THE STORY OF THE BEE

SUSAN HUNT DIXWELL

THE STORY OF THE BEE

BY

MARY TOWLE PALMER

"L'heure passe
L'amitié reste"

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TO

SUSAN DIXWELL MILLER

THE COLONEL OF THE BANKS BRIGADE

(AFTERWARDS THE BEE)

AND ALWAYS AFFECTIONATELY RECOGNIZED

AS OUR LEADER

My affectionate acknowledgments are due to many members of the Bee who have assisted me with kindly suggestions and interesting reminiscences.

Mary Towle Palmer

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THE STORY OF THE BEE

CHAPTER I

BEGINNINGS

As people approach the advanced age of three or four score years, they are apt to make the discovery that not far in the future they and their interests will have wholly disappeared from the world unless they can leave behind them some sort of a record which some day some one will like to read. People take to writing autobiographies at seventy, or they begin to write a long-postponed account of some outstanding event in their fast-ebbing lives, with a lingering and loving glance over that precious past which is beginning to grow dim as the years race by and which must be caught and held before it is buried under the accumulating transactions of every day.

And thus it happened with us, the Bee, that one evening half-a-dozen years ago Susanna Willard startled us by asserting that our history must and should be written. At this meeting (the date of which I do not know, for our records are somewhat imperfect) two of our members were elected as historians, and straightway we all glowed over the pros-

pect of renown, the prospect of at least becoming known to a chosen few of our descendants. We were ten years younger as we bade one another good-bye that evening!

The two historians were to be Carrie Parsons, one of the members who had been present at the first meeting of the Bee in 1861, and Susanna Willard, the newest member of the Bee, originator of the plan to write a history.

Five years went by and we heard nothing of the book.

It is pathetic to remember that ill-health and manifold cares came upon our historians. After having written a very entertaining paper for our fiftieth anniversary and after having made some valuable memoranda, Carrie Parsons died suddenly two years ago. And last spring Susanna suddenly died.

Their unfinished and much-loved work I hesitatingly pick up. Of those of us who are left, not one feels herself capable of doing justice to a theme so warmly loved, so beautifully alive, so close to our hearts. At this late day I reluctantly yet gladly venture to write about the Bee.

It seems always a miracle in the case of even one individual to be able to look backward over sixty rich years. In the case of an organization the interest is heightened and the color deepened by the variousness of temperament and character that combine to form the unit. For four years the Bee met once a week from November to May, and thereafter for fifty-eight years it has rarely failed to meet every fortnight.

It was once wittily remarked that the Cambridge women seldom marry and never die. This may account for our longevity. I am writing in the year 1923. It was in the fall of 1861 that the first meeting of the Bee was held.

In April, 1861, Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Thus began the four tragic years of fighting between the Northern and Southern States of our Country, the Civil War. In Cambridge there was a passionate fire of patriotism. Her sons went forth to battle. Their little sisters, full of wonder and only half understanding the darkness of the cloud that had come across the sky, were moved to help as their elders were doing. Groups of women of various ages began meeting to sew and knit for the soldiers and to make lint by scraping old linen to be applied to bleeding wounds at the front; a dressing for wounds not tolerated in the present day. There were some detached meetings of workers, during the summer of 1861, and Lizzie Harris records how "one Wednesday in the early summer of that year we petitioned stately Miss Lyman (our school teacher) to omit the usual poetry

recitation and let us devote the forenoon to making blue flannel shirts, for which there was imperative demand. She cordially consented, and we worked like beavers in her school-room over our self-imposed task, beginning with cheerful chatter which, as the hours passed, became more and more subdued, backs and fingers wearying with the unaccustomed work. I remember well the triumph with which Sue Whitney waved aloft the first completed shirt. I remember that we bent with renewed and grim vigor over our own garment, to be not far behind her."

But this was not "The Banks Brigade," the real Bee. The Bee began its long life on the first day of November, 1861, at the house of Mr. Epes S. Dixwell, on Garden Street. Just a week before this, a group of sixteen girls had been invited to the house of Mrs. Asa Gray, wife of the great botanist, to meet her niece, Julia Bragg, and to sew for the soldiers. Instead of disbanding after this pleasant party, the sixteen agreed to meet on the following Friday at the Dixwell house. It was here that they organized themselves into a working unit and adopted the name of "The Banks Brigade" in honor of General Banks, who at that time led the Massachusetts forces at the front.

At this first meeting Sue Dixwell was elected "Colonel," because she had knitted for the soldiers

more socks than any one else, and of course we must needs give her a military title to express our intimate connection with the army.

From that time until the end of the Civil War the Banks Brigade met every Friday afternoon, choosing that day because of its freedom from study, for we were school-girls of fourteen and fifteen, very busy with our school work as well as with many other affairs.

We met at four at the houses of the members, with supper at six or half-past six. Our mothers presided at the table, but fathers and brothers were, from the beginning, banished to regions unknown.

The suppers consisted often of escalloped oysters, rolls and chocolate, followed by cream pie. Sometimes cream toast was the chief dish, and one cook, amazed at the amount consumed by the young workers, remarked that "those girls ought to have a lot of Harvard students taking supper with them, and then they wouldn't eat quite so much."

The plan of admitting Harvard students to the Bee after tea had already been discussed and disposed of, as the following extract from Lizzie Harris will show:

"I remember well how some of the kind elder sisters of the Bee, thinking that life was rather sombre for girls of our age, suggested that our young student

friends should be asked to join us after supper on Fridays and have a dance. At a meeting of the Banks Brigade the suggestion was submitted to the Colonel, who turned it down summarily with inimitable scorn. The question was never again raised, and often have I blessed Sue's quick decision, for she saved the life of the Bee that day."

After we had sewed diligently through the afternoon, and had enjoyed our supper and our glimpse of the welcome mother in the house, we often allowed the musical Bees to lay aside their sewing and give us tunes. Our blonde Charlotte Dana sang for us with her clear soprano; Katie Toffey, dark-eyed and piquant, plucked her guitar and sang, "Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee." Less romantic was a vigorous tour-de-force on the piano called "Tam o' Shanter," wherein the prominent feature was the realistic trotting of Tam's horse, followed by a grand crash representing the loss of the horse's tail. Often Grace Hopkinson cheered us with both piano and song.

During the Civil War, we were never without our knitting, steadily making blue socks with red-and-white borders, knitting while we studied our lessons and while we recited them, knitting while we walked or talked or played.

A Bee record book was started which was to contain a concise account of our doings, but life at fifteen is full of imperative interruptions and writing seems less important than action. This is the only occurrence I find recorded for the eyes of the future, but it is indeed important:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1

HEADQUARTERS BANKS BRIGADE

It is ordered that Major-General Banks be elected honorary member of the Banks Brigade.

By Order of Colonel S. DIXWELL.

November 22nd, 1861

Infinitely precious is this little paragraph! It gives the whole spirit of the time in a nutshell.

Wherever in our walks we saw a United States flag flying, we saluted it like true soldiers.

We sometimes passed the old arsenal which stood on the corner of Garden and Follen Streets, where a house of singularly beautiful brown stone now stands surrounded by its large garden. There we would stop and peer through the fence to watch the evolutions of the Harvard students who lived there in squads and were armed by the State and were regularly drilled. They formed a guard for the arsenal. Our brothers and cousins were there and might some day become full-fledged soldiers.

As you look along handsome residential Brattle Street, can you imagine that cars drawn by two horses used there to run up and down, their little bells jingling, while the conductor watched for passengers and obligingly stopped wherever he received a signal from a waiting individual? We needed not to hasten to a corner in those days. In 1861 there was plenty of time.

As for the winters, they could quite be depended upon to give us continual snow, so that after the first heavy fall the horse-cars were discontinued, and long vehicles on runners called "barges" took their place and ran every half-hour in and out of Boston, giving the passengers an excellent sleigh-ride.

We paid for our rides with paper currency, for silver disappeared as the war progressed and the little twenty-five-cent bills I remember very well.

The occupants of those old horse-cars were not always more courteous than those in the electric cars of the present day; for once when a member of the Bee entered a car and found it apparently full, a man rose instantly and the lady, supposing that she had been offered a seat, said politely, "Oh, thank you, I don't object to standing." The man looked at her astonished and, with startling candor, replied: "I don't care whether you stand or set. I'm going to get out."

The following is an extract from Alice Allyn's

reminiscent paper read at our Sixtieth Anniversary:

"Sixty years ago! What a different picture Cambridge then presented! Brattle Street, with its tinkling little horse-cars, had the babbling brooks in its gutters in the spring. The lamp-lighter made his evening round with a ladder. The streets were undrained and rubber boots were a necessity. Harvard Square was a village centre. We collected our mail from a numbered box in the Post Office in the Lyceum Hall building. Under a large tree in the square were the pump and the city scales. The car-horses were watered there from pails which stood on the curbing around the tree." (There were then no sidewalks, paved or asphalt.)

The members of the Bee, like the rest of womankind, wore hoop-skirts, nor could we imagine that a time would ever come when our dresses would be less than six yards around. They are now less than two, and so short as to come not far below the knees. Sitting down in a hoop-skirt was an art that needed to be well practised, otherwise the hoops would flare up in front revealing a "limb," which was something always invisible in those Victorian days. We learned to sit down very carefully, bestowing our skirts behind the calves of our legs, so that we looked as demure as the Puritan maidens we were.

We wore bonnets, real bonnets, tied with a bow

under the chin and large enough to hold roses beneath the brim in front. Our dresses frequently were trimmed with velvet of a color called "Magenta" or with touches of a lighter but still purplish tint called "Solferino." We wore our hair in nets of silk or chenille and later these were decorated with beads. Later still there was a wave of black alpaca dresses, buttoned down the front with large round white buttons.

Every Friday during the four years of the Civil War, the group of young girls sewed diligently, making shirts, night clothes, and even quilts. The record of articles finished at the third meeting reads:

5 pairs hospital drawers
2 shirts

and at the fifth meeting:

4 pairs hospital drawers
3 shirts
1 quilt

Whoever had been the recorder of the work accomplished became exhausted after this last entry in the little book and no more lists were jotted down, but we know that the work went on with increasing rather than diminishing energy — on and on until, behold! we were growing up, without knowing it! When the war ended, we were actually young ladies of eighteen and nineteen.

One precious bit of print has been preserved, which reads:

"From the National Intelligencer

"WASHINGTON, D.C., November 26th, 1862. The ladies of the Samaritan Society of Salem, and those of the Banks Brigade, Cambridge, Massachusetts, are hereby informed that their bounties for the sick soldiers have been duly received and part have already been distributed to grateful recipients."

Just one week after the birth of the Banks Brigade another organization of the same kind came into existence. It called itself "The McClellan Club," and was formed of girls somewhat older than the Bees. It also met on Friday evenings at the houses of the members, and the two groups, the Club and the Bee, have always kept a close and neighborly interest in each other. The two often celebrated their anniversaries in common and sent messages to one another. "The McClellan Club" afterwards became "The Lincoln Club," and at last called itself simply "The Club" and its members became "Clubs." Its meetings have ceased, but at the time of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Bee, the Club met with us at the Oakley Country Club House and several of its members read most interesting papers.

The paper read that evening by Carrie Parsons is so largely reminiscent of the old days that I give here a quotation from it:

"Through the hot summer of 1861 a group of girls who afterwards went into Club and Bee made 'havelocks.' These havelocks were a sort of masculine sun-bonnet and were warranted to prevent sunstroke in the torrid South, and we declared that at least one company of Uncle Sam's soldiers should be thus protected. So we finished and sent off one hundred havelocks — and heard afterwards that the men used them to clean their rifles. As headgear their whiteness made too good a mark for the enemy."

Here ends the account of our first four years. We were very young girls. We were "The Banks Brigade." For four years we had heard echoes of the beating of drums, of distant battles and bloodshed, of lost brothers and cousins and friends, of the fortunes of one General and another, and of the sublime leadership of our President, Abraham Lincoln.

Our meetings had been in the houses of our fathers, presided over by our mothers. It is now long since a mother or father has been left to the Bee, but the remembrance of their benign presence, of their interest in our doings, and of their gentle faces will never fade from our hearts.

CHAPTER II

THE GROWING BEE

THE fall of Richmond on the 3d of April, 1865, ended the Civil War, and a long era of peace came to our country. Great was the joy in the Northern States. Flags were flying everywhere. When the news came, all the city houses were illuminated from top to bottom. The world was joyous for twelve days, and then came the overwhelming tragedy of President Lincoln's death. I was in Washington at that time, and had just escaped being in the theatre on the night he was shot. On the following never-to-be-forgotten Saturday morning, I awoke and heard the bells of Washington tolling, tolling, and I lay and wondered what it could mean. Presently a knock at my door was followed by the shocked face of our old housekeeper, who put her head into the room and solemnly said: "Your President is dead." At eighteen, I felt a desolating sense of grief at this news. I had met Mr. Lincoln several times during the preceding winter, and had often seen him, with his sad, strange face, at the Capitol or the White House. I felt an adoration for him, and it seemed impossible that life could go on with him out of the world. It

was part of the tragedy that he was not permitted to see the ragged armies marching back from the war, marching through Pennsylvania Avenue for two whole days, with their soiled uniforms, their tattered flags and their glory.

In Cambridge remained "The Banks Brigade," radiant young women of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen, who had for four years been sewing each week "for the soldiers." This duty being ended, the society might with propriety disband and hold the remembrance of a finished work.

Certain changes did occur, but its meetings went forward without a break. The name "Banks Brigade" was dropped; the Bee began to meet once a fortnight instead of once a week; and its "Colonel" became its "President."

Miss Emily Parsons, elder sister of one of our members, had been a nurse in the Northern Army for two years and was later active in establishing what is now the Cambridge Hospital on Mount Auburn Street. Much sewing was needed to furnish the new hospital with bedding, towels, and night-clothes, and the Bee (as it was now called) found plenty of employment for its energetic fingers. Besides this, the Bee had protégés down on the marsh with large and needy families. A certain Mrs. Gribbens was capable of absorbing flannel petticoats and shirts to

THE BEE IN 1863

any extent, and for years our reports of sewing done always contained the name of "Mrs. Gribbens." Her euphonious appellation lent itself to endless quotation and fun and we were fortunate in having so picturesque an object of charity.

Periodically through our long career we have been attacked by moments of conscience, commanding us to pull ourselves together and behave like other virtuous Clubs. In one such mood we voted to institute a scheme of fines. Under date of 1863 the following inexorable rule is written: "A fine of five cents shall be levied for lateness and a fine of ten cents for absence." For nine years we tried meekly to follow this law. But in 1872 all fines were abolished forever. For many years our rule has been for each member to pay one dollar at the beginning of the season, and to have no further mention of funds, except when we needed to collect money for sending flowers to some sick member of the Bee, or to a wedding or a funeral.

May blessings fall on Lily Dana for her virtuous Victorian habit of keeping a diary! You will enjoy reading extracts from this priceless document:

"*February* 7, 1868. Went to the Bee at Mrs. Waterman's. A Bee was at our house last time. I had to carry the Bee basket there. Stopped for Grace Hopkinson, but she was busy cutting out more sewing

for us. Couldn't wait for her for fear I should be late, and can't afford to pay any more fines. Had an awful time at the Bee. Grace got hold of some work that I had sewed last time, showed it round to the girls and wondered who it could be that sewed so awfully. I didn't say anything, except that when she showed it to me I said the stitches were rather huge. Then they asked if it was Miss Rotch's work, and I said no, she had left early and had sewed buttonholes all the time. I shall have to confess at the next Bee.

"*February* 28. After dinner got ready for the Bee, and was just starting when mother said she should think I would stay at home and see Dick, as he goes back to-morrow, so I took off my things. However, I made mother pay my fine for being late at the Bee. Then I crinkled my hair, put on my pink ribbons, and went to the Bee, which was at Marnie Storer's. Nothing in particular happened. Katie played and sang a little and we sewed.

"*March* 13. Went to the Sparks's, Miss Rotch's, and Anna Shaw's to tell them about the Bee, then to Emily Atkinson's to get the Bee basket, for I have got to have the Bee, as there doesn't seem to be anybody else to have it. Lugged that great heavy basket way up Quincy Street. Met Mrs. Little, who offered to take home my basket. I was delighted to

get rid of it. No one came till five. We had a real nice time. The cook was gone all day, but we got up a supper of coffee and tea, dipped toast, rolls, marmalade and cake.

"*March* 26. I always hate to leave the Bee, but had to go before dark on account of Mrs. Hubbard's Wednesday evening Singing Class.

"*April* 24. Met Anna Page, who went to the Bee with me. She did look lovely in her blue walking-suit and hat. I went down at six o'clock to Mary Fuller's. We had a real jolly Bee, telling stories all the time about ghosts, robbers, and mediums.

"*June* 8, 1868. Went to the Bee at Mrs. Waterman's. Mr. Waterman came to tea and spent the rest of the evening in the parlor with us. We spent most of the time talking about tipping tables and planchette. Grace, Mr. W., and Mary F. tried to tip a table, but didn't have time before the Bee broke up.

"*Nov.* 14, *Saturday*. Charlotte and I went to the Bee as soon as I had finished my dress, which was very late. It was at Mrs. Waterman's, her last Bee, so she had a nice supper, and in the middle of the table a frosted cake with a wreath of green round it, and stuck all over it little bees and butterflies on wires so that they would vibrate. There was a handsome plain gold ring in it, which Anna Shaw got. We

were all quite excited about getting it and I was really in hopes I should, though I already have the ring of the first Bee cake (Sue Dixwell's)."

Lizzie Harris speaks as follows about some fluctuations in the life of the Bee:

"It was Caroline Parsons's fidelity which held the Bee together during one critical period, and in this she had a devoted and able aid in Grace Hopkinson. Some members had married and left Cambridge, two were invalided, and unable to attend the meetings; others immersed in home cares had become somewhat careless of Bee claims upon time and attention. But Caroline, seconded by Grace, never relinquished her protection. Carefully did she watch over the remnant, holding it together, and finally being instrumental in adding a few members to fill the temporary lack. The critical time passed and never again has the Bee languished."

A new phase of existence was now beginning, for many of the Bees were growing into beautiful women. Engagements and marriages were events to which we were becoming accustomed, while still there was wonder in our eyes as we saw our members stolen away into a region of romance of which as yet some of us were only dreaming.

I remember my awakening thrill when I first saw Mabel Lowell dressed in a low-cut gown of heliotrope satin, an amethyst necklace resting on her white neck, while her eyes shone like stars. She was like a sumptuous moth emerging from its chrysalis.

Our first wedding was that of Lucy Nichols and Captain White, a handsome young officer of the Northern Army, just after the war was over. To her came the first baby into the Bee, a little girl who never lost her interest for us, and to whom we sent a present at the time of her own marriage.

Then came the marriage of Mollie Buttrick to Frank Goodwin, which took her unfortunately away from Cambridge, and the marriage of Helen Allyn to a charming Norwegian whom she met abroad.

As each Bee married, we gave her a gold thimble, engraved with the letters "B. B." These were always heavy and handsome and were much prized. Our first badges long ago were made of gutta-percha, with a small silver plate engraved "B. B." attached. These were sometimes worn with a necklace. After this we wore little bees made of silver, and finally the sixteen original Bees, always carefully and honorably distinguished from the rest of us, wore lovely bees of gold, with ruby eyes, the present of Anna Allyn.

The Bee basket, which was so faithfully carried by Lily Dana from one house to another and which she found rather an irksome load, could hardly have

been as large as the dear old Bee basket which, from time immemorial, we have been using, and which is now carried by automobile. It is a large market basket, which once had an iron bar across the top to keep its contents secure, but which for years has been elaborately tied up with yards of twine to keep it firm in the hands of the expressman or the chauffeur. The basket is a species of presiding genius or mascot, like the ark of the Israelites. It always stands on the floor ready to serve the Bees with fresh sewing, holding in its inner recesses the Bee photograph album, and on top of this boxes of spools, tape, needles; holding also the necklace of tortoise-shell with a locket in the shape of a bee, which Mary Cobb brought from Rome, and the long necklace of beads, also from Rome, with its many bees wrought into the bead-work, brought home by Lily Hoppin. Dear old basket! How many merry meetings has it presided over, during its long existence!

In 1877 occurred an event which not only affected one member of the Bee, but really also the Bee itself. Grace Hopkinson took a prominent part one evening in a play given by the Cambridge Dramatic Club. President Eliot of Harvard College sat enchanted in the audience. Some months after this fateful evening they were married, and the household at No. 17 Quincy Street was established, which

became the centre of brilliant hospitality. This house was torn down when President Eliot retired from his long task at Harvard; but the Bee will never forget the many delightful evenings it has passed at 17 Quincy Street, and though the bricks and mortar have disappeared our memories picture again the bright scenes which can never be forgotten.

Her new responsibilities as the wife of Harvard's head seemed only to make Grace love her old associates the more. She managed to continue a very regular attendant of the meetings of the Bee, although it must often have been difficult to escape other engagements on those Friday evenings. She seemed to give a touch of romance to the Bee, coming from a world of wide social and educational interests into our busy midst, always the busiest of workers and the readiest to help. She was the centre of a group whose names I could easily mention, her special admirers, for it was our invariable habit to break into little sets of chosen ones who were most congenial to one another. It was one of our glories that we were not afraid of "cliques," but quite frankly allowed our preferences full scope and cheerfully showed partiality to those we loved best.

Alice James left a classical remark for us to remember when she said: "It is astonishing how fond we are of the Bees, even of those we don't like."

But in choosing a neighbor for an evening's sewing, this universal sisterhood was rightly ignored.

Some of us not only sewed like devotees at the Bee meeting, but also took garments home to finish.

Marriages now became frequent events and we grew less amazed at their occurrence. New members were voted in to take the place of the Bees who had flown away to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, and even to Germany, Norway, and England. Those who went only as far as Newton, Boston, or Brookline could still reach Cambridge on Fridays, as could also those who moved to Lowell or Andover.

We passed through numerous changing fashions in dress. Hoop-skirts diminished in size, grew very small, and happily at last were seen no more. Sleeves became so tight that we could with difficulty bend our arms, and then so large that it needed nearly as much material to make a pair of sleeves as to make a skirt.

For a long time we wore waterfalls! Let me hasten to say that this was an arrangement of the hair which had no relation to running water. The back hair was thrown forward, a little cushion was placed against it and fastened, and the hair fell over this smoothly and was pinned underneath. I cannot resist the temptation to speak of the curious hair of

the present, 1923, for this fashion also will pass by, although the covering of the ears has gone on for about ten years. In the girl's eagerness to cover her ears, she often pulls her hair down lower and lower, until it suggests the whiskers which her grandfather used to wear. But this is a tempting digression which requires curbing. No member of the Bee wears her hair thus. It is only her daughter or granddaughter to whom the ear is a forbidden member.

Several Bees married men connected with Harvard College and continued to live in Cambridge. Several who did not marry lived on in the dignified old houses, Colonial or Victorian, of their parents and kept the beauty of the old days in their surroundings.

As the century drew to its close, it became more and more rare for a Bee to have a parent left, and a few gray hairs began to sprinkle over our brown and gold and black heads. We began to show in our faces, which had always been so fresh and young, the marks of time's passing.

When one of our members came back to Cambridge after a long sojourn in Washington and attended the first Bee she had seen for years, her heart ached to find a group of almost middle-aged women. They had the same features as of old, the same little gestures and mannerisms, the same voices. But

wrinkles were beginning to change the old freshness. Figures were beginning to broaden, teeth were less white, eyes were less clear. The world seemed to shake under her feet! The returned Bee's own looking-glass had already told her that one Bee was changing, but to find the whole group of twenty or thirty beginning to grow old was at first desolating. We know now that at the end of the century we had not yet met our friend, Old Age. That came later and much less painfully.

A detached record informs me that in 1887 the Bee suffered one of its futile attempts to become methodical, and voted solemnly that the president should be elected every three years. The result was that we kept our presidents as long as they were able to preside and never gave them up until marriage or failing health or death forcibly removed them.

Our first president, Susan Dixwell, married and went to live in the State of New York. She has often sent us photographs and messages, and once each Bee received from her a pair of white bed-shoes, knitted for us by her own devoted hands, having blue and pink borders in memory of the old-time socks of red, white, and blue. Next came Grace Eliot in 1867 who, I think, served until her marriage.

Our next president was bright and entertaining Mary White. There is no record to show how long

we flourished under her cheerful guidance. The size and vitality of the Bee tells the story of constant prosperity.

When Mary White died, Lizzie Simmons was elected president and her reign was long and superb. Her ever-present humor, her brilliant talk, her great dignity, lifted us into a realm of never-flagging activity and happiness.

Our meetings became brilliant social occasions. The simple little suppers of our mothers were things of the past. We now had ornate dinners in our own houses. We dressed carefully, with old lace and jewels or trinkets from across the sea. Our china was often rare and curious, while old silver, ancestral and otherwise, was resplendent. Flowers glowed in the centre of the table, and the efforts of cook or chef made us sit long while our sewing lay awaiting us in the parlor. Our witty ones, Marnie Warner, Lizzie Simmons, Alice James, tossed the talk across the table until we were in gales of laughter.

Ice-cream grew to be our established dessert, and it often happened that a silence fell upon us just before this handsome confection appeared, in the midst of which Lizzie Simmons would remark solemnly, "The ice-cream hush!"

Sometimes one of us, on the way to a large reception or other function, would stop, dressed in eve-

ning dress, and take dinner with the Bee. On such an occasion Lilian Farlow, tall and Grecian, made a noble picture and we all gazed proudly and fondly at our beauteous companion. We commented on such parts of her costume as struck our fancy. To remark upon one another's clothing has always been a prized prerogative of the Bee. Even on ordinary occasions we were apt to receive a volley of remarks over some new gown or necklace or way of doing the hair, all of which we accepted as a matter of course.

Long ago Lily Hoppin became our secretary, "because she owned a fountain pen and knew how to fill it." Whether she was born in this capacity or whether she was ever voted for I do not know, but she has long kept an account of our absences by writing in a little book the letters "ab" for those of us who were absent. Of anything like "the minutes of the last meeting" I have never heard.

These were the years of peace, during which we had altogether forgotten the sound of the beating of drums and the marching of feet, when we had long known nothing of the knitting of socks, when we felt no special thrill when we caught sight of the United States flag, unless perhaps it met us suddenly while we were travelling in some foreign country.

We had the excitement of welcoming a new century and with it came the transformation of a world.

ON PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S PIAZZA

CHAPTER III

LATER YEARS

THIS is the period of the small changes which have been creeping in amongst us — a little deafness here and there, a little halt in the gait, spectacles on the nose. Is this too sad to record? No, because it is the road ordained from the beginning, and we walk it together.

Many a time on a winter evening after dark I have stood on some doorstep, waiting for the maid to come and admit me to a Bee, while near me a lighted window would reveal the room inside where a group of silver heads were bent over their work. How well I knew each head and the knotting of its hair! I know the faces, quiet and humorous, that belong to the heads and I feel a momentary desire to pray for a benediction upon them all. I know how it will seem, a moment later, to be amongst them, making my way to the basket, helping myself to work and finding a seat unassisted while the chat goes on undisturbed.

The Bee has never been exactly a social unit. That is, a member of the Bee may know as little about the daily life of another member as would be the case if

one lived on Brattle Street and the other in China. Yet we call one another by the first name and greet each other affectionately once a fortnight. I maintain that this friendly and unsuspicious habit is one of the reasons for the brilliance and vivacity of the Bee. There could be no assemblage more opposite to the spirit of a Church Sociable than is our scintillating Bee. Is it a Sewing Circle, a dinner-party, or a Woman's Club? None of these. We are sure that it is unique. We arrive at any hour before, or even during, dinner. We bow or shake the hand of those already assembled, kiss and embrace one or two, then go to the basket which stands on the floor. The newcomer must discover the basket for herself and pick out a piece of sewing. Then she goes to the table and, after some searching, she unearths thread and needle, taking the latter from a red velvet needle-book in the shape of a large B. After this she finds a seat, near the light if possible, and is ready to sew a leisurely seam while she is gradually drawn into the talk, unless she prefers to sit perfectly still, a silence which is always respected and no questions asked.

Here is the sole record made in a little book devoted to the "abs" by the secretary. It is dated 1892: "On February 5th, 1892, L. Horsford presented the Bee with 4 scissors in a case. Immediately after this L. Gage used the button-hole scissors

for the first time." This is, when examined, not one of the most important events in the history of the Bee, but it is the only one, apparently, which was considered worth recording. Some of our events have been indeed memorable, and a short account of them will be found in a subsequent chapter. These events are called back by memory alone. They took place in the midst of our busy lives, were heartily enjoyed, and then for a time they were forgotten. But later years have given them a new value as we look back and recall the numerous marked episodes that came to us, because we were members of the Bee, and as far as mere reminiscence can make them live again we like to picture them to ourselves afresh.

Probably we shall have no more expeditions to distant towns. These call for more physical strength than is now ours. I noticed with some surprise that when, this summer, Eleanor Jackson proposed having a Bee at Beverly, the plan, after discussion, was dropped. Not long ago how gladly we should all have flocked to the sea!

It was during the nineteenth century that postal cards came into use. At first we were somewhat scornful of them, many people sniffily declaring that they should never, never use them. Lily Dana speaks, in her diary, of her efforts in collecting the members of the Bee for meetings in the old days. We evidently

gave the invitations verbally, walking from house to house for the purpose, and this was often a somewhat difficult task. The Bee soon wisely adopted postal cards and sent notices, laconically worded, to announce the place of meeting, adding "R.S.V.P." in the corner. Now and then the invitations were sent in rhyme, which put the Bee on its mettle at once and the answers came flying back in often very amusing verse.

During this time the meetings of the Bee became very large. More new members were voted in, married women living in Cambridge, people who probably never had heard of "The Banks Brigade." Some of these were distinguished in some line of accomplishment. They rapidly assimilated the Bee atmosphere and were as completely Bees as if they had been found amongst the redoubtable sixteen.

Our meetings were large enough to tax the ingenuity of the housekeepers. Twenty-four people to be seated at dinner and fed with numerous courses only caused us to pull ourselves together and make the event as beautiful as possible. About once a year several Bees combined to give a charming luncheon at the Oakley Country Club, always in spring when forsythias were in their glory. Sometimes we were invited to the Colonial Club in Cambridge — the basket always being on hand as it was in the private

houses. Once or twice we assembled at a feast at the Mayflower Club in Boston. On one of these occasions Carrie Brewster and Lizzie Simmons, just returned from Italy, gave each of us a silver Venetian coffee spoon. At the Brunswick Hotel too we made merry as the guests of Eleanor Jackson or Alice Wells. I have still on my bureau the Japanese wooden saucer holding a china cup which Grace Eliot brought from the East, and Lily Hoppin's gifts from Greece were welcomed with enthusiasm. There were also little wicker cages which were souvenirs of one of Mary Longstreth's Bees, little cages each containing what the Japanese call a singing bee. They had been ordered expressly for us from Japan by the generous Mr. Sharp, a member of Mary's household of whom you shall hear again, for after Mary had died, he had a Bee. I think it was the only one ever held by a man.

We invariably went to the dinner table in pairs in a procession, one Bee inviting another to walk with her. No rule was observed for this rite other than perhaps the taller one acting as gentleman. Placecards were almost unknown and often a small supplementary table was necessary. The hostess led the way, escorting the guest, for we not infrequently had an outsider with us, or a favorite sister. The president sat opposite the hostess at the table. It

has been remarked that the Bee has been singularly free from gossip.

There was discussion at one time as to whether every one should be compelled by statute to sew while at the Bee, but after some debate the matter was dropped, and happily we had amongst us some who very seldom touched a needle. These, not being in the habit of sewing at home, saw no reason for doing it at the Bee, and their reposeful attitude and that of those who brought knitting added to the general charm and variety which marked our meetings.

I find myself speaking in the past tense, being oppressed by the historical consciousness, but these Bee habits continue still, though I notice that more and more we are a little less energetic about our work than formerly. Eyes are growing dim, perhaps, or tiredness is more observable. It is only within the last few years that our festive suppers, or dinners, have been replaced by lunches. Going out in the evening, for women of seventy-six and seventy-nine, is becoming difficult. Our Bee luncheons are merry and full of chat, but the softening effect of time is gently falling on them, and they are not as sparkling as the evening feasts of old. This does not depress us. There is a sweetness and gentle cheer in the atmosphere that keeps our meetings fresh and

beautiful. At our last Bee, in June, 1923, at Grace Eliot's, fourteen of us were together at luncheon. Grace herself was with us, though for some years she has been an invalid and has not attended meetings of the Bee.

Now and then we enjoy the festivity of a business meeting. I purposely call it a festivity, for it is usually so treated by the Bee at large. I can see now the gleam of fun in the eyes of our president, Lizzie Simmons, as she took her place to preside on these occasions. Strict adherence to parliamentary law was quite ignored. Our treasurer, Alice Wells, kept us in touch with the needs of the hospital and the poor, and we could depend on her to tell us how many nightgowns and surgical towels to make and how much they would cost. Gertrude Sheffield knew always of the needs of the Avon Home, where for many years she was a trustee.

The business meetings of the Bee were approached in very festive mood. They occurred just after dinner when, seated in a circle around the charming living-room of some large house, we were quite in the vein to be flippant and full of repartee. After much discussion of an irrelevant but most entertaining kind, some vote might get itself passed, and whether or not we acted upon it in the future depended upon the exigencies of the moment.

Suddenly, on the first of August, 1914, like a great tidal wave unforeseen and dealing destruction, came the World War, when England, France, Russia, and Italy, and afterwards the United States, fought against Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria.

After a long pause the Bee was again busy with socks and with sewing for the soldiers. The war engrossed our thoughts and energies to the utmost. It was not enough to sew on Fridays, but a series of morning meetings went on for two years, when the Bee met at the house of Mary Cobb to make dresses, aprons, and underclothing for the Belgian orphans who were crowding by the thousand into France.

Ah! that tragedy of Belgium! It still reverberates around the world. Hundreds of Belgians were driven from their homes, leaving little children behind in barns and cellars. Children were found in strange places and were picked up and sent to the countries ready to receive them. America sent food to Belgium even before she sent soldiers, and the Bee was very active, not only with sewing, but with its interest in the Cambridge Branch of the Special Aid to the War Relief, a large organization of women of which Lilian Farlow was at one time the presiding officer.

There were emergency Bees at her house, summoned suddenly to fill a demand from the Red Cross Society for more shirts and stockings.

These four dark years were the saddest the world had ever known. Cambridge was full of camps, temporarily built to hold the recruited soldiers. One of these entirely covered the Cambridge Common. Marines were drilling in front of the Widener Library, and large bodies of serious-faced youths in khaki were forever marching through the streets of Cambridge to the beat of drums. After many years, again the beat of drums!

Our festive dinners became much simplified and we went back to repasts like the suppers of the Civil War.

When our Government called for a great loan to be collected throughout the country to defray the enormous expense of our entering the war, the Bee stepped forward so generously that one day there came a note from Lilian Farlow reading as follows:

"Dear Bees, this honor-flag comes to you as subscribers to the Victory Liberty Loan, and I hope you will give it a warm welcome to the Bee basket as well as to your hearts and homes."

I am quite sure that this three-cornered emblem of honor will never desert the Bee basket and that it will continue to decorate the room where we meet each fortnight to the end.

In the spring of 1918 a large procession of all the trades and organizations in Cambridge was planned,

to march through the streets and proclaim the importance of the Liberty Loan. Lilian Farlow, in her patriotic zeal, determined that the Bee should be represented in the procession — the Bee which had worked for soldiers in three wars and had knitted socks by the thousand. She engaged a large truck belonging to the Manhattan Market, and this she fitted with rugs and easy-chairs, making it like a room. In large letters on the side the words "The Bee" told the outside world what we were. Ten of us, with our knitting, sat in the truck and rode through the cheering multitudes on the curbstones. Whenever among the crowd a veteran of the Civil War happened to be standing, he gravely saluted with the military salute the suggestive truck, and at least once I think his eyes moistened. Ten of us white-haired workers enjoyed the sensation of taking part in a solemn procession, a somewhat curious and novel experience.

The four years of the Great War passed by. Even this at last was over, though at the time it had seemed interminable. But it has left the world in a state of chaos which in its turn seems to be without visible end. What can be the outcome of the fierce hatred amongst the nations of the world, the straining competition, the jealousy, the want of honor and justice?

CHAPTER IV

NOTABLE EVENTS

THESE were many. Some of them must have been altogether forgotten, for no record was made, at the time, of any of them. How many letters from Bees must have flown across the country, giving accounts of these prized moments! Would that I could catch some of these lost missives, and seize from them their fresh descriptions made at the moment!

THE RUSSIAN FLEET

In the midst of the Civil War, in 1863 or 1864, the friendly nation of Russia sent to the Northern States a fleet of her warships, as a pledge of her sympathy in the struggle. It happened that the father of Marnie Storer was the United States Consul to Russia and that he was just then at home in Cambridge. The warships sailed into Boston Harbor and were anchored there for several days, and during this time a great reception was given for the officers of the ships at the house of the Storers on Kirkland Street. Whether the whole Bee attended the reception I do not remember, but many of us happily were present and in the mood for dancing and prom-

enading until the small hours. Many of the officers spoke only French and very broken English, but they entered into the pleasures of the evening with great gusto, and they looked very handsome in their gold-trimmed uniforms. A day or two after this the officers returned the courtesy by giving an afternoon reception on board the Russian Flag Ship, which was gaily decorated with flags, and flowers, while the ship's band played for dancing on deck. The names of Captains Kasherinenoff and Trapeznikoff were left amongst old memories, to be recalled forty or fifty years afterwards.

THE BICYCLING BEE

In 1897 Carrie Brewster thought it would be a good plan to vary our usual dinners by inviting us to a Bicycling Breakfast. We were to arrive at her house on our bicycles at nine o'clock on a Friday morning, and many of us accomplished this feat in due form, although those who arrived on foot or in carriages did not fail to gain admittance. It was the birthday of our president, radiant Lizzie Simmons, and verses in her honor cheered the breakfast table. The verses contributed by Lilian Farlow I have chosen to insert here, but I hasten to say that the Bee often broke into song with a spontaneity worthy of its irresistible exuberance, and the sev-

enth chapter of this book will give specimens of its hovering muse.

To E. R. S.

April 8th, 1897

All hail to our dear Lizzie Simmons!
  As she reaches the birth of this day,
As she marshals the decades behind her,
  Leads us on to the quieter way
Of the life that is constantly changing
  And bringing us all to gray hairs,
That has seen us for just half a cycle
  Climbing up this great ladder of years.

We have chattered and eaten together,
  We have sewed and have stitched at the Bee,
We have met and have kissed and have parted
  For the sake of sweet old Charity!
We have cut and have basted the garments,
  With the pedal we've moved the machine
That has shaped them all into the beauty
  That encloses the children of men.

And now, as you stand at the pivot
  With the past and the future in view,
Within sight of the *fin de siècle*,
  Won't you lead us in something that's new?
Can't we take these half-cycles we're living
  And bind them in one with a Bi-,
Use our pedals for high-gear centuries,
  And soar like a bird in the sky?

Can't we turn all our well-wornout needles
  Into spokes of bright, burnished steel,
Can't we shorten our trains into bloomers
  And gaily ride forth on a wheel?
Let us leave all our needles and scissors,
  Our patterns and buttons and thread,
Only spin with the cycles of Æolus
  With you, our brave leader, ahead!

Let us sing like the lark in the sky!
  Let us soar like the wind o'er the sea!
Haste, Wheel! for the moment is nigh
  When I dream of the Bicycling Bee!
Then, hurrah! for the old Banks Brigade,
  With its maidens so gay and so thrifty,
And, hurrah! for the Bicycling Bee
  With its jolly old women of fifty!

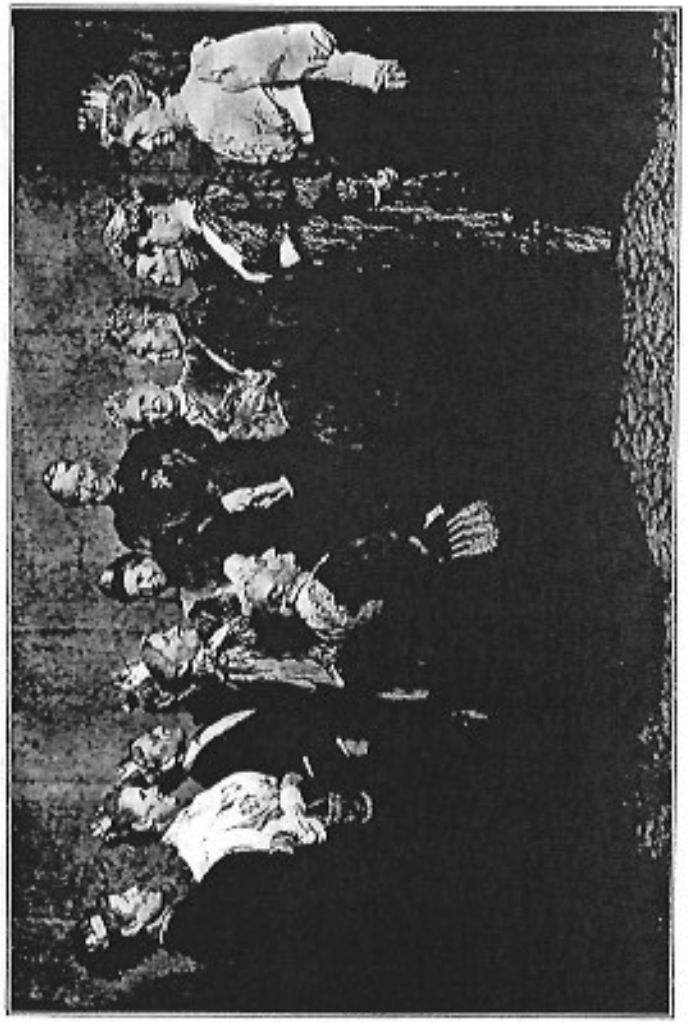
THE OLD MANSE

One bright fall day the entire Bee spent at Concord, imbibing the atmosphere of the historic Manse where Hawthorne and Emerson had lived, meditated, and written. The house was now owned in the family of Lizzie Simmons, through whose courtesy we were entertained at luncheon in the old dining-room. After luncheon Dr. Emerson, the poet's son, gave us an historical sketch of the early occupants of the manse, which stood during the Revolutionary War just where it still stands.

We were also guests at Concord when Carrie Brewster invited the Bee to meet there with her. Mr. Brewster showed the interesting place to us and pointed out the hill which he proposed to make into a bird sanctuary.

THE WELCOME TO CORA PEABODY

There was once a blessed time, before the War of 1914 had disintegrated the universe, when the



THE GOLD CROWN BEE

United States enjoyed close and friendly relations with Germany. Harvard was alert to strengthen this national good-will, and formed a habit of sending to foreign universities a professor each year. In Berlin the versatile Kaiser Wilhelm II always welcomed the American lecturer with great cordiality, inviting him to festivities at the Palace, and taking him aboard the royal yacht for cruises of weeks at a time. One year Professor Peabody was Harvard's representative. Mrs. Peabody, who was "Cora" at the Bee, was to come to Grace Eliot's for her first appearance after returning from Germany, and some inventive individuals declared that she must be appropriately welcomed by crowned heads, those being the companions to which she had grown accustomed. So crowns of many shapes were quickly made of pasteboard and gold paper, and before Cora arrived these shining adornments were pinned to our heads. When she, unaware of what lay in store for her, entered the parlor, we all rose, surrounded her, and made courtesies according to our capacity, while she at once understood the meaning of our unusual behavior, and listened to Lizzie Simmons's welcoming speech, which was in English, but with the German arrangement of sentences. We were a gray-haired, gold-crowned procession as we marched two by two into the dining-room, while President Eliot

stood in the hall with an amused smile and watched us file by, presumably concluding that the Bee was a body not only of distinction but of originality.

THE EASTERN COSTUME BEE

President and Mrs. Eliot had taken a year's journey around the world, and it was with deep pleasure that Cambridge found them at home after their long absence. In the midst of their trip, while they were stopping on the Island of Ceylon, President Eliot had been suddenly attacked by appendicitis, and an operation had been necessary. It was performed by a black native surgeon, and for two weeks there was doubt of Mr. Eliot's recovery, so that there was double cause for rejoicing that he had come safely back to his own country. It made one catch one's breath to think of Grace (off in Ceylon where elephants marched through the streets as common beasts of burden) waiting day after day for the surgeon's verdict on her husband's condition. But these anxious days were over and we were to welcome her to her first Bee after many months. This could not possibly be passed over as an ordinary Bee, but must be specialized according to our habit, and it was decided that we should welcome her appropriately gowned in Eastern costume. The Bee met at the house of Carrie Brewster, which meant surroundings

beautiful and rare. Many of our dresses were superb, of silks and satins heavily embroidered, and several Bees were worthy of an artist's brush. Grace, who had unwittingly come in a simple silk gown, was surprised and touched, so that she talked less than usual, though we all plied her with questions about her travels. Her eyes saw scenes that were far away from the laughing Bee. After dinner she sat down at the piano and played "Auld Lang Syne" while we, in our many-colored robes, stood around her and sang the old song.

MARY LONGSTRETH'S RETURN

In the fall of 1913 Mary Longstreth moved from Philadelphia back to Cambridge. The house, 101 Brattle Street, where Mary had passed her girlhood, again became her home. She and Dr. Longstreth, with their friend Mr. Sharp, looked forward to years of pleasant companionship as they luxuriously fitted up the house, and opened it most hospitably to their friends. Mary was queenly in her city dresses and luxurious wraps. She was much devoted to the Bee; so that whenever we met at 101 Brattle Street we enjoyed a special festivity. At one of her Bees sewing was dropped after dinner while Mary, seated in the midst of us, gave a picturesque narrative of her private audience with the King of Spain. She

began with an account of her preparation for the visit, which included a twenty-five dollar feather for her hat, and the story grew more and more exciting as she went on to describe in detail the carriages, the approach to royalty, and the affability and cordiality of the King, who spoke excellent English. Dr. Longstreth sometimes sociably joined us during the evening, which made a pleasant break in our usual habit of the banished Bee husband.

THE NEW YORK VISIT

When Susan Whitney was a young girl she lived on Quincy Street. Afterwards she and her family moved to Brookline, and there she married a wealthy lawyer of New York, Mr. Dimock. Her brother, William C. Whitney, became Secretary of the Treasury under President Grover Cleveland. But, with all the distinction and gaiety of New York, Sue kept her interest in the Bee; so that, on her occasional visits to New England, we greeted a handsome and gifted woman of the world, who had been our vivacious schoolmate and who was always warm and unforgetful of past years. In 1900 Sue Dimock invited the entire Bee to come and spend a few days with her in New York! She engaged rooms in her neighborhood to accommodate as many as could accept her invitation. Five Bees travelled from Cambridge to

New York and there was room for them all in the house of the Dimocks. Mary Longstreth from Philadelphia joined them, and Lucy White, so that eight Bees were gathered together to represent the old Banks Brigade in new surroundings.

The visiting Bees arrived on Friday and were met by carriages at the station. As they entered the house, each was given a bunch of violets by Sue's young daughter. A dinner-party occupied the evening, the hostess being dressed in her usual white satin gown. There were gilt Marie Antoinette chairs covered with tapestry. The walls were hung with silk instead of paper. There were great silver vases on the mantel which had once belonged to Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII). The vases had been sold by him, in a moment of impecuniosity, while he was travelling in India. At dinner the china was Capo di Monte, and in these interesting surroundings it was discovered that a Bee in New York could be a Bee as merry and as conversational as had always been a Bee in Cambridge. On the day following, the Bees were guests of Susan Dimock at the opera, and on Sunday they heard the glorious Schumann-Heink. On Monday they said good-bye to their hostess and went home.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLASS

This was a series of Saturday morning lectures given at Mary Longstreth's house by Mrs. Alden Ward, who had a reputation far and wide for making vivid the doings of the busy world. The large parlor was filled by an audience of women, including so many members of the Bee that I think I am justified in calling it one of our events. Dr. and Mrs. Longstreth gave these occasions dignity by standing in the hall and receiving each person as she arrived and greeting her as a guest. After a year or two of these very enjoyable mornings, a change began to creep into the face of the hostess. It grew paler, and we could see, that with all her courage and her brave refusal to be conquered by pain, her health was breaking. For all her cordial smiles the stamp of a sleepless night betrayed hidden suffering.

In the summer of 1914 Mary and her husband sailed for their much-loved Spain, and in the August of that year they both died, only a few weeks apart, in Barcelona. The following fall came the double funeral service with two caskets side by side. It was held in that newly decorated house where so often as girls we had danced and frolicked, and as women we had been royally entertained, and the caskets stood where forty-three years before Mary and Dr. Longstreth stood to be married.

MR. LUCIAN SHARP'S BEE

Mr. Sharp, the adopted son of Dr. and Mrs. Longstreth, was left alone in the great house, alone with the servants and the handsome furniture, with the anticipation of happy future years quite gone. In the winter after the double funeral his thoughts turned to the Bee, because it had been loved by his adored adopted mother. He wished us to come to him before he dismantled the place where she had been, and he invited us to have a Bee in the familiar surroundings once more. One Friday night we dined, in memory of Mary Longstreth, with Mr. Sharp at 101 Brattle Street. It was not exactly a Bee, for no basket appeared and no sewing was done. It was the only Bee ever given by a man. It was a dinner-party, called a Bee in memory of one of our most devoted members. We wore evening dress and seated ourselves about a table glittering with cut glass and silver and brightened by banks of flowers. As for the food, it was ingeniously decorative; in fact I believe that at one stage a highly ornamented boar's head was triumphantly brought in by one of the waiters. There was so much to interest the guests that it is easy to forget what viands were placed before us, in the general maze of colorful incidents which followed each other through the evening.

At each plate lay a little box containing a red morocco case, in which was framed a photograph of Mary Longstreth, taken when she was a young girl and first joined the Banks Brigade. And also beside each plate we found a charming picture of the marble fountain which Mary had so much enjoyed having placed in the grounds at the right of the house, a fountain copied from one at Versailles and made in Paris. We were seated in carved black oak chairs with high backs, and it was surprising to be informed, in a little speech at the table by Mr. Sharp, that if each of us looked on the back of the chair in which she was then sitting she would find a little silver plate with her name engraved upon it, and that the chairs were to be sent to our several houses as souvenirs of the evening! Not long afterwards the chairs were delivered each to its owner, and since then, when we have the Bee the hostess sits in her Bee chair at supper.

After the dinner and the speeches from Mr. Sharp and Alice Wells, we seated ourselves in the great room-like hall, while at the head of the stairs a quartette sang to us the musical arrangement of Omar Khayyám, and we listened dreamily to the expressive music as the strains came floating down to us. This was a Bee of such an unusual kind that its memory will never fade.

EXPEDITIONS TO THE THEATRE

Several times we went in a body to the theatre or the opera. Once when Mary Longstreth came from Philadelphia we were her guests at luncheon at the Castle Square Hotel, followed by a play at the Castle Square Theatre.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY OF LIZZIE SIMMONS

It was her sixty-seventh; and we met at the house of Alice Byerly, whose husband was a Professor of Mathematics at Harvard. Most of us had not known beforehand that this was other than an ordinary meeting of the Bee, though special "features" were so common with us that we were not much surprised to be met at the dining-room door by Grace Eliot, who presented each of us with a little lace cap with tabs at the sides, and these we were requested to pin to our heads to show that we were now old ladies. Our president had arrived at the advanced age of sixty-seven. The caps were unquestionably becoming, and we were pictures of demure ladyhood as the roomful was thus placed under a little fall of snow-white lace. Sewing went on as usual, and after supper, before we had risen from the table, a Latin oration (written by Lilian Farlow, who was ill) was read by Grace Eliot whose manner mirrored

the tones of her husband when he conferred degrees at Harvard Commencement.

The poem, commemorating this fascinating meeting of the Bee, will be found in the chapter of verses. The oration, though not in rhyme, is also there.

A BEE AT ELEVEN QUINCY STREET

Many a meeting of the Bee had been bright and joyous at No. 11 Quincy Street in the old days, when Alice Palmer was in her radiant mood of welcome and good cheer. Then came a pause. The Bees at Quincy Street ceased; for she had died one winter far away in Paris.

Some years later my husband and I lived there with our brother, Professor Palmer, and finally the Bees felt that they could bear to meet again where Alice had once been the hostess, and where her never-fading presence pervaded the familiar rooms.

At one of my Bees in this house full of memories, the members found at dinner, at each place, a volume of Alice's poems. The volumes were gifts from Professor Palmer. They were bound in white, and on the back of each volume a little golden bee testified to the fact that they had been made expressly for us. That evening after dinner Professor Palmer was allowed to join our group, and he read to us from the little volume.

LOWELL AND ANDOVER

At Christ Church Rectory at Andover in apple-blossom time, the Bee was welcomed as it energetically travelled up by rail from Cambridge. It was before the days of automobiles. After luncheon sewing was ignored while a tally-ho coach took us through the fragrant country-side around North Andover Pond.

At Lowell, the stately house of Mattie McDaniels stood in its beautiful garden, on a hill overlooking the Merrimac River. Our luncheons here were festivals. The table was gay with glass and china and with great bunches of roses which were the gift of the "Great Unknown." It was thus that some inspired member had christened Mr. McDaniels; because his generosity proved him to be indeed great, while it happened that very few of us had the pleasure of knowing him.

Carriages conveyed us to and from the railway station and our journey home was full of talk over the "Great Unknown" and his wife, and the pleasures of the day.

While speaking of the Bees at unusual places, I do not forget the one given by Sara Farwell at the house of Mrs. Frederick Ayer on Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, a house which perhaps deserves the name

of "palace." Here we heard a quite enchanting concert by some English singers, who in old-time costumes sang old songs, and were exquisite in both personality and voice.

BERTRAM HALL

For years our secretary, Lily Hoppin, presided over this large dormitory belonging to Radcliffe College, and bore the romantic official title of "Mistress of Bertram Hall." It was during the Christmas or Easter holidays, when all the students were away, that we had this large hall for our own purposes, and an opportunity to test for ourselves the magic housekeeping of our secretary.

THE FUNERAL OF LIZZIE SIMMONS

For many years Lizzie Simmons lived with Mr. and Mrs. Brewster in the beautiful house, 145 Brattle Street. When he died, the house was sold, but the wife and the more than sister lived together until the end. They took an apartment in Boston, and old age crept unrelentingly upon them. It was a sad experience for the Bee to see their brilliant and ever-alert president gradually grow less and less able to hear what was going on around her, until she insisted on resigning her post. After this we saw her seldom, and then came the announcement of her death. There was a special funeral service for the

ELIZABETH RIPLEY SIMMONS

Bee alone, conducted by the Reverend Doctor Crothers on the day preceding her funeral in Cambridge. Carrie Brewster, almost blind, seemed quiet and self-possessed that day, and we wondered at the strength which upheld her, as her loved companion of many years lay in her casket. Is it not strange that we can walk straight onward under the storms and dangers brought by advancing years? We can never make our children understand the inward glow that comes with sorrow, the hope that comes with disappointment, the sense of beginning that comes with every ending.

BEQUESTS

Twice the Bee has been in the thoughts of members who looked forward to leaving the world.

Long ago Louise Whittemore left us one hundred dollars, and this has enabled us to buy more material for work than would have been possible otherwise, and it has allowed us to make occasionally some gift to a worthy object.

During the war of 1914 our sweet Annie Morrison died, leaving one hundred dollars in the hands of Lizzie Simmons and Grace Eliot, for the Bee. They decided to send the sum to France in the name of the Bee, for the benefit of two orphans of French soldiers. This amount was subsequently increased by the gifts of several specially interested members of the Bee.

CHAPTER V

ANNIVERSARIES

OUR anniversaries have been noteworthy, but I think it did not occur to us that we were of sufficient dignity to celebrate them until we had gone some distance on our way.

I find no record of a fifteenth anniversary, and the nearest approach to a tenth is told by Lily Dana in her valuable diary. At this time she lived in Boston and the extract is as follows:

"Boston, Friday, November 10th, 1871. Out to Cambridge and the Bee at Isabella Dana's, Brattle Street. Rainy day. Carrie Parsons, G. Hopkinson, B. Stone, L. Allen, and Julia Marcou were there. J. Marcou and Grace played on the piano and Grace sang. Ella had too gorgeous a supper, I think — scalloped oysters, bread and butter, crackers, tea-cake, biscuit, peach preserve, quince jelly, tea, chocolate, and cake."

Apparently our twentieth year passed unnoticed, although by 1881 many of us were established in homes of our own. The presence of children in our households undoubtedly occupied our time and attention. But by the time twenty-five years had gone

and middle age had come to us, the thoughts of the Bee awoke to a consciousness of its long existence.

The twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated at the house of Grace Eliot (which was then No. 17 Quincy Street), on December 3, 1886. The members of the Club were invited to meet with the Bee, and by a curious coincidence at this twenty-fifth anniversary there were present twenty-five members of the Club and twenty-five members of the Bee. The fifty ladies were seated at small tables through the hall and dining-room, and after dinner came a prepared programme of essays and poems by members of the two societies. The hostess, Grace Eliot, welcomed her guests with the following words:

"Dear fellow-workers in these two twenty-five-year-old sewing circles. It is my glad duty to welcome to this anniversary celebration those sisters who have come from distant cities to this scene of their maiden industry, and those who have here in Cambridge pursued the even tenor of their way, stitching and hemming every other Friday of these twenty-five years.

"At first, school-girls whose opportunities for learning how to 'cut and baste' had been extremely limited, what curious shapes our work had! And when the oddly cut garments were finally made — with much industry and enthusiasm certainly, and

not so bad after all as might have been expected — with what pleasure we sent them off to the Sanitary Commission, hoping and believing that among the hundreds of soldiers to be clothed some would be found to fit the shirts and drawers, havelocks, mittens, and stockings that we school-girls sent, with earnest and sometimes aching hearts, as our contribution to the war for the Union. I do not dare to say how many pairs of socks our Colonel Sue knit, while she was studying or reciting, at concerts, in cars, receiving calls at home or making them abroad. Many other Clubs and Bees kept a blue stocking always on the needles, and one was to be seen in every house lying on a convenient table ready for knitting whenever a pliant moment came.

"Then the sad war days came to an end, but the proposition that our Brigade disband was not entertained for a moment. Miss Parsons's contagious enthusiasm won all our interest for her hospital — our interest, but in those days we were not very diligent, and I remember that we were so slow in making nightgowns for one poor little deformed girl there that I came to feel as if she were having a trousseau like Crescens's in the 'Initials' with 'everything in forties.'

"Then we began sewing for Mrs. Paine, and strangers used to think poor Mrs. Paine must be

very destitute indeed to need so many things sent to her. I sometimes used to wonder, when I saw all the 'Marsh' children going home from school, which of the Cambridge Sewing-Circles supplied the 'shimmies and drawers' they were wearing on that particular day.

"In the midst of our pleasure to-night, let us send greeting of welcome most hearty and sisterly to Norway, Germany, England; Chicago, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Boston, Cambridge — wherever Clubs and Bees are wishing they were with us as we would so gladly have them. And in the ranks of both Club and Bee there are empty places that can never be filled. We are all thinking of warm hearts, ready sympathies, hearty laughs, loved voices, that made an important part of our happiness in former years and that we remember and miss at every meeting.

"I welcome all old and all new members of the two Sewing Circles to the next quarter-centennial, beginning this month. May our relations in the future be always as warm as they have been in the past, and may those who meet at our fiftieth anniversary celebration be as cheerful as we are now!"

There followed a metrical welcome from the president of the evening, Miss Storer, and the first toast, "The Bee and the Club, the Club and the Bee." In

response came a poem by Lizzie Simmons which will be found in the chapter of verse. The second toast, "The Bee," was answered by Mary White, as president, who read an interesting letter from Lizzie Harris. To the third toast the response came in verse by Ellen Hopkinson Goodwin. The reply to the sixth toast, "The Club Expression," by Miss Sarah L. Howe, was as follows:

"I hope there is no Dr. McCosh among the Bees who will go away hastily in sorrow and anger because I speak only of the 'Club Expression.' Of course the Bee has its own peculiar expression, but I speak only of the 'Club Expression.' It is like sunshine on the landscape; it lights up the whole face. There may be defects of feature, possibly a wrinkle or a gray hair, but the 'Club Expression' overpowers all; nothing else is seen. Do you remember in 'Alice in Wonderland,' when the Cheshire cat gradually disappeared and left nothing but its grin, Alice said, 'Well, I have heard of a cat without a grin, but never of a grin without a cat.' We in Cambridge say we have heard of expression without its Club, but never of the Club without its expression."

The ninth toast to "The husbands of the Club and the Bee," was amusingly answered in rhyme by one of the husbands. The tenth and last of the toasts was given enthusiastically to "Our Hostess, whose

gracious hospitality has made our twenty-fifth anniversary so pleasant and successful."

An ode, written for the occasion, by Miss Goodwin, was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," thus ending a happy and memorable evening.

The fortieth anniversary was celebrated at the house of Professor Parsons on Garden Street. On this occasion the Club acted as hostess, inviting the Bee to join in the festivities of the evening which were delightfully entertaining. They consisted of scenes from Dickens and from "Cranford" acted with much vivacity and charm. Old songs were sung by Grace Eliot and Lily Dana, and both societies were dressed in the costumes of 1861.

The forty-fifth anniversary was quietly celebrated at the house of Lucy Gage. Again we appeared in hoop-skirts with our hair tucked into the nets of former years, and, seated at small tables set about the parlor, we took tea and chatted and listened to short and brilliant speeches throughout the evening.

In November, 1911, the Bee had completed a half-century of vigorous existence. We recognized that a worthy celebration was in order, and the occasion was planned for with care. A Committee from the original sixteen was appointed to make arrangements, with Mary Deane as chairman. Very pretty invitations, engraved on cards and decorated with a

gold Club in one corner and a gold Bee in the other were sent to the members of the Club to join us on Friday evening, the 16th of November, for dinner at the Oakley Country Club House. We were a large group of gray heads, perhaps fifty, as we marched to the dining-room that evening, each Bee escorting a member of the Club.

A full account of the fiftieth anniversary has been typewritten, including all the speeches and the ode. It is bound in white and decorated duly with the bee and the club. This volume, which was given to the Bee by Carrie Brewster, relieves me from the necessity of giving all the details of this touching event.

In the large parlor of the Oakley Club an open fire crackled on the hearth to cheer us as we came in. The members of the Committee greeted us, and soon we moved towards the dining-room which was brilliant with American Beauty roses. Fifty of these, which had been sent by children of the Bee, towered on each side of the mantel piece. The card which came with these read: "From children of the Banks Brigade, who cherish among their dearest possessions the memory of the sacrifices made by the women of the Civil War."

Fifty more roses glowed on the dinner-table, a gift from the Club to the Bee, and fifty more were sent by a son of Helen Gade. A hundred sumptuous roses

were hardly too many for the large table, and they gladdened our eyes and perhaps prevented us from feeling unduly sad over our absent members. We thought lovingly of those who had disappeared from the world. We thought lovingly of Grace Eliot, who was in India, and of Lizzie Simmons, our president, who was ill in Cambridge, but who sent us a characteristic message. Grace sent us from across the sea a letter of sympathy and cheer which was read after dinner and which we greatly enjoyed.

It was after dinner that the evening's main interest began. Lilian Farlow, the toastmistress, rose and stood, tall and radiant, at the centre of the table, and after a delightful preliminary speech she introduced each of the interesting papers which were read alternately by Clubs and Bees, while Lilian's witty introductions ran like a thread of gold through the evening. Lilian's opening speech was as follows:

"Attention, Banks Brigade!

"Attention, McClellan Company!

"Right-about — face!

"Such might have been the call to order fifty years ago when gathering together on such a festive occasion; so I renew it as we break away from this pleasant intercourse of Bee and Club to listen for a few moments to the course of events as seen currently by Club and Bee for fifty years.

"Great changes have come to the slim girls of fourteen and sixteen with their hearts full of enthusiasm to help their country in her hour of need, to aid their brothers and sweethearts in saving the Union.

"Not having been an original Bee myself, I can relate the awe and admiration of the lesser Cambridge girls for the wonderful ones who knew so much about the soldiers, who knitted stockings for them day in and day out, sewed boxes full of clothing and pulled or scraped lint for the hospitals. I remember as if it were yesterday seeing Sue Dixwell walking in the Cambridge Common, knitting as she went — the great first president of the Bee!

"How proud we were of the Harvard students who guarded the arsenal at the outbreak of the war! How we peeped covertly through the slats of the arsenal fence to see the forms of the noblest and bravest of men pacing solemnly up and down! How our enthusiasm showed itself by attending divine service twice even in one Sunday morning, and with what ardent spirit we joined in singing, 'My Country, 'tis of thee,' or in collecting envelopes stamped with the precious flag!

"At the Harvard Commencement this year I saw a few of these men honored and revered by all, and I had the privilege of hearing one speak after the alumni dinner. There was the slim and upright figure

as of old, the dignity and the grace we knew, now blended with age and experience into one of our country's leaders — one of her seven wise men.

"At the inauguration of Miss Pendleton as President of Wellesley College a few days ago, one of the delegates told me a story about a student of the Union Theological Seminary, who was sent into the country to preach to a small congregation. At the close of the service one of the fathers of the church said to him: 'We liked your sermon real well and we'd like to give you a call, but we hear that at the Union Seminary they teach that Abraham was a myth'!

"To prove to both Bee and Club that our part in the Civil War was not a myth, I call upon one of our original Bees — a charter member — our sister, Caroline Parsons, to tell of our history."

Amongst the most valuable of the speeches was this written and read by Carrie Parsons, in answer to the first toast, from which I have already quoted. A few more words from it may well be given:

"We began early to be approved by royalty. When King Edward the Seventh, then the young Prince of Wales, was in America, one of several girls awaiting his carriage ran across the lawn the better to see His Royal Highness, and the Prince was heard to exclaim, 'Look at that pretty girl!' She is here to-

night." The pretty girl was blue-eyed Anna Page with her wealth of golden hair.

Another Bee, also present that night, was introduced to the Prince of Wales during that same visit to America.

The programme at the table closed with Sara Farwell's ode written for the occasion, after which bouquets of flowers were given to her and to others by Anna Allyn, who also gave to the "originals" little bees of gold with ruby eyes which had been made the summer before in Rome. Telegrams and messages from absent Bees and from other friends were read before we rose from the table. This we did regretfully at last, and as we left the dining-room a trio of violin, 'cello, and piano played the old war songs of 1861.

Until late we chatted over our coffee and chocolate. Finally we formed a ring, clasping hands while we sang together "Auld Lang Syne."

Our souls felt large as we went home that night, and perhaps we thought that the fiftieth would be the last of our anniversaries. It seemed much like a closing chorus with its roses, its fulness of reminiscence, and its glow of friendliness.

Eleven years flew by, with full and busy meetings of the Bee still coming together in the evenings. In 1922, at the house of Lilian Farlow, we celebrated

what is called "The Diamond Jubilee." This name came out of the blue and seems rather to deliver us from celebrating our seventy-fifth!

It took the shape of a luncheon, preceded by sewing. The basket was in its place, and while we sat surrounded by small garments scattered about the room and forgetful that we were celebrating an anniversary, into our midst walked an elderly gentleman with the air of one who had a right to be there.

It was Professor George H. Palmer from across the street, and Lilian at once welcomed him and introduced him to us as one who would speak a few words. We gladly folded our hands and listened while he, in his liquid and luminous way, recalled the image of his wife, Alice Freeman, and told us how very dear the Bee had been to her. Just as Professor Palmer's address was over Mr. John Graham Brooks came in. He also was welcomed and introduced, and he gave us a very stirring account of the accomplishments of Professor Farlow (the husband of our hostess) who had for many years been Professor of Cryptogamic Botany at Harvard.

After the luncheon we had a visit from one more husband, this time President Eliot. He spoke of the long life of the Bee, of its good work, and of the affection and interest which his wife had always felt

for it and its welfare, and of their desire that its history should be written.

It was evident that these three husbands had imbibed from their wives a never-dying and sympathetic interest in the Bee, and doubtless all the other husbands and brothers could have testified to the same feeling.

Three members of the Club were with us as guests — only three were strong enough to come. The meetings of the Club had ceased, and not many of its members were left in the world.

At luncheon we were enchanted by the notes of a harp, beautifully played in the next room, the notes floating in to us through the open door. It seemed to bring a soft dream-like mood, as if a bit of magic had crept into the atmosphere. It spoke of the never-ending romance of life, the golden something which years have no power to take away.

CHAPTER VI

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

THE writing of this chapter I approach with some hesitation. Our motto has been, laconically stated, "Once a Bee, always a Bee." It was, however, inevitable that some of us should be more constant in attendance at the meetings than others. It sometimes happened that even a member of the Bee would find other affairs so absorbing that she would disappear altogether. Almost a lifetime would be required to write sixty-four biographies, however they might be shortened, and of my life there remains only a remnant!

In the frank, free mood of the Bee itself, therefore, I shall arbitrarily give a necessarily inadequate account of a few of our members, and let them be representative of the Bee. I have chosen mainly those whose fathers or husbands were widely known, and also the officers of the Bee.

MISS ALICE CARPENTER ALLYN

Alice is our present president, and we wish her a long reign in the position for which she is so well fitted. She is one of our youngest members, being only seventy-three, and her hearty kindness and her

ready ability to accomplish results and her loyalty and devotion to the Bee, these qualities give us courage to go on still further with our task and to keep up our good cheer and our never-dying interest in our meetings and our work. She is a descendant of Governor Bradford of the Mayflower.

MRS. JOHN ALLYN

Little Anna! Her golden hair still holds its gold and her gentle presence is ever welcome. She is not fond of sewing, but this is of no consequence, only giving variety to the group as she crochets industriously, while every one is glad to sit at her side and chat of that and this with the gentle little lady. At home she has performed the remarkable feat of painting the walls of her bedroom with apple-blossoms, copied from fresh branches broken from the trees in spring. It has taken several springs to finish the painting, and the result is very lovely. The blossoms suit the occupant of the room, whose husband once said to her, in a mood of comparing people with flowers, "You are a lily-of-the-valley." Anna Page married John Allyn, who enlisted in the Civil War at the age of eighteen while a junior at Harvard and went south full of enthusiasm to fight for love of his country. He was sent on a dangerous errand, returned unharmed, was commended by his commanding officers and is mentioned in the Congressional records of Washington.

MRS. OLE BULL

The wife of the great violinist who won wide distinction as a musician in the middle of the nineteenth century. He was a Norwegian by birth, and the house of Mrs. Bull, on Brattle Street, was foreign in atmosphere and eminently artistic. I remember that at one of the Bees at this house her daughter, Olea, danced charmingly for us and made the occasion fascinating and unusual.

MRS. WILLIAM BREWSTER
MISS ELIZABETH R. SIMMONS

Mr. Brewster was a celebrated ornithologist. Mr. and Mrs. Brewster lived on Brattle Street, on the corner of Sparks Street, and their house was artistic and beautiful. On account of a singularly devoted friendship, Lizzie Simmons lived with the Brewsters. Carrie and Lizzie were more than sisters. They were a contrast in looks, each fine in her own way. Carrie was handsome, and her neat and erect figure was habited in clothing of severe elegance and richness; while Lizzie, with her clean-cut features and plainly combed hair, tended to a simplicity of dress which was very becoming. An occasional handsome heavy

chain of Thun silver gave a finish to her dress. Lizzie was a being of such wit and such glorious intelligence that our years under her presiding were memorable. Her bubbling fun was always ready to enchant us, while her quiet dignity and self-possession never failed. There was a beautiful nobleness about her whole personality.

MRS. A. V. G. ALLEN

We called her Bessie Allen and welcomed warmly her round smiling face. Her husband was Professor Alexander V. G. Allen, who wrote the "Life of Phillips Brooks" and other well-known books, and who gave to each Bee a copy of "Religious Progress" in memory of his wife. It seemed strangely inappropriate that she should be called away from life while she was still young.

MRS. JOHN G. BROOKS

Benign is her presence still, with its bright, kind smile. Her husband is a sociologist and a widely known lecturer.

MRS. EDWARD BURNETT

This was Mabel Lowell, daughter of James Russell Lowell, the poet and at one time United States

Ambassador to England. In her young girlhood Mabel was most fair. Many were our walks up and down Brattle Street going to and from Miss Lyman's School. Life lay rich before us and we endlessly discussed its possibilities. At fifteen Mabel thought herself to be in love, and when I wonderingly asked her how she knew that this exciting event had happened to her she replied: "Because last night when I went up to bed I took a match to wind up my watch with instead of taking my watch key."

It was Mabel who in school one day gave this answer to her teacher who was expounding our lesson in "Rhetoric," as we called it then. Said the teacher, "I suppose you have sometimes heard people say 'You was' instead of 'You were'?" "No," said Mabel, "I never have. All my friends always say 'You were.'" Mabel Lowell married Mr. Edward Burnett, of Southboro', and a large family came to them. She died in 1898.

MRS. FRANCIS O. LYMAN
MISS ELIZABETH E. DANA

These were two daughters of Richard H. Dana, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast." They were sisters of Richard H. Dana, Jr., who married Edith Longfellow. Charlotte used often to sing to us with her clear soprano voice. She was light-haired

and joyous in temperament. She did not continue to live in Cambridge after her marriage and was early lost as a regular member of the Bee, though she made us occasional visits. She died in 1903. Her sister, the faithful Lily, lives on Appian Way and is with us nearly always. In the old school-days her beautiful hair was often curled and fell in a cascade at the back of her head. Genealogy is her special delight, and I think she should now be writing this chapter of our history. She also with her contralto voice used to sing for us, and her diary, kept through many years, has given us some vivid glimpses of the old-time Bee.

MISS MARY H. DEANE

In the house of her parents on Sparks Street, where she has always lived, Mary still passes her quiet days. She is an invalid, but this does not cut her off from an ever-present and joyous interest in all our doings. She often sends some message, or a bunch of jonquils or carnations or violets, to the hostess, or she telephones a message saying that she wishes she might be with us. Of course the Bee postal card is always sent to her, though years have slipped by since she could meet with us.

MRS. WILLIAM R. ELLIS

Helen Peirce was the daughter of Benjamin Peirce, the mathematician and astronomer, who was for forty-seven years a Professor in Harvard University. She was helpful and eager wherever good work for needy sufferers was in request.

MRS. HENRY F. DIMOCK

This was our gay Sue Whitney. She married Henry F. Dimock, a New York lawyer, and lived in New York until her husband's death. Afterwards she occupied a large house in Washington, spending her summers in Bar Harbor. She entertained lavishly in New York and Washington, and her name drifted into the newspapers as a guest at the White House. She was well known as a woman of society and also as the collector of a fund to build a George Washington Memorial Building in Washington. With these large interests to occupy her time and thought she held a warm and loving interest in the Bee. When she visited Boston, she invited us to luncheon and theatre and found out where we were meeting in order to join us. More remarkable still, she invited the entire Bee to come to New York and make her a several days' visit! She was superb in dress and manner and years seemed to increase her grace and dignity.

MRS. CHARLES W. ELIOT

Grace Hopkinson had been very actively a Bee for several years before she married President Eliot of Harvard College and the series of rich years in Quincy Street began. I have a vision of her this moment as she looked walking into Sanders Theatre on Commencement Day. Her dress and hat were silver gray, and quietly (and I hope proudly) she would take her seat of honor in the front row just before her husband in academic robes marched in with the procession. I can see and hear him as he gave the degrees to distinguished strangers and with (I fancied) special interest welcomed the winners of the Ph.D. to "the ranks of men of learning."

Grace was the first to be ready for a Bee at Lowell or Andover or Boxford, or any distant place where the season of the year led our willing feet, or to Concord or to Oakley. Her enthusiasm in and for the Bee has been a priceless gift, and without her urging this inadequate account of its life would never have been written. For several years she has been too much of an invalid to be often with us, but her constant messages and her ever-busy contact with the Bee basket has kept her presence fresh and bright. Several times we have met with her at 17 Fresh Pond Parkway, even though she was not always

strong enough to endure the chat of the lunch-table. She always possessed and still possesses the gift of beauty.

MRS. WILLIAM G. FARLOW

Lilian Horsford was younger than the majority of us and did not join the Bee until 1871. She soon became a valued member. Her statuesque beauty has been a distinguished ornament to our meetings, her hair growing low on her straight-lined forehead, her Grecian nose, her tall figure — how we enjoy them all as we listen to some poem or essay which she has brightly written for our entertainment! She was president of the Women's Aid to War Relief during the World War, and she often had us assemble at her house to work for the soldiers, under the Red Cross. She was married to Professor William G. Farlow, the distinguished Professor of Cryptogamic Botany at Harvard. He was a corresponding member of the French Academy, and one of the most eminent of men in his own department. His Botanic Library has been left to Harvard University. Her engagement to him was celebrated as a great Bee festival.

EMILY ATKINSON AND KATIE TOFFEY

So we knew them, for they were close comrades always together as long as they were school-girls. To

be sure they became Mrs. George Holdrege and Mrs. Sidney Smith, but we think of them still as Emily Atkinson and Katie Toffey. When they married, they went away from Cambridge and they were the first of our members to die. Emily was fair, and the picture of a Puritan maiden, with her symmetrical features, her clear, peaceful blue eyes and her straightly brushed light brown hair. Katie had something foreign and fiery about her. Her small head was covered with black hair and her piquant face was made expressive by dark, bright eyes. She sang with her guitar, and reminded one of a young Italian girl singing in some Venetian garden on a summer night.

MRS. GEORGE H. FARWELL

Sara Wyer came from a pleasant farm in the country to attend Miss Lyman's School. Her mother was a cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Sara must have inherited some of the literary taste and ability which had enkindled his unique intellect. She had great expressive brown eyes and a face of marked individuality. Although she did not become celebrated as a writer (which would have fulfilled our expectations for her), she did a good deal of writing and in her later years she lectured to women's clubs.

For one winter she lived with Mrs. Ole Bull, in

Cambridge, and she dealt much in astrology and in other occult fields. She had a hearty and affectionate nature, and one of her two sons has become distinguished in New York musical circles, and is now Professor of Music in the University of California.

MRS. GERHARD GADE

Brilliant Helen Allyn, dark-eyed and full of spirit, married early a Norwegian gentleman, who became American Consul to Christiania. She lived for many years in Norway, sending home sometimes silver ornaments of curious workmanship as well as letters. She now lives in Cambridge and one of her sons sent fifty American Beauty roses to adorn our table at Oakley on the occasion of our fiftieth anniversary.

MISS ELIZABETH HARRIS

She still lives in the house where she was born as it stands in its retired garden on Holyoke Place. Her father was for twenty-five years Librarian of Harvard College and was an entomologist of world-wide distinction. Her brother-in-law, Professor Bond, was Harvard's first Professor of Astronomy. Lovely as a girl, Lizzie has held her loveliness, and an atmosphere as of spiritual lavender clings about her. She has written a charming essay on the Bee, and I have quoted from it, with her permission.

Her interesting friendship with the picturesque Professor Sophocles was a marked event in her life. He was a Greek, who came early to America and who taught Greek at Harvard for forty-two years. I remember well his keen face with its piercing black eyes, and its crown of white hair. He had no family, and owing to their kind attentions to him during an early illness he adopted the Harrises as his own people. The young members of the family became almost his children.

MISS LILY M. HOPPIN

Lily is our valued secretary. In old days she was the inseparable companion of Mrs. Ernest Longfellow. They were one of those united pairs who were never apart. Then the years crowded in. When Lily's father, who for years had been Rector of Christ Church in Cambridge, died, and afterwards her mother, she became the head of Bertram Hall, one of the large dormitories of Radcliffe College. For years her exquisite housekeeping kept that domain in happy order. She was a tireless traveller. She has journeyed once around the world. She spent the past year in Italy with Miss Alice Longfellow. We were all rejoiced to welcome her back again.

MRS. WILLIAM JAMES

She was already married when she came to Cambridge to live, so that with her there are no prehistoric girlhood memories. She became one of the most devoted members of the Bee, with that vitality of personal interest with which so many women have blessed it. She was exceedingly beautiful to the end. Her eyes were like stars, mysterious, far-seeing, steady. She was married to William James, the philosopher, and at her house we have had many a delightful meeting of the Bee. Her voice and pronunciation were silver.

MRS. GERRIT S. MILLER

This was Sue Dixwell, our first adored president, our "Colonel." She was strong, clear, and firm. She lived in New York State after her marriage, and we have not seen her for many years. She has been an invalid, an unexpected fate for one so assured and wholesome as she used to be. Once a schoolmate exclaimed to her, "Oh, Sue, how lovely you are!" Another schoolmate murmured, "It must be awfully nice to be told that you are lovely!" And Sue answered simply, "I'm quite used to it!"

MISS CAROLINE L. PARSONS

There were four daughters in the large house, 54 Garden Street, where Professor Theophilus Parsons, of the Harvard Law School, lived with his stately white-haired wife and his family. It stood in a large, fine garden and was a centre of hospitality and pleasure. Carrie was the youngest of the four daughters. Her relation to the Bee was especially close, for she seemed to love the organization with a passionate devotion of the kind one often gives to a person only. She held it together when the membership, at one time, dwindled. She rarely failed of being present at our meetings and, as she entered the room, festively dressed, she had the air of having arrived at the "haven where she would be." She always called us "girls." In later years growing deafness could not dampen her ardor, but, stalwart grenadier as she was, she endured the stings of fortune like a hero. And endurance was necessary, for some financial disaster had taken away most of the property left by Professor Parsons, so that the sisters made jellies and preserves to sell, still, however, continuing to live in the old house. Carrie was appropriately chosen to be the historian of the Bee, but her manifold household duties cut

her off from accomplishing the work which she passionately longed to do.

MISS CAROLINE E. PEABODY

She is the daughter of Dr. Andrew P. Peabody and lived for many years in the old house, No. 11 Quincy Street. Her father was Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard University for twenty-one years and was a much-loved figure in Cambridge. Carrie now lives in a charming house on Appleton Street, where she and her two sisters settled themselves after Dr. Peabody's death. Her two sisters died of pneumonia within a few weeks of each other, and for some time Carrie could not bring herself to come to the cheerful Bee; but at last she joined us once more, and invited us again to her house. She is a quiet lady with a very sweet smile and aristocratic features.

MRS. FRANCIS G. PEABODY

The Reverend Francis G. Peabody began his career as a Unitarian minister, and later became Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard University. He has written numerous helpful books. He married Cora Weld, and she was soon a member of the Bee. She was a sincere and clear-toned little lady, and a lavish hostess. Her sincerity was evi-

dent. When a member of the Bee had moved back to Cambridge after having lived for years in other places, the new-comer said: "I've been months in Cambridge and very few of the Bees have called on me." And Cora with evident surprise exclaimed, "You don't expect the Bees to *call* on you, do you?" She called the next day.

MRS. HORACE E. SCUDDER

This is lovely, blue-eyed Grace Owen. Mr. Scudder was an author of note and for a long time the well-known editor of "The Atlantic Monthly."

MRS. MORRIS SCHAFF

Alice Page was married to General Schaff very soon after the Civil War was over. He was an officer in the Northern Army and they were engaged while he was still in active military service. He has written most interesting books on "The Spirit of Old West Point" and "The Battle of the Wilderness," as well as "Jefferson Davis, his Life and Personality." They still live in Cambridge.

MRS. GEORGE H. PALMER

Alice Freeman was the president of Wellesley College until she married Professor George Herbert Palmer, who was Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. The Bee amused Alice vastly. Its

ways were not the ways of Wellesley, nor yet those of Saginaw, Michigan, her former home. In fact, they were different from any ways she had met before and she used to go home from the Bee bubbling over with glee. But her main interests were in the world of education where she held a prominent place as a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education. She was consulted by many people who were in need of counsel and her ready sympathy was often a help in time of need. She was in constant demand as a lecturer, and her marked power as a sympathetic speaker stirred large assemblages. She received praise and marks of distinction from all directions. Degrees were conferred upon her from three Colleges. Columbia gave her a Litt.D., Michigan a Ph.D., and Union an LL.D. While bearing lightly these honors her girlish gaiety never lessened, though at the Bee she was perhaps more apt to listen than to speak. She enjoyed nothing more than to receive the Bee herself at either Quincy Street or at Boxford, and always some touch of unusual ornament would indicate her originality and her pleasure in heightening the enjoyment of her guests. Bright globes and a festooned dining-room at Christmas time, or walks in the pine woods in May or September — she loved them all and made us love them. She left America for Paris in 1902 and never came back again, but her

very name recalls the freshness of her own radiant ways. Fifteen years after her death her name was placed on a tablet in the Hall of Fame amongst the renowned list of foremost Americans. A bust will soon stand above the tablet to allow posterity to see her face.

MRS. JOSEPH B. WARNER

At our meetings down the long list of years, Marnie Storer was one of our "bright particular stars." Witty, brilliant, and full of enchanting talk, she kept the ball rolling merrily while we sewed and listened. She married Mr. Joseph B. Warner, an eminent Boston lawyer. They lived on Brattle Street, Cambridge, and afterwards on Brimmer Street in Boston, overlooking the Charles River, in a house with a noble dining-room papered with ancient historic picture-paper which had been taken from an old house in Beverly.

MISS ALICE R. WELLS

Our "Treasurer and Disburser!" She is an expert at bridge, being president of a large Bridge Club in Boston, and a vivacious woman of the world; full of good cheer and hospitality. Yet she has carried heavy responsibilities, holding the office of president of the Ladies' Aid Association of the Cambridge Hospital for ten or twelve years, and being a member

of the Associated Charities and serving as secretary of the Humane Society. Her father was Chief Justice Wells, of the Court of Common Pleas, now the Superior Court, of Boston.

MISS SUSANNA WILLARD

Susanna was the last one to join the Bee. This she did in 1910, hence she was called the Bee-Baby, although tall and as old as any of us. She was connected with two former Presidents of Harvard College. Her interest in the Bee was warmly enthusiastic, and it was she who first conceived the idea of having a history of the Bee written. It is pathetic to realize that Carrie Parsons, the historian, and Susanna, her assistant, have both vanished, and left the work in which they were so lovingly interested to be picked up by another member of the Bee.

A List of the Sixteen Girls who Formed The Bee in November, 1861

Helen Rebecca Allyn
Emily Cabot Atkinson
Julia Bragg
Mary Greenwood Buttrick
Elizabeth Ellery Dana
Ruth Charlotte Dana
Mary Helen Deane
Susan Hunt Dixwell
Elizabeth Harris
Mary Oliver Hastings

Lucy Nichols
Mary Nichols
Anna Winter Page
Caroline Louisa Parsons
Clara Crowninshield Thies
Katherine Vanderburgh Toffey

A List of All who have ever Joined The Bee

Mrs. A. V. G. Allen — Elizabeth Stone
Miss Alice C. Allyn
Mrs. John Allyn — Anna Winter Page
Mrs. Ole Bull — Sara Thorp
Miss Julia Bragg
Mrs. William Brewster — Caroline Kettell
Mrs. John Graham Brooks — Helen Appleton
Mrs. Edward Burnett — Mabel Lowell
Mrs. W. G. Byerly — Alice Parsons
Mrs. John S. Cobb — Mary Fuller
Miss Elizabeth E. Dana
Miss Isabella H. Dana
Miss Mary H. Deane
Mrs. Henry F. Dimock — Susan Whitney
Miss Margaret Ela
Mrs. Charles W. Eliot — Grace M. Hopkinson
Mrs. Wm. R. Ellis — Helen Peirce
Miss Caroline A. Farley
Mrs. William G. Farlow — Lilian Horsford
Mrs. George H. Farwell — Sara G. Wyer
Mrs. Charles Gage — Lucy Allen
Mrs. Justin E. Gale — Emma Whitman
Miss Mary Gale
Mrs. Gerhard Gade — Helen R. Allyn
Mrs. Frank Goodwin — Mary G. Buttrick
Miss Elizabeth Harris
Mrs. George W. Holdrege — Emily C. Atkinson
Miss Lily M. Hoppin

Mrs. L. L. Hubbard — Fannie Lombard
Mrs. Patrick T. Jackson — Eleanor B. Gray
Miss Alice James
Mrs. William James — Alice H. Gibbens
Miss Cora Lovering
Mrs. Francis O. Lyman — Ruth Charlotte Dana
Miss Julia Marcou
Mrs. W. H. McDaniels — Martha C. Walker
Mrs. Gerrit S. Miller — Susan H. Dixwell
Mrs. Benjamin R. Moore — Florence Sparks
Mrs. Charles H. Moore — Elizabeth F. Hewins
Mrs. Robert S. Morison — Anne Abbot
Mrs. Frederic Palmer — Mary Towle
Mrs. George H. Palmer — Alice E. Freeman
Miss Caroline L. Parsons
Mrs. Porter — Julia Hinckley
Miss Caroline E. Peabody
Mrs. Lewis Pierce — Mary Hill
Mrs. Francis G. Peabody — Cora Weld
Miss Julia G. Robins
Miss Anna Morgan Rotch
Mrs. William M. Salter — Mary Gibbens
Mrs. Horace E. Scudder — Grace Owen
Mrs. Morris Schaff — Alice Page
Miss Anna B. Shaw
Mrs. George Sheffield — Gertrude Parker
Miss Elizabeth R. Simmons
Mrs. Sidney Smith — Katherine Toffey
Mrs. Joseph B. Warner — Margaret W. Storer
Mrs. Virginia R. Waterman
Miss Alice R. Wells
Mrs. James C. White — Mary Nichols
Mrs. John White — Lucy Nichols
Mrs. Whittemore — Louise Kelsey
Miss Susanna Willard
Mrs. Van Ekenstein — Clara Thies
Mrs. Morris Longstreet - Mary Oliver Hastings
Mrs. Horace Mann - Esther Lombard
GEORGE C.

CHAPTER VII

VERSES BY MEMBERS OF THE BEE

TO THE SISTER WHO DWELLETH AT 17 QUINCY STREET

How many years since we were girls,
With waterfalls and flowing curls!
With hoops we boasted three yards round,
Floating, like bells, above the ground!

Distracting was the Sophomore;
The Senior's word was well-nigh law;
Yet Fridays found the Bees still true,
For had they not their model, Sue?

Why does my pen thus reminisce
Upon those pristine days of bliss?
'Tis that I hold within my hand
A gift from one of that fair band,

A pen that's mightier than a sword,
To conjure up from Old Time's hoard
The days that were, and are no more,
Save as we open Memory's door.

So to the giver of this gift,
Which has such magic power to lift

The curtain which the years had drawn
And take me back to hoops and lawn,

My thanks I give. She is a Queen
Who never will her crown demean;
A B. (*not* C.D.* but O.K.)
Who gathers honey all the day;

And shares her store of sweetness, too,
With other Bees — a comrade true.
Look East, look West, look North, look South,
Her praise is found in every mouth.

E'en Will-i-*am*, that Kaiser grand,
Would gladly grasp her by the hand!
Hoch! Rise in love and loyalty
To drink her health, our Sister Bee!

Writ by a Drone of the Hive.

THE HISTORY OF THE CASE

November 3, 1899

ON LILIAN HORSFORD'S ENGAGEMENT TO THE PROFESSOR OF CRYPTOGAMIC BOTANY

LONG years ago, a famous poet sang
This eager song of love to Lilian:

* Sometimes spelled *see-dy*.

"Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian."

She would not tell him that she loved him. No.
Poet and prince and painter knelt, and though
Doctor and lawyer, merchant, priest, they came,
She stood, the unconquered girl, whom none could tame,
A new Diana on the mountains lone,
And every year more fair and stately grown.
From round the land men come to Cambridge town.
Learning and maidens gave the place renown.
But none so fair as queenly Lilian,
And none so haughty since the world began.
On staid Professors she would sweetly smile,
And dance with simple students for a while.
But huntress Dian with her silver bow
Was not more cruel to the men laid low.
Yet heartless was she not. 'Twas plain to view
From her calm heights, she looked men through and through,
And none she found in all the seeking band
So wise and strong and good to win her hand.

So then she journeyed oft across the sea,
To North and South and East and West went she,
Bicycling tried, and many things to please,
But none so loved as her own faithful Bees.
To Providence on business oft she went,
On management of large affairs intent.
To poor men's homes her presence lent a grace,
For nieces and for nephews made a place;
The Wellesley girls she treated royally;
Her name is better than their best degree.
But Radcliffe led by her so straight a path
That Barrett Wendell rose in mighty wrath
And called on all the gods to save the place,
From falling victim to such power and grace.
Harvard Professors were his fondest care,
His piercing eye forsaw the hidden snare,
Saw Harvard men's tender virility
Go tottering down before such maids as she.
For, one sweet night Dan Cupid ran away
And came to Quincy Street for pleasant play.
He needed rest from anxious care, because
So many Boston girls defied his laws.
So quite dispirited he roamed along
Past the Colonial Club's old bachelor throng,
Until he came to number twenty-four,
And slipped in softly through the open door.
The little god on mischief deep was bent.

Who was this famous man? What had he meant
By the strange mysteries through all this room?
He peeped through microscopes, found the brush-
broom
And swept some precious mushrooms in the fire,
Heard C. J. overhead. Began to tire.
Turned to the table then and down he sat.
Letters and cards and finally a hat
Gave him the clue, and in the Harvard book
It did not take him very long to look.
"Oho!" said Dan, "a Botanist is this,
And learnéd too, I'll wager many a kiss.
What 'cryptogamic' is, I cannot guess.
If I could catch him once, he should confess.
It must be something secret about flowers
That botanists play with in leisure hours.
Perhaps what flowers are good for. Clearly he
A practical wise housekeeper must be."
With that he fell into a lingering gloom,
And studied all the pleasant mannish room;
Books, busts, collections, everything could see
Except one touch of femininity.
He pondered long, and every moment saw
Some fresh surprise, till wonder mixed with awe
Fell on his spirit, and he sadly said,
"Ye gods! Such learning in one human head!
My hands would tremble should I lift my bow.

This is no place for me. I'd better go!"
But Venus on the doorstep met her son,
And saw his melancholy air, and won
The story from him. "Silly boy!" she cried,
"Slip back, and in the doorway quickly hide!
How young you are! You surely can't suppose
He likes his fungi better than a rose!
Or did you think such flowers were made to tease
Poor botanists? Why, child, they're made for bees.
Where flowers are loved, the bees are sure to come.
Where flowers grow, they make their dearest home.
Forget the 'cryptogamic.' Trust to me.
It takes a botanist to catch a bee!
I know the sweetest bee in all the hive.
The loveliest lady ever yet alive!"
Young Cupid jumped for joy. Caught up his bow,
Polished his arrow, rushed inside; and so
His lady mother left him with a smile,
Crossed over to the Shalers for awhile
To watch how things were going there, until
She heard a tapping on the window-sill.
"Sweet mother, you are right. He had a heart.
Forever more it carries Cupid's dart."
A minute more you might have seen the lad
Running up Brattle Street like one gone mad.
It proved a match, — the gods' peculiar care,
And not at all a mere mushroom affair.

So this is why you hear the hum of bees
These autumn days on all our Cambridge trees;
Why airs are mild, and all our gardens bring
Sweet buds to blossom, dreaming it is Spring.
For Lilian is caught, is caught at last,
And all her honey-bee's free life is past.
Now she to Quincy Street must quickly come.
"Heaven bless the lady!" every Bee must hum.

Alice Freeman Palmer

POEM

WRITTEN BY LIZZIE SIMMONS AND READ IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE CLUB AND THE BEE," AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

As Pallas from the head of Jove
Enthroned among the gods above
  Leaped swift to birth,
With spear and buckler waving high,
With armor flashing to the eye,
  And trod the earth,

So from the brain of awful war
Rending our country near and far
  Sprang fair and free,
With scissors brandishing in air,
And thimbles fixed to do and dare,
  The Club and Bee!

Blest twins! Our lovely sisters dear!
Or shall we say our mothers, near
  To all alive,
Or daughters, beauteous as a star?
Whatever female kin you are
  You're twenty-five.

Yet take it not amiss that we
Remind you now how time doth flee
  With hasty stride;
Virtue, sweet maids, can never die,
So you may on your past rely
  In careless pride.

That past, begun in fear and dread
When clarion blew and watch-fires red
  Were fierce aglow,
When cannon thundered through the land
And echoing roared from Southern land
  To Northern Snow.

Then men went forth to war with death,
The women watched and held their breath
  In every home,
And children's faces thin and pale
Grew awe-struck as they heard the tale
  Of martyrdom.

Then one great heart beat through the North,
One mighty impulse rushing forth
  At freedom's call,
And each lived for the other's good,
One glorious human brotherhood
  Embracing all.

The four years passed, and smiling peace
Ordered the din of war to cease,
  For all were free.
They joyfully together met,
With thimbles on and scissors set,
  The Club and Bee.

And ever true to duty's laws
They labored in the freedman's cause,
  Then year by year
Their thimbles flashed and needles flew
To clothe the poor, and still renew
  Their record clear.

But see! There rises from the plain,
Like royal Macbeth's spectral train,
  With bodings harsh
A ghostly line of children gaunt,
Their voices swell in sober chant
  Up from the Marsh, *

* The " Marsh " was a part of Cambridge.

"We cannot sit, we cannot run,
We cannot join our playmates' fun,
  Be it cold or hot,
Nor lightly dance before the breeze,
Nor steal the apples from the trees,
  We cannot squat!

"None of the joys of life we know,
No marbles rolling to and fro,
  No foot-ball free;
Like lifeless ghosts we steal along,
In unbleached cotton fettered strong,
  Clothed by the Bee!"

(Several verses are here omitted.)

So, dearest twins, our Club and Bee,
May you live on, harmonious, free
  From discord's clang,
Still feeling there is work to do,
The ever old yet ever new
  Blest Eng and Chang!

And may your thimbles never tire,
Your scissors, ever waving higher,
  Cut short our fears;
Until with usefulness becrowned,
You hand in hand complete the round
  Of fifty years!

POEM

By Lizzie Simmons

Read at the Bee Celebrating Cora Peabody's Return from Germany

On high floats the banner to welcome our Bee.
To the Land of the Brave and the home of the Free;
While far, far below it a bauble we see;
Ah! what is that bauble, dear Cora, to thee!

For fondly we trust you've come back to your Bee
With a spirit untainted as spirit can be:
The Square and the Marsh are both waiting for thee
In the home of the brave and the land of the free.

And should thy dear Kaiserin traverse the Sea,
To view the Glass Flowers and Yosemite,—
For just at this moment the thought comes to me —
By straining a point we might make her a Bee!

What monarch so proud as her Kaiser will be!
He'll hang up his crown on the Family Tree,
His trunk he will pack and come off on a spree
To the land of the brave and the home of the Free!

SONG

By Lizzie Simmons

(Tune: "Fair Harvard")

Sung at the Bee Celebrating Grace Eliot's Return from the East

Japan and far China pour out their rich stores
For the Lady we welcome to-day,
The first of the Bee who has proved past a doubt
That the world is as round as they say.
The Antipodes' perils she safely has passed
And has brought back her glorious spouse:
Then let us rejoice with each richly-cracked voice
And with pride and affection carouse.

For what's Maharajah, Mikado, or "Sun"
Who bowed and kow-towed to our Grace?
Let them scratch and pull hair, while we show every one
The peace that prevails in this place:
Let Kimono, Chrysanthemum, cherry, and stork
Display every glory you see,
For what nation has lived for the fifty years past
In Peace, with a capital P!

LATIN ADDRESS

By Lilian Horsford Farlow

Read at Alice Byerly's Bee

O! Domina pulcherrima graciosissima et sapientissima, illustræ loco nata qui venit in incultibus locis et iter fecit ad hoc tempore in presentia: — Quae presertim in linguis littoresque adepta est honores:

Præses societatis celebræ — salutamus!! Per tuam administrationem circumspectam — plus sapit quam Thales — fecimus vestes peradolescentulos minus fastidiousque pueros, et valetudinario in urbe præclara Cantabrigiense.

Auxilium præteria *tulimus* ad magnum multitudinem ad extranum perductam casum *ense* et *igne* et *deluvio*.

Sociæ Societatis salutem *dicimus* amore et benevolentia die anniversaria octava atque sexagesima!

POEM

By Susanna Willard

Read at Alice Byerly's Bee on the Birthday of Lizzie Simmons

I am asked to read a sketch
Of the famous Byerly Bee,
Where the following honored members
Went to sew, and have their Tea —

All arméd cap à pie,
Which will be explained later
By our poet Caroline P.

A CONGLOMERATE

Product of Three Minds

Ideas — Caroline Parsons

Phraseology — Caroline Willard

Stray Hints — Susanna Willard

May 7th, 1915

This is the tale of the Birthday Bee,
And of all the girls who came to see.
I've tried to describe them as well as I'm able,
Just as they sat at the supper table.

First is our gracious hostess, calm and serene in demeanor.

At her right is sitting our fair-haired and frisky Anna.

Who would suspect — with her clear blue eyes, and her cheeks' still youthful roundness,

That she will answer with joy to that proudest of titles, "*Grandma*"!

Next, her lifelong friend, her chum, her fidus Achates,

Known as a poet, also — hast read Mary Palmer's verses?

Then nice Eleanor Jackson; in the land of the Cid and Armada,

Watched she with wondering eyes proud Spain's most gorgeous pageant.
By her sits Caroline Peabody; loyal and true her allegiance;
Well skilled is she in photographer's art, and how lovely
Were all the pictures she made, of meadow and sea-shore and pine-tree.
And next, bright, dark-eyed Alice, whose motto is that of the Frenchman —
"Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," she would shout when occasion demanded.
By her, Susanna Willard, delver in dusty old volumes;
Searching, and bringing to light, ancestors fresh from the Mayflower.
Next, our nightingale, Grace, whose singing so often has charmed us;
Far in our youthful days, and now in our older meetings:
She's our industrious Bee, and sets us all an example,
Plying her needle, while others engage in frivolous converse.
Then good Lily Hoppin — we'll give her a Latin description —
"Optima multarum puellarum dux et comes!"
Mary Cobb is next — the tender-hearted, untiring,

Giving her time and work to relieve poor suffering Belgium.
Close by sits her friend, who is also her capable helper,
Knitting dozens of socks, and hoods of all sizes and colors,
Knight of the needle, she! industrious Helena Ellis!
Then Lily Dana, well versed in genealogical matters;
Many a family tree does she nimbly climb with Susanna.
Another Caroline too — she, among many acquirements,
Stands at the head in knowledge of pickles, and jellies translucent.

These the large table filled, and therefore at smaller tables
Sat Alice James and "Tilda," whose cognomen sometimes is Mattie;
The former can charm us well, with her sparkling wit and her wisdom;
Right notably does the second provide for the Bees' entertainment, (at Lowell!)
Next a third Caroline sits, whose hospitality charming
Many a time and oft we've enjoyed in her tree-embowered mansion.

Then Gertrude S., the unselfish, always doing for others.
Last, but not least, Lizzie Simmons, wearing her lacy adornment,
Cutting her birthday cake, flame-wreathed and flower-decorated.
Lightly the years have touched her, only adding unto her
Further treasures of wit, of knowledge, and rarest enchantment;
Gayest among the gay; holding her office with honor;
Stern and decided of mien when the Bees are unduly rampageous,
Her we salute as our leader, our dearly beloved PRESIDENTIA.

CHAPTER VIII

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

As in trying to describe Venice it is necessary to exaggerate in order to tell the truth, so in trying to describe the Bee my pen longs to run away with me.

The Bee has become golden in our eyes, as the clouds become golden when a sunset takes on gleams of rose, violet, and yellow. It is the case with us also that the setting sun, glowing across the sky, is illuminating the scene for us.

We are told that sentimentality was one of the distinguishing marks of the Victorian Age, and, as we are all proudly Victorians, I allow myself to compare the Bee to an orchestra playing a symphony. The variety of the differing temperaments of the members of the Bee corresponds to the contrasted instruments; we have made music by combining and playing together; andantes, adagios, and allegros (especially allegros) have followed one another, and the final chord has not yet been struck. We are an "Unfinished Symphony."

Of the sixty-four people whose names are on the Bee List in the foregoing chapter, twenty-six are still in the world, and enough are in Cambridge and able to work to make the meetings of the Bee useful and

enjoyable. Probably we shall bravely go on until the members have become reduced to a very few, and the symphony will end with a gradual silencing of the music.

The most active and vivid of our years came while Queen Victoria sat on the throne of England, Queen of England and Empress of India. During our youth and middle age she seemed as permanent as the everlasting hills. She was a sort of background against which the activities of the world were enacted.

What a brilliant and keenly alive age it was! Is there at present any novelist to compare to George Eliot or Thackeray or Dickens? Is there a poet to equal Browning or Tennyson? These were our daily food as their fresh novels and poems came out month by month. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was being issued, in "The Atlantic," and the "Biglow Papers."

Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell were to us familiar figures as they walked up and down Brattle Street, Mr. Longfellow sedate and handsome, Mr. Lowell with a jocund gait, wearing a short sackcoat and carrying a cane.

The black-walnut furniture which then surrounded us we afterwards learned to find unlovely; also the mansard roofs and the chopped-up architecture of Queen Anne; but the days were nevertheless

IN THE GARDEN AT LOWELL

vital with sincere enthusiasm for what we were doing and thinking.

We have seen Cambridge change from a village, with village ways of simplicity, to a large city bustling with activity. We have seen the College Yard surrounded by an iron fence with stately gates of entrance, and the University itself grow from one thousand students to seven thousand.

We have seen the Widener Library rise in its majesty and become a centre of the student life as well as a striking picture of intellectual strength. It is dreamily lovely at night with the great building in shadow and the columns and steps looming out into the light with tree-shadows playing over them. Here the Glee Club sings on Class Day evenings while the crowds promenade through the College grounds. Inside the Library two large panels by Sargent commemorate the fallen heroes of the Great War.

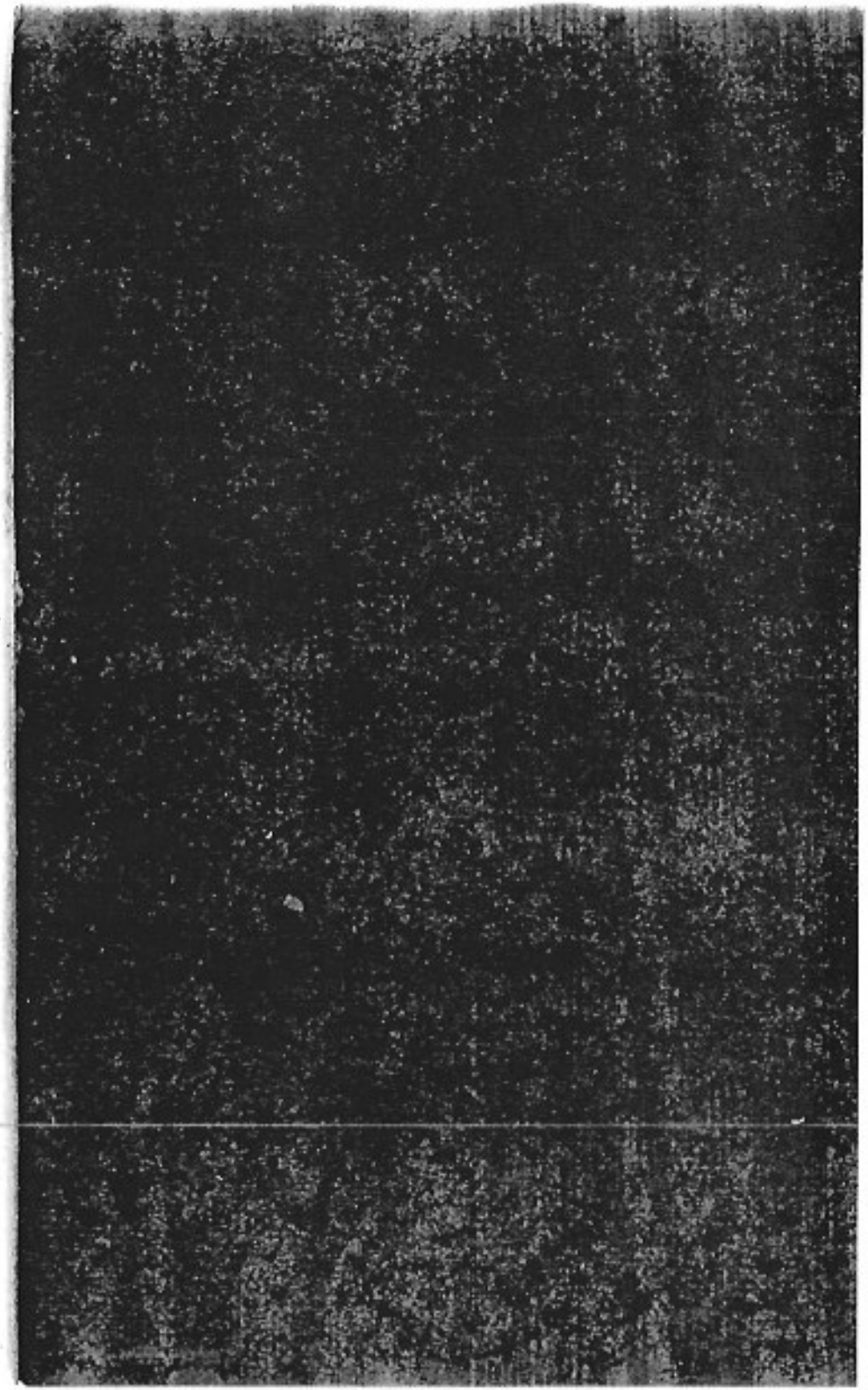
We have seen the banks of our beloved River Charles reclaimed and to a great extent worthily adorned, and we imagine that the not distant future will find the banks all the way up and down the river utilized and beautiful.

We have watched an old century end and a new one begin, and have listened to the discussion so amusingly waged as to whether the new century began with 1900 or with 1901! We somewhat envy

the people who will see the first figure of the date change to two. Certainly it will be a great experience to write 2000.

As I close, a remark of Marnie Storer's comes back to me, she who in her merriment used to be the gayest of the gay. She said: "I never knew what it was to act like sixty until I went to the Bee at just about that age." And her "acting like sixty" was contagious, for many of us followed her example, nor did we stop at sixty or even at seventy.

But the Bee did not stand merely for mirth. We stood, we stand, for duty and industry and loyalty, and for a belief in an ever higher goal toward which we hopefully move.



My affectionate acknowledgments are due to many members of the Bee who have assisted me with kindly suggestions and interesting reminiscences.

Mary Towle Palmer