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 across 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.
Other Colleges Visited

Ripon College (Wisconsin)
Ohio State University
Harvard University (Mass) Sept 1899
Middlebury College (Vermont) July 1900
- To Centennial Celebration
University of Bonn (Germany) July 1901
" Geneva (Switzerland) Fall 1901
" " Zurich Nov 1901
Oxford University (England) February 1902
The University of Paris (France) Winter 1902
Mount Holyoke College (Mass) June 1902
Lawrence College (Wisconsin) Sept 1902
Knox College (Illinois) October 1903

Men I Met While at College
Red Letter Days

Football, Baseball, or Regattas Attended
The Tastes of Yesterday

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., *Mr. Holyoke*. 

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.
Diary of Freshman Year

Lived at home - 5103 Hubbard Avenue.
Double major in German with L. B. Almstedt.
Math: Dr. W. E. Glaedt.
Sunday morning Bible: Dr. Harfen.
From the middle 4 quarter took lunch at Green. Spending a good deal of time in Mrs. Congdon's room (Rifon).
Diary of Junior Year

Senior Year
Ivy or Class Day

Baccalaureate Sermon
Engaged Girls

Winifred C. Warner
  Mrs. Guy Briggsby Dowdell

Elva Hare
  Mrs. Horace P. Williams

Josephine Stone
  Mrs. Howard

Harriett Shirk
  Mrs. Rodney T. Walke

Florence J. Bebee
  Mrs. Robert Gordon Jeffrey

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.
Autographs

Us inifed Carmel. Us aren't.
Myrtle Irene Staub.
Mattie Bernice Tschirgi
Jean Gilbert Macdonan
Ellis Florsheim.