

Photographs of Our Plays





Wellesley in Autumn

In yellow and in saffron it is dressed,
Changing by imperceptible degrees
To tawny red and russet in the trees,
And brown of fallen leaves upon the breast
Of all the earth.

A tumbling wind careens acro's the grass,
Chasing the dead leaves here and there in glee;
Or else, in empty whirling columns free,
Forming them in one mad, round, dancing mass
With savage mirth.

The twilight breathes a silent, waiting drowse;
A few leaves curve down gently here and there,
In the clear coolness of the evening air,
From the great oaks with massive, up-flung bows
And mighty girth.

Each night, though winter has not yet begun,
Drives the sharp frost still farther in the ground;
The grass with thicker white each morn is found—
And this soft covering, melting at the sun,
Is snow at birth.

M. Berry Wood, Wellesley Magazine.

Charter Day

Date of Founding

Notes

Other Colleges Visited

Refor College (Wiscousin) Ohis State University -Harvard University (Mass) Sept 1899 Middlebury College (Vermout) July 1900 - Its Centurial Celebration. University of Bonn (Sermany) July 1901 " Jeneva (Switzerland) Hally 1901 " Jurish "Nov- 1901 Oxford University (England) February 1902 The University of Paris (France) Winter of 1902 Mount Holyake College (Mass) June 1903 Lourence College (Wiscousin Sept 1902 Knoy College (Hlimois) October 1903 Men I Met While at College



Telegrams



Letters

Letters



Red Letter Days

Football, Vaseball, or Regattas Attended



Grinds Grinds

The Tastes of Pesterday

Wrote a poet long ago—
In the classic age, you know—
Verses dignified and fine,
Telling "how we Romans dine."

Boars and peacocks, shell-fish, too, All were dainties, while a stew Made of oil and bitter brine Was as welcome as their wine.

Vainly often do we seek
English words for dishes Greek,
While we say: "What dreadful food
Did the Romans think was good!"

If some poet living now, Knowing what we eat and how, Should commit it all to rhyme To the girls of after time,

Mention "Deacon Porter's hat,"
"Freshman's tears," and add to that
Praises of those dainties three,
"Wiggle," "Mud" and "Mystery."

Should he sing in such a strain
Future maids might seek in vain
For the meaning, while they'd say,
"Strange—the tastes of yesterday!"

R. K. K., Mt. Holyoke.

Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous Miscellaneous

A Toast

Here's to the Freshman, verdant and green,

Here's to the Sophomore, naughty,

Here's to the Junior, fair, youthful queen,

And here's to the Senior, so haughty.

Toast with your glasses,

Drink to the lasses,

We'll warrant each proves a delight to her classes.

Freshman Pear



Diary of Freshman Pear

Double-major of German with St. B. Almstedt.
Math - Dr. St. E. Glaught.
Sunday morning Bible - Dr. Starper.
From the aniddle of quarter took lines at Green - Spending a good deal of time in Mrs.
Congdon's room. (Ripon).

Diary of Freshman Pear

Diary of Freshman Pear

Diary of Freshman Pear

Diary of Freshman Pear

Sophomore Pear



Diary of Sophomore Pear

Diary of Sophomore Pear

Diary of Sophomore Pear

Mary of Sophomore Pear Junior Pear Diary of Junior Pear

Diary of Junior Pear

Diary of Junior Pear

Diary of Junior Pear

Senior Pear

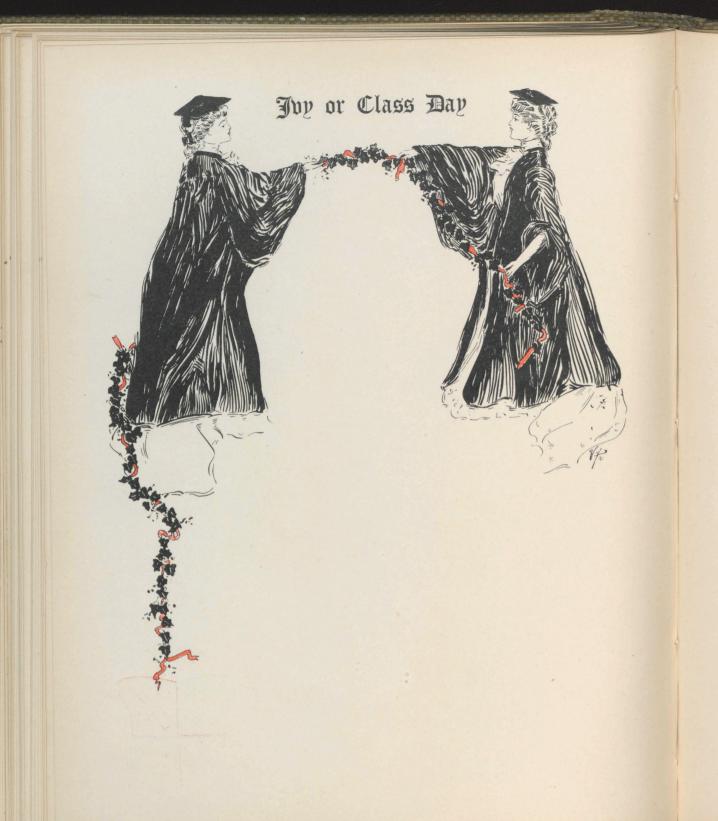


Diary of Senior Pear

Diary of Senior Pear

Diary of Senior Pear





Baccalaureate Sermon



Commencement Day

Picture and Sample of Commencement Gown

Programmes

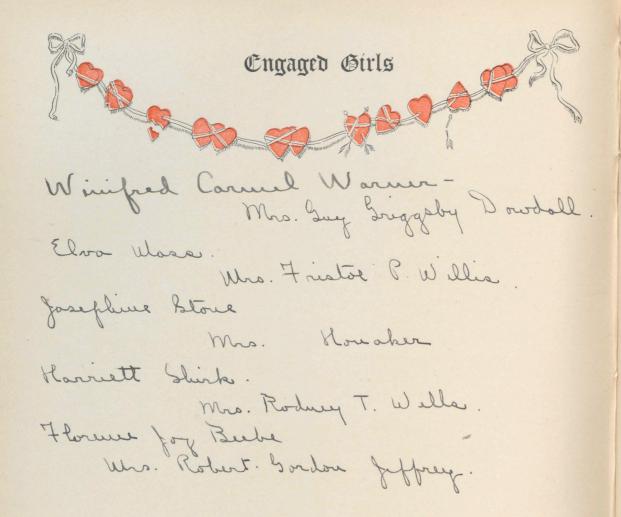


Farewell Entertainments

Class Supper

Prophecies





Ballade of the Alumna

How sadly in these latter days,

In search of memories bitter-sweet,

We tread the once accustomed ways

With step grown slow and lagging feet,—

Timed to the pulse's slower beat,—

And climb the stair and reach the floor,

To find—alas! how time is fleet!

Another's name is on the door!

We timid knock, and beg to gaze
On all once ours—are shown a seat,
O irony! In sad amaze
We marvel that it looks so neat,
Recalling how we used to meet
At gruesome hours in days of yore,—
Hours that fate can ne'er repeat:
Another's name is on the door.

Our ready chaff, our wordy frays,

Conviction backed by young conceit,

Have left no echoes; nothing stays

To mark how once we "led the street";

But others come with youthful heat,

Nor reck of those who came before,

And play their part—their years complete;—

Another's name is on the door.

Envoy

Freshmen our age with reverence greet,

And warning take though grieved sore,

No words delay, no prayers entreat,—

Another's name is on the door.

EDITH CHILD, Bryn Mawr Lantern.

Future Addresses Future Addresses

Autographs

Minifred Connet Worner.

Mystle Irene Starbird.

Mattie Bernice Tschirgi

Jean Juliert Wackinson

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Autographs Autographs



