The Adamowski Concert.

It was a notable night in the history of the college concerts this year, when the Adamowski Trio came to play. All three musicians are well-known as solo-players, particularly Mr. T. Adamowski in his Symphony Orchestra work. But it may be ventured as the opinion of the college audience Monday night, that the Ensemble playing was the better done.

The Saint-Sans Trio was the finest thing in the evening; the beautiful tone of the two-string instruments and the exquisite grace of the accompaniment won our admiration from the start. The trio itself is a composition of great beauty and charm, and the rendering was almost faultless. It may be that the piano part is intended to be the most prominent of the three, but it is more likely that the unequal emphasis of parts was the fault of the performers, certainly the strings were heard too late and the piano too much in some movements. But we did not mind much, as might be seen by our vigorous approval of everything. Szumowska played one hardly knows what phase of her playing to comment on: there were so many noteworthy characteristics brought out by the numbers she played. Her octaves, trills, arpeggios, runs, and particularly the delicate phrasing of piano-passages were the points which most delighted our approval. Some Chopin-lovers, perhaps, thought her playing of the B Major nocturne was a trifle hard and unsympathetic, and that she shone to better advantage in Italian opera music; surely Chopin has to be played "just so" or it is no longer Chopin.

The cello numbers were finely given, especially the brilliant and graceful Gavotte. There is a difference of judgment as regards Mr. T. Adamowski's solo work. The selection of the "Manr" paraphrase was not particularly happy, save as it gave opportunity for some rather clever "gymnastic" effects—which some people object to; they call it technique superb, but object to labelling it "Music". It is a pity if Mr. Adamowski must "show off"—that he didn't add some other piece that might better bring out his skill in other respects.

Also it is a pity that we th' instatite clamored in vain for an encore. It is the first time in years that we have been so persistently refused, and we resented the smiling restraint of the performers. And did it look as if the 'cellist had gone out after more music?

However, we liked very much what we did get that night, and pay our respects to the Concert Fund that provided it.

The Ice Carnival We Didn't Have.

The Editor had prepared really fine things to say about the Ice Carnival; such as: "the smooth ice, the moonlight, the gleaming lanteron of the skaters, the band that played merry tunes, all combined to make the occasion one of the most successful of Wellesley's distinctive festivities", or "in spite of the clouds that covered the moon, and the snow that covered the ice, the merry laughter of the skaters and the inspiriting fire light made the Ice Carnival a success after all."—or even if the worst came to the worst, "in spite of the heavy rain and wind storm that arose as the skaters assembled for the Ice Carnival, there is a rumor that several bold spirits skated as far as Tapso"—but that there wouldn't be any Ice Carnival at all, had never occurred to her—or should you say him for an editor? And yet there is one consolation about the things that never come off; they have all sorts of delightful possibilities that are lacking to plain, bare, accomplished realities. They exist in the golden haze of "might-have-beens," remembered with a fondness that real, true things never gain.

Think back—are the most delightful journeys the ones you never made; the very choicest experiences, the ones that were never realized, and that have still the freshness of expectation? And now there's an Ice Carnival to add to that enchanted list?

And there are many years coming, which we hope will give future editors opportunities unlimited for all sorts of brilliantly-worded reports. So let us bide our time—and the ice on Lake Waban!
The editor has been recently led to reflect upon the real nature of our boasted academic culture, and the result of her meditation is a state of scepticism regarding the genuineness thereof. If our college training is to count for anything, we all agree that it should make for a broadening of our interests and sympathies. So far, so good, but is there not a possibility that all this broadening is resulting in a culture of only one dimension? There are other planes of living in the world besides our own, and there are other sorts of good in the world besides our particular cut of goodness, which—we say it deliberately—is all too likely to become a dehumanized code of ethics or colorless philosophy. The ethics and the philosophy are all right, —doubtless we should be the better for more of them—but it is a logical result of their teaching that we should dogmatically declare any other system of good "vulgar," simply because it does not coincide with our conception of it.

It is to be devoutly hoped that we do not sacrifice the woman in us to the student by coming to college, or that by so doing the red blood of human sympathy in our arteries must inevitably become decolorized or run blue with intellectual self-concept.

All this may indicate that we have not become sufficiently imbued with the spirit of the newer culture. Be that as it may, we nevertheless feel deeply the fact that no one individual or class of individuals has a monopoly of the good in the world. And that, if we are truly cultured, we shall be quick to recognize and respond to it, whether its manifestation appears on a plane of living higher or lower than our own.

"Finally, brethren," the pith of this exhortation finds its ultimate expression in the words of an old philosopher of the Scriptures, "With all thy wisdom, get understanding."

The Art Exhibit.

The collection of paintings and etchings that has been on exhibition in the Art Building is one of the finest ever seen at the college. Mr. Duveneck stands in the front rank of American painters. His work has the quality of an Old Master. From the time when he easily took the lead among the students of the Munich studios, he has held his own secure place, in his insight, his reserve, his sense of color and tone, in his mastery of technique. Most noticeable of the paintings in the "Portrait Study;" the sombre dignity of the "Young Man in Dutch Costume;" the intimate characterization of the "Portrait of William Adams;" the elusive suggestiveness of the "Lady with a Fan;" the "Man with a White Collar" while not resembling Franz Hals, suggests him.

Almost every picture is worthy not merely of mention, but of close analysis. Most of these paintings are dated some years back. The artist like a wearied athlete seems resting on his oars before arousing himself to fresh effort.

His paintings have taken their place as masterpieces, but connoisseurs are waiting in hope of work yet to come from him.
COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Monday, February 2, concert in College Hall chapel by the Adamowksi Trio.
Thursday, February 5, regular meeting of the Christian Association.
Saturday, February 7, end of Mid Year examinations.
7:30, P. M., Barnswallows. Children's Dance.
Sunday, February 8, services in Houghton Memorial Chapel.
Sermon by Dr. Erdman of Philadelphia.
Sunday, February 15, services in Houghton Memorial Chapel.
Sermon by Dean Hodges of Cambridge.
7, P. M., vespers, Address by President Pritchard.
Sunday, February 22, service in Houghton Memorial Chapel.
Sermon by Dr. McDowell of New York.
7, P. M., vespers with special music.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Bertha Denis, Instructor in Mathematics, has left Wellesley to take a position in a new High School in New York City.

Miss Alice Chapin, music special, has left college for a time on account of illness. She has gone to her home in Saxton's River, Vermont.

Mrs. Dowd has been visiting her daughter, Miss Maria Dowd, 1903.

Miss Elsie D. Newton formerly of 1903, who left college a year ago on account of illness, returned this week to resume her work.

Mrs. Klein has been visiting her daughter, Miss Kuhl, 1903.

On Tuesday, February 3, Miss Katherine Lee Bates gave a reception for Phi Sigma at her home. The guests of honor were Miss Scudder and her mother. With Miss Bates were receiving Miss Sophie Jewett and her sister, Miss Louise, who has been visiting here.

On Sunday evening, February 1, Mr. Puddicfoot, Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, gave a most interesting account of his experiences upon the Home Mission Field. He told of the beginning of his work in a logging camp in the west, of the many encouragements and discouragements with which he met, and of the wonderful changes wrought among the people of the town. After hearing Mr. Puddicfoot speak, it was easy to understand his success in such work.

The Young Women's Christian Associations of Massachusetts and Rhode Island will hold their eighth State Convention at Lawrence, Mass., on February 13, 14 and 15th.

Some of the speakers are Miss Bertha Coody, Rev. A. C. Dixon and Mrs. N. M. Waterbury. The convention aims to be a miniature summer conference and it is hoped that many will attend it.

SPECIAL RATES.

To members of the college, wishing to subscribe for the remainder of the college year, the Board offers both Wellesley Magazine and College News for seventy-five cents (75c.), thereby giving more than a half year's issue at less than half price. Now is the time to subscribe!

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III.

By way of preface, "know all men by these presents," that this is not written simply for members of the Christian Association. There is a certain little room on the first floor of the old Hall which a good many of us have not found yet, or, if we have found it, we don't know what to do with it. It is the Christian Association room. Some of the larger colleges and universities have Association buildings—like Barnes's Hall, for instance, at Cornell, of which an interesting description was lately posted on our bulletin board, or the new building at the University of Indiana—but we have to work at it just as yet with this one little room, and it is never crowded. Since we have no Association building, with reading-room, committee rooms, parlors, etc., we want the girls to know that so far as possible this little room is to be all these things. While it is not yet well supplied with periodicals, two good ones are always there, and few of us have time to read more than two. And there are other things, too, to make one want to spend all one's waking moments there. On its walls hangs a map with which the older members of the Association are no doubt familiar, but which the newer ones probably know less about. It is a map of the world, showing by cleverly arranged little flags where Wellesley missionaries have gone. If there is anything which will stir our interest in the work of the Association, and our righteous pride in the women it has sent out, it must be that map, with its record of girls who are carrying Wellesley to the ends of the earth, of those who have died on the field, of those waiting to be sent, and of those still with us whose work is already decided on. Then a large record board has just been put up, on which the Library Committee posts clippings of general interest. This Library Committee, by the way, is a new thing and wants all the help it can get. It invites people to read its clippings and to read the articles in the periodicals in the room, which it takes the trouble to mark so as to save the time of the reader by telling her what is most worth reading. It wants any suggestions anybody has to offer, and any books which anyone has to give to the Association (or lend it), and cuttings of general college, or intercollegiate interest to be posted on its bulletin-board. (The names of the Committee will be found there.)

And all of this is not simply for Association members. The room is for all members of the college, and the Association must certainly be interested in the desire of the students to make their way to that map, to get the inspiration some of us have already gotten from the map, and the enjoyment or instruction provided by the work of the Library Committee. It is worth while to make a habit of dropping in for a little while as you pass.

E. V. M.

Ray of the Spirit.

College songs, are undoubtedly, the greatest outlet for college spirit. The pride in a victory over another college, or an especial feeling of love for one's own college, both evince themselves in the good, old, rollicking songs, such as only men's colleges have. But why should men have the monopoly on songs when women are in them? Women are surely as much as men that girls also will like to express all they feel towards the Alma Mater. But from this they are debarred, because the means for this outlet, the songs, are lacking. Wellesley is suffering badly in this way. She has songs for serious occasions, but even those are lacking in the heart-stirring qualities found in the anthems of men's colleges. As for songs, however, that can be just yelled out in moments of delight—she is totally without them. Oh, that some of the literary and musical gymnasia of the college would combine and would supply us with these much-needed-for songs. They would be doing a glorious thing for good, rolling songs are needed here just as much as in men's colleges to show how much our "College Beautiful" means to us.

III.

Only a few girls know that the janitor keeps shop in the vestibule of the chapel. There he has made a special collection of handkerchiefs: dainty lace ones, such as we carry on Sundays, and others that aren't lace. You may claim yours, if you but ask for them. Next Sunday, however, I wouldn't carry my handkerchief in my hand if I were you. It isn't just the thing.

F. B. S., 1914.

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IV. THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION.

Ever so many people in college do not know what it means to belong to the College Settlements Association. We hear the statement made again and again that "I have belonged to the Association for two years but do not know what good it has done me." Because everyone will be or has been asked to join for the year may be interesting to be told where our money goes and what it means to be a member. First of all, it is the one organization in college which a member joins for the sake of the good she will give, and not for that which she will receive. We all know something of the work done by the Settlements in our large cities and to belong to the whole Association which has charge of this College Settlement work all over the land we pay a membership fee of $5.00 a year. If we cannot do that we join only the Wellesley Chapter and pay $1.00 with the addition of fifteen cents for our current expenses such as speakers occasion and an annual reception. The fee $5.00 or $1.00 is sent in to the General Association to be used as they see the greatest need for it and if there is anyone who has not seen the direct benefit of that money she should by all means take a trip to the Denison House in Boston. The first Thursday afternoon in the month several girls always go in to play with the children.

The second Thursday evening an entertainment is provided for the neighborhood Party to which girls and children come from the neighborhood of Denison House. Last Thursday the Wellesley Orchestra went in to play, and as it was the first time an orchestra had ever been there the small boys clustered so close to the players that there was not much room for the use of the instruments. It was a treat indeed to watch the faces of the children and no one could see them and feel that her money had been wasted.

Visitors are always welcome at the Denison House but whenever any one would like to go either on the regular Thursdays she can go with some one on the College Settlements Association Board, provided she sends her name in ahead of time to one of the members.

E. C. T. 1904.

VI.

Must every girl go through the experience of "flunking" in order to be able to see things from the point of view of ordinary mortals? It seemed so to a good many people who read in last week's Free Press the article which inquired why we should take mid-years more seriously than our daily work. Why? Because we cannot take our degree without passing everything, and getting a certain number of credits. Why? Because we may, if our judgment tells us it is best, occasionally neglect a class preparation, and still gain this end; but woe to us if we neglect an examination. Why can't we when we write for the Free Press, write something that will help our companions in this struggle, instead of something written in self-righteousness, to proclaim our own superiority to commit such things? It is true enough that we worry too much over mid-year's, but this is not to be remedied by bringing them down to our standard of everyday work. It were better to keep up the standard of everyday preparation. But if we neglect our daily work, as many do, and as many probably will, for years to come, we shall not help matters by being equally neglectful of our examinations. When we make mistakes we have to patch things up as best we can. Let us patch bravely and perhaps next time the hole will be smaller; but let us never scorn patches.

F. H. H. 1904.

VI.

Living as we do, in a large community, it is impossible for us to have more than a passing acquaintance with most of our fellow-students, and our associates must almost necessarily be confined to one circle. But we should take the opportunity of mingling with as many persons as possible, when we are all together, for instance, at the chapel services. The writer has had the opportunity of observing any but her own class; but she has noticed that morning after morning, the same section in the Sophomore transcript is occupied by the members of one well-defined clique. This is merely the indication of one tendency towards narrowing our circle of interests, the broadening of which is one of the benefits we expect from our course at college. 1903.
THE PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

ALICE IN MID-YEAR'S LAND.

"Dear me!" said Alice to the White Rabbit, "what is that coming down the corridor?"

It was a tall, thin thing that shone as if it had been waxed. Its face wore a superior smile. The White Rabbit waited until it passed them. He was trembling with rage, and he shook his fist at its back. Alice repeated her question.

"That," he said in a low voice, "is an Examination."

"Is it a friend of the Duchess's?" asked Alice, puzzled.

The White Rabbit snorted angrily.

"All the nobility are here," he snapped, "are just—just struck on the thing—You can't go anywhere without running into some of them. And if you haven't to tussle with them, why, of course, it wouldn't be so bad."

"Tussle with them?"

"That's what I said," he retorted.

"Why, how cross you are!" said Alice, heartily.

"It's enough to make anyone cross!" grumbled the White Rabbit.

"You see, the Duchess began it. She's such a passion for exercise—I didn't mind the croquet so much, though it was nerve-wearing. But this is awful, awful!"

"But why are they so—so smooth?" asked Alice, as another one went by, throwing a malicious grin to the White Rabbit. They were crossed!" he said.

"And you have to wrestle with them, or the Duchess orders your head off at once. She actually did take the Dormouse's off—he said he was too sleepy to wake up for any Examination. So we are all frightened to stay away."

"How awful!" said Alice.

"Awful! I should say it was," sighed the White Rabbit. "You can't hold off to save your life. I put butter on my hands—I thought it might do some good, but it didn't. I don't see why. Two equals, you know—and it was just as slippery as the Examination."

"What are their names?" asked Alice. "See this little fat one going by. Who is he?"

"Oh!" said the White Rabbit, pompously, "that's the one I threw. It took me a good while, but I did it. That's one of the love Examinations. And here come the Bibles. You can't even get your hands on them. This long, thin one is Psychology. He's fairly—fairly owl. It was down—down very gently. He went on in an injured tone—"Those Bibles—you'd think they'd imbibe some religion—if I tackled one, and he said, 'Omit—three or four,' so I just passed down the line and skipped four of them. But the Duchess made me come back and put step one. Why did he say three or four, unless he meant it?"

"Now there—she spoke with exasperation—"come the Lists.""

"Lists? quizzed Alice. "Lists?"

"Yes, Lists. Just I don't call them so before the Duchess, but I shan't call them any thing else behind her back. Some of them are fat and easy to throw—that is, quite easy. And some of them—well, I'm black and blue where one pounded me. Oh, there's the bell now. The game's beginning. Where's my blue-book? We have to carry them instead of too. Oh, dear, oh dear, I shall be late. What will the Duchess say?"
ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Miss Elizabeth Stewart, '02, has accepted a position as teacher of mathematics in Dana Hall for the coming year. On February 14, Miss Stewart and Miss Simpson, also '02, sail on the Trieste for Italy where they will remain two months.

The mother of Mrs. Mary Woodin Staples, '06, died at her home in Oneonta, N. Y., January 11.

Miss Constance Emerson, '00, is a resident at Dennison House, Boston.

BIRTHS.

November 12, 1902, a second daughter, Eleanor Childs Dodge to Mrs. Alice Childs Dodge, '86.

September 27, 1902, at Madison, Wis., a daughter, Elizabeth Land, to Mrs. May Simmons Johnson, '77.

November 20, 1902, at Concord, Mass., a son, Theodore, Jr., to Mrs. Anne Bixby Chamberlin, '86.

ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced of Lucy Webster Cummings, '97, to Mr. Henry Sanborn of Dartmouth, '95, of Franklin Falls, N. H.

MARRIAGE.

Murray—Douglas. On December 17, at Minneapolis, Minnesota, Evelyn Douglas, Jr., to Neale Murray. At home in Bowling Green, Kentucky.

EXCHANGES.

We judge that Midyears are "on" in other colleges also, judging by the frequency of Exchanges this week. In the usual plethora of light-weight weekly and high school papers, only the Spectol and the Williams Lit. have lifted up their heads thus far. We are glad, however, to have a little extra time to devote to these, for both are unusually good numbers. The Spectol is full of entertaining sketches, barely pretentious enough to be called short stories, if we except the tale of "The Minister's Quilt." This is a little story of country village life written by one who evidently knows her ground thoroughly, and who has succeeded in weaving in some genuine humor which is not borrowed from either Miss Wilkins or Miss Jewett.

We wish to commend the Williams Lit., especially for the high literary standard of its February issue. The leading article is a sympathetic summary and critique of the works of Ben King, this "young Field cut off ere his day," whose charm the writer has succeeded in conveying wonderfully well.

"Fire-flies, a Japanese Illusion," is a veritable poem in prose, full of delicate description and the elusive fascination of Oriental mysticism.

In short, we have nothing but praise for this number of the magazine, except in one thing, viz., careless proof-reading! As was implied in the Exchange column of the last News, Williams is not alone in this fault. It may be that we are unduly sensitive on the point, but it does certainly detract from the force of a tragic climax to have a "pistol-shot saying out" on the air, or to have a heroine "look feebly around, pining for breath," and these are only a few out of many such marks of carelessness which do not match up with the high standard maintained by the college in other things.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Winston Churchill is now preparing his fourth novel for the press, and his publishers, The Macmillan Company, hope that it will be completed in time for publication before the summer opens. They promise early information as to its contents and its title, but no definite news about it has yet been forthcoming. The extraordinary success of Mr. Winston Churchill's last novel, "The Crisis," is without parallel in the history of publishing, as over four hundred thousand copies of it have been sold since it was published in June, 1901.

A new volume from Mr. James Lane Allen is promised by The Macmillan Company sometime during the spring. Definite details about it have not yet been issued, but his publishers look upon it as likely to prove the most important novel that Mr. Allen has yet written; and they also tell us that it will be in many respects a departure from the current school of American fiction.

In order to publish a book successfully and at the same time anonymously it is by no means necessary that the author should be a foreigner and a countess—the many rumors about the authorship of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" to the contrary notwithstanding. And it is interesting to note that this clever author's publishers have not said that she is titled or that she is not an American. The truth is that neither anonymous nor titles have much to do with the success of a good book. Witness the many editions of "The Garden of a Commanter's Wife," and its present and apparently unabated popularity.

Mr. William Stearns Davis, whose two novels, "A Friend of Caesar" and "God Wills It," achieved such a prompt popularity two years ago, has another novel practically ready for the press. It will be published by the Macmillan Company sometime during the spring. It will be remembered that this author's first successful novel was written before he graduated at Harvard and was considered an extraordinary feat for a man of his years on account of the wide scholarship and reading involved in the preparation of the story.

Mrs. Nancy Inston Banks' new novel has its setting in another corner of the Kentucky country which she loves so well, and which she has portrayed in the setting of her very successful story, "Oldfield." In all probability it will be ready for publication in May and a complete announcement will be made of its title at a later date by The Macmillan Company.

Edith Wharton's novel, "The Valley of Decision," shows her exquisite appreciation of the beauties of life. In the February number the writer's skill will be found in "Pictorium Milan," and Peixotto will illustrate it with his delicate pen-and-ink drawings.

James B. Connolly, the writer of sea stories, reappears in "Oldfield's" for February with a vivid account of the way in which Gloucester fishermen make harbor in a storm. It will be fully illustrated by Reuterdahl.

Henry van Dyke will have in the February number a beautiful contribution in verse addressed to James Whitcomb Riley.

Theatrical Notes.


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