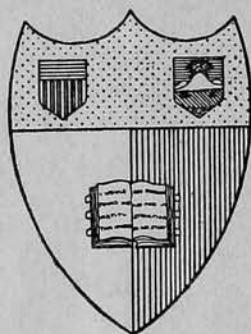


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THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III

OCTOBER, 1917

NO. 1

ADDRESS DELIVERED TO CORNELL WOMEN
JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN



THE DREAMER
PHYLLIS CHAPMAN, '19

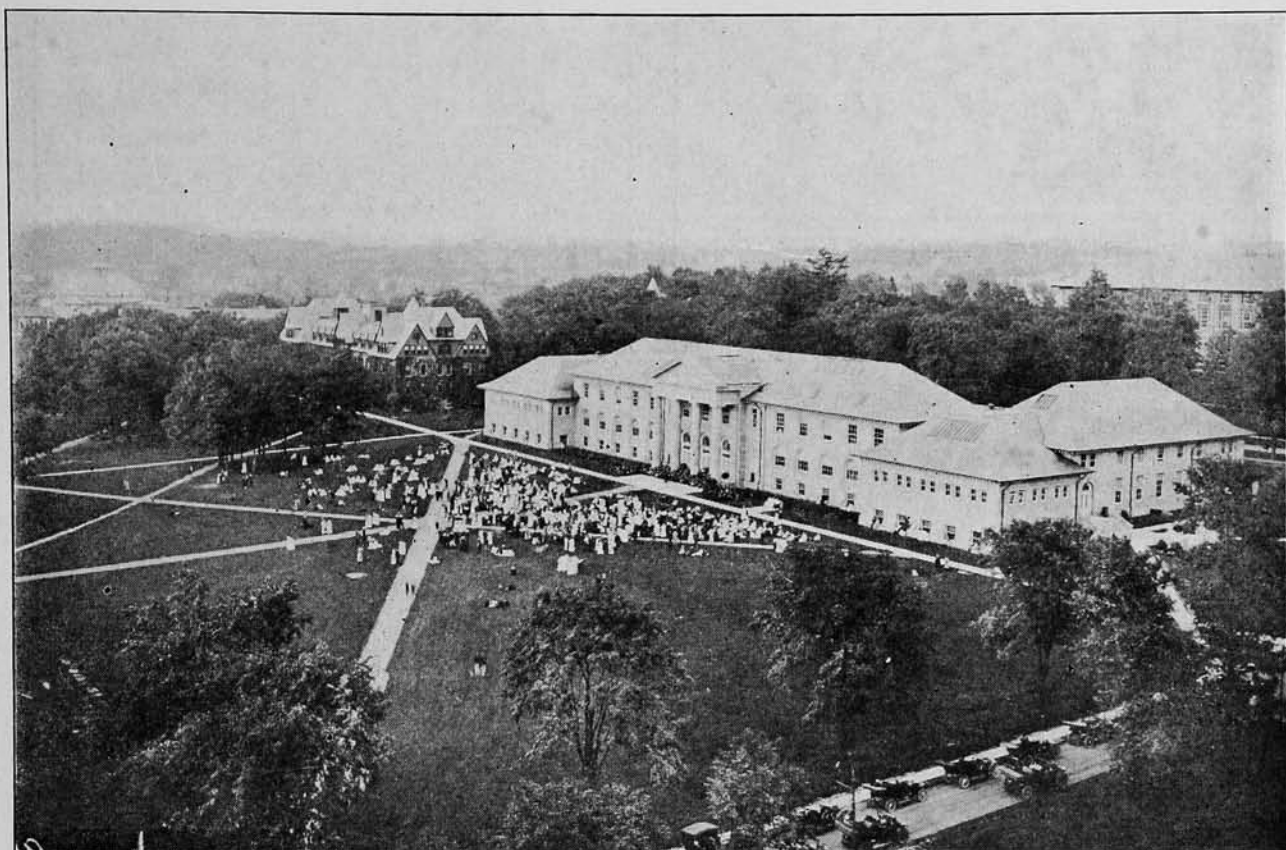


THE WORK OF THE Y. W. C. A. IN THE WAR
GLADYS F. GILKEY, '19



A PARABLE
MARCIA M. McCARTNEY, '20

F. GILFILLAN & R. WOLCOTT



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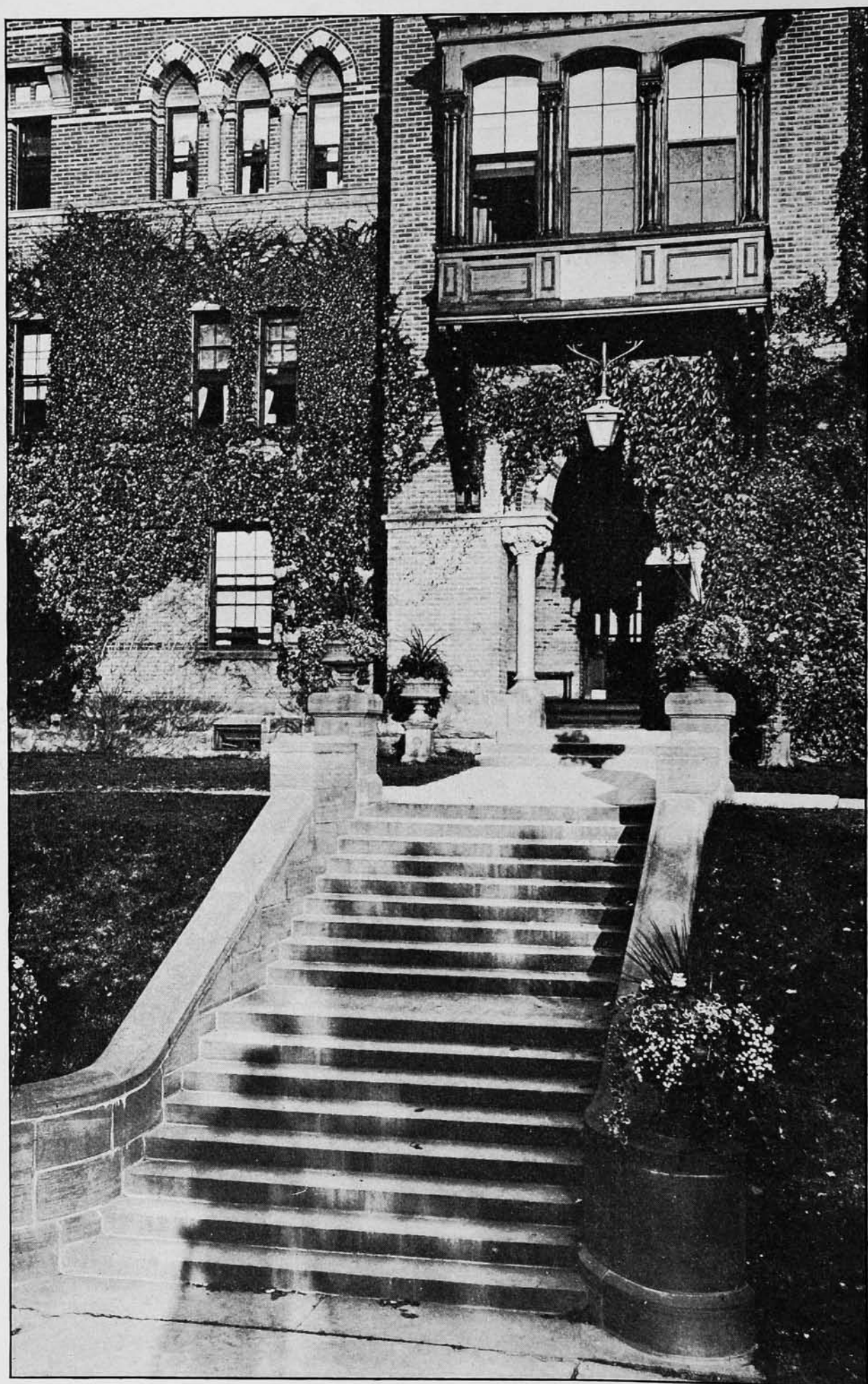
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THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III.

IITHACA, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1917

No. 1

President Schurman's Address to the Women of Cornell

Delivered on September 28th, at a Mass Meeting of the
Women Students, in Barnes Hall

"If suffrage fails in the individual states this fall it will be made a national question and will then succeed. I am a firm believer in the cause of equal rights for women, this belief being based on my experience with the women in this University. They possess the capacity to govern themselves and to cooperate in the government of the Republic and should therefore not be discriminated against. Our present war has changed the complexion of the whole problem. Its lessons should remove existing objections against suffrage. No longer do we need mere force to win or prove supremacy. This war of nation with nation may not in the end be determined by the soldiers at all. Theirs is only a small part of it. Military power is an important consideration, but so are the economical and financial resources of the country, and it is there that women play a large part. They are making the food problem theirs; they are working in factories; they are doing numberless things to release men. And because men do the actual fighting they have the ballot; yet only a small fraction of the men of the United States are called upon to fight—a certain percentage of those between the ages of 21 and 30. Women want to fight but are not per-

mitted. At the aviation school here at Cornell a woman offered her services. We all know that a woman has the record in that field yet because our law specifies that this school shall be for men this offer had to be refused. In Europe to-day not only do they want to fight—they do fight. When the Russians were making their big drive this summer a regiment of women advanced and fought while the men were running away.

I said I came to this conclusion through my experience with the women of this University. Here they are on the same basis with men. There are no distinctions in the work between the men and women; women have the added advantage of greater accommodation in residential halls—that is the only distinction. The number of women here is likely to be about the same as last year. That will help them. Several years ago women were not recognized on *The Sun* and we wanted to know why. The answer was that it was the men's paper and they wanted to run it. But now war has brought the women forward and they are represented on *The Sun*. The former attitude was unjust and narrow but things are being adjusted and little questions settled. We must not be impatient.

Cornell is not a place for dances and gaieties. We are here for work and study. That is expected of both men and women and those not here for that purpose should not be permitted to remain. On the average women are better students than men; men are too much distracted by athletics. But there is a growing suspicion that women are being distracted by social functions. The Faculty was asked to remedy this evil, but it is not their place—it is yours. You should care for your health; that is most important. Do your work regularly, and do not let it pile up for that is not the way to study.

Women's vital task now is to maintain high social standards. War brutalizes men, and women's influence must counteract that. It can and must.

During this period of war there

arises the question of war economy. So far as the relation of the individual to the government goes, it is not what the customer can afford to buy with his money, it is what the nation can afford to let him buy. The nation cannot afford to let you buy wool, she needs it for clothes for her soldiers. She cannot sell you gasoline, she needs that too, and you must save on meat and wheat and fats.

A war economy measure I should like to see Cornell start is regulation dress for women. Some one is going to start it and there is a chance for this University to make an epoch in the economic history of women.

So I summarize: 'Work hard, keep in good health, be good patriots, and exert your best influence to raise the standards of humane civilization.'

The Dreamer

PHYLLIS CHAPMAN, '19

A child's small hands had slowly toiled
 And built a castle, tall and fair,
 A scintillating thing of dreams,
 Of hopes, ambitions wrought with
 care.
 They smiled who watched with pitying
 eyes
 As year on year he toiled to build.
 They mocked with scorn the wonder
 things
 With which his treasure-house was
 filled.
 But still he wrought with tender care
 This home wherein his soul might
 dwell,
 Unconscious that the world around
 With awe struck tongues his fame
 would tell.
 There dwelt his soul in peaceful state
 And little knew they deemed him great.

The Work of the Y. W. C. A. in the War

GLADYS F. GILKEY, 19

Ever since President Wilson's famous speech in March, 1917, we have been witnessing at every turn the preparation which the government has been making for war. During the same time, though in a less obvious way, groups of women, believing that war was their problem as well as that of the men, have likewise been preparing. They have realized the tremendous responsibility which the war has brought with it to safeguard moral conditions and protect the welfare of the thousands of women connected with the special industries of war. War creates a new atmosphere. Standards may need to be readjusted, but they must not be lowered. Now, if ever, there is need for a high type of womanhood. What has been called the "lure of the khaki" has at bottom real admiration for the qualities which the uniform symbolizes. It may be made a summons to dignity and true patriotism in every girl. A full realization of this has prompted the war work of the Y. W. C. A.

Interest in such work really began a year ago when Miss Friedman of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. was sent to Texas to do what she could for the girls along the Mexican border districts into which the soldiers were pouring by the thousands. An interesting work was started in San Antonio where many girls' clubs were organized. The girls rose to the position of hostesses, frequently entertaining groups of soldiers at the Association building. It was a work for which General Funston

expressed the highest appreciation.

When the United States entered actively into the present war, the National Board of the Association received a telegram from the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. showing the need for expert women workers to co-operate with them. Another telegram from the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities asked the Association to furnish thirty workers to act as advisers in communities adjoining the training camps. Messages came from all over the country asking, "What are you planning to do for our girls?"

With the precedent of the work on the Mexican border backing them, the National Board accepted this challenge to prove their ability to help in the social and industrial readjustments which must take place. Prominent women met in New York to discuss the work. As a result of this meeting, a War Work Council authorized by the National Board was formed, consisting of one hundred women. These women were in part National Board members and field work representatives, and in part women of various interests not connected with the Association. They voted to raise \$1,000,000 for the work. Four hundred thousand dollars of this amount had been raised up to August first.

The work to which this money is being devoted is enabling the Y. W. C. A. to send out investigators to learn the needs of women and girls in communities adjoining military

and naval training camps. It pays the salaries of directors, girl workers, physical directors, and cafeteria managers in such centers where help is needed. It aids in securing housing accommodations for the young women who flock to the cities to work in munition factories and industries connected with the war. It has opened a Bureau of Information for non-English speaking women. It builds and equips hostess houses in training camps, when invited to by army authorities.

Colonel Wolf authorized the Council to begin work at once at Plattsburg where a great deal had been done for the men but nothing at all for the girls. Girls' clubs were organized and within a short time a hostess house was erected inside the camp grounds—a cozy, one story house with a wide veranda, fire place and piano. Here the men were at liberty to receive their mothers, wives and friends, and the house was greatly appreciated. It is to continue through the second training camp.

In Junction City, Kansas, an army city, clubs have been organized among the hundreds of girls taken there to do various kinds of work. Likewise in Charleston, S. C., where there are enormous government factories near the navy yard, and in Ayer, Mass., where there are 40,000 men, the girls have been organized. In fact, out of the ninety-two military and naval camps in the United States, forty-three have been investigated by the Field Committee, while twenty are centers of Y. W. C. A. activity with special workers.

Another phase of the war work seeks to enlist the interest and patriot-

ism of the younger girls. The "Patriotic League", promoted by the Junior War Work Council, is an idea rather than an organization. Every girl in the country is eligible for membership provided that she has the spirit of the pledge, which reads: "I pledge to express my patriotism; by doing better than ever before whatever work I have to do; by rendering whatever special service I can at this time to my community and country; by living up to the highest standards of character and honor and helping others to do the same."

But this work in our own country is after all but a part of the great work of "women for women." From Russia has come a telegram asking for experts to aid in the Y. W. C. A. work for Russia's women employees. England has asked for counsel in the issues which face her. On behalf of the hundreds of American nurses in France, the American Association has been asked to open a club house, rest houses and recreation centers at the principal hospital bases in that country. An industrial secretary has been sent to investigate conditions among the girls in the French munition factories. Other requests the Association is filling as rapidly as possible.

This is an immense task which the Young Women's Christian Association has undertaken,—that of safeguarding moral conditions near the training camps, and providing for the welfare of women workers in the war industries. But the Association has both the necessary spirit and equipment, and these are making the work effective.

A Parable

MARCIA M. McCARTNEY, '20

Now it came about that in the days when Davy Hoy, the Great, ruled in the land, there was a certain youth called Tiro Viridis, knowing little of the ways of colleges and the state of matriculation. Therefore, when certain seasons had past, he came to a vast and mighty dominion of learning which is reached on one hand through "Morrill No. 3" and hence extends even unto a certain famous "Culina," which is the especial pride and stumbling block of the inhabitants. And Tiro brought with him a High School Diploma having a wonderous seal and ribbon, and much new apparel, and several score of merit cards for perfect attendance at Sunday School; and of good resolutions, had he many. And his people looked to hear great things from him, thinking him a worthy lad of many excellent parts. And he was.

And having come, he looked about him and lo! it was a pleasant land, wherein the people spent their time in much dancing and singing of divers merry songs, and in crying aloud many strange yells, and in feasting, and in sleeping beyond all measure both at home and in many lecture rooms provided for their good cheer. Nor were all of their pursuits after vanity, for at divers stated times, with serious minds and grave attention, they studied the *Sun* and, being never wearied in their search for knowledge, might attempt the mysteries of the *Widow*. So Tiro observed and, seeing, spake, "Behold! This looketh good to me.

I will be a Good Fellow." And he was.

Then when the days fulfilled themselves and the time of the second semester drew nigh, then learned Tiro Viridis that there was one important part of the University, which was not to be found at the "Star," neither within the portals of Prudence Risley. Of this were they who were called the Faculty and seemed of little import because they attired themselves not in sheepskin coats and but seldom played the banjo. But Tiro learned they were possessed of strange and manifold powers and he said "Verily, verily, I am up against it." And he was.

So it came about that Tiro met with Finals and wrestled in his chamber for seven days and seven nights with much agony of mind and various potions of coffee and the oil termed "midnight." But the Faculty asked the wrong questions, such as were not given in former examinations by which he had been guided. So that when the Finals were accomplished Tiro had of credits, three hours; and of conditions, six hours; and of explosions had he seven hours. Therefore, the Faculty said, "Depart straightway!" And he did.

And to his friends he said that his eyes had failed. And to his father he said nothing, not having an opportunity. But to himself he said, "Verily, had it not been for a narrow minded bunch of professors I would have been educated."

The Tallest Tree

'17

It was spring, and in the park there sat a young man and a young woman on one bench, back to back, with me on another. Spring was responsible for it all; in the first place for our being there thus in common enjoying the balmy, warm, scented twilight, and further responsible for that dreamy yet lively condition into which one's imagination works itself, when one happens to choose a park bench with its back decorously turned to interesting conduct or conversation of stranger neighbors;—responsible further still, for herewith I confess to having turned around the best I could and ignobly and carefully listened.

They were writing a story, those two,—reading a line, weighing a word, and stopping short to polish and revise and substitute. It was fascinating, and more than once I, the stranger, all but knelt on my back-to-back bench to lend a hand in that most enthralling business. Finally they put the last touch to a page—to our happy satisfaction. Ours it was, for I had worked and thought and approved and rejoiced with them in my absorbed back-to-back attention. Then they read it to get the finished effect.

"Title, 'That Tallest Tree'," began the young lady in a clear pleasant voice, and then she continued:

"One spring afternoon a young woman doctor was resting on a park bench in the scanty shade of a budding tree. She leaned back, dreamy, very tired, her capable strong hands loosely clasped over the small black medicine case in her lap. A slender young man,

delicately handsome, came and seated himself near her. She casually glanced at him, looked away and presently forgot him. Then suddenly she started, for this young man's shoulder was leaning heavily against her. But her surprised fright immediately turned to businesslike concern, for the young man quietly slipped prostrate across her lap. Calm and efficient, the young woman doctor reached for his pulse with one hand while she tore open the satchel with the other, but now surprise again came over her; this prostrate young man's pulse was light but good, and he was breathing regularly and heavily the unconsciousness which had stricken him was healthy but exhausted sleep. Then the —"

Now at this point the real young man on the bench behind me broke in upon the pleasant voice of my reader.

"You're screwing up your whole face trying to read in this light. Stop it," he commanded, and presently these two arose and strolled away, folding that fateful manuscript as they went. For fateful it was for me, guilty eavesdropper. Curiosity now began its inroad on my peace. I had helped them with that story and now they walked away leaving me with title and introduction and no hint of any connection. How and when did "That Tallest Tree" come in; how did our story end? Long I suffered and wondered. But how *did* it end? Long I then did penance for meddlesome listening—and even now when I take up any magazine I am doomed to keep a half conscious, restless eye on the lookout for that title.

STUDENT OPINION

SOCIETY FOR THE STIMULATION OF PARENTAL APPRECIATION OF PROGENY

Inasmuch as there seems to exist at the present day a profound ignorance on the part of fond families concerning the achievements of their offspring, we propose to establish a society for their enlightenment. The necessity for such action has been driven home to numerous, sundry Seniors by sorrowful incidents, which have well-nigh blighted their young lives. Note the following painful experiences:

Sad case of Miss X, thoughtful and dutiful daughter who divulges to her dear family each and every smallest detail of her college life; sends vivid and delightful description of the Cornell Pageant; pictures it in glowing colors, narrating her own endless efforts, only to receive this heartrending reply, "Your Father and I may visit Ithaca the 18th, so you'd better buy two tickets for that thing you talked about."

Trials of Miss Y, diligent, enthusiastic, young student, somewhat doubtful as to scholarship, has at last landed a likely job in her chosen life-work. With wild joy she writes the good news to her beloved family and the days pass by and continue to pass by and

not a word does she hear. Shall she give up her chosen life-work; this poor unappreciated young thing?

Tribulations of Miss Z, once upon a time in this here fair University a co-ed made Sigma Xi. (Yes, really.) The news was sped by telegram to her family dear.

"Her Father raged, her Mother wept,
As into the dangerous whirl, she leapt."
Why did he rage, why did she wept,
and why did the Co-ed never slept?

A telegram is an upsetting thing, but Mother answered as best she might, "We looked in the Encyclopedia last night; that thing you've got is rather good; explain again in a leisurely mood."

Wherefore, Oh suffering Co-eds, cheer up your hearts and lend us an ear.

Resolved, that this lamentable condition on the part of unappreciative parents toward their precious progeny, must cease. We propose to treat it scientifically. A society has been formed for the purpose; pamphlets containing full particulars of all possible crises for congratulations will be published and gratuitously distributed upon request, under the auspices of the S. P. C. A.

Censored and Approved.

'17.



THE CORNELL REVIEW

FOUNDED 1915

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To 1921

It is the freshman class to which we look eventually for the carrying on of the Cornell spirit, and so we take this opportunity to welcome the women of 1921 and to attempt to sketch for them the college community of which they are to become so essential a part.

Citizens of the University

The women of Cornell have a very complete organization of their own which it is their aim to fit with ever increasing compactness into the organization of the University as a whole. By this is meant that the women do not consider their organization as an end in itself, but as it is related to and is a vital factor in the University.

The Adviser

Our direct communication with the President in both academic and social matters is through the Adviser of Women. Her office in Sage College is the field whereon our problems, however personal or however general, will be met and answered. In this manner the Adviser is the spokesman of the Women's Self-Governing Association.

Student- Government

We next deal with Student-Government, of which every woman, by virtue of being a student at Cornell, is *ipso facto*, a member. This body authorizes the rules of conduct by which the women's dormitories and houses are governed. These rules were actually made and put into execution by Cornell women. It may appear that they are rules superimposed on entering women from above without their knowledge or consent, but that is true only to the degree which must be so in taking new material into a closely organized body. As opportunity offers to become more conversant with the system of self-government through attendance at Mass Meetings and the actuality of molding rules, the force of the word "self" will become more and more evident. The only accepted division between upper and under classmen is that seniors and juniors are responsible

for upholding conduct becoming a Cornell woman whereas sophomores and freshmen are in training as the successors of their sister classes.

So far we have dealt with the women as one large organization, but within this body are many specialized organizations included under the heading of activities. Not alone are there the women's activities, but there are University activities open to women as well as men. So great is the divergence here as to call for caution to the newcomer of wide-spread interests. Selection must be made and only a time proportionate with academic requirements must be allowed for athletics and for clubs.

Activities

This year the coöperation of Cornell women, both old and new, with the Adviser is needed in the problem of unifying scholarship and social life by standards which shall mark the Cornell woman as a true daughter of Cornell. This means that not scholarship alone can make the accepted Cornell graduate, but ideals, character, manners **and** scholarship can. This is but bringing nearer the time when rules as rules will be unnecessary, when public opinion will mold conduct, and when to put one on guard it will be sufficient to say, "Such is not done by Cornell women."

The Problem Before Us

The affiliation of the *Bulletin* with the Cornell *Daily Sun* is a long stride forward in the equality of men and women students. Until this fall indefinite, variable and unsatisfactory has been the attempted representation of the women's interests on the men's daily paper. The *Bulletin* was created to meet legitimate demands which were not answered by University publications. But now, with the old prejudices swept aside we are coming into our own. The *Sun* has taken over the *Bulletin*; it has insured us two women representatives, an editor and a business manager, and a definite amount of space each day; and it grants us a competitive basis of election of the women representatives. Meanwhile, the *Bulletins'* board of officers remains in force, that by its monthly meetings it may support the representatives to the *Sun* and supervise competitions until such time as those representatives shall be made full members of the *Sun* board with the power of voting. It is needless to dwell on the utter impracticability of clinging to the *Bulletin* and at the same time accepting the offer of the *Sun*, for the two run parallel in their aims as far as the women's interests are concerned, but only by a comprehensive and assured scheme such as that outlined above could the labor of the women on the *Bulletin* staff and its results justly be given up in favor of the untried opportunities provided on the *Sun*. The most sincere appreciation is due Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Bateman and the *Sun* board for their initiative and for their coöperation with the women in making arrangements so mutually beneficial for both the *Bulletin* and the *Sun*.

This is the second step in a series which was set in progress last fall when the Cornell Athletic Association requested the combined efforts of men and women in the sale of Major Sports tickets. Then women's support was recognized within

A Long Step

the charmed circle of athletics; now, through the exigencies of war, women are welcomed to the posts of men who have been called to participation in some phase of the war. The movement points forward to a time when Cornell men and women shall live and work as equal citizens of one Cornell University.

THE CORNELL REVIEW is scarcely the luxury it may at first thought appear to be in this fourth year of the war. Since after careful deliberation the policy has been adopted in the University of resuming as far as feasible the normal college activities, which after all are essential in completing one's education, THE REVIEW has adequate foundation in public opinion for its continuance. Moreover, the cause which induced its organization is still active. The necessity for expression among the large number of women is constantly on the increase, and much as we appreciate our representation on the *Sun*, that organ can never fully realize our literary and editorial needs, which can be answered only through such a magazine as THE REVIEW. In its two years of existence THE REVIEW has won a gratifying recognition among college publications. Were it to cease now the efforts and trials of the early boards would have to be undergone again when again circumstances would be stable and the call for a woman's publication would become insistent, as it would be certain to do. So on some scale we shall try to carry on THE REVIEW, but subscriptions will always be a necessity. We earnestly urge Cornellians to support the spirit of energy and of growth of Cornell women for which THE REVIEW stands.

How many Cornell women read the daily paper to keep informed on current events? The average student comes to college for a broad and thorough education, but the history making present is disregarded for a fluent outpouring of the facts of Caesar's conquests. Though the *Sun* is vaunted in the class and lecture room it beguiles without absorbing thought. Or if one turns with interest to a newspaper it is to the football schedule or the preparations for the next dance. As a matter of fact the Cornell student has existed who has been heard to ask, "Who is Hoover? What is the Legion of Honor?" Let us hope her numbers have been few! It is in the circle of the family that such ignorance most often comes to light. Do you not know of the family who says, "If Mary did not come home for vacations once in awhile she would be completely lost to matters of world wide importance."? And it is very true that the college world engrosses its members to such an extent that for a time a world beyond is lost sight of.

Granted that a newspaper is oftentimes dry and distorted, it nevertheless contains historic facts which a college woman should be able to enliven with imagination, to compare with past history and to realize their bearing upon her own life. With the hundred-fold increased importance of the present with its World War, the daily occurrences of the leading nations should be the common information of all, as essential in commencing the day as is the morning meal.

ACTIVITIES

GERTRUDE SAMPSON, '19

REGISTRATION OF WOMEN STUDENTS 1917-18 AS FILED IN OFFICE OF ADVISED OF WOMEN

<i>Entering</i>	
Arts	129
Agriculture	93
Architecture	1
Graduates	10
Law	5
Medicine	3
Specials	7
—	248

<i>Former Students</i>	
Arts	268
Agriculture	176
Architecture	2
Graduates	9
Law	6
Medicine	5
Specials	7
Mechanical Engineering	2
—	475

1916-17	
Fall Registration.....	737
Entering February, 1917.....	31
New York Medical.....	19
—	
Total (1916-17)	787

1917-18	
Fall Registration.....	723

This represents number of cards
filed in Adviser's office October 5, 1917.
The number of women students

registered in the Adviser's office, up to
date, is 723. This does not include
those in the New York Medical school
and those who will enter in February,
1918, as does the registration number
of 1916-1917. Hence the difference in
the registration between this year and
the previous year as shown by the
foregoing statistics, does not necessarily
mean a falling off in numbers for this
year. The final registration may very
nearly approximate that of last year.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

At an important meeting of the
Executive Committee of Student
Government the following presidents
of the outside houses were appointed:

Kappa Alpha Theta—Katherine
Coville.

Kappa Kappa Gamma—Louise
Bentley.

Delta Gamma—Elizabeth Alward.
Alpha Phi—Lelia Lassiter.

Alpha Omicron Pi—Margaret Con-
lon.

Delta Zeta—Margaret Chapman.

Delta Delta Delta—Anne Marsh.

Kappa Delta—Esther Funnel.

706 E. Buffalo—Rebecca Worster.

208 Dearborne—Dora Bloom.

111 Oak—Irene Gibson.

709 Wyckoff—Jay Travers.

711 Wyckoff—Martha Kelsey.

708 E. Buffalo—Lillian Lybolt.

118 Cook—Anna Philips.

201 Oak—Marion Jones.

116 Oak—Marion Selden.

120 Oak—Helen Huie.

There will be a meeting of these presidents at a later date to discuss the best system of registration for their respective houses.

Y. W. C. A.

On September 24, 25, 26, the Y. W. C. A. entertained in Barnes Hall at informal teas, thus giving the Freshmen their first opportunity of meeting the Cornell girls. Members of the Advisory Board poured, while the Cabinet members acted as assistant hostesses. About seven hundred persons were entertained during the three teas.

Miss Lois Osborne gave a welcome to the freshmen at the first Y. W. C. A. prayer meeting of the year. She asked that this year, when women everywhere are being of great service, we might be earnest in our college life and prove that college for us is not a luxury. The four lessons she asked us to remember were, to take proper care of ourselves, to really study, to make true friends, and to put our faith in a divine power.

The annual Y. W. C. A. reception for entering girls was held Friday evening, September 28th, in Barnes Hall. The hall was crowded with over five hundred girls. After being received by the members of the Advisory Board, the girls were given interpretations of the work of the different Y. W. C. A. committees. Light refreshments were served and the reception ended with the singing of the Alma Mater and the Evening Song.

CORNELL WOMEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB

The Cornell Women's Dramatic Club has elected the following chair-

men for the coming year: Costumes, Elizabeth Alward, '18; properties, Carol Strong, '20; stage manager, Clara Starret, '18; programs, Madolin DeWitt, '19.

THE CORNELL DAILY SUN

The Bulletin has this fall affiliated with the Cornell *Daily Sun*. Representation of the Women's interests on *The Sun* has made the Bulletin no longer necessary, but its staff remains in office to edit the WOMEN'S material. The complete staff now stands:

Women's editor, Alice Street, '19; assistants—Monday, Alice Smith, '20; Tuesday, Elizabeth Reigart, '19; Wednesday, Madolin DeWitt, '19; Thursday, Carol Strong, '20; Friday, Regen Freund, '20; Saturday, Gladys Bleiman, '19; business manager, Harriet Parsons, '19.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

On Saturday, June 9th, the athletic finals were held. First were the crew races on Beebe Lake, for which the girls had worked hard all year. The Seniors, 1917, secured first place, the Freshman, 1920, second, the Juniors, 1918, third, and the Sophomores, 1919, fourth.

From Beebe Lake, all went to the Women's Athletic Field to watch the baseball games. The places in baseball were as follows, first, 1918, second, 1919, third, 1920.

After the races and games were over Rosmond Wolcott, '17, President of Sports and Pastimes, presented the numerals to all girls on the first teams.

The week following, the tennis doubles were played off. The Juniors won first, the Sophomores second, the

UNIVERSITY NOTES

GWENDOLYN JONES '18

Dr. Edith H. Matzke was elected Adviser of Women by the Board of Trustees at the meeting on June twenty-sixth. Dr. Matzke has been acting in the capacity of Adviser of Women during the past year and her present appointment is for the period of one year.

A report to the Trustees, by the University Faculty in reply to the request that the title of the office of Adviser of Women be changed to that of Dean of Women is summarized in the following paragraphs:

"1. The co-educational system, to which Cornell University is committed, assumes that women do not constitute a separate class educationally; and accordingly that it is not desirable or necessary to entrust their education to a separate Faculty, or to appoint a Dean or Director of women's education.

"2. It is undesirable to change the title of Adviser of Women to that of Dean of Women.

"3. It is undesirable to attempt to solve the problems which the presence of women in the University involves, by ignoring existing conditions, and copying the system in vogue at some other institution.

"4. The determination of educational policies and the educational direction of all students, both men and women, should remain in the hands of the Faculties.

"5. It is highly desirable that the Adviser of Women should be an active

teacher of experience and reputation in her profession, or that (as at present) the position should be filled by a woman who is also the medical officer in charge of the health of women students.

"6. The Adviser of Women should *ex officio* be a member of the University Faculty, and when a member of the instructing staff of one of the colleges of the University, she should also be a member of the Faculty of that college.

"7. The relation of the Adviser of Women to educational matters should be the same as that of any other member of the University Faculty; but she should not *ex officio* have any jurisdiction over educational policies, and should not in virtue of that office have any responsibility for the education of women students.

"8. It would not be in accordance with the present scale of salaries at Cornell to appropriate so large an amount as \$5,000 for this position."

A meeting of the Federation of Cornell Women's Clubs was held at Risley Hall on June 23 to hear the report of a committee on the adviser-ship question. Mrs. George D. Crofts presented the report and there was an informal discussion. Miss Mary Pitcher, representative of the Ithaca club, praised the work of Dr. Matzke in the office of Adviser during the last year. After further discussion it was resolved to recommend to Trustee Moody that the office be filled by Dr. Matzke if she would accept it, in order to give her an

opportunity to carry out plans which she had inaugurated.

The 49th Commencement of Cornell in 1917 was unlike any former event of its kind because more than one-half of the graduating class were absent, having already given their services to some branch of the war work. Out of a class of a thousand only a small minority were present and of those many were women. The army and navy uniforms scattered through the student body in lieu of the conventional cap and gown lent an added note of seriousness. Bailey Hall, which in recent years has been far too small to hold the members of the class and their friends, was not filled this year. The omission of Class Day and the usual social events of Commencement week greatly reduced the number of visitors.

The first class to be graduated from the United States Ground School of Military Aeronautics at Cornell, "the class of July 14," was composed of thirty men. The ten having the highest standing were sent directly to France to receive final instruction in the French schools. The remaining were sent to the flying school at Mount Clemens, Michigan.

The number of students in the Cornell Summer Session this year was smaller than that of last year, but in view of the circumstances, no larger than might have been expected. The attendance of teachers was not greatly affected by the war.

The department of Home Economics gave a new course designed to fit persons for performing the duties of supervisors of food conservation.

More than fifty young women took advantage of this opportunity to prepare for duty in the world's war.

The work on the new state Drill Hall is so far completed that the students in the School of Military Aeronautics have been moved from Schoellkopf into the Armory to meet the accommodation requirements for the increasing numbers of entering students and to clear Schoellkopf for the resumption of athletics.

The Cornell Reserve Officers' Training Corps will retain the old Armory for headquarters as heretofore. It is probable that this year's corps will be smaller than last year's as a result of the smaller registration of students in the University. The corps last year totalled 1,807 men and included 16 infantry companies, an engineer company, a machine gun platoon, a sanitary detachment and a band. Under the command of Capt. C. F. Thompson, U. S. A. and Capt. G. R. Harrison, U. S. A., Cornell's R. O. T. C. for 1916-17 was rated in the list of "Distinguished Institutions" for the fourth consecutive time.

This year Lieut-Col. Frank A. Barton, United States Cavalry, retired, an honor graduate of Sibley College in the class of 1891, is commandant of the Cornell Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

Two members of the Cornell Faculty who retired this year have been elected to emeritus professorships. They are George S. Moler, emeritus professor of physics, and R. C. Carpenter, emeritus professor of experimental engineering.

ALUMNAE NOTES

JANE CARROLL

'99—Miss Elsie Engle who taught school at Esparta, Cal., last year will teach this winter in Arcata. She attended the summer session of the University of California.

'02—Mrs. Margaret Schallenberger McNaught, Commissioner of Elementary Schools of Sacramento, Cal., was named by the State Board of Education to represent the board at the convention of the National Education Association in Portland, Oregon, in July. She read a paper on "The Enfranchised Woman Teacher and her Opportunities."

'06—Charlotte Crawford is in France doing secretarial work.

'12—Margaret Conner is in New England testing potatoes.

'12—Laura Mordoff is now living in Ithaca, N. Y.

'12—Mrs. James G. Scott (Marie Beard) has a daughter, Nellie Beard Scott, born August third.

'14—Mrs. Thomas Squier Kraft (Helen Moakley) is living at 43 Philadelphia Ave., Detroit, Mich.

'15—Elizabeth Banks was married to Lieutenant Nix.

'15—Helen Bennett started the first of September to take nurse's training at Bellevue Hospital in New York City.

'15—Hilma Bergholtz announced her engagement to Edwin Frazer Hopkins, '15.

'15—Rose Boochever is doing editing work on the Encyclopedia Britannica in the Lyons Building in Albany, N. Y.

'15—Alice Snow has charge of children's gardens in the schools of Gary, Indiana.

'16—Evelyn Alspach is traveling in the New England States as private secretary to Joseph Hergesheimer.

'16—Iris Bassett was married October eleventh to Stanley Coville, '15.

'16—Edna Beardsley has charge of the extension work in Cortland Co.

'16—Maud Ellis is teaching physical training in Lockport, N. Y.

'16—Marion Gushee has returned to her teaching in the Beechwood School near Philadelphia. This summer she was teaching in the Pocono Mts.

'16—Jean Holmes is in South Carolina for the winter.

'16—Anna Kerr has charge of the extension work of Seneca County.

'16—Arabella Livingston has returned as assistant dean to New Hampshire State College.

'16—Katherine Lyons is engaged to Arthur Mix, '15.

'16—Adelaide Mifflin is teaching in South Amboy, N. J.

'16—Gladys Smith is an Instructor in the Home Economics Department of Cornell.

'16—Ruth Smith is teaching at Morrisville State Agriculture, N. Y.

'16—Marjorie Sweeting is teaching at Webster, N. Y.

'16—Evelyn Thorp is making blood tests under Dr. Allen of Rockefeller Institute preparatory to going abroad this fall.

Continued on page 28

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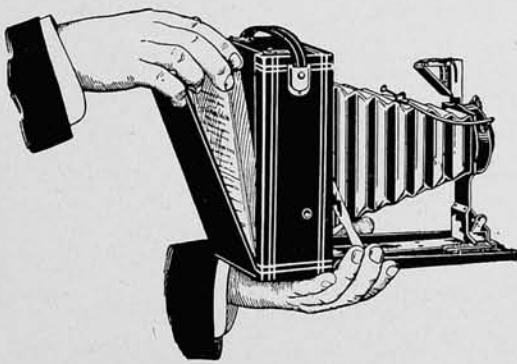
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Activities

Continued from page 17

Freshmen third, and the Seniors fourth place.

By counting all the points for the various sports it was found that the Juniors, 1918, had 18; the Sophomores 1919, 17; the Freshmen, 1920, 9 and the Seniors, 1917, 7 points.

The Sports and Pastimes Council for 1917-18: President, Marcia Grimes, '18; vice-president, Ida Raffloer, '19; secretary, Edith Messinger, '19; treasurer, Elizabeth Neely, '19.

Class representatives: 1918, Irene Gibson; 1919, Elizabeth Reigart; 1920 Gladys Herrick.

The following elections have been made by the undergraduate body for the year 1917-18:

President of Dramatic Club—Dagmar Schmidt.

Census Taker—Sarah Abbott.

President of Sports and Pastimes—Marcia Grimes.

1918

President, Evelyn Hieber; vice-president, Louise Bentley; secretary, Mildred Hills; treasurer, Ella Zurbrick.

1919

President, Mildred Wicker; vice-president, Ida Raffloer; secretary, Esther Funnell; treasurer, Elizabeth Churchyard.

1920

President, Mildred Lamont; vice-president, Dorothy Dodds; secretary, Eleanor George; treasurer, Lois Webster.

HOUSE COMMITTEE

Virginia Phipps, '19, Alice Street, '19, Anna White, '19, Gertrude S.

Sampson, '19, Mary H. Griffin, '20, and Elsa Schloborm, '21, have been elected to Sage House Committee.

Frieda Schœffler, '18 Sophie Harvith, '18, Florence Boochever, '18, Edith Ausman, '18, Mildred Muller, '20, Cora Cook, '20, and Rodney Mason, '21, were elected to Risley House Committee.

Frigga Fylgæ

President, Esther Grimes; vice-president, Edna Dean; secretary, Lois Zimmerman; treasurer, Helen Boole.

THE CLASSES

The annual Class Picnics were held early in October on the north shore of Beebe Lake. All the classes have new songs and are starting the year with great enthusiasm.

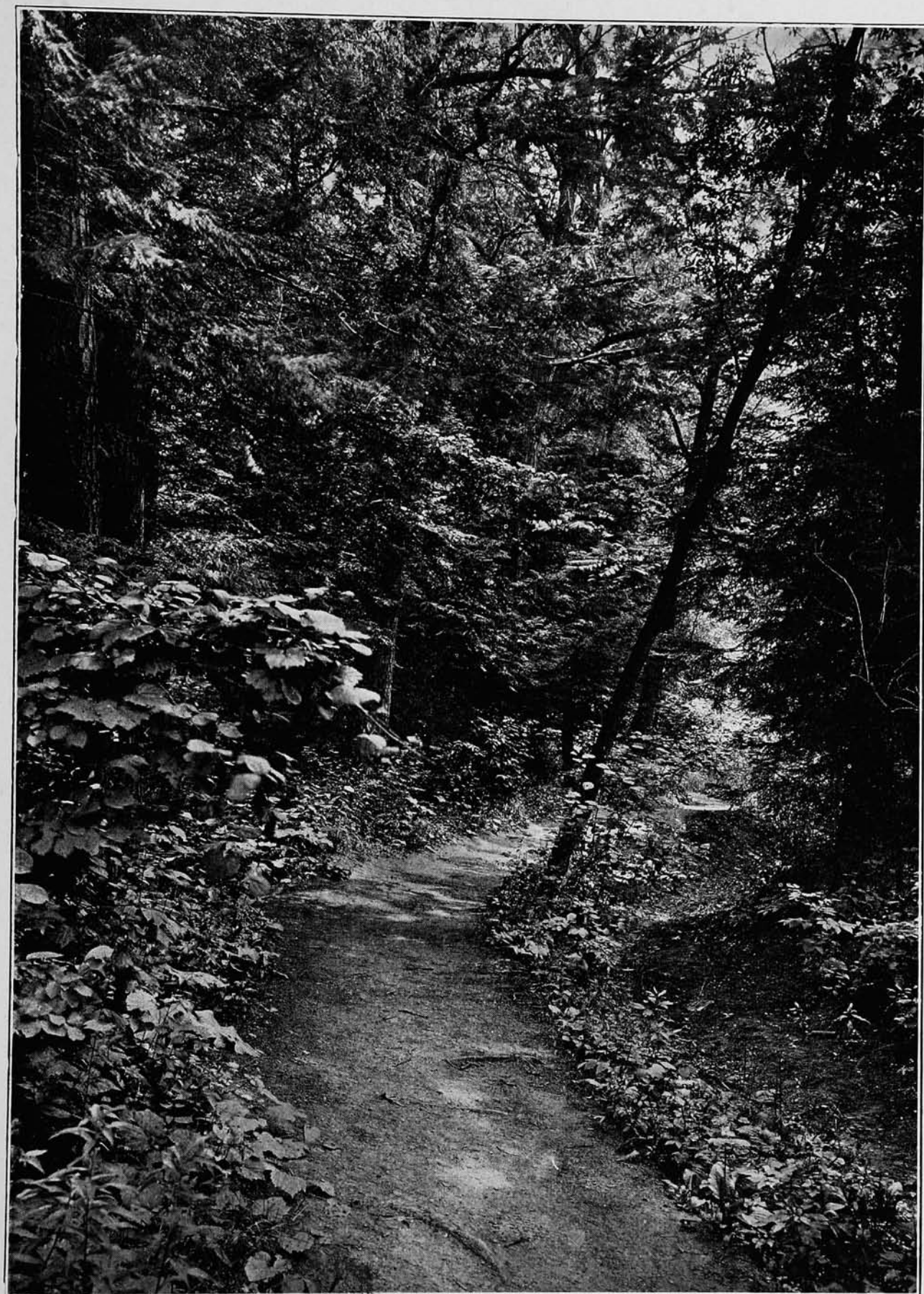
The class cheer leaders are as follows: 1918—Louise Bently, Ruth Williams; 1919—Elizabeth Reigart, Eliza Pollock; 1920—Helen Huie, Cora Cook.

TEAM MANAGERS

Alice Street, '19, has been elected manager of the Junior Hockey team; Agnes Kobuski, '20, of the Sophomore Hockey team, and Helen Huie, '20, has been elected manager of the Sophomore baseball team.

1919

An information committee or Freshmen Advisory Committee was maintained by the Junior Class in Goldwin Smith, Sage, and Risley the first three days of registration. The work of assigning grandmothers to the freshmen was in charge of Gladys Bleiman. It is hoped that this committee may become a permanent institution.



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University Notes

Continued from page 19

The number of women at Cornell University still exceeds the capacity for residence in the halls, Sage and Risley. It has become a matter of the deepest importance to the alumnae and present women students to secure for future women a new residence hall, and to that end much well directed effort has already been spent. A committee of Cornell Women, appointed by the Cornellian Council and working with them, is now engaged in securing subscriptions and contributions for a new dormitory for Cornell women. The request of the committee that the University consent to contribute toward the cost of this dormitory a sum not less than half the cost of the building has been granted by the Board of Trustees. So far the total number of persons who have contributed to the fund is 408, and the total sum subscribed is \$15,050.50. This sum has been collected in spite of the public exigencies which have made it more than difficult to get subscriptions for anything not directly connected with the war.

Charles Lee Crandall, '72, emeritus professor of railway engineering and geodesy in Cornell University, died at his home in Ithaca, on August 25, after a short illness of pneumonia.

"Social Insurance" is the title of the fifth and latest book to be published in the Political Science series of the "Cornell Studies." It is the work of Robert Morse Woodbury, assistant

professor of Economics in the University of Kansas and was written at Cornell in fulfillment of his requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The book is a study of the questions of the burden of insurance and seeks to determine whether the advantages of social insurance are sufficient to warrant the expense.

Henry Augustus Sill, professor of ancient history in Cornell, died on August 13, at New York City, after a brief illness due to heart disease.

Lewis A. Stimson, a member of the Cornell University Medical College in New York City, died very suddenly at his home at Shinnecock Hill, Long Island, on September 17. He was a personal friend of the donor of Stimson Hall, which was named in his honor.

"Cost Finding," by Professor D. S. Kimball of the Department of Machine Design, is the latest of the scientific books published by Cornell Professors. Professor Kimball edited the book for exclusive use as a text book for the Alexander Hamilton Institute. It will comprise one edition of a volume of 24 to be used as an extension industrial course for business men.

Dr. H. W. van Loon, '85, is writing a history of discovery from the earliest times to the founding of colonies in the northern continent of America. The book carries out Dr. van Loon's idea of producing history in the simplest form. It contains over a hundred color plates.

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Alumni Notes

Continued from page 7

'17—Helen Kirkendall is teaching at Randolph, N. Y., and helping with the extension work throughout the county.

'17—Mary Larkin is teaching Spanish at Altantic City.

'17—Araminta MacDonald is doing organization work in Belleville, Ohio.

'17—Mary Pike is taking work for her M.A. degree at Columbia and is also in the Arts Students' League.

'17—Winifred Romer is going to St. Luke's Hospital in New York City to take nurse's training

'17—Phyllis Rudd is doing secretarial work in Geneva, Ill

'17—Rosamond Wolcott is returning to Cornell to do graduate work.

'17—Auleen Russell is doing extension work in Buffalo.

'17—Jeannette Short is in the Secretary's Office at Cornell.

'17—Dorothy Conger Street was married to Lieutenant Murry McConnell, '18, N.S.R. at N. Y on Aug. 11. They are living in Dayton, Ohio.

'17—Edna Sutton has gone to Cleveland to teach Home Economics in the High School.

'17—Virginia Van Brunt has a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad in New York City.

'17—Maude Van Natta is teaching at Farrington, Maine.

'17—Elizabeth Rowlee is in the Business Office of the Home Economics Department at Cornell.

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Alumnæ Notes

Continued from page 28

'16—Helen Van Keuren is at Syracuse in charge of the war emergency work in dietetics.

'17—Helen Adams is at Watkins Glen as head dietitian of the Glen Spring Hotel.

'17—Mary Albertson is assistant director of the dining room in Risley Hall, Cornell University.

'17—Mabel Baldwin is sub-warden in one of the outside houses and is assisting in the business office of Sage College.

Ex '17—Edith Boyd is in Wanamaker's in New York.

'17—Anne Bristol is doing social settlement work in Waverly, Mass.

'17—Edna Cassel is with the Philadelphia Recreation Board.

'17—Ruth Chapelle is studying buying in Wanamaker's, New York.

'17—Helen Davis was married in July to Sidney Walcott, '16.

'17—Ruth Davis is business manager of a farm in Little Falls, N. Y.

'17—Fay Edwards is teaching languages in Gloversville, N. Y.

'17—Vi Graham is teaching in the High School at Carson, Va.

'17—Marion Hess is doing extension work in Oneida County, N. Y.



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THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III

NOVEMBER, 1917

NO. 2

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IN THE RANKS
RODNEY MASON, '21

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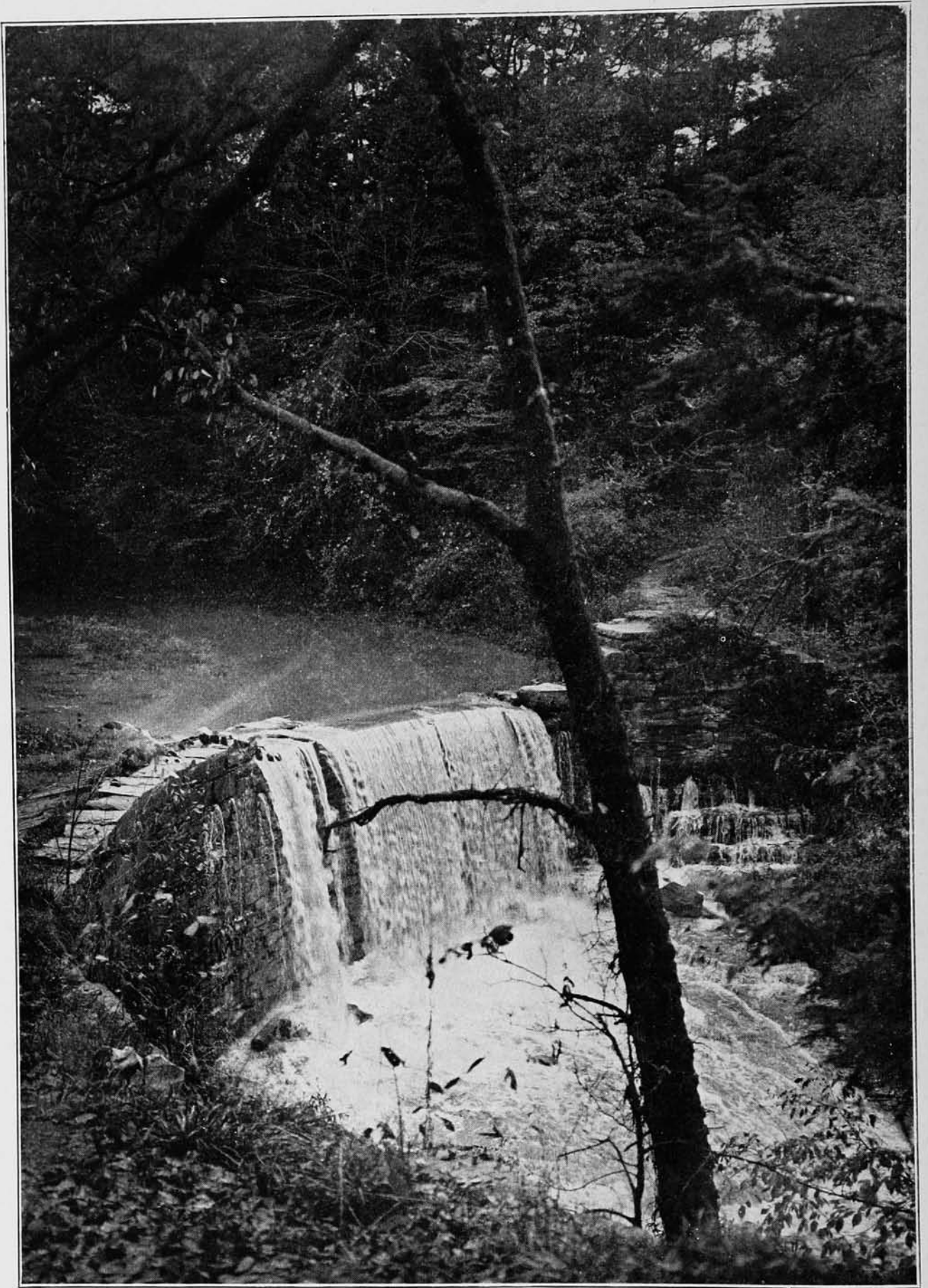
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FALLS AT WOMEN'S ATHLETIC FIELD

THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III.

ITHACA, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 2

A Very Present Help

LESLIE NATHAN BROUGHTON, Assistant Professor of English

Few thoughtful minds in these melancholy and unnatural days are at ease. For the majority, as the clouds have gathered and the shadows deepened, the former good cheer and glad confidence in life have given place to sorrow and apprehension. Under the depressing burden in the thickening gloom, when sadly and reluctantly we must retrace the path of progress along which but yesterday we hurried with cheer and firmness of purpose, now at every turn confronted with ruined aspirations, wasted efforts, altered careers, and new and unpleasant duties when the arts of peace must give way to the arts of war and waste; when "Christian love" looks "the twin of heathen hate"; when man reels back into the beast, and civilization itself totters on the brink of ruin, they must take thought who would retain their mental poise and attended by faith, hope, and charity, pursue the even tenor of the path of duty.

But how take thought and whither turn? "The gay will laugh," the fool will jest, "and each one as before will chase his favorite phantom." Should either by chance take thought of the morrow or remember his brother in the hour of need, he would speedily seek forgetfulness in the realm of idle diversions, empty amusements, and sensual indulgence. Abandon hope for such as enter here, unworthy as

they are to hear themselves convinced, unconcerned as they are in fighting the good fight, finishing the course, and keeping the faith. They will continue as they have begun, bewitching a dwarfed intellect into forgetfulness, a benumbed conscience into eternal quietude, laying up for themselves no treasures anywhere.

But not so with those who think and agonize over the world-tragedy. Idle amusements and forced merriment are to them but shallow mockery, a reckless debauch of mind and spirit, engendered of desperation, "ignoble ease and peaceful sloth, not peace." The thoughtful mind seeks not rest alone, but enduring strength and fortitude of spirit;

"for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity?"

But whither turn for that "sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever," for that hidden strength the world knows not of?

The press of to-day is but a mad echo of the raging tumult. Its ephemeral books and periodicals contain but a grain of truth hid in a bushel of chaff. Important history is daily made, but not written. The great historian Time, who reveals truth but to obscure it again, has scarcely begun the present task. With him we would patiently seek the truth and shun the madness,

comprehend at once, through the dust-cloud that blinds our vision, the stern and pressing duties of the hour. For one of a sensible and sensitive nature to continue day after day reading and talking of hate and lust, inexpressible atrocities and sufferings, the slaughter of defenceless communities and vast armies, the blotting out of small nations, and the slow attrition and ultimate ruination of mighty ones, will not do. "That way madness lies," a hardening and callousing of all the finer sensibilities and wholesome optimism that make life worth living. He who would live as he should, feel as he should, think as he should, and hope as he should, must occasionally seek mental diversion and a brief retirement from the world that he may see the world in its proper perspective and catch a vision of a deeper and broader life.

The times that try men's souls are the times that try men's education, physical, intellectual, moral, and religious—in a word, liberal, for a liberal education is a combination of all four. Liberal means free and a liberal education means freedom from physical weakness, from ignorance, from depravity, from impiety; freedom from impaired or ruined sensibilities, from petty cares and troubles, from pessimism and misanthropy, from hate and temptation. A liberal education should leave its possessor strong and free in the most trying circumstances and darkest hours to think and act with calmness, to breathe the pure serene, to see the silver lining, to hear the still small voice, and to know that

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

He who has the rudiments of a liberal education knows a source of strength

and inspiration in the dark days that are upon us. The great authors of the past are his friends, ever ready to share his deepest thoughts and commune with his broken spirit. In their benign presence

"The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait."

"There is a society," as Ruskin pointedly reminds us, "continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. . . . Kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience but to gain it! . . . Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entree* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty of every place and time?"

Once at home with this illustrious company, how sickening will then sound the inane babble of the maddening throng, the empty gossip of the club and gaming table, the "barbarous dissonance" of the fanatics of sport, and the stilted chatter of the world of fashion. In this august society but a little lower than the angels, we may find a guide for our every passion, encouragement for our every virtue, and strength for our every weakness. The wisdom of the ages is an open scroll before us; the wisest of the past are present to lead us in the paths of truth.

How thankful we should be that our immortal friends are not all alike; that they are not all Shakespeares or Miltons or Wordsworths; that even the patriarchs and prophets of the infant world, whose lips were touched with the living coal, sit in company with more modern children of light, the seers and bards of the ages. One

stands ready to conduct us from the dark mazes of earth to the bright realms of paradise; another to lay bare the secrets of the human heart; another to "justify the ways of God to men"; another to reveal the beauty and divinity of Nature; another to prove that "Beauty is truth, and truth beauty"; another to herald "one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves"; and another to assure us that "There shall never be one lost good." "On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round."

"What passion cannot music raise and quell?" Every temperament, race, and language have their master-singers, and every one who will may hear them "speak in his own language" "the wonderful works of God," and sing in his own key the melodies that he loves:

"The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony";

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute."

As the music dies away and we reluctantly (for we may not tarry long) leave the charmed circle, the kings and queens of thought, the master-singers of earth, to take our turn at the front face to face with the stern realities and duties of life, how altered shall we go, with a celestial harmony still sounding in our ears and attuning our souls to fortitude and composure, with the profoundest wisdom still the burden of our thoughts and unerring guide of our acts, with the love of right, the hate of wrong, and the fear of God impelling us irresistibly to victory! Where now are those fears and doubts and heart-aches that but recently beset us? "Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon."

SUNSET

A streak of gold across the lake near by,
Soft shades of rainbow tint along the dark'ning sky,
A ball of fire low in the West,—
The sun is setting, 'tis time for rest.

G. B., '19.

Remembrance

By JOHANNA DIECKMANN, '20

Distance lends enchantment. The farther I grow from the days of my childhood the less vivid become the disagreeable things, as compared with the joys, the happy hours, and the games.

When I was a child, toys gave me joy only as they gave an opportunity to exercise ingenuity. My dolls, I fear, though I owned seven or eight, led an unhappy existence, for I never dressed them or bestowed much attention upon them. I had quantities of toys, however, of a simple sort—plenty of furniture to set up housekeeping several times over. There were a table and chairs, dishes, a dresser, china closet, a stove which, curiously enough, never in my remembrance had enough lids, and goodness knows what beside. The nucleus of the collection was inherited from an older cousin who was his mother's only child, and had domestic tendencies.

But the chief joy was a sand bin which was freshly filled every spring. It offered such a variety of possibilities! A board for a counter, some moulds, and a box for an oven, and the sand bin became the baker's flour and sugar bin. Or, with the aid of a few rocks, the garden hose for a fountain, long stemmed grasses for trees, we became landscape gardeners, reproducing Japanese gardens, the Sahara Desert, or a well-stocked farm, with equal zest. Fairy palaces could be built only in late summer when it grew dark before bed-time, and were a rare delight because mother objected to the sloppy state of the

bin during the ensuing three days. All the sand was used to build a great palace with many windows, the bin was flooded, and tiny candles were floated on sticks inside and outside the palace—a magnificent spectacle!

Our games always had a dramatic flavor. When we played "house" we passed through experiences which would have shattered the nerves of any ordinary family. Fire and flood were common occurrences, ship-wrecks were in vogue for a long time after I read "Swiss Family Robinson"; a doll funeral always offered pleasant diversion. In the last game, the doll, dressed in her best, was buried in the garden plot, using an old suit-case for a coffin. I always insisted when we played "house" on being "father," much to my brother's disgust, but as I was larger and stronger than he, I could effectually enforce my claim, which was, in fact, based on superior size. I was perfectly willing to cede the position to any boy of my own age and size or to a larger girl, but to a younger brother,—never! It was probably because of this position in the family that my own dolls fared so badly. When I could not be "father," I always chose the part of long lost brother, ship-wrecked uncle, minister, doctor, or maiden aunt who fainted at every crisis.

"Nathan and Jane" was a favorite game. These two characters together with a large family, were pioneers in the wilderness. Nathan (myself) and the sons would start from home (the sand bin) on a hunting trip,

passing through canons (the alley way) and over mountains (the fence, which had to be climbed when mother was not looking that way) to the forest (the prune tree in the back yard). When the kill was made, Nathan raised an old shirt on the end of a long pole, to indicate the trysting tree (a mixture of "Grimm's Twelve Brothers" and "Robin Hood"), the sons returned to fetch their mother and sisters and the sand cakes, which together with the game made up the dinner.

Festival days stand out vividly in my memory—Christmas, Easter, Fourth of July, birthdays, Hallowe'en, St. Valentine's Day. We always had a tree at Christmas time. The candles were lighted and the old carols sung on Christmas Eve; then we enjoyed the pretty lights for a while (we youngsters as patiently as we could) before receiving our gifts. One Christmas Eve old Father Christmas, and his wife, if you please, visited us. I can remember that he brought my aunt a jumping-jack, and made little cousin Willie, who was a very bad boy, say his prayers, and that I crept under my father's chair. On birthdays there were family parties when the nineteen cousins romped together, and their respective parents forgot

their differences on political, religious, and financial questions and chatted amicably. We younger cousins used to "act out" books, particularly "Little Men," because it offered so many characters to choose from, I suppose; or, wickedly aping our elder cousins, play at "lovers." We paired off very nicely, because there was an even number. All are scattered now,— "Some are married, some are dead;" a bare half dozen are all that can be collected in one place. Last time I saw cousin Bill (no longer little Willie) we danced to the "Missouri Waltz," but I doubt whether either of us enjoyed the party as much as in the days when we played "Button, Button" or "Marching to Jerusalem."

Happy, happy days! The disappointments, the punishments, the weary hours of piano drumming, the oppressive sense of personal sin when I had been naughty (I was well grounded, you see, in doctrine), the regular Saturday's dusting, the breakfast dishes, the lessons I couldn't do, the teachers who were cross—all these things are forgotten but the merry times, the happy hours, the plays and games, the festivals stay with me like the fragrance of flowers, and bring joy whenever I recall them.



In the Ranks

RODNEY MASON, '21

Theodore crouched behind the trench, and vainly strove to look over it without showing himself. When he discovered the impossibility of this endeavor, he sat down with his face still towards "No-Man's Land."

It was a windless day. If there had been any trees left in that vicinity, not a leaf on them would have been stirring. The sun shone, and fluffy white clouds floated in the blue expanse overhead.

No orders had been given that morning, and Theodore, as he crouched in his little crevice, visualized the day's work. He could hear the faint rap-rap of the field telegraph which was a short distance away; then the soft whistle from the officer of the day and the commands given to the various lieutenants. He saw the men, himself included, loosening their cartridge clips in their cases,—softly swinging the bolts of their rifles back and forth, and preparing, in all other fashions to go "over the top." The call "Charge!" sounded. He hurled himself up madly—dragging his rifle after him, and so, found himself at last in the position in which he had so often imagined himself. He involuntarily ducked and hesitated as the whine-whine-whir-r-r of bullets became strikingly evident. Then the cheering cry of his lieutenant rang in his ears. He put down his head and went on. Automatically his mind received orders to fire, and automatically he obeyed them. As he fired, ran, fired, ran, fired, ran,

he wondered dully what would happen if the officer should be wounded. He found out, for, with a half-choked cry the officer straightened up suddenly and then crumpled as if hit by the fist of some giant. Theodore, with the calmness of desperation, ran to his side, bent over him, and found that he was bleeding profusely from his shoulder. With the same stony calm, Theodore took out his first aid packet, and fastened the compress over the wound. He stood up, threw his patient over his shoulder, and started back to his trench. A machine gun joined in the chorus,—R-R-Ripp—What was that? Someone had punched him in the back. No, it must have been something else; he had a nasty numb feeling in the back of his neck, and there was a taste of blood in his throat. There was the trench, and eager hands stretched up to receive his burden. He carefully relinquished it. This act accomplished, with the same nicety and precision he fell forward on his face. Blackness.

Then—there was a loud "whuff" behind him, a hot breath blew down his collar, and —

"Confound it, fellows, if you think I'm going to be a soldier in your old sham battles and have these old cows come up and try to kiss me, you're 'way off the track. Besides, what's the fun when there's nobody to fight against? Let's go off and play ball!

Minimum Wages

MATHILDE ROSENBLUTH, '18

On November 7th we gained a great victory! The *New York Times*, which still hopes in the depths of its conservative heart of hearts that the women, in spite of their newly-gained political rights, will turn Antis, admitted on its front page that we won by 94,000 majority! The feeling of joy has given place to a feeling of indifference. We are dully aware of the fact that a great world-war is being fought on the other side of the Atlantic, and those of us who are patriotic are knitting sweaters, dreamily.

The price of sugar is going up,—in New York City some people are unable to obtain it;—shoes are twice as high as they used to be two years ago and of a very inferior quality; milk is too expensive to be bought in reasonable quantities by many families, for the supply of this all-important food has decreased greatly and the demand therefor has decreased more than even the supply because of its high price, and the farmers are being forced to sell their cows.

This increase in prices affects college students as well as people not in college. Especially does it bear down heavily upon the college student who must support herself to be enabled to pursue a university career. For such a student it is a hardship to be obliged to pay so much more for stationery, for books, for shoes, for gloves. And to meet her expenses, she is paid the starvation wage of fifteen cents an hour. I must say "starvation," for, considering it in the light of working eight

hours per day at fifteen cents an hour, she earns no more than one dollar twenty cents! The student, before engaging herself to do telephone work, or elevator work, is told that she may do any studying she has while attending to her duties; whether she can do any work requiring a reasonable amount of concentration, is an open question. I have myself been telephone and elevator girl in Sage College this summer, and I found that the few hours I had free had to be employed in studying at the library or in my room, in absolute quiet.

I know that the wage of fifteen cents an hour is the result of competition. The price might have remained twenty cents, if there had not been some students who were willing to give their services for less. As it always happens in the matter of wages, there are some people who, considering no more than their own selfish interests, will engage themselves at the lowest possible wage,—a wage just large enough to keep them from losing their respectability. They pat themselves on the back for not being forced to beg and for being able to make a decent appearance in the eyes of their fellowmen. Inwardly they are glad that they have enough to eat; that they sleep well; that their consciences do not trouble them. They feel that they have done well; that they have done their duty as separate individuals in society. Whether or not society is glad that they have acted in such manner does not disturb them. But society

is hurt thereby, immeasurably hurt. The employer counts upon a certain percentage of profit; he raises his standard of living with every increase of profit,—one of the sources of which is a low wage,—and, even though he is well acquainted with the fact that the slightest rise in the cost of living means terrible hardships for the laborer, he is not convinced that that is sufficient cause for his raising wages. It is merely theory to him. The employee must protest with his fellow employees through a trade-union; the protest cannot be effective unless a strike is declared; and the employer, one can rest assured, does not arbitrate the matter as speedily as might be desired, for the very obvious reason that not he, but his employee, is forced to suffer dire want. It is because of these conditions that we have such an organization as the I. W. W., the members of which insist on obtaining their labor rights, and try to obtain them in the quickest, if not in the most laudable way, possible, by the use of direct action. We can only prevent such measures by anticipating them. The wages are not for us alone, they are for others also; they affect not only you or me, they affect hundreds of thousands who might need the money more than we need it. It is not a question of fifteen cents or twenty cents an hour; it is a question of principle. It is our duty as members of a social unit, not only to demand a fair living wage for ourselves, but for our neighbors as well. Our need for the comforts of life should not overshadow that of those around us;—if anything theirs should overshadow ours.

A fair wage scale for all working

women can only become a vital issue for each of us outside of college,—an issue that will always enlist our sympathy and co-operation,—by becoming a vital issue here, here in this university community. A girl who is glad to accept fifteen cents an hour here will in almost every case be glad to accept a six hundred dollar position as a teacher. And she, a college graduate, will accept the same salary as a graduate from a business school in New York City, who rarely has more than a grammar school education!

Even though the profits made from running the dormitories go towards the upkeep of the university, and paying the student fifteen cents per hour means a greater income to the university than if it paid twenty, I feel that conditions are now such that the University ought to consider itself bound to increase the wages of its employees. Strange to say, private families insist on paying twenty cents, or even twenty-five cents an hour, for student help, even where it concerns merely the taking care of children evenings,—which entails nothing more than keeping watch over them while they are asleep,—while the university itself offers no more than fifteen!

I have always had great faith in the university as an institution devoted not only to the cause of higher education, but also to the preaching of the gospel of truth, of high ideals, of doing the right. To it we all turn our eyes for an example on conduct; we all consider it fit to be imitated by everyone. I desire, above all things, to see my Alma Mater a shining example to all the world, in the true sense of the word. But

Continued on page 60

STUDENT OPINION

COMPETITIONS AND THE FRATERNITY

Election to a great many of the boards and committees in student activities is based upon competition. Each organization has its own constitution with its own method of running a competition to gain new members. But fundamentally they are all the same. Each strives to put the best girl in the place. To accomplish this end the competition runs for several weeks and often months. The work turned in by the competitor, her attitude and interest in it, her general ability and efficiency are all considered in the final decision.

It seems fair, yet there is great discussion. And the trouble is in the question as to whom the competition is open. To everybody, of course. Nevertheless there must be restrictions. And as unfair as these restrictions seem, they are connected with fraternity. To be sure it is placing too much emphasis on fraternity. But it is necessary and the facts are self-evident.

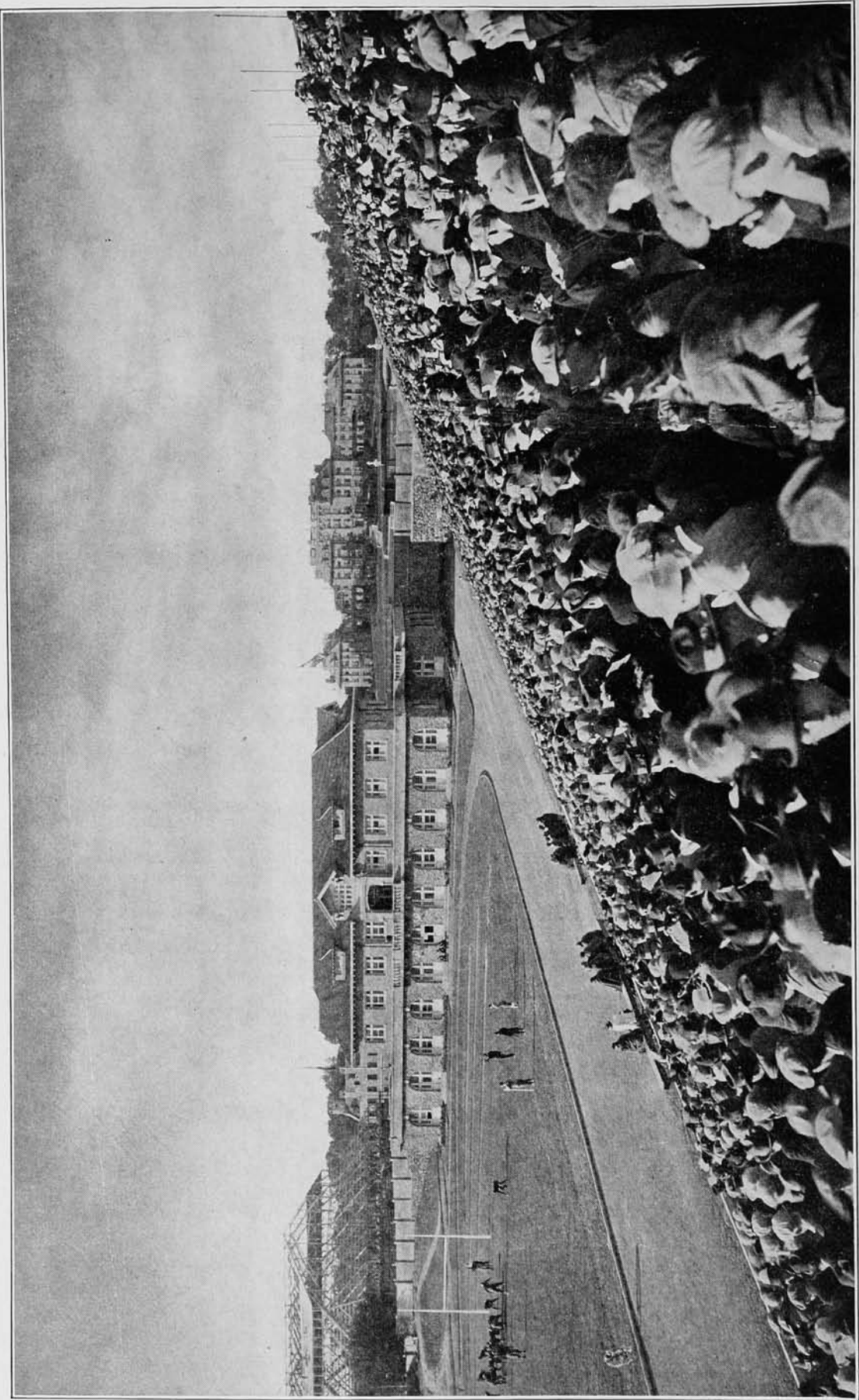
When a man opens a competition for manager of a major sport, for instance, does his fraternity brother enter it? Never. It is too easy to slip a little extra over to a fraternity pal, to give him a lift over a hard place, to put advantages in his way. At the dinner table he has opportunity to discuss the matter and exchange ideas. Around the house the Frosh can do the bidding of the older man and thus the intimate touch of fraternity, the personal contact with the man outside can slip in and is bound to make a difference, giving one man an unfair advan-

tage over all the other competitors.

It is often held that one of the assets of fraternity life is the backing it gives a man who would otherwise be shy and reserved. The encouragement of a group of friends will urge a man forward into the field of activities. It gives him something to stand on. But it is an insult to say a man won because the man at the head was a fraternity brother. The credit belongs to the individual and he should win it for himself. That is why he does not enter the competition his fraternity brother is managing.

So it should be with the girls. It seems unreasonable to think that because a girl in one fraternity holds a position no one from her house, no matter how capable, can go out for a competition for that position for next year. This of course, does not apply to student offices filled by election from the student body, but only for offices filled by competition. Yet we should be square and realize the unfair disadvantage it gives to other girls. We should be willing to forego the pleasure of entering a competition our fraternity sister is running and turn our attention to something else. Our number of activities has increased so much in the last few years that there are plenty of positions open without everyone going out for the same one. We must accept the disadvantages of fraternity as well as look for the advantages. We must play an open game and give everybody a chance. It is only thus that we can get the right spirit in competitions.

'19.



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The Vocational Bureau of Guidance and Recommendation is one of the exceptionally useful ways in which the University aims to assist its women students in their chosen lines of work. The bureau was established in 1915 by the Trustees to acquaint the women with courses already available in the University leading to vocational training and to present opportunities for securing positions in fields other than the teaching profession. The vocational field for women has been so broadened by the necessities of war that the bureau has been extraordinarily increased since its organization. The Adviser of Women, as a member of the committee, is in a position to directly utilize the bureau in answering the demands for positions from the graduating women. The requests for college women to fill positions are varied and numerous; those made most recently have come from a publishing house, and from an automobile concern wanting women draftsmen.

Each year the bureau has authorized a Vocational Conference with well known speakers who address the University women on the subject of vocations. Similar conferences are held at many other colleges and are events of special importance to the student body. The lectures concern the prerequisite training needed by the undergraduate as well as the actual opportunities in the vocational field for the graduate. At a time like the present when individual responsibility is felt by each one, vocational work should be of prime interest. At Cornell, although the lecturers have been prominent in their respective fields, the women have attended the meetings in such few numbers as to argue lack of vital interest on their part. It was to gage the situation that a vote was taken to ascertain the number favoring the continuation or the abandonment of the conference for this year. The majority favoring its continuance was decidedly high. Whether the women will uphold their own decision is still a matter of the

future. If the lecturers receive the support to be expected from the number of students here, Cornell women will be doing something toward removing the reflection which they have brought upon themselves by seeming to be bound up in their personal and narrow orbits, complacently neglectful of the world and their share in it as citizens.

The Dormitory Fund has been increased by means of a patriotic measure during the Liberty Loan week of October 22-27. The undergraduate women who could afford to contribute something toward, but who could not undertake to purchase a \$50 bond, put their contributions together and presented the bonds subscribed to the Cornellian Council in trust for the Dormitory Fund.

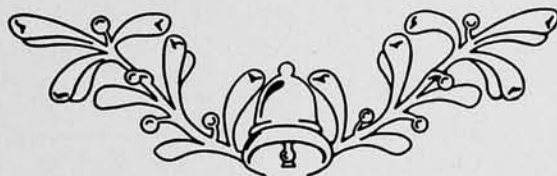
Organizations also subscribing for Liberty Bonds were Sports and Pastimes, the Women's Dramatic Club, L. O. V. and Student Government. Bonds were likewise purchased by sororities and individual women. Altogether one hundred and three bonds, making a total of \$5,150, were contributed by the women. Since the college student is dependent for her expenses upon her family in the main, this sum of \$5,150 loaned to the nation represents the willing sacrifice of allowances or of time and effort in earning money on the part of the subscribers.

To appreciate the thought and expression of the best literature and to be able to reproduce in part like writings, is in some measure the ideal of everyone. A charm of expression, a grace of thought, forcefulness of structure and the personal touch are found combined in the good book and are the tools of the good author. The literary standard is a common torch which, for the civilization of the race, must be borne aloft by all. But it is mainly women who, thru an enthusiasm surpassing that of men, place and uphold the literary standard. During this critical and protracted period of warfare and materialism, it is especially imperative that the women of the community maintain the standard. Here lies the significance of THE REVIEW, for through the medium of a publication literary expression may be encouraged and improved. THE REVIEW is the only Cornell publication which has as an aim the fostering of undergraduate writing of literary merit. Hence THE REVIEW is an indispensable asset to the college community.

What has so far seldom been taken into account, is the valuable training accruing to those who edit the magazine. The editors must establish a standard in order to decide what material is to be accepted and what ruled out; they must mold their public to an appreciation of this standard; they themselves must write, correctly if not brilliantly; they must form an organized body to carry on their work efficiently. And to do this requires initiative, capacity, enthusiasm and dependability. With the supervision of faculty advisers from the English department the work may be as useful as that given in the department itself, and it has a more practical interest to many students. When the editors assume their full responsibilities and prove that as much study goes to the editing of the REVIEW as to a prescribed English course, there is no reason why the senior

members of future boards should not in time receive University credit. These facts should be a stimulus for increased effort to those entering the editorial competitions this month. Let it be remembered that THE REVIEW offers a broad field adapted to many individual interests where work counts for pleasure and training with the tangible result the publication of THE CORNELL REVIEW, itself.

The last day for payment of subscriptions to THE REVIEW at the rate of \$1.50 is December 15. Thereafter the price is raised to \$2.00.



ACTIVITIES

LOUISE HAMBURGER, '19

THE MEANING OF THE PHYSICAL PREPAREDNESS PLEDGE

The purpose of the Physical Preparedness Pledge is to better the physical condition of the women so that they will be ready to serve their country and humanity. Eight hours of rest is necessary to maintain good health. These eight hours need not be taken at one stretch necessarily, but must be obtained sometime within every twenty-four hours.

Aside from the bad effect of eating sweets between meals, the shortage of the food supply at the present time should be taken into consideration. The abstinence demanded in the pledge refers to sweets such as candy, cake and the like, but fruit may be eaten as freely as desired. Refreshments at parties are an exception to this rule.

The meetings of the Physical Preparedness Club will be held twice a week, from seven to eight o'clock. The girls living in or near Sage will meet in the Gym, those living in Risley and the surrounding neighborhood will meet in the Recreation Room. The first ten minutes will be taken up by marching and setting up exercises. A brisk walk will then be taken, irrespective of the weather. There will be long hikes about twice a month on Saturday afternoons. Week-end camping trips may be attempted in the Spring.

The Unit will be organized somewhat as the army, that is, there will

be captains, lieutenants and so forth. Every girl should carefully consider this opportunity offered to improve her health and to train in discipline, for her personal benefit as well as that of her country.

Y. W. C. A.

Under the direction of the Y. W. C. A., Bible study classes are being conducted in the dormitories and organized houses. The following is the program for the first eight weeks.

Sage—1920-'21 classes, room 104, Sunday at 9:15 a. m.; upperclasses in the Reading Room, leader Elizabeth Cook, '19.

Risley—1920-'21 classes, room 230, Sunday at 8 p. m., leaders Marcia Grimes and Sarah Abbott, '18; upperclasses in room 317 with Marion Pharo, '19, as leader.

111 Oak Avenue Sunday at 9 A. M., leaders Irene Gibson, '18, Ruth Aldridge, '20, and Naomi Jones, '20.

Cayuga Lodge and Mrs. Mason's—Sunday at 9:15 P. M., leader Hyla Watters.

Kappa Kappa Gamma and Alpha Phi, Sunday morning leaders Elizabeth Reigart, '19, and Marion Irish, '20.

Kappa Alpha Theta, Sunday mornings, leader Virginia Switzer, '19.

Kappa Delta, Sunday mornings, leader Margaret Van Nuys, '19.

Delta Gamma, Sunday mornings, leaders Helen Acomb, '20, and Mildred Wicker, '19.

Delta Delta Delta, Sunday morning, leader Vera Spencer, '19.

Weekly Prayer Meetings are held on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 in Barnes Hall. The speakers are selected by a committee of twelve and are always most interesting. Every one is urged to attend these meetings.

THE WOMEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB

The Cornell Women's Dramatic Club, through its president, Dagmar Schmidt, '18, presented a large flag to the leaders of the Red Cross Unit. The flag hangs over Barnes Hall, the University headquarters. The Club has invested \$150 in Liberty Bonds as its bit in the war. In order to do this, the co-operation of all the girls is necessary. Every one should buy a season ticket (\$.50) which entitles her to associate membership and to admission to the several one-act plays which will be given during the year in Risley Recreation Room.

KEPURAI CLUB

A tea for all the women of the Architecture and Landscape Art Departments, was given by the Kepurai Club in Sage Hall on October twelfth. The Kepurai Club is composed of girls of the Landscape Art Department. The officers are: President, Dorothy Gray; Vice-president, Virginia Phipps. Meetings are held every two weeks to discuss subjects pertaining to Landscape Art and every girl of this department is urged to attend. This year's meetings promise to be of unusual interest. Prominent landscape artists have been invited to address the club and letters from alumnae are to be read.

A. T. A.

A. T. A. stands for the Greek words meaning "off the hill," and membership to the club is open to the girls not living in dormitories or organized houses. The purpose of the club is to get the outside girls together. Meetings are held once a month. A dance is given usually in the winter and a hay-ride just before finals in June. A welcome to the Freshmen and plans for the year will be given at the next meeting on November 5. All outside girls are cordially invited to be present and to enjoy the companionship of A. T. A.

L. O. V.

The L. O. V. girls held their first meeting of the year at the home of Dr. Matzke. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: president, Rose Kroener, '19; vice-president, Ida Gillett, '19; student treasurer, Caroline Leach, '19; student secretary, Nellie Tallman, '19; chairman of membership committee, Margretta Farley, '19.

L. O. V. stands for the Latin words *Labor Omnia Vincit*. It is a club of the girls in the University who are working their way through college.

A \$50 Liberty Bond was bought and paid for by the club. On Nov. 1 a co-operative service station was maintained at Barnes Hall. Through this station girls received work and turned over the money earned to the L. O. V. girls to help buy another bond. The interest on the bonds is being used to aid needy members of the club.

CLASSES

1918

Evelyn Hieber was elected manager

Continued on page 59

UNIVERSITY NOTES

GWENDOLYN JONES '18

When President Schurman gave his annual address on the first day of instruction, September 27, he announced, in accordance with his custom, the number enrolled up to noon of that day. A decline of about thirty per cent in the enrollment of students was indicated by the early figures. At that hour there were 3,355 students registered in the University at Ithaca—a loss of 1,391 in comparison with the corresponding hour last year, when the number had been 4,746. The greatest proportion of this loss is in the ranks of the old students, as was to be expected.

The fraternities of the community are suffering hardships in the loss of many upperclassmen. These organizations have only a small fraction of the normal number this year. Chapters which ordinarily would re-assemble with twenty-five or thirty active members are reporting anywhere from three or four to twelve or fifteen. The serious situation for the fraternities is the financial decrease. The last ten years have seen many chapters established here, many pieces of property purchased, and houses built for fraternity use—houses designed to hold from twenty-five to forty or more persons. In providing these homes for their members, chapters in many cases have gone into debt and consequently the situation is serious.

The Cornellian Council designated the week of October 22-27 as Cornell Liberty Loan Week. During those six days, which included the National Liberty Loan campaign, Cornellians throughout the country were asked to buy Liberty Bonds for the Cornell Alumni Fund. Regular subscribers to the Alumni Fund whose annual subscriptions amounted to \$50 or more were asked to pledge their next subscriptions in the form of a Liberty Bond. Cornellians who are contributing less than \$50 a year to the Alumni Fund or who are not making regular yearly contributions were asked to make a contribution this year in the form of a Liberty Bond. The Cornellian Council has adopted this plan for the double purpose of stimulating the sale of Liberty Bonds and of increasing the income of the Alumni Fund at a time when Cornell University needs all the support its alumni can give it. Two weeks after the close of the Cornell Liberty Loan Week, the Cornellian Council will announce the result by cities.

Fraternities of women students have taken houses for their members to a larger extent than ever before. This fall eight fraternities are established in houses of their own. They are Alpha Omicron Pi, Alpha Phi, Delta Delta, Delta Gamma, Delta Zeta, Kappa Alpha Theta, Kappa Delta and Kappa Kappa Gamma. This method of providing houses has

been approved by the University authorities, under definite regulations, for the reason that Sage and Risley Halls have long been insufficient for the women students and the registration of women has been continuously increasing.

The program of the *Cornell Daily Sun* for this year is one of great usefulness. It has subscribed for an increased Associated Press service, and being the only morning newspaper published in Ithaca, justly feels entitled to an increased patronage from the town. In order still more to deserve such patronage, it is publishing a page of Ithaca news every morning. A department for the women students has also been established and the names of two women, an editor and business manager, appear on the caption heading. A competition among the women students is being held to select two women correspondents for next year.

Mrs. Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale spoke on Equal Suffrage at Bailey Hall, Tuesday evening, October 23, under the auspices of the Cornell Equal Suffrage Club.

Leaves of absence for the year 1917-1918 were granted by the administration committee to Professor George Young, Jr., '00, of the College of Architecture; and Professor Ernest Merritt, '86, of the department of Physics, both of whom are engaged in work for the government; and to Mr. L. L. Silverman, instructor in mathematics who is in the service of the committee of public safety of the state of Massachusetts.

The Department of Music of the University announces the following series of concerts for this season, to be given in Bailey Hall: October 29, Fritz Kreisler; November 24, The Philadelphia Orchestra with ninety-four players and Leopold Stokowski, conductor; December 14, Louis Graveure, barytone; January 24, Ethel Leginska, pianist.

Dr. Arthur William Ficscher, '98, of Pultneyville, N. Y. is the author of a volume of poems "Lake Breezes," lately published by Shurman, French & Co., of Boston. There are altogether thirty-two poems, one of which is entitled "The Chimes of Cornell."

"Shakespearean Playhouses," a History of English Theatres from the Beginnings to the Restoration" has recently been published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co. Professor Joseph Quincy Adams of the English Department of Cornell University is the author. Professor Adam's work deals with seventeen regular and five temporary or projected playhouses and gives the history of each in full. A noteworthy feature of the volume is found in the illustrations. This is the only work which completely discusses Shakespearean Playhouses, the only other book dealing even in part with the topic—Ordesti's "The Early London Theatres in the Fields" was written a quarter of a century ago.

The Cornell Dramatic Club, following its policy of last year, of presenting one-act plays in Goldwin Smith B at short intervals throughout the year, staged three short plays, "The Riders to the Sea," "Make Believe" and "The Welch Honeymoon," on November second and third.

ALUMNAE NOTES

JANE CARROLL, '18

'09—Ethel Davis spent the summer studying at Johns Hopkins in a special war nurses' course, and in September sailed for France to take up actively relief work.

'12—The address of Margaret Mandeville Warner is care of American Zinc and Chemical Company, Langloth, Pa.

'12—Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott (Marie Beard), a daughter Nellie, in August.

'12—Born to Rev. and Mrs. Millar Burrows (Irene Gladding) a son, Edwin Gladding Burrows, July 23, 1917.

'14—Sabina Murray has returned to Ithaca to act as chaperone at the Delta Zeta house, 216 Dearborn Place.

'15—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shaner (Julia Moody) a son in September.

'15—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Zirkle (Dorothy Douglass) a son, Joseph, Jr.

'16—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Lyon of Hudson have announced the engagement of their daughter, Katherine, to Arthur Jackson Mix, '15, the wedding to take place in November.

'16—Bertha Yerke is Food Conservation Agent in charge of the work in Niagara County (New York) with headquarters at Lockport, N. Y.

'16—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hebner (Helen Judd) a son.

'17—Helen Carter is working in the secretarial department of the Provi-

dent Life and Trust Company in Philadelphia, Pa. Her address is 4815 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

'17—Melva Lattimore is doing extension work temporarily in Cortland County (New York).

'17—Emily Schultz was married to Harper Holt on October 12, 1917. She is now living in Syracuse, N. Y.

'17—Elizabeth Rowlee is secretary to Miss Rose in the Home Economics Department.

'17—Hilma Bergholtz was married September first in Buffalo, N. Y., to Mr. Edwin Fraser Hopkins.

'17—Mary Larkin is teaching languages at the Atlantic City High School, Atlantic City, N. J.

'17—Mary S. Albertson is assistant dietitian in charge of the dining rooms at Prudence Risley Hall.

'17—Jeannette Short is instructing in conversational French. Her address is care of S. F. Hoge, Frankfort, Kentucky.

'17—Anne Morrow is in charge of one of the fruit canning stations operated by the Food Conservation Commission in New York City. Her address is 607 W. 136th Street.

'17—Dorothy Shaw is doing secretarial work in New York. Temporary address: 330 West 36th Street.

'17—Viola Dengler is spending the winter in Philadelphia. Her address is 3518 Germantown Avenue.

'17—Sally Campbell is staying at her home in Suffern, N. Y.

Continued on page 62

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Who Is She?

I. ERNESTINE BECKER—

Long before Ernestine had graduated from Western high school in Baltimore, Maryland, she had decided to come to Cornell to keep up the family reputation. She was not used to country life and consequently spent her first year in becoming adapted to her surroundings. By her sophomore year she had found her place and was president of her class. Under her leadership the class of 1918 pulled itself together and worked up a spirit that has awed succeeding classes. At the end of her junior year the women of the University decided that Ernestine as a broad minded, capable girl was the rightful heir to the Student Government Presidency. In this capacity we now see her as the "biggest girl in the U." In her four years at Cornell she has shown good sportsmanship in her interest in athletics. Her election to Sedowa, the Agriculture women's honorary society, represents what Ernestine is—a woman of dignity, efficiency and scholarship.

House Com. 1; Dixie Club; Representative to Ex-Com for outside houses; Frygga Fylgae; Raven and Serpent; Hexenkreis; Sedowa; Alpha Phi.

II. MARCIA GRIMES—

Marcia may rightly be called the athletic woman—just look at all the teams she has been on. But don't picture her as the masculine type who stalks around with her hands in her pockets saying woman should be out knocking around the world. Quite the contrary. Marcia enjoys the domesticity of housework as much as the

anti who declares woman's place is in the home. Which is to say that since Marcia left Philadelphia Girls' High School she has been taking Dom Econ at Cornell and to all appearances likes it very much. A favorite pastime (Marcia is president of Sports and Pastimes so she knows what that is) is to prophesy Ithaca weather. She is safe when she reports "Whether there's rain, or whether there's not, we must have weather whether or not." Such brilliancy as this won her a place in the "fools' society." If you don't know who Marcia is, just look for twins. She isn't one but she ought to be, for there is no sense in having a sister look so much like one that folks can't tell one from t'other.

Capt. Hockey, 1; basketball, 1, 2, 3; crew, 2, 3; baseball, 2; tennis, 1, 2, 3; treasurer sports and pastimes, 2; vice-president, 3; president, 4; vice-president Ag class, 2 and 3; vice-president, Frygga Fylgae, 3; Life secretary woman's 1918 class; captain physical preparedness class; Raven and Serpent, Sedowa.

III. HARRIET HOSMER—

When Harriet appeared on the campus way back in 1914, she was easily recognized as a Frosh by her conspicuous lack of a fountain pen, for wherever she went she carried in her hand a bottle of ink. Her fame began in class stunts. From this most humble entrance into activities Harriet has gradually worked up thru various committees to the prominence of the Y. W. C. A. presidency. In this capacity she is the exponent of the dignity that her membership in the two

Continued on page 60



Happy Mr. Man.

"What do you say to that, Mr. Man? Made it myself. When you have eaten it you may congratulate yourself on having selected so good a cook to one day become Mrs. Man."

Of course he may—and will—for what she brings is a lovely dish of

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Activities

Continued from page 51

of the basket ball squad and Ella Zurbrick manager of the hockey.

1919

At a meeting of the Junior Basketball squad, Esther Funnell was elected manager. Alice Street is manager of the hockey team.

1921

The Freshman class had their first meeting in Sage Gym. on October

16. Mildred Wicker, president of the Junior class opened the meeting extending to them the well wishes of the Juniors and giving some sound advice. Helen DePue was then elected temporary chairman of the class, and took charge of the rest of the meeting. Plans for the picnic were discussed. Rodney Mason and Martha Souter were chosen for cheer leaders. The picnic, which was held on October 18, was a huge success with much pep and enthusiasm.

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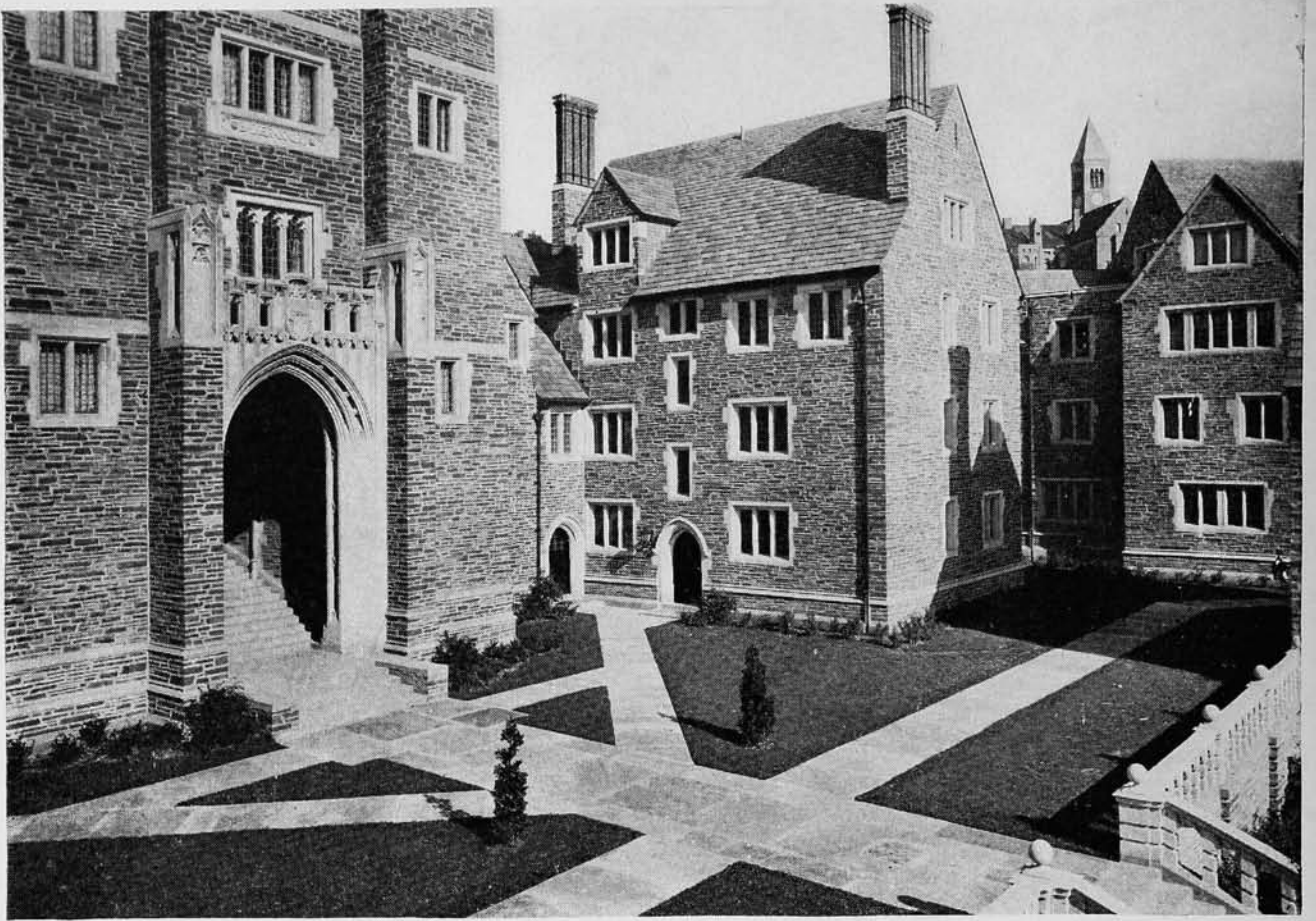
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Baker Hall

Who Is She

Continued from page 56

honor societies calls for. Nevertheless there are times when she is found entirely off her guard revealing the secrets of the public speaking room or playing the role of leading lady in the grand opera à la grammaire francias. It is not difficult to trace her agility in delivering eulogies as heated and as energetic as any of the far famed Billy Sunday's to her preparatory training at Buffalo Seminary. If any one desires seeing himself as others see him, he is hereby directed to call upon Harriet's exceptional powers of mimicry.

Pres. of Y. W. C. A., 4; Raven and Serpent; Hexenkreis.

Minimum Wages

Continued from page 44

as long as Cornell University, as an employer of labor, persists in under-paying its employees, thus setting itself in an inferior position with reference to employers of labor in the immediate vicinity and elsewhere, it cannot command our highest esteem. I shall hope and trust that it will see the right, and act to uphold the right.

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Alumni Notes

Continued from page 54

'17—Marion Hess is doing extension work in Oneida County (New York) with headquarters at Utica.

'17—Alice Van Scoy is instructing in the Home Economics Department of the College of Agriculture.

'17—Winifred Roemer is training at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City.

'17—Amy Luce is teaching in Roslyn, L. I.

'17—M. K. Church is teaching nature study at the Rehearsal Club

in New York City, at the school for actresses' children.

'17—Helen Flint was married to Glenn Wight, '14, at Lenox, Mass., on September 15, 1917. Her address is Canandaigua, N. Y.

The annual meeting of the Cornell Women's Club of Cleveland was held Saturday, October 13. Miss Ruth Stone was hostess. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President Lewette Pollock; first vice-president, Mrs. Viola S. Buell; second vice-president, Dr. Florence McCay; secretary and treasurer, Florence Rosenthal.

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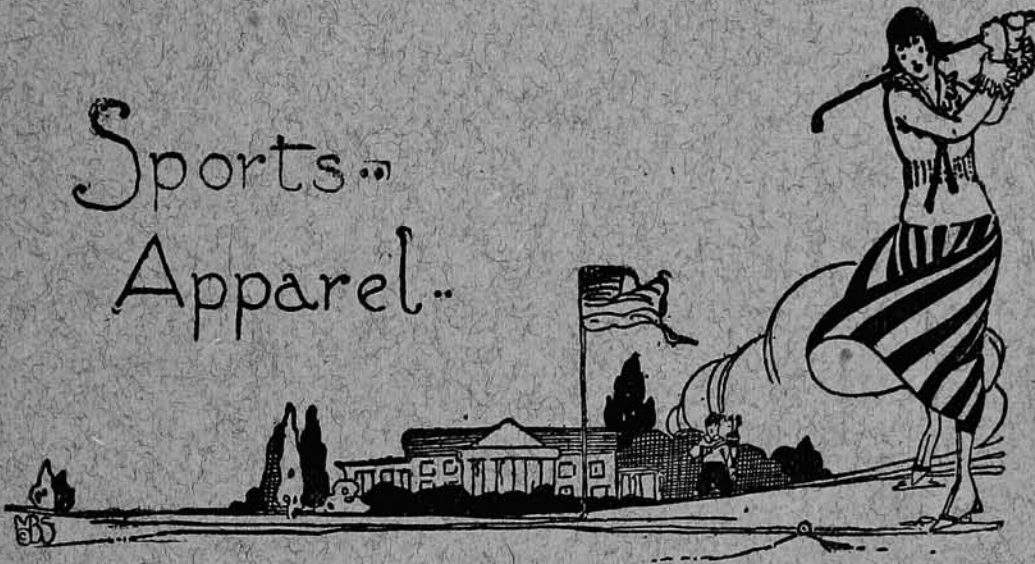
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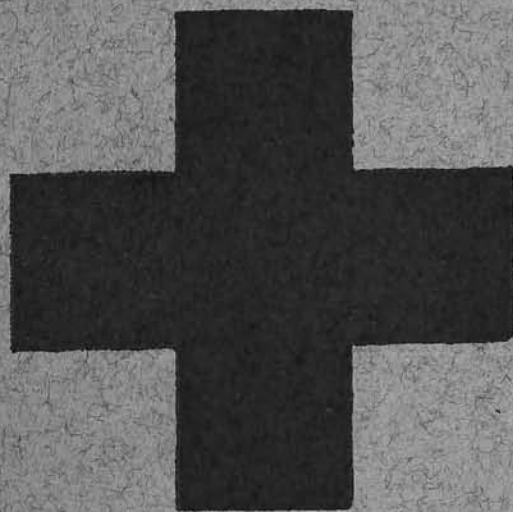
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DECEMBER, 1917

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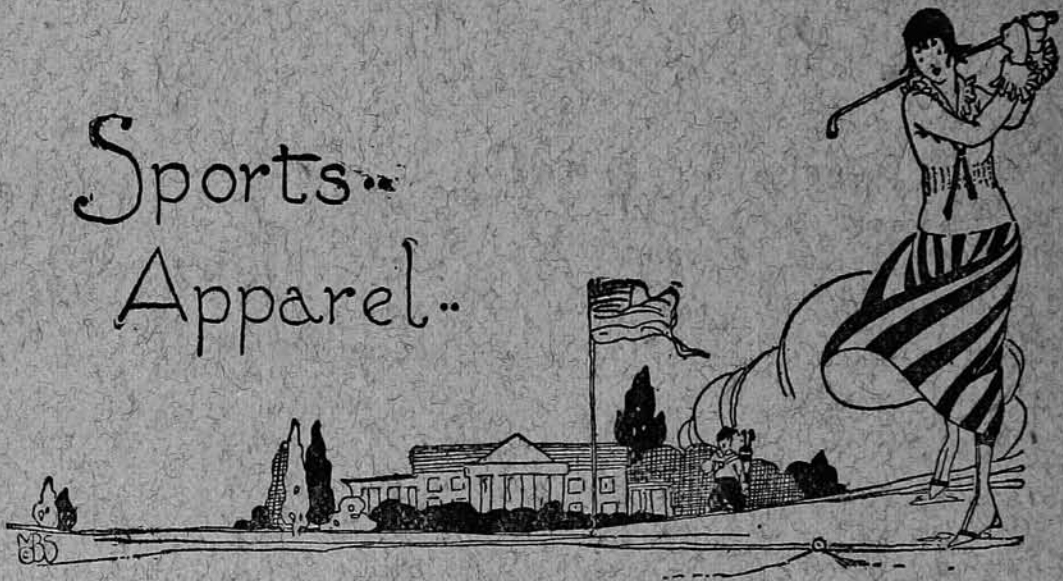


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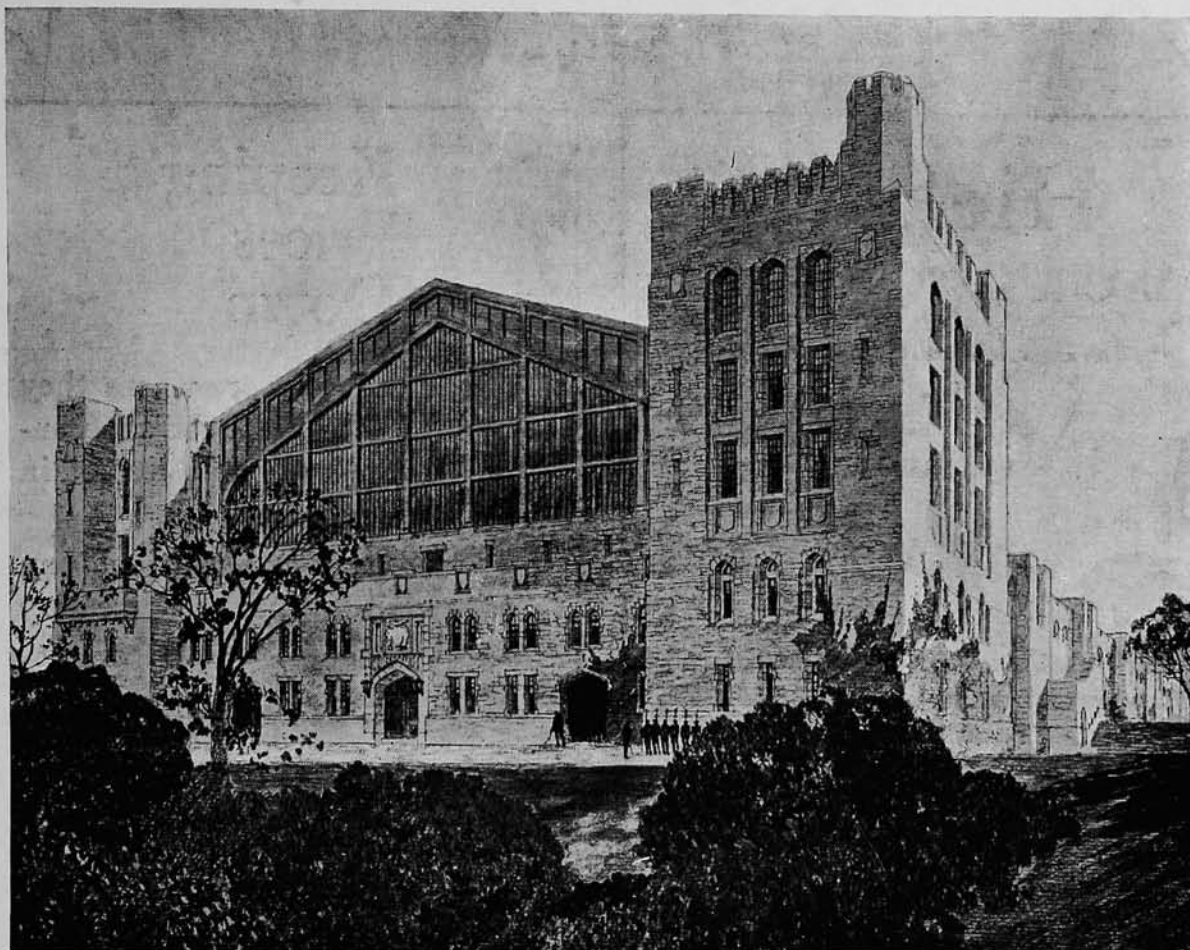
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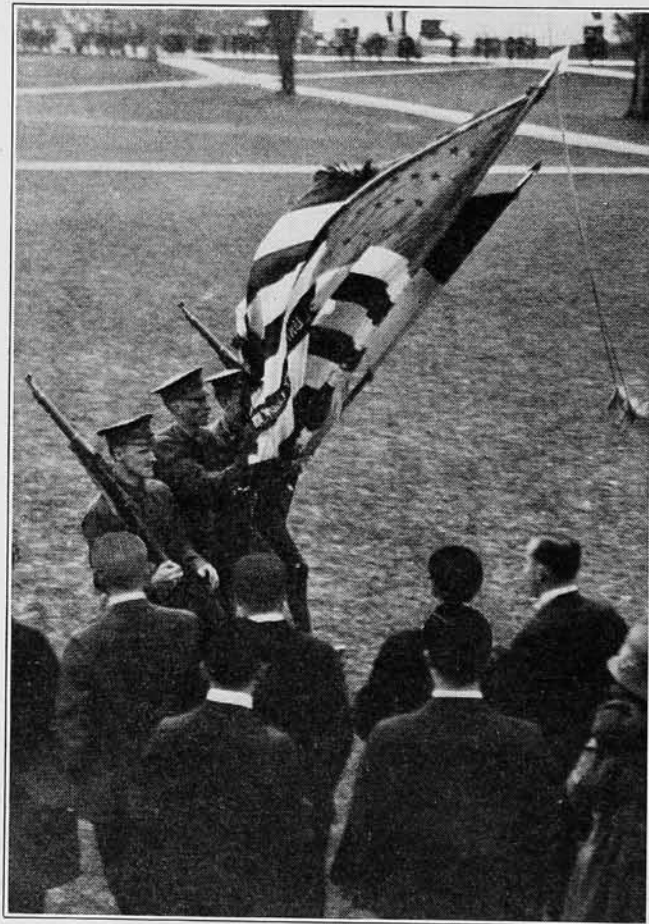
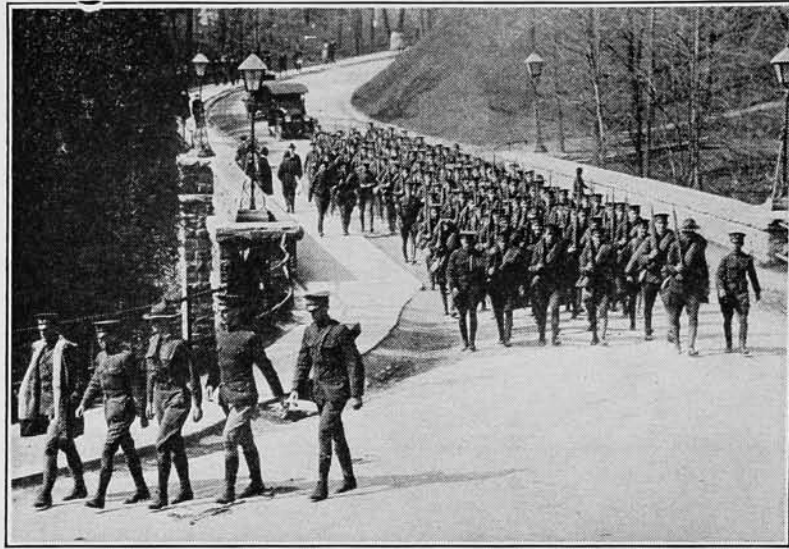
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THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III.

ITHACA, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1917

No. 3

Cornell Men at the Front

M. W. SAMPSON, Professor of English

Up to the Spring of the year, four Cornell men had gone into the American Field Service. Edward Tinkham, Cornell, '16, had driven an ambulance for more than a year. He came back to Cornell with the fixed idea of returning to the service with enough Cornell men to form an ambulance section of twenty-two men. This service was wholly volunteer, as it was not only before the days of the draft but also before America's entrance into the war, and the men entering the service paid their own expenses, amounting to \$350 to \$400 apiece. It soon appeared that in addition to the men who were willing to go at their own expense there were men in the University, undergraduates, unable to defray their expenses, who were nevertheless glad and willing to give their services. As a consequence a campaign was started both for men and money. The first result was that on the fourteenth of April Mr. Tinkham sailed for France, accompanied by thirty-one other Cornell men, the expenses of eight of whom were defrayed by contributions collected up to that time.

The interest in the matter did not stop here. By the middle of August counting the joint money that the volunteers themselves put in, the University and the alumni had raised about \$60,000 and by the middle of September, 1917

Cornellians had sailed for France.

About the middle of May, the need arose for drivers of the heavy munition trucks, lying between the base of supplies and the front. The ambulance service enlarged its functions to take in this new work and changed its name to the American Field Service. The Cornell men were prompt in responding to the new call and most of the Cornell men in France voluntarily engaged in the Camion service. Incidentally a volume of letters from Cornell men in this transport will shortly be published.

The records show that the Cornell men in France have made good. Of the original section, six are now in command of transport sections of sixty men each and of the remainder, whose original term of enlistment expired in October, 1917, a majority have gone into the aviation, obtaining their training in France. Cornell has every reason to be proud of all her volunteers in the American Field Service.

A new movement has been started by a number of American Colleges to establish in Paris, headquarters for American college men. Cornell is a member of this new capital university, capital union, and counts on her students and alumni to enable the proposed Cornell Bureau in Paris to perform its helpful service to all Cornellians in France.

The Spirit of Cornell

HELEN JANE LASON, '20

Long lines of muddy trenches,
Lights from bursting shrapnel
thrown,
Scream of shells and crash of muskets,
And a Sammie, far from home.

Dauntless, eager, he had answered,
His dear country's first appeal,
Ready to pour out his life-blood
Germany's last doom to seal.

From the heights above Cayuga,
From the life he loved so well,
He had gone with steady courage,
Gone forever from Cornell.

Handclasps strong of friend and
teacher
These had cheered him on his way,
And the thought of them gave courage
At the dreary break of day.

Memories of Alma Mater
Came with clearness to his eyes,
And his shout, Cornell victorious,
Mingled with the other cries.

Soon there came a light of shell-fire
And a loud report, and clear,
And the earth about him trembled;
Pain and death were hovering near.

When consciousness, returning,
Brought a light into his eyes,
Then his heart began its yearning
For the old Cornellian skies.

Quick across his pain-filled vision
Came a brilliant spot of light,
Just cross-shaped patch of color
On a blood-stained field of white.

But the red, that patch of color,
And the white, both symbols dear,
Changed the horror and the bloodshed
To a peaceful scene and cheer.

And across the weary distance
Woven by the colors spell
Came a mystic, strengthening spirit
'Twas the spirit of Cornell.

In his ears there ran an echo
Which o'erpowered the strife of war.
And he heard the chimes so plainly
Send their message from afar.

"Welcome night and welcome rest
Fading music, fare thee well,"
With a smile upon his lips
One last word he breathed, Cornell.



Extracts from Letters of Cornell Men at the Front

"Somewhere in France"

September 9th, 1917.

Dear Folks:

"The die is cast" now and I am actually in for it—pour la durée de la guerre. The powers that be, wouldn't let me go to a section without enlisting beforehand so I spent all yesterday morning unwinding the necessary red tape to join the army and succeeded in becoming a private in the American Ambulance Service attached to the French Army without being held up on account of physical or mental disability. I had my baggage brought down to the station by some of the other fellows and by persuading the officers at the Neuilly hospital to send me down to the station in an ambulance I managed to make the noon train to this post with three minutes to spare.

Our military "ordres de mouvement" are usually third class, but by paying a few francs additional we can usually ride second or even first class and we did yesterday—to Chalons first class for Frs 2.20 (44 cents) and to Ste. Meneshould second class on our nerve. The section headquarters (S. S. U. 19) are in the village of "La Grauge aux Bois" about three kilometers from Ste. Meneshould on an excellent macadam road. It is about 15 miles or so from Verdun and about three miles back of the trenches with a woods in between. I haven't been up to our posts di secour yet but I believe there are three of them, to which a man with his car is assigned all the time but the person on duty is changed every 24 hours. That explanation is about as clear as mud, but the idea

is that there is someone on duty at each post continuously but no one person has the job for more than 24 hours at a stretch unless there is extraordinary activity. Part of the fellows not on post duty have evacuation work to do to and from the various hospitals, of which there are several in this neighborhood, and the rest are "en repos" meaning that they can do practically as they please except that their cars must be kept in condition and they are supposed to spend about two hours a day taking care of them.

I suffered my first pain from the war a couple of days ago when I ate supper downtown in Paris and got a slight touch of ptomaine I guess. Anyhow I was quite actively sick at my stomach for three or four of the small hours of the following morning and spent the next day and night in the Swiss cholet, which is our hospital for minor cases, under the tender care of Miss Austin—the nurse in charge. The following day I was around again well enough to pack and yesterday, as before stated, passed the army exam. and came up here.

Immediately after supper the "Boches" by way of welcome, launched a gas attack and we received immediate experience with gas masks, which we had to keep on for an hour or so. While not in the least comfortable, the masks are quite effective and there were no casualties, though one fellow got reckless and loosened his up too soon with rather unpleasant results.

As a private in the U. S. A., I will draw the princely sum of \$33.00 per

month and get some form of insurance too, but I don't know just what it is.

I shall probably get ten days "permission" at the end of three months and if I find by that time that I don't care particularly for ambulance driving I will look into some of the other forms of service—if I find something better apply for a transfer, which I believe is fairly easy to get. So far I have not had enough of this to know whether I shall like it or not but I think I shall and am going to dig in and work for a commission of some kind. Also I shouldn't mind getting a "Croix de guerre" or a "Medaille Militaire" but the surest way to get one of these is to get wounded and I don't care to work for one deliberately at that price.

We had a baseball game this afternoon by way of amusement and section 19 beat 14 to the tune of 8-6 while a practise battery boomed in the next field and French airplanes sailed overhead. Afterwards some of the section 14 men and some section 8 men, who acted as umpires, stayed to dinner and it was extra elaborate in their honor.

We really have more here at the front than at Rue Raynouard before starting out, but the bread isn't quite so fresh and I don't think the cooking is quite so good. It is quite palatable and nourishing, however, and I seem to be thriving on it. Some of the things I never ate at home if I could help it—such as rice for instance—are common articles of diet here and I have to either eat them or go hungry so they usually get eaten. I have never tasted worse coffee than that which is standard in France but I have gotten to the

point where I can drink it "noir" with next to no sugar and still be only mildly profane. I hope you will send that instaneous chocolate, evaporated milk and sugar pretty soon, however, and that you will repeat the order every little while. I wish also that you could send me the facilities for taking a good bath once in a while but I suppose that is impossible. I think I have discovered why French perfumes excell, however,—it is easier to apply them than to get clean—and they therefore fill a big demand. As some American remarked "Here cleanliness, isn't next to godliness; it is next to impossible."

With such remark I will bid you good night and pleasant dreams.

Love from,
(Signed) WALDEMAR.

"Somewhere in France,"

September 16th, 1917.

Dear Folks:

Time is passing very rapidly these days and it does not seem long since I wrote my last letter to you, but I am sure that it is at least a week. I sent you the last one via Prof. Pumphelly of Cornell, who has been over here in the Field Service and returned last week to take up his duties at Ithaca. I trust it will have reached you safely by the time you get this.

Yesterday afternoon I was very much surprised and delighted to receive the beautiful pigskin wallet, which came out by registered mail from Paris. I suppose you must have sent it over by one of the new men, as far as Rue Raynouard, n'est-ce pas? It is just what I had been wishing for and fits my pockets excellently. Thanks a lot.

Business has been rushing lately because there was a little shake-up the day after we arrived and three fellows were packed off for the benefit of the service. Three or four more are on "permission" (10 days' leave, which comes about every three months) so those of us who are left are on duty pretty constantly. Fortunately there isn't much activity in this sector just at present so we aren't getting worked too hard and I am quite enjoying the experience—in fact feel flattered at being trusted with the same work as the experienced men without having had anything at all in the way of breaking in except one trip over the roads with "chef". The other three new men are being put to work, too, of course, but I believe I am getting the more responsible jobs.

As before stated, there has been no pronounced activity around here recently but every once in a while today a Boche avion has sailed over head on a tour of observation and our aircraft batteries have opened up at him, but so far without scoring any "hits." It is interesting to hear the "boom" of the gun, then see the patch of white smoke appear up more or less near the avion and several seconds later hear the sound of the exploding shell.

Recently it has rained more or less every day but this morning it cleared and the day has been magnificent. Consequently I seized the opportunity to sun my blankets and they are out on the fence, drying out. 'Tis well that I don't mind dampness much for they were pretty well saturated.

And while on the subject of sleeping, may I ask that at your convenience

you try to find me something in flannel or wool to sleep in. Pajamas will do very nicely but I have in mind the one piece things we wore when kids which had *feet* to them and were called, I believe, "Dr. Denton's Sleeping Garments" or something like that. Maybe they aren't made in adults size, but if you can find a similar article it will be just about ideal, because the feet will keep the rest from drawing up and will also help to keep those extremities warm. I purchased combination sleeping-bag poncho and ground cloth from a fellow in Paris and also another blanket from a youth who came over and then decided that his mother couldn't get along without him (or vice versa) so I am well fixed in the way of bedding. I find that the experience I gained in scouting and other camping out is very helpful now in making rough things more comfortable.

The things to eat are also surprisingly good and oddly enough seem to improve as one approaches the front. In Paris, before coming out, we lined up before some tables in the mess hall and had things put on our proffered dishes, after which we sat down and ate. At the village our meals are served to us, but otherwise they are about the same as in Paris; out at posts, however, the meals are not only served to us but we eat with the officers and have fresher bread, more deserts, salads, etc., than at our own headquarters. While it is nothing like home cooking, it is nevertheless quite palatable and except for the absence of butter, very satisfying. The coffee is miserable everywhere in France, as far as I can see, and I would like a good

American apple pie once in a while, but "c'est la guerre" and I can get along without those little luxuries for a while, I guess. I am hoping that by this time you have sent the chocolate, sugar, and evaporated milk, which I am looking forward to eagerly and some day you might follow them with a can of G. Washington coffee and a pound of tea, with some sort of a tea ball. So far I haven't been dragged out in the middle of the night to carry "blesses" but it may happen any day and facilities for making something hot to drink when it does will be very comforting.

We had a visitor from the 3d Engineers in Camp last night. He walked over from his camp and ran into some of our fellows who invited him to stop awhile. He had this day off too, so went to post with one of the men and was to walk back to camp this afternoon. He says they haven't been doing much except move around since arriving but they expect to run railroads for Gen. Pershing when he starts his real activities.

The prospects of your gaining a French daughter-in-law weren't helped any by my coming out here for there is nothing attractive in "skirts" at all, that I have seen. There are quite a number of dried up old women in the village and at the hospital that we have a car on duty, there are four nurses, but my size-up of them is that they ceased to be able to do business in the Promenoir of the

Follies Bergere so took up nursing as a last resort—nuf sed! Florence E. says that a friend of hers came over on the *Rochambeau*, three days before me, in the ——— College nursing unit, but I haven't been able to locate that as yet, and the reports I had from "Rochambeau" men were to the effect that the ——— unit did not contain a very large number of ravishing beauties. Besides which there is a good bunch of fellows in this section and plenty of work, so why should I worry about the women anyhow.

Under the urge of necessity my French, as far as the oral part is concerned is coming along fairly well, though I can't sit down and put any connected line of thought on paper. That will come in due time, however, I suppose and I am really surprised at my progress to date when I consider that I never opened a French book until less than six weeks ago.

This being only a letter and not a history of the war, I think I had better stop, for even though the mail truck can carry auto tires the ocean tonnage is limited and the postal authorities may be fussy about how much they will carry for nothing.

Hence "au revoir" and "bon chance". Except for one day my health has been of the best and I can do no better than to hope that yours is equally good.

Love to all from

(Signed) WALDEMAR.

The Student War Fund

GLADYS GILKEY, '19

We may be proud of the part which Cornell women have taken in the recent Student War Fund campaign in this country. The object of this campaign was to raise \$35,000,000 as a sacrificial gift from the students of America to relieve conditions among the allied soldiers of Europe. The larger part of this amount is to be devoted to the recreational and educational work of the Y. M. C. A. in the prison camps and army bases of France, Italy and Russia. Part of it also is to be devoted to Y. W. C. A. work in those countries.

The amount of this fund allotted to Cornell was \$30,000 of which the women of the University undertook to raise \$3,000. For this purpose the canvassing committee was divided into eight teams, each having a

captain and seven members. This committee met at a breakfast at Risley on the opening day of the campaign November 18, and listened to a most stirring talk by Mr. Gallo-way, one of the national workers for the War Fund. The campaign began after Mr. Whitehair's vivid address to the students at Bailey Hall on the afternoon of the same day and closed on the afternoon of November 21.

During that time every woman student in the University was personally interviewed by one of the canvassers. The total amount raised by the teams was \$3,622—\$622 in excess of the amount which they had set as a goal. Madoline De Witt's team poured the largest amount,—\$492. The amounts collected by the other teams were as follows:

Louise Belden.....	\$334.50
Margaret Bateman.....	291.75
Ruth Williams.....	227.00
Helen Huie.....	200.00
Margaret Van Ness.....	185.75
Grace Gifford.....	159.50
Gladys Bleiman.....	137.25



The American Society for the Relief of French War Orphans

EILEEN VAIL, '20

I think that a great number of us are familiar with many of the various societies for alleviating the suffering incurred by the war, but one, of quite recent origin has not been brought very forcibly to our attention as yet,—namely: THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH ORPHANS. This Society is one which exists throughout the United States in over a hundred cities and towns; each city or town having a local chapter which is closely allied with the chapter general in New York.

The aim and object is the maintenance of the children, between the ages of six months and sixteen years, whose fathers have given their lives to France. These children remain with their mothers and are brought up in their religions. Thus America is helping to reconstruct France through the home. The sum of money required is ten cents per day, three dollars per month, or about thirty-six

dollars per year. Does that not seem a ridiculously small amount? And yet it means, perhaps the saving of one more child's life! This money is sent by the general Society in New York to the one at Paris, which finally presents it to the mother.

Would it be asking too much of each fraternity and society at Cornell to lay aside ten cents a day, or three dollars a month for the support of one of these children? This means that an almost infinitesimal amount is required of the individual, and naturally it varies with the number of members in the fraternity or society. Think what it stands for collectively, though, and how far even a ten cent piece goes. If anyone wishes further information he will be able to obtain it by addressing the secretary of the New York Committee, namely: Mrs. Douglas Robinson, 9 East 63d St., New York.

Song of the Knitter

EVANGELINE THATCHER, '16

Casting the same old stitches,
Off in the same old way,
Shaping the useful garments,
Out of Khaki and Gray.

Sometimes getting discouraged,
Once decidedly cross,
Hating the task of unraveling,
In search of the stitches I've lost.

Weaving a prayer in the sweater,
For your honor and safety too,
Wishing 'twere knit a lot better,
But proud that the wearer is you.

The Tompkins County Red Cross Work

ELSA C. SCHLOBOHM, '21

The Tompkins County Red Cross organization, of which Ithaca is a part, has 58,000 members or 1.7 per cent. population of the entire county. Dues to this organization are \$1.00 and \$2.00 a year, of which fifty cents of every dollar is given to the national organization. Those paying the latter amount receive the Red Cross magazine. In the county there are 11 branches, 4 auxiliaries—including the Cornell unit—and 40 groups of workers known as aides. The county raised \$16,600 for the Red Cross War fund, 25 per cent. of which was used for work here while the remainder was given to the national organization.

The local Ithaca chapter was organized on April 19th. The Cornell Red Cross Unit is a branch of this chapter. All the workers in it, including stenographers, knitters, etc., are volunteers. The people here have been asked to contribute 3,000 knitted sets,

—sweaters, scarfs, wristlets, and socks. This quota is based on workmanship, as well as quantity. The yarn for these articles is given free by the organization after the first article has been made, providing the finished work is returned within three weeks. The yarn bill of this organization for the last two months is \$5,000, the money for it being raised in various ways,—contributions at football games, auctions, and other gatherings. In a recent Red Cross auction \$825 was raised.

The draftees of the county are each given a knitted set and the rest of the work is sent to the National board for soldiers at home and abroad. The county averages weekly 4,600 surgical dressings, and since May, 40,000 have been sent from here. Fourteen hundred Christmas packets were sent by this organization to soldiers in France.

Cornell Women and the War

LOUISE HAMBURGER, '19

We may more fully realize just what the women of Cornell are doing in helping in the war if we understand the manner in which the work is being carried on.

Everything is conducted under the direction of a Mobilization Committee. This committee consists of three Faculty members: Dr. Edith H. Matzke, Professor C. V. P. Young, Professor W. F. Willcox, and of six student members. The work is

divided into six units, each student member being a manager of a unit. The units and managers are:

- I. a) Advanced First Aid.
- b) Beginner's First Aid.
- c) Surgical Dressings.
- d) Trench Candles.

Manager—Elizabeth Fulton, '18.

- II. a) Christmas Packets.
- b) Knitting.
- c) Comfort Kits.

Manager—Elizabeth Alward, '18.

III. Dietetics.

Manager—Anna Phillips, '18

IV. Physical Preparedness.

Manager—Marcia Grimes, '18.

V. Industrial Training.

a) Elementary Auto Repairing.

b) Wireless.

c) Morse Code.

Manager—Isabel Senn, '18.

VI. Liberty Loan Campaign.

Managed by Student Body.

The managers have a number of assistants, the idea being to have every

girl in the university share in helping in the war activities. Members from the Ithaca Red Cross Chapter are sent to help each unit.

The university organization is not a separate chapter but is an auxiliary of the Ithaca Red Cross Chapter and through them connects with the National Headquarters at Washington.

The following summaries on each phase of the work give an idea of what has been and is being accomplished.

First Aid

HELEN M. BATEMAN, '21

Perhaps the first picture brought before an average girl's mind by the words "First Aid" is erroneous. She imagines herself, in a very romantic way, saving the wounded hero's life by her quick, clever and efficacious action. This picture may come true; it is very nice if it does. However, even if it does not, First Aid is needed in so many places—the home, the school, the camp, all places of business and indeed anywhere for accidents are liable to happen and quick action is often positively necessary.

One is always willing, but willingness without training may do more harm than good and so the place of First Aid is apparent.

There are several branches of the First Aid Work—the elementary First Aid; the advanced First Aid and the surgical dressings. The elementary First Aid consists of ten lectures and gives the theoretical part of the work besides a little of the practical work. These lectures have to be

given by a doctor recognized at Washington, and when the lessons have been completed, an examination is sent from Washington. After a girl has passed this examination, she is entitled to a certificate which allows her to enter the advanced work.

The advanced work consists entirely of practical work, and when the examination has been passed, a bronze medal is awarded to which bronze bars are added as still more advanced work is completed. There were eighty-two First Aid certificates awarded to Cornell girls last year, thus making these girls eligible for the advanced course and it is urged that they continue the course.

The National Headquarters at Washington obtain information from Europe and also here about surgical dressings. There are two divisions of dressings—the Standard dressings and the Special dressings. The former are those required for daily use in all hospitals. These are the

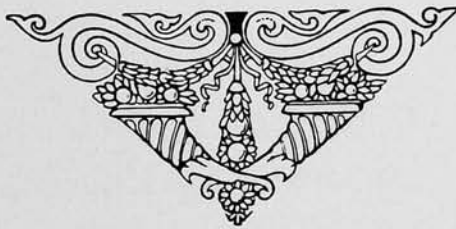
dressings on which the Red Cross are usually working. The Special dressings are those desired under special conditions or by individual surgeons and hospitals. They are made only upon instruction from the Division Office. All these dressings are made in Red Cross work rooms in uniform sizes and designs from standard materials.

A few words might be said about

the attitude in which you undertake this training. Especially in these war times—already a worn phrase but true—you should regard it seriously and not as something you do because every one else is doing it. You should realize its practical value and endeavor to use it at every opportunity so that you will not have forgotten it when some really serious emergency arises.

Trench Candles

Mrs. Willard Austin of the Ithaca chapter of the Red Cross has charge of the Trench Candles, and gives us the following report. A committee in New York visited the warehouses and found that the candles were piled up there and are not being shipped because of lack of space on the ships. In as much as the candles are not a necessity and cannot be transported for the present, they are being given up for work in more lines.



Cornell Women's Knitting Unit

MARITA OELKERS, '19

Among all the branches of Red Cross work that are receiving special attention by the women students through the Y. W. C. A., we hear of the Cornell Women's Knitting Unit.

Mrs. Charles Bostwick of Ithaca has charge of the knitting and is assisted by a Central committee of Betty Alward, Chairman, Ida Raffloer, Janatte Fox and Alice Street, which has its headquarters at Barnes Hall.

An instruction committee designed for students, who wish to learn to knit the soldiers' sweaters, is being trained by Mrs. Bostwick. This committee, consisting of Evelina Bowman, Mildred Wicker, Dorothy Dodds, Helen Acomb, Ruth Foster and Betty Griffith will be at Barnes every Tuesday and Thursday between five and six o'clock. In a short time, a chairman will be elected from this number, who will take her official place on the chief committee of the Cornell Women's Knitting Unit, mentioned above. In the knitting classes, the instructors may be distinguished by the little red caps which they will wear.

A large supply of yarn, purchased from the Red Cross headquarters, is ready for disposal amongst the students. In order to cover the cost of this material, one dollar and forty cents is asked of each girl, desiring to knit, at the time when she takes the yarn for her first sweater. If on the other hand, some of the girls are not able to subscribe this sum they may secure the yarn free from this supply, just laid in. Over forty students have already bought yarn and above one hundred are planning to draw from the free supply.

Each girl is required to register with the committee at Barnes, upon taking out her first supply of worsted, and to turn in, personally, the completed sweater with her name designated on it in some manner. If the sweater is then passed upon by Miss Katherine Schurman, the inspector, the girl may receive a second supply.

The Knitting Unit has been well supported to a certain extent, but there is still plenty of yarn to be made up and the hearty co-operation of all the women students is urged.

Christmas Packets

GLADYS GILKEY, '19

One phase of the Red Cross work at Cornell during the past month has been a Christmas Packet campaign among the girls of the University. The Comfort Kit Unit, of which Elizabeth Alward, '18, is chairman, took this in charge.

With the able assistance of Miss Nye and Mrs. Barbour, enthusiasm for the work spread rapidly among the girls of Sage and Risley and the outside houses. The committee prepared a limited number of packets which were sold to those who were

interested but pressed for time. Sixty-four packets were donated by the girls from Risley, sixty from those in Sage and eighty-two from girls in outside houses.

Each packet was wrapped in a khaki handkerchief and tied with a red ribbon. The gifts inside were not to exceed \$1.50 in value, were a varied assortment of useful articles which might bring a bit of Christmas

cheer to the men in the trenches. All of the packets from Cornell were included in the first third of the quota for Tompkins County and will all be sent to France.

The campaign closed on November 7, with the happy result that the Cornell Unit was found to have exceeded its quota of one hundred twenty, by eighty-six packets.

Automobile Repairing and Wireless

DORIS DEWEY, '21

How many times a day do we hear some girl say, "Oh, if I could only do something!" She sees her friends and classmates giving up their college life, their ambitions and even their lives. And there grows in her a sort of restless ambition to be of some use in this most critical period in the history of our country.

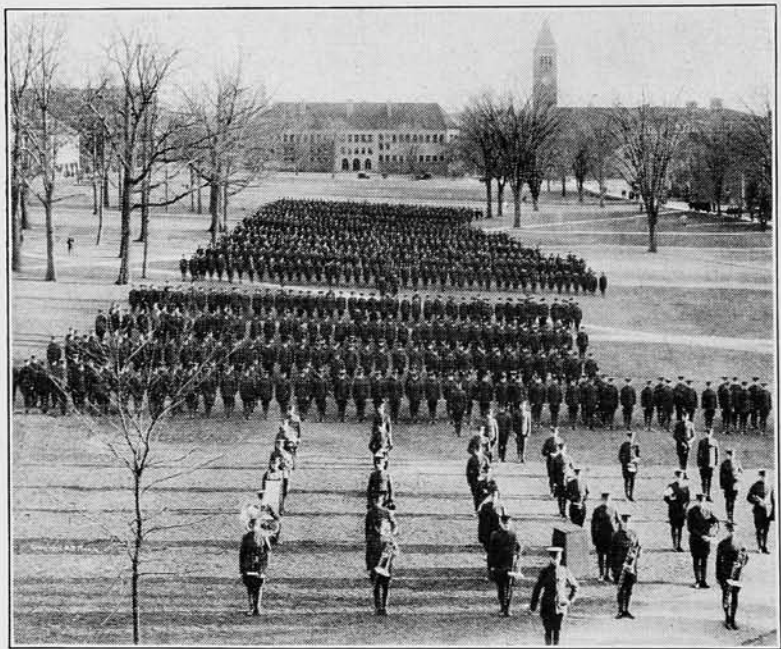
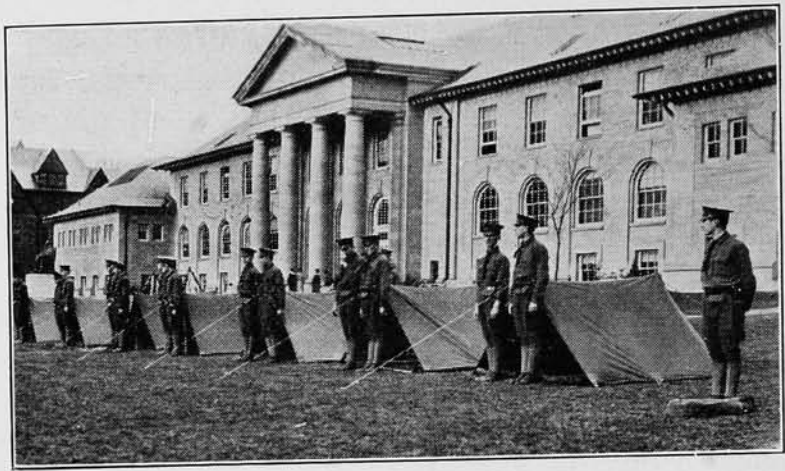
Yet she somehow feels that it is something big and magnificent that she must do; something that is bizarre to the outward eye; something that will tax her capacity to the utmost. And we see her looking around for a position that will take her across the seas, starting cafeterias, enlisting as a Red Cross nurse, or similarly splendid lines of work.

Everyone knows, however, that it is upon the ones, who are left at home that the war depends. It is to this end that the American women are equipping themselves. All over the country, classes are being organized in practical subjects, including machine repairing and telegraphy. Cornell is one of the first universities to offer instruction in these last named subjects. The work is new, naturally, and the arrangement of classes, in

which women can get practical training, is not yet complete. As far as it has been arranged, these are the plans. At the first of December, classes are to be started in automobile repairing, Morse Code and wireless. These classes are to be free of charge to any women of the University and are to be given by Sibley College.

The work in automobile repairing is very practicable for women. Classes in this branch of work have been organized in New York City, and women have proved themselves very capable and at times much more thorough than men in their study of this subject. A thousand skilled women repairers would release a thousand men for automobile work in France. In the other branches of work also women have proved themselves very apt pupils.

The Cornell women, also, have shown that they are interested in this movement by readily signing up for these three classes and the committee are very confident that this movement will be a success and that Cornell will respond in her usual gallant manner to this call for efficient service.



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The Mobilization of Cornell Women

In less than a year Cornell women have made such progress in war relief work that already the history of the work is assuming proportions worthy to be recounted. The steps by which the Mobilization of Cornell women grew from a desire to serve to the present serviceable organization prove the initiative and the ability of the women. A year ago a feeling existed that Cornell women could help in relief work. That was backed by the feeling that they should help. Here was a vocation for women which could find an opening through the Red Cross. The first active step was taken in February, 1917, when Dr. Munford, Dr. Matzke and the President of the Student Government Association called a meeting of the students to consider their share in the work of the Red Cross. The students elected Harriet Hosmer student chairman, and classes were organized in First Aid which were conducted by Dr. E. H. Matzke, Dr. Katherine Starkey and Dr. Esther Parker. The number signed up for the First Aid Classes was 150. In the spring 82 women passed the First Aid examinations and received certificates from Washington. An automobile repairing class in Sibley College was opened to outsiders as well as Cornell women and had a registration of 75 members.

This initial Red Cross work of the Cornell students aroused the interest of the women of Ithaca and resulted in the establishment of the Ithaca Red Cross Chapter which officially recognized the Cornell Auxiliary on April 19, 1917. For purposes of organization it was necessary that the Chapter should be formed of permanent members, the residents of Ithaca, while the Auxiliary should consist of the changing student body.

With the opening of college this fall a comprehensive organization capable of dealing with all the branches of relief and preparedness was strongly desired. It was felt that an opportunity should be provided for every woman in the University to be of national service. After several preparatory meetings a luncheon was given at the University Club on October 11 for the Mobilization

Committee, whose membership was drawn from the upperclass women and the faculty body. Harriet Hosmer remained student chairman.

The Mobilization is regarded as a vocational work for women dealing with war relief and preparedness. The headquarters are at Barnes Hall under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The Committee acts as a controlling body which superintends the units of the organization. At the head of each unit are an undergraduate and an adviser. The number of units may readily be expanded or decreased according to need; seven units exist up to date; three are connected with the Ithaca Red Cross, the others deal with problems of preparedness other than Red Cross relief work. The transient nature of the student body necessitates the permanent and stabilizing membership of the Faculty Advisers.

The Mobilization for Cornell Women has resulted in a thorough and competent organization working in harmony with the Ithaca Red Cross Chapter but having a more extended field. The Ithaca quotas are unusually large, owing to the efficiency and quality of the work. Larger numbers of the women are steadily becoming active workers. The Committee is undoubtedly realizing its aims of being of national service and of utilizing all Cornell women. Complimentary speeches are unfitting since the work of the Red Cross is the women's humanitarian offering in the war, but the success of the Cornell students who have mobilized deserves encouragement and praise.

Classes in Surgical Dressings

There is no let up on the regular quotas of dressings and clothing requisitioned from each Red Cross district. But new needs are continually arising which must be met as well as the old. The greater demand for surgical dressings has of necessity heightened the need for instructors. Miss Finch, assisted by Mrs. L. P. Smith, in the surgical dressings unit of the Ithaca Red Cross Chapter, is conducting an instructing class for Cornell students. After Christmas the Cornell women will be prepared to teach the making of dressings. Barnes Hall will be open at times convenient to the students. Surgical dressings require mainly dexterity and flexibility of fingers, and the simpler dressings can be learned in a short time, so an hour between classes can be put to advantageous use in Barnes Hall. Since Mrs. Smith has willingly come up on the hill to give instruction, and Barnes is favorably located for an odd hour's Red Cross work, the women should freely give their services toward completing Ithaca's quotas of dressings.

College Graduates Wanted as Nurses

An appeal to college women to fill the emergency created by the war in the field of nursing is being made by the Medical Board of the Council of General Defense at Washington. As a first step to meet the increased need for nurses, special opportunities have been granted to college graduates who have had a certain amount of science in their college courses. The nursing schools continue to require the customary short preparatory course, but several schools have arranged to shorten the regular course to two years.

Even in peace times highly trained, experienced nurses have been insufficient to fill the demand. Since the war, nurses have been withdrawn from hospitals and private nursing to serve in Europe where the wounded needing trained care are ever increasing beyond the supply of nurses. In our own country, also, nurses are seriously needed to fill the places of those who have gone to war hospitals. The war is creating health and social problems among our civilian population which will be augmented by the returning soldiers and sailors, maimed and diseased.

To have properly qualified nurses who can be trained in the shortest interval it is imperative for college women to enter the field. Nursing as a profession offers an immediate opening to women who are anxious to serve their country where they are most needed and most fitted. Upon entering a school of nursing you become a member of the student nursing staff of a hospital, serving the nation's sick at home and freeing graduate nurses for hospitals abroad. College students interested in nursing or who look forward to it as a vocation, are urged to write for information to Miss Ella Phillips Crandall, Secretary, Committee on Nursing of the General Medical Board, Council of National Defense, Washington, D. C.

The University and the War

Cornell University is feeling its way toward the definition of its relation to the war. At the opening of college it was decided that athletics for all should be supported, but intensive athletics for the few should be discouraged. Social expenses were curtailed for the year by ruling out the regular University social functions and by dropping out Junior Week. The question the issue of which is yet pending concerns the advisability of shortening the academic year so that college may close a month earlier than customary and thus free the students for agricultural and industrial pursuits connected with the war. The plan is made compatible with the required University work by cutting out the Spring vacation, Founder's Day and Junior Week, and by reducing the Christmas holidays and the examination weeks of the first and second terms. The students were given an opportunity to express but a very hastily formed opinion on the matter, they were asked to vote on the same day that the question was first presented to them. Their vote was decidedly against the change. The Faculty, however, accepted the plan for early graduation on its patriotic basis. The final acceptance or rejection rests now with the Trustees.

The question of shortening the term is one requiring sane and deliberative judgment. Men and women cannot attain intellectual maturity under pressure more rapidly than they can attain physical maturity. Education cannot be forced; it requires time and leisure for adjustment. The nation is depending on the knowledge and judgment of its educated youth in carrying the war to a conclusive end. The crucial asset is to hold the even tenor of life and at the same time shoulder the emergencies of war. If the good of the college course can be reaped under high pressure and limited time and students can pass fully prepared from the University life into a share of the nation's struggle, all is well and good. If by the unsettling and unusually concentrated schedule of the

shortened year, there is the danger that incompletely grounded, exhausted men and women, will go out from Cornell unprepared to go immediately into spheres of responsibility and usefulness, then we should hesitate. Students and faculty are striving for a common end, to carry on the war successfully. There may be differing views on the means for doing so. Such differences need not lie in selfishness or narrowness. But let us mold our course of action by that which is based on wisdom and which will stand the strain of the dark years ahead, and let us not be carried away by the hysteria of patriotism.

ACTIVITIES

GERTRUDE SAMPSON, '19

Y. W. C. A.

On Saturday night, November 3d, each Y. W. C. A. cabinet chairman with the help of her committee entertained a group of entering girls at an informal party.

At a Y. W. C. A. meeting on November 7th, Dr. Matzke spoke on "Opportunities." Immediately following her inspiring talk, a round table discussion was held on vocational opportunities.

World's Fellowship Week was observed by the Y. W. C. A. this year from November 11 to November 18th. The opening meeting, in Barnes Hall Sunday evening, was in charge of Esther Grimes, '18, the annual member. Helen Huie, '20, represented the foreign department, Elizabeth Neely, '19, spoke on "Finance and Publications," Isabel Senn, '18, "Secretarial Work," Gladys Gilkey, '18, on "Immigration," and Marion Pharo, '19, on "War Work of the Association."

Wednesday evening the meeting was in Barnes Hall as usual but on

the other nights groups met in Sage, Risley, Cayuga Lodge, the Kappa Delta house, and 111 Oak Avenue. The topics were as follows:

Monday—"Education in Africa."
 Tuesday—"America."
 Wednesday—"Women of Japan."
 Thursday—"Australasia."
 Friday—"Armenia."
 Saturday—"Russia."

From Sunday, November 18th to Wednesday, November 21, the students of the University were canvassed for contributions to the Students Friendship War fund of at least \$1,000,000 raised among the students of United States. This fund is to be distributed as follows:

1. Y. M. C. A. work in the prisoner of war camps \$ 500,000
2. Y. M. C. A. work among our Army and Navy in this country and overseas, also in the Russian, French, and Italian armies. 200,000

3. Y. W. C. A. work carried on through its National War Work Council	200,000
4. For World's Christian Student Federation Emergency fund for needy students in warring countries—to be administered by Dr. Mott	100,000
Total	\$1,000,000

Sixty women of the University were divided into teams to help in the canvassing and both a strenuous but gratifying effort was made to have Cornell's share in the fund a generous one.

PAY DAY

Pay day, an institution which was started two years ago, was held on Saturday evening, November 10. Pay day is a combination of business and diversion. While it is primarily held as a convenience for the girls in paying their dues, compulsory and optional, to the various women's activities, it is also a social gathering.

This year each organization had a booth in the Sage drawing rooms. Many of these booths were especially attractive. Particularly clever was the Sports and Pastime corner which had an oblong table lined with powder to look like a tennis court with a ping-pong set to add to the effect. The booths of the classes were dainty with their crepe-paper decorations, while several of the other booths were patriotic with flags and red, white and blue bunting. The Consumer's League had an interesting educational exhibit of garments and articles made in sweat shops and

unsanitary factories by underpaid women. Lump sums were paid at the sign of a huge melting pot.

Dancing was enjoyed later in the gymnasium and refreshments were sold there.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Tennis, hockey and basketball have been as popular as ever this fall. The tennis single's tournament has been played and Helene Gerber, '19, is the winner.

Hockey finals are scheduled for:
Nov. 22. Sophomores and Freshmen.
Nov. 23. Seniors and Juniors.
Nov. 24. Winners and Losers.

Basketball finals will be played next month beginning December 6 and ending December 13. Come out and support your teams so that they will be playing among the winners in the last games.

A secret committee of three Seniors and two Juniors has been appointed to pick out the two Seniors and two Juniors who have represented their class three times in a major sport, i.e. basketball or crew, or twice in a major and twice in a minor sport, basketball, hockey and tennis doubles, and who have also proven to be the two best all around Seniors and Juniors in the college. A "C" or cup will be awarded each of these four girls in the spring.

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB

The Cornell Women's Dramatic Club, in pursuance of the policy adopted in previous years, gave its first series of one-act plays, in the Risley Recreation Room, on November 30th. These plays, "The Teeth

of the Gift Horse," by Margaret Cameron and "The Twelve Pound Hook" by J. M. Barrie, were coached by Gladys Bleiman, '19, and Marita Oelkers, '19. A dance was held afterward to which members of the club were allowed to invite men.

It is expected that a three-act play will be produced by the Club, at the Lyceum, later in the season. The cast will be chosen from material obtained at the various try-outs held this year. At the recent Pay Day, Dramatic Club members, in their roles of pirates, succeeded in inveigling many innocent bystanders, into their cave, and enrolled over one hundred associate members.

The Council for this year consists of: President, Dagmar Schmidt, '18; vice-president, Marita Oelkers, '19; secretary, Gladys Bleiman, '19; treasurer, Haidee Carll, '20; Sophomore representative, Regene Freund, '20.

THE WOMENS' ORCHESTRA

One of the far-reaching results of the Pageant of last spring has been the organization of a permanent Womens' Orchestra at Cornell. The rehearsals of the little group of "Robin Hood men" who played for the English Peasant Dance, have led to more efficient work this fall. Try-outs for the orchestra were held in October, and under Miss Gertrude Nye's leadership the girls are rehearsing each week. Music has been procured and the enthusiasm and loyalty of the girls bids fair to make this organization one of high standing. The enrollment of the orchestra numbers twenty-two. Dorothy Bowen, '19, was elected president; Gladys Gilkey, '19, secretary and treasurer.

FRIGGA FYLGAE

Frigga Fylgae is an organization of all the girls in the College of Agriculture.

Frigga Fylgae has been working hard this year. When the call came to Cornell for the required quota of 120 Christmas packets, 40 of which were to be furnished by November 2, Elizabeth Alward, chairman of the committee reported 192 packets ready. Frigga Fylgae made up and paid for 25 of these. To put more Christmas spirit into them, some of the girls offered their services one afternoon and as a result 25 soldiers will find in their packets some delicious fruit cake.

Frigga Fylgae is already looking forward and planning for Farmer's Week when everyone just has to buy some of that "delicious Dom-Econ candy" and have one or two meals of "Beans with or without catsup, ham or cheese sandwiches and so on" at the Frigga Fylgae lunch counter in Robert's Hall.

THESPIIS

Thespis is a society which has been recently formed by a group of underclassmen for the purpose of raising money for worthy charities by means of plays, written, staged, acted and coached by members. There are six charter members and two recently elected provisional members or novices. The name was derived from that of the Greek Muse of Drama.

The feature which will be presented on December eighth, for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. War Fund, is "A Farce," written by Martha Elliott, '21. There will be two performances,



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UNIVERSITY NOTES

GWENDOLYN JONES, '18

The undergraduates of the University, on November 13, voted two to one against the proposed recommendations of the faculty, that the Christmas vacation be shortened, that Founder's Day be given up, that two days between terms and Spring vacation be abandoned, so that the University might end its instruction earlier in the spring. On November 14 the University faculty at its meeting passed a resolution to alter the calendar for the college year 1917-1918, so as to provide for instruction on three days of Christmas vacation, Founder's Day, Block Week, and the entire Easter vacation. By this change in the calendar the University will be enabled to close four weeks earlier in the spring than was originally planned. Commencement day will be May 22 instead of June 19. This change was effected as a patriotic measure to economize resources of the nation and gain time which may be devoted to the national service.

Miss Mabel Little, director of the University dining rooms, has been granted a year's leave of absence in order that she may go to France where she will establish cafeterias for the French women munition workers. Miss Little sailed November 11. She is representing the National Young Women's Christian Association. This organization has received an appeal from France to establish rest rooms and adequate feeding facilities for the women who are giving eleven hours

a day in the service of their country in making munition. Miss Little will establish cafeterias in two factories near Paris as well as in factories in Bordeaux and in Lyons.

The *Cornellian* and the *Classbook* will this year be combined in one publication called the *Cornellian*. Due to a lack of support and a decrease in the number of subscriptions expected this year this plan was adopted by the Cornell Annuals Association.

Subscriptions to the second Liberty Loan at Cornell University reached the total of \$370,900. Professors, officers of administrations, and employees of the University took \$234,500 worth of bonds; the subscriptions of the students aggregated \$36,350, and the University treasury itself took \$100,000 worth. Subscriptions were made through the four Ithaca banks and the University treasurer's office.

Dean A. W. Smith, '78, of Sibley College and Mrs. A. W. Smith closed their home at 15 East Avenue on October 27 and left the University community to take up government service for the duration of the war. Dean Smith left for Virginia on leave of absence from the University, to direct the development of a bi-product plant, which he designed as consulting engineer for the Northern Alkali works, Saltville, Va., now working under government suspension and on government contracts. Mrs. Smith, who has been engaged since September

Continued on page 96



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ALUMNAE NOTES

MILDRED WICKER, '19

'08—Elenor Reed has been visiting at the Alpha Phi House. She will spend the winter in Arizona, leaving December 25th.

'12—Paul Kiso has been visiting in Ithaca. She has resigned the secretaryship of the Studio Club in New York City and is now visiting delegate for Alpha Phi.

'13—Irene Osterkamp has been visiting in Ithaca. She is giving private French lessons in New York City.

'13—Clara Howard is secretary of the Cornellian Council. Her address is 225 Fall Creek Drive, Ithaca, N. Y.

'15—Mildred Severance is instructing in the Department of Physics in the University. She is one of the first women instructors in the College of Arts and Sciences. Her address is 126 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N. Y.

'16—Florence Wilbur is working in the First National Bank in New York City. She is rooming with Evangeline Thatcher at 501 W. 121 Street.

'16—Martha Smith has been visiting in Ithaca. She is at home this winter.

'16—Geneva Mills is teaching in the Binghamton High School.

'16—Jean Holmes is doing graduate work in the University. Her address is the Kappa Alpha Theta House, 301 Wyckoff Road.

'16—Helen Meyers was married to Allan Cameron Fraser, '15, of Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser are now living in Ithaca, at 219 Bryant Avenue.

'16—Announcement has been made of the marriage of Katherine Lyon, to Arthur Jackson Mix, '15, at Hudson, N. Y. Dr. and Mrs. Mix will live in Kansas.

'17—Married, on August 26th, Edna Darling, to Ralph F. Perkins, '17. Mrs. Perkins has been visiting in Ithaca this month. She is the Emergency Home Demonstration agent for Albany County.

'17—Married on August 21st, Honora A. Martin, to Lieut. Otto de Lorenzi. Address, Fort Wright, N. Y.

'17—Helen Murphy is assisting in the Entomology Department. Her address is 208 Dearborn Place.

'17—Alice Blinn is county emergency home demonstration agent for Chenango County, with headquarters in Norwich, N. Y.

'17—Amy Moran is teaching chemistry in Shelbyville, Kentucky.

'17—Edna Cassell is teaching mathematics in the high school at Hanover, Pa.

'17—Hilda Eulenstein is teaching in the Northwestern College for Women at Oxford, Ohio.

'17—Melva Lattimore has been visiting in Ithaca at the Kappa Alpha Theta House.

'17—Gladys Muller is at home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'17—Miriam Kelly is teaching French in Gloster, N. J.

'17—Margaret Wolcott is teaching near Syracuse, N. Y.

Continued on page 100

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Activities

Continued from page 88

one at seven-thirty and one at nine o'clock in Sage Reading Room. Tickets ten cents.

1921

On Friday evening, November 2d Freshman class meeting was called by the President, Helen DePue. The minor class officers were elected as follows: Vice-president, Frances Corbett; secretary, Marcelle Pendery; treasurer, Grace Blauvelt; publicity officer, Martha Elliott.

Muriel Townsend has been elected Freshmen Hockey manager.

SORORITIES

The Women's Greek letter societies pledged the following students to membership:

Kappa Alpha Theta: Irma Barrett, '21, Troy, N. Y.; Margaret Crouch, '19, Syracuse, N. Y.; Carol Curtis, '21, Rochester, N. Y.; Katherine Duddy, '21, Newark, N. Y.; Dorothy Johnston, '21, Germantown, Philadelphia; Helen Root, '21, New Orleans, La.; Harriet Ross, '19, Brentwood, L. I.; Jeanette Stowers, '22, Oxford, Miss.; Josephine Wicker, '19, Hanover, N. H.

Kappa Kappa Gamma: Helen Bateman, '21, Champlain, N. Y.; Marion Coombe, '20, Minerville, Pa.; Frances Corbett, '20, Washington, D. C.; Florence Fleet, '20, Huntington, N. Y.; Emma Leary, '20, Auburn, N. Y.; Lois Smyth, '20, Waco, Texas; Louise Tarbell, '21, Ithaca, N. Y.; Margaret Tilly, '21, Ithaca, N. Y.

Delta Gamma: Jane I. Archibald, '21, Bovina Center, N. Y.; Alice H. Erskine, '21, New Brighton, N. Y.; Janet MacAdam, '21, Rome, N. Y.;

Ruth Newman, '21, Churchville, N. Y.; Caroline M. Parbury, '21, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Sophie Von Deylen, '21, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charlotte Tuttle, '20, Wilmette, Ill.; Dorothy Willison, '20, Huntington, W. Va.

Alpha Phi: Caroline Bolton, '21, Oil City, Pa.; Natalie Duncan, '20, Philipsburg, Pa.; Ruth Richeson, '20, Union City, Ind.

Alpha Omicron Pi: Ruth M. Balcom, '21, Rockville Center, L. I.; Elizabeth S. Ballentine, '21, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jean Bright, '21, Landsdale, Pa.; Nellie Davenport, '21, Accord, N. Y.; Esther I. Ely, '21, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.; Deborah V. Hitchcock, '21, Philadelphia, Pa.; Elizabeth H. Merrill, '21, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Margaret W. Morrow, '21, Ithaca, N. Y.; Sarah N. Searles, '21, Cedarhurst, L. I.; Marie A. Stranbro, '21, Springville, N. Y.; Muriel L. Townsend, '21, Niagara Falls, Ontario; Naomi E. Usher, '21, Jersey City, N. J.; Phyllis L. Wuest, '21, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Delta Zeta: Constance Huhn, '18, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Constance Fender, '19, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Idella Pforr, '21, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dorothy Stewart, '21, New York.

Delta Delta Delta: Elva Cable, '21, Walton, N. Y.; Margaret Remsen, '21, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Martha Souter, '21, Whitehall, N. Y.; Marjorie Willis, '21, Ithaca, N. Y.; Gertrude Young, '21, Ithaca, N. Y.

Kappa Delta: Charlotte Harris, '21, Warsaw, N. Y.; Alice Thomas, '21, East Orange, N. J.; Frances M. Saltmarsh, '21, Troy, Pa.; Molly Tracy, '21, Tenaflly, N. J.; Carol Strong, '20, Turin, N. Y.

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University Notes

Continued from page 90

by the government as a member of the States Relation Service, will take charge of the development of conservation work with women, which the government has started in more than 100 of the larger American cities.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Minister to the Netherlands from the United States during the years of 1913 to 1917, spoke on the "Conscientious Objector: Fourth of July Type" in Bailey Hall on October 27. Dr. Van Dyke has served at his post in Holland through the entire period of the war, until he recently resigned coming to the United States to "volunteer services to the government and serve in any way I can" as he expressed it. During his time of service at the Hague, Dr. Van Dyke took a prominent part in the relief work for the Americans stranded in Europe and also gave his help in connection with Red Cross work. For this latter work the late Emperor Joseph of Austria conferred upon him a Red Cross medal of merit. On October 28, Dr. Van Dyke occupied the pulpit at Sage Chapel, both morning and vesper services.

Fritz Kreisler gave a recital on October 29 before an audience which filled Bailey Hall. It was the first of the series of four University concerts. The first part of the program consisted of Bach's Sonata in E major and Wiemaski's concerto in D minor, No. 2. The remainder of the program comprised ten selections six of which were of Kreisler's own composition or arrangement. Others were a Hayden's minuet, Padre Martini's Andantino, "Vacations" by Guiseppe Tartine and a song by Louis Coiperin, muted strings.

The Philadelphia orchestra will be heard in Bailey Hall on November 29.

The Cornell Dramatic Club initiated its second season in the Dramatic Club Theatre, Goldwin Smith B, on the evening of November 2, by producing a series of one-act plays, Muskerry and Rockstraw's "Make Believe," Jeanette Mark's "Welsh Honeymoon," and Synge's "Riders to the Sea." These plays were repeated on November 3.

On November 9, the regular organ recital was given by Prof. J. T. Quarles in Bailey Hall at five o'clock in the afternoon. The program was selected by Dr. Andrew D. White, and was played by the University organist in honor of the 85th birthday of Cornell's first president. Five years ago in honor of Dr. White's 80th birthday, the money for the organ in Bailey Hall was contributed by Andrew Carnegie and others. The program of the recital was as follows:

Sonata 3 Mendelssohn
Andante Cantabile Tschaiakowsky
Overture to "Der Freischutz,"

Von Weber

Largo Handel
Finlandia Sibelius

The Inter-fraternity Association determined at its meeting on the eighth of November that Cornell should abandon Junior Week festivities for this year. The action was to the effect that there be no fraternity house parties held during the days immediately following the first term examination week.

A new mess hall is under construction near the Drill Hall. It will be utilized for the U. S. Army School of Military Aeronautics.

By action of the Trustees, the privileges of the University Library have been extended to the instructors in the Army School of Military Aeronautics.

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Activities

Continued from page 94

Chi Omega: Ruth Abbott, '21, Phoenix, N. Y.; Mildred Aldrich, '21, Castile, N. Y.; Lillian Brotherhood, '21, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Doris Dewey, '21, Castile, N. Y.; Dorothy Mireck, '19, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Margaret Wilson, '19, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jocelyn Woodman, '19, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ruth Geisenhoff, Oneida, N. Y.

The pledges of the local sororities:

Delta Pi Alpha: Laura Brown, '19, Ithaca, N. Y.; Helen E. Bullard, '19, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Arlouine Cheseborough, '18, West Edmeston, N. Y.; Lillian Lybolt, '18, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Bertha Reed, '18, Cortland, N. Y.

Sigma Delta Phi: Prue Miller, '21, Philadelphia, Pa.; Adele Schoenfeld, '21, Cortland, N. Y.; Roslie Ulrich, '21, New York, N. Y.; Evelyn Weil, '21, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Alumni Notes

Continued from page 92

'17—Irene Hayner is teaching at Whitehall on Lake Champlain.

'17—Helen Clark is teaching in the State Normal School at Johnson, Vermont.

'17—Editha Smith has a position with a florist company in Boston, Mass.

'17—Araminta MacDonald is community secretary of the Public Welfare Association, in Bellville, Ohio.

ex-'18—Florence Solfleisch is doing secretarial work for Mrs. Humiston, a prominent lawyer and attorney in New York City.

ex-'18—Freda Ames has been visiting several weeks at the Delta Gamma House.

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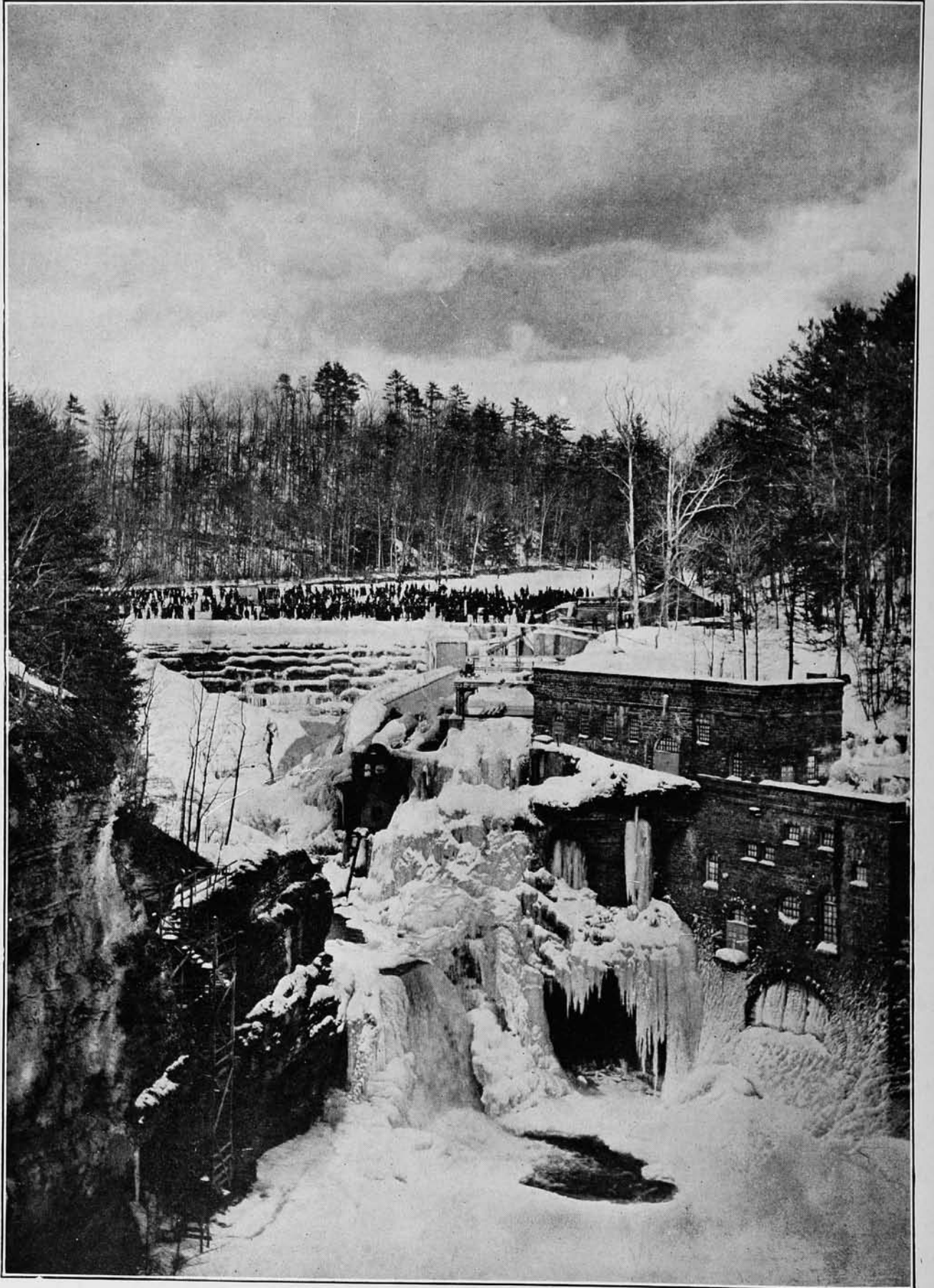
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BEEBE LAKE

THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III.

ITHACA, N. Y., JANUARY, 1918

No. 4

The Guest in Khaki

JESSICA VAN HORSON, '18

Young Mrs. Vigert, formerly, in the pre-preparedness days of bridge-whist prestige, now had her office on Fifth avenue. The Women's Committee, Council of National Defence, had appealed to her suddenly fired patriotism. With hundreds of other idle, eager, restless ones in New York society she had rushed out to embrace an opportunity for practical service. In her first enthusiasm she had answered the call for war funds in the usual way, giving numberless charity balls, teas, and fairs. When the exclusive shops on the Avenue displayed "The Season's Latest" in military boots, cloaks, and walking skirts she purchased a liberal supply and wore them (for the sake of example she said, though they were all vastly becoming) on every possible occasion. She volunteered to use the arts of persuasion at a big recruiting station down town, and she organized a whole section of the Liberty Loan parade. Her energy reached the top notch when she held long sessions with her banker after which she appeared at numerous intelligent women's clubs where she explained the Liberty Bonds as a business investment. By such strenuous efforts she had risen (to Mrs. Vigert mediocrity in anything was unbearable) to the secretaryship of the Committee on Christmas Entertainment for Soldiers and Sailors.

On the morning of December twenty-fourth Mrs. Vigert breezed into the office at ten o'clock (it really was impossible to get out much earlier) where her stenographer was busy at the typewriter. Beside her was a wire basket half-filled with letters awaiting signature. Upon Mrs. Vigert's desk lay a huge pile of unsorted mail. That lady's cheeks were shiny, rosy red, and her brown eyes were dancing lights. She was walking these days—to keep in physical trim.

She shook the snow off her muff and greeted "Good morning, my dear, I just want to shout 'Merry Christmas' to everybody I see. It is snowing gloriously and we're going to have a wonderful day tomorrow." She saw the letters and pounced upon them eagerly. "Invitations are still coming in, aren't they? What a heap—I must get right at them!"

An hour and a half later she jumped out of her swivel chair and yawned prodigiously. An hour and a half at one time was quite long when one wasn't used to work. "Well Mary dear," and she patted the young girl's shoulders affectionately, "I'm all through, read the very last-est one of those letters and here they are ready for you to write thanks."

"Yes Mrs. Vigert."

"Aren't people the dearest things" she continued. "I just love them—"

every single scraggly haired, flat-heeled woman that wrote one of those letters. Think of it, Mary! Just everybody wanting, no not wanting simply *crazy*—that's it—to have some mother's son at their home on Christmas day. Why it's just a splendid thing to do isn't it!" She bubbled over with enthusiasm. Every soldier and sailor boy in a home Christmas day. 'Peace on earth, good will to men'," she repeated softly.

The telephone rang. Mrs. Vigert picked up the receiver. She still received messages with joy. "Mrs. Reynold's niece? You want to entertain someone tomorrow? Oh! Thank you so much but we shan't need—. Your Aunt will be terribly disappointed—?"

"Oh Mary!" Mrs. Vigert turned from the telephone. "Have you any men left on that Co. B list? That was the last one to reach us."

"No," answered Mary, "I have checked off every man."

Mrs. Vigert was at the wire again. "Really, I am terribly sorry but— Oh—!"

"Mary!" Mrs. Vigert pleaded. "We must find some one. Poor Mrs. Reynolds is an invalid and didn't find out about our Christmas entertainment program until last night. She has a nephew in France and misses him terribly. Her niece says she will be so disappointed. You think the only chance is that some officers may be on board the Alabama? It reaches New York this afternoon? I will tell her."

Mrs. Vigert rang off. "I do hope we can send someone." But her tone was dubious. "501 East Seventy-second corner of Park. Put down the address please."

* * *

It was eleven o'clock. A young soldier idled on the steps of the Knickerbocker watching with an air of abstraction the Christmas crowd which even at this hour had begun to throng Forty-second street. Layton's thoughts were not of the pleasantest. They went back to a Christmas two years ago—a Christmas that might have been the happiest of his life; then the Christmas of last year in the trenches, no, in the hospital at Maitou; and Christmas that was going to be today—Christmas without her. He glanced at his shoulder straps and threw back his head a trifle proudly. He had earned them. He had proved himself worth something.

The Christmas crowd jostled and pushed and slid on the slippery pavements. Its characteristic grouch was laid aside for a brief Christmas joy. The mass countenance, the stolid indifference had vanished for a day. People became human individuals. They remembered to say "I beg your pardon," "I'm sorry," "Can't I help you ma'am?" as they elbowed and shoved and knocked each other in effort to make some headway. A young woman almost lost in her many bundles, peeping over the shoulder of the man in front of her, caught sight of a stand of holly and mistletoe at the curb. She eyed her arms doubtfully and then wriggled and squirmed to the edge of the street. When she rejoined the throng again, she had half a dozen holly wreaths added to her possessions.

Layton watched her, unconsciously fingered the lapel of his coat, and made a purchase at the stand. "Merry Christmas, got your paper Lieutenant? A-1-1 the Christmas news!" A short,

freckled-face son of Ireland looked up at him admiringly and showed a wide toothless grin. He extended a paper confidently. Layton felt in his pocket for a large silver coin. He did not wait for change. The young man let the crowd catch him up and sweep him along to a brilliantly dressed drug store window. A Christmas tree loaded with shiny balls, tinsel, and popcorn was planted in a field of cotton. Dolls, stationery, toilet articles, and gaily tied boxes of candy were spread beneath it. A certain handsome basket of bon-bons attracted his attention and he went in and bought it for his hostess. Just above the corner of Forty-second street on Fifth avenue Layton recognized the familiar tripod and kettle. "At least I can make a Christmas beginning," he said as he pushed a bill through the wire netting that covered the top of the bowl. A glow in his cheeks began to match the berries in his button hole. As he heard the exchange of Christmas greetings, the merriment in the air reached him too and he unconsciously murmured "Merry Christmas" to each passer by.

Then he reached Seventy-second street and located his destination on the corner of Park avenue. It was a red brick house with a white door way and white window casings, and also a big brass knocker. The holly wreaths and scarlet bells in the windows gave a hearty welcome.

The butler relieved him of his overcoat and hat. Then he led the way upstairs to a sunny sitting room with a big bay window filled with plants, a glowing fire place, and a little old lady in soft black silk.

"Merry Christmas, Lieutenant," greeted the lady from her chair with a glance at his shoulder straps. "You will pardon me for not rising?" she asked gracefully and with a warming smile. "I am a semi-invalid you see." She surveyed her young guest with approbation—his tall slim figure, his clear blue eyes, and the resolute line about his mouth. She did not know how recently the last feature had been acquired. "We must introduce ourselves, must'nt we? I am Mrs. Reynolds and you—

"Layton Fraser," he supplied.

"Well Layton, sit down and let us get acquainted. I'm going to call you by your first name to-day. My nephew—her face shone with pride—is over there, and wont you take his place?" She reached out for his hand. "You dont' know what a treat it is to have a young man in the house again."

And I am so glad I came," he responded.

The morning went by very swiftly. From time to time during their conversation the little old lady scanned the young man's face intently and she puckered her forehead in a puzzled frown. There was something about the boy very familiar yet—. She shook her head decidedly. No—she had never met him.

Layton noticed her action. "What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing, I was only thinking it seemed as if we knew each other very well."

"Doesn't it!" His voice was very happy. "Why you seem to belong to me. I—I haven't any folks."

"Oh!" Mrs. Reynolds breathed softly and patted his hand. There was a silence.

"Do you know," Layton burst forth suddenly "this would have been a tough Christmas if it hadn't been for you?"

Mrs. Reynolds felt he was about to confide in her. He proceeded to tell her how he had spent two years in service at the front and had applied two months ago for his first furlough for Christmas. He had wanted particularly to be in Buffalo Christmas day. There was someone he was wild to see. His hostess smiled. But through some mistake he went on, official red tape of course, his leave had been granted a week later than he had expected. But even then he would get in New York two days before the holiday. However, to avoid a submarine the *Alabama* had had to change her course and port was not reached till late yesterday afternoon. His cable to her had not been answered. Consequently worried, he phoned immediately to find the Buffalo home closed for the winter.

"But hadn't you written or perhaps the mails being so slow—"

"N-no" he answered. "You see I bound myself not to write to Ethel—nor to come to her until I was worthy. That was two years ago—a long time." He gazed out of the window seeing the longness of it perhaps.

At the mention of Ethel Mrs. Reynolds seemed startled. She gave the stranger a prolonged stare at first of incredulity, then of slowly dawning satisfaction.

Layton Fraser continued, "I didn't want to look up my friends. I dropped out of their lives—to come in again means explanations and pity and all that. This Christmas I wanted to spend with just one person—a

minute with her would make the day heaven for me." He breathed heavily. Then—"No—perhaps it's too late—perhaps today might have ended things. At least I can look forward—can hope." He had been clenching his hands fiercely. He relaxed. "I was awfully cut up, you know, so when the Soldiers' Recreation Committee invited me here I just came to get away from myself. But walking uptown I sort of forgot my troubles and the Christmas spirit got me." He smiled cheerfully. "I'm having a great time now. You bet I'm glad I came."

"The front door opened. "Merry Christmas, James!" A happy, fresh young voice floated up to the sitting room. "Has Auntie's soldier come? Goody!" A young girl in a blue uniform and a white starched cap and apron entered. She had called "Merry Christmas" from the hallway. She saw the guest in khaki. "Layt!" she cried.

"Ethel!" It was a gasp. He shot from his chair to her in one leap. "You are here. Let me touch you. It's really you!" He grasped both her hands and pressed them hard. It seemed as though he would never leave off looking at her. He forgot to wonder why and how she was here. The important thing was he had found her!

"You waited for me?" It was the burning question that had tormented him through an endless past.

"Yes."

It was unbelievable. Had she understood?

"You had faith in me—that I could conquer my weakness—could learn to say no?"

"Of course."

Home

ANONYMOUS

At school they called him "Skinny",
 And "Sliver" and "Shrimp" and
 "Crumb",
 He never was much to look at
 His teachers had thought him dumb.

He had quit at the upper seventh,
 Kids said 'cause he couldn't learn,
 But his mother knew the reason,
 He had to get out and earn.

He tried his hand at plumbin'
 And fixin' up telephone wires,
 No matter the trade or callin'
 His speed never lit no fires.

The girl, his girl, the only one,
 Had cut him cold for a drummer,
 She wanted a fellow with looks and
 "dough",
 Not a homely, awkward "bummer".

This week he went to the Senate,
 From a western state out there
 Where men judge men by deeds not
 words,
 Small matter the cut of his hair.

Last night I stopped in the druggist's
 'Round the corner from where he was
 born,
 And I smiled as I listened to plaudits,
 From lips that had once curled in
 scorn.

"'Lem' Connors, wal say did I know
 him,
 Was I acquainted with 'Lem',
 No two fellers in Potter County,
 Was thicker'n me and him.

In the grades he was lightnin' at
 spellin',
 Me and him uster spell 'em all down,
 And bat and run them bases,
 Wal 'Lem' was the Cobb o' this
 town."

"Oh yes me and 'Lem' went together,"
 Was the boast of two colorless lips,
 "We'd a married and I'd been a
 Duchess by now,
 If I hadn't a met 'Bill' Phipps.

'Lem' was allus so kind and thought-
 ful,
 So lib'ral and ready to spend,
 And at square dancin' he was a wonder,
 Good Lor' how that boy could
 bend."

And then from the Baptist preacher,
 We heard how "Lem" from a pup,
 Had sat head bowed in the "king row,"
 While other kids scuffed and looked
 up.

How in Bible class "Lem" was a leader,
 The Good Book was open to him,
 He had read and read and pondered,
 And prayed to be freed from sin.

As I slipped from the store unnoticed,
 Out into the cold crisp night,
 I cried as I thanked Our Father,
 For "Lem" and his uphill fight.

"Lem's" coming home tomorrow,
 His train is due at three,
 The town will be there to meet him,
 But he's a comin' home for me.

There's holly wreaths in the windows
 And the larder is full to the brim,
 The wood fire crackles and sizzles,
 And the coals form pictures of him.

His favorite chair will be waiting,
 Old "Shep" will be there at the gate,
 And he'll clasp me close and he'll
 whisper,
 "Little mother this sure is great."

Two Songs

HELEN ADDOMS, '19

The heavy iron gate fell with a clang, and a slim bent-shouldered figure issued forth from the prison into the night. He shuffled through the fast falling snow, and because there was no place which he might call home or to which he might go, he stumbled down the street following where the dim gas lamps lead gradually into the town. The muffled tread of passers-by made no impression on him. His hard set features did not soften as he came to the shops and saw the jolly faced people in the windows. He stumbled on and on until at last he came to the public square which was brightly lighted with—a Christmas tree. He stopped and stared, and looking with amazement, watched the people who hurried to and fro about its laden branches. Then, of a sudden, he heard the sound of voices, childrens' voices, and the song was *Holy Night, Silent Night*. He was moved a little. Very still he stood thinking and trying to bring back something which was but a hazy mist in the dim recesses of his mind. It was many, many years ago, and in those days he had had something like this happen to him. Ah yes, it was in the winter time, and there had been snow. He looked about to see the soft falling flakes. It seemed strange he had not noticed

the snow before. And then, there had been lights as these and many people. He seemed to remember a little child, a little yellow haired child with blue eyes, and it had had its arms about his neck and had called him—daddy. The child had had a name, a little, pretty name, but he could not remember it now—it was so long ago. He must have dreamed it all, and yet, it had been real, for he seemed to feel the little hand upon his shoulder.

Suddenly he was aware of a big burly policeman, and with terror he shrank away before he could realize he was actually free. The policeman took no notice of his fright, but said in a gruff, kindly voice.

"Better move along home, old fellow. Show's all over, and it's cold as blazes out here."

Then seeing that the old man hesitated he gave him a gentle shove and called out.

"So long."

Then he went away.

The old man wandered aimlessly along through the darkened streets. He was in the suburbs now, and the snow fell faster and faster. He heeded it not. All that he saw was a baby face, the blue eyes, the yellow curls. He slipped on an icy grade and fell clumsily to his knees, but with an

effort he rose and staggered onto the country road before him. Slowly and painfully he toiled along. He was nearing the end of his strength now, and it was all that he could do to climb up the rickety steps of a little old farm house. However, a fire burned within and the light drew him across the little veranda to the door. Within were people but he did not know them; he would wait outside and perhaps they might come, but he drew back. He was afraid of people, all except the baby, and he held it close in his thought. But its name, its name he could not remember. "Would to God—" he stopped at the strange sound of the word.

Then through the cold and numbness he heard a musical strain and

then a song. It seemed a voice from the power on whom he had called, but he did not think he simply sank, shivering, upon his knees.

"Holy Mary, Christ our Saviour—"

"Mary, Mary," he whispered, and the baby smiled at him, and patted his face with her little hand.

* * *

"Here," said a big coarse-looking man as he started to lift the frozen body of an old man into the cart.

"Here fellow, help me with this old guy. Looks as though he was hugging himself, don't he? I guess it was cold out here last night, what d'ye say?"

The whip cracked and the cart humped away to the town.

What is a Song?

HELEN LOUISE BRIGGS

A song is when my heart is glad with
morning sky above me,
In passing, I smile and meet a smile
from the eyes of those who love
me;
What matter, though I cannot sing
it?
My comrades' happy voices ring
it—
And that is a song.

A song is when my heart is sad; my
heart so light this morning,
Has learned today a tale of war and
want and woe—and warning!
What matter if I cannot tell it?
The night winds over trenches swell
it—
And that is a song.

Mid-Year Ghosts

ELIZABETH ROE, Ex'20

It was the first day of February. The sky was dark and lowering like a thick, gray blanket. A few heavy, wet snowflakes were fluttering lazily to the ground. My feet were cold; my head was hot. I had studied so hard for that weekly quiz section in Pol. Econ. and then I knew I had busted it. I was discouraged. Why study anyhow? To add to my misery, I had lost a letter I had had in my pocket containing a check for \$15. Sadly and woefully I entered the dormitory and climbed the stairs to my room on the fourth floor. Those four flights of stairs had never been longer, the girls had never been gayer, I had never been sadder. With a groan, I threw myself into an arm-chair to contemplate the cruelty of the faculty and the meanness of the world in general.

Suddenly I felt a strange feeling come over me. There was a sharp pain around my heart. A cold shiver ran down my spine. My cheeks burned. My eyes were so heavy I could not hold my head up. Gradually I felt I was rising upward, and worse still, rising upward out of myself. Horrors! My soul was leaving my body! Yes, the struggle was over. I had left my earthly form behind. With sarcastic and sneering eyes, this ghost of myself smiled upon the object in the arm-chair. There seemed to be no sorrow, no regret at deserting that dwelling place of so many years.

The first thing that occurred to me was, "What will become of this soul of mine now? Have I properly

performed my earthly obligations?" I summed up the myriad of bad and wicked deeds I have ever done and (very eagerly, indeed) as many good or righteous ones as I could remember. Carefully I balanced the two. *Might* I be permitted to enter the kingdom of the just? Then, with a sickening realization it came over me that in my pocket was a letter—a letter signed "David Fletcher Hoy." In this letter I had been curtly informed that my presence at Cornell was no longer necessary. In short, I had been busted out. Could a busted out co-ed ever have wings? or a harp? or feast on ambrosia? No, never! And then it was that the ghost of mine showed itself in its true light. With a blood curdling shriek it started forward, floating through space. Straight out of my window, straight to the campus, straight to Morrill Hall, it went. Outside of a certain office it paused a moment to get its breath. Then it floated through the door and uttering little long-drawn moans, it floated across the room, slowly but angrily to the corner where a man was sitting at his desk writing bust notices. Steadily it advanced until it stood at the man's elbow. With a shriek—

Just then there was a crash. I had slipped from the chair to the floor. Rubbing my eyes, I saw that there were two girls sitting on the bed laughing just as though no one had ever been busted out of the University. Had I been busted out?—or could it be that this was all a

Continued on page 133

Abstracts from Lucilla Ferado's Diary of 1578*

By LOUISE W. CASE, '18

WEDNESDAY.

Little Diary, is this your same Mistress writing, who wrote upon your pages a few days ago? The hand writing is the same, but the writer? No! She is not the same. I shall tell you a deep, deep secret, Diary, which you must never reveal.

To-night, as you know Philantus came here to supper. I was expecting him to come alone as he always had done before. In this I was mistaken; but happily so, little book, because with him came Euphues.

It was just last month that I first heard of Euphues from Philantus. They have been inseparable friends since Euphues came from Athens, and because of this friendship I had promised Philantus to receive Euphues into my home. At first I did not feel that he was welcome, especially on this evening when Philantus and I were to be alone. Philantus noticed this, and silently reprov'd me. He even bade me accept Euphues as I would accept him.

We all sat down to supper; and, little Book,— No! I can not tell even you! Yet I must tell someone. Yes! I will tell you—but he must never know. I felt myself literally consumed by love for him. Ah! I know you protest; I know you chide

me; but can one direct Love? My heart is grievously perplexed; but he must never know of the sorrow he is causing me! His wit has bewitched me; his rare qualities of mind have destroyed my own power of reason, and left me helpless to battle against this fancy. How will it end, little book? I can only ask, I cannot answer.

I sit here, writing, all alone; yet his spirit is within this room. I can see him now. He is so comely a personage that one stands enchanted before him. His mind is the keenest and his wit the cleverest, which man has ever possessed. His manifest excellencies dominate all. Pages I might write of him, little book, but can Apollo be described?

TUESDAY.

Nearly one week has passed, during which I have been left to my sorrow and perplexities undisturbed, but to-day *he came*! Philantus brought him again. What a struggle it was to restrain myself, and not reveal to everyone my love for him! When they were announced I was playing cards with my ladies. This time I did not have to be prompted to my duties as a hostess. I received them both cordially. Yet this was hard to do,

earlier pastoral and the romance of chivalry. As a result, the story of domestic life and manners had to be discovered again. This was done by Samuel Richardson in *Pamela* (1740). The present diary based on the plot of *Euphues* and written in the style of *Pamela*, reveals the essential kinship of the two works, and helps to establish Lyly's title as the "creator of the novel of domestic life and manners."

*John Lyly, in his two novels, *Euphues* (1579) and *Euphues and His England* (1580), dealt for the first time in the history of English prose fiction with contemporary domestic life and manners. But the followers of Lyly, Robert Greene and Thomas Lodge, and especially Sir Philip Sidney with his popular *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, turned the English novel back into the

for,—shall I confess it? Philantus was not welcome.

On the other evening Euphues had been discussing woman's constancy and susceptibility in and to love, but he had broken off his talk very unexpectedly, so I asked him to finish it for us now. I wish you might have heard his praise for women! It was superior. And my Ladies all love him now. He said: "If women knew what excellency were in them, I fear we men should never win them to our wills or wean them from our mind". How clever he is! And how keen and exact his understanding!

While he was thus talking Father came home. I did not expect this and was rather grieved at his coming. But what do you suppose has happened, little book? Oh! It is too perfect to have come true! Listen! He desired Philantus to accompany him immediately, upon a business trip. And upon leaving, Philantus said he craved that Euphues might take his place while he was away! He could not take again what was already his. But did Philantus know that?

Father and Philantus had no sooner left the house than Euphues became very earnest. And, little book, he told me what I have been afraid, yet longing to hear. He told me that he had loved me from that first evening! He told me that he had deceived Philantus, his best friend, by saying that it was Livia whom he loved, so that Philantus would bring him here again. And he averred that to him, love was stronger than friendship.

At first, I pretended to weigh the matter over very seriously, and I even charged him with folly, and accused him of laying a plot against his friend.

Finally, however, I confessed my love for him. I just cannot write any more about it, little book. I can scarcely contain myself for joy. Livia then entered to summon us to the dining room and we had supper together with her. After supper we returned to the drawing room; but when Euphues realized that we two could not again be alone he left early. He has been gone now just two hours and ten minutes. Why won't time fly until it brings him back. Good-night, my little book.

SATURDAY.

To-day Father and Philantus returned from their trip rather unexpectedly. Father said they had completed their business affairs, and had come back in all haste to make plans for my immediate marriage to Philantus. I knew the time had come for me to declare myself, so I told them that I no longer loved Philantus and would not marry him.

Father and Philantus were angry, of course. I knew they would be, but they each restrained themselves admirably. Father asked who it was that was now the center of my affections. I promptly told them it was Euphues. Philantus turned pale. I protested that I had never promised to marry Philantus and that to my knowledge there never had been any mention of an engagement. I reminded them of the fact that there could be no bargain where both did not agree; and I told them that I most certainly would not agree. I added, however, that though I fore-swore Philantus as a husband I would accept him as a friend. I do not believe he heard me though, for he flung himself out of the house.

But I am entirely indifferent, little book, to what my father or Philantus may do or say. Have I not the right to be happy? And is not Euphues my one and only happiness?

TUESDAY.

Father and Philantus have taken themselves off to Venice to look after their business affairs, and, I suppose to mend their torn hearts. Venice will do a lot for them. I'm glad they are not around here. It's much happier without them.

But, little book, Euphues has not been to see me for these many, many days. It is really strange. I wonder if he knows I am alone? I do hope he or someone will come to-day to amuse and entertain me.

WEDNESDAY.

What a happy day! I have really been quite tired of being left alone, so I went out this afternoon and while I was away I met a most superior man. His name is Curio, and his occupation, he tells me, is that of a lawyer's clerk. He is not very handsome 'tis true; and he has little money I know; but how wise he is! And how unusual! It was most refreshing, little book, to talk with him. What does the opinion of other's count to me? He may be crude and uncultured to them, but to me he is the essence of refinement. I have invited him to sup with me tomorrow.

SATURDAY.

To-day Euphues had the impudence to call upon me uninvited. He said he wanted to explain his absence; but I really wasn't the least interested in hearing his explanation, and besides I was in a hurry to keep my appointment with my Curio; so I hurriedly dismissed him by telling him that his

absence had given me hope that I might not see him again. I advised him to go to Philantus; and I reminded him—Was I not witty?—that misery liked company. He said something about Curio being unworthy of me, but I was too anxious to get to my Curio to listen further. I really think he was very overbearing in his manner. The idea, little book, of his assuming that I would be satisfied with him. I do not know that he had any reason to think so. How insufficient he seems when compared with my Curio!

MONDAY.

One month has passed. Curio and I are married. It's rather tiresome. We've been married a week and really he hasn't expressed one new idea during the whole week. I am afraid I shall find him boring. But if I do I shall not let him interfere with my pleasure. He need not anticipate a quiet, hum-drum, hearth-side life with me, if I find him monotonous.

WEDNESDAY.

Father died yesterday. Gossip has it that he died of a broken-heart over his disappointment in me. To say the least he might have had some consideration for me, and have considered the reflection such an act would cast upon my good name. He was a selfish, unkind father and I, an unfortunate child. He left me all his property, but its value is rather disappointing.

Black is so becoming to me. I love to wear it; this is the first chance I've had though. It makes me look distinguished. Atheos said I looked charming last evening. He is so delightful! Curio must have him in for supper.

(Nothing more has been written in Lucilla's diary.)

A Parable of a Fire of Oil

MARY T. HAINES, '19

And there was at that time a great war throughout all the world.

And nation did rise up against nation, and there was no peace.

And the year of that war was nigh unto two thousand years after the birth of Christ.

And the foundations of the churches rocked and cathedrals were torn asunder, and great was the devastation of the innocent.

Now there was at that time in the country of America two brothers, the one a Christian and the other a warrior.

And their country called them to go forth to battle.

Wherefore the warrior made ready to go forth and slay the enemy.

But the Christian remembered the word of the Lord, how it was written, Ye have heard that it has been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.

And he could take no part in the war.

And he spake this parable unto his brother.

Within a certain city were many wells of oil.

Now it chanced one day that one of these wells caught fire.

And all the foolish people of the town rushed forth and tried to stop the fire with water, thereby hastening the flames to the other wells.

But a few wise men saw the folly thereof and cast about for where-with-al to check the flames.

And when they had used all the material that was at hand to no avail, because of the great extent to which the flames had spread, they went forth in search of more.

And they were counted unworthy to be called good citizens, because they poured not water on the fiery oil. And the city was nigh unto destruction before the foolish saw their folly. And the two brothers parted and went each his own way.

Behind the Counter of a Cafeteria

(In Imitation of Beatrice Hereford's Monologues)

ELIZABETH REIGART, '19

"Gravy?

"Yes, twenty-three cents. Fish is twenty. Wait a minute. I'll see.

"Say Carl, what kind of fish is it?

"Did you see that big man with the orange tie and the wrist watch?

"Cranberries with your meat?

"He looks like a football player, but he isn't. He is a prof and he carries his handkerchief up his sleeve.

"Supposed to be split pea. Looks like bean.

"Hello! What did you get on the prelim?

"Potatoes and gravy?"

"No, I busted it flat.

"Going to lab this afternoon?"

"Yes, just hot from the broiler.

"Joy! But I'm tired. It's beastly hot in here. Say Bob, turn on the fan. Thanks!

"Next? What will you have?"

"Pancakes? No. Only at breakfast. Come again tomorrow morning and we'll have some.

"Look at that old man, evidently a farmer. He is drinking his soup as he walks down the counter. I suppose he is afraid it will get cold before he gets to a seat. Or perhaps he thinks he has to 'Eat While You Wait.'"

"Fish all gone. More is coming.

"Ouch, it's hot. Shoot me another plate.

"My, but I wish I didn't have to do this. I'm dog tired too.

"Hot dogs? Further down.

"Pickle with your meat?"

"Did you get that? When I asked that little man in the grey suit if he would like a dill pickle, he took one and his wife just behind him, the boss evidently, snapped at him, 'You don't have to take it just because she asked you to'.

"No potato? Why didn't you say so? You did? I didn't hear you. Sorry, m'am.

"My back is broken. Let me have that box. There. Now I can reach the cocoa without falling into the soup every time.

"Si, where is that fish? None at all? What's this? Chops? What kind? Well they don't look it!

"Salad is at the next counter.

"Meat gravy of course. All gravies are alike in Ithaca anyhow.

"How do you do? Nothing? Too bad.

"Rare? This piece? Yes, I enjoyed it. Are you going next time? I'll go if some one asks me.

"Skating good? Sorry, but I have a date.

"Gravy?"

"How long is this line anyway?"

"Only ten minutes more, thank goodness.

"Peas and carrots. Yes, succotash. Very good.

"I feel like a regular menu card. Did you hear what that man said? He said he took potatoes and gravy just because I was serving them.

"Did you get that Jane? Isn't that the best looking coat you ever saw?"

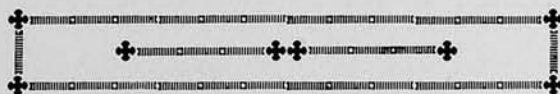
"Yes, seventeen cents.

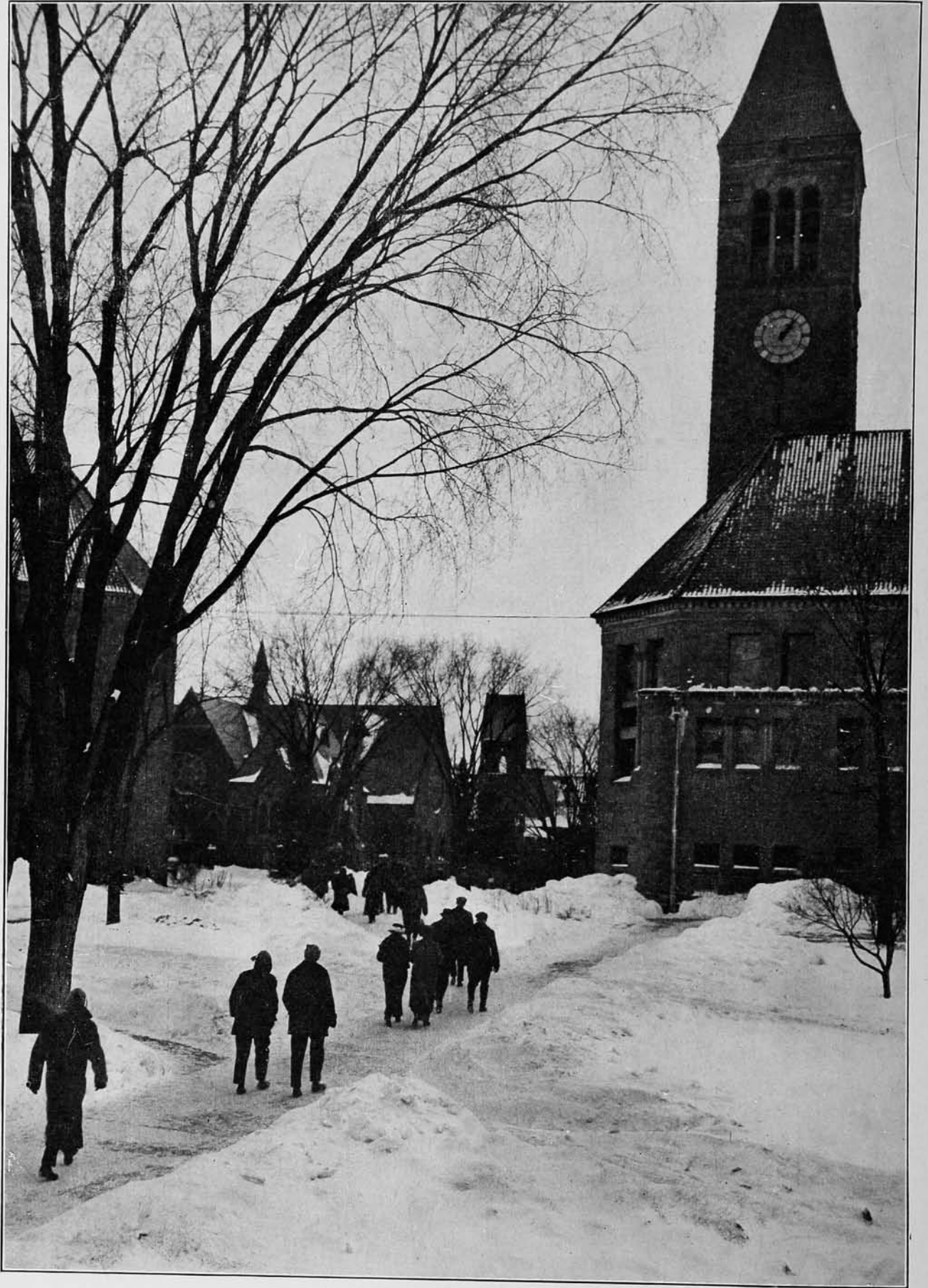
"Gee! I'm ready to drop.

"Here comes my instructor in ——. I must smile real pleasantly and maybe I can pull an A tomorrow.

"How do you do, Mr ——. Oh, no. Yes. No. That's all right. Oh, I just love the work here. It's so refreshing, 'don't cha know'.

"The poor prune! He asked me if I'd rather do this than write themes. Of course I had to say 'no'. As though I don't detest themes as much as I do standing here two hours every noon."





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THE CORNELL REVIEW

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Food

Conservation

As a war measure every institution is endeavoring to comply with the instructions issued by Mr. Hoover and conserve as much meat and wheat as possible. A Committee composed of faculty and students is working out plans for the University community. The fraternity houses are pledging themselves to a meatless and a wheatless day. The University cafeterias and dormitories have adopted Tuesday as meatless and Friday as wheatless day. Meat substitutes are being tried for lunches. White bread is not wheat mis-spelled any longer, for it now contains 28% of wheat substitutes. Corn sugar and Karo are used as much as possible in cooking in place of cane sugar. Scraps are utilized in soups and bread crumbs in puddings and cookies.

The authorities feel they have gone as far as advisable in the way of substitution in as much as the substitutes are not cheaper but more expensive. Furthermore, they feel in a way duty bound to satisfy the desires of their patrons. It now rests with the consumers to save and conserve. That does not mean one should starve, but care should be taken that a plate is filled not by eye sight but by appetite and that food is not wasted by being sent back untouched to the kitchen. Those in charge of the dining halls are taxing their brains for new dishes that will please. They realize the legitimacy of the complaints that are made. But unless the patrons wake up to the situation and realize that the United States is at war and consequently the luxuries and comforts of former days must be done away with, unless they as individuals answer to the call of conservation and ask for more substitutes, the authorities will be forced by the government to cut out further foods that must be saved. In such a case greater dissatisfaction will result.

Why not begin now and help do our share?

Health and Holidays

Past records show that immediately following the Christmas and Easter holidays the number of inmates in the infirmary suddenly increases. This is especially true in January. Perhaps the Christmas festivities are too strenuous, perhaps holiday candy is too much in evidence. And weather variations are all too ready to cause colds and grippe. At any rate, as the saying is, "Students return to college to get a rest." After a few days rest the grand spurt for final examinations begins. At the end of Block week the infirmary is again popular. Such irrational methods of living are abominable. This year since the few days vacation before the beginning of the second term has been done away with, it behooves everyone to be more careful in her living and not become tired at examination week. There will be no time to catch up from Christmas till the middle of May. Therefore, if the students are going to keep well and be physically fit for service next summer, it is necessary that they protect their health now.

The Vocational Conference Hours

The Vocational Conferences at Cornell, which the women voted in the fall to conduct again this year, are being held now at varying intervals. Are the lecturers, who come to us at the cost of the University and the Student Government Association and who have a message for college women, to find an audience of some twenty or thirty out of a community of seven hundred? Or are Cornell undergraduates seriously searching for the vocation in which they can be of greatest benefit to themselves and their country? It is our problem. Each one of us is solving it whether she neglects or attends the conference hour. Is the solution to be based on selfish unconcern or on thoughtful consideration?

The fourth board of editors takes control of the CORNELL REVIEW with the February number. We of the passing board have not progressed as far at this time as we had hoped a year ago. An unforeseen variety of difficulties has beset us. The war greatly reduced our subscription list. The board has lost valuable members. Business and editorial questions have arisen which our lack of experience prevented us from disposing of. Yet THE REVIEW is firmly established and bids fair to endure among the women as a Cornell institution. It has the distinction of being the one undergraduate publication which strives to maintain a literary standard. The responsibility resting upon the editors is severe; their initiative needs be unlimited; but many loyal friends among faculty and alumnae help to bear the burden. We hand on to future boards a task which will profit them individually, if they pursue it with industry, fully as much as we hope it benefits Cornell women at large.

Cornell Women's Dramatic Club

For the second time in history, the Cornell Women's Dramatic Club will appear behind the footlights at the Lyceum Theatre when the curtain rises on Friday evening, February eighth and the audience for a time is transported to the realms of the play folk.

The first Lyceum production of the club was the play, "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie which was staged a year ago. It was so successful that it seemed improvident not to continue the custom, so this year Oliver Goldsmith's charming little comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer" is to be presented.

"She Stoops to Conquer" has never lost the instant success which it won at its first presentation. This was at the Convent Garden Theatre on March 15, 1773. The story is a fascinating one of love, elopement, and intrigue, a time worn combination that has never failed to charm and please capacity audiences.

The cast is as follows:

Mr. Hardcastle..Dorothy Levy, '21
Mrs. Hardcastle....Inez Ross, '20
Miss Hardcastle..Dagmar Schmidt, '18
Miss Nevill.....Ethel Harrison, '19
Tony Lumpkin..Rodney Mason, '21
Young Marlowe Katharine Rodger, '18
HastingsCatherine Coville, '18
DiggoryAlice Smith, '20
Landlady, Servants, etc.

Elsie Church, '18, won the prize of five dollars for submitting the best poster in the poster competition. Miss Nye, Prof. Midjo and Prof. Brauner were the judges.

The committee in charge of the production are:

CoachingMarita Oelkers, '19
CostumesGladys Bleiman, '19
MusicRegene Freund, '20
Posters.....Miss Gertrude Nye
Programes.....Madolin DeWitt, '19
PropertyCarol Strong, '20
Publicity....Harriot A. Parsons, '19
Stage Manager..Gladys Bleiman, '19
Tickets.....Lily Hawley, '16

The ushers are:

Anne Selkirk, Head Usher
Elizabeth Alward, '18
Mary Bancroft, '18
Ernestine Becker, '18
Evelyn Hieber, '18
Matilda Loeffler, '18
Margaret Luckings, '18
Amy Apfel, '19
Cecilia Coad, '19
Ruth Conklin, '19
Madolin DeWitt, '19
Jean Hall, '19
E. Virginia Phipps, '19
Haidee Carll '20
Regene Freund, '20
Mildred Lamont, '20
Eliza Pollock, '20
Louise Roux, '20
May Thropp, '20

As usual our faculty are backing us and we wish to thank the following for their splendid advice and support:

Mrs. E. H. Barbour
Dr. E. H. Matzke
Miss Julia Mellote
Miss Gertrude Nye
Prof. and Mrs. J. T. Parsons
Prof. and Mrs. M. W. Sampson
Miss Catharine Schurman
Mrs. W. Strunk, Jr.
Mrs. W. E. Wilcox

ACTIVITIES

GERTRUDE SAMPSON, '19

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

A Student Government Mass Meeting was held at Barnes Hall on November 23d to discuss the system of voting for the various offices. Various plans were proposed, but no definite conclusion was reached. It was decided that the matter be placed into the hands of a committee appointed by the president.

At the regular Executive Committee meeting on December 7, Ernestine Becker announced that the committee to make plans for a system of voting would consist of Executive Committee, Presidents of outside houses, and Judiciary Committee.

At a Student Government meeting held in Sibley College on December 7th, Miss Flora Rose spoke on Food Conservation and Dr. Matzke spoke on the Responsibility of Cornell Women. This was followed by a brief discussion on the mobilization work of the women here. The president announced that Kathrine Coville was chairman of the committee in charge of the vocational conferences and that suggestions in regard to them would be welcomed by her.

RED CROSS

At a recent meeting of the Mobilization Committee of the Ithaca Chapter of the Red Cross, plans for the further mobilization of the students were

mapped out. This work is to be under the direction of a committee consisting of: Dr. E. H. Matzke, Dr. S. A. Munford, ex-officio, Harriet Hosmer, '18, chairman, Mrs. E. H. Barbour, Lois Osborn, '16, Elizabeth Alward, '18, Ernestine Becker, '18, Elizabeth Fulton, '18, Marcia Grimes, '18, Katherine McMurray, '18, Dagmar Schmidt, '18, Isabel Senn, '18, Anne Phillips, '18, and Alice Street, '19. General classes in surgical dressings will be opened in Barnes Hall during January. In one week in December the local Red Cross shipped eleven boxes, containing 4,100 surgical dressings, 205 sweaters, 116 mufflers, and 40 pairs of socks. Many of the knitted things were made by Cornell women.

Y. W. C. A.

Under the direction of the Extension Committee, Marion Pharo, '19, as chairman and many Cornell women are assisting Miss Child in social welfare work in the city. Some are doing friendly visiting, while others are making garments for needy families. In connection with the Social Settlement at the west end of the city, the Y. W. C. A. helped to plan a Christmas party for the children. Over sixty of the girls dressed as many dolls which were distributed as Christmas gifts.

Alpha Omicron Pi gave a Christmas party at the Settlement House Wed-

nesday, December 19th, from three to six for a group of the Inlet children. On December 20th Alpha Phi gave a party at their house for some of the settlement children.

Elizabeth Neely, '19, was sent as undergraduate representative of the Cornell Y. W. C. A. to the Student Volunteer Conference held at East Northfield, Mass., January 3-6. John R. Mott, '86, was the leader of the Conference, at which some five hundred American universities and colleges were represented.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES ASSOCIATION

The hockey finals, which were to have been played off in November, have been indefinitely postponed on account of weather conditions.

The Seniors proved themselves champions in the basketball finals played at the Armory, Saturday evening, December 15th, when they defeated the Freshman team by a score of 21-15. At the same time, the Junior and Sophomore teams played for third place, the Juniors winning with a score of 20-10. The semi-finals were played at the Armory, Saturday, December 8th and Wednesday, December 12th. The scores for those games were:

December 8th

{ 1918	14
{ 1919	7
{ 1920	7
{ 1921	26

December 12th

{ 1918	22
{ 1920	6
{ 1919	6
{ 1921	26

The line-up of the championship team is: E. Hieber (f.), M. Grimes

(f.), I. Gibson (g.), J. Donlon (g. and capt.), R. Williams (c.), Norma Regan was captain of the 1919 team, Helen Huie of 1920, and May Regan of 1921.

1920

The annual Hades Stunt given by the Sophomores to the Freshmen will be held Saturday evening, January 19, 1918 in Risley Recreation rooms at 7:45 o'clock.

Marcia McCartney, chairman; Irene Brewster, costumes; Eleanor George, hazing; Carol Strong, properties; Regina Freund, coach.

The "Sophomore-Freshman" dance will be held in Risley Recreation Rooms, Saturday evening, January 5, 1918, at eight o'clock.

Pearl Champlin, chairman; May Thropp, chairman "pro-tem"; Margaret Fortune, refreshments; Grace Dimelow, patronesses; Dorothy Dodds, programmes; Eleanor George, music.

L. O. V.

Greetings! Ye self supporting women students! Greetings! Ye who gave your time and enthusiasm for our first Liberty Bond.

In November the L. O. V. held its second annual co-operative service station. As usual all of the women students helped out and a fifty dollar Liberty Bond was purchased, the proceeds of which are to be used to assist needy students.

The fact that prices are rising but the wages of the working students are standing still has caused some agitation, and L. O. V. is now seeking to obtain a just wage and to standardize the wages as far as possible.

Continued on page 132

UNIVERSITY NOTES

GWENDOLYN JONES, '18

Woodford Patterson, '95, for many years editor of the *Cornell Alumni News*, was elected Secretary of the University by the Administration Committee of the Board of Trustees. The appointment fills a vacancy which has existed since the death of H. A. Hitchcock, '00, in October.

Mr. Patterson was born at Newark Valley. He attended the public schools of the village and completed his preparation for college at the Ithaca High School. He was a member of the class of 1895 at Cornell, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He is a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and Quill and Dagger. Mr. Patterson helped in the founding of the *Cornell Widow* and was editor in chief of that publication. He was also a member of the "Cornell Magazine" Board.

Soon after he left college, he went to work as a reporter on the *Evening Sun* in New York, and he was a member of the editorial staff of that newspaper for about ten years, being telegraph and cable editor during the latter half of that period. In 1906 he resigned to become editor of the *Cornell Alumni News* which he has conducted since that time.

Several members of the University Faculty were given leaves of absence to enter national service at the meeting of the Administration Committee of the Board of Trustees.

Professor R. H. Kenniston, of the Department of Spanish was granted a leave. He expects to sail for Europe before the end of December to do Y. M. C. A. work in France. Later he will work with the Italian Division. Professor Kenniston has been teaching at Cornell for four years and is a Harvard graduate.

Leaves of absence were also granted to Carl Crandall, '12, instructor in Civil Engineering, and to Holbrook Working, instructor in Economics, both for national service.

The Committee also accepted the resignations of five instructors who have gone into national service. They are: G. A. Worn, '17, and H. N. Diedericks, '17, instructors in Machine Design; R. E. Bitner and G. E. Grantham, instructors in Physics; C. M. Christian, '19, assistant in Zoology.

A leave of absence was granted to Dr. Melvin Dresbach, assistant Professor of Physiology, from January 1, 1918, to the end of the current academic year.

A number of appointments have been made to fill vacancies, as follows: Frederick Nill, '19, Henry Rubin, '18, and Henry Rynalski, '19, assistants in Chemistry; W. M. Pierce, '19, and C. A. Stanton, '19, assistants in Zoology; C. S. Siebold, '19, and C. W. Roof, '17, assistants in Machine Design.

The Committee also passed a resolution of sorrow at the death of Trustee Franklin Matthews, '83.

The Committee approved a recommendation from the University faculty that the University Calendar for the present academic year be so revised that the 1918 commencement will come on May 22, instead of June 19. On recommendation of the University faculty the Board also ruled that the penalty to be inflicted on undergraduates for cutting classes just before and after the University recess be made more severe. The ruling against cutting now covers two days before and two days after any recess, and students absent from classes on any of those days will be required to pay a fee of two dollars for every day on which an absence occurs.

Russel Lord, '19, has been awarded the \$50 prize offered for the best play written to be produced at the Kermis during Farmers' Week. Russel Lord is now corporal of Company F, 112 Field Artillery, stationed at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Alabama. The winning play, "They Who Till," was written at odd times at camp. The play deals with the progress of country life in America, presenting episodes illustrating conditions when farming was a "gentleman's profession," then the conditions during the period of agricultural depression, and present conditions of agricultural rejuvenation.

The Cornell Dramatic Club, on the evening of December 13 and 15, presented three plays: Sir Arthur Pinero's "The Playgoers," Lady Gregory's "The Workhouse Ward," and Lord Dunsany's "The Golden Doom."

"The Playgoers" is an amusing and lively satire on modern domestic conditions, the modern mistress who attempts "to do good" to the modern servant. Its value on the stage depends chiefly upon characterization. In this respect it succeeded, for the performers made the presentation decidedly amusing. In "The Workhouse Ward" the illusion created was adequate. While two bed-ridden paupers are quarrelling the sister of one arrives and offers him a home. He gets ready to leave, but the piteous appeal of the other old fellow softens his heart, and after the sister refuses to take both to her home, the former decides to stay with his old neighbor. In the interpretation of this play, too much the same emotional level was sustained; pathos was emphasized and the rich humor of the Irish was almost absent. The most convincing play in the series was the "Golden Doom", comparable in oriental morality to the "Hour Glass" in the former series because of the earnestness of character portrayal.

Louis Graveure, a noted baritone, gave an enjoyable concert to the University community on December 14. The program consisted of twenty-two selections, including Hungarian, Old English, French, Bohemian, American, and Folk songs.

The first member of the Cornell Faculty to receive the Croix de Guerre was Arthur J. Putnam, '14, formerly an instructor in the French department, and at present a member of the Cornell Ambulance Section, with a commission as first lieutenant.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LOUISE HAMBURGER, '19

'08—Anna Stryke is in Claremont, Cal.

'12—Elizabeth Steer has returned to Ithaca to study in the Department of Domestic Economy. She is acting as chaperone at Cayuga Lodge, 709 Wyckoff Road.

'12—Mrs. A. M. Goodman, nee Clara W. Browning, is now living in Denison, Texas, R. D. No. 2.

'13—Agnes Dobbins is assistant to Professor Turner, who was formerly at Cornell, but is now instructing in political economy at New York University.

'14—Merle Mosier received her Doctor's degree from Cornell Medical School in June. She is at present engaged in giving mental and physical tests to patients in a hospital in Connecticut.

'14—Clarabel Nye and L. A. Minns were in Ithaca to attend the convention of the State Food Conservation agents.

'15—Marian Sturges is with the Wheat Export Commission in New York.

'15—Evelyn Thorp sails for France this month with the Women's Medical Unit.

'12—Katherine Jester is teaching English at the Schenectady High School, Schenectady, N. Y.

'15—Alma Wichlens is at Columbia University studying for her masters degree in Physical training.

'15—Mildred Watt is teaching mathematics and English in a preparatory school in Buffalo, N. Y.

'15—Helen Easterbrooke, Laura Ware, and Sarah Jackson attended the Food Conservation Conference at Ithaca last month.

'16—Helen Spalding is at the Theta House at 4738 Bayard Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

'16—Margaret McClanahan is teaching Domestic Science in Delta, Colorado.

'16—Lena Beecher is teaching Domestic Science in the Gouverneur High School, Gouverneur, N. Y.

'16—Edna Beardsley, Helen Van Keuren, Anna Kerr, Elizabeth Simpson and Bertha Yerke were among those attending the Food Conservation Conference at Ithaca last month.

The class of 1917 was well represented by the following: Marian Hess, Alice Blinn, Edna Darling Perkins, Auleen Russell, and Melva Lattimore.

'17—Julia Aronson is doing extension work at Stamford, Conn.

'17—Anna Sehgan is attending the School of Medicine in New York.

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The Guest in Khaki

Continued from page 110

"But why?"

"You wrote that Christmas letter and—"

"Christmas letter!" broke in Layton bitterly. It was a joyful Christmas greeting to you wasn't it?"

Ethel nodded—"A wonderful letter. It made me happier than I had been in weeks."

"Happy," the man echoed her incredulously. Then hope died within. "You mean it freed you. You—stopped caring." He dragged those words out like a dead weight.

"Oh, no! It was that I loved you so much—so much that, though I knew you were going down hill fast and I couldn't stop you, that I would have said 'yes' when you asked me what you were keeping for that Christmas day."

"You would have said 'yes'," Layton repeated wonderingly, adoringly.

"Then when you wrote that you had no right to ask me, that you had nothing worthy to offer, and that you would not come back until you had made yourself a man I was glad I loved you. I knew you were worth it. But how did you come to realize—?"

"Why it was at your Christmas Eve dance," Layton answered. "Just after I had said 'good-night' to you. Ed and Bill were hunting their things in a corner. It was dark. They were talking about the Dewey scandal. They said Dewey started to drink himself to death before he married Isabel and then he just couldn't swear off. That broke her heart." The young man hesitated and then plunged on though the words hurt him still: "They said I was headed for the same trail and that any girl

who married me lost any chance of happiness."

"So that struck home," Ethel spoke for him.

"Yes. You know—of course you didn't know then though—I began to take the stuff in college just to be a good fellow. Then Dad died and left me a pile. I hung out at the Club and that did the rest. Well, I walked the rest of that night, or rather the next morning, thinking and seeing myself. I counted up the number of times I had vowed to swear off—and each time broken. Then I went to my rooms and wrote you."

"But you've come back," Ethel exulted. "That's all that matters."

"And you cared enough to wait!" His voice was soft and reverent. "But what's this for?" He touched her uniform.

"Why"—she laughed—"to keep 'Poor Butterfly' busy while you were away."

"No." It was Mrs. Reynolds speaking. "Ethel said that she had to live up to you. She was going to make her life worth while also."

"But Mrs. Reynolds!" The young man became aware of her existence once more. "How did you know about me—and yes—this is puzzling, how did I find Ethel here?"

The girl laughed. "Why its quite simple I am a nurse. This is my aunt. The hospital is just around the corner."

"I have known who you were for some minutes," acknowledged Mrs. Reynolds happily. "You puzzled me Layton at first, but when you told me about your Ethel in Buffalo, I knew. She had your picture on her dresser so I identified you."

Continued on page 133

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Continued on page 137

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Continued from page 125

Y. W. C. A.

The Extension Committee of the Y. W. C. A. helped to distribute baskets of food among the poor families of Ithaca on the day before Thanksgiving. The public schools are the originators of the plan and have done the work in former years. This year it was done under the supervision of the Associated Charities of Ithaca. The college girls carried the baskets where it was impossible for an automobile to carry them. Seventy-five families received these Thanksgiving baskets.

Ape Owe'em*

When fur stews can this sill her I'm
Toot rye tomb ache theme e'en ink
Lear,
Youth inked wood butt bee weigh
sting thyme
Use eh, "It's imp lean on scents shear!"
Gnome attar; Anna lies a lign,
Nation mice tender verse says knot—
Fork rip tick poet real Ike mine
How Aaron weal desmesnes allot.

(Century 1913.)

*NOTE—If any reader is unable to understand this simple verse, see page 133.

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Mid-Year Ghosts

Continued from page 114

dream? Hurriedly I searched through all of my pockets and books. The letter was nowhere to be found. The only thing any search revealed was the lost check safely tucked away in my Pol. Econ. text where I remembered now I had hidden it for safe keeping. Five days have passed now and I am still in Ithaca—and attending classes, too. My professors say I have a splendid record for the term, and that quiz paper, by the way, received a high grade. My experience with the bust notice has spurred me on.

Nevertheless I maintain that I had just such a letter on just such a gloomy afternoon. Do you think it was ghosts?

The Guest in Khaki

Continued from page 130

"Children" commanded the sweet little lady in black, "don't you realize this is Christmas and there is a sprig of mistletoe over the doorway and I am waiting to give you my blessing?"

"And I too give you a Christmas gift," smiled Ethel. She lifted her face to his and they plighted their troth beneath the mistletoe.

A Poem

Translation of the verse on page 132

When first you scan this silly rhyme
To try to make the meaning clear,
You think it would but be wasting time
You say—"It's simply nonsense
shear!"

No matter; analyse a line,
Nay shun my tender verses not—
For criptic poetry like mine
How e're unyieldly means a lot.



“Tell the Boys to Come”

“WHEN the Saturday’s chores were through and the Sunday wood in the kitchen, too”—and you went visiting to “Old Aunt Mary’s,” wasn’t it good? Wasn’t her face good for a boy to see? That was James Whitcomb Riley’s Aunt Mary—and you can’t read about her without a choke in your throat—for to each of us—with our troubles and our bothers—there is somewhere, back in the past an Old Aunt Mary. No wonder we have to close the book when we read how “Aunt Mary fell asleep this morning, whispering ‘tell the boys to come’”—

That’s one of Riley’s gifts from on high—to bring back to us the sweetness—the joy—the beauty of youth—to mix a smile with our tears and a tear with our smile.

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The great spirit has passed on. “There’s another good pal gone over the border.” The dearly beloved of all America’s children and all America’s grown folk who have stayed young, has passed away.

From the little child that wrote, “I feel sort of alone until I read your poems,” to President Wilson who says, “I render my tribute of affection and appreciation to him,” this nation feels the great loss.

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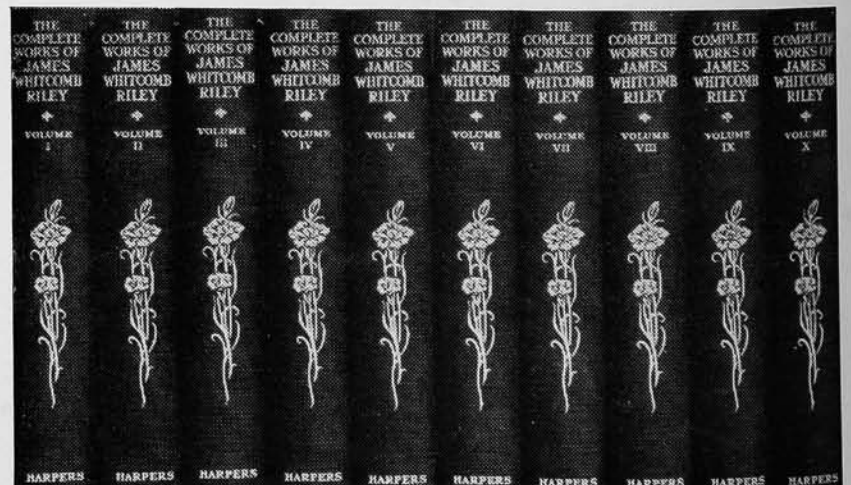
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Who Is She?

Continued from page 131

Freshman year, she has always been associated with her sister, the two having made their debut as "Sunny Jim and Jimmy Dum" to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Esther is Jimmy Dum, but she really is not dumb, otherwise how could she have a scholarship? She has been accused of being a budding poet. Without doubt she will some day be famous in the line of art at any rate. For she is noted for having an alto voice that sometimes sings tenor. "Aw go on." One of the best liked girls in Risley is Esther. Just watch her following of Frosh if the above statement needs proof. Her popularity among her classmates is shown by their appreciation of her as President of Frigga Fylge. Farmer's Week will be an example of the work such a position carries with it. Witness the candy shop on the second floor of Dom. Econ. Some one once said that the way to tell the difference between the Grimeses was that Esther has such beautiful dreamy eyes. Now you'll know her.

Raven and Serpent, Sedowa, Vice-President, Y. W. C. A., 3; Secretary of Sports and Pastimes, 3; College Class President, 3; Hockey, 1 and 4; Crew, 3; President Frigga Fylge, 4.

JOANNA DONLON.

If ever any one could be said to be Jack-of-all-trades, surely "Johnny" is. But unlike the old saying she is master of all. In athletics she has been conspicuous on the basketball team, on the baseball team and in hockey. In dramatics she has starred in one-act productions of the Women's Dramatic Club and also in the Cornell Dramatic Club. In the latter her

triumph was as the young niece who faints into the arms of the bishop. In rehearsals the bishop did his best to catch her, but proved unequal to the occasion, so at the final production he was substituted by a chair. It is no pleasure to escort Johnny to a show down town. Her observing eye can criticize everything—scenery, casting and staging. If only she had been consulted it would have been managed differently. For you see her strong point is business. If anything needs managing there is Johnny on the spot. If a compet's work is unsatisfactory—woe betide the compet, for Johnny has a tongue—and she can scold. But don't for one minute think that she is always in such a hurry that she can be nothing but stern and severe. Not at all. After quiet hours the noise, the giggle, then the "shush" girls, followed by suppressed giggles can be traced to Johnny who believes in the motto, "Work while you work, play while you play. This is the way to be cheerful and gay."

Basketball, 1, 2, 3; hockey, baseball; Women's dramatic club productions, 1, 2, 3; Cornell dramatic club productions, 2, 3; vice-president Cornell dramatic club, 4; CORNELL REVIEW board, 1, 2, 3, 4; circulation manager, 3; business manager, 4; Raven and Serpent; Der Hexenkreis; A O II.



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THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III

FEBRUARY, 1918

NO. 5

THE ROOT OF ALL GOOD
MARGARET LICHFIELD

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A PICTURE
JOHANNA DIECKMANN, '20

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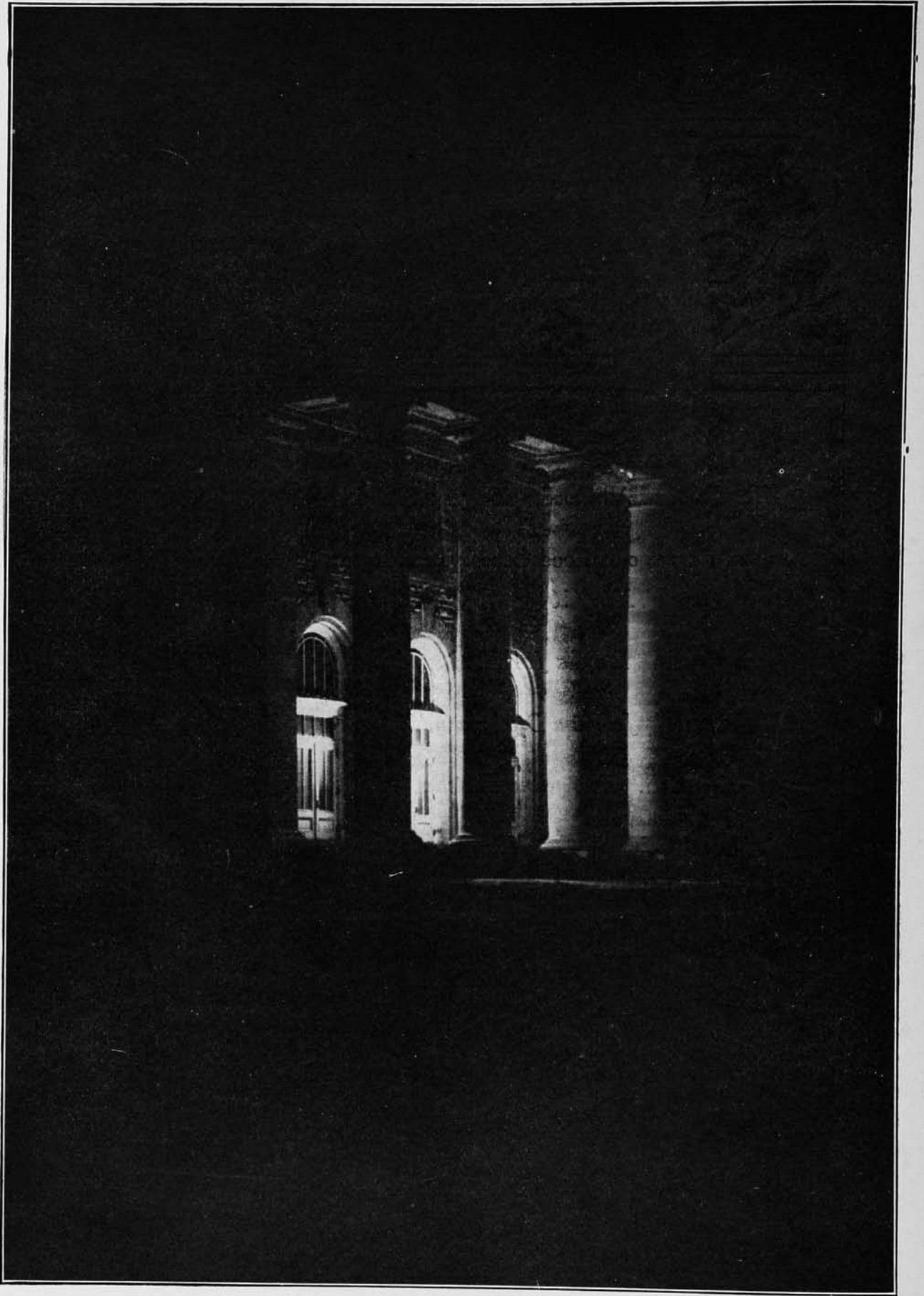
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GOLDWIN SMITH AT NIGHT

THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III.

ITHACA, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 5

The Root of All Good

MARGARET LICHFIELD

The love of money is the root of all evil, but the root of all good is service

CHAPTER I

The mail was late. A girl with a khaki bag over her arm stood waiting at the end of the woodland path where it debouched upon the mail route from Clifton to Meadville. Pines and maples, birches and beeches crowded close to the edges of the path by which she had come, and stretched along each side of the main road as far as the eye could reach. The leaves were red and yellow—the pale dead gold, the sweetly melancholy mourning of the close of the year; the path was strewn with brilliant gems of mushrooms, scarlet and cream-colored, such as adorn the margins of the pages of Russian fairy-tale books. A chilly blast rustled down another pallid shower flecked with red, and the girl drew her sweater, a bright scarlet one, more closely about her. Her brown hair was topped by a charming little Dutch cap of creamy wool, turned back from her face and disclosing a smooth brow, thoughtful dark eyes, a generous mouth, and a firm chin.

At last the stage appeared over the brow of the hill, the driver handed down a full pouch and received her bag in exchange. On the girl's extended wrist could be seen a long red scar. The youth beside the driver

woke from his slumbrous state, saw the scar, the red sweater, the cap, the face. "Where does that path lead?" he enquired as the girl disappeared into the woods.

"Oh, that thar is the short cut to the Livingston place, where you're bound, but I'll drive you up by the road."

"No, I'll walk this way, and you may take my suit-case by the road," and he sprang down to follow the retreating figure already lost to sight in the leafinesses and windings of the path. "Who can that be? Mother never said a word.—I must help her with the bag for it looked heavy. Sunday papers in it, I suppose. It's our bag for the name's on the outside. Mother would not have had to urge me to come to her new summer home, if she'd mentioned such a visitor as this, but I don't see why she sent her for the mail." He hurried along, but the girl was light-footed, and the heavy bag slung over her shoulder scarcely impeded her progress.

"Scarlet and cream, scarlet and cream, the jacket and cap, and the mushrooms and leaves—why, I never had an eye for color before, but I've got it now, that's certain. I must have a picture made of it. I want to keep that picture. I must have it.

I'd never get tired of looking at it. Well, I'm not catching up with her very fast."

"Oh, please, won't you let me help you with that bag? It looks very heavy, and I'm going your way."

She turned. "It really isn't very heavy, and I don't need any help."

"But I must take it. There, that's better. I ought to have the privilege of carrying it, when my name is embroidered on the bag in such conspicuous letters."

She was silent and he wondered at her lack of responsiveness. Girls like that, with a twinkle behind the brown softness of the eyes, were generally able to keep up their share of the conversation. The fact was that girls generally talked too much, and he seldom had a fair chance to put a word in edgewise. He evidently had that chance now. Throughout the long path, the sunlight and shadows danced and flickered. "This is maddening—it is too beautiful—the Waldweben," and he softly whistled the motif.

The girl's eyes lifted from the ground, and a little smile fluttered across her face. He just caught it, and the cockles of his heart grew still warmer.

"Are you visiting my mother, Mrs. Livingston?" he inquired.

"I've been staying with her for a while," she answered in a slightly hesitating voice, as they emerged from the woods.

"Great heavens, what a stunner of a view! Pardon me, but it came on me so unexpectedly—lake and mountain flash upon you with the suddenness of a lantern-slide. No wonder Mother couldn't resist it, and had to buy the place on the spot."

Spread at his feet in one burst of beauty lay the most glorious glories of the English Lake District under the blue American sky, and tucked away at one side by the winding road, was the prettiest little ancient farmhouse in the world, placed just where the composition of the picture demanded it. He sighed. "I wish I'd come before, but I really couldn't get away. They're awfully strict about sticking to the office the first year, and then I thought it would be beastly lonely and dreary up here. Ah, there's mother in the garden. Please excuse me a moment." When the first affectionate greetings were over, the girl had disappeared.

"Mother, who was that young lady I came along with from the mail?"

"Oh, that's our latest experiment in the cook line, and she's really very efficient although she looks so young. Yes, I can truthfully say that Mary Jones is the best servant that I've ever had in all the many years that I've kept house."

"Servant!" Why should he have that toppled-over feeling as if he were a card house blown upon by an unfriendly wind? "Mother, I think I'll take a book up to that grove for a while. I want to enjoy the peacefulness of this place."

"Peace—this is too much—I never felt less peaceful. A servant with those eyes and that expression—dove-like, brooding, contented? I never saw such a face, nor heard such a soft musical voice. But she scarcely said a word. Now, why didn't she? She could have spoken volumes, I know she could. Oh, this world is all upside down—hollow, hollow, hollow. I can't read, I can't enjoy the view, I can't do anything. All that beauty

drives me crazy when things like that are happening in the midst of it. It's enough to make a fellow turn socialist on the spot. But what good would that do, if she is all hollow, if her expression does not indicate gentle bringing up and culture,—if there's nothing really there but looks?"

An exquisite dinner was exquisitely served by Mary and an assistant, clad in uniforms of tender buff with snowy aprons. His awakened color sense was soothed, and the dinner gained in piquancy from the pleasure given to the eye.

The next day Mary did not appear, nor the day following. He was a silent young man, and was not accustomed to ask for explanations, inasmuch as he himself never gave them; but this suspense was no longer to be borne.

"Mother, where is the maid that you had the day that I arrived? She seemed very satisfactory."

"Yes, she was, and I hated to part with her, but her time was up. She came just for the month to put the finishing touches to Cynthia."

Here was room for pondering—"to put the finishing touches to Cynthia." Cynthia certainly seemed finished, but who began her and when did she begin? And how could Cynthia manage alone? But Cynthia remained not alone. An intelligent looking young girl arrived soon to begin an apprenticeship, relieving the trained worker of the tasks which required more drudgery than skill.

Richard Livingston's restlessness was soon intolerable. He looked for his mother in the garden where he was nearly always sure to find her. "Mother, much as I wish to stay with you and enjoy all these beauties of

nature, I feel that it isn't right to leave the office just at this busy time, so I fear I'll have to be going back to-morrow. I hate dreadfully to leave you and I want to come back just as soon as you open up again in the spring."

The next morning he left his suitcase to be taken by the stage and started early by the wood path for the sake of the memories. Only naked branches, the path buried in leaves, were there, the gemlike fungi had vanished, the magic had departed.

CHAPTER II

The Seniors had filled their luxurious drawing-room to over-flowing. The speaker in their midst, flushed with the ardor of her convictions and their intensity, had accentuated the sympathetic vibrations of her voice: "Girls, you are willing to be missionaries, settlement workers, trained nurses, doctors, lawyers, ministers and even militant suffragettes with all the painful and humiliating treatment inevitable in that profession; but you shrink from the social service which is most needed to-day, the service on which the happiness of all our homes is founded. Lack of it is responsible for divorce, race suicide, the disruption of home life. Can't you throw your missionary spirit, your longing for a special mission when you leave college, into the reform of domestic service? You can't reform it from the bottom. It is clogged with the prejudices of all the ages, and only a movement from the top will avail anything. And yet diligent inquiry has shown that not one graduate of any of our Domestic Science courses which are given in so many colleges of our country, is

engaged in practical domestic service for wages. Are these courses satisfying in practical results the hopes of those who founded them? Is the 'servant problem' throughout the land any nearer solution by the activities of these domestic science departments? Cannot the faculties of these departments encourage their students, as I am trying to encourage you, to take part actively and through personal service in the solution of the problem? Are you college girls willing to form a club or league for this purpose, and pledge yourselves to give one month of your lives to work in someone's kitchen not your own?

"My idea is to form a club, called, perhaps, the 'Trained Domestic Workers of America,' though we need not fight shy of the good old word, servant. We don't want a highflown title for we propose to do the simple, necessary work of every day. The initial or charter members should consist of college women who should prepare themselves by domestic science courses or by instruction in their own home kitchens, to perform the practical duties of housekeeping exclusive of laundry work.

"If such a league or club were formed, its general policy and the rules governing it, would have to be very carefully defined. For instance, we must separate our service absolutely from the social life of the house. We desire our own privacy as much as the family whom we serve, desire its own home life free from intrusion. We shall not scorn to eat in the kitchen if there is no servant's sitting-room for that purpose, but no one is to enter that room or interrupt our leisure at the meal hour. Our service is to be engaged only in those families

where no other servants are kept except those who are members of the league or their apprentices. The little detail of being addressed by the Christian name will not disturb us for the use of a 'nom de travail' will be an additional aid in excluding social intercourse between employer and employee.

"The apprentice shall be the helper of the trained worker, learning her methods day by day and submitting to her judgments. During her apprenticeship she shall receive a very small wage, perhaps a dollar a week in addition to her board and lodging. After an apprenticeship of three months, she should be able to serve a small family satisfactorily if she is as intelligent as we expect those girls to be who will be attracted to this work under the new conditions.

"The league members should be paid about six dollars a week, with board and lodging, and both members and apprentices shall supply their own uniforms. And they should have an artistic uniform,—for instance, a pale buff with white apron and cap, and the kitchen aprons, not of the deadly blue gingham, but white with a hairline black cross-bar effect. If these were all made at a central factory, the expense would be slight.

"The league members must not be interfered with in their duties by the mistress of the house any more than a trained nurse is interfered with. Of course she will be glad to receive suggestions as to the menus so as to please the tastes of the members of the family; but there must not be two heads in the kitchen. That way disaster lies. Those mistresses who prefer to supervise unintelligent labor, can always find the

opportunity. Our service is for those enlightened ones who feel that the time for a new order has arrived, and who are willing to co-operate in giving the new methods encouragement and assistance.

"One of our great philanthropists has perceived the possibilities of this plan and will provide for the initial office and advertising expenses, and in the case of the appreciative reception of this reform by the housewives of our country, is ready to help establish fitting schools for those who desire to enter upon the work."

CHAPTER III

(Nine months after)

"A telegram for you, Sir." Livingston roused himself from a reverie induced by a good pipe, while puffing its wreaths out of his office window, and watching their white clouds against a blue June sky. His thoughts were on a blissful day of October, and the interruption of the telegraph boy was blasting both to his dream and to his temper.

"Come next train. Norton called home. His girl for Senior Week arrived and you must substitute."

R. N. FOLGER.

"Just like Bob! Why aren't there a dozen fellows right at hand who could take charge of Norton's girl? Is she such a paragon that he must send to New York for a partner for her, and why send for me, when he knows that I don't get on with girls anyway, let alone a paragon? I can't think of anything to say to them, and they wouldn't want to hear it if I could. Only one girl I know of who cares for anything but clothes and balls, and I'll never get a chance to see her again. O, these cursed social distinctions

which won't allow a man to fall in love with his mother's cook! If socialism could do away with such nonsense I'd become a socialist to-morrow.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go. I don't mind seeing the fellows and lounging around the house once more, though goodness knows, when the house is jammed full of girls and chaperons, there's little opportunity for lounging. If I can catch the next train I can get there just in time to dress for the Prom. and I'll have to leave at seven in the morning, so I'll manage to stand it that long."

The train was late in getting into the little college town and the members of the Iota Sigma house-party were in the hall waiting to be driven to the ball when Livingston appeared among them. Under the dim illumination of the heavily veiled lights, deemed indispensable for festal occasions by undergraduate taste, he was presented to the group of ladies swathed in evening coats and scarfs, and among them, Miss Hester Cunningham was designated as his special charge. There was a gleaming band in her dark hair and he fastened his eyes upon it triumphantly, as the certain badge by which he would be able to claim her when she emerged from her wrappings at the Armory.

He waited with the other men at the foot of the stairs leading to the dressing-room, and at last he saw again the amber and gold fillet on the dark hair, and the softest brown eyes, and the most perfect little ears, a generous, firm mouth adorned with a gay little smile, and a charming little figure clad in pale yellow satin, and carrying the bouquet of poinsettia which he had brought her from New York. He gave a low whistle under

his breath. "By Jove! Scarlet and gold again. I seem to run to that combination. Well, it suits me all right, and Norton's girl bears a certain resemblance to that other one, but 'O, the difference to me'!"

The strains of the Alma Mater were just beginning as they entered the ball-room. The long line of patronesses melted away, the flowery festoons of lights suddenly became dim, and the gay throng of men and girls and chaperons sang with enthusiasm and with solemnity the old college song, so dear and hallowed that it always seems like a benediction.

The lights flashed up and the first waltz began.

Ah, Norton, what a sylph thou didst select! Dance on together forever, dance. She was rhythm itself, and Livingston whose spirit had groaned with recollection of stiff, unyielding, unmusical partners, to whom the gift of rhythm had not been granted by the gods, was lost in the joy of the oneness of motion, music, and,—could it be soul? Could he ever catch again the first fine careless rapture? No, it could not be. He hoped she would prefer to talk through the succeeding numbers for which they were engaged together, rather than dim the glory of that perfect dance.

They returned to the Iota Sigma box and he consulted the program which had been filled out for Miss Cunningham weeks before. The name of Norton was more scantily scattered over it than he could have wished, unless—was it possible that Norton was not engaged to the girl, and on that account did not dare to claim too much? That might be an alleviating circumstance, though why should

he care a darn about it—butterflies were not in his line.

The third two-step was his, and Miss Cunningham would be very glad to rest, as there had been so many previous festivities in Senior Week that she was a little tired.

"I suppose you've been to heaps of these things before both here and at other colleges, and they're beginning to bore you a little."

"Far from it," she replied, "It's the most exciting week of my life, and I've enjoyed every moment of it. Cousin George has invited me up every year, but I was never able to come before, so the whole thing is fresh and new to me. How beautifully the fellows manage everything! They make the most perfect hosts, and the chapter houses are dreams of beauty."

"Well, you know, they're not dreams of beauty all the time, but perhaps they're more comfortable to live in, though, of course, not so pleasant," he hastened to add. "You're a college girl, aren't you? You must have had some experience in this kind of entertaining."

"Yes, but not on such an extensive scale. One big ball at a time seemed all-sufficient and all-absorbing, while here one has five or six dances in an evening in close proximity to the two enormous balls, not to mention the dramatic and musical entertainments. But that's the man's magnificent way of doing all things, I suppose. A woman can't soar to any such flights."

"Then you don't believe in woman's vast superiority; you are not rampant for the suffrage?" he eagerly inquired, a gleam in his eye indicating his

contemptuous disdain for those who were.

"No, I'm not rampant. In fact, my friends think I am only too lukewarm, but I had the fun of startling some of them lately. I saw some of those exquisite suffrage stamps sent out by California, representing the girl of the golden west or something of that sort. At any rate she is a beautiful maiden clad in creamy robes, and with the golden and ruddy hues of heaven or of the Golden Gate behind her, and holding in outstretched hands a scroll with 'Votes for women'. They were so awfully artistic that I had to have some at once, and I thought it would be such a joke to put them on letters to a few of my ultra-militant friends, who had not yet blossomed out into that kind of advertisement of their doctrines."

"Well," he said to himself, "I'm glad she's not a suffragette, but then she doesn't seem to take things seriously enough; I'm afraid she's just frothy." Aloud, "What is your mission, then, for every college girl has one?"

"Oh, I may have several," she laughed, "and they may be too sacred to talk about."

"Why do you all take to fads so readily? Why don't you do something practical, cooking, for instance?" and his eyes became a little dreamy with thoughts of Mary Jones.

"Cooking," she said with a tiny grimace, "I always burn myself when I cook."

"Then you think that a sufficient reason for giving it up?" Mary Jones burned herself too—he remembered the scar. She would have scorned such a frivolous renunciation.

"Haven't you any domestic tastes at all?"

"None at all, and only stern duty ever drives me to undertake anything in that line, for I always burn and cut myself and get so terribly tired. Grappling with a foreign language or with a Beethoven sonata is infinitely easier and more agreeable than washing the dishes. Why should anyone like it?"

"But if you look at it from the standpoint of sanitary science, doesn't that make it more attractive?"

"Possibly, but I don't like it from any point of view. I never cared much for science anyway—my taste runs in other directions. I prefer music and art and languages."

"Then I suppose you'll be deserting your native land straightway and seeking satisfaction abroad?"

"You've guessed it precisely. I sail next week on the *Thuringia*."

"But don't you feel that there is work for you to do at home? Isn't the country full of problems demanding the attention of trained minds and crying out for solution? And those who have had the training and possess the leisure and opportunity, turn their backs on everything in the nature of a duty, and fly to Europe to indulge lazily in a little more culture!"

"How very much to heart you take all these problems!" She glanced quizzically at him out of the corner of her eye. "Are you working very hard on their solution yourself?"

"I? No. I have my business to attend to and have not the leisure that you women have."

"Surely, you do not owe all your time to your business? Of course, that might be necessary if you were in

debt for your education, or had to support a family by your own efforts, but you don't seem to be in straightened circumstances. What is incomprehensible to me, is that the men of this country feel that the race for gold is their first duty, and lay the burden of the amelioration of society upon the shoulders of the women, and are then indignant that the women unaided do not accomplish that which requires the united efforts of both sexes. The women have done a lot, but they cannot do it all. Why should men devote their lives to getting a lot of superfluous money, which they don't need themselves and which is a handicap to their descendants when they are surrounded by tremendous problems demanding from them their solution?"

Each was silent. Miss Cunningham was carried off for the next waltz, and Livingston was left to reflect upon the inconsistencies of women till roused to the necessity of looking up his own partner.

Was she serious, or wasn't she? They had almost quarreled in the brief space of their acquaintance. They did not seem to get on. Was she teasing him? So he meditated, turning the questions over and over again in his brain, as the dances flew by. He took the early morning train back to New York, and these questions pursued him still through the drowsy hours of his journey.

When the train finally pulled into the terminal, he was roused with a jerk by an idea, a brilliant idea. "I'll make a few inquiries about the

sailing of the *Thuringia*. But won't it look as if I'm running off to Europe to indulge in a little culture? Well, let it. I don't care how anything looks."

CHAPTER IV

He drove to the pier in a drizzling rain. The passengers in mackintoshes, clinging to umbrellas with one hand and to the slimy rail of the gang-plank with the other, climbed wearily upward, and disappeared in the gaping side of the ship. Richard saw his luggage safely installed in his state-room and then paced the deck to look for HER, a hopeless task, for the identity of the women passengers was as successfully concealed under their thick veils as if they wore the "yashniak." The boat pulled out to the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" which sounded lugubrious enough, and the rain increased in volume and the wind rose. Those passengers who did not seek safety in their berths, preferred a scanty supper in their chairs on the dimly lighted decks to the hazards of the table d'hôte below. The brilliant dining salon was nearly empty of the gentler sex, and Richard's search was unrewarded.

The next morning was even more forbidding. Richard paced the deck before breakfast, round and round, ten times, twenty times. Then down the slant and the slipperiness, which he was gingerly ascending, there blew to him swiftly from around the corner, a small figure in a scarlet sweater and a creamy Dutch cap.

Experiences of a Food Conservation Agent

ANNA C. KERR, '16

Food Conservation Agent for Seneca County

If you are not a downright good sport who can pretend to see the funny side of a joke on yourself, don't ever think twice about a job like this.

The start is glorious. We spend a week at Dom. Econ., hearing such inspiring talks that we start out to our counties fired with the knowledge that France has *got* to have our food.

The first evening after arriving in my new abode, I picked up the paper expecting to see my picture and a column about myself and new work. Alas—it was the paper of the grouchy editor and this is what I saw:

"The *Reveille* each and every week contains more valuable information about methods of cooking and household affairs than can be gathered from a thousand inexperienced girls traveling around the country harassing people on the food question."

What a reception! Nothing daunted, however, I went with my guardian angel to call on that editor. I shook in my boots when I saw an old man with white hair and a gruff voice, who I'm sure never had smiled in his life. Inside I kept saying, "I've got to do it, I've got to do it." I did it too. I spoke to him very earnestly and gently, telling him why I was there and what I was trying to do. When I left, he stroked my arm and told me to come to him for anything I wanted. I could have shouted when I reached the street. This was only one of a number of my experiences with editors.

Editors, however, are not an agent's only enemies. If you are unhappy without plenty of men at your feet don't be a food conservation agent. Men hate the ground we walk on. When we have dinner at their homes, their wives give them only half as much sugar in their coffee, they have to go without white bread and they tell you unblushingly that they don't think much of all this conserving food business. A man is truly won through his stomach, and any day I expect to hear of divorces as a result of my neglecting to interview the husbands at the same time that I convinced some wives of the need of food conservation.

Most of the time of the agent is spent in traveling about the country telling people convincingly what Mr. Hoover wants and why, and then demonstrating, by means of war suppers and demonstrations, how this may be done. During the summer months I was fortunate in having a car to drive. This was the joy of my life but with October came bad roads. Good fortune followed me up, and a horse was given me to use. I knew just enough about a horse to say "whoa" when I wanted her to stop, but I never let on that we weren't old friends. We were after our first experience together on a beautiful fall day. I allowed two hours for a ten mile drive to a place where I was to have a demonstration. I am sure that ten minutes after I started the thermometer dropped twenty degrees. The drive turned out to be a

joy ride of three hours instead of two and I arrived so late I had no time for dinner. I was urged to take time to eat, but I assured my hostess that I had some things in my bag which would serve me very well. I didn't mention that they were measuring cups and kettles. Then came my demonstration, and I cooked some things that looked to me to be the very best things anyone ever could eat. No hope even here, however, for the women liked them too, and the plates came back empty. I didn't have even a taste. If I had had the not unusual experience of having to heat and sweep the hall before my meeting I think I would have been ready to weep but I was still happy and about 5:30 P. M. I was on my way home. The horse was a comfort but I was thinking of supper and warm clothes. Then the blizzard and darkness! A description of that drive in detail is still too much for me. At 8:30 P. M. I entered the only "ideal" eating place my little town supported. I could have devoured anything, so I thought, until I started to sit down and saw a beautifully soiled cat lying on the table. I smiled sweetly at the waitress, said "What a pretty cat," and ate a supper that I might have been arrested for.

Often, however, something happens which makes one feel that the work is more than worth the effort. I met in one community a most attractive girl who was trying to earn money from some fruit trees to help her pay the expenses of her last year at Barnard. She was having the cherries picked and sent to Philadelphia but because of the weather conditions they spoiled in shipping. There was no local market and we at once, at our

meeting, asked if there were women there who would help in canning the crop. The next day a group of women worked all day and canned most of the cherries. This girl with the cherries and other things canned later, cleared over \$200 before school opened in the fall.

Another little experience might illustrate what unusual opportunities a demonstration agent sometimes has. I was stranded in a small community and wished to get to a village about four miles off. The only man with a car who could take me said that he was sorry but he had to take a man over there right away. Being a brazen and bold young woman I offered to ride with this other man. I was cautioned with a broad grin that "It might not be very good company, because you see the other fellow is a corpse." Puzzle—did I go or not?

The life of a demonstration agent is certainly far from being monotonous, but without a sense of humor, the strength of an athlete, and the mixing ability that enables one to show interest in all the family histories, one might expect to be transported at least on a stretcher if not in exactly the condition of my friend, "The other fellow."

As in every other vocation Cornell girls shine in food conservation work. The following are having these rare experiences in New York State:

Claribel Nye, '14, Assistant State Leader; Winifred Moses, '14; Elna Becker, '14; Lura Ware, '15; Helen Comstock, '15; Grace Chapman, '15; Helen Estabrook, '15; Winifred Nash, '15; Bertha Yerke, '16; Anna Kerr, '16; Helen Van Keuren, '16; Edna Beardsley, '16; Marion Hess, '17; Elizabeth Abuhl, '17; Cornelia

Fonda, '17; Edna Darling Perkins, '17; Gertrude Bower, '17; Auleen Russell, '17; Mabelle McWhorter, '17; Anne H. Morrow, '17.

Via Crucis*

MARTHA J. ELLIOTT, '21

In the ranks of the first who volunteered
To succor France from her foe, nor feared
To forfeit comfort and life of ease
To fight for our brothers overseas,
With a step as light as thistle down
He left the precincts of the town.
We see him yet with his wind-blown hair
The sun like a holy chrism there,
The swinging step with its youthful grace
The radiant look, on his up-turned face
That look remote, to the hero given
The consecration of high Heaven.
Only the noblest and the best suffice
Of our gallant Youth for the Sacrifice!

* * * *

Out of the din of the battle hell,
Seared and shattered by shot and shell,

*NOTE: On the day before a great battle, the engineers plant a line of painted white posts, a few yards apart, leading from the rear straight to the border of No Man's Land. They are to guide the walking wounded back

Away from the fray of the struggling hosts
He treads the way of the painted posts.
Back from the horrors of No Man's Land
He gropes his way to the outstretched hand
Of pitying ones who stand and wait
For the stricken men from the Zone of Hate.
As trod our Christ in the long ago
Beneath His cross with its weight of woe
To His Calvary on the summit dim
So this chosen one on his way to Him.
To him as long as he lives shall be
The woe of a daily Calvary.
But the radiant look still lingers there—
The chrism of God on his wind-blown hair.

to where, nearer than the doctors and the hospitals, the Y. M. C. A. meets them with hot tea and hypodermics.

Money is needed for this work. We, of Cornell, who are so nobly represented over there, should be heartily glad to respond.

A Picture

JOHANNA DIECKMANN, '20

The life-size picture which hangs near the south entrance of Goldwin Smith always appealed to me as remarkable, though I know neither its name nor that of the painter. Even in subject it is unusual: it represents a Communion Service celebrated by a small company of peasants of some simple non-ritual sect. The observer looks into an angle of a small room. Across the foreground is the long

Communion table seating eight persons; it is spread with a white cloth and is placed parallel to the rear of the room. The minister in a long black gown stands on the near side of the table facing his audience, and with only a part of his face visible. On the left between the table and the rear of the room are three straight backed pews, in each of which are seated a man and a woman. From

the corner of the first, against the wall, a stout man with a round head, fringe of whiskers, spectacles, and a large book propped up before him on the rail, watches the ceremony with respectful but rather critical interest. The woman wears a waist of a bright reddish brown, and a straw bonnet like an inverted coal hod over her winged white peasant cap. In the second pew the woman is evidently a bride, from her white head dress with veil and pink flowers. Her companion has his head bowed on the back of the preceding pew in prayer. The figures in the rear are rather indistinct. Above the pews are a curtained window with small diamond panes and a wooden tablet bearing the inscription in German text—"Psalm 42, Gezang." An aisle leads to a door in the rear of the room and separates the pews on the left from those on the right, of which, however, only the first is visible. Three men stand in a group before the door. A young girl stands at the rail to the right, an open book before her. Her lips are parted; interest and wonder are expressed in her face.

It is in the figures surrounding the table, however, that the principal interest centers, and on which most thought and care have been expended by the painter. The minister holds a pewter goblet in his hand. His short bristling hair is iron gray in color, his gown long and simple. The glimpse we have of his face shows it earnest, as if he were exhorting his little flock, or repeating the sacred words of the service. At his left is seated a woman of higher than peasant rank, as is shown by her bonnet and basque jacket; at his right a woman in a rose colored smock and

white cap, with her head bowed. We have a side view of the first; only the back of the second is visible. Two men are seated at the ends of the table on red cane-seated chairs, similar to that which the minister has pushed back in rising. He at the left is of middle age, wearing baggy clothes and a low collar, and has high cheek bones and a short fringe of whiskers round his face. His attitude is respectful and reverent, his eyes are fixed on the table. The other is a little old man, of whom we have a rear side view, partly bald, with a stubby beard and gray hair, his hands folded on the table before him and his head bowed. Next to this latter but round the corner of the table is a young man just past boyhood, as is shown by the smooth cheek, thick curly hair, and faint indication of a moustache. He is taking bread from the plate before him. Second from the end is another man of middle age, with eyes raised to the minister's face and brow wrinkled in inquiry, though there is no lack of reverence in his expression. This leaves two more figures at the table, both women, the first merely indicated at the left of and beyond the minister, and the second in green smock and white cap, directly facing him. Of the entire group, this figure has been most lovingly executed by the painter. Her face is thin, pale and careworn. The hands are clasped on the table before her. In the large sunken eyes raised to the minister's face there is inexpressible pathos, yearning for comfort and hope.

From the very first the picture attracted my attention and impressed me as strangely real and familiar. The reality is due to the skill of the

painter, partly exhibited by a curious effect of light on the figures at the table. They are really living, they seem about to move, and as I watch them of an afternoon when the hall is perfectly quiet and the light dim, I can almost hear the low, solemn voice of the minister—"Und der Herr am selben Abend in dem er betrachtet war, nahm Brot—". I suppose I hear thus, because that is the first language in which I heard the words spoken,

and the only language I have heard associated with so simple a service as is here represented. Then too, the faces of the woman with the yearning eyes and of the man beside her, bear a striking resemblance to people I knew in my childhood, and this I suppose heightens its effectiveness to me.

The picture is, indeed, unusual and will bear a great deal of study.

[NOTE: From information given by Prof. George Lincoln Burr.]

The name of the picture is "The Communion" or perhaps "The Lord's Supper". It is the work of Gary Melchers, an American painter of Dutch stock, whose home is in one of the Dutch colonies of Michigan. The picture represents a celebration of a communion in a little Dutch church, and is an expression of Holland's true ideals as a land of tolerance.

President Andrew D. White saw the picture in an exhibition in Paris and was very much struck by it. He was pleased to find that the artist was an American and wrote to

him, expressing his appreciation. He received a grateful letter in return. Soon after the Arts College moved into its new building, Goldwin Smith, Mr. Melchers told Dr. White he would like to give this picture to the University. General Rush Hawkins of Newport, Rhode Island, a collector of literature and art, joined with Mr. Melchers in sending the picture.

Gary Melchers has spent a good deal of his life in Holland, painting Dutch scenes and groups. He is recognized as one of the most eminent of modern American painters.

Resignation

EVANGELINE THATCHER, '16

I strive to touch
 The jewels within my sight,
 And see them turn into dead leaves,
 Where is the noon day light?
 Above my path the gray winged clouds
 Lower thick, and seem
 To shroud the fading height,
 So pale, so shadowy the morning
 dream.
 I am content, with tired heart,
 To own I do not see, or know,
 But plod on, in the dark.

A Local Color Story

HELEN M. BATEMAN, '21

The REVIEW compet. had to write a story, a local color story, the Editor-in-chief had said. "Never say can't" was the compet's one and only motto and she was doing her best to sustain it.

She had herself and environments arranged comfortably and in a way conducive to thought. The desk lamp was perched jauntily on a chair beside her cot and cast a pleasant, bright light upon a pad, which the compet. held upon her knees and upon which she intended to write. Perhaps you have already guessed that the lady herself was reclining in bed. And so she was, with sofa pillows beneath her and with a box of Wilburbuds at her side.

Snuggling down cozily, she awaited thoughts, local color thoughts, which did not come quickly nor easily, although they had every inducement, even candy. After the seventh or possibly the seventeenth Wilburbud had been consumed, she impulsively decided she would write a story about a good-looking man whom she had seen, that day, on her way to her Math. class. Her hero chosen, what about her plot?—Also her heroine? After much thought upon the latter question, she reached the conclusion that no heroine could take the part so well as the compet. herself. But—was it quite modest to put oneself in a story, especially to make oneself the heroine?—also a heroine should always be beautiful. No, the story would have to be about the man alone.

In her attempt to remember the man's characteristics, she decided he

had a great resemblance to Charlie Chaplin and immediately her hero became the hero in a funny story. The only humorous incident which came to her mind was the spectacle of a man who had fallen on the icy pavement that same morning.

Instantly the title was "The Icy Walk" and the story was under way. "As the man emerged briskly from the Sibley Dog, where he had been breakfasting, he slipped upon the treacherous ice and fell! In putting the dot beneath the vertical line in the exclamation mark, the lead in her pencil broke. Taking another chocolate, she arose and searched for her room-mate's knife. But, with her pencil resharpened, all thoughts had flown and she disconsolately viewed her work.

She once more recalled the Editor's words, "Write either a story or a poem with local color." Indeed, she had forgotten about the poem part of it. Why not write it as a poem? One does not have to be so explicit in a poem as in a story and some real poets did not put so very much in their poems sometimes—for example, some that she herself had hastily read for English 3.

Again the title "The Icy Walk" went down on the paper, and with brows knit in almost painful concentration, she went to work again.

"In the night,
Rain had fallen;
In the morn,
It was frozen.

She heaved a sigh because of the rhyme of "fallen" and "frozen", but went on.

In the trees, The wind was whistling; On the walk, The ice lay glistening. But of course, Man has to eat, And toward the Dog, He turned his feet.	On the ice His foot had slipped; —————" Now to find a word to rhyme with "slipped"—"dipped, dripped, flipped, hipped (but was there such a word?— this writing was hard work), lipped, nipped, ripped, sipped, tipped,— tripped,—whipped—."
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That expression, "He turned his feet" seemed rather strange but, anyway, it rhymed.

* * * *

The compet. slept.

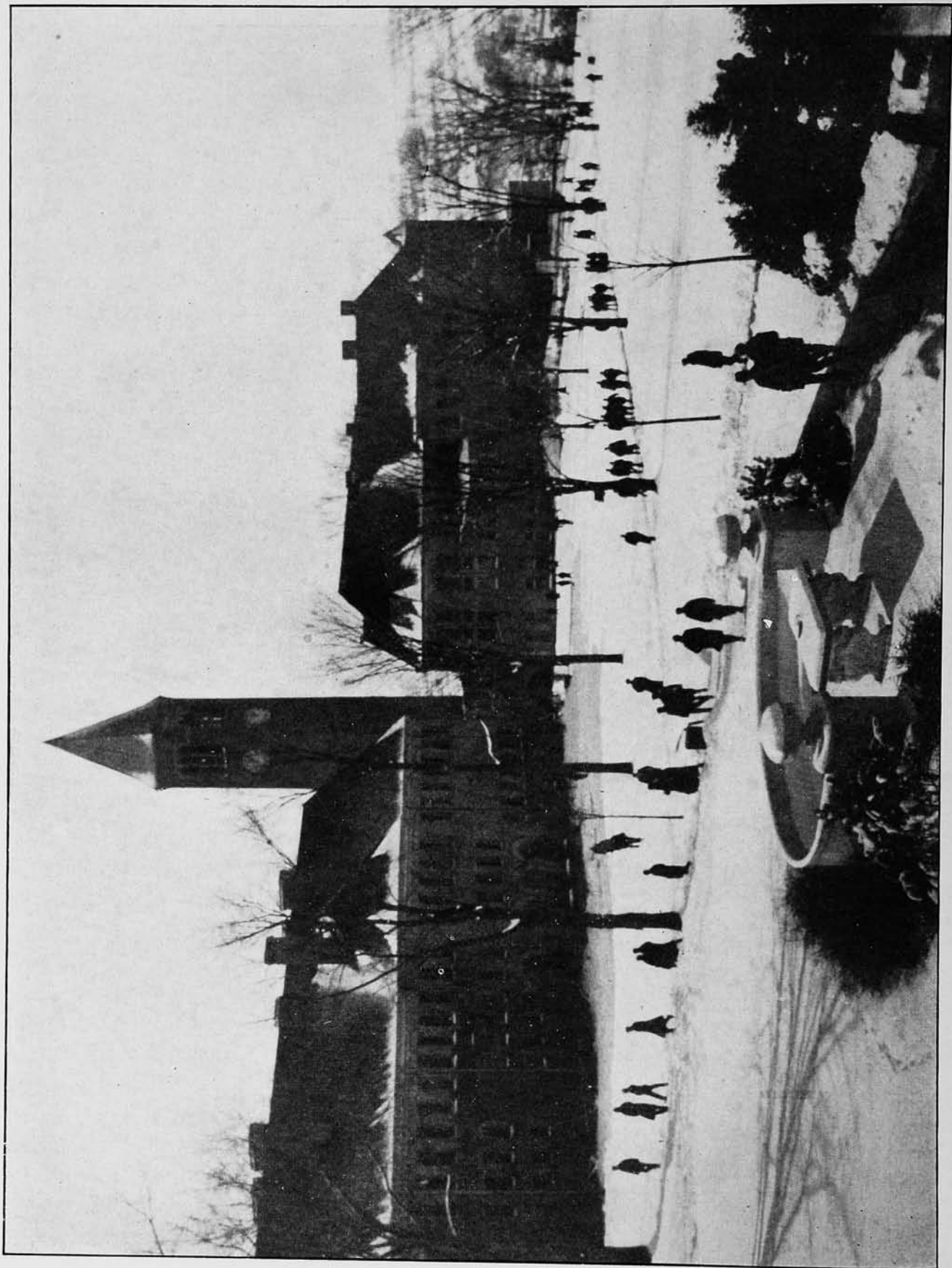
A Reply

G. W., Grad.

It was all so strange
To me then;
Everything was new—
Fountain, glen,
Paths that led, and led,
Beckoning—where?
Nooks that nestled; love,
Everywhere.

You could scarcely hope
I should feel
Just the same as then.
Months reveal
All the pretty twistings
Of the way,
North and south, where glints
The longest ray.

You could scarcely hope
I should be
Just as rapturous now
O'er yon tree,
O'er that flowering bush
You loved so.
Not that I forget,
Blinder grow.—
O would I needed you,
Love, again,
You to lead the paths,
Now as then!



FROM GOLDWIN SMITH WINDOW—Photo by J. P. Troy

NOTE—The Review wishes to apologize for the mistake in omitting the note "Photo by J. P. Troy" under the pictures which appeared on pages 68 and 82 in the December issue.

THE CORNELL REVIEW

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Farmers' Week

The most important University activity so far this year was the celebration of Farmers' Week. In spite of the difficulties of travel it is estimated that the total attendance was 3000, an increase of 100 over that of last year. The entire college of agriculture did everything in its power to make the week of February tenth as helpful and as interesting a period for the visitors as possible. Each department made a special effort to present its work simply and attractively and thereby show the relation of the College of Agriculture to the Farmer. All sorts of exhibits and demonstrations were worked up. Pamphlets containing practical advice and recipes for the farmer and housewife were distributed. Many regular classes were suspended allowing the students to assist in carrying out the program and to attend the meetings. Among the noted speakers were Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago; Julia Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor; John Mitchell, chairman of the State Food Commission; and F. C. Walcott, the right hand man of Herbert Hoover. A cordial invitation was extended the women of the Arts College by Miss Van Renssalaer to serve as hostesses at the reception in the Home Economics Department held for Miss Addams and Miss Lathrop.

The general aim of all the meetings was to point out how the farmers are to help win the war. Ways of conserving food were outlined by the different speakers and then practical demonstrations were given showing how to prevent waste and how to substitute. But a nation can not conserve when there is nothing in the larder to begin with. Some people think low prices is the solution of the problem. The present state of high prices was explained as the result of taking men out of productive industries and making them consumers. Increased value of money making the amount of goods a fixed amount of money will buy much less before the war is also responsible for the increase in prices. The result of fixing prices of different commodities was then pointed out. Since index numbers show that the price of all articles has risen, why should the price of one

article be fixed and not of another? The wheat situation has shown that it is cheaper for the farmer to feed his wheat to his chickens than to take it to the mill. Economic laws will take care of prices. Price fixing only drives commodities out of the market. The attempt to fix coal below the price of production has resulted in heatless Mondays.

In New York State the milk situation is such that there is now a surplus. A campaign is being conducted to encourage the people to use more milk. Otherwise the farmers will kill their cows for beef, and next year a milk shortage will result which would seriously endanger the lives of the children of the state.

To win the war we must have food. So long as prices are fixed the farmer can not afford to produce. The solution is to emancipate the farmer. The main point is to increase production. A strong appeal was made for the farmers to use the best distribution of factors to produce increased amounts of food in order to make up the present shortage and to avoid the eminent danger of starvation. If the farmers are given a chance they will win the war.

Our Task

Despite all the trials of readjustment that face a new board, we enter upon the task that has been handed over to us with all the self-confidence of the young enthusiast. We feel we have profited by the experiences of members of former boards. Nevertheless we appreciate our incompetency and only trust our blunders will not be too great. Ever open for improvements we ask for both constructive and destructive criticism thus desiring to smooth our path and make our work successful. We hope to realize the aims our predecessors held as a goal to us. We shall strive to better THE REVIEW as much as we can so as to ease the burdens of our successors, and by diversity and strength of material we shall endeavor to hold a literary standard that will please all our patrons.

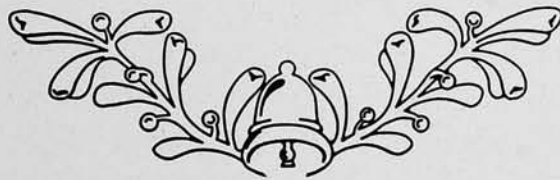
Student Elections

The former system of elections to officers of undergraduate activities has proved to be faulty. The process of nominating and then electing by closed ballot one office at a time dragged out over so many weeks that by the end interest had fallen until not one-fourth of the women were voting. The attitude of those who did take interest to vote was one of voting to be done with it and not of carefully considering the best candidate. In the fall of 1917 at a student government mass meeting there arose the question of changing the system. Several ideas were suggested with the result that the matter was left over to a committee for further discussion. For a number of weeks the student government president together with a committee consisting of the judiciary committee, the executive committee, and the presidents of outside houses reviewed the subject and formulated the following plan which was presented at a mass meeting, February eighteenth for the approval of the women of the University. This system provides for the nomination of the president and the four officers of student government by the old system. Dramatic Club, Y. W. C. A., and Sports and Pastimes nominate at their own council meetings. Then a big mass meeting is called for the purpose of making all elections. During the ten minute intervals, while the votes for

each election are being counted, each class will give a stunt. Besides the general cheer leader there will be class leaders to stimulate class competition. The program for the entire evening has been so arranged that all the elections will be carried through at one meeting of almost two hours in length, the result of previous elections being announced before the next nomination is voted upon. The interspersing of songs and stunts will brighten the evening and add an attraction to mass meetings. Class officers which are of minor importance will be taken care of in separate class meetings. Perhaps in a few years when the novelty of the system has worn off the advantages it seems to present now will be entirely nul. But at the present time it suggests remedies for the most serious difficulties and should be given a fair chance.

**Mobilization
Committee**

During the period January thirtieth, thirty-first, and February first, the mobilization committee in charge of Elizabeth Alward student chairman, conducted a big drive to enlist every woman in the University in some form of war work. Descriptive folders were passed out giving all necessary data of each of the five units. As membership was not limited to any one unit, great interest was aroused in securing record enrollments and some women registered for two or three units. The total registration in the University is over 750 women and from this number 525 enlisted at the recruiting stations of Sage, Risley, Goldwin Smith, and Home Economics. New members will be added gladly to the list. The result of the drives are already being seen in the increased number of knitted articles, comfort kits and surgical dressings turned out and in the attendance in the other classes. The aim is to have Barnes Hall the center of all Red Cross and other mobilization activities as a place where any of the work of this kind may be found at any time.



ACTIVITIES

MARY H. DONLON, '20

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

The committee which has under consideration the matter of reforms in the system of conducting elections has held meetings and various plans have been discussed. As soon as a satisfactory system has been decided upon, the matter will be referred to the student body for its action.

At a recent election, Eliza Pollock, '19, was elected member of the Sage House Committee to replace Anna White, '19, who will not be in Sage during the second term.

THE VOCATIONAL CONFERENCE

The series of Vocational Conferences was opened on January 10, with an address given by Miss Burgess, State Inspector of Nurses Training Schools, on the present day importance of nursing as a vocation for college women. Miss Burgess dealt with the prerequisite training required by those who wish to become nurses, and with the great opportunities which are open to women in this field, especially at the present time.

Nurses are needed now, not only in the hospitals abroad, but they are needed here in the cantonments, and also in the hospitals, when the wounded are brought back to this country. Then too, nurses are greatly needed in social service and infant welfare work, and they will be especially useful after the war, in the period

of reconstruction which will follow. Miss Burgess explained the training and duties of a registered nurse. She stated that many hospitals were now trying to make special provision for college women, so that they do not have to spend three years in training. The Presbyterian Hospital of New York graduates college girls who have had biology, chemistry, bacteriology, and physiological chemistry, in two years and three months instead of three years.

She concluded by giving the girls an idea of the many and varied opportunities that are open to nurses after graduation. For example,—Red Cross nursing, positions in hospitals—such as, superintendent, or business manager,—principal of training schools, instructor of nursing, supervisor of nurses, school nurse, infant welfare and social service.

Mr. Robert Treman, of Ithaca, will be the next speaker in the Vocational Conference series. He will talk on Banking as a vocation for women. The date has not yet been definitely decided.

MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE

The Mobilization Committee is beginning the new year with increased activity in all its departments. Every woman in the University is to be given an opportunity to enlist in some form of war work. The following is but a brief resumé of the work of the sub-committees:

Surgical Dressings

Winifred Skinner, '18, Chairman

With the beginning of the second term, a work room in Barnes Hall was opened every morning and one afternoon and evening of each week for the work of this committee. Here any girl who is interested may come during any of her free hours and learn the principles of surgical dressings. Mrs. Thilly, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Elmer will be the instructors, and they will be assisted by the following girls who have recently finished the course under Mrs. Thilly: Lois Osborn, '16, Winifred Skinner, '18, Edith Messenger, '19, Madoline DeWitt, '19, Helen Meyer, '19, and Myrtle Lawrence, '20.

Physical Preparedness

Ruth Williams, '18, Chairman

The work of this unit has consisted of military tactics under the direction of officers from the cadet corps selected for the work by Professor Young and Colonel Barton. The support of the girls has been insufficient, however, and a somewhat different plan will therefore be followed this spring. Fines for absences are to be abolished and members will no longer be required to sign the honor pledge. Rival companies are to be formed in Sage and Risley, and the following point system adopted:

Five points for highest enrollment.

Five points for highest average attendance.

Ten points for military tactics.

Three points for other military features.

Two points for the best appearing company.

In the spring a military review will be held on the Athletic Field and the

members of the winning team will be awarded medals.

The chief problem is that of membership, and a canvass of all University women is to be made in order to gain recruits. The fact that they have joined other classes should not deter them from joining this.

Dietetics and Garment Making

Helen Bool, '19, Chairman

Plans are being made for classes in this unit to be formed soon. Provided there is a class of twenty who are regular in attendance, the Red Cross headquarters will furnish the instructors and materials free. A small fee will probably be charged of those taking the course.

Agriculture

This committee, consisting of Lois Osborn, '16, Helen Irish Moore, '16, and Mabel Baldwin, '17, has for the object of its work the organization of the women in agriculture into units, which may be sent out under supervision to work on farms during the summer.

KNITTING AND COMFORT KITS

The proceeds of the two tea dances which have been held in Sage drawing rooms have netted about \$288. This amount is to be divided between the yarn and the comfort kit units. Four more dances are to be given during the spring.

MEMBERSHIP

Lois Osborn, '16, chairman of the Membership Committee, reports that already three hundred and fifty girls have been enrolled as members of the Red Cross Association and that the canvass has not yet been completed.

(Continued on page 166)

UNIVERSITY NOTES

GWENDOLYN H. JONES, '18

Two courses in military French are among the courses offered by the Department of Romance Languages for the second term. These courses are included at the request of the United States Government, which asked that the Department teach courses in practical French. The courses are particularly designed for members of the Reserve Officers Training Camp and are so planned as to give persons intending to go into service, a speaking and reading knowledge of French. The two courses are French 3a, an elementary course, M W F, 12, credit three hours, prerequisite course I., Professor Mason; and course 5a, advanced course, hours to be arranged, prerequisite course 1 or equivalent, Assistant Professor Pumpelly.

The University has acquired a strip of land some four hundred feet long on the north bank of Fall Creek between Prudence Risley and the foot bridge back of Sibley College. This land was recently purchased from the estate of the late Professor Lucien A. Wait. The University now has title to the bank of the creek from the foot bridge east to the trolley bridge overlooking Triphammer Falls, and will, by reason of this control, be able to meet demands for the future expansion of the power plant.

"Greek Coins V. Coins and Sculptor" was the subject of the lecture

given by Professor E. P. Andrews, '95, in the Museum of Casts in Goldwin Smith on January 10.

Speaking on the affirmative side of the question "That Governmental Restriction of the Expression of Opinion in Time of War is Wise," D. T. Gilmartin, Jr., '18, won the '94 Memorial Stage held in Bailey Hall on the evening of January 10. The winner received a prize of \$94. The speakers on the affirmative side of the question were as follows: D. T. Gilmartin, Jr., '18, G. L. Loveridge, '18, and A. M. Saperston, '19. On the negative side the speakers were: W. P. Herman, '19, T. B. Karp, '19, and Chen Ku, '18. The judges were as follows: Professor E. R. Clark, of Rochester, Hon. B. Kenyon, '07, of Auburn, and Professor F. C. Prescott of Ithaca.

J. B. Kirkland, '18, was the winner of the Pomology stage competition held in Rochester on January 10 before the conference of the New York State Fruit Growers' Association. Mr. Kirkland won the first prize of \$50, speaking on the topic, "Fruit-growing in the South." The second prize was awarded to G. Hammond, '18, who discussed "An Agricultural Federation."

Professor Charles E. Bennet, head of the Department of Latin, has

(Continued on page 172)

ALUMNAE NOTES

MILDRED WICKER, '19

'05—Eunice M. Pierce is teaching Mathematics in the high school at Lockport, N. Y.

'06—Charlotte Crawford has gone to France to care for French children.

'06—Born to Mrs. Charles Landmesser (Jane Cheney)—a son, Charles Monroe, June 24. Mrs. Landmesser is living in New York City.

'07—Miss Alice Rowe spent Thanksgiving in Ithaca with her sister Miss Sarah Rowe. Der Hexenkreis and Raven and Serpent gave a dinner in her honor at Risley. Miss Rowe is teaching in New York City. Her address is 122 East 64th St., New York City.

'08—Ethel Brewer is teaching History in the Lockport High School.

'09—Lulu Stronge was married to Mr. Henry Tarbett at her home in Pittsburgh.

'11—Dr. Paul B. Brooks announced the marriage of his sister Pauline Browning to Capt. William F. McClelland, U. S. R., on December 8, at Flushing, Long Island.

'12—Irene Osterkamp has gone to France to care for French children.

'13—Harriet Waterman is connected with the construction department of the New York Telephone Company and divides her time between Indianapolis, Detroit and Chicago.

'14—Bernice Lee Spencer was married to Mr. Charles Dudley Farlin on December 27, at Pennellville, New York.

'15—Lucy Park was visiting in Ithaca at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house for a few days on her way to Cleveland, Ohio, where she will take a new position in Vocational Guidance Work.

'15—Mrs. Alexis Klebury (Louise Ormsby) has been living in Cleveland, Ohio and has lately moved to New York City.

'16—Helen Spaulding is superintending the planting of the city park system in Flint, Mich.

'16—Born to Mr. and Mrs. George R. Phipps (Florence Faulhaber) a daughter, Pollee. Mrs. Phipps is now living at 419 Quincy St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

'16—Catherine Bard is in the President's office of the University of Illinois at Champaign, Ill.

'16—Anna Kerr is food conservation agent for Seneca County and is living at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

'16—Lila Stevenson is teaching Latin and Greek in a Girl's school in Shelbyville, Kentucky.

'16—Mrs. Thomas B. Brown (Lea A. Bramhall) is living in Washington, D. C., where Dr. Brown, '12, is Assistant Professor of Physics at George Washington University.

'16—Marjorie Sweeting is teaching at Penfield, N. Y.

'16—Helen Von Reusen is at present assistant to the Home Economics manager of the Erie County Farm

(Continued on page 172)

Activities

Continued from page 163

Y. W. C. A.

The Christmas meeting on December 19th took the form of a Candle Lighting service, the special object of which was the installation of the new members of the Association. The meeting was held around an open fire in the library at Barnes, where the Christmas candles, a Christmas talk, and Christmas carols by the Risley choir, all added to the interest and spirit of the meeting.

After the prayer meeting on January 2d, the Y. W. C. A. rooms were opened for a social half-hour. Tea was served and everyone was given an opportunity to become acquainted. Social get-togethers of this nature are to be held once each month, and the Y. W. C. A. cordially invites the University girls to meet at that time in its rooms.

Miss Dorothy Mills, a representative of the Episcopal Board of Missions, visited the Association January 14-16, and held conferences with girls who were interested in her work. At the meeting on January 16, she gave a most interesting talk on opportunities in China for college women.

About ninety dolls for the children of the Social Settlement were dressed by women of the University. They were such a success that they were exhibited before the Board of Directors of the Settlement House.

Lois Osborn, '16, and Elizabeth Neely, '19, were delegates of the Cornell Y. W. C. A. to the Quadren-

(Continued on page 168)

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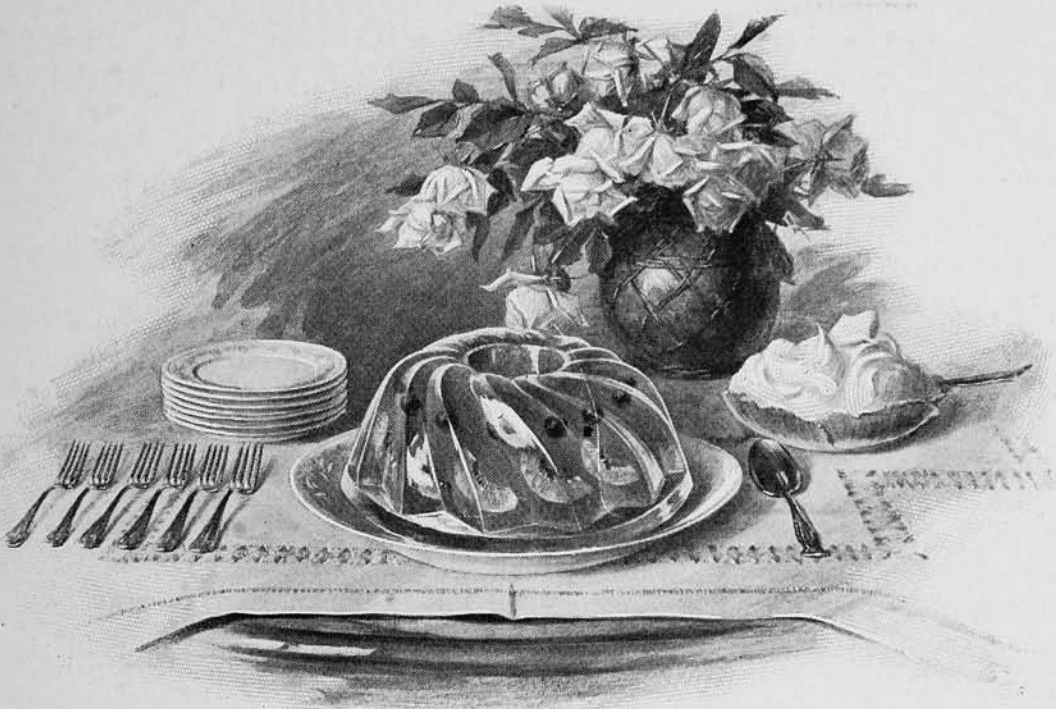
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Activities

(Continued from page 166)

nial student Volunteer Conference of the United States and Canada, at Northfield, Mass., from January 3d to 6th. Four hundred students, representing colleges and universities in both countries, were present, with about one hundred local and general secretaries. The leader of the conference was Dr. John R. Mott, '88, who has made four visits to the warring countries since the Kansas City conference four years ago. It was through his influence that work among the prisoners of war was started. The purpose of the conference was to give to the students present, and through them to their college communities, a better knowledge of present conditions in all foreign countries.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Arrangements are well under way for the addition of Ice Hockey to the list of recognized Minor Sports. A wide interest has been aroused in the sport, sixty-one having signed up for it. This should offer good material for class teams. A space on Beebe Lake has been reserved for the use of the girls and plans are being made for a schedule of games. Alice Street, '19, has been elected manager of Ice Hockey.

A new movement in athletics has been initiated by the women of Cornell in the form of an Athletic Conference of all the women's colleges in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The first conference will be held here the last week-end in April, opening with a dinner on Friday evening and including meetings and other events on Saturday. All of the co-educational

Continued on page 170

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Activities

Continued from 168

tional Universities and women's Colleges in these three states have been invited to send delegates, and all have expressed willingness to cooperate with the women of Cornell. It is expected that this conference will become an annual affair, to be held each year at one of the colleges. Similar conferences are held among colleges in the West and Middle West, but Cornell is taking the lead in the movement in this section of the country.

1918

The canvass for pledges to the Cornellian Council will be made among women of the Senior class some time during February or March. Hitherto such pledges have been turned over to the Women's Dormitory Fund. It has been suggested that the class of 1918 turn over their pledges to the general fund for use during the period of the war, but no definite decision has been reached.

1920

The date of the Hades Stunt, reported in the January number of THE REVIEW, was changed from January 19th to February 16th.

On Saturday evening, January 12th, the Sophomore class entertained the class of 1921 with an informal dance in Risley Recreation Room. Each Sophomore escorted a Freshman, and in this way the members of the two classes became better acquainted than has before been possible.

1921

On Wednesday evening, January 9th, the Freshman class held a short

Continued on page 171

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Activities

Continued from page 170

business meeting, followed by a programme of stunts.

DRAMATIC CLUB

"She Stoops to Conquer" was very successfully presented by the Cornell Women's Dramatic Club before a responsive audience at the Lyceum Theatre on February eighth. The character interpretation was on the whole very good and for an amateur production was very well finished. Dagmar Schmidt, '18, took the leading role of Miss Hardcastle and Ethel Harrison, '19, acted with her as the charming coquette, Miss Neville. The hero was Katherine Rodgers, '18, who was very successful in her masculine part. The female parts were of course more convincing than those of the male, but this was to be expected; for interpretation of character of the opposite sex is always much more difficult than that of one's own sex. However, the male roles were exceedingly well handled. Rodney Mason, '21, deserves special mention for her lively interpretation of the incorrigible Tony Lumpkin. He was funny and not at all self-conscious, embarrassed or at a loss. Miss Mason felt and acted the part. Inez Ross, '20, Tony's mother, was most excellent and Dorothy Levy, '21, as her husband matched her very well. They were a well chosen couple.

The chief defect in the presentation was to be found in the length of the play. There were several scenes and the scene shifting took considerable time. However the intervals between scenes were made as pleasant as possi-

Continued on page 174

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University Notes

Continued from page 164

published, through the Stratford Company, a volume of translation and adaptations from Greek and Latin authors, entitled "Across the Years."

The Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs together with the University Orchestra, comprising 150 Cornell undergraduates, appeared for the first time in the history of the clubs in Bailey Hall, January 11. Founder's Day was the occasion for the concert. A special program had been prepared including vocal, instrumental, and "jazz" numbers. A feature of the concert was the playing of Arthur Harwell's "Fantasia", an original composition dedicated to the students of Cornell.

Jessie E. Howell, a graduate student, won the competition for the best original poster to be used for "They Who Till," the Farmers' Week play, to be given by students of the College of Agriculture.

The posters submitted in this competition are not to be reproduced but are to be displayed as original poster drawings.

Alumnae Notes

Continued from page 165

Bureau. Her address is 135 Summit Ave., Buffalo.

'16—Bertha Yerke, who was assistant manager of the Home Economics Cafeteria during the past year, is now Food Conservation agent in Niagara County.

'16—Dorothy Starkweather is teaching at Girl's Seminary, Newark, New Jersey.

Continued on page 174

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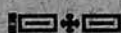
THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III

MARCH, 1918

NO. 6

CITIZENSHIP NUMBER



WOMEN, WAR AND FREEDOM

Anna Allen Wright, '09



**POSSIBILITIES FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES
IN TELEGRAPH WORK**

Lucy M. Park, '15



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Juanita Bates, '17



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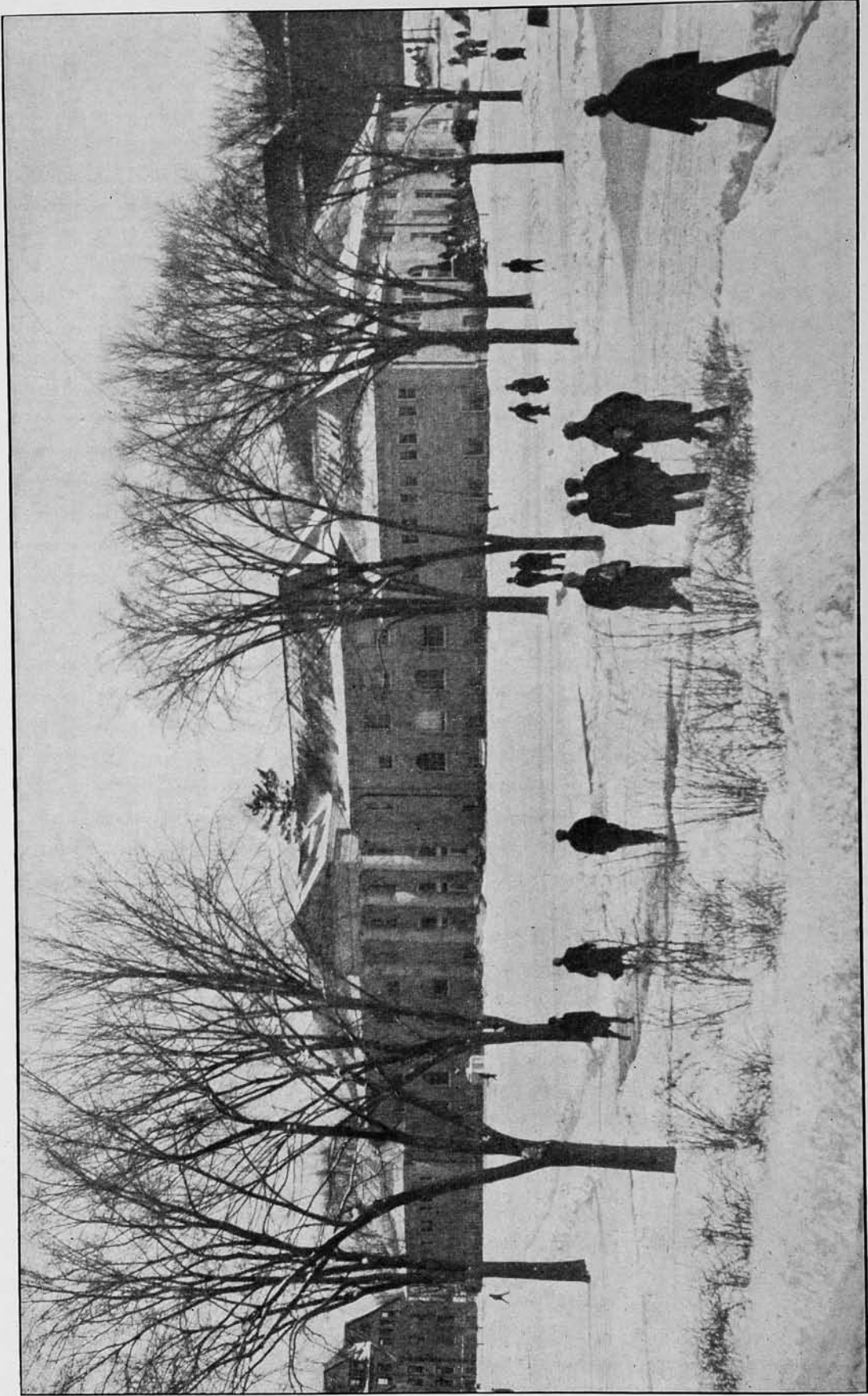


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GOLDWIN SMITH

THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III.

ITHACA, N. Y., MARCH, 1918

No. 6

Women, War and Freedom

ANNA ALLEN WRIGHT, '09

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—
This is my own, my native land!"

Native sons and daughters, remember the flag under which you were born. Adopted lads and lasses, cherish your allegiance to the country which gives you shelter and opportunity. Both of you read with me the moving appeal of "The Man Without a Country," poor Philip Nolan, who, being denied the blessings of a country, gave these well known prayers new significance: "For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness," and later, "Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold and bless Thy servant the President of the United States, and all others in authority." During his long period of exile, no word reached him of the marvelous growth of our country, and yet on his death bed, he exclaimed, "Danforth, I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." Can we with our lips and in our lives express those thoughts as sincerely in the present time of trial? One and all must be near our flag. We are a part of this glorious country. We are a part of the great struggle to make this world "safe for democracy."

We must help to bring about a realization of the "principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities and the right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak."

It was the thought of equal opportunity for all that founded our University where "any person can find instruction in any study." The fulfillment of this broad purpose early admitted women to the University, Emma S. Eastman coming here from Vassar in 1871. Mr. Sage's generous gift of a home for the women assured them a permanent place here, and to President White for his broad-minded and helpful attitude, we women owe an eternal debt of gratitude. I like to read over and over of his being at Sage College when the first student drove up with her father, and of his going back into the building to see that her room was ready, and that she had a warm meal.

Since every added opportunity bears within itself added responsibility, it is well for us to ask whether or not in the present struggle, we women of Cornell are doing our best to bring about a realization of Mr. Sage's prophecy of May 15, 1873, made at the laying of the corner stone of Sage College, "The efficient force of the human race will be multiplied in proportion as woman, by culture

and education, is fitted for new and broader spheres of action. . . . When woman is free as man to seek her own path in life, wherever led by necessity or duty, hope or ambition, when opportunity and aid for culture in any direction are hers, then may we expect to see woman enlarged, ennobled in every attribute, and our whole race, through her, receive impulsion to a higher level in all things great and good!"

Today, there is but one question before the whole human race—war. When we think of women in relation to this question, our thoughts turn to the women of France, to the women of Belgium. How vividly Mrs. Kellog presented to us the picture of that great-hearted tired woman who would not accept the proffered help of an inexperienced friend in serving soup, until the latter had gone home and practised for three days filling her bath tub and dipping out the water with a ladle. She did not want those people to stand in line one extra minute. Or again, we see the women whitewashing the walls and putting bright flowers around to cheer the children's halls. What can reward such loving service? What thoughtless luxury our lives seem beside this, and yet I doubt not, that, with the growing demands, we in America will respond with as fine a spirit as our sisters abroad. Our sacrifices come little by little, and how small they are so far,—no frosting on our cake, less sugar in our coffee, less meat, less white bread, less completely heated houses. And yet there is nothing we will not try to do when the need arises, and the needs are growing rapidly.

Of course, we send our men to the front with brave faces, even while we

know that into the lives of vast numbers of young women must come a great change that will never be altered. This sacrifice must fall heavily upon those of college age, and although only about seven per cent will be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, each must be willing to be one of that relatively small per cent, and so suffers. As our men leave, we realize that we must do more and more of the work that they have always done. Is it not a good thing through this very work, hard though it may be, relief will come as well as weariness? We must want less of those things that must be produced by the handiwork of our young men, and must realize that it is now wrong for any of us to live in idleness. Every one must be a producer. This is no time for coddling the able-bodied. They must serve wherever that service is needed, and must prepare for the service that will be needed when the struggle abroad is at an end.

With the ever growing need of intelligent, trained men and women, our college students must regard their education as the serious business of the hour for them. But when the study hours, the study days are over, what will they do? Our country is the great source of supplies and all the world seems to be calling out with Oliver Twist, "I want some more." Wherever help is needed, we must be that help, on farm or in city, in home or in factory. We will then come close to the great throbbing heart of the world. We will feel the real value of the primitive and primary needs of man,—food, clothing, and shelter.

We realize more and more how much has been ours with scarce a thought. We may have tea from China, sugar from South America, figs or dates from Syria, and products from all parts of our big country on our tables at one time. Up to the present, we have been particular about the exact shade of our clothing, caring little where or how the dye was made. Perhaps some of our own number may now work on these dye problems. Civilization is often measured by the diversity of its desires, but now something has come to make us pause, something has come to make us think, how much or how little of this is really needed as the measure of our ability, as a help to the principles we say must now come into the world.

Any one investigation produces a radiation of problems. So also increased freedom in one particular may eventually produce a network of undreamed opportunity. Emancipation in dress alone will open to women ever growing avenues of development, and ever widening vistas. We see prejudice vanishing, where under less strenuous circumstances, it would have been felt heavily for many generations. We have only to glance at the one-piece dresses, short skirts and middy blouses to realize that even the most conservative are enjoying a measure of freedom denied our mothers and grandmothers. We see very different clothes pictured for ammunition workers and for those on farms. We must all admit that they are the only sensible type. We ourselves may not work in ammunition shops, but when large numbers of girls and women do, we can lend our support to the adoption of the uniform suitable for

their work, and thereby, we will be able to wear such garments if our needs require it. While we are doing manual work, we must not be hampered, and with care, we can retain our womanhood as truly in one set of garments as in another. Perhaps our real selves may be expressed more clearly by the way we choose and wear these diverse clothes. Bloomers or overalls may be inconspicuous or the direct opposite. Personally, for example, I saw no excuse for the gaily striped, ruffled, union-pajama-like affairs we saw worn in a shopping crowd on a main street in a western town last summer. Let us wear what accords with and helps in our occupation and then let the thought of clothes sink into oblivion while we spend all our efforts on the needs of the hour. Too often we have bowed to the tyranny of style. Now part of its power must go as we hear clothes are to be standardized. Let us use the opportunity to liberate ourselves to an even greater extent. Although clothes may be but a minor phase of the question of woman in industry, it is well for us to look it squarely in the face. When brought to the last analysis, it is the attitude of mind between men and women that makes any style of clothes or lack of clothes modest or immodest.

Women are to be an important part of the force behind the lines and we must do our best to help carry on the work of our country smoothly. Only three per cent. of the men in the various industries of the country are needed in this first army, but the work of that three per cent must now be supplied by women. Besides this, there is the ever increasing need

of more work. We must do not only what has always been thought "woman's work," but must be ready to tread the paths men have travelled and are travelling. Our only thought must be: What work is there to be done? What am I able to do? Just as Mr. Sage's prophecy that broader educational opportunities for women would help the whole race, just so the present opportunities for more divergent work for women may broaden and strengthen the outlook for all. We may be co-workers, comrades. We must expect to be measured by the cold standard of the work we are able to accomplish but none the less, we will be the richer for the experience of the new vision.

Our appreciation and understanding of the great project that the men of our country have carried through will grow, as we are associated in solving the more recent puzzles. It took a man with a big vision to see the Colorado desert blossoming like a garden, and the struggles of the men in harnessing the mighty river that had changed its course uncounted times through changing ages, read like a fairy story. As we work with the World's big problems, we too may dream dreams and see visions. We must begin in a small way, remembering meanwhile that not every man does the conspicuously great thing either. Already, we see women running street-cars and elevators, despatching trains, driving trucks, and managing and working on co-operative farms. We need not mention the vast numbers who are serving as nurses, except to remember that many more so trained are needed. The govern-

ment has established a clearing house for the woman labor of the nation under the supervision of Secretary of Labor Wilson. Mrs. Hilda Muhlander Richards, named as chief of the bureau, outlined as its principal function, recruiting of women to fill the ranks of the industrial army wherever men are released for military duty. With this and the other organizations working on this problem, we have only to listen and to inquire to find out where our service is needed.

While women go more and more into industry, the home must not suffer, nor will it ever suffer from woman's greater knowledge of the world's need. The woman with a family must always give her first and best effort to the family. The raising and training of the coming generations must always be the paramount issue before the race. This will always take many years of many women's lives; but unless the family is a large one, it does not take all the active years of any woman's life. At the present time, there is no excuse for anyone's feeling as a college graduate once felt, "To be intellectual is all right, to be domestic is all right, but to try to be both is hell!" When a woman is able to use her trained intelligence in co-operation with her husband, the comradeship between father and mother is stronger, and the children inevitably go into the world with higher ideals, and the bonds formed by them are unconsciously on a higher plane. The children will express the type of bond between the parents; and as they grow older, the understanding of what this bond means will add to their strength in meeting temptations.

Let men and women come to the marriage tie with a full understanding of the biological significance of their act. Let us look plainly at the all absorbing, all embracing subject of the man and woman problem, for it will come more and more to the front as women become an important economic factor in industry.

It seems to me that we have always gone at this problem as if it were the old fox and goose puzzle, trying to avoid trouble by keeping one on one side of the stream, and the other on the other. If, when they must travel together, we have found it hard to keep a close watch over both, we have compromised by keeping a constant guard over the woman. It is true that we must observe the best conventions of society, not as though they were a set of boarding house rules that we delight in breaking if only we are not caught doing so, but with knowledge and understanding of the basis of such customs. Only then do all refrain gladly from doing what might furnish the weak the temptation of evil. Let us recognize frankly the mutual stimulation that the two may find in each other's society, and know that this need not have but one possible end. In fact, it may be instead an added spur to greater effort in work and added pleasure in play. Men and women, side by side, need not cause even a small fraction of the trouble feared, if each but understands the portent of feelings that may arise from such association. In woman's attitude toward man, both extremes are regrettable; the young woman who looks upon man's accomplishments with scorn, thinking that with his oppor-

tunities, she could have done better, which might or might not be true; and the young woman who, by quiet acquiescence accepts the doubtful standards of some weaker brother, and allows herself to be given but one mission in life. Too often the young girl thinks that her life story will end like all good fairy stories "And so they got married and lived happily ever after"; and is disappointed because she has not the knowledge that must connect marriage and a happy life. The young girl's vision usually is not clear, because of a lack of this knowledge, and hence arises the continual struggling toward something she has not realized in her life and the great unrest of many women is the result. Too often, a girl hides her serious self away from men, sometimes holding herself cheaply and wondering afterwards why the man does not accept the standards which she herself concealed before marriage. It must be the mother with the father who lays the foundation for these standards. And so it is, that the mother must ever be the guiding spirit of the family, but when the hours or years of training children are over, her active spirit turns to other interests. At present, there is an ever widening field for her endeavors.

Activity in the world's work is going to broaden women's interests immensely. As we share the everyday struggles of the business world, let us be sure that these problems remain the paramount issue. Forget for a time that we are men and women, and as co-workers merge ourselves into the strife. In politics, let us abstain as far as possible from so-

called "Woman's Parties," which might easily become the acme of sex antagonism, and work instead as one force. The work of the world is not distinctly man's or woman's field. If a man wanted to do what he himself designated woman's work, he would go ahead and do it without a thought except that he was putting his individual stamp on that particular corner of the work. Thus he bakes beans or cans peaches. That is as it should be except that woman should be equally free to go without fear of criticism into so-called "Man's fields." Talents know no sex. A man may be like his mother, a girl like her father. Women are not meant generation after generation to hide their talents, or to bury them in

the garden. To say an occupation is "lady like" sounds as if it had hem-stitched borders and was trimmed with lacy ruffles. All productive work is honorable alike to men or woman. Now in this war time, women may go wherever their abilities and desires lead them, just as men have always done.

Woman has been free for many years to follow her intellectual desires wherever they led her, and now she is being made free "to seek her own path in life, wherever led by necessity or duty, hope or ambition," and now we may expect to see her "enlarged, ennobled in every attribute and our whole race, through her, receive impulsion to a higher level in all things great and good!"

Possibilities for College Graduates in Telegraph Work

LUCY M. PARK, '15

It is not an easy matter for a college girl with a general Arts training to get a start in business life without having spent six months or more in a business or secretarial school. Though the number of them is increasing, there are not many business houses which are willing to employ young women without experience with the intention of training them in for some branch of this work—not, at any rate, at a salary to which a woman with a college degree considers she is entitled.

It has been the plan in business for many years to accept a college man on the understanding that he will learn as much of the particular business as he can in the shortest period of time possible and will make or find a place for himself where his services

will be of more value than those of an employee with less education. Partly on account of the fact that women are less likely to make of business a life-long occupation, and partly because there has been until recently a sufficient supply of young men, the same opportunity has been extended to women in few cases. This is partly due, also, to another reason as far as I have been able to observe. The college woman is not willing to enter business on the same basis as is the college man. She demands more at the outset for actually less labor, and is seldom willing to take the chance of advancement which no company is willing to promise until it has seen just what the woman is worth. It is no unusual

thing for a man with a college degree to work for six months or a year for ten or twelve dollars a week. If teaching positions will pay the woman graduate fifteen or eighteen to start with, she will lose sight, very often, of the ultimate advantages in business positions. But if she is willing to take her chance with others for the advancement that is certain for women who have worked through their apprenticeship, telegraph work is one of the many branches of business which are now welcoming the woman graduate.

GEOGRAPHICAL SCOPE OF THE WORK

Practically every large city in this country offers, or will offer before long an opening for women in commercial telegraphy. Women operators have been employed for many years. Woman managers and executives are now in demand. It is, therefore, not always necessary for the applicant to be placed at a great distance from home. For those who live in the more important cities, the opportunity for positions in their immediate towns is good. In the majority of cases they would receive their training in some other office with the intention, however, of being placed in their home districts after the period of training is complete.

GENERAL TRAINING NECESSARY

Since the Western Union Company is not demanding any special training or experience, the work is open to college women regardless of the degrees they have taken, or whether they have specialized in English, Mathematics, Economics or Language work at college. What the company is asking is actual interest in business and a

desire and willingness to work and make good. Frankly, graduates of schools giving such training in Business Administration as Simmons College of Boston and New York University have been more successful than women with diplomas from Universities where they have followed a very general Arts course. It would seem, however, that this is the result of the original intention of students of the former courses to follow some such career. They have been trained with the expectation of meeting just such difficulties as invariably arise in business life. It is not impossible for the student in a general Arts course to prepare for the same problems, provided she has the necessary interest in the work and has had pointed out to her just in what particulars she is likely to find difficulties and disappointments.

Experience in college activities, outside of academic work, is of certain definite value and is not to be underestimated. Some training in dealing with people, in appreciating the problems of the person responsible for the mistakes and failures of other individuals, in preventing one's enthusiasms from blinding her of the actual difficulties in a situation, is, all of it, likely to help in just the same kind of occurrences in commercial dealings. It is an acknowledged standard for sizing up an applicant for a responsible position in many concerns.

BRANCHES OF TELEGRAPH WORK

Following is a brief outline of the work of various departments in commercial telegraphy. This will be limited to the "Traffic" division, since the "Plant" or scientific part

of it will not be of interest to many women.

There are two systems of handling and transmitting telegraph business. Morse telegraphy, the original and still more commonly used system, is familiar to everyone who has watched an operator in a Western Union office or a railroad station. It is not difficult to learn but requires long and constant practice. It is not possible to train a Morse operator in less than eight months or a year and he is then only qualified to handle business over a very light wire, where there are not more than 150 or 200 messages a day. The Western Union gives free training to students of Morse, who in most cases, are employees of the company in various departments, as clerks or messengers. The problem of training these people efficiently and rapidly and of arranging their working hours in such a way as to give them the greatest amount of practice time, is facing every large office of the company right now. There is practically no other means of obtaining qualified operators and the demand now is far in excess of the supply.

Automatic systems of telegraph transmission have been in use for over fifty years. The "Multiplex," now the most perfected form of automatic, is in service between all large cities. It is less difficult to learn, handles a much greater amount of business over the same wire space and is generally increasing in importance in telegraph work. The company finds it necessary in this department, also, to train its own operators at its own expense. Students of the Multiplex are paid a salary during the training

period which is usually three months in length. The same problems arise here as in the Morse Training School.

In addition to these two departments, the transmission of messages by telephone is an important branch of the service. Between branch offices and the main office, for receipt and delivery of messages between the company and its patrons, it is found satisfactory and practical. For efficient work in this department the student must undergo a two or three months' training in Traffic Rules and Regulations and Tariff charges.

WHERE THE OPPORTUNITY FOR COLLEGE WOMEN LIES

To maintain a force adequate for business requirements in these three departments raises the problems of selection or employment of operators, the training of students, the supervision of their work and handling of the force in the operating departments themselves. To assist in any one of these processes the employee must complete first of all one or more of the courses of training and apprenticeship. The company is willing and anxious to offer the opportunity of this training to women who are interested in any one of the three branches of the work. The length of time it will take an apprentice to qualify will depend upon the individual. The eventual advancement depends also upon the individual. It is not possible for any company to make any guarantee as to the future until the student has proved herself worthy and this can not be done in a week or a month.

The question of salary depends to some extent on the locality. During

the training period it is not high, is less than the majority of teaching positions pay at the outset. Salary increases, however, by a frequent raise after the training period is past.

ITS ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

The following shows in tabulated form the points of desirability and undesirability which should be clearly understood by any applicant for a position in work of this kind. It should be appreciated that the business is public service and is subject to drawbacks which only public service companies feel:

ADVANTAGES

1. Adequate and definite training for one of several positions at the company's expense.
2. Experience in executive and supervisory work.
3. Definite opportunity for advancement in position.
4. Possibility for work in more than one part of the country.
5. An eventually adequate salary.
6. Work which is interesting and progressive with little repetition.

DISADVANTAGES

1. Necessity for strenuous work during the training period.
2. Assumption of regular responsibility for the work of a number of people.
3. Necessity in some departments for Sunday, holiday and evening work.
4. A somewhat lower salary at the start than teaching offers.
5. Responsibility for the handling of the business of the public which is more exacting than that of a private firm.

It is repetition to recite the points on which college women are remiss when they enter business life. But some are so obvious as to bear stress for the good of new recruits.

The inexperienced person is almost invariably careless of details. Without allowing the small points to obscure her vision, it is absolutely necessary to be exact in her handling of them before she can meet the requirements of a more responsible position. Little errors in a big company are far reaching in their results in many cases.

She should not be afraid of hard work, of overtime without compensation, of criticism on small and large points, of censure for the mistakes of her subordinates, of friction between departments and individuals, of coping with problems where co-operation with others is the only solution. She will meet with opposition from older employees who think that her position should have been filled by one of them.

Her success will depend on her own interest and effort entirely. This is speaking from an exceedingly limited experience but the very difficulties mentioned here are very fresh in my mind.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WORK

As far as any definite preparation for work of this kind is concerned there is not a great deal that can be done. A business course is always desirable. A knowledge of typewriting is practically indispensable. Some idea of office practice and filing and record work is of very definite assistance. Beyond that, the company affords facilities for the necessary training.

What Are You Going To Do About?

JUANITA BATES, '17

(Janet seated in the center of the library floor surrounded by current numbers of *The Survey* and *The Woman Citizen* and daily papers. She does not hear Bob, who is standing in the door way.)

BOB. Hello! I say, what do you think you're doing?

JANET—Some horrid editor of "*The Woman's Review*" just called up and said that I must write an article on "*Woman and Suffrage*" or anything like that.

BOB—Oh! I say, that's funny. Ha! Ha!

JANET—Just because I'm a good suffragist daughter, they think I can write a dictionary on the subject. But it isn't the dope, it's the writing it so that it is fit to print that bothers me.

BOB—That's funny, ha! ha! —no, not funny, 'cause I remember—How well did you progress in English 3?

JANET—Look here! (Reads aloud) "*Vote for the amendment as an act of right and justice to the women of the country and of the world.*" That's what President Wilson told the Democrats who came to ask his advice, the day before the suffrage amendment came up before the House of Representatives.

BOB—What date was that?

JANET—January 10th, 1917, just forty years to a day from the time it was first introduced.

BOB—January 10th, why, here it says the British women won a point on that day.

JANET. I know it.

BOB (continuing to read). "*The representation of the People's bill in Great Britain entered upon the 'last lap,' passed its third reading on December 8, and made a triumphant exit from the House of Commons. The bill went at once up to the House of Lords, which, on December 15, was memorialized by the National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies. They petitioned for the acceptance of the clauses of the bill enfranchising women, basing their claims upon the urgency of representing woman's interests in the task of the social healing and industrial reconstruction, which must follow the conclusion of peace.*" Gee, look at all the big bugs that signed it!

JANET. Um!

BOB (continuing). "*On January 10, the bill, which had reached the amendment stage, was imperiled by Lord Loreburn's amendment to cast out the clause giving women the Parliamentary vote.*"

JANET (reading in a sonorous voice). "*Women won a tremendous victory, a two to one vote against their exclusion. That is just as it was here, don't you remember we won by a two-third majority with one vote extra?*"

BOB. I suppose that means the two-third were men and the one extra—Miss Rankin from Montana.

JANET. To be sure, I hadn't thought of that.

BOB. *Women have the Parliamentary vote in Norway, Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Australia, New Zealand, Russia, Japan, Bosnia, and Canada. The women have been voting in municipal election in England, Scotland, Ireland, Sweden, South Africa, and even in some parts of Asia.*

JANET—*Yes, Mr. English History. In our own country, they have full suffrage in New York, California, Washington, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Kansas, Oregon, Arizona, Montana, Nevada, and Alaska; presidential suffrage in Illinois, Rhode Island and Michigan; presidential and municipal suffrage in Nebraska and North Dakota; municipal suffrage in Vermont and practically full suffrage in Arkansas.*

BOB. *You're so sure of it. The Senate ought to put the dope thru in a hurry to conserve time. You know, I'm going to have beefsteak three times a day if the war is over before I'm old enough to go.*

JANET. *All right, no one will object but yourself after you have eaten it.*

BOB. *What are you going to do about it?*

JANET. *'Bout what?*

BOB. *Well, I mean, now that you New Yorkers have the ballot, how do you propose to begin?*

JANET. *I think that what goes to make a man a good citizen will apply very well to women without very much fuss about it. What I am thinking about now is that most every day you hear some one discuss the peril of the government and I agree with Abraham Lincoln that the man who stands by and says nothing, if not hindered, is sure to help the enemy; much more if he talks ambiguously—talks for his country with "buts" and "ifs" and "ands".*

BOB. *Yes, that's so. It's an easy thing to avoid committing oneself when you hear an inflated critic derating the government or justifying acts and positions of the enemy.*

JANET—*It's hard because we're afraid of hurting some one's feelings, but through silence we are unpatriotically aligning ourselves with the enemy,*

BOB. *I bet you read the same editorial I did.*

JANET. *Maybe, but that reminds me. You can't be a competent citizen unless you are well informed and reading the papers is the modern way of keeping informed. Of course, you can't swallow them whole but you can learn their bias and take the dope with a grain of salt and get a rather decent idea of what's going on.*

BOB. *So!*

JANET. *Yes, but it's beastly hard to get a peek at a Journal in this house; you and Dad hold on to them until they are ancient history. As if it were your inalienable right as men to have the papers exclusively!*

BOB. *Excuse me! Here's Mother. (Mother sits down to read her mail. Janet continues to search the magazines.)*

MOTHER. *I heard you talking about writing a paper. Perhaps this would help. Mrs. James Lee Laidlaw writes of the Americanization plan of the suffrage party. Mrs. Laidlaw is chairman of the party while Mrs. Whitehouse is in Switzerland for the government.*

JANET. *Well, what about the Americanization stuff? We're Americans!*

MOTHER. Yes, but you see, we have many foreign-born in our midst and although the man of the family may be naturalized and speaks English and meets all those requirements, often he speaks the foreign language in his home and to his wife.

JANET. His citizenship makes his wife a citizen but she can't use English.

MOTHER. That's just it. Now we must go into their homes; it's the only way—and interest these women in our language and American government and ways of doing things.

JANET. Say, couldn't ———— do just fine; she is Italian and has had a college education and everything like that.

MOTHER. There is a fine opportunity which I have no doubt ———— is unconsciously using but how about the girl who is successful in her study of languages in college or elsewhere? She could work too.

JANET. Certainly, and then the college woman would probably be able to help in the instruction of the use of the ballot—well, to anyone who doesn't know how—after she has studied a bit herself.

MOTHER. All this is being well organized thru the Suffrage Party working thru the education lines, that is, the Board of Regents and other established lines for other matters.

JANET. Which tumbles down that glass house about the women using new means and forming new political parties.

MOTHER. That was all talk; women are adaptable as all Americans are.

JANET (reading again). "Miss Hay made a speech and said let us change the old adage 'Every man has his price' to 'Every woman has her principal'."

MOTHER. Bribery is often a little hard to distinguish and we must be careful.

JANET. We have already made several points for my paper. First, it is war times, remember your loyalty to the U. S. A.; second, educate and inform yourself; third, help to inform and Americanize others, and don't forget, "Every woman has her principal."

The Call of the Water Nymph

'18

Oh, I am a water-nymph, gay and free,
I dance and sing and sparkle with glee;
I dance and sing—Come along, come with me
To my home—far away—in the blue-green sea.

To my home in the sea, come away, come away!
On the waves we will rock,—with the fishes we'll play,
We'll roam thru the water, thru the corals all day,
If you'll come—far away—to the blue-green way.

The Childrens Year

April 6, 1918-April 6, 1919

Material obtained from Miss Julia Lathrop,
Head of CHILDREN'S BUREAU, U. S. Department of Labor.

Every year 300,000 children under five die in the United States. Authorities agree that half of those deaths are easily preventable, so that if civilians realize that the guarding of child life behind the lines is a patriotic duty, their efforts should certainly be able to save the lives of 100,000 children in this country during the Children's Year, beginning April 6, one year from the day the United States declared war.

In 1916 and in 1917 a nation-wide baby week was held under the auspices of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Children's Bureau, which has resulted in awakening a new sense of civic responsibility for infant life in thousands of localities, and has secured many new activities such as nursing services, clinics, children's conferences, better milk and food supplies, better enforcement of birth regulation laws. Valuable as Baby Week is, however, the present emergency demands a longer and more comprehensive program. After the Nation's soldiers are provided for, the second year of the war should be dedicated by the civilian population to preserving the lives of the Nation's children. Hence this year the plan is simpler and yet more far-reaching than ever before.

It is known that the examinations of the draft have resulted in a considerable number of rejections for physical defects which might have

been remedied in infancy or early childhood if then recognized. Weight and height constitute on the whole a fair standard of development; how do the young children of the United States measure up to such a standard? As a test of child welfare, to inaugurate the Children's Year, a nation-wide weighing and measuring of babies and children is proposed. No general test of children of this age has ever been made, and an examination of such children with special reference to weight and height is now proposed as the primary features of the war time Children's Year.

The Children's Bureau will provide a record card which will be arranged in duplicate so that one half can be sent in to the Children's Bureau and one half kept by the parents. The record will be filled out by trained physicians and nurses in many places, but if parents cannot take their children to an examining station they can secure and make the records themselves. The record card will show the fair standard for children of a given age and parents can judge for themselves where their children stand. Should there be any great divergence from this standard it is a warning that the children's health should be given medical consideration or should be carefully looked after. The records will all be gathered and tabulated by the Bureau.

One of the most remarkable developments of the war, a victory not heralded on front pages, yet which in time to come will be noted by all students of human welfare is the saving of human life in England during the second year of the war. The report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, Sir Arthur Newsholme, published in 1917, shows for one sanitary district after another throughout England and Wales the number of babies who died before the war, those who died the first year of the war, and the deaths for the second year of the war, 1916. It is startling to turn over the pages of this report and to see that the general social confusion of the first year of the war resulted in a large increase in the number of babies who died. But in the second year of the war when the local government board was able to grant financial aid to the various sanitary districts, and to secure co-operation in its policy of health visitors for every mother and baby, of health centers for consultation, of hospital care for sick mothers and babies, the rate went down not only far below the rate for the year before, but far below the rate previous to the war. This record of life-saving in the midst of the strain of war by means so simple and so at command is, we believe, entirely without parallel.

The State councils of defense and the State women's committees are called upon to be responsible for the State quotas. The actual methods by which these lives are to be saved are those whose effectiveness is already demonstrated. They are described at length in various pamphlets which have been prepared by the Children's Bureau.

Briefly the essentials are as follows:

First—The registration of births so that the need of medical and nursing care may be promptly known and met.

Second—For every mother prenatal care, necessary care of doctor and nurse at confinement, and after care.

Third—Children's conferences where well babies can be taken periodically to be weighed and examined, and clinics where sick children may be given medical advice.

Fourth—Public health nurses for home visiting.

Fifth—The organization of State and city divisions or bureaus of child hygiene.

Sixth—The guarding of the milk supply, that every child may have his quota of clean, pure milk.

Seventh—An income making possible decent standards of living.

These plans contemplate economy for every purpose except for the essential means of protecting child life.

A Plea

Doris Dewey '21

Oh do you remember
That time in September,
The time when you came as
As a Frosh?

When nobody knew you
Folks looked straight thru you;
Seemed you were to blame—

Bein' a Frosh?

The food it was killin',
And as for the billin'—
You found out its name

When a Frosh.

The lessons seemed so long
One's answers—of course, wrong—
The profs know one's fame

As a Frosh.

But somehow we pegged on,
The whole durned time egged on,
Till we got in the game—

Bein' a Frosh!

Cornell U is a fine place,
The Frosh are the best race
Ever came to the same,

Since—they're Frosh.

Now we're just gettin' happy
And our days fine and snappy—
Life's not very tame,

For a Frosh.

When—What rumours are floatin'?
(They don't need no totin'
They spread all the same

To the Frosh.)

That we'll prob'ly be busted—
Brains rusted—not dusted.
Twelve hours is the game—

For a Frosh.

The reason I'm ramblin'
This shufflin' and shamblin'
(I'm really quite lame

—For a Frosh.)

Is merely—what did you
So they did not bid you
Go back to your hame

As a Frosh?

For altho we need it—
You led life as we lead it
You were saved from this shame

—As a Frosh.

THE CORNELL REVIEW

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Citizenship

When the men of New York State granted the women suffrage, they trusted they would appreciate the vote. It is essential that if the women are going to prove themselves worthy, if they are going to do the things that are expected of them now that the men are leaving, they must grasp every opportunity to acquaint themselves with the affairs of state and learn how to exercise their power thoughtfully.

In order to help the University women the professors offer a course in citizenship designed especially for them. Vocational conference lecturers have told what women of other countries are doing. It is high time that college students appreciated the duties that devolve upon them. They should respond with an increased interest in present day discussions, an added reading of current topics and a more serious attitude toward worth-while activities. Through fair play in the affairs of student government women may learn the value of fair play in the world of business. Will it be possible for untrained women to put aside personality for the bigger things of life? Will women make good voters? If they are to be deserving of the name of fellow workers, they must live up to the ideals of good citizenship.

Student Council

In the spring of 1915 a Student Council was established with executive and legislative powers to control all of the various branches of undergraduate activity and interest. It was intended as the official representative of undergraduate interests to the faculty and as the supervisor of class constitutions. The Council consists of eight seniors, five juniors, two sophomores, and one freshman—a total of sixteen members.

This spring the Council acted upon the measure of caps and gowns for the seniors without consulting the women of the class. Differences of opinion arose and the Council realized that the women were now a large enough body to necessitate consultation with them before passing any measures affecting the

entire undergraduate body of the University. As a result the Student Council offered resolutions to the Women's Self Government Association that in order to unify the two organizations in regard to matters pertaining to the University as a whole, and to act in an advisory capacity to both bodies a Conference Committee be formed; and that this committee be composed of five members, the president and the treasurer of the Student Council, one other member elected from that body, the president of the Women's Self Government Association, and one other woman elected from that body. At a mass meeting the women after discussing the matter voted to accept the resolutions.

The objection arises that it makes one more committee and Cornell activities have too many committees already. If the Student Council is representative of the entire student body, why should not the women be given recognition on it? Perhaps two women representatives could be on sub-committees to the Council, but so long as the women have their Self Government Association and Executive and Judiciary Committees and the men their own representative body, it is just as much out of order to expect women to be a part of the Council as to have men on Executive Committee.

Action of the past few years shows the growing tendency toward equality. The constructive policy of the University is being satisfactorily worked out. Through the Conference Committee the two organizations may be drawn together until at length we have the entire student body under one self government association.

On February fifteenth was opened a two weeks campaign of the **1918 Memorial** members of the senior class for the 1918 memorial subscription. **Subscription** The plan of raising money for the University by this method of a class memorial originated in 1909 with the establishment of the Cornellian Council. The funds thus raised are turned over to the Council, and are a source of considerable income to the University. The present financial strain is such that a student by his tuition and fees does not pay for more than half of his instruction in college. The rest of the money is furnished by gifts and endowment funds. Last year the women decided to turn their sum over to the dormitory fund and for this cause 83 women subscribed \$394. The purpose of the canvass has been fully understood as shown by the willing response. This year of all the senior men in Ithaca only eight failed to subscribe. All of the senior women except six signed the pledge. The final result was that one hundred and forty women subscribed \$550 toward the fund that will bring nearer to view the long cherished new dormitory.

Caps and Gowns

By the action of the Student Council the men of the senior class decided not to wear caps and gowns for commencement. They felt that it would save manufacturers from using material for clothing to be used only once, and that it would reduce expenses for the individual in not having to buy or rent a gown. Furthermore, some men will be in uniform, and many seniors will be returning just for one day and not have time to be fitted. The similarity in men's clothes was deemed sufficient uniformity of appearance.

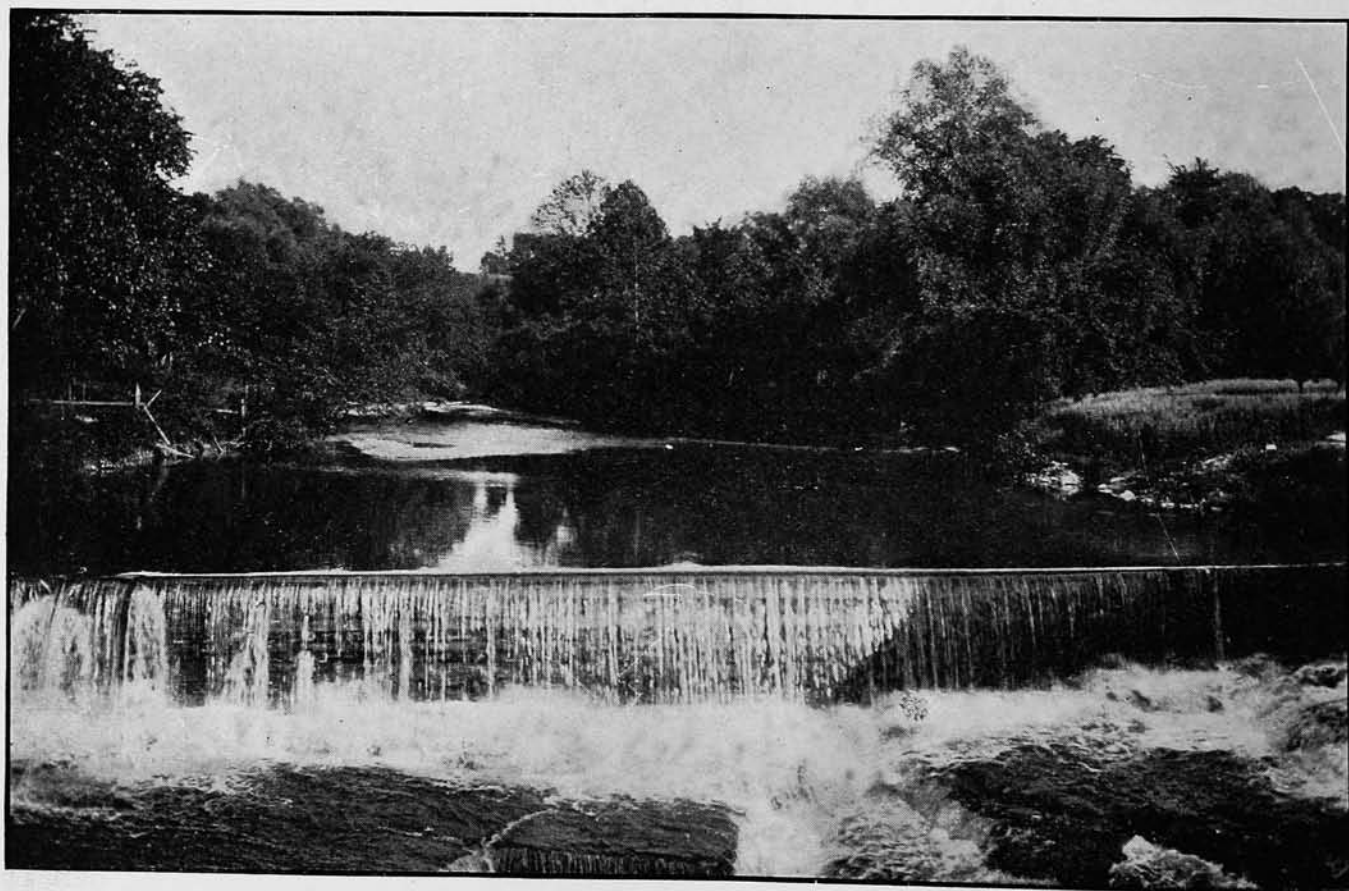
The women, on the other hand, decided that it would be difficult to set rules for a costume, and even uniform white would mean for many the purchasing of a shirtwaist and skirt. May twenty-second in Ithaca is apt to be cold, windy and rainy. One can easily imagine the motley array of gay colored coats and sweaters that would appear in the commencement procession. Caps and gowns will not make the women conspicuous but will blend harmoniously with the dark suits of the men.

To many who love the old traditions of college and also attach considerable sentiment to the wearing of caps and gowns the action of the Student Council may seem almost sacrilegious. But let us not forget that for four years these men have waited for the day when they could change the tassel from the left to the right side and wear the dignity of the college senior. It is a sacrifice on their part that they turn from custom and follow the cry to economize in war time. The tradition is not thrown aside. It is merely suspended, and when the war is over, Cornell seniors will again wear the cap and gown.

THE END OF THE DAY

Helen E. Addoms, '19

The white flakes cease their falling as the light
Steals o'er the western hills and slips below
The sound of muffled tread is lost in night,
The chimes ring softly out across the snow.



UPPER DAM, FALL CREEK

ALUMNAE NOTES

MARY H. DONLON, '20.

'77—Martha Carey Thomas is on the executive committee of the League to Enforce Peace. She has been president of Bryn Mawr College since 1895.

'94—Bertha Stoneman, who has been in South Africa for seven years is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harris, Kelvin Place, Ithaca, New York. Miss Stoneman is professor of botany and psychology in the Huguenot College for Women, Cape Town, South Africa. This is the only college for women in South Africa and has an enrollment of seventy. Miss Stoneman is here for vacation, the fall term in the South African College opening during our spring term.

'10 A.B., '14 Ph.D.—Maude Miriam Sheldon was married in Ithaca, on December 23, 1917, to John L. McElroy, now at the R. O. T. C. Camp at San Antonio, Texas.

'14—Ethel Cornell has been visiting in Ithaca at the Alpha Omicron Pi house. She is doing psychological research work in Columbia University. Her address is 6740 Ridge Boulevard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'15—L. S. Holsapple's address is 215 Forest Hills St., Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

'15—Elsa Cornell was married Nov. 27, 1917 to Mr. Malcolm M. Parrish.

'15—Winifred Kirke is teaching at Kenwood, N. Y.

'16—Lucy Howard has accepted a position in Pittsford High School, address Pittsford, N. Y.

'16—Marion Gushee is teaching at Jenkintown, Pa.

'16—The address of Anna Mae Sergent is Boonville, N. Y.

'17—Vi Graham is attending Columbia University, doing graduate work for a doctor's degree in Philosophy. Her address is Fernald Hall, Columbia University, New York City.

'17—Helen Davis Walcott is in Washington with her husband, Lieut. S. Walcott.

'17—Melva Lattimore is at her home in Westmoreland, N. Y.

'17—Cornelia Fonda is Home Demonstration Agent under the Food Conservation Commission. Her address is Herkimer, N. Y.

'17—Helen Kirkendall is teaching Home Economics in Randolph, N. Y.

'17—Carrie King is teaching in Griegsville, N. Y.

'17—Gertrude Bower is Home Demonstration Agent in Onondaga County with headquarters at Syracuse, N. Y.

'17—Eudora Tuttle is doing extension work in Massachusetts. Her address is Amherst, Mass.

'17—Auleen Russell is assistant City Conservation Agent in Buffalo, N. Y.

Continued on page 206

ACTIVITIES

HELEN ADDOMS '19

THE WORK OF THE VOCATIONAL CONFERENCE

Through the Bureau of Vocational Guidance, a committee of the Faculty composed of Dr. Matzke, Miss Rose, Miss Clara Howard, Prof. Kimball, Dean Creighton, Mr. Chamberlain, Dr. Kerr and Prof. Wilcox with Katharine Coville, a series of speakers is being secured to speak before the women of the University. These speakers outline the opportunities and openings in the various vocations especially interesting to women now.

The Bureau of Vocational Guidance has a further function. It has information on all vocations open to women and plans to issue a bulletin on the subject for the women. Especial stress is laid on the information regarding the overcrowding or undermanning of the different vocations, outlining the requirements of each and giving general guidance in the choosing of a vocation.

Mr. Treman has already spoken on "Banking," and Miss Burgess on "Nursing." On February 18, Dr. Kristine Mann, a graduate of the Cornell Medical School, spoke on "Medical and Non-Medical Vocations for Women." On February 22 Dr. Thos. Story spoke on "Physical Education"; March 1, John Upp of the General Electric Company speaks on "Industrial Openings for Women." Mrs. Plumtre on March 11 tells "What Canadian Women are Doing

in the War." Mrs. Plumtre is probably the most influential and active woman in Canada at present. On March 25 Mrs. Glen speaks on "Social Work as a Vocation for Women." Mrs. Laura Cook Carson, Cornell '13, on March 29, outlines the great possibilities in the advertising field.

It is to be hoped that after the faculty has gone to the expense and trouble of bringing notable speakers to Cornell the women will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing them.

MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE *Surgical Dressings*

The classes for the making of surgical dressings have met regularly every week-day from twelve to one and also on Thursdays and Fridays from two to six beside Saturday morning from nine until one. The headquarters will be open at these hours for the rest of the year. On Thursday from four to six training is given to those women who wish to be instructors in the making of surgical dressings. Mrs. Thilly and Mrs. Elmer have charge of the training class. Someone is always in charge of the work so that at any time when the rooms are open instruction may be given. The work is simple, clean and interesting. During one week 1100 dressings were made by some 60 women who just stopped at the rooms for a few minutes to do their bit.

Agriculture

The Agricultural Unit is looking to the future. Realizing the demand for farm laborers and the scant supply, this unit is systematically trying to plan how Cornell girls can do their bit in this field. As yet the plans are not very definite. Those who are at work forming them are: Prof. Van Rensselaer, Prof. Works, Dr. Matzke, Helen Moore, Mable Baldwin, and Lois Osborn.

L. O. V.

The L. O. V. held their regular monthly meeting at the home of the President, Rose Kroener, at 402 Oak Avenue. There was a good attendance. The time was profitably used in discussing the new regulations soon to be published concerning the relations between the employer and the student employee who is working in a private family. The separate points, social and economic, were taken up and thoroughly discussed. A committee was formed to draw up these regulations in a form to be presented and voted upon at the next meeting.

A. T. A.

A. T. A., the organization for girls living "off the hill" has been less active this year than usual as a society, owing to existing conditions.

At the beginning of the year, a welcome party was given for the entering girls. Stunts and games made the evening an enjoyable one. The annual dance was held at Risley, Saturday, Feb. 9, with Dr. Matzke and Mrs. Barbour as patronesses. About 45 couples attended the dance and the proceeds above expenses were given to the Red Cross.

In place of the regular meetings, it has been decided to devote the time to Red Cross work under the direction of the Cornell Women's Red Cross auxiliary. Plans are being made, however, for two or more social gatherings.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES ASSOCIATION

As soon as the lake is frozen over again, it is expected that two or more hockey teams for the women will be organized. Muriel Townsend, '21, has charge of the organization. The aim is to form class hockey games. Some fifty women have signed up for the sport.

ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

A conference of the presidents of the Athletic Associations of the Colleges of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey will be held April 12-14, at Cornell University.

There will be about twelve colleges represented, some with two delegates, others with one. The general program will be as follows:

Friday night—Banquet at the University Club.

Saturday, 9-11—meetings.

Luncheon at Forest Home

2-4—meetings

Dinner at Risley.

7.30—Open meeting at Barnes Hall.

Trip to Watkins Glen—picnic lunch there.

This is the first conference of the kind ever held in these States. For several years similar conferences have been held in New England and in the West. We hope that by starting such a conference among the colleges of the Middle Atlantic States we may in the future unite with the New

England Colleges and hold a North-eastern Field Conference.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The next of the series of one act plays to be given by the Cornell Women's Dramatic Club is to be under the supervision of Haidee Carll, '20, and Regene Freund, '20. The two plays to be given are "Mrs. Willis Will" and "Soldiers Daughters." After the performance there will be dancing.

Y. W. C. A.

The prayer meetings during the month of February were especially interesting. At the song service on February 6th, Ina Lindman, '20, spoke on "The Y. W. C. A. and the Girl in Business." The Sophomore class had charge of the next meeting. Mildred LaMont presided, and three girls discussed "Three Kinds of Faith." On the 23d, Miss Adelaide Fairbank, representing the Student Volunteer Movement, gave a most interesting talk on "Northfield in Action."

Following Miss Fairbank's talk, an informal tea was held in the Y. W. C. A. rooms down stairs, at which the girls met and spoke with her. This tea proved as enjoyable as the one held the month before, when Mrs. A. R. Mann was the hostess.

The Eight Week Club committee has decided to change its name.

Hereafter it will be known as the Patriotic League committee.

Following out the plans made at the Northfield convention, the Mission Study classes promise to be decidedly worth while. Under Pastor Horn, a normal class has been formed of all the class leaders. Every girl in the University is invited to become a member of one of the classes. Mission Study classes are to be held at the following places: 706 East Buffalo St., 111 Oak Ave., Cayuga Lodge, Delta Gamma, Delta Delta Delta, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Delta Zeta, Alpha Phi, Kappa Alpha Theta, Kappa Delta and Alpha Omicron Pi. Several classes are to be held in Sage and Risley. The book used as a basis of study will be "The Faiths of Mankind" by E. D. Soper, and the general topic of the course is "World Religions in the Light of the Present Situation."

From February 22 to February 24th, was held the annual convention of the Student Volunteers at Elmira College. Cornell was represented by a large delegation. Some splendid addresses were delivered by Dr. Barton of the American Board, Dr. Fleming of Union Seminary, Dr. Chamberlain of the Reformed Church Board, and Mr. Turner and Miss Fairbank of the Volunteer Movement.

On Sunday, February 24th, was observed the Universal Day of Prayer for Students.



UNIVERSITY NOTES

HELEN C. LANGDON, '19

The first convocation hour of the year was observed Saturday, February 9th, at 12 o'clock. Charles Woods, F.R.G.S., delivered an illustrated lecture on "The Bagdad Railway in the War." Mr. Woods has traveled extensively in the Balkan Peninsula and in Asia Minor, making special studies of the Dardanelles, the country surrounding Salonika, and the Bagdad Railway. The lecturer is an authority on Eastern questions of commerce, and spoke very interestingly on the construction of the Bagdad Railway, both from the political and military point of view.

Daniel Reed, '98, former line coach of the football team, will address Cornell students in March or April. Mr. Reed, who returned from Europe a short time ago, has been on a tour of inspection on the Allied front, and is now making a tour of the western states for the federal food administration. He will explain the life in the trenches and the training camps abroad.

Ethel Leginska, the English pianist, gave the fourth and last of this season's concerts in Bailey Hall on Thursday evening, January 24th. The program consisted of: Scarlatti, "Capriccio" and a pastorale; Chopin, "Etude in E Major," "Berceuse," "Sonata in B Flat," and a polonaise; Liszt, "Eighth Hungarian Rhapsody," "Mazeppa," "La Campanella," and "Etude Transcendante"; Liadov, "The

Music Box"; Leschetizky, and "Etude Heroique."

The Cornell Dramatic Club presented three plays in the Dramatic Club Theatre, Goldwin Smith C, on Friday, February 15th. The plays produced were: "Neighbors" by Zona Gale, "In Hospital" by P. H. Dickinson, and "The Groove" by George Middleton. These plays were repeated on February 16th.

Samuel Karrakis, '18, president of the Dramatic Club, has been called to enter Federal Service at Washington, in the Bureau of Confiscation.

Dr. H. Van Loon, '05, who was for two years special lecturer in history at Cornell, returned from Holland, February 7th, on the "New Amsterdam". Since last June, Doctor Van Loon has been Associated Press Correspondent in Holland, and has studied conditions in that country. He states that Holland has but a two months' food supply on hand, and that unless aid is soon given she will be forced to join with Germany. Previously to his position as lecturer here, Dr. Van Loon was Associated Press correspondent in Russia at the time of the revolution. Again at the outbreak of the European War, he was sent to Belgium as Press correspondent, reporting the siege of Antwerp, and other battles. He also visited the various allied countries—England, France, and Italy.

The Eleventh Annual Farmer's Week, which was held February 11-16, under the auspices of the New York State College of Agriculture, proved to be one of the most successful ever held. The program was carefully selected with reference to the present agricultural situation, and the problems which will come to the farmers this year as a result of the war. Along with the regular lectures and demonstrations which were given by the various departments of the college, sixty three men and women, prominent in the agricultural world aided the faculty.

On Tuesday evening, the annual Kermis, or entertainment given by the students of the College of Agriculture, was presented before a large audience which filled Bailey Hall. This year, for the first time, the rural point of view was presented in dramatic form by a play "They Who Till." This play was written by Russel Lord, '18, who is now in military service as a corporal in Battery F, 110th Field Artillery. It was staged and acted entirely by students. In addition to "They Who Till," several selections were given by the Agricultural College Orchestra, and by a quartette composed of members of the University Glee Club, as well as a sketch given by the Home Economics students.

On Wednesday, Miss Jane Addams gave a very interesting lecture on "The World's Food Supply, a New Approach to World Politics," before an audience which filled Bailey Hall to its fullest capacity. Miss Addams emphasized the importance of regarding the food supply as a common obligation, and as an international problem which will not be adjusted

for a long time after the end of the war. She suggested that conservation should be of four kinds: the elimination of wastes, the elimination of certain food products such as wheat, from the diet, the use of less amounts, and substitution. Miss Addams spoke about the cultivation of small garden plots with approval. She said that they had done a great deal to help out with the food situation, but small inexperienced children should not be taken out of school to work on farms.

Miss Lathrop, chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of the Interior, also spoke Wednesday, on "Child Welfare and the War." Miss Lathrop explained the work of the Bureau, and emphasized the increased responsibilities in the care and rearing of the children who will constitute the next generation. She also explained the war rate insurance, which is to give at least something to the mothers so that the children may remain in school longer.

John Mitchell, chairman of the New York State Food Commission, and president of the State Labor Union delivered the principal address on Thursday. A food conservation address was delivered by Professor G. F. Warren, besides an address to the Farmers Week visitors by President Schurman.

Sage Chapel has been closed until further notice on Sunday afternoons, in order to conserve the University supply of fuel. Due to the fact that several eminent men will occupy the Sage Chapel pulpit within the coming weeks, however, the University authorities have decided to hold an



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University Notes

Continued from page 202

evening service every Sunday night, the services to begin at 7 o'clock. While the University is exempt from the order issued by Dr. Garfield, federal fuel administrator, it desires to co-operate with him to the greatest possible extent in the saving of coal. By its voluntary observance of the order of the Fuel Administration, the University saved approximately two hundred tons of coal, during the restricted days January 18-22, alone. On these days, the final examinations were held in the evening, instead of the afternoon.

The Hon. Julius Kahn, member of Congress from California, was the Convocation Hour speaker for Saturday, February 16th. The subject of Mr. Kahn's address was "Some American Problems" and referred especially to problems which have arisen during the war.

The Cornell Chapter of the Order of the Coif, the national law students' honorary society, has announced the election to membership of Jane M. G. Foster, '18, of Portsmouth, Ohio, and Olive J. Schmidt, '18, of Spring Valley, N. Y.

CITIZENSHIP TRAINING FOR WOMEN AT CORNELL

Following the enfranchisement of the women of New York State at the election of last November, the attention of the University authorities was directed to the matter of citizenship training for women. President Schurman, in a statement issued just after the Christmas recess, called

Continued on page 207

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Alumnae Notes

Continued from page 197

'17—Irna H. Faith's address is Savannah, N. Y.

'17—C. Irene Hayner is now at Troy, N. Y.

'17—Freda J. Gilligan is in the United States Civil Service as a draftsman in the Boston Navy Yard. Her address is 16 Pagoda St., Mattapan, Mass.

'17—Alice Blinn accepted a position January 1st as Extension Instructor in the Home Economics Department of the College of Agriculture.

Ex. '18—Emily Ward Shock, is with her husband, Lieut. A. P. Shock, near Camp Meade, Md.

Ex. '18—Margaret Milton was married February 11, 1918, to Mr. Guy McGaughey.

Ee. '18—Calista Hoffman is instructing in the State School of Agriculture at Dansville. Her address is 7 Church St., Dansville, N. Y.

Ex. '18—Mary D. Hevey is teaching at Hemlock, N. Y.

Ex. '18—Katherine Rodgers is living at 614 Freedom Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

Ex. '18—Adela Girdner is living at 47 West 71st St., New York City.

Farmer's Week guests included the following alumnae:

Mrs. H. M. Lovell, '87, 357 Euclid Ave., Elmira, N. Y.; E. Louise Hoyt, Special '13-'14, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Grace Chapman, '14, Oswego, N. Y.; Elna Becker, '14, Owego, N. Y.; Rosetta L. Crane, Special '14-'15, Cincinnatus, N. Y.; Helen T. Blewer, '15, Maplewood Farm, Owego, N. Y.; Jane Montrose, '15, Deposit, N. Y.; Bertha Yerke, '16, Lockport, N. Y.;

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The annual luncheon of the Cornell Women's Club of New York was held at the Great Northern Hotel, 57th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, on Saturday, February 9th, at one-thirty o'clock. Othon G. Guerlac, formerly of the Department of Romance Languages, and who has been for many months in France, was the principal speaker.

The February meeting of the Cornell Women's Club of Philadelphia was held at the home of Miss Anna Biddle, 5901 Thompson Street, on Saturday afternoon, February 2d.

University Notes

Continued from page 204

the attention of the women of the University, and especially those in the two upper classes, to the courses offered in the departments of history and political science adapted to the needs of women voters who desire to inform themselves on the subject of politics and government. The possibility of establishing special short courses, such as now exist in many cities, was considered, but so far as the women students of Cornell are concerned, President Schurman believes the courses already announced

Continued on page 209

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The faculties of both the regular session and the summer session feel that citizenship training for men and women should proceed along similar lines, and for this reason women students are urged to elect those courses which experience has proven to be most helpful to men. Additional assistance to the woman student in her endeavor to find her place in the new world to which she now has access is given in a course of Vocational Conferences.

A CALL TO SERVICE

Cornell University is one of the approved colleges, alumnae of which are eligible to enter the special training camp for nurses to be held at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for three months commencing June 24th. The Government has announced that it is facing a serious shortage of trained nurses and that as the war progresses there is reason to believe the shortage will become more acute unless provi-

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It is estimated that the student fee will be about \$75, covering registration, tuition, board, room and laundry, for the three months. Women all over the country are being urged to take up this form of patriotic service. Cornellians who are interested should communicate with Miss Ada Thurston, Chairman, Women's University Club, 106 East Fifty-second Street, New York City.

Professor Sampson gave his first reading of the year on Tuesday, February 5th, in West Sibley. The selection was a humorous one by Morley Roberts—"The Conversion of Rev. T. Ruddle." Readings will be given on Tuesdays and Wednesdays by Professor Sampson to which the public is invited.



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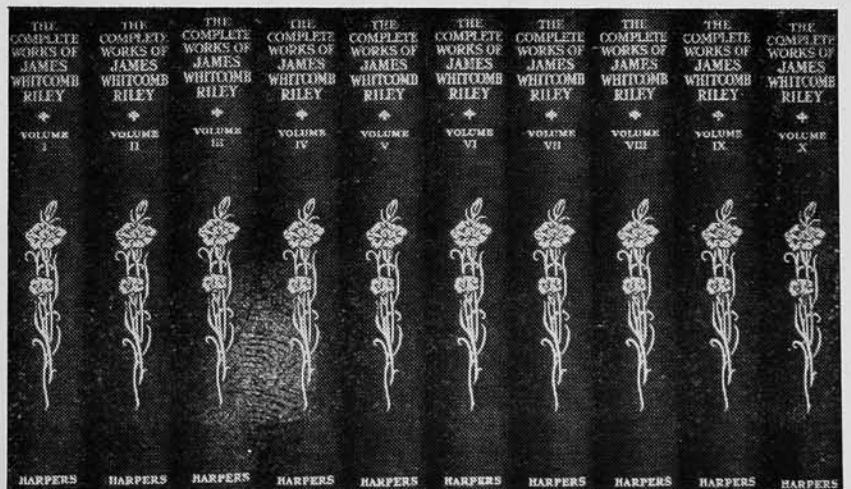
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Vol. III

APRIL, 1918

No. 7

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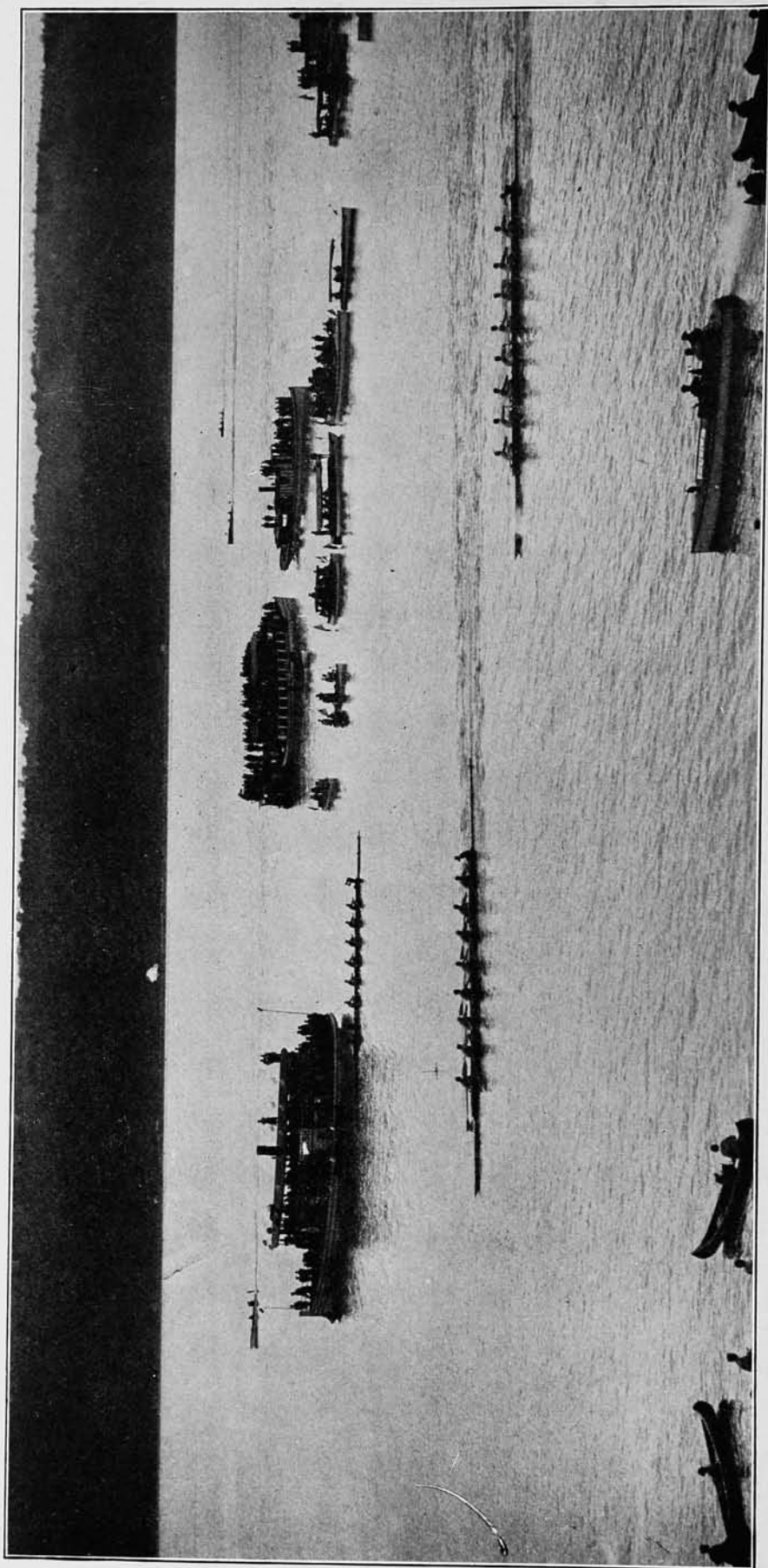
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SPRING DAY

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The Bobolink, the Bluebird and the Poets

ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK, '85

The poets are better listeners than "seers" so far as the little brothers of the fields are concerned. The insects mentioned by the poets are largely those that play their wing mandolins or that buzz; and the birds which have impinged upon the attention of the poets are for the most part the songsters, having made their appeal through the ear instead of through the eye. Only those birds of striking plumage like the oriole or humming-bird are the exceptions.

English poetry abounds in tributes to the skylark,—a bird unnoticeable except for its song during its flight high in the air. The cuckoo also has his poet laureate who expresses well the point I am making—

O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

Among our American poets, the thrushes have received much attention, also the song sparrows, the chickadee, the cat-bird and mocking bird,—but perhaps the bobolink carries off the honors. Although the bobolink is rather striking in appearance it is interesting to note that few tributes are paid to his plumage compared to those devoted to his song. His song has also challenged the poets to imitation and translation into words as has that of no other bird. This began with Wilson Flagg who was as much of an ornithologist as poet:

'Tis you that would a-wooing go, down among
the rushes O!

Wait a week, till flowers are cheery; wait a
week, and, ere you marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry;
Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait,
wait, wait!

Probably Bryant has given the most famous imitation of this inspiring song:

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Elizabeth Akers has been most felicitous in translating the bobolink's song into our language when she described this minstrel of the meadow following a pair of sauntering lovers down a broad country road,—

And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink,
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;

* * *

The bobolink sang with his heart on fire,
"Chink? if you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it! do it! you coward, you!
Kiss her! kiss, kiss her! who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!"

To some poets there is a certain intoxicating quality in the bobolink's song. Christopher Cranch expresses this,—

O could I share, without champagne
 Or muscadell, your frolic,
 The glad delirium of your joy,
 Your fun un-apostolic.
 Your drunken jargon through the fields,
 Your bobolinkish gabble,
 Your fine Anacreontic glee,
 Your tipsy reveller's babble!

Ednah Proctor Clarke expresses
 the same feeling,—

Who's roistering down the orchard,
 There where the clover thins?
 Some rascal's deep in liquor,
 And chuckling o'er his sins.

Hark! where the hedge-rose blushes
 Dost hear the cannikin clink?
 Dost hear the flagon's gurgling:
 "Bubble-link-bubble-link-bubble-link?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes also says:
 The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy
 mate,
 Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight;

We may turn from these interpretations
 to the more poetical descriptions
 of the songs. Lowell gives
 us this with exquisite realism:

But now, O rapture! sunshine winged and
 voiced,
 Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath
 of the West
 Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
 Gladness of woods, skies, waters all in one,
 The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
 Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
 Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
 Save *June! dear June! now God be praised
 for June.*

* * *

From blossom-clouded orchards, far away
 The bobolink tinkled.

And again in the Bigelow Papers
 is this description:

June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
 Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin'
 wings,
 Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

Thomas Hill has written pleasing
 stanzas of this bird song.

A single note so sweet and low,
 Like a full heart's overflow,
 Forms the prelude: but the strain
 Gives us no such tone again,
 For the wild and saucy song
 Leaps and skips the notes among,
 In such quick and sportive play,
 Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Charles G. D. Roberts, who has
 written appreciatively of many birds,
 gives these lines to the bobolink:

Again I hear the song
 Of the glad bobolink, whose lyric throat
 Pealed like a tangle of small bells afloat.

It has remained for Arthur Colton
 to give us the perfect description of
 this sweet and rollicking song:

And the bobolink strikes that silver wire
 He stole from the angelic choir,
 From psaltery played beneath the throne
 By an amber-eyed angel all alone.
 He strikes it twice, and deep, deep, deep,
 Where the soul of music lies asleep.—

The rest of his song he learned, ah me!
 From a gay little devil, loose and free,
 Making trouble and love in Arcadie.

The attention given to the blue-
 birds by the poets is often twofold.
 This sweet bird prophet of the spring
 has melted the heart of the poet by
 his song and cheered his vision by his
 azure wings which counterfeit blue
 summer skies. However, even in this
 case many poets have cared more for
 the song than for the beauty of the
 bird.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote,—

Hark! 'tis the bluebird's venturous strain
 High on the old fringed elm at the gate:
 Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying
 bough,
 Alert, elate,
 Dodging the fitful spits of snow,
 New England's poet-laureate
 Telling us Spring has come again!

Eben Eugene Rexford greets the songster thus:

Winged lute that we call a bluebird, you blend
in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing waters, the patter
of spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the winds, the sunshine, and
fragrance of blossoming things,
Ah! you are an April poem, that God had
dowered with wings!

Richard Burton welcomes the bluebird thus:

In the very spring,
Nay, in the bluster of March, or haply before,
The bluebird comes, and a-wing
Or alight, seems evermore
For song that is sweet and soft.
His footprints oft
Make fretwork along the snow,
When the weather is bleak ablow,
When his hardihood by cold is pinched full
sore.

Lowell gives two descriptive lines that are deeply satisfying:

The bluebird shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence.

Alfred Billings Street, a forgotten poet in these days, knew the bluebird,—

Hark! that sweet carol! with delight
We leave the stifling room!
The little bluebird greets our sight,
Spring, glorious Spring has come!

George Parsons Lathrop thus characterizes the bluebird's song:

Not long that music lingers:
Like the breath of forgotten singers
It flies,—or like the March-cloud's shadow
That sweeps with its wing the faded meadow
Not long! And yet thy fleeting,
Thy tender, flute-tuned greeting,
O bluebird, wakes an answer that remains
The purest chord in all the year's refrains.

Father Tabb gives to the bluebird one of his beautiful quatrains:

'Tis thine the earliest song to sing
Of welcome to the wakening spring,
Who round thee, as a blossom, weaves
The fragrance of her sheltering leaves.

The bluebird is still making its appeal to poets; in the *Anthology of College Verse for 1917* one of the Cornell poems selected was *The Bluebird* by W. P. Alexander, in which occurs the following stanza:

When March is harsh, and blustering bends
the bough
Of leafless tree, with young buds still asleep,
All unawares, some morning, and somehow,
I know again my sluggish blood will leap.
When on my ear the old familiar strain
Will fall, and I shall catch a flash of blue
And know the gates of Paradise again
Have open swung, and let my bluebird
through.

Friendship and Song

G. F. G., '19

The song that thrilled us dies away—
The singer soon forgets his part—
But the song lives on forever
In a place within our heart.

So friends may touch our life with love
A moment—only to depart.
But the music is undying
Which they leave within our heart.

The National Songs of the Entente

PROF. JAMES T. QUARLES

There is no feeling that binds men more closely together than one of sympathy. Within the family, the tribe, the nation, that bond of sympathy is produced in large measure by a realization of common interests, like experiences, and similar aspirations. Sympathy goes even further and causes most normal human beings (unless they are Huns) to re-act to like feelings in the presence of sorrow, happiness, joy or pain. This feeling in a large sense is indeed fundamental to a proper conception of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, internationalism, peace through democracy, and in fact all other concepts having an altruistic basis. The substitution of selfish interests for a feeling of kindly sympathy on the part of one nation for another is a most fertile source of disagreement and ensuing war.

Parry says that there is probably no class of people so susceptible to sympathy as those of an artistic temperament. They crave it for themselves, and they love to bestow it on others. The poet, the painter, the musician,—all catch visions of ideal beauty which they desire to share with their fellow-man. They are interpreters of humanity in terms of beauty. When such interpretations tell of the deeds of legendary heroes of the past, and clothe them in the aspirations of common mankind, folk-tales are the result. When the simple feelings of everyday mankind are caught up and expressed in apt poems wedded to music which expresses similar feelings, folk-songs are

born. When such songs express patriotism, love of country, and a desire for salvation the true National Song is evolved. There is no class of music so universal in its appeal as folk music, and at the same time so dialectic and idiomatic in its utterance. It couches itself in phraseology of ideal beauty to the district producing it. Its universal appeal is its sympathetic interpretation of real human feelings and emotions; and human beings are much the same the world over and react to the same emotional stimuli. Patriotic songs with some rare exceptions are the least characteristic of all folk-music. Many of them are of comparative recent origin, and are the production of musicians who made servile imitations of celebrated compositions already in existence. Engel gives a number of such instances. Let us examine the National Anthems of our Allies in some detail, and discover their sources as best we may.

Here in America we have hardly a single national tune that is a true, native product. But then the days of production of real folk-music are rapidly passing. The introduction of rapid means of intercommunication has largely destroyed that provincialism and isolation which is the soil most fertile for the growth of folk music. The great American National Anthem is yet to be written and immortality will be the crown of him who produces it. We have a number of so-called national anthems, the best known being "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America," "Hail Columbia," and perhaps "Yankee Doodle" and

"Dixie," although these last two are more sectional.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" is in reality our only official National Anthem, and is the only tune to which honors are accorded in both the United States Army and Navy. By common consent most Americans stand while "America" is being sung or played, but there is no official sanction for such honors. The "Star-Spangled Banner" would appear to have been a real inspiration. The tale is well known. During the war of 1812 Francis Scott Key was detained as a prisoner on board the British fleet under Admiral Cockburn, whither he had gone under a flag of truce to obtain the release of a friend who had been captured by the enemy, while they made an attack on Fort McHenry. He was thus a spectator of the midnight siege, and in the morning, seeing the flag still floating from the ramparts, the words of the immortal song took form involuntarily in his mind. He wrote them out and read them to his comrades on his return. The entire division seemed electrified with their eloquence. An idea seized Ferdinand Durang. Hunting up an old volume of flute music, which was in the tent nearby, he whistled snatches of tune after tune until he came upon one entitled "Anacreon in Heaven," which riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips, until with a leap and a shout he exclaimed, "Boys, I've hit it" and fitting the words to the tune, there rang out for the first time the song of the "Star-Spangled Banner." How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there poetry set to music under such inspiring influences! It was caught up in the

camp, sung round the bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and when peace was declared it was carried to thousands of firesides as one of the most precious relics of the war of 1812. The above account is told by Mr. Hendon, who was one of the party. The tune "Anacreon in Heaven" was composed by John Stafford Smith between 1770 and 1775 to words by Ralph Tomlinson, president of the Anacreontic Society, which held its meetings at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, London.

There is no romance about the production of "Hail Columbia" whatsoever. The words were written by Judge Joseph Hopkinson in 1798, to oblige an actor named Fox, who sang it with great success at one of the theatres in Philadelphia. The music was taken from a piece called "The President's March" written by a German named Pfeil. This piece had been used at the inauguration of Washington at New York.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" was written by Timothy Dwight, while a chaplain in the Revolutionary army. Dwight was afterwards president of Yale College.

The words to "America" were very hastily written by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith in 1832 at Andover Seminary, Mass. The music was probably written by Henry Carey, in 1743. It is doubtless more universally used in our country as the national anthem than any other.

"Dixie" is not of Southern origin as is commonly supposed. Charles Francis Adams gives the following account of its origin. "The song was written and composed in 1859 by Daniel Emmet, in New York, at that time a principal member of

Bryant's Minstrels, as a "grand walk round" for their entertainment. The familiar expression upon which the song was founded was not a southern phrase, but first appeared among circus people of the north. Emmet travelled with many of these companies, when the "South" was considered by show men to be all routes below Mason and Dixon's line. As the cold weather approached, the performers would think of the genial warmth of the section they were headed for, and the exclamation would be, "Well, I wish I was in Dixie!" The remembrance of this gave Emmet the catch line, and the remainder of the song is claimed to be original. There is no song more enthusiastically popular in the south today."

There is much controversy over the origin of "Yankee Doodle." Attempts have been made to trace it to Dutch, Spanish, and Hungarian sources. Whoever invented the melody, or whether it was carried to America by early colonists or not, it is very certain that it was very popular as far back as 1730. The trivial words of the song, in derision of the ill-assorted colonial troops, are said to have been written by Dr. Shuckburgh, who served as a surgeon under General Amherst during the French and Indian war. The word "Yankee" is thought to be an Indian corruption of the word "English,"—Yenglees, Yangles, Yanklees, and finally Yankee. It is heard today chiefly as an instrumental tune.

The chief national song of Canada is the well-known "Maple Leaf," both the words and music of which were written by Alexander Muir, and published in 1871.

England has two national songs of first-rate importance. "God Save the King" and "Rule Britannia." The melody of the first of these songs doubtless serves more people for patriotic stimulation than any other tune ever written. It is used by the English, the Americans, the Danes the Germans, and the Swiss. It was probably written in 1740 by Henry Carey, famous as the writer and composer of "Sally in our Alley," one of the best known of all English folk-songs. It is reported to have been heard first in public at a dinner in 1740 to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, when Carey sang it himself. It became very popular during the Jacobite uprising in 1743, and has been in constant use ever since. The words, also by Carey, are not particularly strong.

Of "Rule Britannia", W. Chappell in "National English Airs" speaks as follows: "'Rule Britannia' is from the masque 'Alfred' and was composed by Dr. Thomas Arne, well-known as the composer of 'The Lass with the Delicate Air' and other tunes. His music was very popular during the period of the Georges, and much of it is heard even to this day. The masque 'Alfred' was written by James Thomson and David Mallet, and was performed in the gardens of Cliefden House in commemoration of the accession of George I., and in honor of the birthday of the Princess of Brunswick on August 1st, 1740. The words of the song were by Thomson himself. It was almost a celebrated song by 1745, for during the Jacobite uprising of that year, the Jacobites took the song and altering the words to suit their own cause, made it their own National Song."

The wild, soul-stirring revolutionary song "Le Chant des Marseillaise," which has had so much effect on the political and social life in more countries than France, was originally written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle in the winter of 1792. Many versions appeared almost immediately so popular did it become with the soldiers and peasants alike, when several hundred revolutionists from Marseilles marched into Paris to its strains. The Parisians took it up immediately, and the Austrian and Prussian regulars were beaten again and again by the ragged "sans culottes" to this tune. It is still the official patriotic hymn of the French Republic. Rouget de Lisle was greatly esteemed among his friends for his poetical and musical gifts, and was a particular friend of the family of the Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsatian, then Mayor of Strasburg, where de Lisle was then stationed as a young artillery officer. "One night during the winter of 1792 the young officer was seated at the table of the Baron. The hospitable fare of the family had been so reduced by the calamities and necessities of war that nothing could be provided for dinner that day except garrison bread and a few slices of ham. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and lamenting the poverty of the fare he had to offer, declared that he would sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhenish wine in his cellar, if he thought it would aid de Lisle's poetic invention and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place in Strasburg. The ladies approved, and sent for the last bottle of wine in the house. After dinner de Lisle sought his room, and though it was bitterly cold he

at once sat down to the piano, and between reciting and playing and singing eventually composed 'La Marseillaise,' and, thoroughly exhausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk. In the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, immediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend, the Baron. Every one was enchanted with the song, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A few days later it was publicly given in Strasburg, and thence it was conveyed by the multitude to the insurgents of Marseilles and of its later popularity we know. De Lisle's mother was a most devoted Royalist, and asked "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn these brigands sing?"

The National Song of the Belgians is "La Brabanconne" which appeared in 1830, during the struggle between Belgium and Holland, when the former country desired self-government and release from the Dutch yoke. It was adopted as the war song of the Belgians and has since remained the national song of the state. The verses were written by Jenneval, and set to music by Francois van Campenhout. It was dedicated to the defenders of Brussels, which was at that time being threatened by the Dutch Army.

Italy has no real national song universally recognized. The honors are shared by the "Marche Royale" and Garibaldi's War Hymn. The former is an instrumental number and is frequently used on state occasions. The words to the Garibaldi War Hymn were written in 1859 by Mercantini, a Professor at Palermo, and the music is attributed to Olivieri. It is a stirring hymn, and resembles "La Marseillaise" somewhat in that respect.

The National Hymn of Portugal was written and composed by Dom Pedro IV in 1822, under the title of "Hymno Imperial Constitucional," since when it has served as the official hymn on all state occasions.

Perhaps the most noble and dignified of all national hymns is the old Russian national hymn, "God save the Czar," words written in 1833, and set to music by Alexis Lwoff, by the command of the Czar Nicholas I. There has recently been produced a new hymn called "The Hymn of Free Russia," written by Gretchaninoff, but if the quality of the music is a deciding factor it will never replace the former splendid hymn of this nation.

In 1861 the Roumanian government offered a prize for a national hymn, which was won by the poet Alexandri and Hubsch, who wrote the music to "Long live our noble King" (Trasasca Regele). This song was made the official hymn of the Roumanian army in 1862. A peculiar characteristic of many Servian songs is use of the second of the scale as a terminal note.

This is found in their national hymn, "Rise, O Servians" ("Ustaj, Ustaj, Srbine"). Both author and composer are unknown, but the song first came into prominence in 1848, when the Servians were at war with the Hungarians.

The national hymn of Japan was written by Hayashi Hiromori, a famous native musician and is full of grace and charm even to western ears. It is cast in a pentatonic scale. The National Hymn of Brazil was written on the occasion of the abdication of Dom Pedro I in favor of his son in 1831.

Whether the present war will produce any great national hymns that will stir the hearts of men, and urge them on to greater deeds of valor can not be predicted. Many wonderful poetic interpretations of the meaning of the Allied cause have appeared, but who the musical genius will be who will catch up the common yearnings and aspirations of our time and giving them a form of immortal beauty transmit them to posterity, we have no present indications.

Easter

PHYLLIS CHAPMAN, '19

O master that sitteth in heaven,
When all the world is gray
And the songs of the greatest singers
Have hushed and died away;
When Sorrow, a brooding shadow,
Has hid the light of the sun,
And the four winds sweep by moan-
ing
And the heart of the world is wrung;

O teach me a song that is golden,
So sweet and light and gay
Some music that Joy has laughed on
A lilting simple lay,—
My song then should float thru the
silence
A shimmering beam of light
To hearts that are sorrow laden
To tell them the world is bright.

"I'll Say It's Love"

DOROTHEA MILMOE, '20

How still it was!—just at the hour between dark and dawn, when the world seems to be resting for a short interval, before disclosing her wondrous beauties in the golden rays of the rising sun. Suddenly there sounded a faint chirp from the huge sycamore. There came a timid response from the bushes beneath. Then followed the same tones from above, but with a little more assurance, a shade more passion. The same shy notes from the bushes. It seemed impossible that the ensuing burst of melody in the sycamore could come from one tiny feathered throat. At least, so thought Norton, as he sat up in his tent and listened with amazement. Steadily it grew lighter. The horizon changed from gray to mauve, from mauve to heliotrope, from heliotrope to rose, from rose to saffron and then the flaming ball of fire ejected itself into the heavens, tinging all nature with its golden hue. All the world was quivering from the shock of the brilliant rays. The tiny crystals of dew in the grass gleamed like jewels.

With one bound, Norton sprang out of his bunk, and then in a second was splashing in the clear mountain stream that ran just outside his door. That aria of the little warbler at dawn had taken firm root in his mind, and as he splashed, he hummed uncertain snatches of the melody. While he pulled on his flannel shirt, he like all musicians, tried to picture the score, as it would look if completed. Suddenly occurred the thought, "Why not?"

The artist in him thoroughly aroused, he seized pencil and paper. He hummed it over to himself "Sounds like a song," he thought. And again the little voice whispered "Why not?" "Well," said Norton, "I'll probably do sillier things before I'm fifty." And forthwith he dispatched the manuscript to Charles Denton and Son, publishers of high grade music.

Within a week he received this letter:

Dear Sir:

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your manuscript. Our reader informs us that it has possibilities. Should you desire, we will be glad to publish it on a sixty per cent royalty basis. Please let us know your decision at your earliest convenience. We reserve the right to make necessary changes.

Yours truly,

CHARLES DENTON & SON.

Norton wired for them to go ahead.

A month later he returned to New York. The first night he was home, a well-meaning friend piloted him to a musical comedy, and afterwards to a Broadway cabaret. Something hauntingly familiar in the tune the jazz band was playing impressed him, and he asked what it was. "Oh, that's Denton's latest hit, 'I'll Say Its Love'," said his friend.

Denton? Necessary changes? Good heavens! And he tried to think of the little bird calling to its mate.

Just then the conversation at the next table caught his attention. "Some rag, eh kid?" said the man.

"You know, Harry, that song makes me think of the country, and open places, and birds," said the girl.

Norton pondered. After all, if peo-

ple got the meaning, what mattered the syncopation. And "I'll Say Its Love" hummed the man at the next table.

Music In The Camps

DORIS DEWEY, '21

"Singing men are fighting men," said Major General Bell in an address in which he was asking for funds for the building of a community hall at Camp Upton. "Some think that it is just a fad, but think of the spirit and courage such an auditorium will give to the men! It will go far to win this world war." And indeed it will. The time has come when enlightened thinkers and public men realize that recreation is as much a human need for the boys as air, food, water, a bed.

Camp Upton has no place which will hold anywhere near the ten thousand people which the proposed hall will hold. The men need some place where they can gather and express themselves in song, thus going far to break down the monotonous routine and endless drudgery of the day's work. Furthermore, Camp Upton will no doubt become a permanent military depot, and the building, for which five thousand dollars was raised in one meeting, is a certainty.

Not only are the song leaders realizing the need of entertaining our soldiers, but the great artists of both continents have graciously given their time and talent. At Camp Dix, Marie Morrissey delighted the lonely men with her singing. Miss Kline and Mr. Werrenwrath were so generous with encores at this place that in entertaining four thousand

and men they missed their train home. Plattsburg soldiers have been so fortunate as to hear Mme. Claussen. At Camp Mills Mme. Fely Clement led the boys in singing patriotic airs. The famous Christine Miller was a double success at Camp Lee as she employed her former accompanist, Earl Mitchell, now a corporal in that regiment. Mme. Cara Sapin gave two evenings to the boys in Louisville, Kentucky, at which they enjoyed the songs in which they could join as much as they did her solos. In addition to these private enterprises, a tour through the various camps is being made by members of the National Committee on Army and Navy camp music, by which they are trying to find out the best way to take care of "one of the things that count in camp."

Not only in our training camps is music cheering the hearts of our soldiers. France and England have recalled from active service many skilled musicians, putting an instrument in their hands in place of a gun. Paltmann, an English organist has delighted the Allies' camps with his marvelous playing on his portable organ, an instrument which cost fifteen thousand dollars to build. And a small matter like a bombardment does not disturb a concert which has been arranged, since the performers are getting used to singing in any

place from a coal hole to the top of the foremost sandbags.

Many American singers have expressed their hopes to go to France and sing for the soldiers. Indeed, John McCormack is rushing through his winter engagements in order to cheer up the boys in the trenches and tell them that America is behind

them in everything they do, and whether it be Auld Lang Syne or popular songs which they want him to sing, he will do his best. And all America will do her best in contributing to the building of these halls and in furnishing musicians so that our boys may go over the top—singing.

A New Song of our Colors

MARTHA J. ELLIOTT, '21

High above the bloody trenches
Where our brave boys lie
Waiting for the fateful summons
Forth to do or die
Wave the colors that will cheer them
Onward to the fight,
Shimmering in the wintry sunshine—
Carnelian and White.

Though to any poilu brother
No such pennant flies
Every good Cornelian greets it
Seen through spirit eyes.
'Tis the emblem of high courage
Where a comrade fell
Beckoning on to brave endeavor—
Emblem of Cornell.

Warm red wine of youth is spilling
Through the starlit night
White the quiet upturned faces
Meet the morning light.
True to honor and ideals
True to home and right
True to all your old traditions—
Carnelian and White!

"Nearer, My God, To Thee"

HELEN M. BATEMAN, '21

To-morrow "he" was to go "over the top." "He" was Jim Halward, a young American about nineteen years of age. Jim was in no way unusual; his case was similar to that of many others. He had left a widowed mother and his sweetheart to come to France to fight for the ideal for which so many have fought and are fighting.

And to-morrow he was to go "over the top." Unreal as it seemed he nevertheless felt the weight of impending events and was depressed in a way he had never been before. Mechanically he went about his usual duties and mechanically wrote his letters—perhaps his last letters—home. In fact, he did everything mechanically except thinking.

His thoughts surprised him. His mind seemed to be the only living part of him. His body was so much inertness but his mind burned with mad indignation and rage at the thought that a single nation could bring the world to such chaos and could make the world suffer so much. Jim's mind ran back to the many horrible scenes of woe, that he had witnessed since he had left peaceful America; he saw again the man with

his face half shot away; the one going mad with pain and loneliness, and also his own dear pal breathing his last.

Suddenly he stopped short. The soldier next him had finished humming "It's a long way to Tipperary" and had begun to sing softly and reverently "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

A flood of memories surged over Jim. but these memories were sweet and gentle, not hard and wrathful. He seemed back in America, back in the dimly-lighted living-room at home, listening to his mother while she sang hymns. Her favorite hymn was "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Strangely agitated, but more strangely soothed, he continued almost against his will, to think of home, of his mother, and of his fiancée. He pictured the girl as he had seen her that last day—her usually joyous eyes saddened by his approaching departure and her lips tremulous.

Softened and entirely brought from his previous savage mood by the song and the thoughts it had called forth, he turned again to his task of cleaning his gun. But his heart and soul, were they not "Nearer, my God, to Thee?"



If We Only Knew

ALICE L. SMITH, '20

The opening strains of the "Humoresque" were being played inimitably by Professor Quarles on the organ in Bailey Hall. The witching melody, perhaps unparalleled in its distinctive charm and in its popularity with all sorts of people, floated out over the audience. They sat up, surprised and pleased. Here was something they knew and loved. "And yet how many of them know," I wondered, "about the man who gave us this little jewel?"

Not very long ago little Antonin Dvorak was playing about in the his father's butcher-shop in a little town in Bohemia. It was the ambition of this worthy Franz Dvorak that his small son should succeed him in the butcher's trade, but what count intention and ambition in the face of the powers that be? One night there was a big celebration at the inn, and a band of wandering minstrels furnished the music. There sat the youngster, Antonin, all his young soul fascinated by the music. It was the beginning of new life for him. From the village school-master he learned to sing and fiddle a bit. Happy now with a new kind of joy, the boy made rapid progress, and it was a pleasure to see the delight of everyone when he sang his first solo in the church, and played his violin for the first time at one of the village festivals.

Too much work and strain made him nervous, for during a performance at Passiontide the boy broke down. Soon afterward his father sent him to the better school at Zeonitz. Sieh-

mann, an organist, gave him piano and organ lessons and taught him some theory. Very soon he was sent to Kamintz to study German and to complete his education. Although a lad of only fourteen, he had developed remarkably. For a year he studied with Haucke, the organist there, and then returned to Zeonitz, where his father was now living. He worked earnestly on his first composition as a surprise to his family, and experienced intense dismay when at its production, great discords announced his mistake in writing the part of the trumpets as sounded instead of as played.

At the age of sixteen, certain of his life-interest, the boy entered the organ school at Prague where he studied under a man named Pitzsch. When the modest allowance sent by his father stopped coming, he was thrown absolutely on his own resources. Studying busily all the time, he gained his daily bread by playing the viola in one of the town bands in various cafés. At twenty-one, when the Bohemian Theatre was organized at Prague, he played in the orchestra. About this time he was made organist of a church, and soon married. Struggling all the while with poverty and as yet unknown, Antonin Dvorak continued to work.

But his genius could be no longer unrecognized. At the age of thirty-two he came before the public for the first time with his patriotic cantata or hymn, "The Hero of the White Mountain." A pension from Vienna

came as a reward. Later there was recognition of his masterly setting of the "Stabat Mater", from the London Musical Society, and he was summoned there to conduct it, thus appearing in a new capacity.

And so it went on, until the world is richer by over one hundred of his works besides his operas. Songs to win the world, orchestral music unquestionably fine, all this from a man who might have been a butcher.

"How many of them knew about that man?" I was wondering.

In the doorway, as we left, there stood a little chap with rapt gaze fixed upon us. He had been standing there all the while. The crowd jostled him. Rough, thoughtless men brushed against him without noticing. At length he came back to earth, and stole away alone into the night. Who can tell whether he was another Dvorak? If we only knew!

A Song

EVANGELINE THATCHER, '16

This is a song of a woman's heart,
Sung in a woman's way,
Of lullabies and tender words,
Of smiling lips, and laughter gay,
And a child growing strong and fair.

It is a song of pride in a son,
A son who grew strong and tall,
With heart undaunted, and head
unbowed,
Who heard and answered his country's
call,
And lived to do and dare.

This is a song of a woman's heart,
And it ends in sorrow, and eyes that
weep,
Ends at a cross in a war torn land,
With her son in his noble and dream-
less sleep,
In France, Somewhere.

OLD STUNT SONGS

The Cornell Co-ed

ANNA VIOLET BARBOUR, '06

I

There once was a maid
 Who her good chink paid
 To come to fair Cornell.
 'Twas not to grind
 Or improve her mind,
 But to be a college belle.
 But she soon found out
 Without a doubt
 That her dreams were made of air
 For a Co-ed she
 Like you and me,
 Altho' so young and fair.
 For 'twas
 Dinged in her ears all night,
 And 'twas
 Dinged in her ears all day,
 She must not fuss
 Nor men discuss
 Lest the "Widow" think her gay.
 It cuts no ice
 If she be nice
 And look so neat and trim,
 For faces fair
 And golden hair
 Men do not care a pin.
 On the campus 'tis a sin
 To laugh with a vim.
 On the campus wide
 Men can't abide
 To see a Co-ed grin.

II

This maiden fair
 Would stand and stare
 At every man she'd meet.
 The 'Eds would cheer
 As she drew near,
 And the Profs said,
 "'Aint she sweet?"
 To her disgust
 'Twas hustle or bust,
 For that's the Co-ed's creed.
 No time for joy
 Lest Davy Hoy
 The riot act should read.
 For 'twas
 Dinged in her ears all night,
 And 'twas
 Dinged in her ears all day,
 The height of bliss
 For Co-ed Miss
 Was to work and not to play.
 She tore her hair
 In wild despair
 This would-be college belle,
 The tears she shed
 When all was said
 Would fill an artisian well.
 This would-be college belle
 Said she thought
 'Twas a sell,—
 This life will be
 The death of me
 If I stay at fair Cornell.

The College Senior

I was a little College Senior
 With my diploma to show,
 When to the agency I sought out
 These things they wanted to know.

Can you teach mathematics?
 Are you able to sew?
 Are you a hand at dramatics?
 Can you the turnips hoe?

Sunday School you must manage,
And to prayer meeting go.
You must learn how to bandage
Tommy's left squashed toe.

Are you sure you are single,
And tobacco don't chew?
Write it down on your shingle,
Then we'll know it's true.

First they sent me to Squeedunk
Then to gay Kalmazoo
With fifteen years of experience
Musquash thought I'd do.

Two-fifty was my salary,
Thirteen classes a day.
Thought I could live on a calorie,
Wasting my time that way.

That's what it means to be a teacher,
Five dollars down and five per cent,
Happiness is no feature,
When from Cornell you have went.

Further Education

ARAMINTA McDONALD, '17

1. A fair young maid to Cornell came
To enter in the U.,
She went to Davy to seek aid
And asked him what to do.
But Davy said, "Where are your
marks?
You don't seem well prepared.
Do you think we run a boarding
school
For girls who have not cared?"

CHORUS:

Now she's looking for some further
education
For she's found 'twas not as simple
as it seemed;
For old Davy he got sore,
Showed her to the open door,
And she's looking for some further
education.

2. Next year she tried it once again
With all her marks set straight;
She managed then to be a Frosh
And entered Sage's gate.
She asked for three nights out a week
For dancing and the Star,
But she met a flat refusal from
The girls on House Com's bar.

CHORUS:

Now she's looking for some extra
dispensation
For she thinks that two nights really
are too few;
But House Com it said "no mum"
Two nights' quite enough for fun.
And she's looking for some extra
dispensation.

3. In Sophomore year she learned some
wisdom
And this is surely proof—
She learned 'twas wise to cut the fudge
And sleep upon the roof;
She learned to treat the seniors
With a deference that was fine.
But she still had lots before her
Like all others of her kind.

CHORUS:

Now she's looking for some wiser
dissipation
For she's found that dancing doesn't
help exams,
And she thinks to pass up Chem
Most as bad as beating Penn.
And she's looking for some wiser
dissipation.

4. A sweet youth said "Oh, Junior, dear,
 Why worry as to that?
 Let's play together for awhile
 Then seek our own doormat.
 Let's go canoeing on the lake,
 Out in the bright moonlight."
 So they whiled away the hours
 Beneath the stars so bright.

CHORUS:

Now she's looking for some further
 consolation
 For she found that rings are often
 not sure things;
 For the man she was to wed
 Busted out the U., instead,
 And she's looking for some further
 consolation.

5. A Senior grave she settled down
 To books and cap and gown,
 She went to the Lib from eight to
 five
 She read deep stuff, and Plato, too,
 Philosophy and Psych;
 For she wished to find a vocation,
 That she indeed would like.

CHORUS:

Now she's looking for her future
 occupation
 And she's thought of everything from
 A to Z
 But she found another man—
 And her married life began—
 For at last she found her future
 occupation.
 (First sung at the Senior Stunt, 1917).

The Working Girl

A village girl was leaving home,
 With tears her eyes were wet,
 Her mother dear was standing on the
 spot.
 She said to her "Neuralgy dear,
 I hope you'll not forget
 That I'm the only Mother you have
 got.
 You are going far away
 Now remember what I say
 And when you're in the city's busy
 whirl,
 Beware temptation's crimes and follies
 Villains, taxicabs and trolleys
 But Heaven will protect the working
 girl."

The poor old Mother's words proved
 true
 For soon the young girl met

A man who on her ruin was intent.
 He treated her respectfully,—
 Such villains always do—
 And so she thought he was a perfect
 gent.
 He asked her out to dine
 The night was bright and fine
 And in a table d'hôte so light and gay
 He said to her, "Now after this
 We'll have a demi tasse."
 But to him then this pure young maid
 did say:

"Stand back villain, go your way,
 For I can no longer stay,
 And though you be a marquis or an earl
 You may tempt your upper classes
 With your villainous demi-tasses,
 But Heaven will protect the working
 girl."

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“Who loves not song, music and song
Will live unblest his whole life long.”

Song Number

More than ever do we need something to take us out of ourselves, and nothing does this better than singing. Why is it then that we do so little of it? What has happened to the singing spirit which was won't to cheer the dormitory halls in past years? Interest and 'pep' are woefully absent. We surely have not lost them! Singing at dinner and gathering around the piano after meals to give honor and praise to our Alma Mater brings out not only a feeling of good fellowship, but also produces that thrill which comes with the realization that YOU are a part of “that grand institution, that school of Cornell,” a thrill which many evidently have not as yet experienced. It is with the hope of renewing the good old Cornell spirit that THE REVIEW issues this special song number.

Professor Davenport says “Singing is a disease of the larynx.” Can't we make a culture and spread the disease? Let's make it an epidemic.

Our Musicians

It was with great pleasure that we saw three of the violinists from the Women's Orchestra occupying seats on the platform of Bailey Hall in the last University Orchestra Concert. Some day there may be a Cornell drummer-girl.

Liberty Bonds for Cornell

With the opening of the Third Government Liberty Loan Campaign the Cornellian Council opened a Second Cornell Liberty Loan Campaign. This year the University has suffered greatly from a deficit caused by the war. Loyal Cornellians all over the country have been responding to the campaign and generously donating bonds to the University. The successful campaign of last fall showed how efficiently the students could co-operate with the faculty in work-

ing with the Organization Committee. Let us show the alumni we are loyal to our Alma Mater too. Every American can do an individual service to his country by working, saving, and buying Liberty Bonds. To defend your country and to support your Alma Mater buy a Liberty Bond.

Dancing Fete

The evening of May third has been set aside as the date for a dancing fete to be held in Risley court back of the gorge. The freshman and sophomore dancing classes have arranged a program of interpretive and rustic dances to be given in costume. A special feature will be a solo dance by Margaret Luckings,' 18. Electric lighting and a colored spot light will add to the attractions of the scene. General dancing will follow in the Recreation Room. Admission to the fete is twenty-five cents. The proceeds will be turned over to war relief. We miss the Pageant. Why not make the dancing fete the biggest event of the year?

A Freshman's Vision

It has come to the notice of the junior class that the freshmen this year have had some wrong ideas about student self-government. Grandmothers have not taken enough care to interpret the rules, and to show their children that rules were made because they were wise and necessary and not because they were expected to cause trouble. The freshmen do not understand all of the customs of the University when they enter. It is for their benefit that the rules are what they are. It is for their advantage that they abide by the rules. Freshmen need a broader vision of student government; they should forget their own individual feelings in the interest of the community; they should wait until they are seniors before they attempt to run the University, for by that time they will see that they can not do it; they should learn that faithfulness in abiding by rules is a fair indication of character. Juniors, remember your duties to the freshmen! You and the seniors, the upperclassmen, make the standards of the University.

Spring Day

Spring Day is gone but not forgotten. The baseball team trains for intercollegiate games. The crew practices just the same. Class reunions will be held as usual. The Freshmen will destroy their caps. But where is the circus? Instead of gay colored costumes we see R. O. T. C. uniforms. Instead of booths of fakers on the athletic green we see inspection of aviators. If we are ever to have our holiday again, we must help win the day when uniforms will not be worn. Next spring we want Spring Day. This spring we buy Liberty Bonds!

Notice to Seniors !

The regular subscription price for THE CORNELL REVIEW of \$1.50 has been reduced to \$1.25 as a special offer to all seniors who sign up and pay before May 22.

**NOTICE FOR EVERYBODY!
BUY A LIBERTY BOND!
AND GIVE IT TO CORNELL!**

UNDERGRADUATES :**Three Prizes**

THE CORNELL REVIEW offers

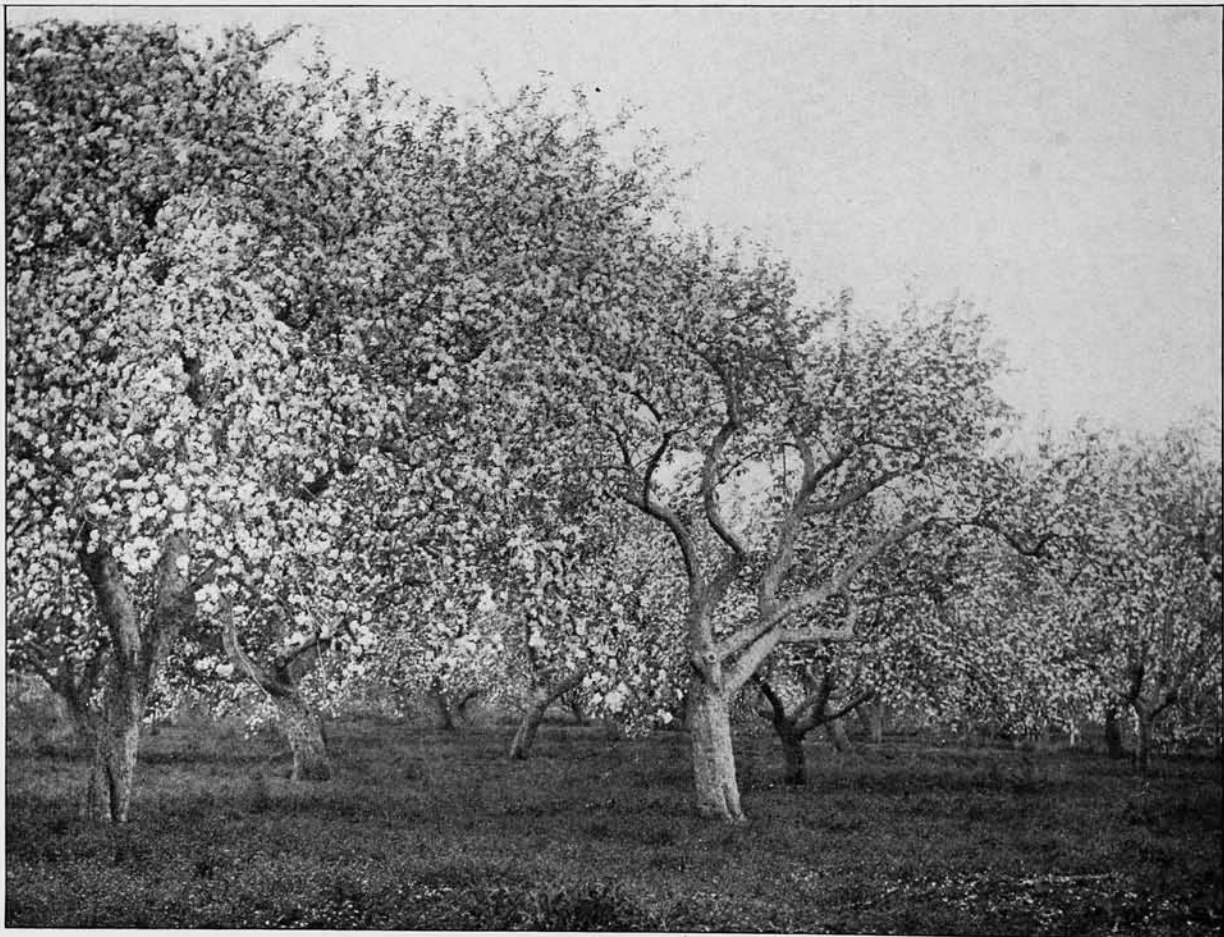
A prize of \$5 for the best short story—subject to be chosen by the competitor.

A prize of \$5 for the best article on "The Relation of Underclasswomen to the Upperclasswomen."

A prize of \$5 for the best article on "What Does Loyalty to Your University Include?"

A certain literary standard must be maintained and a certain number of competitors must enter the contest.

All material must be typewritten, and in the hands of Gladys Gilkey by July first. The length of articles is left to the discretion of the writer. The winning articles will be published in the fall issues of THE REVIEW. All who wish to enter the competition must sign up with Gladys Gilkey before May 20.



APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

ACTIVITIES

HELEN ADDOMS, '19

ELECTIONS

This year, for the first time, elections have been held in Student Government Mass Meeting. Nominations were held as before by open ballot, but the elections took place in Sibley Dome on the evening of March eleventh. The group of girls chosen as Cornell's representatives for the next year, is well selected and very well fitted to co-operate with the students and the faculty. Virginia Phipps has been chosen as the president of the Student Government Association, and she is certainly worthy of the confidence placed in her. She succeeds Ernestine Becker, who has successfully represented the women of Cornell this year.

The list of officers and officers for next year is as follows:

President of Student Government, Virginia Phipps, '19.

President of Y. W. C. A., Elizabeth Neely, '19.

President of Risley Hall, Mildred Wicker, '19.

President of Sage Hall, Alice Smith, '20.

President of the Class of 1919, Ida Raffloer, '19.

President of Sports and Pastimes, Edith Messinger, '19.

President of the Women's Dramatic Club, Gladys Bleiman, '19.

President of Outside Houses, Harriot Parsons, '19.

Census Taker, Gertrude Sampson, '19.

Chairman of the Mobilization Committee, Madolin DeWitt, '19.

President of the Class of 1920, Eleanor George, '20.

The voting was broken up by class stunts—each class giving a stunt. This relieved the monotony of voting and the long waits for ballot counting. The Senior class sang a song. The Junior class gave "The Evolution of the Tea Dance, Past, Present, and Future." This was very cleverly managed and was a very amusing sketch of Sage Tea Dances. The Sophomore stunt consisted of a scene at the Medical Office at College, which was humorous and well done. The Freshmen stunt was pantomime.

The plan seems to have worked out very well on the whole. A little more experience will enable the women to decide as to the advisability of its permanent adoption, or the need of slight changes to be made.

Y. W. C. A.

Cornell had the largest delegation of any University or College at the New York State Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement held at Elmira College, February 22d to 24th. Of the thirty-five students who went from here, twenty-seven were girls.

Everyone who went has come back full of interest and enthusiasm for carrying out the plans for world

fellowship. The facts showing the needs of the different countries were presented so forcefully, that each one felt the direct challenge: "What are you going to do about it?" Perhaps the most immediate result has been shown in the interest taken in the Northfield program for the study of the problems involved in making the world safe for democracy—a program which was explained at this convention.

Inspiring talks were given by Miss Kyle Adams, Miss Adelaide Fairbank, Mr. Galloway, Dr. Barton, Mr. Turner, Dr. Mabee and others, yet the one which made the greatest impression was by a young Russian student of Syracuse. He recently led fifteen cities in the Russian Revolution, and is the first of the Revolutionist Party to become a Christian. The story of the change which had come into his life as a result of his conversion, and his appeal for Christian workers to bring salvation to his native land, made a deep impression upon his hearers.

Nothing more could be desired in the way of entertainment than that which the Elmira girls gave us. A tea, play, and banquet were given in our honor, and there was no "college spirit" lacking in the contest of songs and yells which made the dining-room re-echo.

Everything combined to make the convention an inspiration for work throughout the coming year. Let's have a larger delegation than ever next year!

In following out the Northfield program of enrolling every girl in a discussion group in which the vital problems of the crisis are taken up, the Mission Study Committee has organized twenty-one study groups.

The leaders of these groups meet once a week under the direction of Rev. Mr. Horn for training. The course deals with the "World Religions in the Light of the Present Situation," and is proving intensely interesting. The fact that about two hundred and fifty girls are attending these discussion groups, shows their wonderful success. Lively discussions have been held on Hinduism, Confucianism and Judaism, while Mohammedanism and Christianity are to be considered at the next meetings. Those who are unable to attend can follow the same course of study by means of printed slips which give references to books in the Library and questions to be answered.

The leaders of the discussion groups are: in Sage—Agnes Hall, Ina Lindman, Louise Schuyler, Ruby Odell, Helen Glazier, and Elizabeth Bowler; in Risley—Constance Huhn, Mary Flint, Norma Regan, Clara Starrett, Marion Pharo, Mary Albertson; in Delta Delta Delta—Vera Spencer; Alpha Omicron Pi—Betty Neely; Kappa Delta, Margaret Van Nuys; Kappa Alpha Theta—Jean Holmes; Alpha Phi—Eleanor George; Kappa Kappa Gamma—Betty Churchyard; Oak and College Aves—Helen Huie; Eddy and Buffalo Streets—Marion White; Wyckoff Road—Harriet Hosmer.

On Saturday evening, March 9th, the Y. W. C. A. had a very novel entertainment: a trip along the Lincoln Highway. The tickets for this trip were so attractive that everyone had to buy, for was not the opportunity of a life-time offered? Think of a trip starting in New England, and going as far south as Palm Beach, and as far west as Oklahoma, to say

nothing of taking in the sights of three centuries—all for fifteen cents!

Two "trains" started at Sage about eight and eight-thirty p. m. The first stop was made at Plymouth, where John Alden was calling on the sweet Priscilla, who urged him shyly to "speak for himself." Then we stopped at Camp Beatsemall in Oklahoma, where Indian squaws and warriors danced about the camp-fire and celebrated the marriage of a young brave and squaw. Then we saw a plantation in Louisiana where real cotton and watermelons "grew", and laughed at the antics of the pickininnies who danced a clog to the strain of mandolins and banjos while their mammy scolded them for stealing watermelons. The scene at Ruffits Barracks Hostess House in Georgia, where "Johnnies" sang songs about the open fire, was most effective, while the diving Venuses at Palm Beach charmed their audience so much that they could scarcely be torn away. "Camouflage" in Pennsylvania was de ceptive—especially the fortunes told by gaily turbaned maids and the ghostly witch. The grand finale was at the Great White Way in New York, where all enjoyed the dancing, the cabaret exhibition of song and dance, and the good things to eat. Here the trip ended—a success.

Gladys F. Gilkey, '19, represented the Cornell Y. W. C. A. at a conference of the annual members of the colleges in the northeastern field, held in New York City, March 10-12.

VOCATIONAL CONFERENCE

"What English and Canadian Women are Doing in the War" was the subject of Dr. Winifred Cullis, speaker at the vocational conference on Monday afternoon, March eleventh at

Barnes Hall. At present Dr. Cullis is Assistant Professor of Physiology at the University of Toronto. Previous to her appointment there, she was Professor of Physiology in the Women's Medical College in London.

In her talk she related experiences of women, whom she had known personally, chiefly those of medical women. She told of the founding and the work of the "New Hospital of Women". This hospital was founded by Mrs. Garrett Anderson and was stocked entirely by women. She was aided by her daughter, Dr. Anderson Murray. The Women's Hospital Corps of this hospital offered its service to the British Red Cross, but was refused. The women then turned to France, where the Red Cross work was not so well organized, and were received with open arms. By the autumn of 1914 they were installed in Paris in a hospital, a remodeled hotel, and were ready for work, which they did excellently. Dr. Anderson Murray was chief surgeon. Dr. Cullis related an interesting incident of a skeptical English government inspector who came prepared to compel them to give up their work; but the gentle firmness of Dr. Murray and the polite invitation to go through the hospital changed his mind entirely. After going through the hospital, he was so much impressed by his own observations and the testimonies of the wounded, that he offered them a military hospital under their own supervision if they would come back to England. They accepted the offer and are now doing remarkable work in London. Those, who leave the hospital, say, "It is so homey," and everywhere is praise and admiration for the work done there.

Some of the best work has been done in the Balkans. Dr. Hutchinson, accompanied by Dr. Ingolls, a great organizer, went to Servia to cope with a typhus fever epidemic. The conditions were terrible, and as no help had been available the sick were in a most pitiable condition. While working here, Dr. Hutchinson had a rather interesting experience. Her hospital was captured by Austrians and in order to save the British flag, she wrapped it around herself until a place was reached where it might be safely unfurled.

Dr. Cullis expressed her admiration for the work women were doing in all branches, in factories, on farms, and in dairies. Not only this, but women are replacing conductors, footmen, and elevator boys, and are in every possible service, going even so far as to the strenuous work of baling hay. In closing Dr. Cullis said that the war would bring a closer relation between women all over the world and a closer bond of friendship, especially between the English speaking peoples.

THE JUNIOR-FRESHMAN WEDDING

The marriage of Miss Ima Freshman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wasa Freshman and Lieutenant Hesa Junior took place in Sage Gymnasium at eight o'clock Tuesday evening, March 12.

The bride was charmingly gowned in white cheesecloth and carried white roses. The handsome bridegroom wore a uniform which had seen service in France. Rev. Parsons officiated and uttered many wise words about "matricimony". The music was furnished by a choir composed of Juniors. The bride had many bride's-maids,

flower girls, pages and a ring bearer, who carried a large bell on a velvet cushion.

Mr. and Mrs. Wasa Freshman, and Mr. and Mrs. Junior were present together with their sons and daughters. The grandparents were also present. Aunts of every description, spinsters and society dames, and uncles of corresponding types attended the ceremony. There were also other relatives and friends.

The family servants, comprising wash-women, cook, butler, footmen, and nurse maids, showed their loyal interest by coming attired in their best.

The movie-man came to take various pictures of the ceremony. These will doubtlessly appear in a short time at all first class theatres.

The numerous and costly gifts were not on display.

Bridegroom.....Mildred Wicker, '19
Bride.....Helen DePue, '21

Committee

Chairman.....Edith Messinger
Ex-Officio.....Mildred Wicker
Invitations.....Lucy Mack
Decorations.....Irene Frank
Refreshments.....Olga Wolfe
Music..Esther Funnell, Frances Riley
Costumes.....Lina Darling
Programmes.....Helen Schrader
Stunt.....Margaret Knapp

The patronesses were Dr. Matzke, Mrs. Barbour, Miss Canfield, and Miss Nye.

Note: J. P. Troy took a group picture of the wedding party. These pictures will be on sale shortly.

1920

A stunt is being planned by the Sophomore class to be given to the

Seniors. Thus far a date for the stunt has not been set.

1921

At the February meeting of the Freshman class, it was voted to substitute a "mock banquet" for the usual Freshman banquet. This step was taken in order to give the money which would have been spent for the banquet to the Red Cross. The "mock banquet" will be an indoor picnic in the Risley Recreation Room.

It was also voted to have each member of the Freshman class sign up for an hour in which to work on Surgical Dressings in Barnes Hall.

THE CORNELL WOMEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB

During the early part of March, the Women's Dramatic Club presented two plays, "Mrs. Willis' Will" by Emilie Sevestre, and "Soldier's Daughter" by Cosmo Hamilton; the former a farce, the latter a more serious play. The plays were well given for the most part. However, as has already been pointed out in other criticisms, the order of presentation should have been reversed, and the farce used to end the performance, for the audience was in no frame of mind to sober itself for "The Soldier's Daughter." Dancing followed the performance.

The cast:

MRS. WILLIS' WILL

Mrs. Robinson....Marion Irish, '20
Lady Spindle, Margaret Luckings, '18
Mrs. Dwindle....Rosalie Ulrich, '21
Jenny.....Sarah Speer, '21
Rachel.....Martha Martin, '21
Coach.....Haidee Carll, '20
Scenery.....Gladys Bleiman, '19
Properties.....Elsa Schlobohm, '21

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

Helen Meredith, Janet MacAdam, '21
Pamila Meredith, Gladys Bleiman, '19
Jane.....Rebecca Davis, '19
Coach.....Regene Freund, '20
Scenery.....Gladys Bleiman, '19
Properties.....Leonora Rubinow, '20

Mobilization Committee

Madolin DeWitt, '19, has been elected to carry on the work of the Mobilization Committee for next year. As chairman of the committee she will appoint, with the aid of the present committee, the unit managers for the Red Cross work of next year. The work of the present committee has been most successful and a great deal of credit is due all those persons who helped to start the work so admirably this year.

Surgical Dressings

The Surgical Dressing Unit of the Cornell Women's Red Cross Auxiliary has had a very successful first month, in spite of the fact that the beginning of the second term with its attendant interests and occupations has of necessity kept the women busy. A class of seven is about to take an examination which will certify them as instructors, and two other classes are in progress. These people meet on Thursday and Friday afternoons at Barnes Hall and are under the direction of Mrs. Frank Thilly and Mrs. Kerr. Mrs. Schurman, Mrs. Elmer, and Mrs. Blaker are also assisting in the work, cutting gauze and inspecting the finished dressings.

A request from several members of the office force of the Residential Halls has led to the organization of a class on Tuesday evening of about

ALUMNAE NOTES

MARY H. DONLON, '20

'94—Mrs. Charles C. Huestis (Jessie M. Bunting) recently spent a few days in Ithaca.

'94—Mrs. Harris (Grace Doubleday) has moved from Winot, N. D. to Bogewan, Montana.

'03—Agnes G. Sweeton was married to Mr. I. C. Russel. They are now living at 221 South Broad Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

'06—Mrs. Bingham (Florence Cornell) stopped for a day in Ithaca en route to Washington, where Mr. Bingham has a position on the War Trade Board. She has been living in Palo Alto, Cal.

'08—Eleanor Reed has been spending the winter in Hot Springs, Arizona. She will return east in the spring.

'14—Merle Mosier is an interne in a hospital in Worcester, Mass. She received her doctor's degree last June from the University Medical College in New York.

'14—Elna Becker was in Ithaca during Farmer's Week. She stayed at the Alpha Phi house, 214 Thurston Avenue. She is doing Food Conservation work.

'15—Clara Graeffe was a recent guest at the Alpha Omicron Pi house.

'15—Helen Updegraff has been appointed assistant chemist at the Delaware Experiment Station, Newark, N. Y.

'15—Mrs. Paul Haviland (Julia Stone), who is now living in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, Anne, born March 27.

Ex-'16—Helen Bungart Leavens spent a few days during February at the Alpha Omicron Pi house.

'17—Edna E. Cassel is now living at 208 Carlisle Street, Hanover, Pa.

'17—Amy Luce was a guest at the Kappa Alpha Theta house for the week of March 24.

'17—Mary Pike is studying with the Art League in New York City.

'17—Helen O. Kirkendall is now living in Randolph, New York.

'17—Araminta MacDonald was visiting in Ithaca during the past month, staying at the Alpha Phi house. She has gone to her home in Delhi and will return soon to her position in Belleville, Ohio, where she is community secretary.

Ex-'18—Emily S. Reed has a position in Washington, D. C., at the United States Entomology Department.

Ex-'18—Freda Ames has a position with the War Department in Washington. She is living with her sister, Mrs. Floyd Newman (Ruby Ames, '13) at 3023 Q Street, N. W.

The Cornell Women's Club of Washington wishes to get in touch with all Cornell women who have recently come to Washington. Will all such women send their names and addresses to the secretary of the club, Miss Jennie T. Minnick, 1808 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.? If any one has friends who might not see this notice, the club will appreciate information as to their whereabouts.



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University Notes

Continued from page 246

A famous French journalist, Stephane Launzanne, spoke in Bailey Hall on Tuesday evening, March 19. The title of his address was "Fighting France."

At a mass meeting of Cornell women held in Sibley Dome on Monday evening, March 11, it was decided to accept the suggestion of the Student Council, that a conference committee be formed consisting of representatives from the Student Council and the Women's Student Government Organization for the purpose of discussing matters affecting both men and women. This committee will have no power to pass legislation but will act in an advisory capacity. It is expected that a better coöperation between the men and women will be a direct outcome.

The Cornell Dramatic Club presented its fifth series of one-act plays in the Campus Theatre in Goldwin Smith on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, March 15 and 16. The plays presented were "Duty", "The Glittering Gate" and "The Turtle Dove."

Professor John Roscoe Turner, former instructor of Economics at Cornell University, has been made Dean of Washington Square College of New York University.

Two nominations have been duly filed for the two vacancies on the Board of Trustees that are to be filled at the annual meeting of the Associate Alumni on the 18th of May. Cuthbert W. Pound, '87, of Lockport, N. Y., has been re-nominated, and John L. Senior, '01, has been nomi-

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nated for the place made vacant by the expiration of the term of the late Franklin Matthews.

Activities

Continued from page 239

twelve members. Another group has requested that it be allowed to come and work some other evening, and before long it is anticipated that the Surgical Dressings Rooms will be open literally "Morning, Noon, and Night." At present there is a great deal of work to be done and any one willing to help is urged to come to the rooms at noon from 12 to 1 on any day of the week, or on Thursday afternoon from 2 to 6, Friday at the same time, or Saturday morning between 9 and 1. There is always an instructor to assist the workers and it has been found interesting for congenial groups of friends to come and work together.

Of course the University women have responded well to the appeal for workers, but the greater praise and gratitude is due to the Faculty women who are so actively interested in our work.

This month's report to the Ithaca Red Cross Chapter shows a total of 4387 dressings made by our Auxiliary.

Knitting Unit

The February report of the Knitting Unit is most encouraging. During the month a large number of articles have been turned in. The following lists give an idea of what is being done.

Articles received: 36 sweaters, 6 mufflers, 5 pairs wristlets, 3 helmets, 2 pairs socks.

Continued on page 253

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the Inn*

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ITHACA 288-Y

Activities

Continued from page 251

Yarn for the following articles taken out: 24 sweaters, 10 mufflers, 1 pair wristlets, 5 pairs sox.

Four tea dances have been held for the benefit of the yarn fund and the comfort kit fund. These have been very successful. The accounts stand as follows:

Comfort Kits

Bills rendered.....	\$242.88
Cash on hand.....	10.63
Kits completed.....	150

Treasurer's Report

Tea dances.....	\$400.70
Expenses	275.24
Balance	\$124.46
Received from other sources	4.87
Total on hand.....	\$129.33

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C. E. Hazell, '20, Ass't Mgr.

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THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III

MAY, 1918

No. 8

SENIOR NUMBER



SILVER BAY AND THE COLLEGE GIRL
Louise E. Baker, '19



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COURT LIFE AT SAGE
Margaret Knapp, '19



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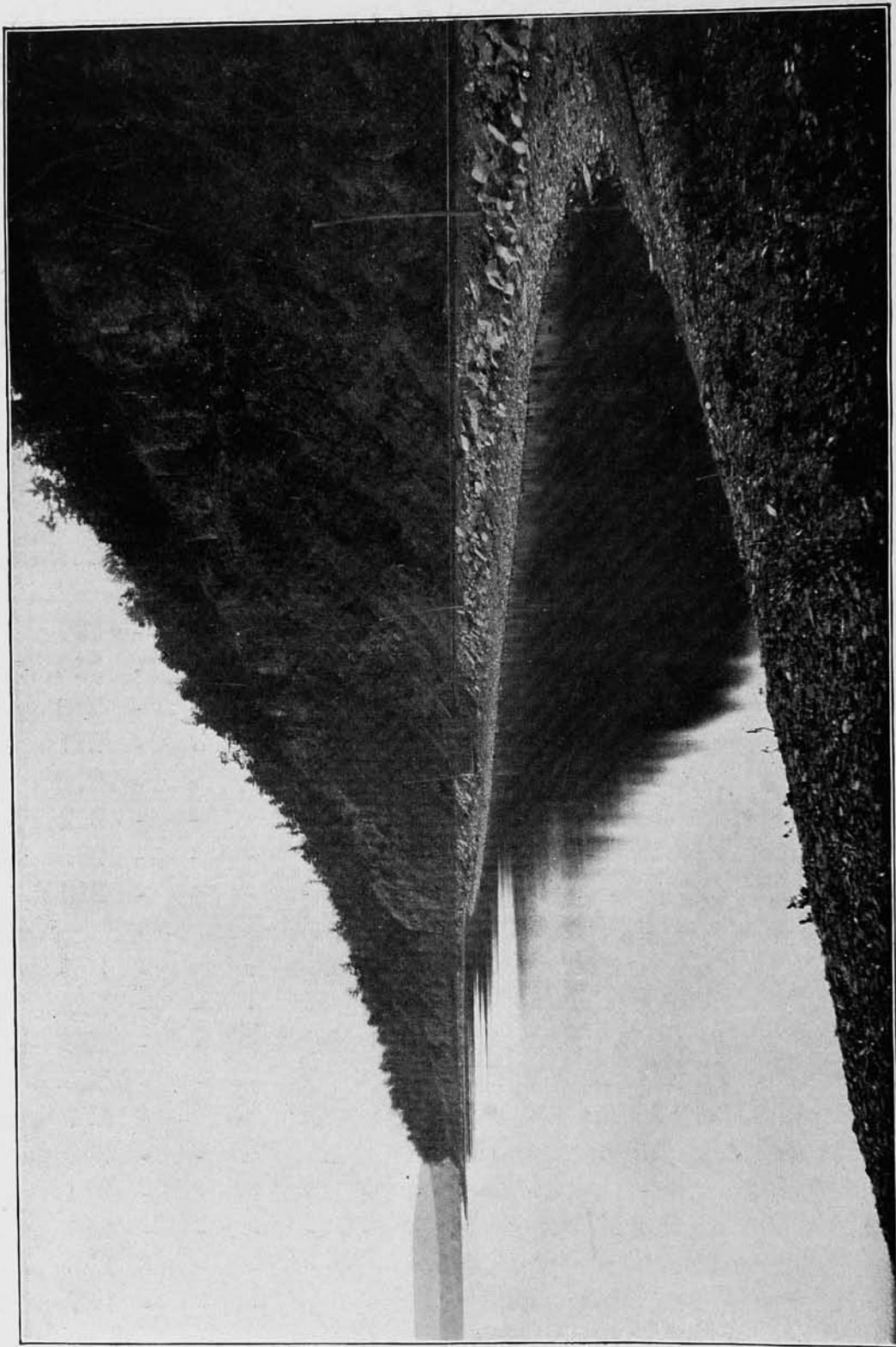
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EAST SHORE OF CAYUGA LAKE

THE CORNELL REVIEW

Vol. III.

ITHACA, N. Y., MAY, 1918

No. 8

Silver Bay and the College Girl

LOUISE E. BAKER, '19

“When we sing together
'Neath old Sunrise mountain,
And the dusk comes stealing
Near, o'er the silver waters,
We sing songs that cheer us,
We have real friends near us,
We all know that spirit—
Silver Bay!”

—Syracuse Silver Bay Song.

IF you take a steamer at Lake George Station, on a certain June morning, you will find yourself amid a perfect bevy of girls. The boat is full of them, the docks are crowded with them, the chairs are occupied by them, and you look around rather peevishly for a place to sit down. Someone behind you is talking, and you catch the phrase, “Yes, they are college girls going down to Silver Bay for the Y. W. C. A. Conference”, and now you begin to understand.

It is the Annual Student Conference held under the auspices of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, for women in the colleges of New England, New York and New Jersey.

The steamer swings out from the landing and away you go. You dance over the waves, the world is a-sparkle with sunshine and rippling waters, and gay with the hum of voices. An hour passes, then another, and you hear a murmur among the girls. Silver Bay is the next landing. The boat pulls out of Uncas, rounds a curve, and there you are.

You see a long, comfortable-looking hotel, nestling at the foot of Sunrise Mountain. Before it stretches a broad field down to the wharf, and you catch sight of an auditorium, tennis courts and a big boat house. It is all so much bigger than you thought, and so much more complete. You watch the girls as they get off the boat and the line goes straggling up the path to the hotel. Such a long line it is, too, that the first girls have already reached the broad veranda before the last freight has been rolled on to the dock, the last girl safely ashore, and the steamer off again.

This Y. W. C. A. College Conference is held every June at Silver Bay. In 1917 over 700 girls attended the conference, representing some 40 colleges and universities. Besides American girls there were about 30 Chinese, and almost 20 Armenians, while a little lady from the Philippines wearing a dress

with big mosquito-netting sleeves, and a Japanese girl in a kimona and queer heeless sandals, represented their part of the world.

As the hotel could not accommodate the large crowd, many of the delegates were housed in cottages, and Uncas, the next hotel, opened its door and took in the Vassar delegation.

With the arrival of the girls the work of the conference begins. The girls register, are assigned to rooms and given a blue button. If the button is light blue it means sit at "first table" for meals, if a dark one it is "second table". Woe to the girl of the light blue button who oversleeps!

The first meeting is in the auditorium the evening of arrival. As the girls silently take their seats in the big building, you begin to realize what the conference really means. Down there in front is the Chinese delegation, and there at the side are the Armenian girls with their sad, sad eyes, and all around you are your own American sisters, the women of tomorrow, who are to help make this old world a better place. And when you come out into the night again after the meeting, you feel as if the "spirit of Silver Bay" had descended on the conference and on all those who were there.

The next day begins at 8:30 with an assembly hour. The day is full to the brim. You attend a Bible-study class, a mission-study class, a special meeting for committee chairmen, perhaps, or a Student Government meeting. From two to three there is time for rest. The first afternoon, comes a reception on the lawn at four o'clock, and another auditorium meeting at eight. At first it seems much like college, with classes at certain hours and a regular programme to follow, but with no programme your day would become a hopeless jumble of trying to do too much. The Bible and mission study classes are extremely interesting, for the leaders are all men of wide reputation and acknowledged authority.

A Student Government meeting is held each noon. Here you discuss what kind of proctor system Wellesley has, and how much Red-Cross work Smith has been doing, and the thousand-and-one problems different colleges are facing.

A Sports and Pastimes Committee decides on the entertainment for the girls, and hours for the sports: tennis, outdoor basketball, swimming, boating and mountain climbing. Every afternoon there are inter-college baseball games and basketball, too. Last year Cornell played Syracuse at baseball and came out victorious. We also played Wellesley at basketball—but we are not saying what the score was. One entire afternoon is given over to boat races and swimming contests.

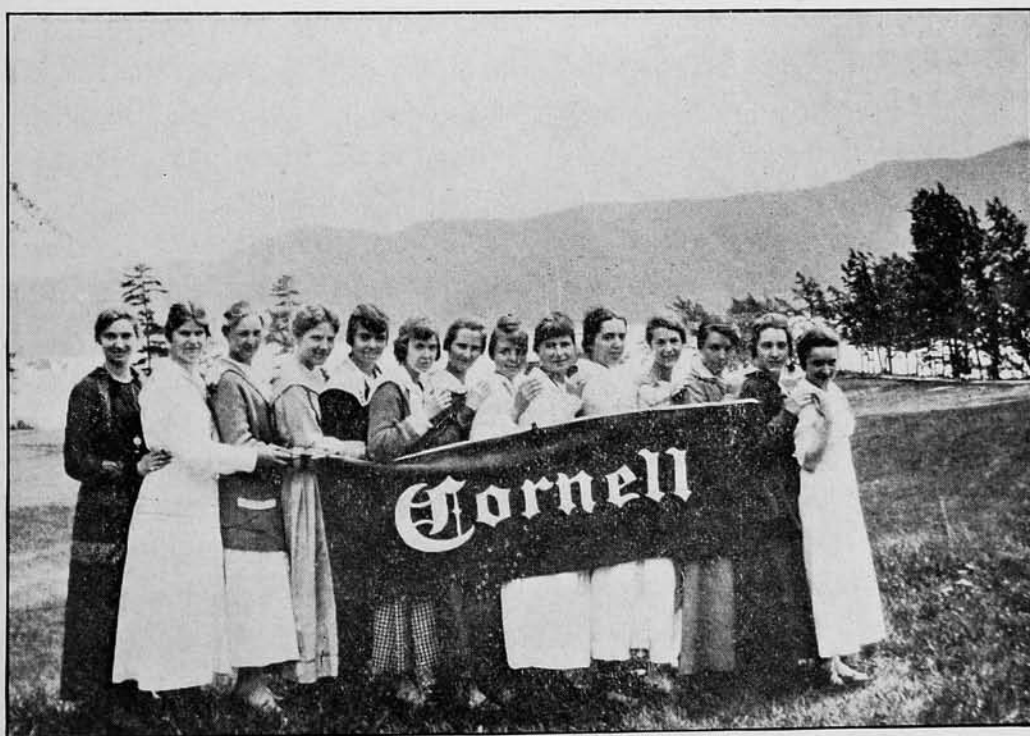
But the best part of the day at Silver Bay is directly after the dinner hour, when the girls gather on the lawn in front of the hotel, and sing college songs. They sit in a semi-circle, each delegation together, their college banners held proudly in front. We hear Smith's Alma Mater, and Vassar's favorite song, and something funny from Bryn Mawr and Wells, a song from the Chinese delegation and so on around the circle. It is always just at sunset, when the sky is rose colored and the water reflects a hundred colors.

A song leader is chosen from each delegation, and from these, one girl is appointed song leader for the conference—last year a Radcliffe girl. On the last night comes a contest of original Silver Bay songs. Two years ago Syracuse won the prize and last year the Armenian delegation received a silver cup for having the best song.

There is much that might be told about Silver Bay, but there are certain things that stamp themselves indelibly on your memory. These are the auditorium meetings, the “sings” on the lawn, the Sunday evening vesper service on the dock just at sunset, and the remembrance of coming from the evening meetings into the June starlight, where the moon is making a path on the water, and the sound of the girls singing comes down the shore.

The ten days are all too short, and before you know where the time has gone, you are packing your suitcase and running down to breakfast on the last morning. There are “good-bys” and a rush to the steamer. The boat swings out into the lake, this time headed for Lake George Station, and you find yourself singing with the rest of your delegation:

“We hate to think the time has come
When we must separate,
For Silver Bay is a jolly place
And the Conference is great.
Singing Cornell forever,
Cornell forever,
Singing Cornell forever,
Cornell at Silver Bay—Cornell at Silver Bay.”



SILVER BAY DELEGATION 1917

“The College Woman’s Plattsburgh”

TO meet the national emergency in military and public health nursing by recruiting college women—who are especially wanted because their previous education facilitates intensive training and rapid advancement to the posts of urgent need—there has been established at Vassar College a new summer school, known as the Training Camp for Nurses. This Camp will open June 24 and continue until September 13, and will be under the auspices of the National Council of Defense and the Red Cross.

The Camp provides an opportunity for college graduates to fit themselves for active service in one of the leading and most necessary professions of today with a shorter period of preparation than has ever been possible heretofore. Just as Plattsburgh was the beginning of a system to train educated men for the higher positions of military life in the shortest possible time, so the Vassar Camp is the first scientific attempt to fit educated women as quickly as possible to officer the nursing profession. The Plattsburgh system, by giving men of higher education intensive theoretical training in military work, has officered our army in time to meet the emergency without lowering the standards. The Vassar idea is its equivalent in the nursing profession. It is designed to overcome the shortage of nurses that now confronts the country, when 12,000 scientifically trained women are needed for every million soldiers, when our Allies are calling on America for trained women to officer their hospitals, and when the public health standards of the country are menaced by new working and living conditions and a growing scarcity of doctors and nurses in civilian practice.

Vassar is situated on the hills above the Hudson, two hours from New York. It is on the State Road along the river, and is a convenient stop-off for automobile tours. In addition, the Hudson River boats run regular trips and special excursions from Poughkeepsie and surrounding points. Lake Mohonk and other points of scenic and historic interest are nearby.

Anyone who has ever visited Vassar College in summer carries away memories of wide stretches of green lawn, fine shade trees, flowers in profusion, lakes and every condition and facility for wholesome living and amusements. Add to these attractions buildings whose equipment and accommodations rival those of any college, and one realizes how specially Vassar is equipped as the place for this new project. The trustees have not only turned over the large quadrangle dormitories for the Camp students, the newest hall for the Camp faculty, the laboratories, infirmary and other special buildings for instruction purposes, but they have also made every effort to insure the physical comfort of the new students. The college farm will supply fresh vegetables and milk and full maid service will be continued. The grounds will be kept up, the lakes, athletic fields, tennis courts, etc., in running order and open to the Camp Workers, under supervision of an experienced educational director. In addition, the undergraduates have interested themselves

in the newcomers so much that they have agreed to leave their rooms entirely furnished with all the knick knacks and comforts to make the "campers" feel at home. A recreation director will be on duty, and entertainments will be given in the large theatre of the "Student's Building" and in the outdoor theatre as well.

There will be a number of scholarships allowing students to take the course entirely without expense. One alumna of Vassar, for example, too old, as she says, to become a nurse, has offered to "serve by proxy", by paying the tuition and maintenance fees of some younger woman. The regular fees will amount to \$95, which will cover everything, tuition, board, lodging, and laundry—less than a woman could live on in her own home for the same period.

The course of study has been devised by the National Emergency Nursing Committee of the Council of National Defense; and the faculty already comprises the leading medical and nursing authorities of the country. The faculty and advisory board together present an array of names which no hospital or training school in America has ever been able to show.

The Dean of the Camp is Herbert E. Mills, professor of economics at Vassar. Dr. C. E. A. Winslow of Yale University will be professor of bacteriology and hygiene; Miss Florence Sabin, Johns Hopkins, anatomy and physiology; Professor Margaret Washburn, Vassar, psychology; Dr. Wm. H. Park, New York Department of Health, bacteriology; Professor Helen Pope, Carnegie Institute, dietetics.

Anyone who wishes information as to the Camp or the opportunities for nurses should write the Recruiting Committee, 106 East 52nd Street, New York City, or courses, instructors, etc., may be obtained by addressing Dean Mills, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Scholarships

Four scholarships have been given to the Vassar Nurses' Training Camp by the Class of 1913 of Vassar in memory of their classmate, Annabel Roberts, who recently lost her life while in active service with the Presbyterian Hospital Unit in France. These scholarships are for \$350 each and include the payment of expenses of the Training Camp and of the subsequent two years' training at a hospital. The purpose of these scholarships is to enable some girls who might otherwise be prevented to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the Training Camp. They will be awarded by Professor Herbert E. Mills, Dean of the Camp, to whom all applications should be sent. His address is Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.



The Aristocracy of Dress

MARCIA M. McCARTNEY, '20

I TELL you it is pretty hard when a fellow like me, with health, education, and not exactly bad looks, gets the cold shoulder from everyone just on account of his clothes. I'm easy to get along with. I'm not exactly a bore and yet—well, I'm just out of things now. And there isn't a single reason for it that I can see, but clothes.

For instance, there's Parsons. He used to work in the same office with me. Parsons wasn't a very brilliant sort of chap. He liked a good time too well to buckle down to work. At the end of the quarter he was more likely to get a good tongue lashing from Old Fireworks than an increase in his pay envelope. Everybody liked Parsons, but he just didn't rise. So I felt rather patronizing toward him as I gradually pulled away to positions with more responsibility and better salary. I was somebody there, and Parsons was a nobody.

He left a few months ago. Now he is drawing less money than a street cleaner—but he has wonderful clothes. He dropped into the office the other day to see the fellows and they made as much fuss over him as if he were a millionaire. Even more, for Old Fireworks came out of his private office to shake hands with him, and he wouldn't do that for a corporation president. Everything stopped while the whole force gathered around to clap him on the back and hear him tell about his new job. He was somebody now while I was distinctly nobody. And all on account of his new clothes.

It's been the same way ever since. He came home with me and my own mother paid more attention to him than to me. That kid brother of mine made a great fuss over him. The whole family just sat around and burned incense. And just because of his clothes.

Besides, there was Emma. I've been taking her out for over two years now and thought I had a pretty good stand-in. I'd like to have in one lump all of the money that has gone for candy and flowers and theatre tickets for that girl. Those poets were about right when they raved about the fickleness of women. Emma turned me down cold for Parsons. Now when he is in town I can't see her at all. When he is away, which is about all the time, she spends half her time writing letters to him and the rest making things for him. She would rather go walking with him than motoring with me. Just because she is so proud of his clothes.

The funny thing is, I can't kick about it. I may envy him but I admire Parsons as much as the rest of them. They are right in making such a fuss over him for he is made of the right stuff. Parsons has shown himself more of a man in three months than I could in a lifetime of success and money-making. So I've decided to stop thinking so blooming much of myself and my pay envelope. In fact, I'm going to give up my comfortable berth in the office and get a job like Parsons'. After all, it isn't his suit that matters, but what it stands for.

You see, he wears khaki.

Court Life at Sage

MARGARET KNAPP, '19

ALTHO the erraticisms of the Spanish, the dangers of the German, and the intrigues of the Italian court life have been published at considerable length in some of our leading periodicals, I do not think that the beauties, the surprises and the benefits of court life at Sage College have ever been fully appreciated, and I feel it my duty to acquaint the outside world with certain facts concerning them.

If you have ever made your courtesy to the farther court at Sage, you will remember hearing a subterranean rumble at about half past six in the morning. Beginning with a submerged din, it rises, grows in volume, and sinks down again. "A rolling organ harmony swells and shakes and falls." This is soon punctured by a series of staccato gasps, then a wail as of a lost soul, eventually a long drawn out sigh. You jump to the window to see the result of the tragedy: behold, the Ford auto truck starting out for the day.

There is an ethereal beauty connected with the court, something rather felt than seen. You try to fathom it and find the task impossible.

"There's something in the air,
Something sweet and rare,"

but vague. Finally, one day it breaks on your consciousness like a flood of light. Did I say consciousness? Well, the olfactory nerves are connected with the brain, and you suddenly realize that the something rare is a combined and lasting odor of fried fish, boiled onions, and okra soup.

In the wee small hours of the morning (about seven o'clock), once a month there is the delightful spectacle of a fire drill. You are roused from your sleep by what seems to be Gabriel's trumpet, and if you dare risk the "Captain's" stern, blue-eyed wrath and remain in your room until the last of the parade, you will see a wonderful and elevating sight. Hundreds of flitting young figures, apparently walking on air, their locks flowing on the breeze, are enjoying the feel of the cool night air. Their countenances beam with eagerness as they realize how wonderfully this little discipline is developing their characters.

It is generally conceded that music has powerful charms; it soothes the savage soul. That is, when endured in small amounts. An excess, like certain chemicals, tends to react in the opposite direction. However, the acoustic properties of the court cannot be gainsaid. They bring out the full rounded notes which the chef emits when his heart overflows at the thought of the dinner he gave us. Add to this the melodious harmony of the dish-washers as they sing, "That's where my money goes", and the clatter of plates and silver, and you have a little after-dinner concert all your own. But really, the operatic triumph that best holds your attention (you can't possibly do anything else during the performance) occurs always just when you have settled down to study for a prelim. There are a few sharp commands before a rising crescendo breaks into a loud finale as the coal slides down the chute.

The enumeration and description of some of the accompaniments of court life do not belittle its joys by any means. For in reality they are only the interpretation of the every-day occurrences of every institution, and detract nothing from the charm and pleasant memories of court life at Sage.

Sky Sign of May

LILLIAN C. B. MAYER

Not cry of the thrush
 To its mate, nor the velvet hush
 Of softly-dripping eaves,
 Nor the wonder of young leaves
 At play in the morning fair;
 Nor lilt in the perfumed air
 Of blue wistaria trail;
 For these signs oft do fail;
 Snow-clouds of April drift
 The blossoming into June,
 Delay the robin's tune
 And wing of the oriole swift.
 Yet I know it is here again—
 I, the captive of Pain—
 I know by the Harp in the east,
 The Harp with its jewel of fire
 Hung over the soaring spire;
 The Harp with its jewel of blue
 Than blossom or bird more true!

UNDERGRADUATES

THE CORNELL REVIEW offers

A prize of \$5 for the best short story—subject to be chosen by the competitor.

A prize of \$5 for the best article on "The Relation of Underclasswomen to the Upperclasswomen."

A prize of \$5 for the best article on "What Does Loyalty to Your University Include?"

A certain literary standard must be maintained and a certain number of competitors must enter the contest.

All material must be typewritten, and in the hands of Gladys Gilkey by July first. The length of articles is left to the discretion of the writer. The winning articles will be published in the fall issues of THE REVIEW. All who wish to enter the competition must sign up with Gladys Gilkey before May 20.

What the Y. W. C. A. Means to a College Girl

LOIS OSBORN, '16

THEY were seated in the low swing—the girl and the grey-haired woman. They had been separated for a year, the girl at college and the woman travelling. Now the woman was trying to find out what the year had done for the girl.

The question came, “Did you belong to the Christian Association?”

The girl answered slowly, “Yes, I did, but it didn't mean much to me.”

The woman, apparently changing the subject of conversation, said, “Tell me all that you did right from your arrival.”

The girl's eyes grew dreamy as she thought back to those first happy days. With a burst of enthusiasm, she began.

“All during the journey, I kept wondering what I would do when I arrived, where would I go, and innumerable other things. But when the train drew in, all questions were answered. A girl came up and asked me if she couldn't help me.

“I told her where I wanted to go. She immediately had me go to the dormitory, discovered which was my room, and deposited me, bag and baggage, in the right place. Then she went down the corridor and brought some of my neighbors in to see me, and from then on I felt at home.

“That afternoon and the next, I went to the Y. W. C. A. rooms and had tea. I met so many people that after a while, I just lost track completely and said I was glad to meet every one, whether I had met them before or not. They didn't know and I didn't, either. It was the same later in the week at the Christian Association reception. I almost forgot my own name, I heard so many other peoples’.

“Then work began. It was such fun to study and to meet new people! At first I was busy every minute. After a few weeks I began to have spare time. Someone suggested that I do some social settlement work. I jumped at the chance and all thru the year I had a sewing club of girls about twelve years old. I have called on their families and gotten acquainted with them one and all. I found the club meant more to me than it did to the girls, for someone else could have done my work, but every time I saw the girls, my eyes were opened wider. I didn't think people could live in such conditions.

“At Christmas time we had a party. Some of the girls at college dressed dolls, which were given to the girls in my club. I also played at a party at the Old Ladies' Home. Before, I hadn't realized that right near by was a group of adorable old ladies just as anxious for a granddaughter as I was for a grandmother. Since Christmas, I have been to call several times and have been over once a month to the regular Sunday meeting of which the girls have charge. Once I spoke, and told the old ladies about my club of girls.

"There is something else I did that surprises me every time I think of it. This last term I led a Bible class. At first I didn't want to do it, and then all of a sudden, I wanted to lead it and now I'm mighty glad that I did. It made me think as I have never thought before.

"I have a plan, too,—one in which I need your help. This summer I am going to have a club of girls here at home,—a club like the one at school. We are going to call it the Patriotic League and it is to meet once a week for eight weeks. It is to be organized just like a unit in the army. Will you help me make the girls realize their part in this world war?"

The girl's eyes were not dreamy now. They were balls of fire lit with hope and plans for the future.

The woman's eyes were dark and thoughtful, but in them burned an answering gleam. The girl had found herself, and the woman realized that back of the club meetings and Bible classes the girl was finding for herself the deep purpose of the Christian Association.

"I came that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

The Patriotic League

FRANCES SEARLES, '18

WHEREVER you happen to be this summer, you may find groups of girls organized in club work of one kind or another. That group may be organized as an Eight Week Club or it may be called a Patriotic League; but whichever its name, its purpose is the same—service.

The Patriotic League idea is a wartime evolution of the Eight Week Club movement of the Young Women's Christian Association. This movement was started by college girls that they might share their training with girls at home who could not come to college. The purpose of the Club was three-fold: (1) to learn something; (2) to do something for others (usually some community service), and (3) to have a good time. In Patriotic Leagues this summer the same fundamental purpose will hold, except that the purpose of cooperating in some community service will take the form of definite war work and the recreational activities will be adjusted to meet the vital need for play as it increases the efficiency in work.

Wherever there are girls, there may be clubs, whether in country, town, tenement, district, or city. Each community and each group of girls has a different problem to meet because its elements are so varied, but each has the same vital issue at heart—to serve and to give. It may be a group of country girls, tuned to the out-of-doors, who have never in their lives known what team work meant, who will delight in an early morning hike and a sunrise breakfast over a campfire on the hilltop. These very girls may enjoy the idea of being an organized farm unit on their own fathers' farms while the

same work might be humdrum without that spirit of cooperation with others for a big service.

It may be a group of town or village girls who do not know how to make surgical dressings or hospital garments who will take up their needle as eagerly as they may also take up their hoe in their home gardens, simply because their desire to do something has found an outlet.

Perhaps one of the biggest problems lies in the group of young wage earning girls in the industrial community and city. Because a sense of personal independence has been brought to them with their first pay envelope that many have never experienced before, there lies a grave danger which club ideals and standards would protect.

The field is unlimited. The girls may be foreigners or immigrants. A most interesting group can be organized in this case in which the girls may interpret the manners, customs, and religions of their respective countries to each other. This phase of club work is called an International Friendship Club.

The Patriotic League may have as many or as few members as seems feasible in the locality. Ages will vary from small girls of ten and twelve years who can be taught the rudiments of sewing and cooking, thru the high school "teens" to the business and home girl who did not go to college.

Any club can cooperate with the local branch of the Red Cross Society to make surgical dressings, hospital garments, and knitted articles. Blankets must be made for American soldiers and baby kits and sweaters for the American Women's Hospital in France. If a club can raise money, a French orphan may be adopted, or rest rooms may be established in the community for shoppers or at the County Fair. Old jewelry, tinfoil, and magazines may be collected and sold for the benefit of the Red Cross or to buy War Saving Stamps. Food will need to be conserved for next winter. Canning demonstrations or clubs may be organized or community kitchens established. In this case, all surplus garden stuff in the town is collected daily by a loaned auto truck and this surplus is canned in one kitchen for the community.

Then, to vary the work, a picnic with athletic contests might be a relaxation, or a play festival, nature study trips or community sings. These are a few of the cooperative kinds of recreation possible.

There are big things to be done. Girls are needed as never before to put their shoulder to the wheel of war. The challenge cannot be escaped. All over the United States thousands of girls are eager to do something for their country. This impulse must be translated into real service and true patriotism. In many communities no work is accomplished because of the lack of leadership. It is to the college women that the world looks for leadership in this crisis. Are we meeting this responsibility?

L'Allegra of Cornell

Hence, much despised Study
Of prelims, labs, and quizzes born
In Cornell U each morn,
'Spite the weather, be the turnpikes dry or muddy.
Seek some secluded nook
Where unmoved diligence holds sway supreme
And profound thoughts convene;
There where close-knit brows and eyes intent
O'er many books are bent,
To yonder stately Library ever look.
But come dear, sweet Diversion
For whom none has the least aversion,
Enjoyed by frosh two nights a week
While "uppers" thee more often seek.
Hear, goddess! Be my constant guide
And I'll step gaily at thy side
To Star and Crescent, which in brilliance shine,
And call for worship at each mystic shrine;
Or when thou are in graver mood
To concerts where we'll seek mind's food.
Music shares, too, in other pleasures
Using there her syncopated measures,
While on we dance, without a sigh,
'Till too soon one o'clock draws nigh.
For never ceasing rounds of fun
House parties cannot be outdone.
With these, in harmony, not strife,
Are joined the joys of outdoor life.
Beebe has delights unfailing,
Each season passersby assailing,
Skating and tobogganing in winter doth she bring,
Picnicing on her shores in fall and spring.
Buttermilk and Taughannock send their calls
To the beauties of the walk—crowned by the falls,
The speed of a softly purring car
Soon outdistances by far
All cares—for they have no place there
At Watkins, blessed of Nature fair.
These pleasures if thou e'er wilt give
Diversion with thee I will live.

—Florence Dill '20.

The Duties of a President

ERNESTINE BECKER, '18

FROM the title of this article, kind reader, you might think that the president of the United States or of our University had smiled upon you and decided to whisper into your willing ears secrets of our great country or Universe(ity). But alas, it is not so, for these most worthy gentlemen are very busy with state affairs, and I think I am correct in saying, have never been called upon by the "Review". Charity begins at home—so I am allowed to pour out my trials and tribulations, otherwise known as the duties of the Student Government Association President. But, why am I called upon to do this? For, indeed, on page six of that very interesting little booklet, yea, exceedingly precious little gem, entitled "Bulletin of the Student Government Association of the Women of Cornell University", section 2, article a, there is a full and comprehensive account of the duties incumbent upon her of my office. Namely: "The president shall call and preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee, and shall organize the undergraduate women living outside the dormitories in such groups as may be determined upon from time to time." Of course, I have not actually gone among you and called my meetings. This has been accomplished by sign, if not by word; but once I had you assembled, I have certainly done enough shouting. One great, regular pre-mass-meeting difficulty, a question so often asked, and one which—I am ashamed to say—I could seldom answer, was (can you guess? perhaps you, too, have asked the question and received my unenlightening answer), "When will the mass meeting be over?" If my successor does not want to follow my footsteps, let her arrange for a dress rehearsal before each mass meeting. This would greatly facilitate matters and then all would know exactly, to the very second, how long the mass meeting would last. Indeed, I regret only that I did not meet with this excellent, practical suggestion a bit sooner.

Further on our faithful little booklet goes on to say, "As soon as convenient after registration, the president shall call a meeting of the entering women to explain the rules and regulations of the Association." The first part of the command I heeded, for I held the meeting "as soon as possible"; but alas, other consuming interests prevented me from carrying out the details involved in "explaining the rules and regulations of the Association". Sometimes I think I am fortunate, for could I ever have covered so broad and limitless a topic in such limited time? Here again the little book is the best authority, and I am simply a supplement, endeavoring to explain what the booklet fails to make clear. I hope and trust that the omission of this traditional custom has not caused our Freshmen to err.

Have I made clear my point and impressed you with the duties of the President of the Student Government Association? That being the case, and there being no further business, the motion is in order to adjourn.

Senior Franchise

EVELYN HIEBER, '18

EVERYONE realizes that the road to strict rule-abiding is much easier to point out than to follow, but that does not relieve any one of us from responsibility in the matter. I feel keenly that this year's entering class has somehow failed to get the attitude toward the spirit as well as the letter of the law, which must exist in order to make the "senior franchise" eventually the success it should be. A pervading feeling that anything is all right if it passes unknown or unnoticed, and an assumption of outraged innocence when a breach is reprimanded, has many times this year placed the authority of Student Government in an unfortunate light. Never, since the beginning of society has ignorance of the law been an accepted excuse; and as for the routine rules, such as signing up, the girls should be able to understand that they were not formulated for the express purpose of annoying and taking up unnecessary time, but for the ultimate benefit of every person under Student Government.

What is, perhaps, more to blame than anything else for this critical attitude toward authority, is the dying out of underclass courtesy. This may seem to be mixing the superficial with a more serious problem, but I do not see it in that light. Nothing has changed so much during my four years at Cornell as the deference paid to upper classmen. Formerly there was absolutely no question in the minds of the entering girls as to the superior wisdom possessed by those who were older, in residence at Cornell, at least. Now, there is, in many cases, a very evident idea that the girls who have been here a few months are equally capable of assuming authority with those who have been here three or four times as long.

This is not intended as a requiem of "the good old days", nor yet as a sermon—it is only meant as a hint, particularly to the entering girls. Remember that soon you will be upper classmen, and you will find it much harder to exact from others any respect and deference if you have not first accorded it to your own superiors.

The Senior

"There isn't a thing that a Senior does
That isn't on exhibition:
The way she walks, the way she talks,
And even her pet ambition.
Someone is watching her all day long,
And whether she's right or awfully wrong,
The college is after her, hundred strong,
Following her example."

As Seen by a Freshman

HAIL to thee, seniors of the class of nineteen-eighteen! It is not for us, the youngest children of the University, to sing your praises. Let the sophomores and juniors lead the song of eulogy, while we chime in at the chorus. They can appreciate you better, for they have dwelt under the same roof with you longer than we. Yet even we have felt your influence.

The leaders of the girls in sport, scholarship, and every branch of student activity are representatives of '18 as well. You have greatly helped to remold the spirit of the University to suit circumstances. Furthermore, you have made us see and appreciate this spirit.

Not only in combined force have you distinguished yourselves, but the individual also has had her sphere of influence over the others. Every "frosh" has at some time been befriended by a senior. When the pangs of home-sickness came, the kind senior knew just what to do and say. Always sociable and helpful the senior has endeared herself to her fellow students. Instead of acting the part of the haughty, wiser, older acquaintance, she has proved herself the "jolly good friend".

In spite of the fact that we think so highly of the graduating class, nevertheless we are glad to see you go. Your work in the University has been done, and it is time to leave for a higher institution—experience. We know that you will be a success. We congratulate you on the work you have accomplished, and hope that it will be only the cornerstone of the great mound of good you are going to do. Therefore, why should we be sad in parting? The spirit of Cornell unites all her daughters—no matter where they may be. We, the "frosh", insignificant children as we are, will be the first to obey, when you say, "Send me away with a smile". '21.

False Registration

IN what does false registration consist, and what should be done about it? We all know that the student who has had her allotted number of social engagements and who, in order to have more, signs for the library, then goes to the Crescent or walking—we all know that she is guilty of false registration—of a written lie. The ethics of our day demand that lies be punished; law and government redouble the demand. No institution can thrive on a foul foundation; falsehood and deceit are not food for strength and loyalty. If, therefore, in Cornell, Women's Student Government is to exist, the women who sanctioned and made that government must give it foundations of truth and honor. If they do not, they must be punished, and expulsion is none too great penalty, because a lie is not momentary in its effect—it is everlasting. What if you cannot go to the "movies" an extra time this week? Fifty years from now you will never know the difference, but if you do go and lie about it, fifty years from now the effects will still show because the principle

of uprightness has not been fostered. Your lie has made it easier for someone else to do the same thing; lie has piled upon lie until Student Government has been weakened, then shattered by slow-eating deceit. Respect for it has gone and it is a fallen monument.

That is for the girl who deliberately registers falsely. But what of her who obeys the spirit, if not the letter, of Student Government laws? Of her who signs for Risley or Sage then finds she must end up in the Library, Goldwin Smith or a fraternity house? Or of the upperclassman who signs for walking, then goes to the Crescent as one of her nights out? It is not her intent to deceive but she has, perhaps, neither the time nor the opportunity to change her registration. There surely is a distinction between the two, yet both are punishable by the same comparatively light penalty. There must be a certain amount of flexibility in every rule if it is to be obeyed in honor and not in fear. There are and should be special cases to be judged by the character, attitude, and activity of the particular student. The Student Government Committee trying the case should take that into consideration before labelling it false registration, but once so labelled, punishment should be more drastic than it now is. The very existence of Student Government depends upon it.

'19.

Report of Vocational Conference Committee, 1917-18

KATHERINE COVILLE, '18

DURING the past few years in which the Vocational Conferences have been trying to make a place for themselves little success has been met. The women have not shown sufficient interest. The question of whether an effort should be made to continue this vocational work was submitted to the women of the University last fall, who voted to support the conferences. The Bureau of Vocational Guidance, therefore, arranged the program which has been followed this year. Publicity in the form of posters, Sun article, notices, and announcements in Sage, Risley, outside houses, and class meetings, was utilized. In this connection Secretary Patterson has been invaluable to the success of the conferences.

Suitable entertainment in the form of dinners at the University Club and luncheons at Sage and Risley for the speakers have been an innovation. This has afforded the students and faculty members further opportunity to become acquainted with the speakers. It is safe to say that the conferences this year have been far more successful than ever before. They have been much better attended, although a great deal is still to be desired in the matter of student attendance. The townspeople and the faculty have been most enthusiastic.

Therefore, with this in mind, it would be well to make a few suggestions which may help for next year:

1. The best speakers obtainable should be asked to speak on various subjects.

2. The program should be published early in the year, so that people will be able to choose the lectures which interest them particularly.

3. A special day of the week and a special time of day should be set apart for the conferences so that they will not conflict with the Organ Recitals or regular University exercises.

4. Persons interested should try, by discussing the lectures, to advertise them and so to make them a success next year.

The Dormitory Problem

IN 1913 the two dormitories, Sage and Prudence Risley, accommodated all the women in the University. In four years the number of women doubled and the result is a difficult housing problem. In 1916 we decided to give a pageant to raise money to start a fund for a new dormitory. Various causes prevented our giving the pageant until the spring of 1917. By that time the United States was in the war so part of the proceeds was turned over to the ambulance fund.

Tho every effort is being made to raise the money, the fund is still far short of what it should be. The Seniors pledged \$606 this year towards the fund. But the new dormitory is still a vision of the future.

In the meantime the students keep increasing. Outside rooming houses have been organized. The girls living in such places get their meals at cafeterias and live a tedious existence—outside of college life with its interests and activities.

Two years ago the fraternity girls began agitation about having chapter houses. They realized that organized groups of students can live better than unorganized ones. By living together they hoped to strengthen their fraternity bonds. They felt that they would help the University by giving their places in the dormitory to the freshmen. It was this argument that the leaders of the groups put forth to the more timid. The following year two fraternities tried the experiment and were successful. This year there have been nine fraternity houses with an average of about fifteen girls in each house. Three of them have run their own table and, despite the high cost of living, have lived well and been successful financially. Going out on their own initiative, they have felt a deep responsibility. Because they were in organized groups, they had the approval of the faculty.

Have chapter houses proved successful? Ask the fraternity girls. Have they solved the housing problem? For the time being, yes—but only temporarily. There are still one hundred girls living outside who should live in a dormitory. If we ever have the wished for building, we hope the fraternity girls will go back. They are apt otherwise to become narrow and self satisfied in their small groups.

"Doing Our Bit"

"DOING OUR BIT" has become almost proverbial by this time. Yet how many of us ever think of that little phrase in connection with anything except the War? They tell us to "Eat less wheat, eat less meat, eat less sweet, etc." We cheerfully acquiesce and say "Oh, I am just doing my bit". We knit sweaters for the soldiers, make surgical dressings, or comfort kits, and proudly say "That's doing our bit".

But we rarely think of applying that phrase to our everyday life here at Cornell. Yet we are truly doing our bit toward the University every time we stand up for what we know to be her aims and aspirations. To stand by the women of Cornell in their activities, even when we may not personally approve of some of their methods; to come out to the athletic games, the Y. W. C. A. stunts, the Dramatic Club plays, class meetings, etc., this, too, is doing our bit. It is not merely in an emergency like the present war, that we must all do our bit for our country, for our university, for our class, and for each other—it will be just as important after the war is over. Our present loyalty must be carried over into the future.

DAGMAR A. SCHMIDT '18.

To 1918

The sands of time through four swift years have passed,
Since first you entered, eager, free from care,
These sacred precincts builded strong and fair,
That soon made your ideal, first and last,
To honor with an honor unsurpassed
Our Alma Mater, loved beyond compare.
You climbed with firm and steady step the stair
Of knowledge, hopeful for the future vast.
But now, upon the future's threshold wide,
You face a scene of bitter strife and woe,
Of nations in the power of greed and pride
Calling for help against their fearful Foe.
May the great Power of Powers be with you all
And strengthen you to answer well the Call.

—Eleanor M. Foote '21.



Athletics, 1914-1918

IRENE M. GIBSON, '18

A NY senior looking back upon those delightful days, when she was a carefree frosh, will realize that a great change has taken place in all branches of athletics since the fall of 1914. These last three years have seen notable improvement.

Hockey, as a real standardized sport, was not put upon its feet until 1915, and, as everyone knows, it is still somewhat unstable. For the difficulty that was found with hockey four years ago is still to be met, namely, the lack of sufficient material for teams. At that time, if any class lacked players at the finals, the opposing team was obliged to throw out a corresponding number. Anyone could play on the team, if she only appeared for practice once or twice. The class of 1916 won that year in the finals against 1918. But the next year stricter rules were in force. There was a prescribed number of practices, small enough, to be sure, but it cut out a number of lazy players and prevented anyone from getting on a team at the last moment. A team had to forfeit the game if it could not muster eleven players. The rules hit everyone hard and 1917 and 1918 had to lose by default. The next year came the rule that no one could play in more than one sport each term. Two more teams had to lose by default and the winner, 1919, had only one game to play. But this year, every class had a full team and that team practised long enough in the fall to be able to use a little teamwork. 1919 should see field hockey well settled as a sport.

In contrast to hockey, which may be said to create difficulties because of its youth, we have basketball, which is well established. But changes have come here, too. In 1914, the '18 team won the championship, it being the first time in history that the freshmen had done this. The rules at that time were entirely boys' rules. Since then girls' guarding rules have been introduced. This gives the weaker team an equal chance, whereas, formerly, the mighty brawn of the bigger girls had taken the ball away from the others. In 1916, for the first time, moreover, the series was six games. The class of 1919 won a year ago while 1918 came back in this past December and put its name once more on the banner in the old gym. The system is much better than the old, most of us agree, but we fully expect that succeeding classes will still find opportunity for improvement.

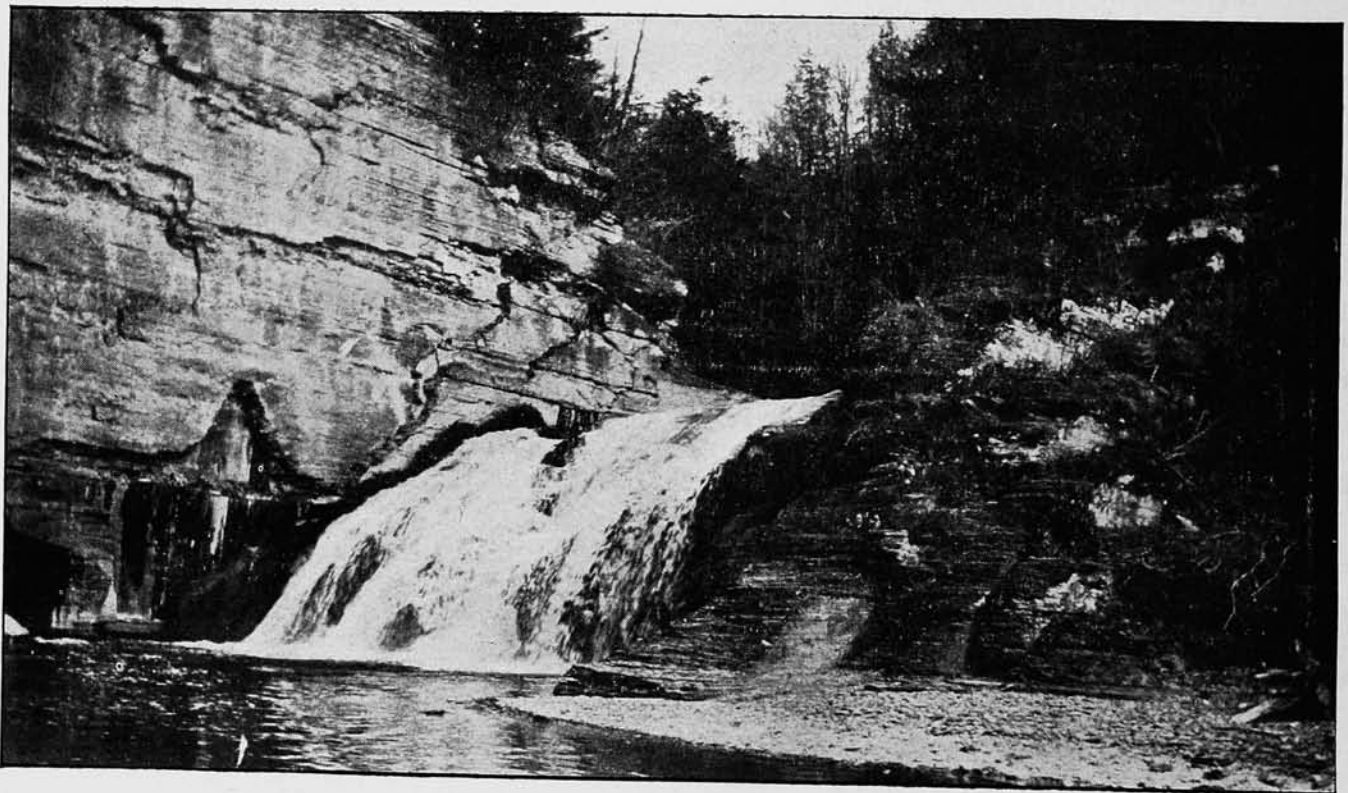
Crew is also fairly stable. To be sure, we still row in little, four-oared shells, but then, we must remember that an eight-oared shell would not have room enough to navigate on Beebe. Machine practice now begins with the second term. It used to be a foregone conclusion that 1916 would lead everyone in the grand race down the magnificent course of Beebe. But now, 1916 is no more. Their absence is cheering, for witness the astounding performance of 1917 last year!

Tennis is a field for reform. With good luck the cup for the winner of

the tournament has twice been presented to Helene Gerber '19. Formerly, the cup used to repose in the gym office while the tournament stopped blithely at the second round. As for the doubles tournament, the mass of undergraduates forgot to include it on the list of events. But there is no reason why both should not be held.

The particular field of interest for the class of '18 is baseball. We saw it start and put ourselves at the top of the list of champions. It was not much of a game at first. A few players caught the balls that came their way; most of the players were content to run after them. Last year, a rainy season and the pageant interfered sadly. Still the games were a joyful occasion. The rules need changing, to be sure. It is all right to get a lot of fun out of a game because of the wild things that people do, but why not get a few thrills out of real playing?

There is a fine lot of material for athletics here. All that we need is to find it and put it in the right place. If only the girls were willing to come out for sports and make them worth while at Cornell, we should all be benefited—you, I, and the athletics.



ENFIELD FALLS

Her Memorial Day

DOROTHEA MILLMOE. '20

IT was a beautiful day in late May. As Tabitha Graves pulled a stray weed, which had obtruded itself into the pansy bed, she reflected that the pansies would be very lovely by Memorial Day. But with the thought, her throat choked, and dropping on the rustic bench near the old well, she gave herself up to those thoughts which would throng over her.

"Tabitha Graves, you are getting old, and you know it. You ought to have known it before. It's no wonder the young folks don't want you to sing in the Memorial Day quartette. Your voice was as sweet as their's twenty years ago, but it's old and cracked now. Just like mother's willow cream pitcher." And Tabitha's mind wandered back to the times when that blue pitcher stood in state on the sideboard, the pride of the family. And now, it had been relegated to an obscure shelf in the pantry, with an ugly crack disfiguring one side of it.

"Yes, Tabitha," she reproached herself, "it's time you were put on the shelf, too, like the old pitcher. That's what Effie Benton said."

And Tabitha's mind reverted to the night before, when, climbing the stairs to the organ-loft in the Presbyterian church, where practice was held, she had heard Effie's shrill voice make this assertion.

"The child is right," she told herself, accusingly, "but it's hard to feel that I'm not needed any more. Time was when I was considered the best soprano in Putnam County, and they wouldn't think of holding a Memorial Day celebration without having a song from me, let alone having me sing in the quartette. Why, Deacon Tubbs used to tell me that the celebration wouldn't be complete without it. I wonder what he'll think this year?"

No one knew why Tabitha had never married except herself, and she would never tell. Dame Rumor reported that there was a handsome lover, who, angered by a quarrel over some trivial matter, went away, never to return. And Tabitha, after the death of her father, the Sergeant, lived on alone in the vine-covered cottage, her sphere of life bounded by her rose-garden and the Presbyterian church, at which she was a faithful attendant.

"Father used to be so proud of my voice," she reminisced. "He said it always made him think of mother. Why, he even had me take lessons from that expensive Boston teacher, because he said she was ever so much better a teacher than Jennie Skelton. He even seemed to like to hear me practice nights when he came home from the shop. I wonder what he'd say now?"

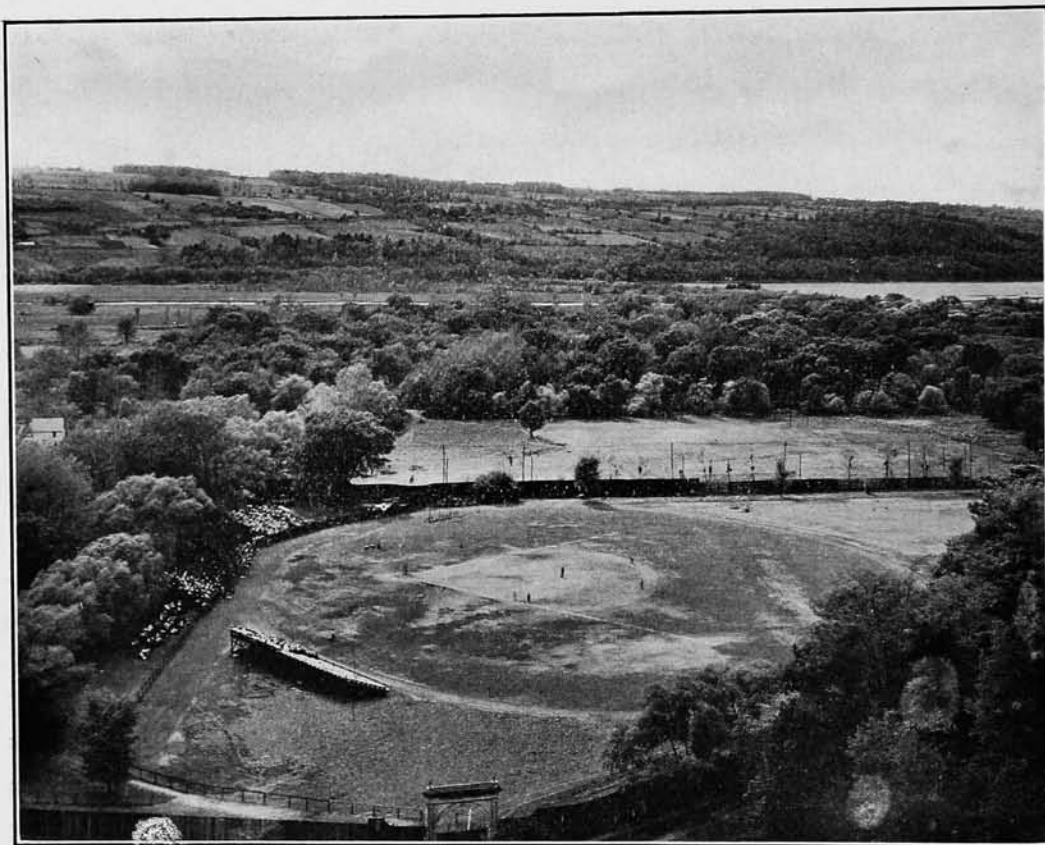
But here the click of the latch on the old gate interrupted her reverie, and turning, she saw Deacon Tubbs clumping down the brick path toward her.

"Hello, Tabby," he called, as soon as he came within hailing distance, "hot fer the last of May, ain't it? How's your practice fer the Memorial Day singin' comin' on?"

"I don't know," said Tabitha wearily, "I'm not going to sing."

"Sho, now. Why, that's what I come fer. We ol' fellers, the veterans, I mean, have been lookin' fer it on the program. We see your name wasn't down fer a solo, ez usual. We've been lookin' forward to that song ever since last year. I know you're a sight too busy to practice fer the quartette. But I told the boys I knew Sargeant's daughter would sing fer us. You will, won't you, Tabitha?"

Tabby flushed with pleasure. "I'd be glad to if you really want me," she said happily.



PERCY FIELD

THE CORNELL REVIEW

FOUNDED 1915

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Ithaca, N. Y.

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What the Present Advisor has done for Cornell Women

The past two years have seen great advancement for the women of Cornell. With the appointment of Dr. Matzke as the Advisor of Women the position gained faculty recognition and the Advisor now holds a seat on that body. It is thru this representation that the women have won their place in Cornell student life.

One of the first steps gained was the Advisor's seat on the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs. This committee has brought the faculty in closer touch with the women, giving them a greater appreciation of their self-government and their activities. It is chiefly an advisory board for it need act only on severe cases of fraud and such offences. All other cases of misconduct are settled in a judiciary committee of three seniors and two juniors.

Cooperation with the men has come in several ways. The men's Student Council and the women's Executive Committee formed an Advisory Committee to which are referred matters pertaining to all of the students of the University. Thus there will be uniformity of action on the part of the men and women. This year *The Cornell Sun* needed the subscriptions of the women and offered representation on the board. Now there is a woman's editor and a business manager whose names appear in the caption heading and the work of the day editors stands an equal chance of publication with the work of the men reporters. True, such a measure was the result of the war, but many of the great opportunities that have been offered to women have been in immediate consequence of the war.

The dormitory problem resulted in the establishment of fraternity chapter houses. Thru cooperation with the Advisor these organized groups have temporarily handled the overflow. The dormitory group is the final solution

but in the meantime the chapter houses will prove adequate. Equally difficult with the dormitory situation, has been the problem of the working girls. These girls have organized into a club known as L. O. V.—Labor Omnia Vincit. This winter, under the guidance of Rose Croener, President, the relations between employer and student have been standardized so that a girl knows just how much time and energy is due from her to earn her room and board. Mrs. Florence Kelly, who recently lectured at Cornell, after meeting the L. O. V. girls wrote that she had never before met so splendid an organization. A circular is being printed by this organization for the information of all girls desiring to come to Cornell who must earn their way.

Under the direction of the Advisor's office comes the Vocational Conferences. This year some of the most notable women procurable have lectured on nursing, advertising, medicine, minimum wage, banking, social service, and the work of the English and French women in the war. Miss Ida Tarbell, who was unable to speak in the Spring, as a personal favor to the Advisor will come early in the Fall before her lecture tour begins with White Lecture Agency. Florence Jackson and Harriet Croner Brown will also speak in the Fall.

The largest undertaking in the way of organization was the formation of the Mobilization Committee under which all of the work of the Red Cross, knitting and surgical dressings has been put under proper supervision. Thru this committee agricultural units of college girls are being formed to work on the farms this summer.

A hasty review of some of the tangible results of the work of the Advisor's office pictures clearly the constructive policy of that office. It is only with the cooperation of the faculty, the women in authority, the alumnae, and the students themselves that such a policy can be carried out. Against opposition any position is difficult. With cooperation and unity of action results can be obtained that will portray the earnestness and capabilities of the women of the University of Cornell.

The Cornell Unit for the Land Army

Farm work has been done in Canada, England and France by women for several years. At Bedford, N. Y., women have done everything but fill silos, and have at last overcome the prejudice of the farmers. Other colleges have formed units and are making plans for the summer. What is Cornell doing?—doing it, too, most certainly! A unit is being organized to work on West Hill with headquarters in a farmhouse. The girls are to live in tents secured from the C. E. college. Work will begin the second week in June and will be under the direction of a supervisor. The requirements are that each girl must have medical approval, sign up for at least one month, and have the right attitude towards the work. It is not a loafing job; it is good, hard exercise. Wages will pay living expenses, but very little more. If we can promise the farmers the help, they will plant larger crops and farm more intensively. We must realize that we must have increased production

if we are going to feed the allied nations. Patriotism is the watchword. Join the Cornell unit of the Land Army!

Summer Vacation

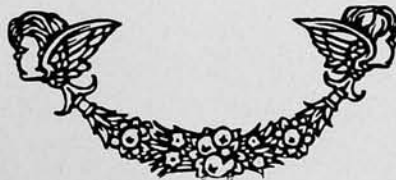
What are you going to do with your vacation?—work for Uncle Sam, of course. The nation has a right to take the lives of our men of twenty-one to thirty-one years of age. It has a right to our lives, too. We may not be able to go across to do canteen work, but our duty lies in service. For graduates there is the college women's Plattsburgh at Vassar. For others there is work in the Patriotic League, Red Cross knitting and surgical dressings, Y. W. C. A., county-agent bureaus, and the women's land army. And for still others there is work at home with the family, helping mother in the kitchen and father in the garden. There is something for everyone. No matter what kind of work it is, no matter how mean and dirty a job it is, if it has as its aim, service, it will be a profitable vacation.

A Review of Reviews

Let us review THE CORNELL REVIEW. With the completion of the third year we find that this year for the first time we are coming out to the good. And that is without giving musicals, tea-dances, and strawberry festivals as benefits to pull us out of the hole. In other words, we have been financially successful. On the other hand, have we been a literary success? Judging by the falling off of the subscription list and by the lack of interest in the magazine, "no". Either the girls at Cornell are of too inferior a type to appreciate our literary standards, or THE REVIEW has fallen short of what it should be and has not improved with each issue as we expected, or there is no place for the publication at Cornell. Three years ago we thought we had a place here, we thought the girls wanted a magazine all their own, and we hoped we could grow with experience. Are we a failure? Won't you help us? Criticism is good. But all adverse criticism only tends to discourage the editors. We want support. We need your interest. Will you subscribe for THE CORNELL REVIEW?

To the Seniors

It is with deep regret that the undergraduates see the seniors go. The advice, the leadership, the friendship, of the older girls has meant a great deal to the younger classes. They will miss their guidance and help. In appreciation of their work and loyalty, this Senior Number of THE REVIEW is published as a tribute to the class of 1918.





ACTIVITIES

HELEN ADDOMS, '19



Social Service

MARION PHARO, '19

A NEW opportunity has come to Cornell women. It has come through the Intercollegiate Community Service Association and makes a direct link between the college girl and the leaders of Social work thruout the country. There is an opportunity for everyone to connect herself with this work. A chapter of the Association will be formed here at Cornell. The advantages will be in obtaining well-known speakers and in affording opportunity for every girl at all interested in Social Service to be put in direct line for carrying out that interest by active work. She may do social work in addition to her college course, during the summer, or when she graduates. Instead of making this chapter an entirely new organization and in order not to duplicate the work of the Extension Committee of the Y. W. C. A., the Extension Committee Chairman will take charge of the chapter formed.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Two of the most inspiring talks of the year were given at the Y. W. C. prayer meetings on March 20th and March 27th. At the first of these, Miss Lois Maddock, an accepted candidate of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, told us what Christianity had meant to a little Chinese girl, making a strong plea for our active co-operation in Christian work. At the other meeting, Miss Dorothea Paul, of the Germantown, Philadelphia, Y. W. C. A., gave a splendid talk on "The Seven Stages of a Girl at a Conference".

On Wednesday evening, April 3rd, the following cabinet was installed for the year 1918-1919: President, Elizabeth Neely '19; vice-president,

Alice Smith '20; sub-chairman, Dorothy Hieber '19; treasurer, Elizabeth Bowler '21; sub-chairmen, Helene VanNess '19, Louise Belden '19, Cora Cooke '20; secretary, Martha Souter '21; Annual Member, Agnes Hall '21; Bible and Mission Study Committee: chairman, Dorothy Myrick '19; sub-chairmen, Myrtle Lawrence '20, Eleanor Foote '21, and Lydia Godfrey '21; Extension Committee: chairman, Ina Lindman '20; sub-chairmen, Marion Pharo '19, Marian Irish '20, and Irene Green '19; Religious Meetings Committee: chairman, Gladys Gilkey '19; sub-chairmen, Jocelyn Woodman '19, and Louise Baker '19; Social Committee: chairman, Helen Huie '20; sub-chairmen, Silence Rowley '20, and Elsa Schlobohm '21.

MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE

The Cornell Women's Mobilization Committee was organized in February, 1917, with Dr. Edith H. Matzke as leader, and Elizabeth Alward '18 as student chairman. The committee was very much needed and has fulfilled its purpose admirably. Its work in Surgical Dressings, Comfort Kits, Knitting, and sale of Liberty Bonds has been very successful. The work is to be carried on during the summer under supervision of Dr. Matzke. Cooperation in every way with the faculty and with the townspeople for the sake of helping in patriotic service, as well as organization of the students for the work necessary, has been the purpose of the committee.

SURGICAL DRESSINGS UNIT

As an Auxiliary to the Ithaca Red Cross Chapter, the Cornell Women's Mobilization Committee has concerned itself with the preparing of surgical dressings and the conducting of Red Cross First Aid classes. Of these latter, one class of eight has received its certificates and two other classes, totalling sixteen women, will have finished their work by the end of April.

Those in charge of the Surgical Dressings have made a continued attempt to reach the majority of the University women and to imbue them with the realization of the real war spirit, which we must all have, before we consider seriously the wasted hours that are lost each day. The work-rooms in Barnes Hall have been open for work at the hours found most suitable to the women. Several of the fraternities have asked to be allowed to use the rooms in the evening, since they could bring over a

large number of girls at this time. It has been found that congenial groups working together, even for an hour, have accomplished large amounts of work.

One class of seven instructors began with the aid of Mrs. Frank Thilly; to organize and direct the workers, and now three other classes of twenty-five, under the direction of Mrs. Thilly and Mrs. A. Kerr, have received their Red Crosses and will, we hope, carry on the work with great success thru the summer and the ensuing year, under the guidance of Edith Messinger '19, the newly-elected Student Chairman.

An attempt was made to form a few classes in Advanced First Aid work. Very few women signified their intention of following this course, and as Dr. Gordon was busy with the Elementary First Aid classes, the plan was rejected, and all of the efforts of the committee have been directed to the successful completion of over one thousand surgical dressings each week.

WINIFRED SKINNER, Chairman.

FRIGGA FILGAE

The biggest work done by Frigga Filgae this year was in its support of Farmers' Week. On account of the war, it did not sell candy as usual, but had a lunch counter in the basement of Roberts Hall, which was most successful and which netted about \$125. Speaking of this counter, customers said, "It is the nicest and the cheapest around", and they always came again. Its great success was due, for the most part, to Miriam Jones' hard work. Other girls also rose to the occasion

Continued on page 291



UNIVERSITY NOTES

HELEN C. LANGDON, '19



PHI BETA KAPPA

From the twenty-three members who were elected to Phi Beta Kappa, ten were selected from the women of the University. They were as follows:

1918

Ina Winning Hall, New York City.
Lelia Hamilton Lassiter, Petersburg, Va.
Carroll Hepburn Owen, Millville, N. J.
Josephine Mary R. Rosenburg, Binghamton, N. Y.
Mrs. E. F. M. Tallman, Ithaca, N. Y.

1919

Louise Fuller Belden, Fredonia, N. Y.
Gladys Fay Gilkey, Ithaca, N. Y.
Jeanette Heertze, New York City.
Virginia Watson Switzer, Staunton, Va.
Helene Gertrude VanNess, Greenwich.

SIGMA XI

Cora Louisa Friedline.
Josephine Mixer Gleason.
Emily Reed.

Major Ian Hay Beith, "Ian Hay," who has gained some fame as a novelist, addressed a University Convocation in Bailey Hall at eight o'clock, April 18th. Major Beith took part in the famous retreat of the British Army preceding the battle of the Marne, and afterward wrote his impressions of those early battles in "The First Hundred Thousand", which has been widely read.

The sixth series of one-act plays by the Cornell Dramatic Club were presented in the Campus Theater on

April 12, 13 and 14. The plays were "Pariah," by August Strindberg, "Joint Owners in Spain," by Alice Brown, Yeats' "The Pot o' Broth," and "The Monkey's Paw," by William W. Jacobs and Louis Parker.

Professor H. P. Gage '05 of the Medical College has invented a new light especially designed for use in microscopic work. The light is produced by Daylite Glass, and is the nearest approach to daylight yet discovered. Professor Gage worked out the invention in the Corning Glass Co., where he spent several years working on the glass filter, which renders the light from a nitrogen-filled tungsten almost perfect.

Cornellians are playing a prominent part in the third Liberty Loan campaign. In the Publicity Department alone there are five 1912 men in the Second Federal Reserve District. E. R. Stremmel is in charge of the distribution of supplies. J. I. Clarke is assistant director of publicity and manager of the advertising bureau. L. C. Boochever is in charge of the franking division. R. W. Kellogg is director of upstate co-operation in the service bureau. F. M. Coffin is assistant to the director of publicity. There are also Cornell men of other classes who are playing a large part in the campaign.

The annual inspection of the Cornell Reserve Officers' Training Corps was made on Friday and Saturday,

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ALUMNAE NOTES

MARY H. DONLON, '20



Directory of Cornell Alumnae Clubs

Club of Albany, New York

Secretary.....Miss Inez Kisselburgh '11, 364 Hamilton St., Albany, N. Y.

Club of Boston, Mass.

Secretary.....Mrs. H. M. Varrell '10, 37 Concord Ave., Boston, Mass.

Club of Buffalo, New York

Secretary.....Miss Grace Laing '15, 306 Bryant St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Club of Bay Cities of California

Secretary.....Mrs. Walter Mulford '03, 1619 Spruce St., Berkeley, Calif.

Club of Chicago, Ill.

Secretary.....Miss Margaret Aherne '12, 539 Madison St., Gary, Ind.

Club of Cleveland, Ohio

Secretary...Miss Florence Rosenthal '15, 10209 S. Boulevard, Cleveland, O.

Club of Ithaca, New York

Secretary.....Miss Rebecca Harris '13, 126 Kelvin Place, Ithaca, N. Y.

Club of Mohawk Valley, New York

Secretary.....Miss K. A. Donlon '12, 1323 Seymour Ave., Utica, N. Y.

Club of New York City, New York

Secretary.....Miss Mabel Rose '00, 950 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Club of Philadelphia, Pa.

Secretary.....Miss Olive Long '08, 4631 Samson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Club of Rochester, N. Y.

Secretary..Miss Gwendolen English '16, 39 Vick Park Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Club of Washington, D. C.

Secretary.....Miss J. T. Minnick '17, 1808 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Club of Worcester, Mass.

Secretary..Mrs. H. B. Smith Ex. '14, 20 Trowbridge Road, Worcester, Mass.

Clubs not appearing in the directory are urged to send the necessary data to THE REVIEW. Through the directory, Cornell alumnae in the vicinity of clubs can obtain the name of the proper person with whom to communicate in order to affiliate.

'00—Prof. Martha Van Rensselaer has been granted 6 months' leave of absence from her position at Cornell University and has gone to Washington, where she will have charge of the Home Conservation Bureau under the National Food Administration.

'00—Abigail O'Brien is teaching in Jersey City.

'03—Eleanor Gleason has gone to Washington to act as government censor in the classification and distribution of the books recently collected all over the country for the soldiers in training camps and hospitals. She will also purchase books for the men. Miss Gleason has a three months' leave of absence from Mechanics' Institute where she has served as librarian for several years. She is giving her services to the government without salary.

'03—Agnes Sweeton was married to Mr. L. C. Russell. She is living at 221 South Broad St., Elizabeth, New Jersey.

'06—Dr. Violet Barbour, instructor in history in Vassar College, was visiting in Ithaca the week of April 1.

'07—Dr. Eva C. Reid left in March for France to work as a Red Cross physician.

'10—Charlotte Baber has been visiting in Ithaca.

'10—Edith J. Munsell has been visiting in Ithaca at the Alpha Omicron Pi house. Miss Munsell is an assistant in the office of the State Commissioner of Agriculture, at Albany.

'10—Edith J. Osborne is teaching German in the Troy High School, Troy, New York.

'10—Jennie Archer Dean, '07 A.B. and '10 M.D., sailed November 3, 1917, with the American Red Cross to do hospital work in France.

'12—Marjorie L. Barstow has left Connecticut College for Women where she was an instructor in English, and has entered the employ of Harper and Brothers.

'12—Born, to Mrs. H. J. Carey (Louise Banks), a son, Howard jr.

'12—Marian Darville is teaching in the High School at Paterson, New Jersey. She spent the Easter holidays in Ithaca, staying at the Alpha Omicron Pi house. Her address is 568 E. 26th Street, Paterson, N. J.

'13—Mrs. William Cleft (Ethel Foy) has been visiting at the Alpha Phi house.

'13—The address of Mrs. Floyd R. Newman (Ruby P. Ames) is 323 Second Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

'13—Dr. Kristine Mann has been appointed head of a new Division created by the War Department, to be known as the Health Department of the Women's Division of the Industrial Section Service of the Ordnance Department. The new division is to look after the health of women employed in arsenals and other ordnance plants. From twenty to thirty trained health officers will be required by next fall to meet the needs of industry and Dr. Mann is outlining a summer course to fit women for this work. Dr. Mann is at present director of the Health Clinic for industrial women in New York City and lecturer on hygiene in Smith College, and is an authority on health of women engaged in industrial occupations. Dr. Mann

lectured at Cornell in the Vocational Conference series this spring.

'14—Mary Wright is a chemist with the Hansen Laboratories, at Little Falls, N. Y.

'14—Elna Merrick visited in Ithaca during April at the Alpha Omicron Pi house.

'15—Winifred Kirk has been visiting in Ithaca.

'15—Mable C. Bohall was married on April 4th, in Lowville, N. Y., to Mr. Gustave I. Henser '15, an instructor in the Poultry Department of the College of Agriculture.

'15—The engagement has been announced of Edna Keough to Mr. Austin W. Gough.

'16—Mr. and Mrs. Ismond E. Knapp (Ruth Brace) announce the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Louise, on December 15, 1917. Mr. Knapp graduated from Cornell in 1915.

'16—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ychas (Hypatia Zlupas), in Veronesh, Russia, on December 19, a son.

'16—Signe Toksvig, a former editor-in-chief of *THE REVIEW* and now on the staff of the *New Republic*, spent a week in Ithaca recently.

Ex '16—Mrs. Marie Townsend Scudder is now residing at 59 South 16th Street, Flushing, N. Y.

Sp. '16-'17—Miss Minnie L. Seeley has been appointed chairman of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee in Chenango County, New York.

'17—Alice Brewster is teaching Home Economics in the High School at Rhinebeck, N. Y. She has charge of the Junior Red Cross with a membership of three hundred.

'17—Carrie King is assistant Home Demonstration Agent in Oneida County. She is living in Whitesboro, New York.

'17—On Friday, March 21, at Delhi, New York, Araminta MacDonald was married to Lieutenant Harold E. Irish '16. Lieutenant Irish expects to be transferred to an aviation ground school in Texas. Mrs. Irish will continue her work in Bellsville, O.

'17—Helen O. Kirkendall is now living at Randolph, N. Y.

'17—Married on April 16th, at Ithaca, Elizabeth Rowlee to Lieutenant Arthur T. Lobdell '16.

'17—Melva Lattimore is teaching in Griegsville, N. Y.

'17—Members of the class of 1917 who spent Easter Week in Ithaca included Amy Luce, Julia Aronson, Katherine Bell, and Vi Graham.

Ex. '18—Lillian Lybolt is teaching at Silbert, Minnesota.

'17—Alice VanScoy was married to A. B. Crandall, M.E. '17, at her home in Candor, N. Y., March 27, 1918.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cornell Women's Club of Philadelphia was held on April 6th at the home of Miss Helen Weidman '14, 3738 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia.

The Cornell Alumnae Club of Mohawk Valley met at the home of Julia O'Brien Tobin '09, Utica, New York, on Saturday, April 6th.

The annual meeting of the Rochester Alumnae Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Joseph Humphrey



To Relieve the Monotony

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Activities

Continued from page 285

and helped to carry it through the week.

Frigga Filgae presented an original skit as a curtain raiser before the big play at the Kermis, which was very successful.

The society plans to give the Cornell Red Cross Auxiliary a sum of money after laying aside a small sum for themselves with which to start the next year.

L. O. V.

The L. O. V. held a party at the home of Dr. Matzke, on April first. A number of charades were given and these were followed by an L. O. V. stunt, after which refreshments were served. The party was a very jolly informal get-together.

The minor officers of the L. O. V. for next year are:

Vice-president, Marion Pharo; secretary-treasurer, Nellie Tallman. The president is not yet chosen.

CLASS 1919

At the Junior class meeting for April the following officers were elected: Dorothy Balliett, vice-president; Louise Hamburger, secretary; Madolin De Witt, treasurer.

The meeting was then opened to the freshmen who came to talk over Student Government with their sister class. The purpose of the meeting was to make the freshmen and juniors feel a joint responsibility for the incoming class to give the new Freshmen the high ideals of Cornell women from the first of their college life.

Continued on page 293

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Activities

Continued from page 291

CLASS 1920

At the meeting of the sophomore class on April 11th, the class of '20 elected the following girls as minor class officers: Vice-president, Myrtle Lawrence; secretary, Dorothy Hieber; treasurer, Charlotte Tuttle.

CLASS 1921

The class of 1921 has been very active in its patriotic work. At a meeting held on April 10th it was decided to devote one hundred dollars of the money, saved by dispensing with the customary frosh banquet, to the Red Cross. Further, the class has given up buying Basketball and Crew sweaters and the money is being used to buy a Liberty Bond for the class. The spirit is very fine, and the class has a right to be proud of its unselfishness.

University Notes

Continued from page 286

April 12th and 13th. The inspecting officer was Second Lieutenant W. E. Loring, of the 22nd Infantry, U. S. A. No overnight camp was held this year in spite of the success of the encampment last spring. Friday afternoon was devoted to ceremonies, including a review and inspection of the entire Corps. A problem for the full strength of the Corps occupied the entire afternoon Saturday. A banquet for the officers of the Corps was held at the Alhambra, Saturday evening.

Professor Rowlee, head of the department of botany, has secured a six months' leave of absence, during which he is to carry on special work

in botanical investigation in Central American countries.

Mrs. Elisabeth Royce, a pupil of August Rodins, gave a highly interesting exhibition of sculpture here this month. Mrs. Royce showed among them an excellent portrait bust of Dr. Andrew D. White, first president of the University, another of Paderewski, and one of Josiah Royce of Harvard. The bas-relief works predominated the exhibition, and "The World of Waters", an unusual mural decoration, showed the artist to the best advantage.

Dean E. E. Haskell '79, of the Civil Engineering College, has decided to retain the Honor System after attending a mass meeting of all the Civil Engineering Students. The Honor System was instituted in 1906, and since that time has been reasonably successful. Since the war, however, there have been times when it laxed a little, but it is hoped that the new system will improve conditions.

Dr. Graham Lusk, Professor of physiology in the Medical College, is the author of a new book entitled "Food in War Time". Dr. Lusk gives some valuable facts regarding Europe's experience of restricted food supply, and he offers several valuable tables of the energy values of various foods.

C. E. Treman '89, State Food Administrator, ordered a special meeting of the Western New York Bean Growers' and Cannery Association at Rochester. The session was conducted for the purpose of formulating a plan, whereby the enormous quantity of water-soaked beans can be preserved

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for the nation. A prize is offered for the most suitable and well-balanced menu, and Miss Flora Rose '07, Head of the department of Home Economics in the College of Agriculture, has been named one of the judging committee.

The Alumnae Liberty Loan Campaign has a total now of \$3,100. The Cornellian Council is conducting a campaign to secure gifts of Liberty Bonds for the University to make up for the deficit caused by the war. So far only the Cornell Clubs of Pittsburgh and St. Louis have reported, Pittsburgh with a donation of \$1750, and St. Louis of \$450.

Ex-President Taft gave a very interesting lecture on "The Great War" at the Convocation Hour on Saturday, April 13th.

Alumnae Notes

Continued from page 289

(Winifred Ball '91), Spencerport, New York, on June 1st. The July meeting will be at the home of Miss Kate Gleason '88, East Avenue, Pittsford, New York, on July 6th.

The New York Alumnae Club, at its meeting on April 13th, devoted itself to a discussion of the various phases of war work in which college women are interested. The meeting was held at the New Greenwich House, 27 Barrow Street. Through its Membership Committee, the New York Club extends to all women in and near New York a cordial invitation to attend the meetings and join with the club in service to Cornell. Membership is not restricted to women holding a degree from Cornell; all who have matriculated and have attended

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the University for at least one year are eligible to membership.

The Cornell Women's Club of Boston held its annual luncheon on April 13th at Simmons College, Boston. Miss Helen Knowlton and Miss Bertha Titsworth spoke on "Food Conservation". Miss Knowlton was formerly a graduate student at Cornell and a member of the University faculty during the years 1913 to 1916. She is now Dean of Women and head of the Department of Home Economics at New Hampshire State College. Miss Titsworth, also a former graduate student and a member of the faculty during the years 1913 to 1918, is now in charge of the Extension Work in the State of New Hampshire. Miss Elizabeth Genung '11, president of the club, who recently visited in Ithaca, addressed the meeting on the subject of "Cornell's Work in the Great War". Voluntary contributions were made for the Cornell Bureau of the College Union in Paris, which is maintained as a club for college men on leave of absence or convalescent.

The annual meeting of the Cornell Women's Clubs of the Bay States of California was held on April 13th at the home of Mrs. Helen Isham Mattill '03, 1148 Sutter Street, Berkeley, Calif.

To the Women of 1913

In a recent issue of the *Alumni News* you were asked to express your opinion regarding a five-year reunion this year. As the secretary has received only five replies, two of which were unfavorable, it is deemed best to make no plans for a reunion until the end of the war. If any member of

1913 visits Cornell she will be very welcome, especially on reunion days, May 17 and 18. Any information concerning members of the class of '13 will be greatly appreciated by the secretary.

(Signed)

SOPHIA M. BECKER,
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The Child and the Star

The night you died,
And the great light of all my life
Seemed gone,
I looked up at the sky,
And watched the stars.
They smiled, and were glad,
And I was comforted.
Today has been so long;
New cares have come.
And now at evening
I pulled your chair
Here where you used to sit,
To watch the dusk.
And when I raised my eyes
I saw your star.
Your evening star.
It beamed so brightly there.
And I, in my heart felt glad,
And unafraid.
—Geraldine Willis.

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