

**THE WELLESLEY
LEGENDA FOR 1896**

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VARIOUS

**THE WELLESLEY
LEGENDA FOR 1896**

AT WELLESLEY

LEGENDA FOR 1896

PUBLISHED FOR THE SENIOR CLASS
OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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AT WELLESLEY.

A QUESTION OF SCIENCE.

NELL BLAKEY had devoted her college life to the study of science. Literature, she said, was a fad. Girls took to it because it sounded well, but for her part, she had never found that there was much satisfaction in it. She preferred to glean a little solid information about the things that are, rather than live in an atmosphere of fairy-tales and inane theories of life. She wanted to work upon a good solid foundation, and she thought the universe would do.

Nell was slightly difficult, considered in the light of a room-mate, for the sunniest corners were devoted to the cultivation of small, ill-looking specimens of vegetation ;

the place of honor on the top of the bookcase held a roughly mounted cat-skeleton; and the desk and table were strewn with small, half-dissected limbs in all stages of decomposition. The slightest movement of these treasures meant annihilation to the unprivileged; so the dust gathered upon them, and, during two years of the inconvenient but inevitable, the partner of Nell's joys and woes was reduced to a silent negation.

Ruth had protested vigorously when her little marble Ariadne was used as a prop for drying frogs. She had objected feebly to the use of a newly-cut *Brown-ing* for pressing "weeds." But this was before she had been tempted into a course in zoology. After that she became long-suffering. She had not lost her head but she understood how easy a matter that would be unless one were well-fortified.

At the present stage of her college career Nell was studying comparative anatomy. She was absorbed in the development of the species.

"How can you spend so much time over those?" she asked one day, as a friend boxed a new butterfly and swung her net over her shoulder. "They are interesting, I suppose, but they are so small. Now I like the higher animals; they are nearer to Man. Oh, I *love* Man!"

Four merry laughs broke the June stillness and Nell looked from one of her friends to another, making a vain effort to understand.

"Pity they are so few here," sighed a coquettish maiden; and Nell understood.

"Bah!" she said with scorn, "I mean *Man*, embracing *Woman*, of course!"

The silence rang again, and a crew of ram-rod maidens on the lake nearly dislocated their eyes in the vain endeavor to gain a clew to so huge a joke.

That same evening Ruth lay in the stern of a cedar boat and a girl with sentimental eyes occupied the bow. Nell rested her oars and mentally considered the temperature of the incubator in the Zoology Office. She had forgotten to read the

thermometer after dinner and her conscience was tender even in the matter of "domestic work." There was a great yellow moon in the sky; trees hung upside-down about the edges of the lake; and lights were projected like long red rockets into the deeps below. The dark indefiniteness of trees and hills shut out the world beyond. Now and then the ghost of a boating-song came to them across the silence, or laughter that might have been Puck's own.

The girls had been discussing a story in the *Magazine*. They were silent now. Nell's thoughts were with the tentative chicks in the incubator. Ruth was drinking in the night with eyes and ears and heart. But the girl in the bow was less fickle.

"Do you really mean that you would not have married him?" she persisted, referring to their recent conversation.

Nell awoke from her troubled thoughts and replied with energy.

"My dear, I mean to say that I don't