

THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

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OUR PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The most pressing need of the Associate Alumnae just now is to complete the Graduate Gift Fund. We have some \$63,000 in money and pledges. We want to give \$150,000 to our Alma Mater during 1920.

Last spring one of our Alumnae, Mrs. Arthur Lorsch, offered an additional gift of \$50 if nine others would follow her example.—Eleven others did:

Mrs. M. Crystal, Miss Emilie Fries, Mrs. John Gribbel, Miss Maud Hopkins, Miss Helen W. Howard, Mrs. Albert Israel, Mrs. Alfred Jaretzki, Miss Mary H. Kenyon, Mrs. M. Rosenwald, Miss Anna Rothschild, Mrs. Sol M. Stroock. The fund is \$600 richer because of their helpfulness. Will not some one else start a similar fund and *get the other nine*?

At the very beginning of our work Mrs. Harry Content offered to give \$1,000 if nine others would do likewise. Six have given \$1000 each. Who will be the other three?

Alice I. Popper.

HELP TO BUILD ALUMNAE HALL!

We plan, as soon as labor conditions will allow, to get at the actual work of putting our high ideal into concrete form.

"How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite,
And gather honey all the day,
To eat it in the night."

Mrs. Harry Arnold Day, Hunter College, 68th Street and Park Avenue, New York, as treasurer of our Graduate Gift Committee, is the Keeper of the Hive!

Go to it, busy Alumna, GATHER HONEY, and send it to her against the happy day when we shall break ground for our greatly longed for, greatly needed Alumnae Hall.

How the busy bees will swarm to the house-warming!

In happy anticipation,

Adelaide D. Sim, Chairman.

BUT THERE MUST BE MORE HONEY.

Go to it!

Many pledges to the Graduate Gift Fund are being paid in full—which helps the interest fund to grow.

Some who made pledges with installments expiring in 1920 are sending in new additional pledges for 1921. Will you do

this?

Fewer than three thousand graduates have responded to the Jubilee call. Surely our literature has reached many more than that. Can you reach *one more personally*, and secure a gift?

Couldn't many of you *give again* to send the fund mounting upward. Have you honestly done *all you can*?

J. W. D.

BAZAAR FOR LENOX HILL SETTLEMENT.

Friday, November 19—8 to 11 P. M.

Saturday, November 20—3 to 11 P. M.

At Hunter College

This is to be no mere Bazaar, but a social function at which alumnae and students entertain one another and their many friends. There will be dancing and vaudeville. When Hunter College talent undertakes an affair of this kind we all know how much pleasure awaits us.

Donations are solicited—pretty and useful articles of all kinds. One lady wants *bags*, "Anything from a bean bag to a traveling bag." Also in demand are babies' things for the Children's Table, toys, dolls, groceries, jellies, cakes, candies, etc., etc. Send to the Bazaar Committee, Room 207, Hunter College.

BUREAU OF OCCUPATION.

The Bureau of Occupation was closed for the summer on July 5, when most of the girls who desired employment during the vacation had been placed. The positions filled were at camps, hotels, social service centers, laboratories, banks, summer schools, department and candy stores, libraries, etc.

Work has been resumed for the new term and we are bending all our efforts in the direction of obtaining part-time clerical work for students. It is a pleasure to find that during the summer a great many girls have learned stenography and typewriting, a knowledge of which seems to be the key to open the doors to the other kinds of office employment for which our students are striving. Heretofore we have had to refuse employers asking for that kind of office assistance; now we shall be able to fill such calls when they come in.

All members of the Alumnae are invited to make use of the Bureau of Occupation at any time.

Elizabeth H. Foignet.

ANNA MAY PALMER.

Say not, "She's dead"; nor yet, "She sleeps"... She lives!

She lives in unforgetting memories
Of hearts made happier because of her;
In burdens lifted; in the constant cheer
She gave to all who ever sought her door.

She had that rarest gift of sympathy
Which sensed the hurt and found the way
to heal.

No task too great, no little thing too small,
If thereby she might serve.—She always
served!

The grass along the Star Road where she
walked

Was set a-bloom with flowers. She built
her life

In thousand lines of beauty, true and
strong;

She entered in a thousand lives, and left
A song, always, a song.

But dead? Not so.

Life wears a seamless garment; *here* and
there

Are parts of one continuous whole. She
lives!

She has but cast aside the veil of flesh
Which hid her spirit from us; turned the
bend

Around the corner of the Road; but left
The summit gained for other heights
beyond;

Where, now, she serves the greater pur-
poses

Of God.

Her arms were full of shining lilies
As she passed... And we stand, wondering.

Mary Cromwell Low.