

### The Alumnæ Tea.

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Can this really be the old Calisthenium—this fairyland? Are these the same walls which used to confront us with their bareness? What magic hands have spirited away the rows of dumbbells and so transformed the place?

These were the questions which we asked ourselves as we entered the familiar room, all unfamiliar in its beauty, on the evening of April 19th.

The bare white walls were hidden with festoons of delicate lavender and white, while here and there a dash of orange or a splendid American flag gave color to the daintier tints. Gayly decorated booths were ranged around the room, and stately palms gave grace to the scene. Girlish figures in graceful gowns moved hither and thither, and formed the real picture of which the room was but the setting, while the strains of Mr. Scheel's orchestra added the charm of music to the whole.

But again we asked ourselves—the magic hand? Who has worked the transformation? And for answer came hieroglyphics—four letters—"G. S. M. A.'s"! So we puzzled, and, finally, evolved a translation. G. S. M. A., "Girl's Society (for) Making (things) Attractive." They were given full charge of the decorating, and truly they lived up to their name. Wherefore the Alumnæ thanks them most heartily, feeling that to them in great measure the "Tea" owes its artistic success.

First supply a man's physical wants; then his mental; then his spiritual. What could we expect from those who once had studied pedagogy, but that they should follow this—the natural order? Entering from the outside world, we came first to the ice-cream tables, at each of which stood a girl in cap and apron—not gown—ready to serve us with her dainty confections.

These were outside the Calisthenium. Within, at the right, were the books. Books of all sorts and descriptions; oh, "so fairly bound!" There were books for all tastes. We heard a gentleman ask for something suited to a two-year old, and stood by wondering. But presently he was handed just the thing, and went off happy. There were books on all subjects; "some to be tasted, others to be swallowed, some to be chewed and digested," but all to be bought. And they were bought. The autograph books were especially attractive. Many names were here—Helen Gray Cone, Richard Watson Gilder, William Dean Howells, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Richard Harding Davis, Jeannette Gilder, and many others.

Next to the books were the autograph photographs, which

many of the leading actors and actresses so kindly sent, together with photographs of President Hunter, the Faculty, the late Mr. Wood, Miss Wadleigh; and the College building.

In a far away corner, there was one table which every one was sure to find—the candy table. When, at the close of the last evening, we went there to purchase some candy to take home, we found an empty table and heard the triumphant words: "Not a box left."

"A host of golden daffodils!" Not "fluttering and dancing in the breeze," but gracefully arranged in tall vases, looping up the folds of the white cloth, and fastened against the muslin of a girl's gown. How beautiful they made the chocolate table! They and the tiny yellow-shaded candles which shed their soft light upon it! How refreshing it was to withdraw for a few moments from the busy hum, and rest and sip one's chocolate at this veritable table of Spring.

If one did not care for chocolate, there was the lemonade near by, served in a bower of waving palms. The green against the white of the table cloth, was as cool and pleasant to the eye as the lemonade to the thirsty throat. It is needless to say that the lemonade was sold, for the people flocked to that table, lured by its graceful beauty.

Literary salad was the next course, and judging by the numbers who surrounded the table, it was delicious, indeed. Possibly the tissue caps of lettuce leaves which those who served the salad wore, had something to do with its attractiveness. It tested the memory and brought back old class-room days to pull out one after another of those dainty green leaves, and be confronted with a quotation which was perfectly familiar, but whose author, alas! was quite forgotten. But if, after racking of brains, you could, perchance, guess two of the authors out of three, how fascinating to be allowed to choose any one of those mysterious parcels which lay before you.

The "Old Curiosity Shop" was the name of the next booth we came to. Why it was so named we could not tell, for the articles were neither old nor curious, but new and beautiful. A special feature of this table was the many lovely paintings for sale.

Just in front of the platform for the piano, we paused to utter a delighted "Oh, how beautiful!" and gaze to our heart's content at the flower table. Flower tables are always beautiful, but this surpassed ordinary ones. It was a green bower of palms, their waving branches shading masses of exquisite flowers—tall, straight American Beauties, and every other rose that blows, graceful spirea, delicate maiden hair, carnations, velvet pansies,



gay tulips—hosts and hosts of flowers. But what are these, hidden away in green moss, modest and shy, as if in their own native woodland? Spring herself has sent her darlings—shell-like, sweet arbutus, earliest messenger of the Spring, hepaticas in lavender and white, our own College colors, real pansy violets, hardy saxifrage, and creeping pixie. Lovely as the hot-house beauties were, our hearts went out to those tiny wild flowers.

The girls who assisted at the flower table were dressed in the colors of the various Colleges, with the dignified College mortarboards on their heads. There was the lavender and white of our own Normal College, the red of Cornell, the blue of Columbia, the black and orange of Princeton, and many others.

Opposite the flower table, in the center of the room, were the tea-table novelties. A lover of hand-painted china would have been happy here, for the table was laden with the daintiest of china. We noticed a "Brownie" cup and saucer that pleased us much. At this table the College souvenir spoon was for sale.

Is the world a perpetual interrogation point, as some people think? Even from the "Tea," the question mark was not absent. It stared us boldly in the face, till we were forced to try to answer its questioning. A conundrum pie and sketches of famous events, literary, political, historical, mythological, anything, everything, nothing—as it seemed to the poor mortal who endeavored to guess their meanings, confronted us. Here, too, if one were successful, he could choose from the table, not a mysterious parcel, but any one of the dainty trifles before him.

After such racking of one's brains as the conundrum pie necessitated, what so restful as a cup of tea? So the tea table was well placed next to the interrogation point.

Resting there, one could take in at once the prettiness and gayety of the scene. Surely here one would vote the "Tea" a success.

It was a success, indeed; artistically, as the beauty of the room proved; financially, for though the "Tea" was held only Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon, the proceeds amount to more than \$600, and, best of all, socially. It was like a great social reunion, and this gave the "Tea" its charm. Friends met there who had not seen one another for years. Former graduates came back once more to their Alma Mater, recent graduates flocked together to talk over their experiences in teaching, and everywhere were happy faces, happy hearts.

Such affairs as the "Tea" do not create themselves. They represent an immense amount of careful planning and hard work. Who accomplished this? Mrs. Morris Cooper and her efficient

Committee—Misses Furman, Beach, Blake, Fries, Stella Friend, Meade and Wehle, Mrs. Donohue and Mrs. Glauber. Whatever gain the Library has received from the "Tea," whatever pleasure each one of us derived from it personally, is due primarily and principally to them. For their interest and their earnest work the Alumnæ thanks them most heartily, and it would extend to them and to all their assistants its earnest congratulations on the grand success of its "Alumnæ Tea."

The Alumnæ would gratefully acknowledge donations to the "Tea" from the following firms, and it would extend to them its most earnest thanks :

The Century Company, Baker & Taylor Pub. Co., Henry Liedel & Son, Brentano's, Knoedler, Schumauer's Sons, Lord & Taylor ; Milton Bradley & Co., paper ; F. Leggett, sugar ; J. H. Barker & Co., chocolate (one box) ; Vantine, one hundred napkins ; Johnson, tea ; Cushman & Son, cakes ; Bawo & Dotter, china ; The "Fair & Square" Ribbon Co. ; David Clarke & Sons, palms ; Alexander McConnell, center piece (maiden hair fern) ; Purcell Mfg. Co., two punch bowls ; Huyler, Max Oppenheimer & Co., De Boes & Co., Delatour, Miss Carrie Pitkin, Albert Ullman ; Archer's Bouillon Capsules.

Wright & Seaman put in six additional gas fixtures at a very reasonable rate.

D. M. Williams sent a man to assist in decorating.

*Music*—Friday evening, Mr. Scheel's Orchestra ; Saturday afternoon, College girls played ; Saturday evening, Metropolitan Orchestra (amateur), Mr. J. J. Lyons.

The vase donated to the "Tea" by Messrs. Levy, Dreyfus & Co. was given to the lady who guessed the number of beans contained in the jar to be 320.

Funk & Wagnalls' Dictionary, the publishers of which so kindly gave a copy to the Alumnæ "Tea," is the latest and completest authority on our language. It contains the newest scientific words, for which a dictionary is so often consulted. It may especially be used as a standard of pronunciation, and the work in each department has been done by the men who know most in that department. Added to this, it is in two volumes, making it convenient to use, while yet it sacrifices neither accuracy nor completeness to brevity.

The Sultan of Turkey and Judge Terrell, United States Minister to the Porte, are given credit for the assured existence of the American College for Girls, at Constantinople. Mary M. Patrick is president of the college.