

THESE GIRLS JEST AT RED HAIR, BUT YOU BETTER NOT

At Goucher College Is a Sisterhood of Flame-Crowned Lassies Who Are Known as the Titian Tints and Sometimes as the Fiery Forty-five Because of Their Gleaming Crowns



Frances Clark is a Member of the Titian Tints.



Billie Burke, Honorary Vice President of the Fiery Forty-five.



"The Reading Cool," Where the Titian Tints Sell Books to Increase the College Funds. "Are You Well Read?" is Their Countersign.

Virginia Hendy, Who Carries the Dash and So Supposed to Be the Redhead's Heritage to the Gymnasium Floor.



Louise Steele, of Pittsburgh, Whose "Crowning Glory" Admitted Her to the Titian Tints.



Miss Ruth Wallace, Daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, One of the Glory-Crowned Forty-Five at Goucher Who Have Stricken Red, As Applied to Hair, From Their Locks.

BY JULIET HAMMOND STAUM

GOUCHER COLLEGE students may espouse all kinds of radical ideas, but the cause of the bolshavist will be forever as dead to a certain group of them as is the cause of that gentleman who once upon a time and many times had presidential aspirations.

It is not even a debatable matter with the girls—this aversion to radical ideas. They will never, never permit themselves to be called "red." Every year, by mystic process as secret as the source of the stenographer's fur coat, about a dozen students become infused with a violent aversion to one word and all its synonyms—and that word is "red."

At present 45 girls, including Miss Ruth Wallace, daughter of the secretary of agriculture, are members of a society, and the mere mention of red or even curls, ruby, suburban, crimson or garnet in their presence is cause belli.

For the fiery 45 have banded themselves into an organization recognized by the college officials as the Titian Tints.

For people and red-haired girls are always in danger of having their natural good humor ruined by constant reminders of characteristics which in time become unpleasant. So 17 years ago five Goucher girls decided that since all their lives they had submitted with some sort of grace to such names "Red," "Carrots" or "Scarlet Top," it was time for the war to turn. With their own sad experience in mind these five girls formed a fraternity—the Titian Tints, a society that only grows more indissoluble as time goes on. The "open sesame" is unchanging and unchanged—to be a Titian Tint one must have hair of a natural reddish hue. Miss Wallace has hair of the required shade. Billie Burke, Titian extraordinary, has accepted an invitation to be honorary vice-president of the society.

The objects of the fraternity are to discourage the use of "red," particularly in the usual disparaging "pet names" for people with locks of that shade. An amendment to their constitution, which so far has not been adopted, provides that the members of the fraternity shall marry only red-headed men. However, the constitution and by-laws are, in the main, secret.

Many are the societies at Goucher—literary, dramatic, religious—but the Titian Tints is the most exclusive yet democratic of them all. The midnight lamp can be burned quite out, the beauty specialist may grow wealthy and retire because of the visits of aspirants to this glowing society, yet all these things avail not if the ambitious one has not been

blessed with Titian hair by nature. A dungeon imprisonment of 30 days or until time could reveal the natural shade of hair would be a positive necessity if a mere man had to decide which beautiful college maids were qualified for entrance into this fraternity, but one of the proudest assertions of the Titian is that since their organization in 1905 they have never failed to affiliate a girl whose hair was of any reddish hue, from a pale pinkish yellow to the dark bronze of a turkey's wing. Yet never in its history has its sacred constitution been laid bare to a girl whose hair time revealed to be of such a lovely drug store shade of henna that it could deceive one of nature's chosen daughters—a real Titian.

One of the requirements for admission to the society is familiarity with the life of Titian. Even the latest recruit into their ranks will tell you that Titian was an idealist of the Italian school of Venice, and was born in 1477. They will enthusiastically tell you of how he viewed the splendor of the world in a big, live background which itself exhaled it with the glowing brush of a supreme colorist. The world to him was a pageant. Without employing any violent contrast of light and shade or of one color to another he worked out a peculiar golden melody—a great charm. The red gold hair of his portraits has never been equaled.

"The red-haired woman gets them, while the others snuff or go after the henna," Dr. Joseph Oldfield told the Society of Philology in London the other day.

"The woman, to attract a man, must be a little different from the crowd," Dr. Oldfield said. "She must be wicked, distinctly talented or must strike some color note.

"Red hair is the best color note. Of all colors the shade of copper and red are the most beautifully uncommon.

"Other women, recognizing the advantage of the red-haired woman in the matrimonial market, either enviously disparage by calling 'carrots' or copy her by using a henna dye."

"Serve in this knowledge, the Titian Tints go calmly on their shining way at college, squelching all tactless conventionalists and shunning all wrongs red.

The Titians' activities are purely social and, as they are usually banded together wherever they go, they live up to the reputation of the artist whose name they honor, and give a red-gold background to even the dulllest corner. On the streetcar, in the restaurant, the advent of 45 Titian-haired girls causes the most sleepy eyes to open wide. Democratic in every respect, the Titian Tints

fame and motto have already spread so far that even when the bright-haired 45 enter certain restaurants for a social little "feed," red onions, red cabbages, carrots, tomatoes and cherries disappear instantly from view.

Every spring after the last "step-sings" a red rambler rose is planted in front of one of the tall columns of Goucher hall to perpetuate the memory of those red-haired girls who are graduating. The rose bush is carefully cultivated and cherished, the seeds of those it commemorates are tenderly spoken of, but the bush is always alluded to as the "rambler rose," never as the "red" rose bush.

College statistics seem to show that red-haired girls shun mathematical courses and the majority choose such subjects as history and social science. They seem to be too vital, too dynamic for abstract pursuits. Many of the girls are among the most popular in the college—one has already gained fame as an artist, another as a poetess. Several of the Titians make very eloquent politicians, and members of the fraternity are particularly active in athletics. They are all-around good sports.

Only two members of the faculty are eligible for membership in this society and both happen to be men. One, Dr. Hans Froehlicher, art professor, has been at Goucher so long that even the terrible initiation of the Titians could not disturb his equilibrium. The other, Dr. R. E. Cleland, professor of botany, is young and interesting. His initiation into the Titian Tints is of such recent date that at the Thanksgiving banquet of the college his advent into the society was celebrated thus by song:

"Where, oh where, is Dr. Cleland?
Where, oh where, is Dr. Cleland?
Where, oh where, is Dr. Cleland?
He went up on the faculty.
He went up on the faculty.
He went up on the faculty.
Safe now in the faculty."

Overcome by embarrassment, Dr. Cleland was seen to make frantic dives in all directions, only to sink back with despair in his chair.

Membership in the Titian Tints does not prevent a student from joining a national fraternity. Nearly all of the Titians are members of other fraternities, but the Titians' pin is never moved from its usual place over the owner's heart for a more elaborate pin of a fraternity. To impress upon its members how greatly favored by nature they are, the attainments of red-haired people are often discussed when the red symbol of the Titian Tints is pasted on a door and the shining lights of the college are in secret session within.

With pride Marie Schlemmer, the little bobbed-hair "chieftess" of the clan, points out many interesting facts about her red-haired fellow men, past and present. "Most gentlemen have hair of that glorious color or tints of it," she said. "All the famous vampires have been either very wicked, very talented or red-headed. It is asserted that Cleopatra, the vampiest vampire who ever vamped her way into history, had beautiful red gold locks. Many of the beacon lights of history have had Titian-tinted hair. Caesar, Robert Bruce, Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots—many people whose names will live forever have had the brightest of all color notes in their hair."

Many celebrated actresses of today have been tinted by nature, not to mention those who have resorted to chemicals to gain that effect.

There are so many things for the Titians to be proud of that if it were not for one period of mortification they might forget entirely that they were just ordinary human beings. This one dark spot in their history, which they usually have to endure for a period of two weeks, is when having is in full swing.

Then it is that those girls fortunate enough to be Titians, but unfortunately not to be freshmen, are compelled by the sophomores to wear red sweaters and bright red ribbons. Besides being of the color which they wish ostracized, they realize fully how unbecoming red is when it matches one's hair, even college girls in pursuit of higher education are not indifferent to such things as appearances. After this embarrassing time is at an end, the Titians begin their unaltered custom of making a bright spot in the college chapel every morning.

Red-haired people all over the world have accepted the challenge sent out by the Titian tints at Goucher, and are organizing in clubs which, while resenting the mention of red, are proud of their Titian locks. Some call their hair golden, some Titian and some proudly flaunt it as plain red. Their motto, written in red ink, is usually:

Dull hair, little wit.
Red hair, nerve and grit.

A group of flaming-haired girls has sent a list of questions such as only girls could think of all the way from the headquarters of a club they are forming in Paris, and are eagerly awaiting details of the Titians' fraternity. Others have sent greetings to the Goucher girls, and many are the dark rumors of how Titian bushes matched Titian hair and squelching was forgotten when the picture of 13 handsome red-haired youths of Spokane, Wash. was received, addressed to Ruth Wallace of

the Titians. Underneath were written the words:

"Greetings, sisters. We have formed the Glemmer Red-Headed club."
Red-headed boys at Johns Hopkins

make me tell where she was. Did I know?

"I would sit in the garden at night when my husband was getting tipsy on ark and rose leaves, and cry for my sister beneath the orange trees."

"Then my husband removed to Constantinople. He was a fool to do that. For after we had been there a few weeks the English officers came searching all houses for war prisoners. The armistice had been signed and, by law, I should as a war prisoner be made free. He was frightened and tried to hide me under some rugs but the officers kept looking until they found me. They kept telling him that a servant girl next door had told them she was sure some poor girl was living with a Turkish husband in a harem, and that she should be rescued."

"My husband would have shot the English soldiers but he did not dare. Instead he talked polite French to them and said he did not know happy wives were taken from husband's arms. They asked me did I wish to leave his arms and I cried out fervently, 'Yes!'

"So, without packing any clothes, I left the house. As I reached the street I asked if I might thank the servant girl who had let me be rescued. Had it not been for her, I would never have known I was free by law, for my husband never let me read the papers, talk to any one, or go out except at his side. They rang a bell and called her from the house next door."

"She came hobbling to the door in cheap slippers, and with a yellow shawl on her head. I screamed, it was Refika! She had run away from

universally are looked on with envy by the less fortunate students, for did not one of them melt the icy glances of 45 lovely Titians out on a hike one day? A group of Hopkins students were looking with dazzled eyes at the beautiful maidens and were receiving only cold stares in return. Suddenly cries of "Let's show them Kelly!" were heard, and a struggling young man was lifted high on husky shoulders. A stylish tweed hat was forcibly removed, revealing a head of tight and fiery curls.

As if by magic the faces of those high and mighty Titians were wreathed with smiles and murmurs of "Isn't he cute?" and "What marvelous hair!" passed through that group of admiring girls. In spite of so much obvious admiration, she cannot one of them melt the icy glances of 45 lovely Titians out on a hike one day? A group of Hopkins students were looking with dazzled eyes at the beautiful maidens and were receiving only cold stares in return. Suddenly cries of "Let's show them Kelly!" were heard, and a struggling young man was lifted high on husky shoulders. A stylish tweed hat was forcibly removed, revealing a head of tight and fiery curls.

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Then it was that those Titian Tints of Goucher realized that if it would be a kindness to "Kelly" to curb their admiration and continue their hike. With only frozen glances for the color-blinded boys and the warmest smiles for "Kelly," they passed serenely on, making a wonderful golden background for less striking looking individuals.

These girls represent every nationality of the east and of the Levant, though Greek girls seem to predominate. Hither also drift many girls who were victims of war-harem experiences. Mohammed the Prophet left good laws to protect the financial standing of the Moslem women. Their husbands could not touch their money after marriage and if they were divorced, the money they brought from their father's house went back home with them.

But the modern harem wife has no such protection because too often she is not a Moslem and Moslem law does not aid her. If her husband throws her out, she goes on the streets and drifts to the Galata district.

In her article next Sunday Miss Symons will tell of the new attitude of Turkish women, brought about by travel and reading, which is making the reactionary return to old conditions a failure and causing women gradually to be regarded as man's equal.

Nearer to Danger Is Shown.
Exchange.

Leslie had always been very much afraid of dogs.

One day, after a struggle to get him to pass a large dog on the corner, his mother scolded him for the unnecessary fear.

"Well," was his reply, "you'd be afraid of dogs if you were as low down as I am."

THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF SLAVERY

(Continued From Page 6.)

All Kemal Pasha at night and hidden on cattle trains bound for the sea-coast. There, after terrible adventures, she had got a boat bound for Constantinople and had taken a job as serving maid to an old Turkish widow. And she had saved me from my husband!

"Do not go back to America without telling the American women there are harems!" Gamila's eyes flashed at the end as they had flashed at the beginning of her story.

The Modern and the Old.

These are tales of the modern slave market.

More sordid than tales of the old. For these women realize the degradation in which they live. How much more wretched for them than if they knew no better than to consider themselves "creatures, a soul," and inferior to the lowest man. This has been what priests and men have taught them to think for generations.

Therefore the last of the harems are the unhappiest. They hold women who know that they have souls.

Harems nowadays are hidden. They always have been.

But vice is paraded in Constantinople as in other cities of the world.

The "district" of Constantinople is in Galata, at the foot of a hill and next the dirty water front. Here 19,000 licensed, 18,000 unlicensed women ply their vicious trade. They must be 18 years old to have a license. Here poor girls combine work as waitresses with the vile oriental practices of dance that prevail in East. A girl to get a good job as