middle of the night, for fear the Boches might break through the lines before morning. Fortunately they never got through.

Our town was a rest camp and the last point to which any traveling was allowed in the day time. Every move between us and the front was done after dark. There was nothing in the town to indicate to aeroplane observers that any troops were there. There was not a new stick of wood in town in spite of the fact that about a thousand troops and a supply company of mule wagons were taking the place of a civilian population of perhaps two hundred. The mules, wagons, guns, etc., were all located under sheds, trees, or else camouflaged with boughs or grass-covered netting. The heavy artillery was so successfully hidden that it could scarcely be detected a few hundred feet away. The 'Y' tent was covered with fresh boughs every week. The men were billeted in barns, sheds, or houses, with straw for a bed. Usually, however, the Boches came in their bombing planes at night to try to get our heavy artillery, and it was necessary to order the men to scatter and sleep in the fields. This was to avoid heavy casualties in case they did hit the town. We girls tried sleeping in the fields with a gas-mask and helmet for pillow but concluded it was more comfortable in a dugout even if it was damp and a rendezvous for the mice.

The dear old peasant woman with whom we lived gave us our breakfasts, which consisted of a bowl of cocoa and a piece of dry bread. We ate our other meals with the enlisted men. We stood in line, mess-kits in hand, and had our liberal share of field-kitchen grub. This usually consists of 'slum' (potato and meat stew with thick gravy), 'goldfish' (canned salmon), 'corned willy' (corned beef), and 'spuds' (potato), with a canteen of black coffee, a piece of dry bread, and sometimes stewed dry fruit for a dessert. It tasted mighty good even when we had so little water that we couldn't wash our mess kits between meals!

But to tell of the work: The men came to us directly from the front line trenches. They would usually get in between midnight and 3 a. m., and we always tried to have free hot chocolate and crackers ready for them. It was quite a problem to do any cooking because of the smoke and light from a fire. We finally solved the difficulty by using charcoal in the fireplace of a dilapidated room, the chinks of which we filled with paper and burlap. The men would come for their hot drinks by platoons. They were invariably tired, dirty, lousy, and usually with a weeks growth of beard on their faces. Sometimes they had not had their clothes off for twenty or thirty days, and water was too valuable for anything but drinking. After the men had a good long sleep, a bath (we had eight crude showers in our town) and their clothes had been steamed in the de-lousing machine, the real work of the 'Y' began, and the secretary (we called them 'insects' in our division) the athletic director, and the two canteeners were kept on the jump.
We had a tent about 60 feet by 25 feet, with 16 small windows, an uneven mud floor, and a canteen built off at one end. The furnishings consisted of benches, rough writing tables, a few folding chairs, a piano and a victrola. The victrola with its twenty-five records began work at 6 a.m. they say, (I never was there that early) and didn’t stop until it was too late to feed it needles. Trouble for the censor also began at an early hour, and by the time we reached the tent at 8:30 the men were clamoring for volley-balls, boxing gloves, baseball outfits, books, magazines, and musical instruments. As soon as possible we would open the canteen. The merchandise consisted usually of various kinds of tobacco, chocolate, chewing-gum, crackers, canned goods, soap, towels, razors, fountain pens, handkerchiefs, housewives and newspapers. The monotony (?) of selling goods was always relieved by the cashing or sending of money orders, sending of cables, sewing service stripes on coats, listening to the stories of the front or of home, and expressing approval of all the photographs carefully carried in some soldier’s shirt pocket. In fact a good part of a woman’s time is taken in just talking to the men. They love to hear a woman who can ‘savez United States’ and if she won’t talk they are perfectly glad to sit and look at her. In the evenings we always had movies or an entertainment of some sort. Occasionally it would be a ‘star’ from the United States but more often local talent. These entertainments always had to be over by 10:30 p.m., so the men could scatter before the nightly bombing began. Thus ended a day’s work.

I have only given you a wee idea of what the work is like in one particular kind of hut, and there are thousands of them. It is a tremendous work and I hope that lots of you will be able to get over to see it for yourselves.

Charlotte S. Hand.

RECREATIONS OF A RED CROSS WORKER

Paris, July 17.

I must surely have written you how Paris rocked to her very foundations when our boys marched down the Champs-Élysée on July 4, and how I went out that night to the aviation camp and saw all the different types of machines—not to mention a thrilling exhibition.

Anyway, I’ve now another parade to recount to you—the march of the Allies along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne in honor of Bastille Day.

Our boys had the place of honor after the first section of poilus. There’s no doubt but that the French love them more than the soldiers of any other nation. They come from a country that is covered with glamor for these people—the country of infinite wealth and resources. We’ve thrown our weight into the balance at the decisive moment (I think the offensive of to-day proves that) and the French are grateful beyond words. Back of the Americans came the Tommies and the Canadians and the Australians (they’re always stunning) then Italians, Poles (oh, so young), Greeks, Slavs, Portuguese. Some of the Italians carried huge machine guns on their backs. It made me ache just to look at them and I can’t conceive how they toil up mountains with them. There was a company of African blacks—so black that they didn’t look human, the black of marble without a single trace of color in their faces—and best of all, at the end, the Chasseurs Alpins with those marvelous blue velvet caps, singing one of their stirring marching songs, and finally the French cavalry, superbly mounted and with a bugle company that would send a modern horseman galloping to the front. They have a curious ringing call that is sounded by one group of men, taken up by another in a higher key and then answered. It has been in my ears ever since.

We hurried down to the Place de
la Concorde from the Bois in time to see the whole parade again from a high window. You should have seen that square when the troops broke rank! And the boulevards—It was like the Paris of olden fête days except that all the merrymakers were in uniform. Because the offensive was timed to begin the 14th no one knew the line of march until Monday a. m. and the parade began at nine. Fortunately the big gun that always begins working with the little Berthas on the front lines didn't get up steam until the 15th. We heard her yesterday and again to-day but the Boche gunners are out of luck—they haven't been able to kill a single child and no damage at all has been done.

Monday everything was closed so I went out to St. Germain with two other girls. I'm sure you must know it for it's one of the loveliest of the beauty spots near Paris. We climbed clean up on top of the train that took us out in order that we might gaze over the garden walls into the lovely little spots that are meant to be hidden. We lunched on the terrace in the garden of the old chateau where Louis XIV was born. Paris lay in the distance far over the valley of the Seine, with the big fort of Mont Valerian to the right and a French aviation field at our feet. We could see three different little hamlets with clusters of pink roofs tucked in among the trees and there was a poilu, with his wife, who played his violin for us. It was in that spot of peace that I heard the guns of the front for the first time. When we first caught the muffled boom, boom, to the north, we thought we couldn't be hearing aright. I asked the maid and she said they had heard them since Sunday night when the offensive started. It seemed too sickeningly ghastly to be true.

The work keeps me running (we've always reports, and the weekly Bulletin and things that must be gotten out for a long list of newspapers and magazines). But there are long trains of wounded beginning to come through the city again and I want to get to work in one of the canteens or at the American hospital at Neuilly. The latter was almost evacuated last week in preparation for those who are coming now. Always a lull, and then the crash. Then we'll have another few days of quiet. Curious but we haven't had an air raid for several weeks now—The Boches seem to be too busy bombing hospitals up near the front.

August 31, 1918.

I am just back from a two days' trip to Chateau-Thierry, Fère-en-Tardenois, and even a bit further north. It's a month now since our boys and the French took Chateau-Thierry from the Germans and with the usual rapidity of events over here the city is beginning to heal. The little villages to the north and south of it are total wrecks of course and will be a long time in the rebuilding. The city, however, escaped heavy shelling as you know so that the damage while bad is repairable. Civilians already are going back and rescuing what they can from the wreckage. They have wonderful courage and all that they need to start all over again seems to be a cook stove and a piece of a roof.

Up beyond there we saw the grave of Quentin Roosevelt with a few relics of his plane. And we even saw French poilus headed for the trenches, the blue line fading into the horizon as they trudged down the road. I'd have given a lot for the chance to go on up the line with them. I am lucky to have seen as much as I did however, so I really shouldn't kick.

Life is such a rush with me that when a week is gone I can only remember what happened then. Office work is very busy and I'm turning out special stuff all the time. Then recently I've been working Sundays and Wednesdays at the big American Hospital at Neuilly. They had a fearful need of help there for a while and I am now doing regular aid's work—which permits the trained nurses time off during the afternoons, I felt a bit panicky the first time the
nurse went off and left me in charge of a ward for several hours but it turned out to be quite easy to handle after all so I've now sufficient confidence to feel that I could nurse the entire American Army if it were necessary.

By the way, I saw Mrs. Barrett Andrews* at Chateau-Thierry. She and the Smith Unit were sent up there on the twelfth of August to establish a canteen for the American wounded who were passing through there. They have done splendid work and are now expecting to be moved up closer to the line as the rush is over for that district.

Forgive the sketchiness of this note, but I've a thousand things on my mind and am hoping to write you a real letter as soon as a bit of leisure comes along—if it ever does. The Red Cross as you doubtless know is just now in a process of complete reorganization over here and we none of us know just where we will be sent next. The whole of France has been divided into nine zones for administration and each zone is to have a central headquarters. There will be publicity representatives in each zone so that I might be sent out of Paris. It's quite immaterial to me for any place is bound to be interesting.

Gertrude Orr.

AN ACTIVELY SERVING BRANCH

The Washington Branch of the Vassar Alumnae has one of its members in the Agricultural Department. Learning through her of the scarcity of eating places for the three thousand and more Government workers in that department, the members of the Branch have opened a Cafeteria—"The Corner Cupboard"—at 210 13th Street, S. W.

The work has been accomplished through three of the members of the Branch who have given their time, thought and money, as well as intelligent interest, to the solution of this problem. They took one of the old, dilapidated buildings in the neighbor-

hood of the Department of Agriculture, and adapted it to their own use. As this building was a dwelling house, they decided that the rooms upstairs should be used for bedrooms for war workers. There are three bedrooms on the top floor and two on the second. On the second is also a conference lunch room with a screened porch adjoining. On the first floor is the main cafeteria room, and in the basement a quick-lunch room. The back garden has been transformed from a rubbish heap to an attractive screened-in tent approached by a brick path with flower boxes on the garden walls and rustic chairs and tables within.

In furnishing the rooms inside, the committee aimed above all to make them places where a restful luncheon could be had for busy workers. For the prevention of unnecessary noise—a large element in restfulness—the following things were done: The hickory tables were covered with a layer of cork, which makes them noiseless, and varnished to insure their cleanliness; the dish-washing machine was placed in the basement, thus avoiding the usual clatter of dishes; even the waiter is dumb! The rooms throughout are papered in golden tan; the curtains are of a hand-woven Russian linen. To harmonize with its surroundings, the china is of an orange design. The prints on the walls are by Jules Guérin.

The bedrooms are furnished with charming painted furniture. One of the committee happened to have a painter working in her home who had had experience in decorating furniture, so while the carpenters were waiting to finish their work on the house, some gay colored flowers found their way onto these bureaus and beds, carrying out the rather bold coloring of the Carl Larson prints which hang in the bedrooms.

The rooms are rented at a moderate price to war workers who are in Washington, and not confined to college women. They are rented in the order of application.

* Director of the Smith College Relief Unit.
The cafeteria, which was designed to feed about 300, was opened in July. Luncheon begins at 11:30 and lasts until 1:30, and at present only luncheons are served. There is a luncheon served for twenty-five cents, as well as the usual cafeteria choice of separate dishes. The aim is to furnish food which is nourishing, inexpensive, interesting, and conforming to war regulations. Miss Ricker, a graduate of Simmons College, Boston, is in charge and lives in the building.

During the one full month of the summer in which it has been in operation it has paid its way. Being a war measure, it is not aimed to have it a commercial success, but it is expected that it will continue to fill a need and cover its running expenses.

The community in which the cafeteria stands considers it such a success that it has asked the Washington Branch to start a community laundry. Altogether the Branch is very happy over the share it is having in providing this attractive place for luncheon and in helping Washington to solve the serious question of housing and feeding its enormously increased population.

DIED—In the service of their country and the performance of their duty, Four of the Nurses of the Vassar Training Camp, from Spanish influenza, contracted while nursing victims of the epidemic in their several hospitals.

October 11:—Louise T. Smith, Bryn Mawr, '18, at Bellevue Hospital.
October 11:—Marion L. Walter, University of Alabama, '18, at the Philadelphia General Hospital.
October 14:—Gladys Kilpatrick, University of Illinois, '17, at the Philadelphia General Hospital.
October 16:—Rosabel Miller, Mt. Holyoke, '17, at Bellevue Hospital.

All items of Class and Association news for the next issue of the Vassar Quarterly should be sent, typewritten, to the Alumnae Office, Vassar College, before January first.

To our subscribers:
Please advise the Alumnae Office promptly of all changes of address. It will avoid inconvenience for all concerned.

Subscriptions, renewals, changes of address, to be effective with the forthcoming issue must be received at least two weeks before the date of publication.

To our advertisers:
Advertising copy should be submitted two weeks before the date of publication.
A copy of the Quarterly is sent to every advertiser on publication of the issue containing his advertisement. Please notify the Advertising Manager of any failure to receive the same.

Address all business communications to the Alumnae Office, Vassar College.
Handkerchiefs (All Pure Linen)

Embroidered Handkerchiefs
From France, Ireland, Switzerland, Spain and Madeira. We have never had a more beautiful assortment, and the values have never been better.

For Children—All white, and white with colored borders 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 each, and up.

For Women—All white, and with colored borders, 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 each and up.

 Initialized Handkerchiefs
For Women—$3.00, 4.00, 6.00 to 12.00 the dozen.
For Men—$6.00, 7.80, 9.00, 12.00 and 15.00 the dozen.
For Children—3 for 65 cents.

Khaki Handkerchiefs
Pure Linen, of good serviceable quality and generous in size, 65c. and 75c. each.

Orders by mail filled promptly. Illustrated Catalogue sent gladly on request.

James McCutcheon & Company
Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33rd Streets, New York

The costume which is in perfect harmony from top to toe is the result of pains-taking effort on the part of the wearer—the real finishing touch is supplied by

"Onyx" Hosiery

the connecting link between costume and shoe.

"ONYX" is one of the products which improve on acquaintance—there are many styles covering the entire needs of the family circle, all of dependable quality.

Sold by Prominent Dealers and identified by the Trade-Mark.

Emery & Beers Company Inc.
Sole Owners of "ONYX"
and Wholesale Distributors
New York

Please patronize our advertisers and mention VASSAR QUARTERLY
### Vassar Quarterly Advertiser

#### Miss Madeira's School
1330 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.

A residential and day school for girls

**LUCY MADEIRA WING, A.B.,**
Head Mistress

---

**In** the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. He who has once known its satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity.

—Emerson.

**The Baker & Taylor Co.**
Wholesale Dealers in the Books of all Publishers
354 Fourth Ave., at Twenty-Sixth St.
NEW YORK

---

**Kent Place**
A Country School for Girls
Twenty Miles from New York

**College Preparatory and Academic Courses**

**MRS. SARAH WOODMAN PAUL**
**MISS ANNA S. WOODMAN**
Principals
Summit, New Jersey

---

**The Laurel School**
10001 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

A Boarding and Day School for Girls

From the Kindergarten to College

**TWENTY-THIRD YEAR BEGINS SEPTEMBER 17, 1918**

**MRS. ARTHUR E. LYMAN,** Principal

---

**Miss Beard's School for Girls**
New Jersey, Orange

A country school, 13 miles from New York.
College preparatory, special courses.
Music, Art, Domestic Arts and Science.
Supervised physical work in gymnasium and field.

Catalogue on request.
Address, MISS LUCIE C. BEARD

---

**St. Faith's**
An elementary and secondary Church school for a limited number of ambitious girls. College Preparation, Home Science, Music, Vocational Guidance, Invigorating climate. One teacher to every five pupils. $350.00 per year. For catalogue of "The school that's full of sunshine," address

**EDITH GREELEY PLUM, A.B. (**'97**)
ST. FAITH'S SCHOOL**
Saratoga Springs, NEW YORK

---

**A Book of Real Poetry!**
RENASCENCE AND OTHER POEMS

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Limited edition on hand-made paper $1.50 net. A few copies on Japan Vellum, signed by the author, $10.00 net. Send in your order to-day.

**MORRIS KENNERLEY,** Publisher
489 Park Avenue
New York

---

Please patronize our advertisers and mention **Vassar Quarterly**
HILLSIDE
NORWALK, CONN.

Founded by Elizabeth B. Mead, 1883
Boarding and Day School for Girls
Two Dwelling Houses. Separate School building, unusually fine gymnasium

College Preparatory, General and Special Courses. Prepares for new Comprehensive Examinations required by Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Mount Holyoke. Thorough course in Household Science with practice in a home. Music course meets college requirement. Class work in vocal music, current events and art included in regular course. Protection against over-strain but insistence on thorough work.

MARGARET R. BRENDLINGER, A. B., Vassar
VIDA HUNT FRANCIS, B. L., Smith, Principals

Vassar College
THROUGH
The Occupation Bureau
recommends its graduates to
EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS
AND BUSINESS FIRMS, AND
FOR SOCIAL, SECRETARIAL
AND JOURNALISTIC WORK

Apply to
DEPARTMENT OF WARDENS

VASSAR COLLEGE
POUGHKEEPSIE	NEW YORK

IMPORTED GOLF, TENNIS and SPORT HOSIERY
In Attractive Designs for Men and Women

No. 10 Finest Scotch Llama wool Socks in BLACK, NAVY, WHITE, GREY, BROWN, GREEN, KHAKI, HEATHERS, WHITE with colored clocks and large assortment of fancy patterns

No. 15 Men’s Finest Scotch wool Golf Stockings in GREEN, GREY, BROWN & HEATHERS with plain or fancy turn-over tops, with or without feet (instep strap)

No. 20 Women’s Finest Scotch wool Stockings in WHITE and WHITE with colored clocks. OXFORD, GREEN, HEATHERS, Imported white ribbed cotton with colored clocks

Imported English Flannel Shirts, finest, unshrinkable Viyella Flannel, with neck band or with Collar attached. All sizes, wide range of patterns.

$1.50 a pair

$3.50 a pair

$3.00 a pair

$6.50

Mail orders given prompt attention. Complete line of Golf, Tennis and Sport Equipment

STEWART SPORTING SALES CO.
425 FIFTH AVENUE (38th STREET,) NEW YORK

Please patronize our advertisers and mention VASSAR QUARTERLY
WAGNER INN

IS ALWAYS OPEN FOR GUESTS

A Comfortable and Homelike House in which to stop
Long Distance Telephone in each room

DINING ROOM OPEN FROM 7:30 A. M. TO 10:00 P. M.
One block from Vassar Campus, on trolley line from N. Y. Central Station
to the door

NINA MAY FELTON, PROPRIETOR

SPECIAL SUMMER COURSES for COLLEGE STUDENTS

This school has long been known as the one school in New York City that renders superior service for the training of business assistants.

If you would turn your college training into practical earning power, in the shortest possible time, spend a few months with us.

Stenography, typewriting, accounting are the essentials that business men ask for—no matter what your other training may have been. Circulars upon request.

FIFTH NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, LEXINGTON AVE. at 23d ST., NEW YORK

YOUNG WOMEN

From six months to a year at EASTMAN would qualify you to command double the salary you are capable of earning without some V oc at ional Trai ning

The EASTMAN complete Secretarial course would make you both proficient and efficient in the work of the office and counting room. We receive many calls for competent helpers from business and professional men, financiers, corporation officials, and the Civil Service Commission and thus enable students who desire assistance to obtain paying employment promptly.

EASTMAN STUDENTS SUCCEED with their work and more than 50,000 of the graduates of the school now occupy paying positions or conduct profitable business of their own in all parts of America and many foreign countries. Moderate expenses. All Commercial branches taught. Strong lecture courses. Open during entire year (no vacations). New students enter any week day. Call or write for prospectus.

ADDRESS CLEMENT C. GAINES, M.A., LL.D., President, Box CV, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

AN insurance company located in a fine New England city can furnish positions to a few college women commencing at moderate pay with increases as merit warrants. Kindly address replies to

WARDENS’ OFFICE OCCUPATION BUREAU
Vassar College
THE WALLACE CO.
"Poughkeepsie’s Finest Daylight Department Store"
Carry large stocks of fine
FLEISHER AND GOOD SHEPHERD YARNS
For Army and Navy Knitting
Largest Stocks and Variety of Colors in the City
Telephone and Mail Orders Cheerfully and Quickly Filled

THE WALLACE CO.
331-333-335 Main St. Poughkeepsie

THE FARMERS AND MANUFACTURERS NATIONAL BANK

THE Vassar Bank
MATTHEW VASSAR, The First President
Capital, $200,000 Surplus, $200,000
E. S. ATWATER . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
JNO. C. OTIS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
JNO. E. ADRIANCE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
GEO. H. SHERMAN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Cashier
OTIS W. SHERMAN . . . . . . . . . . . . . Assistant Cashier
Students’ Accounts Solicited

NELSON HOUSE
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE CITY

HORATIO N. BAIN, Prop.

The Hartridge School
for Girls

EMELYN B. HARTIDGE (Vassar ’92), Principal

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY
(50 minutes from New York)

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
347 MAIN STREET

We have the following well-equipped departments to meet all the financial needs of the community

COMMERCIAL CHECKING DEPARTMENT
For the convenience of individuals, merchants and corporations
4 PER CENT.—INTEREST DEPARTMENT—4 PER CENT.
A “Safety First” Investment for your money
SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT
Most Modern Safe in the City
CHRISTMAS CLUB DEPARTMENT
Where small savings reach big totals

Please patronize our advertisers and mention VASSAR QUARTERLY
To Beat or Not To Beat

No young woman, unless she is a born cook, can make dozens of good things to eat—things which she herself will enjoy eating—of anything but

JELL-O

This is no careless statement. If you think it is, get three or four packages of Jell-O and an egg-beater and give up a few minutes to demonstrating the proposition. Or get the Jell-O alone, without the egg-beater, and make up such a dish as the Orange Jell-O shown above.

The young woman who doesn't make delicious things of Jell-O is missing an opportunity that is tapping at her door quite persistently.

There are six pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. At grocers, 2 packages for 25 cents.

Take time, please, to send us your name and address, so we can send you a new Jell-O Book that will tell you how to make delicious things that are too good to miss.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.