## CONTENTS

| The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning                      | Sophie Chantal Hart | 315 |
| A Pathetic Fallacy                                           | Edith B. Lehman, 1800 | 320 |
| The Ways of Boys                                              | L. K. F.            | 320 |
| A Rondel                                                      | R. C.              | 323 |
| The New Bedford Strike                                       | Clara W. Brown      | 326 |
| A Follower of Birds                                           | G. L. C.           | 330 |
| EDITORIALS                                                    |                    | 334 |
| Free Press                                                    |                    | 337 |
| Helen Webster Pettee—In Memoriam                            |                    | 339 |
| In Memory of Helen Pettee, ’98                               |                    | 341 |
| College Conferences                                          |                    | 342 |
| Exchanges                                                     |                    | 343 |
| The Books We Read                                             |                    | 345 |
| College Notes                                                 |                    | 348 |
| Society Notes                                                 |                    | 350 |
| Alumnae Notes                                                 |                    | 353 |
| Marriages                                                     |                    | 357 |
| Births                                                        |                    | 357 |
| Deaths                                                        |                    | 357 |

Vol. VII. — April, 1898 — No. 7.

Entered in the Post-Office at Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.
Specialty House.

GEO. W. FOSTER & CO.,
Successors to C. N. CARTER CO.,

CLOAKS, SUITS,
SILK AND WOOLEN WAISTS.

492 and 494 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

Discount to Students.

EASY RUNNING
HANDSOME
STRONG

O O THE O O

CLEVELAND BICYCLE

Does not depend for its popularity upon any one special feature; on the contrary, it is, as one enthusiast expressed it, "Good all over." It combines all the meritorious points in one wheel.

We have a special department for the display of our ladies' models, and would be pleased to have a close inspection made of the different styles, as we are confident that it will prove all we claim.

CLEVELAND BICYCLES,
BOSTON BRANCH.
H. A. LOZIER & CO. . . 396 Boylston Street.
OPEN EVENINGS. RENTING.

J. J. O’CALLAGHAN CO.

543 Washington Street,
(BETWEEN KEITH’S AND BOSTON THEATRES),

Wholesale Cloak Manufacturers.

JACKETS,
TAILOR-MADE SUITS,
SKIRTS.
Shreve, Crump & Low Co.
Jewelers and Silversmiths,

147 Tremont Street, Corner of West.


Programs and Invitations, both printed and engraved. Class Day Programs a specialty.
Class Pins designed and manufactured to order.
Parasols and Umbrellas made to order, recovered and repaired.

Scribner's beautiful edition of Stevenson (500 subscribers at Harvard), 21 vols.; their edition of Kipling, specially arranged by Mr. Kipling, with illustrations on India paper by his father; the only uniform and illustrated edition published; 12 vols.; their edition of Eugene Field, 10 vols.; Barrie, 8 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s superb edition of Hawthorne, 15 vols., Lowell, 11, Holmes, 15, Longfellow, 14, Whittier, 9, and Emerson, 14; illustrated with 360 exquisite steel engravings (the only illustrated edition published); their handsome new edition of Bret Harte. Little, Brown & Co.'s new and limited edition of Francis Parkman, America's greatest historian, 20 vols.; illustrated with 120 exquisite engravings by Goupil & Co. (Paris). All the standard authors, in all editions and bindings, from $4 to $100. Any set delivered at once, express paid, and payments of $2 per month satisfactory.

Address X, Wellesley Magazine, and our agent will call with full and complete prospectus. We guarantee the lowest cash prices.

Finest Roadbed on the Continent.

Boston and Albany

First Class Through Car Route TO THE WEST.

Through Trains Leave Boston as follows —
8.30 a.m. (except Sunday) Day Express.
10.30 a.m. (daily) Chicago Special.
2.00 p.m. (daily) Lake Shore Limited.
3.00 p.m. (except Sunday) St. Louis and Chicago Express.
7.15 p.m. (daily) Pacific Express.

Springfield Line

For...

Hartford, New Haven & New York.

Leave Boston.
9.00 a.m. (except Sunday) 3.30 p.m.
12.00 m. (except Sunday) 5.32 p.m.
4.00 p.m. (daily) 10.00 p.m.
(NEW EQUIPMENT BUILT BY THE PULLMAN CO.)
11.00 p.m. (daily) 6.41 a.m.

For tickets, information, time-tables, etc. apply to nearest ticket agent.

A. S. Hanson,
General Passenger Agent.
Gilchrist & Co.
Winter Street, Boston.

We solicit your patronage in all departments of our Dry Goods Establishment, promising you prompt and efficient service.

Members of the Faculty and Students of Wellesley College will, on presentation of certified cards, be allowed a discount of ten per cent on goods purchased.

O. A. Jenkins
AND COMPANY.

• Ladies' Hatters
AND
Furriers.

ORIGINAL STYLES IN LADIES' HATS.
No Copies. No Duplicates.

SOLE BOSTON AGENTS FOR
Connelly's New York Hats.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Rich Furs in the Newest Shapes.

407 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

High Grade Millinery
At
LE BON TON,
546 Washington St.

We are now displaying our Spring Importations of Pattern Hats, Bonnets and Millinery Novelties, embracing the most select models by the leading designers of Paris and London.

We would call especial attention to our fine exhibit of English Walking Hats and the latest designs in round hats, of which we have a great variety.

We also carry a complete line of MOURNING GOODS, which for quality and style are unsurpassed.

Bon Marché
French Millinery.

A Large Assortment
Of French Pattern Hats, the latest novelties, with those of our own designs, always on display, at the reasonable prices for which we are noted.

The Spring Opening
Of imported and Domestic Pattern Hats will occur the last week in March, and the styles then shown, with the remarkably low prices given, will be sure to please you.

451 Washington Street, Boston.
Opposite A. Shuman's.

Francis Wilson, Proprietor.
LIST OF ADVERTISERS.

ART EMBROIDERIES AND LINENS.
E. J. States, 175 Tremont Street.
T. D. Whitney Co., 39 Temple Place.

BOOKS.
X, Wellesley Magazine.

CARPETS AND PIANOS.
Joel Goldthwait & Company, 163 to 169 Washington Street.
Jacob Doll, 207 Tremont Street.

COSTUMES.
Geo. P. Raymond, 17 Boylston Place.

CONFECTIONERS.
Huyler's, 146 Tremont Street.

DRESSMAKERS AND TAILORS.
M. E. Fleming, Central Street, Wellesley.
Mrs. M. J. McFadden, 546 and 591 Washington Street.
V. Ballard & Sons, 256 Boylston Street.
Joseph Adelstern, 329 Columbus Avenue.

DRUGGISTS.
L. W. Randolph, 143 West Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.
Story & Cutter, Shattuck Building, Wellesley.

DRY GOODS.
J. J. O'Callaghan, 543 Washington Street.
Miss M. F. Fisk, 44 Temple Place.
The L. E. Fletcher Co., 158 Boylston Street.
Gilchrist & Co., Winter Street.
L. P. Hollander & Co., 202 to 212 Boylston Street and Park Square.
J. B. Leamy, corner Main and Summer Streets, Natick.
Cotrell & Leonard, 472 to 478 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
Noyes Bros., Washington and Summer Streets.
Ray, 509 Washington Street.

EDUCATIONAL.
Dana Hall School, Wellesley.
Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.
Kent Place School for Girls, Summit, N. J.
Walden Hill School, Natick, Mass.
Eastern Teachers' Agency, 50 Bromfield Street.
Union Teachers' Agency, Saltsbury, Pa.
Woman's Medical College, 321 East 15th Street, New York.
Junius W. Hill, 154 Tremont Street.

GROCERS.
Charles E. Shattuck, Wellesley.
S. S. Pierce & Co., Tremont Street.

HAIR DRESSER.
Phoebe A. Gillespie, 18 Huntington Avenue.

JEWELERS.
The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co., corner 12th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.
Shreve, Crump & Low Co., 147 Tremont Street.
A. Stowell & Co., 24 Winter Street.

LIVERY.
F. Diehl & Son, Central Street, Wellesley.

MILLINERY.
E. M. Knox, 194 5th Avenue, New York.
O. A. Jenkins, 407 Washington Street.
Bon Marché, 451 Washington Street.

OPTICIANS.
Andrew J. Lloyd, 323 and 325 Washington St. Pinkham & Smith, 288 Boylston Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.
C. W. Hearn, 394 Boylston Street.
Carl J. Horner, 11 Winter Street.

PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMING.
E. W. Noyes Co., 13 Bromfield Street.
Eben Smith, 188 Lincoln Street.
Joseph DeWitt, 2 Main Street, Natick.
Mrs. J. C. White, 19 Bromfield Street.

PRINTERS.
Frank Wood, 352 Washington Street.

SHOES.
Thayer's, 144 Tremont Street.
H. H. Tuttle & Co., Washington Street, corner Winter Street.
Underwood's, 3 Clark's Block, Natick.

SPORTING GOODS.
Wright & Ditson, 344 Washington Street.
H. A. Lozier & Co., 396 Boylston Street.
Charles M. Eaton, Wellesley Hills.

STATIONERY.
Thorp & Martin, 12 Milk Street.

TRANSPORTATION.
Boston & Albany.
European Tourist Co., 156 5th Avenue, New York.
Chicago & Northwestern, 368 Washington St.
Fall River Line, 3 Old State House.
L. P. Hollander & Company,
202 to 212 Boylston Street, and Park Square, Boston.

We invite an inspection of our exclusive designs in

**Young Ladies' Tailor Gowns,**
**Bicycle and Golf Suits, Coats and Capes,**
**Muslin Dresses, etc.**

Also, **Trimmed and English Walking Hats. Shirt Waists.**

Special Discount to Faculty and Students of Wellesley College.

Violets... J. TAILBY & SON, Florists,
Opposite Railroad Station, Wellesley.

Flowers and Plants of the choicest varieties for all occasions; Palms, etc., to let for decoration.
Flowers carefully packed and forwarded by Mail or Express to all parts of the United States and Canada.
Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Connected by Telephone.

Hosiery, Underwear, Ribbons, Art Muslins, Cretonnes, Stamped Linens, and Embroidery Silks.

**Kid Gloves, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50**
The Best $1.00 Glove in the Market.

Ten per cent discount on all goods to Wellesley Professors and Students.

J. B. Leamy,
Cor. Main and Summer Sts., Natick, Mass.

LONDON MIXTURE

Breakfast TEA,
$1.00 per pound.

S. S. PIERCE CO.,
BOSTON, BROOKLINE.

JOSEPH E. DeWITT,
Stationer and Picture Dealer.

Special attention given to Framing Pictures at reasonable prices.

It is of easy access by the Electric Cars.

No. 2 Main Street, Natick, Mass.
THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI.  WELLESLEY, APRIL 16, 1898.  No. 7.

EDITOR IN CHIEF.
GRACE LOUISE COOK, '99.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
BERNICE OLIVER KELLY, '99.

MANAGING EDITORS.
MARY LOUISE BARKER, '98.
EVA GRAHAM POTTER, '98.

LITERARY EDITORS.
HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95.
HELEN MARY BURTON, '99.
MARGARET BELL MERRILL, '99.
MARY GERALDINE GORDON, 1900.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Student Body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Grace L. Cook, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Bernice O. Kelly, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumni news should be sent to Miss Helen M. Kelsey, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Mary L. Barker, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the Magazine and other business communications should in all cases be sent to Miss Eva G. Potter, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $1.75 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

THE LETTERS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Love of romance seems to be a deeply rooted instinct of the human heart. Those of us who enjoy pure romance in which the hero and heroine fall in love with each other under the most trying circumstances, in which they run counter to every dictate of prudence and common sense, and yet marry and live happy ever after, will revel in these newly published "Letters of Mrs. Browning." They read like a story book, only with the added merit of being not fiction but truth. The secret satisfaction we all feel when reason and cold calculation are put to rout by one splendid burst
of spontaneous faith, is vindicated in these "Letters," for they tell of conditions of human love and comradeship which pass all common understanding. From my point of view at least, the chief value of the Letters lies in their interest as a love story, showing with mingled delicacy and fervor the spiritual union of two of the famous poets of this century.

Mrs. Browning's early life is one long record of physical suffering and pain. A fall from a horse at the age of fifteen gave the first shock to a constitution naturally delicate; this followed by a gradually developing bronchial trouble which kept her a close prisoner for months at a time, brought about in her young womanhood that state of chronic invalidism in which she remained up to the time of her marriage. It is indeed heartening to our courage to read of the magnificent triumph of spirit over flesh which all these years of her life tell. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, whose existence was passed, too, in the bondage of pain, she wrote, wrote, wrote, whenever she was able to sit up, words that have no note of lamentation in them, but give answer to the world in ringing joyousness and hope. Speaking of Carlyle's phrase—literature is a "fire-proof pleasure," Mrs. Browning says with emotion, "How truly! how deeply I have felt that truth!" The evidence of the letters would show that it was only by absorption in her writing that she saved herself from despair, especially after the crushing sorrow of her brother's drowning at Torquay. Her friends thought that the flame of life flickering uncertainly so long would be blotted out by this fearful blow.

So critical was her condition that it was more than a year after her brother's death before Miss Barrett could be moved back to her father's house in London. A wonderful patent carriage with a bed supported by a hundred springs came to convey her home, while doctors looked on with dismay, called it a hazardous attempt for one whose greatest exertion was to be lifted in arms from bed to sofa, and again from sofa to bed. From the moment of her return to London in 1841 until her marriage in 1846, Miss Barrett rarely left her father's house, seldom was able to go down stairs, and for months never crossed the threshold of her room. When at the end of a summer's strength she records that she is able to walk about her room, has been downstairs four or five times, she cries out in victory.
It is almost impossible for one of us, I fancy, to conceive what life such as this must be. "I live in London, to be sure, and except for the glory of it I might live in a desert, so profound is my solitude, and so complete my isolation from things and persons without. I lie all day, and day after day, on the sofa, and my windows do not even look into the street. I have my ivy planted in a box, and it has spread over my window, and strikes against the glass with a little stroke from the thicker leaves when the wind blows at all briskly. Then I think of forests and groves; it is my triumph when the leaves strike the window pane!" Again she writes, "Flush's [her dog] breathing is my loudest sound, and then the watch's tickings, and then my own heart when it beats too turbulently."

From this sick room which seems almost a prison house, there issued forth poem after poem, articles on the Greek Christian Poets, critical papers on English literature. When in 1844 she published her two volumes of new poems, Mr. Browning, who chanced to express admiration of them to her cousin, Mr. Kenyon, was urged by him to write her a note. The reference to Browning in one of the poems, "Lady Geraldine's Secret,"

"Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle, Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity,"

may have given him the immediate excuse for the note. "I had a letter from Browning the poet last night, which threw me into ecstacies,—Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus,' and king of the mystics." The acquaintance thus begun ended two years later in the romantic marriage. What this experience of love meant to the secluded invalid can best be read in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." One of the letters written shortly after her marriage is a prose translation of two of the sonnets, so intimate that it can hardly be quoted here. The letters bring into clear light the facts which justified Miss Barrett in leaving her father's house secretly, without his consent. Besides the hard and unrelenting father, there were other circumstances in this marriage that might well cause dismay. During the days of their courtship, Robert Browning had been received by Miss Barrett, as she was obliged to see the very few friends whom she saw, lying on her sofa; he did not believe that she could ever stand on her feet and meet him face to face; Miss Barrett was forty years old, so frail in body that there
seemed little hope she could share in the activities of life. The money at
their disposal was comparatively small. Surely lovers never faced greater
obstacles—and won more glorious reward!

Unlike most romances of fiction, the interest does not end with marriage,
but waxes greater and greater. Never were there more idyllic scenes from
life than the record of those early married days in Italy. The Prince Charm-
ing takes his invalid bride from the pain and gloom of London and presto! change. She is next walking, actually walking, under the sight of a "blue
sky floating like a sea-tide," throbbing with exultant joy over the wonderful
beauty of Italy borne in on her responsive senses. In the flight southward
just after the marriage, one picture stands out particularly: "During a rest
of a few days at Avignon, a pilgrimage was made to Vaucluse in honor of
Petrarch and his Laura. There at the very source of the 'chiare, fresche, e
dolci acque,' Mr. Browning took his wife up in his arms, and carrying her
across the shallow curling water, seated her on a rock that rose thronelike
in the middle of the stream! Thus love and poetry took a new possession of
the spot immortalized by Petrarch's loving fancy." At Pisa, where they first
settled, we find them living as befits lovers. Dinner is sent in from the
restaurant; we "can dine in our favorite way on thrushes and chianti, with
a miraculous cheapness, and no trouble, no cook, no kitchen,—the prophet
Elijah or the lilies of the field took as little thought for their dining. It is a
continental fashion which we never cease commending. Then at six we have
coffee and rolls made of milk, and at nine our supper of roast chestnuts and
grapes." Mrs. Browning writes back to her English friends in high glee over
their success in "making both ends meet"; that they, two poets, should be
capable of exercising so much forethought and economy is a source of never-
ending domestic merriment. It was at Pisa the "Sonnets from the Portu-
guese," written during their courtship and engagement, were first seen by
Mr. Browning. One morning after breakfast he "stood at the window
watching the street until the table should be cleared. He was presently
aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs.
Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at
her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into his coat. She told
him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled to
her own room." The letters are full of details about the new home life,
delightfully fresh, frank, and simple. It is a home life so perfect that it revives our faith that the ideal can be made real in this world. The happiness of the mother in her son, the flashes of side light on the character of Robert Browning,—greater even as man than as poet,—the circumstances that link themselves with the writing of many of their famous poems, entice us from page to page.

I have said that I consider the chief interest of the "Letters" lies in their worth as a human story; unless this of itself makes the strongest appeal to the reader, I conceive that the "Letters" might be found disappointing. There are no brilliant aperçus, and there are dreary pages of Italian politics. For those who care for the Brownings, who care to know Mrs. Browning as woman, the "Letters" are richly suggestive and illuminating. They make clear how impossible it is to understand her without taking into account her long invalidism and seclusion; how completely she missed the rough-and-tumble contact with things and people, a contact which mercifully blunts the edge of feeling. Hers remained always a tremulously sensitive nature, with "a pulse that would fly off at a word." In missing the discipline of a more active life in early womanhood, she missed the external check on a too passionate vehemence. The note of occasional extravagance in the letters is the outcome of very special conditions of life and health. She lived intensely, understood people and things emotionally, thereby making them part of herself. Although her circle of friends included the greatest names in literature,—Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Thackeray, Dickens, George Sand, and others known to fame,—there are strikingly few delicate and fine characterizations of them. In the "Letters" we jostle against these noted figures unreflectively, for the most part,—here and there an anecdote or a remark to show Mrs. Browning's personal feeling toward them. Scattered up and down the pages are bits that stay in one's memory,—the half hour spent at Wordsworth's side, for instance; touches of personal description, as of Walter Savage Landor, who "has the most beautiful sea-foam of a beard you ever saw, all in a curl and white bubblement of beauty." But, of course, far better than the glimpses of other people is the insight which the "Letters" give into Mrs. Browning's own large-hearted, generous womanhood,—a nature quivering in every fibre with rich humanity.

Sophie Chantal Hart.
COMPANIONSHIP.

One dreamed success had brought the dear-won fame.
From over seas the erstwhile scornful came,
   And freely lavished wealth and homage, too,
On him who bore at last a glittering name.

One dreamed that sight, long-sought, had rendered clear
The clue to all the baffling tangle here;
   And reason showed to him the way of peace,
For peace and vision, so they say, dwell near.

But yet one dreamed that while he stood and smiled,
And heard the world-wide plaudits, through the wild
   And dreary night, his soul went wandering
And crying like a little frightened child.

And then he woke. O'er all the morning land
The silver-throated birds sang, and a band
   Of golden sunlight slanted 'cross the wall,
And fast in his lay warm a human hand.

R. C.

A PATHETIC FALLACY.

Herr Bauman took the faded green umbrella from the rack, dusted his old brown derby, and pulled on the overcoat with the fringing edges. Then, with a grunt of disgust, he plodded out into the slush of the street and the discouraging drizzle of the February morning. Day in, day out, the Professor had gone through this same performance, with variations only of time and weather; day by day his old coat grew older, the umbrella shabbier, his bent shoulders rounder, and his heart wearier beneath the burden of a family's support and of an uncongenial task. No one saw any pathos in the Professor's stout, square figure, in the blunt, good-natured, German face, covered by its stubby, grizzled beard, or in the twinkling eyes behind the round spectacles. Such is the disadvantage of a prosaic exterior. Who knows what feelings of disinterested philanthropy, practical or sentimental, he might have aroused, had he been some poor scientist, sickly student, or even tradesman in financial difficulties; but, being only a poor
German music teacher somewhat inclined to be stout and bald, with a family of six on his hands, and of an uncertain temper toward the little girls of no particular musical bent who were so unfortunate as to be under his tuition, our poor old gentleman went his way from his own modest home to those of his pupils, in sunshine and rain, from youth to old age.

It must not be imagined, however, that because the Professor had five small mouths to feed, and five little minds to educate to the duties of American citizenship and the beauties of the pianoforte, that because his days were spent in teaching clumsy little fingers the way they should go upon the keyboard, his life was utterly monotonous and gloomy. For the Professor had many pleasures, German and serene. Sometimes there were concerts by famous masters, who came to the city, and for which spare pennies were carefully hoarded up; sometimes there were meetings of the Gesangverein, of which he was conductor, and to which his wife accompanied him, smiling with pride and arrayed with painful care; sometimes, in summer, there were long street car rides into the country with the children, to some secluded lake-shore grape-farm, where beer flowed like water, and where the Professor could smoke his pipe in peace, and watch his five little ones playing in the leafy alleyways. These were the superficial pleasures of Herr Bauman's life. He had also a deeper one, which filled his days with a sense of pride and comfort inconceivable.

What this pleasure was may be surmised from the fact that, on his way up the street, the Professor took from his pocket and reread lovingly two letters of foreign aspect, one bearing a Greek stamp, the other a German, and the name of a well-known German conservatory.

"My boys," muttered Herr Bauman. "Ach, it is a good thing to have such children," and his face beamed like the sun itself, as he entered Miss Ford's music room. She was his favorite pupil, a slim, sweet-faced girl of real talent, who had long outgrown the Professor's old-fashioned methods, but had been loth to give him up, partly because she was still unaware of his deficiencies, partly because she had a real fondness for the hot-headed old German.

"You look happy, Herr Professor," she said, as she selected her music and opened the piano. "The weather has not troubled you, then?"
"It is the good news I have of my Edouard and my Fritz, that pleases me much," he answered. "See, this letter is from my Fritz, who is in Athens. The German government sent him there to dig up mines. That is fine, is it not? He is a Doctor, a Doctor of Philosophy from Göttingen, and he has written a book that has been much praised. He is a good boy, yes,—but see, Fräulein Ford, that is not what makes me glad. It is this, from my Edouard. He comes here, to America, to sing in concert next month. He has a fine voice,—tenor,—ach, you should hear what they have said of him in the Conservatory!" Here Herr Bauman read some extracts from the letter, and Miss Ford listened sympathetically.

"Will he come to this city?" she asked.

"Ach, yes," cried the delighted Professor. "He will give a concert here, and I will manage it. You must surely come, and your mother, too. Yes, you must come. But now, Fräulein, we must have the sonata," and Herr Bauman wiped his spectacles vigorously with his great silk handkerchief, as a signal for the lesson to begin.

All that month the Professor walked on clouds—not common earth. Visions of his son's triumphs, of his own tranquil and care-free future, floated before him, and lent something seraphic to the expression of his rugged old face. His pupils wondered and rejoiced at the serenity of his temper; no more thunderous corrections, slapping of knuckles, and yellings of "Du Dummkopf!" at affrighted pupils; no more weepings and wailings when the lesson was over. But, instead, the Professor sat through the period with a smile of absent-minded approval upon his face, and his affectionate "Sehr gut, mein Fräulein," sent thrills of astonished delight to many a youthful breast. For Herr Bauman was ecstatic in the consciousness of being the father of a celebrity, a position in many respects happier than that of the celebrity himself. He drew wonderful pictures for himself and for his wife, as she sat darning enormous heaps of stockings, of the concert night, the applause, the newspaper notices, the congratulations of the Gesangverein. And under all these visions of glory lay the timid hope that at last the burden of the family's support was to be shifted to shoulders younger and stronger than his own; that the time had almost come when he might no longer have to tramp through mud and rain to the torment of discords and youthful thumpings.
The night of the recital, Miss Ford, true to her promise, came with her mother to occupy seats of honor near the grand piano. She had come to take an almost personal interest in the event through sympathy with her old teacher, and because she was interested in the singer himself, and curious to see him. He had been well advertised, and the hall was crowded. She watched Herr Bauman darting about distractedly, and she felt herself grow nervous with him. The Professor was resplendent in a new full-dress suit; he wore a rose in his buttonhole, and his face shone with anxious pride. At last he seated himself at the piano, and the singer appeared.

He was a slim young man, with very shiny black hair worn rather long; he had a pink and white skin, and a weakly complacent face. He reminded Miss Ford of the little bridegroom figures upon old-fashioned wedding-cakes, so she kept her eyes fixed upon her programme for fear of being prejudiced. The first number was to be a simple spring song of Nevin's. It was one of her favorites, and she wanted him to sing it well for the song's sake and Herr Bauman's.

. . . . . . . . .

After the recital, as the audience were leaving, some with smiles of amused patience, others more intolerant and outspoken, Miss Ford walked up to the Professor and his son, and shook the hands of both warmly. "You have given me great pleasure," she said simply, hoping the heavens keep no strict account of truth and falsehood. She felt an undefinable pity and heart-ache. As she left the hall, she said to her mother, "Do you know, I have changed my mind about studying under Mr. Taylor this year. I think I'll keep Herr Bauman a year or two longer."

Edith B. Lehman, 1900.

THE WAYS OF BOYS.

Ted was twelve, and Jem was only eight, so what Ted said was pretty apt to go with the two of them. That morning sister Anne had been putting up a dainty lunch for a picnic she had planned with two of her friends. Sister Anne had also been trying to make the little boys pick up the apples that were going to waste on the ground. The friends didn't come, and the boys continued to build block houses on the piazza floor. Then sister Anne
grew desperate and said, "Boys, if you will pick up carefully all the apples you can, and Jo and Bess haven't come when you get through, you may have the lunch, and go on a picnic yourselves."

After sister Anne had gone back into the house, Ted looked at Jem, with a wink. "Jem," he said, in a stage whisper, "let's each pick up three apples. That's all we can, because that's all we want to. Then we'll run before the people can possibly come."

Jem nodded acquiescence, and two moments later four bare, brown legs went scurrying down the shady road to the pond in the woods. It was about eleven then, and the boys were so hungry, they thought they would have a look at the food before they even went in swimming. Such good things to eat! Boiled eggs, and jelly sandwiches, and first-rate cakes and things! They'd been rather clever to manage that little affair, but, somehow or other, the boys weren't quite as hungry as they thought they were. They ate pretty slowly on the whole, and stopped some time between each bite. After awhile Jem looked at Ted appealingly, and Ted remarked in a judicial tone, "It was kinder mean."

"Yes," said Jem. Then they ate a moment more.

"Do you think it's much fun, Jem?" Ted asked at length.

"No," acknowledged Jem; "taste's good, but it's horrid feeling mean," which was so much for Jem to venture that it silenced both boys.

"Got any money, Jem?"

"Ten cents for picking strawberries for sister Anne."

"I've got fifteen. Say, you cart these things straight home, and I'll take our money down town, and buy some things to make up for what we've took."

"What'll you get, Ted?"

"Oh, I dunno; some candy and pickles, I guess, and maybe some bananas. I should think they'd like that, shouldn't you?"

"Maybe; but shouldn't you think we might go home and see if they'd come before we spent so much?"

"No!" thundered Ted, so witheringly that Jem started off without another word.

Ted went down town feeling rather virtuous, though he experienced a slight amount of disappointment at the size of the bag his quarter pro-
cured. On the way home he passed the little house where Mr. Ilton, a feeble-minded old man, lived. Mr. Ilton was sitting on the steps, and when he saw Ted he called to him. “I’ve been sitting here, hoping you or Jem would go by,” he said. “I found five birds’ eggs. I should like to send them to Jem.” (Jem had always been a prime favorite with Mr. Ilton.)

Ted took the box, looking a little wistful, and went on toward home. He stopped at last, under a shady tree, took off the cover, and inspected the eggs. There were two, four, six of them, beautiful eggs. And one, oh lucky Jem! one was a partridge egg. “Mr. Ilton said he would like to send five to Jem, and here were six; suppose—”

Ted hung onto his toes, and squinted reflectively at the eggs. “It’s horrid feeling mean.” It was Jem said that, and Jem was only eight. Ted was twelve. “Well, I guess I’ll go home,” Ted said softly to himself. Then, for fear his temptations would get the better of him yet, he ran as fast as his sturdy legs could carry him, the bag and box held together in his hand.

Jem was playing behind the house. When Ted saw him he felt a queer sort of warmth in his chest. He was glad he hadn’t taken that egg. He cared a good deal for Jem.

“Here, Jem, Mr. Ilton sent you some eggs,” he said, breathlessly, handing over the box.

Jem lifted the cover with a delighted squeal,—but, oh woe!—in his running Ted had shaken the box until every single delicate little egg was broken. White with rage, Jem called Ted by a very ugly name, and threw the box straight at his head.

Ted dodged the box; then he gazed at his small brother. “Jem, you had ought to be killed,” he ejaculated, dealing a tremendous blow between the eyes. Sister Anne appeared just in time to see the blow and hear Jem’s howl. She took Ted by his collar, and marched him into the barn, to a certain windowless closet the boys had often seen. Anne shoved Ted in, with a scathing remark about cowardly boys that struck their little brothers. Ted sat down on the floor, and took hold of his toes again, blinking at the darkness. He was indulging in some rather queer thoughts about life in general, and trying to be good in particular.

L. K. F.
A RONDEL.

I gave to thee a violet;
The gift was scorned, the giver, too!
Alackaday! I would 'twere true
That thou and I had never met,
Since, gazing in thine eyes of blue
I gave to thee a violet,
And th' gift was scorned, the giver, too!

I mark my empty heart, "To Let,"
But thoughts of thee come dancing thro'
And make a dangerous to-do.
Ah me! I fear I'll ne'er forget
I gave to thee a violet.

THE NEW BEDFORD STRIKE.

There are few girls in college who have not heard something of the strike running at present in New Bedford. There are many who are unwilling or unable to read all that the newspapers have to say on the subject, and yet who wish to have a clear idea of the events of this strike and its significance. This article cannot pretend to discuss the question exhaustively, or solve questions too difficult for mill owners or statesmen to answer at present. These questions will be solved, perhaps, in the near future. Either the cotton industry of New England, one of its chief pursuits, will be doomed, and ruined mills will stand alongside rotting shipyards and wharves, or the proper remedy for the present depression will be found and applied.

But the New Bedford strike is not only a symptom of a deep-rooted disease, it is a little story in itself, with its dramatic incidents, and its pathos. To appreciate this we must make "operative" stand for something: a man with a healthy appetite, and shoes that wear out; with a family, and ambitions leading toward a little garden and lace curtains in the front windows; with a system of economics learned in the Union meetings, and an untrained mind unable to grasp all sides of a question. After all, who of us could be philosophical and talk of "changed economic conditions" when we saw the loss of our little comforts, or even actual suffering, staring us in the face?
The present situation of the cotton industry in New England first became conspicuous on the publication of a report made by a committee of the Arkwright Club, an association of cotton-mill owners. Two members of this committee, who had investigated the conditions of production in Southern cotton mills, based the following statements upon their investigation: the cotton mills of Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas have abundant water power, cheap fuel and building materials, and labor forty per cent lower than in the North. This advantage in the cost of labor, the committee stated, was due both to natural economic conditions in the South, and to freedom from the restrictive labor legislation of New England, more especially from the Massachusetts law limiting the number of working hours in the week to fifty-eight. The committee also emphasized the absence of labor organizations in the South, and the exemption of manufacturing interests from taxation by the State. It is a significant fact that this report does not touch upon the conditions of consumption. It also fails to explain the present depression in the English cotton market. It merely attempts to show the advantages of the South over the North in the manufacture of cotton goods, and states that the only way to save this very important industry in New England is to remove all legal restrictions on the length of the working day, and to reduce the wages of the mill operatives.

This report, published the last of December, paved the way for a general announcement of a reduction in wages throughout the New England mills. This reduction, running from five per cent to fifteen per cent of the previous wages in different localities, was one tenth of the former wages of the New Bedford operatives. Such a reduction, affecting thousands of workingmen and women, could not be effected without resistance. It was necessary, however, that this strike should center in some one district, while the workers in the other milling towns must accept the reduction and support the strikers. New Bedford was agreed upon as the best place to begin the strike. If it should be successful there the labor leaders promised to authorize a strike in some other center, and so on until the former wages should be generally conceded by the manufacturers. Strikes have been declared in other mills than those of New Bedford, it is true; but this city, the center of the struggle, must claim our exclusive attention.

On January 6th the spinners of New Bedford voted to resist the reduc-
tion of wages by striking. The weavers prepared to follow their example. If these two unions should go out, they were sure to take every operative in New Bedford with them. Such a strike, affecting nine thousand men, cutting off a weekly pay roll of $75,000, would be a terrible blow to the business interests of the city, not yet recovered from the "hard times" of 1893. The Board of Trade, therefore, asked the help of the State Board of Arbitration in settling the difficulty without a strike. The members of the Board came, but to no avail. Through someone's blunder, only the spinners were represented at the meeting with the mill owners and the Board. The weavers resented the slight, and bitter feeling resulted. Both sides, employers and employees, insisted that there was nothing to arbitrate. The mills could not be run without a reduction; the men could not accept the reduction without starving. To make the situation worse, neither side seemed to trust the other. The employers saw no reason for the cry of "starvation wages," and even then, such wages were better than the utter loss of work inevitable if the mills should attempt to run at a cost of production higher than the selling price of the goods. The operatives, on the other hand, supported by the New Bedford papers, believed the reduction unnecessary; the plea of Southern competition to be ill-founded, or the mask of a scheme to reduce wages and increase profits.

The situation was further complicated by the introduction of the "fines" question. A weaver in the New Bedford mills is given only half pay for an imperfectly woven "cut," or piece of cloth. The weavers had long resented this fine, declaring the manner of imposing it to be contrary to Massachusetts legislation. At a meeting of the Weavers' Union, at which many outsiders were present, the excitement of the discussion carried the meeting beyond the control of the leaders. The honor of bringing up the fines question as a factor in the strike belongs to two women; "one, a Lancashire lass with a slow, earnest way of speaking, with a knowledge of what she wanted to say; the other, nervous, hysterical, excited, and keyed up to the highest pitch against the manufacturers and their methods." A vote was taken to include the fines grievance among the points in debate. Thus the question was complicated, and more bitter feeling brought to light.

Nothing could be done to avert the strike. It began on January 17, closing every cloth mill running at the time in New Bedford, and throwing
nine thousand workers out of employment. The strikers expected to be supported during their period of idleness by the unions of Fall River, Lowell, and other places, and by regular assessments on the members of the National Textile Workers' Union. The employers on their part could not have regretted overmuch a shut down in the present glutted condition of the cotton market. It looked like a contest between two fairly equal forces. But when we remember that some of the employers had considered a shut down advisable even before the strike began; when we remember that the operatives were living on their little savings and the contributions of other workers, themselves suffering from a reduction of wages, it seems as if the outcome were a foregone conclusion.

The business and religious organizations of New Bedford handled the situation as well as they could. Relief supplies of bread, fish, and soup were given out, and no one was allowed to starve or freeze. "Idle Hour" halls were opened, where the men could read, play games smoke, do anything but talk "strike." A tender-hearted pugilist offered his services for a benefit sparring match. But all such efforts could only relieve for a short time. They could have no effect in the long run, except to give the strike a few days more of life.

The strike organization has been weakening from without and within. A rumor of a general strike decreased severely the contributions from other unions, anxious to provide for their own future in case of idleness. Public sympathy can rarely stand such a long strain, especially when the general public itself suffers. A growing feeling of distrust between the weavers and spinners has weakened the force of their united efforts; the Socialist element has alienated the other factions. The gates of the mills may open any morning, and when they do the strike organization may not be able to stand the strain. Half a loaf is better than no bread.

Just what is the cause of the present condition of this industry it is impossible to say. It is safe to decide, however, that neither the employers nor the employees can be held responsible for the strike. They are both suffering from industrial forces beyond their control, changed conditions not yet understood. The cotton market has been depressed, sales and prices have been falling steadily for a number of years. While the Northern mills have stopped paying dividends, or have been paying them out of the earn-
ings of past years, mills have been running profitably in the South, and in increased numbers. This competition must eventually affect the North; but whether it has yet done so sufficiently to account for the necessity of reducing the New England operatives’ wages from ten per cent to fifteen per cent is an open question. Other causes are assigned: the Wilson tariff or the Dingley tariff, according to the political complexion of the writer; the condition of the currency; the competition of English and German mills, the falling off of our shipping, the careless management of the mills, the antiquated character of some of the machinery.

What is to be done? Many men have many answers. The Northern mill owner says he must cut wages and have a longer working day; a bill must be put through the legislature repealing the fifty-eight-hour law. Congressman Lovering of Massachusetts, on the other hand, holds that a uniform labor law is necessary, and has therefore submitted a bill to the National House of Representatives providing for an amendment of the Constitution to give Congress power to regulate hours of labor. But the only safe policy is to make a diagnosis of the case before administering medicine. The work of investigation, now being carried on by the legislative committee, appointed for the purpose, the comparison of economic conditions, North and South, by news and commercial papers, the careful study of our home and foreign markets by authorities on these subjects, are the only means of solution.

Clara W. Brown.

A FOLLOWER OF BIRDS.

The recurring interest in birds and bird talks calls to mind the experience of a Wellesley girl who last year fell a happy victim to the mania for birds and bird hunting. A harmless chase it was—for the birds—but attended by much tearing of skirts as the wily hunter tiptoed through the rustling underbrush, or crouched on a mouldering log that fell away at a touch, or stood ankle-deep in an oozy marsh where brambles scratched her face.

The girl was only tolerably successful, perhaps because her enthusiasm proved to be, after all, less fervent than that of certain of her friends, who
courageously sallied forth before sunrise to drench themselves with dew in West Woods, and once in a while hear and see a bird whose color, and size, and song did all come under one heading in the little red handbook. But while she scorned these early morning expeditions, she did venture out before sunset to follow the birds to their favorite haunts, where the ovenbird persistently sang the vireo's song, and the bird who said "whip-poor-will" had always the size and form and distinct markings of a pee-kee. But these trifling difficulties brought no dismay. As the shadows grew denser, and the days longer, and the birds merrier, the girl, too, yielded to the bewildering enchantment of the happy world, and spent long hours watching, silent and still as the stump she leaned against, the flashing, darting, elusive creatures that twittered, and scolded, and rapturously sang above and around her. She found the real ovenbird at last, and a redstart on the nest. As spring grew into summer, the warblers were more and more a source of confusion and fascination. When she left college her enthusiasm and her handbook went quietly along, to remain with her until the birds stopped singing, and her open country gave place to town.

The girl thought little more of birds until early September, when she found herself on a strange shore where were broad beaches, wet and shining at low tide. Here along the edge of the water ran unknown birds of various sizes and habits; and here, too, crouching in the marsh grass, were men with guns. She looked with interest upon these sportsmen when she overtook them in her walks, and always tried not to spoil a good shot by frightening the birds. The birds, she observed, were generally unharmed.

But her familiarity with sea-birds was destined to become more intimate. One night at supper the man next her offered her a ringneck he had shot the day before. It was very good. The next day the same thoughtful gentleman asked her suddenly if she would not take a half hour's sail in the ridiculous little boat slapping the water at the end of the pier. She liked the look of the wind, and said she would. Did she object to his gun? and—and to his pipe? No; she hoped he would do his own things in his own way. They set out across the purple inlet that heaved gently over the long eel grass now pointing out to sea. The water was running low, and they made for the shoals, where moving white specks could be seen now and then
were they birds, or low flying foam? Both,—and bull peep, too, the man said. The little boat grated on the bottom, the sail swung free; the peep rose with sharp cries; the man fired; two birds fell, one dead where the spray flashed, the other fluttering feebly with broken wing. The man waded ashore, and the next moment dropped two dead birds over the edge of the boat.

"You must fire the next shot," he said, as he reloaded. The girl was eager to try. When they had tacked across to another curving beach, with moving specks at the edge, the girl raised the heavy shotgun to her shoulder. With infinite pains she followed the directions given. When the boat came within forty yards of the beach, the birds again rose. After deliberate aim, she pulled the trigger. When she righted herself after the unaccountable lurch of the boat, not a bird was in sight. She was distinctly disappointed, and marveled at her own chagrin. She had wanted to bring down a bird. The man puffed calmly at his pipe.

"I suppose you sighted them exactly, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"So do I, always, when I miss them. I hope the gun didn't hurt you."

"No," said the girl, rubbing her shoulder ruefully, "but I'm sorry I deprived you of that shot. You would have brought down one of those birds."

"Pshaw! We will take turns, if you like. There are some peep now—flying this way—and larger birds with them."  

"Ah, here is your chance. Bring down three, at least, to make up for my stupidity. There—now!"

And three fell, one of them into the boat.

"A gull, a small sea-gull!" cried the girl, as she picked up the slender body. "What a beauty! What a little body—feel how small! And see how large and strong the wings are—for splendid poise and flight. This is luck."

"Worse luck for me," commented her companion, as he clambered into the boat with the other birds. "Twenty dollars fine, if it's discovered. I didn't see that gull in range. We will pitch him overboard. They are not good to eat."
“Throw him away? O, don’t. Let me have him—at least—let me have the wings. Will you? I’ll take the responsibility of the shooting,” she ended, merrily.

“Very well. Will you take the helm while I get my knife? I am glad enough to give you the wings, but what will you do with them?”

As he spoke, he deftly cut the wings at the joint, and put them, one at a time, in the girl’s lap. What was left of the bird disappeared under the dark eel grass.

“I shall wear them in my hat as a token of my skill in gunning,” she laughed. And then they commenced beating up to the pier.

The next week the girl came back to college. The next month two gray wings appeared in her winter hat. She liked the hat because it brought so vividly to her mind the racy salt air, and the green and purple water, and the shining beaches, and the tossing spray, and the strong flight of gulls. She likes it so well that she wears it on into the spring season, which always brings the bird frenzy along with it. The girl’s interest is still alert; already she has begun to freshen her memory by dips into the little red book. She hopes to distinguish the warblers more satisfactorily this year, and she is planning another trip to the coast at the end of the summer.

G. L. C.
EDITORIALS.

1.

Classes come and go, but the Magazine, like the student body, remains. The pen laid down by one editor is audaciously grasped by another, who, after a fluctuating success with nine numbers must, in her turn, give over the official weapon.

The new '99 Board confesses to a sense of uneasiness in thus assuming privileges belonging so properly to the senior class. When we throw open the rolling top desk, and sink with dignity into the swivel chair, we have a sneaking notion that we are not lawful occupants of the place. Still more do we feel like interlopers when, on leaving the den, we come face to face with the retiring chief, who escorts us cheerily downstairs.

The gracious kindliness of the '98 editors has, indeed, done much to make us feel at home in our new quarters; and their warm encouragement and practical assistance have given us confidence. True, if we had only their published words of advice (which already we have taken gratefully to heart), we might experience more trepidation than hope; but their solemn disclosures do not affright us because we have their frank, though unwritten, admission that work for the Magazine has been more an inspiration than a burden, and that regret at leaving it outweighs the anxiety with which it was undertaken.

It shall be our endeavor to bequeath a like heritage of good cheer to 1900 when, after a few weeks and months, we regretfully find ourselves on the outside of the editorial den.

II.

The change in Editorial Boards gives us an opportunity to applaud a timely suggestion wisely made in the editorial pages of the March Magazine. Most emphatically, we do want another senior elective course in English composition. We want it, not for one student, nor for two, but for the many students who have been heard to express a wish for such a course. And, moreover, we want not a "Writers' Club,"—a mere repository for energies left over from the performance of regular college duties,—but a
two-hour, or better, a three-hour course which shall be included in the scheduled work of the student. Such a course might well afford study and practice in both short story and essay, since these two forms present difficulties which cannot be adequately met in the required work unfortunately limited to three one-hour courses. The two-hour elective course in daily themes, while unable to clear away these same difficulties, is of inestimable value as a preparation for further composition demanding vigor and discretion in the handling of detail. For this reason we think juniors should be encouraged to attempt the work in English 6, with the hope of supplementing it in the senior year by more deliberate and sustained exercise in composition. If the faculty are as ready to offer such a course as the students are to receive it, there can be little further delay in proving the scheme practicable.

III.

Several consultations held during the winter between President Irvine or Dean Stratton and the presidents of the various college organizations, have awakened spasmodic interest in the old questions of student government. Many have believed student conference with members of the faculty to be preferable to student government as it is ordinarily practiced. It is not generally known, however, that a form of procedure for such conferences was prepared with no little care a few years ago, and accepted by the Academic Council. By permission of the Council this form of procedure, with a brief statement of conferences leading to it, appears on another page of the Magazine.

Two things are especially to be noted in this formal statement: first, the proposal for conference on any subject is to come from the students; second, the conference has no legislative power whatever, the only vote taken being on the approval of the minutes of the debate.

The first, once noted, needs little comment. Under the conditions imposed it is obviously necessary that, in order to have a conference, the students should know that there may be a conference. The second, perhaps, needs closer emphasis, for herein the conference differs from the ordinary notion of student government. The conference, as here set forth, is a means of presenting both sides of a question to the two bodies who are ultimately to consider it. When representatives from both faculty and students have
openly discussed the reasons for or against a certain proposal, the meeting adjourns without having taken any action on the question of debate. The conference then has settled nothing. Yet the advantages of such a discussion are clear. The committee for the Academic Council will doubtless receive some enlightenment as to the student point of view; and it is equally certain that the students' committee will present to its body the explanation of many austere opinions often misunderstood by undergraduates. A petition sent to the Academic Council after such a conference would go with the assurance that, whatever the decision, there would be between the two bodies a mutual understanding of their respective attitudes. Such an understanding is in itself desirable, and well worth the inconvenience of committee work. But other good things might result from such an experiment. It is not improbable that the conference, without legislative power of its own, would yet have direct influence upon later legislation in the Council or in the student body. Without it many ill-considered and irretrievable steps may be taken which, with its observance, might be avoided. Let us see what a conference may accomplish.

IV.

Those who pretend to believe that Wellesley students have no interest in affairs which concern the nation and the world, would have been forced to withdraw the charge could they have seen a certain crowded lecture room last week, and watched the eager faces. The lecture was given as one of a series to a class in history, and was open on this occasion to any who cared to attend. Two minutes after the bell struck there was no standing room unoccupied, and no elbow room in the doorway. The subject of the lecture was "The Relations between Spain and Cuba." As far as impassioned utterance on the part of the speaker was concerned, the subject might as well have been "England and Australia." The college girls wanted facts; and they got facts. And such facts! Never did Spain have a fairer showing, and never did facts appear more sinister. Most of the young women who listened had read their New York, Chicago, or Boston papers, and were able to draw their own inferences as to the present bearing of that unhappy colonial history. After the lecture the students quietly dispersed for gymnasium practice, or golf, or a lecture on Arnold's poetry.
True, we do not talk about the Maine disaster, or about armed intervention, or about the aching dread of war. We do not write themes about these things. What is to be said, or written? Our experience here in college during these weeks of suspense has not been unlike the feeling of the outside world—the feeling to which Life gives such genuine utterance: “We all go about our affairs, and do our stint of work, earn our bread, nurse our seasonable ailments, and meditate at odd moments on our summer plans. But every thinking person carries constantly in his mind the problem of our course with Spain, and our duty toward Cuba.”

It is that problem constantly in mind that makes us want to grip at the lump in our throats, and tighten our lips now and then while we plan pleasure trips for the spring holidays. And now, as the Magazine goes to press, and we dash away to the coast for ten days, we are grateful for the hope which comes with the news of Señor Sagasta’s re-election,—grateful most of all for the confidence inspired by the statesmanlike message of President McKinley.

FREE PRESS.

1.

At a recent meeting of the Chapel Fund Association, it was voted to renew the activities of an association, embracing all members of the College, but of the very existence of which comparatively few members of the college have been aware. And since the renewing of the activities of the Association means simply securing student support to a “fund,” it is important that the vote should be known to all and widely approved.

That which prompted the recent vote of the Association was a strong feeling that the completion of the Houghton Memorial Chapel is not a desirable end in itself only, but it is also the beginning of opportunities which cannot be improved without funds. It is therefore in the interest of an endowment fund, as it were,—a preaching fund,—and in the interest of the musical service in the new chapel, that the vote of the Association was taken. Unless, however, this action meets with the enthusiastic approval of the College at large, it will, of course, pass for nothing, and the Association may again sink into oblivion.
But the object certainly seems too much worth while not to be supported. To the extent of our abilities, we are, I dare say, glad to aid in the expansion of the College life, however that may be done. And in a small way to "endow" the Chapel seems at present to be the most opportune thing that can be done.

E. V. P., '98.

II.

Of all the many girls whom I have heard discuss the subject, I have never yet found one who did not express regret that we should be so near Boston churches and yet be so situated that, on Sunday, we might as well be a thousand miles away. This feeling on the part of the girls is, in most instances, something more than an idle curiosity to visit Boston churches. The inspiration gained from hearing a great and good man, or from uplifting music, is worth the trouble of a short three quarters of an hour trip into Boston occasionally during one's college course. We recognize that we often enjoy unusual privileges here in our Sunday services, but that a man has blessings brought to his very door is no reason why he is not willing to go outside of his house for further benefit. Moreover, it is a disappointment to many parents that their daughters may not attend services in Boston now and then. As for traveling on Sunday for mere pleasure engagements, or for convenience, that is a different matter, to be discussed separately. But if we were allowed to enjoy some of the splendid opportunities so near at hand, it does seem as if we, as college women, have sufficient honor to prevent any abuse of the privilege.

C., '99.

III.

Non-credit notes are not highly prized, neither are postal cards, flowery advertisements, or even empty post office boxes, with the price we pay for them here at Wellesley in our popular post office. Nevertheless, there is always the dim possibility of a treasured missive patiently waiting to be claimed. For this sort of mail, then, we are willing to risk our precious lives. Seriously speaking, it is surprising that accidents or a more or less dangerous nature do not frequently occur. The situation must not only be witnessed, but lived through, in order to be appreciated. Wellesley
decorum could certainly be improved if slight attention were paid to this matter. Wouldn't a low railing, running down the middle of the office and allowing space for single passage at either end, keep the crowd moving in one direction, and prevent much barbarous elbowing and ill humor?

H. M., 1900.

IV.

Those of our number who are of a musical or verse-making turn of mind may be interested in the following opportunity to exercise their talents. Dr. Gertrude A. Walker, of 125 South Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, plans the publication of a Quarterly Song Book for children, and invites members of the College to number themselves among its contributors. Each issue of the publication will include two devotional (non-sectarian) songs, three season songs, and one special song, patriotic or otherwise according to the time of the issue. These must contain not more than three or four, or at the most five, stanzas, of four lines each. They must also be absolutely correct as to rhythmical measure. Original music is also desired. In regard to the scale of prices, communication from Dr. Walker states that "words would probably command payment ranging between $1.50 and $2.50, while music would probably not exceed $3.00 a song (i.e., without words). Words and music would not exceed $5.00, though, of course, excellence and length, together with other considerations, would determine the amount of remuneration." Manuscript for the first volume of the Quarterly is now in preparation, and contributions to this number must come in before May 1st. Dr. Walker adds that the music and words sent to her will be protected by copyright, and every courtesy will be shown to the authors.

HELEN WEBSTER PETTEE.

In Memoriam.

The last fleeting weeks of our college life bear with them for the Class of '98 a seriousness and a sadness far deeper than the thought of separation from our Alma Mater, in the death of our friend and classmate, Helen Webster Pettee. Almost on the threshold of what we call the larger life—the life of the world—we pause to render tribute to that one of our number who has entered upon the service of the true life of the spirit.
Helen Pettee was born on the 24th of July, 1873. Her life was spent at her home in Sharon, Mass. She was graduated from the High School there as valedictorian of her class. At Northfield Seminary she prepared for college, entering Wellesley with the Class of '97. Ninety-seven will remember her bright and kindly wit as the Tree Day orator of their Freshman year. Illness kept her at home for a year, and in the fall of '95 she returned as a member of the Class of '98. Though loving her first class, she threw all her interests with '98 when she joined them, and soon became their loyal and active fellow-member. She served them faithfully on the "Legenda" Board, and was an active member of the Christian Association.

Just a year ago she was called to bear the loss of her mother. Though deeply afflicted, she took up her work with her accustomed energy and faithfulness. Her true bravery and sweet cheerfulness were the admiration of all who knew her. Besides her father, she leaves two sisters, Miss Adeline F. Pettee, assistant principal of Northfield Seminary, Miss Emma L. Pettee, at home; and two brothers, George D., and L. Gardner Pettee, the one professor of Mathematics at Phillips Andover, and the other a senior at Yale College.

Whether in her work, or with her friends, or in her devotion to the right, fidelity was the keynote of her character. Her academic work was of the best. In the classroom her thought was clear and quick. Her method of work wins our greatest respect. She was never hurried, never disturbed. What was to be done she did, quickly, accurately, calmly. Her smallest duty was performed with the greatest care, and in its proper time. Yet she was always ready to answer the unexpected calls which were made upon her with the grace of a willing and cheerful service.

Those who knew her best have lost a friend faithful in all things. Now that she has gone from us we see with even clearer light how much her love, her thoughtfulness, her prayer, have meant to us. Not one of her friends could she forget; yet the circle of them was very wide. While we mourn, we are glad that her life touched ours for a little while, and still lives in our hearts in a deeper faith and a more earnest purpose.

The loving Christ life in its wholeness was hers. The spirit of her Master pervaded and controlled all that she did. In no least thing could she waver from the path which she believed to be right. In her own home, in
her college life at large, and in the nearer relations of her college home, her unfailing fun and drollery, and a happy charm of manner were the brighter for the purity of life which shone through them, and which spoke for her the word which she most wished to be able to say, “Not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

IN MEMORY OF HELEN PETTEE, ’98.

Whereas God, in his unerring wisdom and infinite love, has summoned from our midst into the eternal blessedness of his presence our dear classmate and friend, Helen Pettee, we, the Class of ’98, in deep sorrow at the loss which has come to us, would record these resolutions:—

That we, as a class and as individuals, mourn the loss of the classmate and friend who, in the years she has been with us, has endeared herself to us all, and who, at the close of this our last college year, is the first to be taken from our number.

That, while we grieve for her, we are grateful for the memory of the beauty and strength of the life she lived among us,—a life loyal to all that is noble, filled with the Christ-like spirit, wholly unselfish, and inspiring us with the highest ideals.

That we find help and stimulus in remembering her quick, clear thought, and her earnest appreciative work in the classroom, and that we find an example worthy to be followed in a life so absolutely conscientious and trustworthy, even in the smallest detail.

That we would express our sympathy for her family in the loss of so faithful a daughter and sister.

That copies of these resolutions be sent to her family, published in The Wellesley Magazine, and recorded in the minutes of the Class organization.

Signed,

Edna V. Patterson.
M. Edith Ames.
Mabel M. Young.
Caroline L. Howell.
Anne L. Bixby.
COLLEGE CONFERENCES.

The first formal conference between representatives of the faculty and representatives of the student body was called, by initiative of the faculty, in the spring of 1887, to consider questions of class organization. During the seven years immediately following similar conferences took place at irregular intervals, as occasion arose, and often led to new legislation. The subjects discussed in these several conferences related to the societies, the Magazine, "Legenda," Athletics, conduct of the Junior Promenade, and the substitution of Senior Day for Junior Promenade. In the spring of 1894 a conference, requested by the undergraduates, considered in a series of meetings "Matters of Interest in Student Life." In accordance with the desire then expressed that the conference method might be put upon a permanent footing, the Academic Council framed the following:

RULES OF PROCEDURE FOR COLLEGE CONFERENCES.

I. ORDER OF PROCEDURE FOR OBTAINING A CONFERENCE.

1. A petition for a conference shall be sent to the Academic Council by student bodies desiring to confer with the Academic Council for the purpose of arriving at a clear understanding with relation to any matter or matters of importance.

2. Upon receiving the petition for conference the Academic Council shall, if deemed advisable, appoint a conference committee to meet with a committee of students appointed by the student body or bodies desiring the conference.

3. The chairman of the Conference Committee shall call a meeting of the entire Conference.

II. ORDER OF PROCEDURE IN CONFERENCES.

1. The Conference shall elect its chairman and secretary.

2. The chairman of the Conference shall open the meeting by calling upon the chairman of the Student Committee to present the case in hand.

3. The chairman of the Conference shall then, without motion, declare the debate open; the debate to be conducted as in committee of the whole.

4. The secretary shall incorporate an abstract of the debate in the minutes of the meeting, and at the close of the discussion of each separate subject, the secretary shall be called upon to read this abstract of the debate, and a vote upon the approval of the minutes as read shall be called for. No votes regarding the subjects presented to the Conference other than those upon the approval of the minutes shall be called for by this meeting.
5. The Academic Council shall receive from the Conference Committee and place on file the minutes of the Conference and discharge its Committee.

6. The Student Committee may then meet and formulate recommendations to the body or bodies which it represents.

7. The chairman of the Student Committee, or if the Student Committee be made up of sub-committees from two or more student organizations, then the chairman of these sub-committees, shall report back to the body or bodies represented the minutes of the Conference, and shall at the same time submit the recommendations framed by the Student Committee.

8. Petitions growing out of the debates of the Conference may then be presented to the Academic Council for action, provided that such petitions have been agreed upon by all student organizations represented in the Conference.

9. Such petitions shall be presented to the Council in whatever way the student organization shall prefer.

EXCHANGES.

There is not the March breeziness about the college periodicals this month which one might naturally expect to find. The fiction is especially disappointing. To be sure, as not one, but many of the exchange editors have reiterated, stories on a par with those which appear in Harpers' or The Century are not to be looked for in undergraduate magazines. Yet, nevertheless, we surely do not ask too much when we request that the fiction have at least the merit of interest.

Apropos to this subject, the Amherst Lit. has an article entitled, "Heroes and Villains" (the title, by the way, seems to be something of a misnomer), which claims that the author of the average college story fails, because he sacrifices plot to style, and too often attempts to tell of something which he himself has not experienced. The writer adds that the road to success in fiction for undergraduates lies through stories of college life. It is an apparent, but not necessarily a complete contradiction of his view that the most successful story in the magazine is "The Course of True Love," a tale of Mexican life. An article on the comparison of "Manfred and Faust" must not be passed over without a word. It is a piece of literary work far above the average student production.

"Lewis Carroll" (Rev. H. C. Dodgson), is the title of an interesting article in the Smith College Monthly, which gives us a glimpse at the life
and work of the late author of our beloved "Alice." Many of us will be interested to know that the author of "these burbling, chortling rhymes was a shy, dignified professor of mathematics at Oxford, and the companion pieces of 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking Glass' were a 'Treatise on Determinants' and a 'Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry.'"

The Nassau Lit. also, in a poem "To Lewis Carroll," touches lovingly on the memory of the children's friend. An article in the same magazine on an "Undergraduate's View of Tennyson and Kipling," comes with especial interest just now when everybody is reading the Tennyson Memoirs. The writer, as the title implies, looks at the work of the two poets from the student's standpoint, comparing the hold which Tennyson, the collegian, had upon his contemporaries with that which Kipling has upon the college men of to-day. The subject is unhackneyed, and is treated in a frank, direct way, which gives it peculiar interest and carries conviction to the reader in an unusual degree.

The Vassar Miscellany for the month is good throughout. "Judgments" is a story which interests on account of both plot and style. It has an additional distinction—that of an unobtrusive moral.

The Brown Magazine comes with a special interest this month, for it is edited by the "co-eds." of Pembroke Hall. An article which appeals to us especially is one called "College and Culture," written by a member of our own faculty.

The verse for the month is unusually good. The rondeau appears to be the popular form. We clip:

**AT BREAK OF DAY.**

At break of day the faint winds crooning sing;
Adown the west dim stars are lingering;
    The dying moon, reluctant still to go,
    All tinged with golden gleams, is singing low;
Beyond, cold Sirius pales his glistening.

Shy breezes, strange to mountain summits, bring
A deep sea message; yet there seems to cling
    Faint fragrance of the violet-hiding snow
At break of day.
Songbirds, half-startled, soon are on the wing
To hail the rising sun of early spring;
Across the dawn-lit waters comes the glow,
Routing grey, shroud-like mists that flee too slow.
So, too, night's doubts and fears aside I fling
At break of day.

—The Yale Courant.

NOT HOMESICK.

My folks have sent me here to school, and I am only ten;
I've got to wait for eight long weeks 'fore I go home again;
But I'm not homesick,—I shall be my mother's "dear, brave boy"
(She told me when I came away I was her pride and joy).

I'm not the least bit homesick, but some things I'd like to see—
I'd like to see my family just settin' down to tea,
I'd like to see my brother when he's hunting for his hat,
I'd like to see our kitten play beside our tabby cat.

I'd like to watch my mother makin' golden pumpkin pies,
I'd like to see old Dinah settin' out the bread to rise,
I'd like to see my chickens—Oh! I do hope they've been fed,
I'd like to see my bedroom with its nice white downy bed.

I'm not the least bit homesick, and I never have the dumps,
But right down in my throat there comes a frightful lot of lumps.
My eyes feel kinder watery, still I'm bound that I won't cry;
But oh! I shall be awf'ly glad when this long term's gone by.

—Smith College Monthly.

M. B. M.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

America and the Americans: From a French point of view. Scribner's.
Americans certainly have the privilege of seeing themselves as others see them, if such a thing is possible. Foreigners of all nationalities have for years past settled our country and character with wonderful facility. And now an unknown Frenchman tells a great deal that is interesting, and some things that are surprising, about America and the Americans. The principal places described are New York, Chicago, Boston, and the American summer resorts—rather a limited part of our country, one would say.
Many of the author's criticisms are hardly complimentary in character, but as they seem to be offered in a frank and friendly spirit, we need not be offended by them. Much that he says about our society is doubtless true, but he falls into the error of generalizing from one special case. For instance, as he visited a pork packer's family in Chicago, he concludes that pork is the basis of society in that city—a statement with which some Chicagoans might disagree. His remarks about American women are particularly amusing. He thinks they should be speedily reduced from the pinnacle of independence and self-assertiveness which they now occupy.

The author shows some considerable knowledge of American politics and economic questions, but his French wit does not show to such advantage there as in his criticisms of American society life.


That Mr. Flandrau's book of Harvard stories has proved of so great interest is largely due, no doubt, to the fact that it is distinctly a new departure in college tales. The tone of the book is not at all immature or boyish. It is written from the point of view of a man who has seriously considered Harvard undergraduate life, and who is far enough away from it to get a just perspective. In the dedication Mr. Flandrau modestly says that he writes "about a little corner of a very large place." Nevertheless, he describes phases of college life which have seldom before been touched upon. He can tell us not only of the popular club man, with whom we have all become so familiar in college stories, but also of the man who goes through college without club or even friends. He knows the fascinating butterfly, but he knows the poor grub as well. Perhaps that is why the book seems pessimistic and even gloomy, although it is not without touches of very keen wit and fun. The character drawing is excellent, as the author has given us individual men, not merely college types. Probably the book gives us a fair idea of that strange Harvard social system which is unlike any other, and is, therefore, not to be appreciated by an outsider. That the stories are well told and exceedingly clever there can be no question.


Master Skylark is a story of a little lad of Stratford-on-Avon, who for the sake of his wonderful voice was stolen by a member of the Lord Admiral's
Company of Players and carried to London. There he became a choir boy at St. Paul's, and sang before the Queen, besides having many other adventures. The story was written for children, but it is fully as interesting to older people, especially to students of Shakespeare. Mr. Bennett has given us very pleasant pictures of the poet’s home in Warwickshire, and of the London and theatre world of his time. The author has introduced as characters of his story Shakespeare himself and other historical people, but, to his credit be it said, he has used these great personages with much discretion.

The three books mentioned above are in the Circulating Library.


In the "Story of an Untold Love" Mr. Ford has presented a marked contrast to his other two well-known stories, the "Honorable Peter Sterling," and "The Great K. and A. Train Robbery," in that his latest story deals neither with social problems nor with adventure. The book is written with a very delicate touch, and appears in diary form, is a love story pure and simple. It is a great compliment to Mr. Ford's story-telling powers that the reader's interest is held throughout, and is not wearied by the single theme. While one is reading it it all appears very natural, but, upon consideration, the heroine seems almost too angelic and the hero too devoted for mere mortals. Still it is very pleasant reading. Perhaps the weakest part is the last chapter; the book would have been more impressive had the author stopped with the final reconciliation. The critics are inclined to quarrel with the title, inasmuch as the love is anything but "untold." But we prefer to take the word in its other meaning, and say that the author has written a good story and named it happily.


This little text-book is one of considerable interest to teachers of English in high schools and academies, and to students of English everywhere. Its aim is to show the value of introducing the study of fiction into our secondary schools. The book is very practical in character and seems to be full of helpful suggestions, among which the hints for the analysis of plot are especially to be commended.

H. M. B.
COLLEGE NOTES.

Mar. 5.—The Barn Swallows gave a very enjoyable hurdy-gurdy dance in the barn instead of the usual dramatic entertainment.

Mar. 6.—Rev. George K. Morris, of Boston University, conducted the morning service in the chapel.

Mar. 7.—An organ recital was given in the chapel by Mr. Wm. Churchill Hammond, of Smith College.

Mar. 12.—Rev. J. Thompson Cole, of New York City, lectured on “Japan,” at 7.30 o’clock, in the chapel. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views.

Mar. 13.—11 A.M. Rev. Mr. Cole held services in the chapel. 7.30 P.M., after a short vesper service conducted by Mr. Cole, Miss Seudder spoke on the ideals and theories of Settlement work.

Mar. 14.—At 7.30, Miss Isabel Hapgood, the well-known translator of Russian novels, lectured in the chapel on “Russian Life.” The interest of the lecture was heightened by the stereopticon views which illustrated it, and by the Russian costumes which Miss Hapgood showed.

Mar. 17.—4.15. A mass meeting was held in the chapel to consider certain questions in regard to the chapel fund. It was voted to put into the hands of the Alumnae Association such a part of the funds as will be needed for an organ to be placed in the new chapel. It was voted also to use a part of the funds in supporting the religious services. 7.15, Dr. Lyman Abbott led the usual Thursday evening prayer meeting.

Mar. 19.—1.30. In Lecture Room 1, Miss Coman lectured on “The Relations between Spain and Cuba.” 3.20, Miss Lucia T. Ames spoke in the Chapel, on “Ruskin.” 7.30, The regular fortnightly meeting of the Barn Swallows was held in the barn. The entertainment consisted of a pantomime, charades, and dances. The meeting was one of the most successful of the year.

Mar. 20.—Rev. G. E. Merrill, of Newton, held the usual services in the chapel at eleven o’clock.

Mar. 21.—In the afternoon an old-fashioned minstrel show and cake-walk were given in the barn, for the benefit of Mrs. Dinah Watts Pace’s School for Colored Children in Covington, Georgia. Candy and frappé were sold before the performance began. The affair was very successful,
and over a hundred dollars was cleared. 7.45, a concert was given in the chapel by Mr. James T. Ricketson, tenor, and Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist.

Mar. 26.—3.20. An interesting meeting was held in the chapel in the interest of the Consumers' League of Massachusetts. Miss Coman and Miss Calkins were the speakers. After the meeting many of the students present availed themselves of the opportunity which was given for joining the League. It is earnestly hoped that there will be a large Wellesley membership. A membership blank may be secured from Miss Calkins at any time.

Mar. 27.—11.00. Rev. Wm. H. Macmillan, of Allegheny, Pa., conducted the usual services in the chapel. 7.00, a choral vesper service was given by the College Chorus and the Glee Club.

Mar. 28.—3.30. The junior class entertained the freshmen with the annual junior play, followed by a reception and dance in the barn. The audiences at both the dress rehearsal given in the morning for the College at large, and at the afternoon performance, were very enthusiastic. The play, "A Thrilling Drama of the Late Rebellion," was entitled, "Enlisted for the War."

Act I. Room in spacious New England farmhouse.
Act II. Two years later. Bloody battlefield. Headquarters of Colonel Rowell in background.
Act III. Two years later. Home of the rich heiress.

Characters:

Robert Trueworth, soldier of the Union and hero . Helen Cady.
Wilder Rowell, guardian of Gaylie Gifford and villain Grace Bull.
Hiram Jenks, a mere boy . . . . . Grace Cook.
Crimp, colored . . . . . Katherine Jones.
General Grant . . . . . Martha Griswold.
Lieutenant Colonel Boxer . . . . . Jessie Nickerson.
Mrs. Trueworth, Robert's mother . . . . . Edith Ramsdell.
Mattie Trueworth, Robert's sister . . . . . Elsie Stern.
Gaylie Gifford, heiress, ward, and sweetheart . Mary Gilson.

Infantry, Cavalry Guards, etc.


Mar. 30.—5.00 p. m. The winter term ends and vacation begins.

M. G. G.
SOCIETY NOTES.

At the regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held Saturday evening, February 26, the following programme was given:—

Verdi’s Greatest Operas . . . . . Mary G. Martin.
Current Art Topics . . . . . Gertrude Underhill.

At a meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held Saturday evening, March 19, the following programme was presented:—

Rossini, his life and character . . . . . Edith Norcross.
Rossini, his chief compositions . . . . . Mabel Tower.
Selections from the “Stabat Mater” . . . . Mary Martin.
Rossini, his style . . . . . Olive Rosencranz.
Current Art Topics . . . . . Mabel Wood.

A meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held Saturday evening, February 5, at which the following programme was presented:—

II. Songs from “As You Like It” . . . . Margaret Merrill.
III. Lodge’s “Rosalynde” . . . . Bessie Sullivan.
IV. Dramatic Representation, “As You Like It,” Act II., Scene 4.

Rosalind . . . . . Alice Harding.
Celia . . . . . Grace Frazee.
Touchstone . . . . . Edith Lehman.
Corin . . . . . Louise Orton.
Silvius . . . . . Maude Almy.

V. Stage Rosalinds . . . . . Flora Skinner.

VI. Dramatic Representation, “As You Like It,” Act III., Scene 2.

Rosalind . . . . . Hilda Meisenbach.
Celia . . . . . Florence Kellogg.
Orlando . . . . . Edna Patterson.
The Shakespeare Society met at Mrs. Rothery's, in the village, February 26. The following programme was given:

I. Shakespeare News . . . . Alice Harding.

II. Dramatic Representation, "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II., Scene III.
   Benedict . . . . . . . . . . . . Edna Patterson.
   Balthazar . . . . . . . . . . . . Margaret Merrill.
   Don Pedro . . . . . . . . . . . . Corinne Wagner.
   Claudio . . . . . . . . . . . . Mabel Young.
   Leonato . . . . . . . . . . . . Louise McDowell.
   Beatrice . . . . . . . . . . . . Alice Knox.

III. A Comedy of the Middle Period; Relation of Plot and Characters . Helen Capron.

IV. Dramatic Representations, "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II., Scene IV.
   Hero . . . . . . . . . . . . Joanna Oliver.
   Beatrice . . . . . . . . . . . . Alice Knox.
   Ursula . . . . . . . . . . . . Ethel Bowman.

   Act III., Scene III.:—
   Dogberry . . . . . . . . . . . . Mary Spink.
   Verges . . . . . . . . . . . . Joanna Oliver.
   Borachio . . . . . . . . . . . . Katharine Fuller.
   Conrad . . . . . . . . . . . . Jessica Sherman.
   First Watch . . . . . . . . . . Rowena Weakley.
   Second Watch . . . . . . . . . . Grace Frazee.

V. Repartee in Shakespeare . . . . Louise Orton.

The Shakespeare Society met on the evening of March 26. Miss Mary Hunt was received into the society. The programme was as follows:
II. The Pastoral in the Elizabethan Drama Grace Frazee.
III. Dramatic Representation, "Winter's Tale," Act IV., Scene III.
  Autolycus . . . . . . . Alice Knox.
  Clown . . . . . . . Mary Spink.
IV. Dramatic Representation, "Winter's Tale," Act V., Scene III.
  Leontes. . . . . . . Mabel Young.
  Polixenes . . . . . . Alice Cromack.
  Florizel . . . . . . Jessica Sherman.
  Camillo . . . . . . Hilda Meisenbach.
  Perdita . . . . . . Ethel Bowman.
  Paulina . . . . . . Louise Orton.
  Hermione . . . . . . Alice Harding.

Phi Sigma meeting, March 5, 1898. Miss Dewsen and Miss von Wettberg were present at the meeting.

Subject of the meeting: Barrie.

I. Life and Literary Career . . . . Cornelia Shaw.
IV. Barrie's Later Work as seen in "Sentimental Tommy" . . . . Alma Seipp.
  (In place of this Geraldine Gordon consented to give a review of "Sentimental Tommy.")
V. Barrie's Later Work, as seen in "Margaret Ogilvie" . . . . Mary Finlay.
VI. Scotch Life, as depicted by Barrie . . . . Mary Miller.
ALUMNÆ NOTES.

We clip the following items from the '89 class letter:—

"Susan Hawkes is teaching in Stockton, Kansas."

"Leo Lebus has been obliged to postpone her work at Johns Hopkins for another year on account of her health. She is now at the beach near her home, Los Angeles, Cal."

"Winnie Orr is teaching English in the Washington High School."

"Frances Palen is teaching at the Girls' High School in Philadelphia, Pa."

"Louise Pinney has been teaching and studying at her home, Los Angeles, Cal."

"Katharine Mordannt Quint has returned, after her year of study at Dartmouth, to her position as teacher in the Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass."

"Emilie de Rochemont is teaching for the third year in the classical department of the High School in Springfield, Mass."

"Florence Soule Smith is living in Boston. Her address is 4 Yarmouth Street."

"Helen Storer is a leader in the musical circles of Akron, Ohio."

"Essie Thayer is at home in Milford, Mass."

Anne Bosworth, '90, Professor of Mathematics in the Rhode Island college at Kingston, sails for Germany in April, to spend a sixteen months leave of absence in study and travel.

The engagement is announced of Marian W. Perrin, '91, to Professor Henry Burton, of Rochester, N. Y.

The engagement of Mary Millard, '94, to Mr. George F. Hatch, of Dedham, Mass., is announced.

Florence T. Forbes, '95, is at home, 3027 Morgan Street, St. Louis.

Grace Godfrey, '96, is studying Domestic Science in the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

Louise McNair, '96, is teaching Mathematics and English in Hosmer Hall, St. Louis.
Elizabeth R. Snyder, '96, is studying in the St. Louis Art School.

Geneva Crumb, '97, is at home, 5463 Maple Avenue, St. Louis.

Annette Gates, '97, is studying art in Boston.

Bessie Gates, formerly '97, is taking work in Kindergarten in Brooklyn.

A meeting of the Northfield Wellesley Club was held at The Revell, East Northfield, Monday, February 21st. Miss Amelia Hall, '84, of Natick, was the guest of the afternoon. Owing to her knowledge of the present life at the college she was able to bring the members of the club into closer touch with the Wellesley of to-day. The last President's report was a subject of conversation.

The February meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held Saturday, February 26th, at 2.30 p.m., in the Le Moyne Building. Dr. William Belfield read a paper on the "Effect of Mind on Disease," and Mrs. Hill (formerly Miss Miles, instructor at Wellesley) spoke of vacation schools.

Professor and Mrs. Hill are living this winter at Hull House.

Miss May Pitkin, '95, is living at Hull House.

Miss Emogene Hazeltine, '91, of Jamestown, New York, came west to attend a meeting of librarians at Evanston, Tuesday, February 22d, and spent the day following with Miss Grace Jackson, '91, at the University of Chicago. A little company of Wellesley people gathered at Miss Jackson's invitation to greet her and to talk over old times. Among those present were Miss Chase, formerly instructor at Wellesley, Miss Carey, Miss S. P. Breckinridge, '88, Miss S. W. Peabody, '86, Miss C. B. Perrine, '91, and Miss J. C. Robertson, '91. The two last are in the University library, the others are studying at the University.

The Eastern New York Wellesley Club held its annual business meeting on Saturday afternoon, March 5, in the parlors of the Albany Art Union, 55 North Pearl Street. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: president, Miss Sara Elizabeth Stewart, '91; secretary, Miss Grace L. Betteridge, '91; treasurer, Miss Linda D. Puffer, '91.
The March meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held on Saturday, March 19. Kipling was the subject for the afternoon. Mr. Wilber Larremore read a paper on Kipling's recent books, and a general discussion of his work followed.

The St. Louis Wellesley Club was reorganized in October, with the following officers: president, Mrs. Gertrude Spaulding Henderson, '92; vice president, Marion Day, Sp.; secretary, Edith Stix, formerly '97; treasurer, Eline Vieths, Sp. The club this year has devoted itself chiefly to raising money for a Wellesley scholarship fund. This scholarship, which is open to students in any school of academic grade in St. Louis, will be awarded next June to the candidate presenting the best set of entrance examinations. On February 21 an entertainment for the benefit of the fund was given in the ballroom of Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom's home in Westmoreland Place. The programme included several short dramatic scenes, "The Love Story of an Englishman," and two of the "Dolly Dialogues." Other numbers were a pantomime of "Young Lochinvar," an impersonation of Topsy, and an eighteenth century pantomime, "Vilkins and his Dinah." The feature of the evening was a "cake-walk," managed by Mrs. Hannah Case Jarvis, Sp. Eight couples of Wellesley girls and their friends, resplendent in burnt cork and highly colored costumes, went through various intricate evolutions with true African abandon. The sale of refreshments, an auction table, and an auction of posters augmented the receipts, which amounted to $212 above expenses. Mrs. Kate Fisher Brown, Sp., was chairman of the entertainment committee.

Denison House Notes.

Mr. Johnson, superintendent of the Andover public schools, gave the third lecture of the course for club leaders on March 1st. His subject, "Games," is an important one for careful consideration, and was handled in a most helpful and suggestive manner. The next lecture in this course was given by Mrs. Fisk, of the North Bennett Street Industrial School, on the "Moral Significance of Sloyd." Denison House is fortunate in having as a resident and club worker this year Miss Chase, of the Bennett Street School, who has conducted a class in clay-modelling, and demonstrated the truths in regard to the moral worth of sloyd, upon which Mrs. Fisk so ably dis-
Mrs. Wm. Rutan gave the final and perhaps most delightful of the talks of this series, on March 15th, on the "Art of Story-telling." On the whole, we believe that this course for the benefit of club leaders has been worth while, and will serve as an introduction to more detailed instruction another year.

Mr. Harry Lloyd spoke to the boys of Miss Wall’s club on "Trade Unions" at their meeting March 2d.

During the month the residents have attended frequent hearings at the State House before the Labor Committee on the bill "to reduce the hours of labor for women and minors in manufacturing and mercantile establishments from fifty-eight to fifty-four hours per week."

An afternoon tea for the mothers of the Kitchen Garden children, on March 9th, in the Green Room, was well attended. Mrs. Tobey, who has studied with Miss Huntington in New York, gave a short talk on the methods used in the Kitchen Garden. The children demonstrated several lessons and sang some of the club songs. Music and refreshments were provided by the various teachers of the Kitchen Garden.

The Wellesley Mandolin and Glee Clubs entertained the neighborhood guests Thursday evening, March 10th.

Miss Scripture gave a tea to the members of her classes on March 13th. Some beautiful Japanese and Indian photographs were enjoyed and vocal music furnished by Miss Baum.

Bishop Lawrence was the guest of honor at the Teachers’ Club on March 14th.

Mrs. Updike’s lecture at the Social Science Conference, March 15th, was an interesting account of the effort of the Associated Charities of Plainfield, N. J., for supplying work to the unemployed. Miss Dudley and Mr. Paine took part in a discussion which followed.

Misses Maud Keller and Edna Johnson spent Sunday, the twenty-seventh, at Denison House.

At the union meeting of the boys’ clubs, March 26th, an Anti-tobacco League was formed. Mr. Parker, of the Newton Y. M. C. A., gave a chalk talk on the cigarette evil, after which a business meeting was conducted under the directions of Mr. Tucker and officers elected.
The Teachers' Club met on Monday, the twenty-eighth, and entertained as guest of honor Miss Irwin, Dean of Radcliffe College. Over one hundred teachers and their friends were present.

MARRIAGES.

Smith-Soule.—In Taunton, Mass., June 30, 1897, Florence Evelyn Soule, '89, to Mr. Henry Porter Smith, of Boston.

Heller-Sturgis.—In Oak Park, Ill., August 30, 1897, Edith Sturgis, '89, to Mr. Russell M. Heller.

Dresser-Reed.—In Boston, Mass., March 17, 1898, Alice Mae Reed, '87, to Mr. Horatio Willis Dresser.

Friedman-Stix.—March 9, 1898, Cora E. Stix, formerly '95, to Mr. Abraham Friedman, of St. Louis, Mo.

BIRTHS.

January 2, 1898, in Auburndale, Mass., a son, Edward Parker, to Mrs. Laura Parker Furber, '87.

DEATHS.

In Taunton, Mass., Sept. 13, 1897, Mrs. Caroline L. Soule, mother of Florence E. Soule-Smith, '89.

In Chicago, Ill., Sept. 9, 1897, Margaret Clark Fiske, daughter of Mary Zimmerman Fiske, formerly '89.

In St. Johnsbury, Vt., Adelaide M. Ide, formerly '94.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHIRT WAISTS
(Fisk, Clark & Flagg, Makers.)

New Shape.
One Hundred Styles in Wash Effects.
Choice line in Silk and Flannel.

LADIES'
Ascot Scarfs and Ties, Collars and Cuffs.

--- NOVELTIES IN ---
Belts.

RAY, Outfitter,
509 Washington Street, cor. West
BOSTON.

Our Stock
Is constantly in touch with

Progress, Reliability,
Fashion, Economy...

Complimentary Gifts, all prices.
Engagement Presents, $1 to $10.
Wedding Gifts, $2 to $100.
Card Prizes, 50 cents to $3.

If it's new we have it!

A. Stowell & Co.,
24 Winter Street - Boston, Mass.

ANDREW J. LLOYD
& Co.

PRESCRIPTIONS
FILLED.

OPPOSITE OLD SOUTH
323 and 325 Washington Street.

BRANCH,
454 Boylston Street, corner Berkeley Street.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT ALLOWED TO
WELLESLEY STUDENTS.

Photographic Supplies, Cameras,
Etc., of Every Description.

128-page Catalogue on application.

Intercollegiate Bureau and Registry.

Cotrell & Leonard,
472 to 478 Broadway,
Albany, N. Y.

MAKERS OF THE
Caps and Gowns
to the
American Colleges.

Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars on Application.
Every Requisite for a Dainty Lunch

Fruit.
Confectionery.
Nuts.
Fancy Biscuits.
Jellies.
Preserves.
Pickles, etc.

at.....

Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co's,
680 Washington Street,
Boston.

---

Miss M. F. Fisk,
No. 44 Temple Place, Boston.

Wishes to announce to the Young Ladies that she has received her Fall and Winter Stock of

Velveteen and French Flannel Waists.

They are in Plain, Striped, and Plaid Effects, and are in beautiful shades of Red, Green, Purple, Brown, and Black. The style is very attractive, and the fit perfect, as they have been made on Miss Fisk's special chart. Miss Fisk would be greatly pleased to have you examine them, sending you all a cordial invitation to do so.

Something New in Stationery,

WELLESLEY FLAG. Call and see it.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

Also a line of Baker's and Huyler's Confections.

STORY & CUTTER, Shattuck Building, Wellesley.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

WALNUT HILL SCHOOL.
Wellesley Preparatory,
NATICK, MASS.

For circular address the Principals,
MISS CHARLOTTE H. CONANT, B.A.
MISS FLORENCE BIGELOW, M.A.

ONE WAY
To cut down your school expenses, Look!!!
Students' Paper, 25 cts. per lb.
Students' Covers, 20 and 25 cts. each.
Students' ("T. & M. Co.") Pencils, 35 cts. doz.
Students' "Sterling" Steel Pens, 60 cts. gross.
Engraved Plate and 100 Calling Cards, $1.50.
Engraved Die, 100 Sheets Paper and 100 Envelopes, Finest Quality.....$4.17.
All Students' Supplies equally low. Always use our A-A Waterman's "Standard" Fountain Pen.

THORP & MARTIN CO.,
Stationers—Engravers—Printers,
12 Milk Street, Boston.

Wright & Ditson,
The Leading Athletic Outfitters of New England.

Spring and Summer Athletic Supplies.
EVERY REQUISITE FOR
Base Ball, Golf, Tennis, Cricket, Track and Field.
CATALOGUE OF ATHLETIC SPORTS FREE.
New England Agents for
THE SPALDING BICYCLE, 1898 Models, Chainless and Chain.

Wright & Ditson,
344 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

WE make a specialty of
Winter Weight
Walking Boots...
Box Calf, Willow Calf.

Rubber-sole Gymnasium Shoes
A FULL LINE OF RUBBERS.

UNDERWOOD'S,
No. 3 Clark's Block,
Natick, Mass.

The Newest
Fashions in Shoes for Young Ladies
are to be found at
Thayer's New Store,
144 Tremont Street, between Temple
Place and West Street.

A Discount of 10 per cent to Pupils and Teachers.

PFISTER & VOGEL LEATHER CO.
Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.
Manufacturers of the celebrated
.. Mercury Sole...
FOR SPORTING SHOES.

EASTERN OFFICES:
BOSTON, 161-163 Summer Street.
NEW YORK, 37 Spruce Street.

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES.
POZZI, MENEGHINI & CO., Milan, Italy.
ADOLPHE HAEFELIN, Paris, France.
SOPHUS M. JENSEN & CO., Copenhagen, Denmark.
THEODOR EDLING, Stockholm, Sweden.
S. ILLNER, Vienna, Austria.

---

---
The Dana Hall School,  
WELLESLEY, MASS.

Pupils are prepared for regular or for special courses at Wellesley College.

Price for Board and Tuition, $500 for the school year; Tuition for day pupils, $125.

For further information address the Principals:

JULIA A. EASTMAN.
SARAH P. EASTMAN.

The Paris Exposition

STUDENTS who can organize a party of eighteen among their fellow-students, friends and acquaintances to make a 38-day trip to Europe, including seven days in London and fourteen days at the Paris Exposition, upon the most popular plan of periodical advance payments which has ever been presented by an incorporated company with $100,000 capital, and backed by substantial business men, will learn of something to their advantage by addressing

THE EUROPEAN TOURIST CO.,  
278 Boylston St., Boston.

Kent Place School for Girls,  
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY.

HAMILTON W. MABIE, 
President.

Application may be made to the Principal,

MRS. SARAH WOODMAN PAUL.

Junius W. Hill,  
(LEIPSIC, 1860-1863.)

For the past thirteen years Professor of Music in Wellesley College, and Director of the Wellesley College School of Music,

WILL HEREAFTER DEVOTE HIMSELF ENTIRELY TO PRIVATE INSTRUCTION
At his Studio in Boston,

154 TREMONT STREET.

SPECIALTIES.—The Art of Piano-playing, Organ, Harmony, and Voice Culture. Correspondence solicited. Circulars sent on application to any address.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

TEACHERS WANTED!

Union Teachers' Agencies of America.

Rev. L. D. BASS, D.D., Manager.


There are thousands of positions to be filled. We had over 8,000 vacancies during the past season. Unqualified facilities for placing teachers in every part of the United States and Canada, as over 85 per cent of those who registered before August secured positions. One fee registers in nine offices. Address all applications to SALTSBURY, PA.

Insignia, Badges, Society Stationery.

The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company has assembled exceptional facilities for the prompt execution of orders for Insignia, Badges, and Society Stationery. This company owns probably the most complete library in the United States on the subject of Heraldry. With such wealth of authority constantly at hand, accuracy is absolutely insured.

Patrons may feel equal confidence in the correctness and taste of Society Stationery prepared by this house.

The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company,

Jewelers, Silversmiths, Stationers,
PHILADELPHIA.

FALL RIVER LINE
BETWEEN

BOSTON and NEW YORK.

Via Fall River and Newport.

The Famous Steamboats of this Line, the

PRISCILLA, PURITAN, PLYMOUTH,
PILGRIM and PROVIDENCE,

are substantially alike in design, appliances, finish, and furnishings, and the perfection of their service in every department has no superior in transportation construction.

The Route traversed by the Fall River Line is unsurpassed in attractive marine features and surroundings.

Special Vestibuled Express Train leaves Boston from Park Square Station.

FRANK WOOD,
PRINTER,
352 Washington Street, Boston.

Telephone, Boston 273.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

Best Work. Lowest Prices.

Full Count. Prompt Delivery.

A. C. KENDALL,

O. H. TAYLOR,
G. P. A., Fall River Line, New York.

L. H. PALMER, Boston Pass'r Agt.,
No. 3 Old State House, Boston.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. DIEHL, JR., & CO.,
Livery and Boarding STABLE,
WELLESLEY, MASS.

Baggage Transferred to and from Station.
MEET ALL TRAINS.

Orders Promptly Attended to.
Telephone No. 16-2.

EMMA WILLARD SCHOOL
Troy, New York.

Preparatory, Academic and Graduate Courses.
Departments of Music and Art.

Certificate admits to Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar Colleges
85th year opens September 21, 1898.

MISS MARY ALICE KNOX, Principal.

CHARLES M. EATON,
Agent for ADLAKE, STANDISH and KNOWLTON - - -

BICYCLES.
Bicycle Repairing and Sundries on Sale.

WORCESTER ST., WELLESLEY HILLS.

GEO. P. RAYMOND,
Costume Parlors,
17 BOYLSTON PLACE,
(Near Old Public Library.)

Telephone, Tremont 1314. BOSTON, MASS.

COSTUMES
For Masquerades, Old Folks' Concerts,
Private Theatricals, Tableaux, etc.

Ladies' Shirt Waists
To Measure.
For variety and attractiveness of pattern, for style
and fit, we have no peers.

Imported Madras, $3.50 each,
Our Specialty.

The L. E. Fletcher Company,
No. 158 Boylston Street,

BEAUTIFUL HAIR THE LADIES' DELIGHT!

RANDOLPH'S
Quinine and Glycerine
HAIR TONIC

A preparation especially prepared to promote growth of the
hair. Eradicates dandruff, imparts vitality to the roots, stops
the falling out of the hair.

50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

PREPARED BY
L. W. RANDOLPH, Prescription Druggist,
143 West Front Street, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Ask your druggist for Randolph's.
Ballard
Designer and Maker of
Riding Habits, Cloth Gowns,
Jackets,
Golf-Cycle Costumes.

New Cloths... A nearly endless variety of beautiful fabrics,
among which are Venetians, Coverts, Whipcords, Cheviots, Serges,
Hand-made and Homespuns.

Vienna and London Models, and those of Our Own Design.

Prices for Tailor Gowns, from $60 to $80.
For Golf-Cycle Costumes, $40 to $60.

No. 256 Boylston Street, Boston.

---

Our Spectacles and Eyeglasses are not only the BEST, but our prices are reasonable.

Kodaks and Photographic Supplies for Amateurs.

Developing and Printing.

Pinkham & Smith, Opticians,
No. 288 Boylston Street, Boston.

---

Eastern Teachers’ Agency,
Miss E. F. Foster, Manager,
50 Bromfield Street,
Boston.

Has frequent demands for college-educated women.

Send for circulars.

Telephone, Boston 775-2.

---

207 Tremont Street,
Jacob Doll Pianos

For Sale and to Rent, at prices never before heard of in the history of piano manufacturing.

A. A. Tarbeaux, Manager.

---

Carl J. Horner,
11 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Elevator to Studio.

Class Photographer

To Wellesley College, '98.

Special Rates to Friends of the College.

Mention this Advertisement.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

DRESSMAKING.

M. E. FLEMMING,
Central St., Wellesley, opp. Tea Room.

TREE DAY WORK A SPECIALTY.

Established April, 1875.
Wellesley College opened September, 1875.

CHAS. E. SHATTUCK,
The Wellesley Grocer.

In our stock may be found
FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY,
LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES,
FANCY CRACKERS,

MAINE CREAM,
NEUFCHATEL CHEESE.

Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Vases, Jardinieres.
Toilet Soaps, Ladies' Boot Dressing, etc.

Thanking the public for their large exhibition of trust in my method of doing business, I solicit your continued patronage.

Goods delivered free at any of the College buildings.

Picture Framing
UP ONE FLIGHT,
188 Lincoln Street, - Boston.

EBEN SMITH
Succeeded by
MRS. EBEN SMITH,
11 Doors from Boston & Albany Station.

Discount to Faculty and Students of Wellesley College.

E. J. STATES,
Art Needlework Store.

All the latest Novelties
in Fancy Work — —

Special Designs for COLLEGE PILLOWS and BANNERS.

175 TREMONT STREET
(Near Tremont Theatre.)
KNOX'S World-Renowned HATS.

THE STANDARD OF FASHION EVERYWHERE.

194 Fifth Avenue, under Fifth Ave. Hotel, New York.

Agents in all the principal cities.
Six Highest Awards at the Columbian Exposition.
All mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

Whitney's

Headquarters for
Embroideries and
Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

Whitney's

Temple Place, Boston.

The Senior Class Photographer

for Wellesley '94 and '95 was

Chas. W. Hearn,
392 Boylston Street,
Boston.

Mr. Hearn thanks Wellesley students for their past valued patronage, and would be pleased to submit prices and samples, with a view to his possible selection as Class Photographer for Wellesley '98.

Respectfully,

Charles W. Hearn.

E. W. NOYES CO.

Pictures and Frames ....

All the popular subjects in Photographs, Prints, Fac-Similes, etc.

Roses

All the best varieties constantly on hand. Other flowers in their season.

Telephone or mail orders promptly attended to.

Mention this paper and ask for the University Discount.

JULIUS A. ZINN, 2 Beacon St.

13 Bromfield St., Boston.
Perfect Comfort

For women and positive style. That's what we studied for. Nothing to pinch or hurt.

The H. H. "Tuttle Shoe"

is made on men's lasts. Has that graceful outside swing that gives the little toe breathing room. Double-soled calf for those who want heavy shoes. Lighter grades for others. $4 to $8 is the price. Discount to Students and Faculty.

H. H. TUTTLE & CO.,

Washington St., cor. Winter Street.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE

New York Infirmary for Women and Children.

THE Thirty-second Annual Session opens October 1, 1897. Four years, Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations and practical work, under supervision in Laboratories, and Dispensary of College, and in New York Infirmary. Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to Women Students. For Catalogues, etc., address

EMILY BLACKWELL, M.D.

321 East 15th St., New York.

H. H. CARTER & CO.,

Stationers & Engravers

WILL ALLOW

20 per cent Discount

ON PURCHASES

Made by Wellesley College Students.

5 Somerset St. (near Beacon), BOSTON.

MRS. J. C. WHITE,

19 Bromfield Street - Boston, Mass.

Artists' Materials.

PICTURE FRAMES. CHILDREN'S NOVELTIES.

Christmas, Easter, Valentine and Birthday Gifts, etc. . . . .

Usual Discount to Students

Joel Goldthwait & Company,

Have just opened and are now ready to show a large and very fine line of

Scotch · Axminsters, · English · Wiltons · and · Brussels,

With a full stock of

Domestic Wiltons, Brussels, Axminsters, Velvets, Tapestries and Ingrains.

The Styles and Colorings adapted to the present styles of Furnishings.

Near Cornhill. 163 to 169 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
**Women's and Misses'**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price Range</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Blanket Wraps</td>
<td>$5.00 to $15.00</td>
<td>Satin or Silk Stocks: $2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flannel Wraps</td>
<td>10.00 to 24.00</td>
<td>Hunting Stocks: 1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheviot Wraps</td>
<td>6.50 to 13.00</td>
<td>Riding Cravats: 1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bath Wraps</td>
<td>8.50 to 14.00</td>
<td>String Ties: 0.50 to $1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bath Slippers</td>
<td>1.00 to 1.50</td>
<td>Stick Pins: 0.50 to 2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golf Waists</td>
<td>5.00 to 9.00</td>
<td>Sleeve Links: 0.50 to 7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flannel Waists</td>
<td>5.00 to 9.00</td>
<td>Sleeve Buttons: 0.50 to 7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheviot Waists</td>
<td>5.00 to 9.00</td>
<td>Collar Buttons: 1.00 to 2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweaters</td>
<td>5.00 to 6.00</td>
<td>Umbrellas: 1.50 to 15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pajamas</td>
<td>4.50 to 16.00</td>
<td>Abdominal Bands: 1.50 to 2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union Undergarments</td>
<td>2.50 to 6.75</td>
<td>Wooden Knee Caps: 2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golf Caps</td>
<td>15.00</td>
<td>Fleece Lined Bed Hose: 2.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mackintoshes to order</td>
<td>10.00 to 37.50</td>
<td>Couch Covers: 6.00 to 10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craventies to order</td>
<td>10.50 to 32.00</td>
<td>Traveling Rugs: 7.00 to 25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking Gloves</td>
<td>2.00</td>
<td>Plush Rugs: 25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Driving Gloves</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td>Sleeping Ropes: 3.50 to 5.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golf Gloves</td>
<td>2.00</td>
<td>Colored Robes: 3.50 to 5.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bicycle Gloves</td>
<td>1.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Humber Bicycles, $100.00 to $106.00.**

**Noyes Bros.,**

Washington and Summer Streets, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

---

**M. R. Warren Co.**

Stationers, Engravers and Printers.

**BLANK BOOKS, INKSTANDS, BLOTTERS.**

Pens, Ink, Pencils, Pocketbooks, Card Cases, Playing Cards, Fountain Pens, Stylographic Pens, Scrapbooks, Students' Notebooks, Address, Engagement, Shopping and Visiting Books, Paine's Duplicate Whist, and Everything in Writing Materials.

**M. R. WARREN COMPANY**

No. 336 Washington Street, Boston.

Near Old South Church.

---

**GEO. A. PLUMMER & CO.,**

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

Our Display of Coats, Suits, Wraps, Furs, Waists, Rainproof Garments, Tea Gowns, and Silk Petticoats is the handsomest and most complete we have ever shown, including our own direct importation of ........

**Paris and Berlin Novelties.**

Correct Styles. Moderate Prices.

**Hos. 531 and 533 Washington Street, Boston.**

Telephone 2254.

Frank Wood, Boston, Mass.