The Magic Carpet.

Magic carpets used to be a great help in getting from one set of surrounding to another in the twinkling of an eye; but with the passion for modern improvements, we have found a substitute for magic carpets, and it's simply come to Wellesley College, and once there, no one could ask for quicker changes than sometimes take place. Look at the Barn for instance, first on Saturday, and then—Sunday representing the twinkling of the eye—on Monday. On the first of these occasions, as you came through the narrow pass in the door, you heard music, to be sure, but above the music, mirth and strange sounds. You were not surprised when you entered, for all your oldest, merriest friends were there: all that country aristocracy, the Hay-seed family, with its uncles and its cousins and its aunts; its uncles, weather-beaten, bowed with bending over the plow, homy-handed in the most approved pastoral style; its aunts, matronly, bustling, shrill-voiced, with bonnets wonderful to behold, with skirts short in front and long in back, full of household tales; its cousins, replete in many colors; in new and shiny shoes; in "store clothes" and uproarious spirits. They danced "Tom Jones" and "Money Musk" and enjoyed themselves tremendously. Would it take from your enjoyment to know that all this was only the Junior Social?

Then on Monday! you heard music again, but such courtly music; such gentle voices mingled with it. The room where the rustics had romped, was filled with lords and ladies now. There were powdered curls, in place of "sliced back" hair, heart-shaped patches instead of sun-burn, and all harmonious colors and graceful lines where awkwardness had been. But most wonderful to say, some of the same faces that had laughed under barn straw hats on Saturday were very grave, now, under powdered hair; some of the same voices that had made the room ring, were most courteous and subdued—you may well ask how all this came about.

Just because there was a Colonial Ball in the Barn. Doesn't this throw into the shade any magic carpet of your acquaintance?

On Monday evening, March the 2d, Mr. Leland Powers read "Monsieur Beaumarchais," to a very fair audience. Those who had heard Mansfield were especially interested in Mr. Powers' rendering of the character. Mr. Powers caught more of the sparkle and vivacity of the Frenchman than Mr. Mansfield, but did not equal him in the passages of great emotional intensity. Mr. Powers' speaking was the more graceful and tender, but Mr. Mansfield's infections of scorn and contempt were extremely powerful. The changing of the end of the story robbed the play, as given by Mansfield, of much of its effectiveness. The last scene with Lady Mary was one of the most powerful in the reading by Mr. Powers. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Powers refrained from doing the graceful trippling about the platform that Mansfield attempted, had something to do with the greater dignity of Mr. Powers' performance.

Mr. Powers was not so good as Wintersett, and even less good as Lady Mary. However, his rendering of Monsieur Beaumarchais was more than enough to make up for any defects in the rest of the characters. And we are all very glad to have had this opportunity of hearing him. It was in quite a different line from other readings he has given here.

"Alice in Wonderland" at the Barn.

The Barnswallow Society presented on Saturday night, March 7th, scenes from "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." It is a great pity that in our wild rush after attainment, Academic, Artistic, and Aesthetic, so many of us either have forgotten the charming absurdities of these Carroll creations, or else have neglected them entirely in our sordid pale-grey existences. The lover of Alice, brood on Her Adventures, finds with a certain shock and lasting sorrow that by far the majority of us, come here and pursue our way to Commencement knowling little or naught of the joys of intimate acquaintance with Alice. In a sense then the Barnswallows Committee last week did practical missionary work in delighting a large audience by scenes from the two books.

The first one presented was the meeting of Alice and the White Rabbit, followed by the conversation with the Caterpillar, the peppery scene in the Duchess' kitchen, the talk with the evanescent Cheshire Cat, the Mad Tea Party, the "Trial of the Knave of Hearts," and finally the encounter with Tweedledee and Tweedledum, who closed the play with a recitation of that classic "The Walrus and the Carpenter," illustrated dramatically. The cast was as follows:

Alice, small, Miss Francis, 1906
Alice, grown-up, Miss Wright, 1906
White Rabbit, Miss Haddon, 1906
Duchess, Miss Clifford, 1903
King, Miss Callhoum, 1905
Queen of Hearts, Miss Conover, 1903
Hatter, Miss Goddard, 1906
March Hare, Miss Hunt, 1903
Dormouse, Miss Pliam, 1905
Tweedledee, Miss Lusk, 1903
Tweedledum, Miss Newhall, 1906
Cook, Miss Knight, 1905
Knave of Hearts, Miss Hegeman, 1903
Walrus, Miss Conover, 1903
Carpenter, Miss Scott, 1904
Oysters, Soldiers, Jurymen.

The play was successful in every respect although organized at the eleventh hour. Small hitches in the action and forgotten cues are not serious matters before so generous an audience as greeted the actors, and indeed, as is usual in Barn plays, only served to enliven the evening. The parts were all well taken, Miss Francis, Miss Clifford, Miss Goddard, and the "twins" being particularly popular with the spectators.
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COLLEGE NEWS

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Monday, March 2, Colonial Ball of the Zeta Alpha Society.
7.30, P. M., in College Hall chapel, reading of "Monsieur Beauchaine," by Mr. Leland T. Powers.

Tuesday, March 3, Sophomore class meeting in Lecture Room I.

Wednesday, March 4, at 7.30, Miss Olive Davis, in the College Hall chapel, lecture on "Domestic Science," by Miss Olive Davis.

Thursday, March 5, Alpha Kappa Chi at home.
3.30, P. M., Barnswallows, "Alice in Wonderland."

Friday, March 6, Easter dinner at the Memorial Chapel.
Sunday, March 8, services in Houghton Memorial chapel.
7.30, P. M., vespers service. Reports of Lawrence Convention.

MISS M. F. FISK

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COLLEGE NOTES.

On March 5, Miss Moffatt entertained the Southern Club.

The mother of Miss Helen Pillsbury, 1905, is spending several weeks with her daughter at Wilder Hall.

Miss Sally Gertrude Knight, 1905, entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Knight of Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday of last week. The Sophomores of the Shakespeare Society entertained them at the Shakespeare House from 4 to 6 on Saturday, February 28.

The father of Miss Dean, 1903, visited her last week.

President Hazard, who has been ill at her home in Peacedale, R. I., has returned to College.

Prof. Minton Warren will lecture on "Literary Reminiscences in Inscriptions," on Saturday, March 14.

FREE PRESS.

I.

The writer of this article recognizes perfectly well that she is a Philistine of the most pronounced and hopeless type. Nevertheless she is deeply convinced that there are in the world prophets and others as well, and that the others have some right to be otherwise and deserve to be championed. This is just a word of cheer to the poor and presumably discouraged readers of our pages, who are unresponsive to the stirring editorials, Free Presses, essays and other articles of the sort on culture and aesthetics. The Philistine standpoint is it that it is better for barbarism to spurt out spontaneously than for culture to ooze out by application of force. There is much barbarism in most of us and it is better for it to have an outlet.

The immense responsibility of being "educated women" and behaving as such weighs heavily on the souls of some of us. For those who are made that way—well they are to be admired and respected, but not imitated—the aesthetic temperament is not capable of being imitated, and any attempt is but a ghastly failure. But for those who are not—cheer up! be barbaric and happy, and venture to hope that you will regenerate the world in your particular way.

This Philistine feels that she is getting older, weaker, more sensible and consequently more aesthetic—but she realizes how much good all her past barbarism and foolishness and bad taste have done her. Indeed, we are not "educated women" yet, we are girls, with only a few years grace, it is true, but still girls as yet, and let us make the most of it. Some of us are almost "educated women," and when we arrive at that point, I am sure that the characteristics of that condition will manifest themselves of their own accord—without any internal forcing or external persuasion. A Philistine.

II.

Now that we are all enthusiastic about the Vassar-Wellesley debate, we are eagerly looking out for a chance to help. Here is one ready to hand, a very practical opportunity. We can not carry on the debate without money and we have practically no money. Of the sixty or seventy dollars, which is a conservative estimate of what we shall need, we have fifteen and part of this must go to pay bills for running expenses. These figures may look hopeless but there is no reason to consider them so for of the eight hundred and eighty-nine girls in college, only one hundred and ninety-two girls have paid their dues. Let the rest pay up as they should and we shall have plenty of money to carry on the debate and to last the rest of the year.

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But aside from the debate, it is our duty to pay this money. We have promised to support Student Government and we must do it. Paying dues is just as much a part of this support as keeping a house quiet. Let every one, therefore, pay her quarter—it is only a quarter of a dollar (.25) at once. The treasurer will hold office hours at the beginning of the week. If you can not meet these, you may send your money through the resident mail at any time.

F. W. Hutsonpillar,
Treasurer.

III.

College life above all things should be broadening. In fact, I think that were a number of girls asked, off hand, what they considered to be the greatest general benefit gained from college, they would say it was just this broadening, this widening of interest and sympathy, this gaining of freer outlook. Yet, looking back on the conversations in which one has been an active or passive participant, this largeness of views is not so apparent as it might be. It is too often full of that narrowest of things, gossip. It is a hard thing not to gossip in college, and some kinds are justifiable. Gossip in the sense of talking about our fellow beings may be the most kindly and friendly, it may do good by helping to break down prejudice by bringing to light unseen good points, showing forth some of the pleasant discoveries about human nature that are continually being made; but gossip in its more common sense can never be a good thing, even though it may not be always bad. Think of some of the conversations you've held lately, perhaps to-day. It is so easy to say little shirring things, they're out before you know it; it's so easy to repeat a floatling remark. Often they are harmless, perhaps, but are they, at their highest, the least bit of use? Doesn't it seem to you that we often belittle ourselves by the personalities in which we indulge? Even while we do it, we know it is narrowing, and are rather ashamed. Why not have less of it in college?

IV.

There is little danger of Wellesley girls forgetting that they belong to "The College Beautiful." They are reminded of the fact too often. Their Harvard friends confide to them that they think it strange all the girls around Boston don't come to Wellesley; their parents pride themselves on having picked out the best college in the land for their daughters; their casual friends and visitors go into ecstasies over the grounds, the lake, the buildings; even strangers on the train to Boston talk over the beauties of the college as they ride past. It is all true. We appreciate the privilege of living here, as outsiders cannot, and we listen complacently to the praise which comes so naturally from their lips. It is natural, too, that as members of the college, we should appropriate some of the general commendation to ourselves, and feel particularly pleased at our good fortune in being here. But let us try not to allow this self and college appreciative attitude to be too evident in our intercourse with people outside. In their opinion, it may closely resemble pride, selfishness or snobishness, according to the form it takes. "Wellesley" and "College" may fill the horizon of interest in the minds of a few here (we hope it is only a few!) but other people have somewhat else and broader to fill their thoughts.

Not long ago a minister's wife remarked to a friend, that of all the Mt. Holyoke girls she had met, not one was a snob. She added something about Wellesley in the opposite strum which we will not take the trouble to repeat. She was sincere in her criticism, for she went on to say, "Yet Wellesley is such a beautiful place, I always wanted my girls to go there." On the other hand, one of the most acceptable compliments paid to a Wellesley girl in a home where she spent a recent vacation, was, "I always enjoy your visits so much,—you don't talk and act college all the time, as some girls do."
THE PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

MRS. DOOLEY ON THE NEW HEATING PLANT.

Mrs. Dooley and Mrs. Hennessey were peacefully drinking tea one afternoon, when a furious banging and rattling was heard in the room.

"'Tis the radiator," asked Mrs. Hennessey.

"Well," answered Mrs. Dooley, "it might be a blacksmith's shop, or it might be a musilma-ana dey in turbule Filipino bullets—if we was in th' Philippines. But we ain't. An' it aint. It's only me r-r-radia-tor.

"Does it per-form often?" asked Mrs. Hennessey.

"Mrs. Hennessey," said Mrs. Dooley, "do I br-r-rateh often?"

"Iv coarse ye do," answered Mrs. Hennessey, "Ye couldn't live if ye didn't."

"An' if me radiator couldn't per-form, poor thing, I'm sure 'twould never have r-r-rived th' night," said Mrs. Dooley, pityingly.

"Does it ann'y ye? Control ye'er nee-r-rves. Th' ideated woman sh'd have pol'e. Poise is th' great aim iv me life, Mrs. Hennessey. An' phat sh'll I do t' acquire ut when me social an' friandy r-r-radiator—or refriger r-r-rator ut might be more thruly called—is gone, an' in ut's place is th' luxu-r-r-r-rious an' noisless heatin' plant? I fear if th' future iv me characther, an' th' iv all th' rist iv th' lovely gree-nels here. Wir shruggle thus elimin-a-ateed from our lives, I expet that our teeth will fall out or somethin' as turbule happen."

"But," suggested Mrs. Hennessey, "they's College Hall luncheons."

"Thrue fer ye," responded Mrs. Dooley. "But who knows? In th' near future they may discontinue th' function altgither. Still, Mrs. Hennessey, I will not give way t' these dar-r-k forebinnins. When I gatte upon that lily tow'rin' pr-r-omalicious th' hilarins, why sh'd I repone? Were ye here th' other day, Mrs. Hennessey, when th' lily was completed? Ye were not? I, ye missed a gre-rreat event in th' histhry iv th' college. Th' offcers iv th' institushun an' th' Board iv Trustees fir-rst tripped lightly c'th' top iv th' strutture an' laid a wreath iv lilas iv th' valley on its summit. Thin came th' undergraduate body in th' usual oder, the Freshmen an' Soph'mores leadin' neck an' neck, while th' college orchestra, seated below in th' mud, played our various patriotic airs, beginnin' wid 'Neath th' Oaks' an' culmin' wid th' same.

"Th' casualities, iv coarse, was morn'rous. Wan Soph'more, while lightin' fur a place t' shlick her chaw-ass flug missed her foozin' an fell th' gre-r-round.

"Tell ma-ma," says the heroic gir-l as they bore her off, after execratin' the cowards that might that I'm sorry I brought me thliss, but I'm happy," says she, "th' makin' of Nineteen Forty.

"All but the Freshmen bur-r-rst into tears at these affectin' wordz, as they bore her off, th' orchestra played 'The Weathr,' iv th' Green,' but broke down in th' middle an' return-r-rned to 'Neath the Oaks.' "Twas a folke an' inspirin' villification.

"Did ye go up th' top" demanded Mrs. Hennessey.

"I did not," said Mrs. Dooley. "I had me cap an' gown on, an' I was afe-r-raid iv gittin' thin der-rty."
ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Miss Lucasta J. Boynton, '92, has accepted a position as teacher in a school at Livermore, Ipswich, Mass.
Miss Clara E. Baker, '92, is teaching, as pupil teacher, Mathematics, German and English Grammar in the Melrose High School.
Miss Sarah W. Kelly, '92, is teaching in the Mattapoiset Grammar School.
Miss Helen Winger, '92, has a position as teacher in the preparatory grade of Caldwell College, Danville, Kentucky.
Miss Bertha Woods, '92, has been teaching for the past two months in a high school near Erie, Pennsylvania.
Miss Emily Putin, '92, is acting as substitute in the Oak Park grammar school.
Miss Jane E. Warren, '97, is teaching in the grammar school in Melrose.
Miss Annie M. Washburn, formerly of '97, is principal of the Mary A. Livermore Grammar School in Melrose.
Mrs. Marion Peabody Hanch, '97, is living at 742 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York City.
A short story, "The Trapper's Daughter at St. Irene," by Miss Wilkinson, will be published this year in the Atlantic Monthly.
Mrs. Clara Oldham O'Leary, '91, is now living at Norfolk, Virginia, where Mr. O'Leary is stationed for the next two years.
Miss Mary E. Pierce, '97, is teaching this year in the Atlanta University, Atlanta, Georgia.
Miss Sarah Chamberlain Weed, '95, is teaching Literature in Miss Chamberlain's School in Boston.
Miss Maud Thompson, M.A., '92, is teaching Greek in Mehan- leburg, Pennsylvania.
Miss Lucy J. Freeman, '97, has returned from Europe, after visiting Athens and other southern cities.
Miss Constance Emerson, '95, Miss Clara H. Shaw, '97, and Miss Margaret Wheeler, '98, visited the College recently.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Cecilia Dickie, '95, to the Reverend J. S. Sutherland of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

RESOLUTIONS.

We the members of the Phi Sigma Fraternity of Wellesley College, having received with great sorrow the tidings of the death of Mae Rice, desire hereby to record our sense of the irreparable loss, which has befallen us, both personally and as a fraternity.

The beautiful life of Mae Rice was one of generosity, of kindness and cheer, of self-forgetfulness and ever-ready sympathy. In her daily living, she was a silent inspiration to those about her, in her great capacity for usefulness and extraordinary efficiency combined with the unwearied, unending service to others. Not only to her society sisters, and more intimate circles of friends, did she prove the fullest of her nature by her unflinching loyalty in every act, but in the interest of the college community, she gave time and energy in valued service.

Her nature and character, which proved itself in the small community of the college, had but begun to prove itself in the wide circles of outside life, with rich promise of noble service to her fellow-beings.

To have known one who was toward the highest type of life, to have seen the steady purpose and achievement, is a privilege for which we, to whom it has been accorded, are deeply thankful.

The beautiful way which Mae Rice lived from hour to hour was an inspiration which can but be intensified by her loss, in the influence upon all those who knew her.

In this sudden and great sorrow, our sympathy goes out without measure to her family and to all those who loved her.

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EXCHANGES.

Another "off week" for exchanges both in quantity and quality! We find several phrases here and there which our English students might well consider for their "power of suggestion." This, for example, appears in a thrilling detective-story, at the point where the horse-thief is about to enter,—"Everything bore the expressive air of night!"

The Dartmouth Magazine for March has a well-told little seaman's yarn entitled "Salt-Water Taffy" which reminds us strongly of some of Stockton's "whoppers."

"A Small Trunk Key" in the same issue is a striking illustration of the narrow dividing-line between tragedy and comedy.

The last "Williams Lit." has a delightful article on "Lewis Carroll and his Nonsense-Verse," which emphasizes anew the versatility of this man whom the author styles "preacher, author, mathematician, University lecturer, logician, writer of nonsense-verse, and patron saint of English children."

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. Hardy was a guest of the Agora at their regular meeting on Saturday evening, February 28, 1903. The following program was presented.

IMPROVISED SPEECHES.
1. "The history of the trouble in Macedonia and the present situation."
2. "Alaskan difficulty."

The meeting was then resolved into an Executive Session of the Senate to consider the confirmation of the appointment of George Washington Johnson, as Collector of Customs at the port of Mobile.

In favor of the confirmation:
Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire . . . . Helen M. Pitch
Senator Platt of Connecticut . . . . . . . . E. Sophia Brown
Senator Bailey of Texas . . . . . . . . . . Martha N. Brooks
Senator Morgan of Alabama . . . . . . . . Fanny Field

At a meeting of the Agora held Wednesday, March 4, Marie Hershey, '03, Edna Whidden, '03, and Myra Fishback, '04 were formally received into membership.

Theatrical Notes.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Chuncy O'cott in "Old Limerick Town."
TREMONT THEATRE.—James Hackett in "The Crisis."
BOSTON MUSEUM.—"The Little Princess" by Frances Hodgson Burnett.
COLONIAL THEATRE.—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."

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