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THE COLBIANA

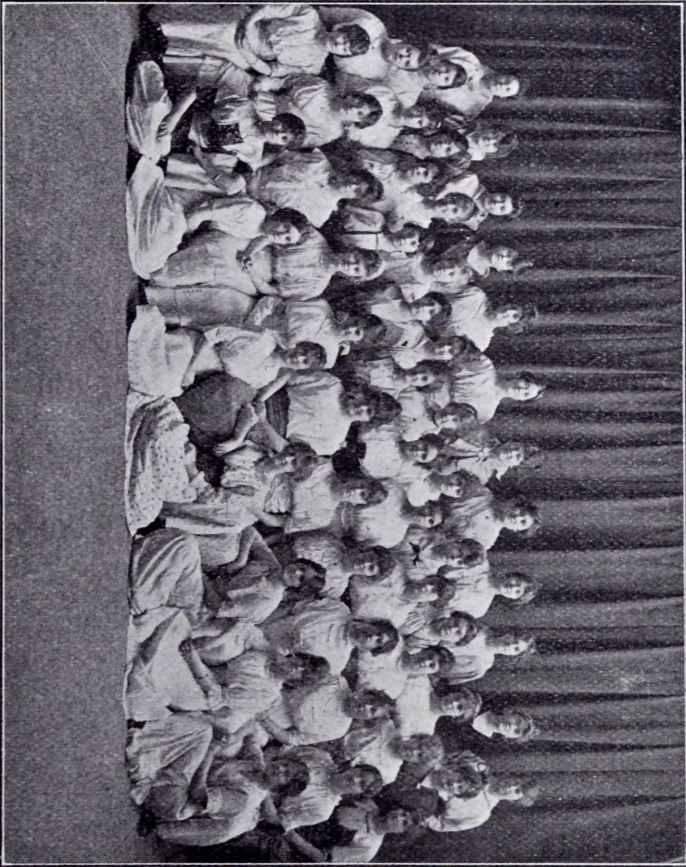
Volume 3

April, 1915

Number 3

Contents

Hugh Maxwell, Traitor, Alice C. Mather, 1916.....	3
The Old Willow, Ernestine Porter, 1916.....	7
Experiments in Heroism, Ella Robinson, 1916.....	8
Fishing, Elsie Lane, 1917.....	11
The Old Question, Ernestine Porter, 1916.....	12
Board of Editors.....	14
Editorials.....	14
College Interests.....	15
Women's League Happenings.....	15
The Japanese Operetta.....	19
Pan-Hellenic Masquerade.....	20
Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	21
Athletics.....	24
Alumnae Notes.....	24
Laughs.....	25
Exchanges.....	27
Directory.....	28



THE LADIES' GLEE CLUB—COLBY

THE COLBIANA

Volume 3

APRIL, 1915

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HUGH MAXWELL, TRAITOR

It was the sixteenth of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Hugh Maxwell stood on the broad, white-pillared portico of Briar Manse, a home famous throughout all Virginia, and gazed thoughtfully at the scene before him. It was early evening, and the crescent-moon was just rising above the rows of stately elms which flanked the mansion terrace. The Potomac wound its way leisurely between the rolling, easy-sloping hills. The white sails of a slowly moving schooner caught a glint of the moonlight, and to the north could be seen the lights of the neighboring plantation. The low droning song of an old darky came up on the still evening air from the darky quarters. All the world seemed at peace. Yet, there was tumult in Hugh Maxwell's soul. This night, he must decide a momentous question. But yesterday, President Lincoln had issued a proclamation calling for volunteers. Should he enlist? By birth and training, he was a Southerner, but his sympathies and convictions were with the North. Which way should he go? Which course of action should he pursue? Conflicting emotions tore at his heart until it seemed as though he would go mad. Through the long French windows, the light streamed out from Colonel Maxwell's study where he sat at his desk absorbed in work. Hugh knew well enough his father's political views, and knew what he expected of his son. But could he take this course which had been so clearly marked out for him by his father, Colonel Maxwell? That was the question, and he must answer it.

Colonel Maxwell had always lived at "Briar Manse", and prided himself in the prosperity of this old ancestral estate. He was a man of influence throughout the South, and was highly honored by all who knew him. Like all such men, the Colonel had far-reaching plans for Hugh, this fine-looking, ambitious son of his. Part of his plans had already been realized. Hugh had gone North to attend a large university, and had just returned, bearing laurels of excellent scholastic attainments. He was a son of whom any man might well be proud. Hugh should assume the oversight of the estate, and aspire to political position and prominence, as his father had done. Of course, he should marry, and marry well. The Colonel cherished the fond hope that Hugh should eventually marry Marjorie Winston, the daughter of his old friend, Dr. Winston, whose estate joined his own. Both Dr. Winston and the Colonel had always been fast friends, and agreed that this plan was the only one to be desired; and the young people themselves seemed not at all loath to fall in with their parents' scheme. Hugh had been away now four years, and both the Colonel and Dr. Winston watched with greatest interest to see whether or not they should soon witness the realization of their

dreams, which would result in the union of these two old ancestral estates.

Hugh paced restlessly back and forth. He knew well all these plans; he knew his own desires. Yet, how could he put down that voice within him that seemed to force him to a decision which he knew meant for him disgrace, shame, and the forfeit of his long-cherished desires. Would these ties prevail against the call of his country? Yesterday, the proclamation had startled him into a keen realization of his position, and he knew deep in his heart that he must fight for the North. Could he answer that call in the face of his father's opposition and Marjorie's displeasure? Would he be playing the traitor?

The lights from the neighboring plantation danced saucily through the trees as Hugh, with an almost audible sob, turned abruptly toward the door which opened into the Colonel's study. He had made his decision.

The Colonel was startled by his sudden entrance, but smiled reassuringly as he saw who the intruder was. But when he saw Hugh's expression, he was on his feet in an instant, "What is it, boy? Has anything happened?" he asked anxiously, going over to Hugh and putting his arm about the boy's shoulders. The two had always been true comrades and staunch friends. Hugh felt that he was about to do a thing which might shatter all their old relations, and his heart sank hopelessly within him. For some moments he did not speak. All color fled from his face, leaving it blanched and ghastly. A great tremor shook his body. He felt the criminal, indeed. Was he thus to repay his father's love? With compassion and sympathy written upon his face, the Colonel waited; the boy's slender form straightened up, and looking at his father fixedly, he said in a strained, unnatural voice which was vibrant with determination, "Father, I am going to fight for the North!" That was all that he said, but it was as though the Colonel had been struck a death-blow. His arms dropped to his side, his whole body suddenly seemed to give way, and he sank back stunned into the cushioned desk chair. Hugh stood motionless, passive. Minutes passed; it seemed eternities. The Colonel, grasping at last the full significance of Hugh's statement, sprang to his feet. He seized the boy by both shoulders, and peered into the depths of his unswerving eyes, which were cold with determination.

"My God, boy, will you play traitor?" he demanded in a voice tense with passion, as he fairly shook the youthful figure in his agonized grasp. "You disgrace me, and revile the name you bear! Was it for this that I brought you up, gave you a chance, an education, money—everything! You can't, you shan't follow that Northerner! Think, boy, think!" he vollied forth. "Don't make me hate you!" He wheeled and feverishly paced the length of the room. What could Hugh do? How could he explain?

"Fool, idiot that I was," stormed the Colonel. "Would to God you had never gone North to be contaminated by those cursed Northerners! Then you might have been a son worthy of that name!"

An hour passed; at last, the Colonel's anger had subsided. Now, he tried to reason with Hugh, and to win him back.

"Why do you do this thing, Hugh?" he urged. "Do you despise me?" Hugh winced under this scathing rebuke, but answered in a tone laden with affection:

"I'd give up my life willingly if I could do as you wish, but I can't! My life has been lived for you thus far, and lived that I might fulfill your ambitions. Don't blame my university, or my northern friends! Blame me! I knew where I should have to stand. I know you can't see it as I do! I'd be a traitor to myself and to you, if I didn't do this. I tell you, Father, the Union must live!"

"The Union! Bah!" retorted Colonel Maxwell. "What is it but a traitor, a tyrant? The state must have its rights regardless of the Union!"

"You are wrong," interrupted Hugh. "The Constitution was not a mere compact, but a fundamental law. The Union is one and inseparable. No state has the right to secede. Moreover, peaceable secession is impossible! South Carolina set the infamous example. The Union must be saved if it causes war!"

"It's not the Union but slavery! That's the question!" continued the Colonel hotly. "The North doesn't need and can't use slaves. The North is jealous of our prosperity, and will destroy us! We couldn't exist without slaves, and the stories of their cruel treatment are lies!"

"Yes, it is slavery, and I'll fight it as long as I have breath in my body!" fired Hugh. "As a boy, I hated slavery; now, I despise it! It is a corrupt, damnable institution which—!"

"Wait!" interrupted the Colonel rising. "You are talking nonsense. Don't be a fool! The blacks have never been better off than they are now, and you know it!"

"I don't know it!" retorted Hugh. "Few slaves get treated as well as yours. A slave is a human being, and is as much entitled to his rights as you or I! I have always been determined to help blot out this awful stain from our country! Yesterday the call came, and I must answer. I do not forget all that you have done for me, and am only doing that which you will be glad that I have done! I shall enlist with the Federals!"

Again the Colonel's passion got the better of him. "Do you realize what a disgrace you will bring upon me? Would you dishonor the name of your forefathers? Do you think that I can longer call you my son, if you join the Federals? No! You will forfeit your name, honor, position! All connections between us will sever. All this for a mere whim, a wild fancy!"

For several minutes neither spoke. Each was battling with his own emotions. Finally the Colonel turned to Hugh and almost pleaded, "Are you still determined to play the fool?"

"I am determined to play the part to which honor and justice call me!" declared Hugh, as he stood by his father's desk. A thought occurred to the Colonel. Maybe this would move the boy if no appeal of his could. "Hugh," he asked in a low voice quivering with expectation and hope, "What will Marjorie say to this?"

There was a pause followed by a slight movement at the end of the room, and looking up, Hugh saw there a figure. It was Marjorie. How long she had been there he did not know. Both men were

breathless and stood quite motionless as the girl advanced quickly into the room. Throwing aside her cloak, she stood before them dressed in a dainty evening frock, radiant in her beauty. Hugh stepped towards her eagerly, expectantly. She would understand, he knew, and what mattered if everyone else did revile him. She would sympathize. She would know and understand. But no! What expression of haughty disgust passed over her fine features as she surveyed him coldly? What new mood of hers was this? She stood there like a queen, gazing full at Hugh, as he entreated her. The Colonel watched her. Would she not save his son from dishonor?

"I heard, and I know," she began, slowly turning to the Colonel. "You asked what I would say? Did you hope that I could save him? No, I cannot! If he does not love me enough not to do this cowardly thing he will not change his decision should I plead with him! He knows I love him, and he declared he cared more for me than life itself, but it was a lie!" She shook with the intensity of her emotion, but getting control of herself, she continued, "Let him enlist with the Federalists to-morrow, but let him know that I love Hugh, the man, not Hugh, the traitor!"

The boy was amazed, dumb-founded; he looked at her searchingly. Yes, she meant what she said. Alas, she, too, had not understood! Again his gaze sought his father's face. It was uncompromising. This was too much. Surely, he had not merited this! He must leave all—all for a cause! Was the sacrifice to be as great as this? His heart was wrung in an agony of despair. He could read no sign of compassion on their faces. Would they not relent?

His father, drawing himself up to the full height of his manly dignity, slowly raised his right arm and pointed towards the door, as he put his other arm protectingly about the girl. "You may go, traitor!" he said. A tremor again shook the girl's frail body, and a choking sob escaped her lips. After one last look at the pair to make sure that he had heard aright, Hugh slowly turned and was gone!

The moon had risen high above the row of elms, and flooded the broad acres of "Briar Manse" with light; it had flecked the broad Potomac with spots of gold, and now it danced merrily on the white sails of a schooner which made its way slowly up the river.

"A school teacher needs to have two senses in addition to the usual five, common sense and a sense of humor."—Prex.

THE OLD WILLOW

Half-way up the bank where brambles,
Bright-flowered weeds and lithe young saplings,
And the smilax' clinging fingers
Strive for mastery, stands the willow.
Far below a brook is struggling,
Clogged by logs and choked by alders,
Twisting, bending, fighting onward
'Til it finds its destination
In the daughter of the mountains,
Musselonsquit, Sandy River,
Loved by all the valley dwellers.
At the willow's foot rise proudly
Tiger lilies, tall and haughty,
Flaming spirits born in shadow.
Saucy squirrels round it scamper,
Hide within its heart their acorns;
In its branches robin, bluebird,
Nuthatch and the black-capped titmouse,
Find their dwelling; and still higher
From the fairest twigs and slenderest,
Orioles hang aerial cradles.
Near it stands a tiny cottage.
Snows and rains have stolen its whiteness,
And the woodbine, twining o'er it,
Tries to hide the blackened bareness
With the green of hope and courage.
There a little attic chamber
I made mine, and sometimes called it
My own nest within the willow,
For the old tree towered above me.
High the branches pointed heavenward;
Others curved to frame a picture
Of my favorite meadow-corner.
When at night, with long hours restless
I was tossing, that old willow
Tapped my pane with gentle fingers,
Saying, "Sleep; the day is over;
Brook and river sing your nightsong;
Winds are dropping dews of healing;
Still your heart; stars glow above you;
I, your faithful friend, am guarding."
Then with heart and body quieted
I slept deep, the willow watching.

EXPERIMENTS IN HEROISM

113

That night, Melzer Hight's store was crowded with people waiting for the mail, just as usual, but this time there were evidences of an unusual excitement,—men were grouped together talking earnestly, very few people were lounging on the counters and boxes, and the postmaster and his assistant were moving rather leisurely behind the letter boxes, as they sorted the mail, for there was no impatient crowd to fire such remarks as, "Come, Jed, you have read enough on that post card. Rattle through some of them love letters now!" The door opened, and a tall, broad-shouldered young man stepped in. Suddenly the room became almost quiet, and those nearest the door sidled silently back against the wall. At length, a little old man with a kind, wrinkled face called out to the young man, "Well, Roger, when are you and your father going to begin your new job? Hey! We've all been talking about it considerable."

"A new job? What new job?" asked Roger, somewhat puzzled.

"Oh, I reckon you know all right. Who else but you and your dad would tackle one of J. Dascombe's five-year, two hundred men contracts?" The old man laughed with a jolly shake of his head. "Yes, sir, your father has had hard luck enough, but with you to help him he is going to make up for lost time, all right,—can't help it on this job!"

"But you are going to one of them colleges come fall, ain't yur, Roger? That's what they've been telling round," remarked a stout, red-faced man in a rasping voice.

"College? boy!" exclaimed the old man, "Why your father can't take this contract without you; his health ain't equal to it! Are you really planning on it?"

"Why," answered Roger slowly, "I have considered entering Harvard this fall, but have made no definite arrangements as yet."

"Oh, yes, that's all right. There's no doubt that colleges are all right and good, and may turn out some pretty good men, but you can't tell me that they don't spoil some. The place for a man with your business head is right here in this big lumber contract. Why, you are the only boy in the family, and your father is a queer man if he don't want to sign his letters "Houghton & Son," since you two work together as slick as a whistle!"

Just then the delivery window of the post office was thrown up, and the crowd scrambled forward to ask for the mail. Roger Houghton, who was the last to get his mail, received a letter—a dainty letter with an evasive perfume, which had made the postmaster wonder more than once, and, as for Roger, had caused a great wave of feeling to sweep over his whole body. To-night, it was different, for he did not stop to read the letter at the postoffice, but went out very quickly. Outside he placed the little, white letter in his inside coat pocket. Then he squared his shoulders, threw back his head, and walked slowly and deliberately down the street. For the first time, he felt life—at its very rudest—crushing up against him. On that three-mile walk home, he put this question up before him, and studied it doggedly and bitterly—should he give up college and join his father in business? Here he was, planning to enter Harvard in the

fall—something he had planned and worked for since a very little boy! His teachers in the Academy had urged him not to give up college for any reason. They had flattered him, no doubt, but he himself had realized that he had something of a scholar's mind. It was his ambition to find his place in the intellectual world. In the summer colony which was near his home, he had made friends with many college professors, men who inspired him with the yearning for their dignity and refinement. They, too, had urged him to go to college; yes, he knew that they believed in him. There, too, he had become acquainted with Julia Pembroke, a young girl of the colony, who, for some strange reason, as he thought, had taken a liking to him. She explained it by saying that it was such a relief to observe a young man "who doesn't talk in drawling bass and doesn't grin at himself all the time." As for Roger, he fairly adored her, because he always found her more charming and pretty than he had ever seen her before. Then, too, he delighted in her fine, graceful manners, which marked her as superior, he thought, to the country girls whom he knew or to his sisters even. Now this fall Julia was to enter Smith, and Roger would, of course, enter Harvard. Julia had said that it seemed so wonderful for a country fellow to go to Harvard. Yes, it must be so," the young man whispered between his teeth. "It must be so." Still, there was his father! To be sure, his father and mother had agreed to his having a college training, but here was this contract which offered a job that his father had been expecting for years. It was a big business proposition, but it promised success for the capable man who undertook it: A large section of timber land must be cleared in five years, requiring the employment of several hundred men. He remembered very distinctly a day several years before when he and his father were surveying the J. Dascombe forest, and his father had stopped suddenly, and said enthusiastically, "I am aching to tackle the job of clearing this land. Do you know, boy, if I come through it all right, one of my ideals will be realized!" "But now," Roger reasoned, "his health will not permit him to do it, and he knows it. During these last two years that we have worked together I can see that he is depending more and more on me." Then he thought, with a sudden resolve, "Father and I have been too loyal to each other for me to disappoint him at the last. I shall ask him outright just as soon as I reach home, if it is his wish that I stay or go.

Roger found his mother and father reading in the sitting-room as usual. Somehow, he found it hard to broach the subject at once but, as he was taking off his overcoat, he tried to say casually, "They were talking over the J. Dascombe contract at the store, tonight. Are you planning to accept the terms, father?"

"Why, no," answered his father quickly, glancing up from his newspaper. "I wouldn't think of accepting, of course."

"Why not?" ventured Roger. "What if I should give up college, couldn't you go into it then?"

"No, my boy," said his father, laying down his paper, "you have planned to go to college, and we wouldn't disappoint you. Surely," he said with a laugh, "the family will have to grow our LL. D., somehow!"

Nothing more was said, and in a few minutes Mr. Houghton went to his room, remarking that he was a "bit tired after tramping around in the woods all day." Roger noticed that it was a full hour earlier than the usual time for his father to retire. Somehow, too, he had appeared older and feebler, without his usual alert, happy, energetic appearance. All this smote Roger with a cold fear—with the selfish fear that it might be his duty, not his pleasure, to stay at home. However, his father had distinctly said in his own words that his son should go to college and that he had made no plans about accepting the contract. No, there could be no alternative, it was unendurable to think of those other future days trailing dimly down his life, which would be nothing but a round of business drudgery in the rough logging camps of the woods. He thought with a start of Julia Pembroke. He knew only too well what her attitude would be. "Well," he said to himself, "it is mighty fortunate for me that father thinks as he does." With a forced sense of freedom he went into the next room, which served as his father's office. He took *Auriel's Journal* from the bookcase, and sat down at his father's desk to read. He found, however, that he could not keep his mind on his book. His wandering eyes caught sight of J. Dascombe written on a sheet of paper tucked away in a pigeon hole of the desk. He picked up the paper, spread it out, and, much to his surprise, saw at once that it was a detailed estimate of the cost of the J. Dascombe lumbering operation. From the prices he saw that it had been made out by his father but a short time before. Other figures on the paper made him curious. He took up his father's cash book and ran through his bank accounts. Could it be possible that his father's money had drained so low? He looked down the pages, and saw at a glance that a large part of it had been spent in loans, that had very rarely been repaid.

"Well," he said bitterly, "I am not the only one who would take advantage of his good heart." A strong feeling of admiration and of loyalty for his father made him rejoice that he had found out the truth in time. Exultant, he thought of Julia Pembroke without the least dismay. He smiled, when he thought of her letter in his pocket. He pulled it out, opened it hastily, and still smiling read it through to the end. The postscript held him thinking soberly for a moment; it read, "I told you, didn't I, that we girls are taking lessons in psychology. Yesterday dear old 'Paddy' spent the whole hour trying to make heroism appeal to us girls, not the genuine Carnegie medal kind, but heroism in little unnecessary points every day. Now I thought immediately that my two cakes of chocolate a day were 'an unnecessary point,' and so I didn't eat *one* all day yesterday. But dear me, I've bought four to-day! I'll pass the whole thing over to you. J. P."

"The golden age is always behind us, and any age is golden if you get far enough away from it."—Prexy.

FISHING

When you find your cheeks are paling,
And you feel a trifle blue,
And your feet get rather laggy,—
Why—I'll tell you what to do:

Leave your work and go a-fishing!
Don a hat and out-grown dress,
Get a spade and dig for bait-worms—
'Bout a dozen more or less,—

Take your pole and line, and hustle
To the nearest brook you know;
Bait your hook—but drown your worms first;
They are sure to wriggle so!

Water's all transparent amber
Showing pebbles red and green,
White and yellow, while there sparkles
Over all the sunlight's sheen.

Soon your heart is beating faster
With excitement light and gay;
Surely you will find fish biting,
They can't help but bite to-day.

Here's a pool of dark brown shadows;
Cast your line. Ah, there's a bite!
Pull! Now, steady, here we have him!
Now, once more!—O, what a sight

For a disappointed fisher!
Just a stick whose dragging weight
Fooled you into that excitement—
Yes, and you have lost your bait!

Never mind. Just fish without it.
Catching fish is cruel fun;
Just plain fishing suits you better:
Here beneath the springtime sun.

All your heart grows broader, deeper,
Smoothly silent as the stream;
All your petty cares flee, frightened
By the glory of youth's dream.

"Well, what luck?" the home folks ask you,
Not a fish, I'll stake a dime!"
"No-o," you make reply, "but, mother,
Isn't it—most—dinner-time?"

THE OLD QUESTION

An old man of India sat leaning against a huge rock on the hillside, his sandaled feet crossed beneath him, his shrunken hands clasped about his knees, his eyes closed. A young boy approached noiselessly, and paused beside the silent figure. For a moment he waited. The father was in meditation. It was not well to disturb him. But the boy's question was an urgent one, the father was kindly, and at length the youth ventured to pluck at the sleeve of the long, brown robe. The old man's eyes opened slowly.

"What would you have, my son?"

"Father," his heart throbbing with the world-old question, "tell me, what am I? Where does life begin, and where does it end? You have said that when I was older you would present to me many things. This day marks twelve years that have passed over me. I am a man now. Teach me, my father."

"You are a man now, my son. Seat yourself near me, and I will speak to you the words that sages have spoken."

The boy obeyed. For a long time there was silence. A calm as deep as the cloudless vault above them rested on the wizened features of the aged father. Then with half-closed eyes and with body swaying slightly from side to side, he repeated in a monotone the words, which by repetition and meditation had come to be almost a part of himself:

"The beginning of all is a Source, and the Source is God, and God is good.

"God meditated and thought; and his thoughts went forth from him into the void, in which nothing was. Then was the void filled with the thoughts of God, and there was light.

"And the thoughts of God united and made forms; forms united grew to suns; suns united formed the great orb which reigns in the heavens.

"Yet was there naught but the thoughts of God. Then came there worlds and that on which we live; vast mountains and deep waters. And from water and from rock came herb and fruit. Yet was all the thoughts of God. Came therefrom the snail and the worm, beasts of the field, birds of the air, fish of the sea. Then came there man."

"But, my father, what is man? What am I?"

The old man opened his eyes and looked upon his son, and a glory from within lighted his face even as the thoughts of the Lord had brought light into the void.

"All that we know,—earth, sky, beast, and man,—is of God. You, also, are the thought of God, my son."

"But Negin tells me that all men are evil. Is God then evil as well as good?"

"God is good. His thoughts can not be evil."

"What, then, is evil?"

"Evil is wrong-seeing. The thoughts of God have forgotten the pathway by which they came. Yet have they still faint memory of the power which lies within; which bids them on and on. What men call evil comes by treading in a mistaken pathway. Soon shall they find the true. God's thoughts must return to God."

"And when? At death?"

"There is no death. 'After life, more life.' "

"And then?"

"Still life."

"And last of all, my father?"

"Last of all, God. The pathway lies in a circle over which we must all pass; and we return to that from which we came and of which we are. The end of all is that which was the beginning of all—God."

"Are we, then, of God?"

"We are the thoughts of God. Meditate upon this, my son."

"Yes, my father."

The sun sank in splendor behind the distant hills. The stars appeared and took their silent course in their allotted paths across the heavens. Below, father and son, their kinsmen sat motionless on the hillside, and meditated upon the mysteries of life and God.

THE COLBIANA

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All Alumnae news and other items of interest to the Women's Division will be gladly received by the Editor.

EDITORIALS

It has come at last! Haven't you noticed it? It came like the glad awakening from some pleasant dream. It stole in in the early hours of morning with an intoxicating breeze that thrilled the senses! It stirred in the soft grass beneath your very feet! It swayed joyfully in the buds on the topmost boughs, and smiled softly from the depths of opening flowers! One moment it nestled snugly in a forest nook, the next it gleamed from a corner in the dusty square! Everybody loves, and longs, and looks for it! Even the roses on a passing maiden's bonnet nodded and said, "It's come!" And Billy, clutching the striped marbles tight in his chubby fingers, shouted boisterously, "Yes—I know'd it had come!" If the sunshine and the clouds and the flowers can't tell you, ask the little housekeeper in her dusting cap! Ask the mops, the bon-fires, and the hoes why they're all so busy! Ask Robin what he is singing. He may hesitate, but he'll answer, "The 'Spring Song', dont you know!"

There is one subject which English grammars of the future will not need to deal with. That is the use of the superlative. We will, at least, according to present indications among college women, carry on all our conversations in this way:

"See that awfully exquisite hat!"

"Isn't it simply dear?"

"Oh, perfectly adorable!"

Oh, ecstasy! Oh, sublimity! What heights we shall reach! The only trouble will be that when we feel real emotion, say of joy, we will have no way left in which to express our exuberance of feeling except to explode into atoms, and that is not considered good form. How ridiculous that in the presence of one of the few real experiences of our lives, we should have nothing to say but, "How perfectly wonderful!" Is it a rare compliment to call a friend a "perfect peach?" Does it make you feel very tiny to stand beside a "perfectly grand" man? Seriously, girls, while we are in college, we ought to be seeking every opportunity to improve and increase our vocabularies. We want to be able to think clearly, and to express our thoughts exactly. Why should we take a few of the finest adjectives in the English language and use them to express anything, everything, or nothing. The result will be that we completely deaden our powers to discriminate fine shades of meaning. Shall we not try to simplify our speech, and to let our poor old mother tongue express her own original meaning.

The Women's Division extends sincere sympathy to the parents and friends of Mr. Philmore Faulkingham, a young man whose death is felt keenly by the whole college. Such a tragedy is bewildering but Mr. Faulkingham's friends may find comfort in the fact that, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." He was a young man of noble character, lovable and kind disposition, true to the right, faithful, and a friend to all.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

How to kill a school paper:-

1. Don't subscribe; borrow your neighbor's. *Be a sponge.*
2. Look at the "ads." and then trade with the other fellow. *Be a chump.*
3. Never hand in a news item, but find fault with everything in the paper. *Be a knocker.*
4. Tell your neighbors that you pay too much for the paper. *Be a squeeze.*
5. If you can't get a bump on your anatomy and help make the paper a success, why, *be a corpse.*

—Exchange.

COLLEGE INTERESTS

WOMEN'S LEAGUE

Feeling that every alumna and friend of the college is interested in our League, we present the Constitution and By-Laws in full. The organization fills a longfelt need in our college life and we can ask for it only enthusiastic and hearty co-operation.

The League held a very enjoyable Irish party at Foss Hall, Saturday evening, March 13th, and elected the first slate of officers in its history. The program was especially appropriate. Irish Lilt, Marjorie Barker, '16, Carolyn Stevens, '16, Hazel Durgin, '17, Esther French, '16, (in costume); 'Cello Solo, "Kerry Dance," Marian Daggett, '17; Irish reading, Flora Norton, '17; Solo, "Mavourneen," Marjorie Barker, '16. Green punch and crackers were served, and dancing enjoyed. The voting resulted in the following elections: president, Vivian Skinner, '16; vice-president, Mildred Greene, '17; secretary, Dorothy Roberts, '18; treasurer, Ella Robinson, '16; executive committee: head of sports, Katherine Moses, '16; president of musical clubs, Marjorie Barker, '16; editor-in-chief *Colbiana*, Alice Mather, '16; chairman house council, Effie Hannan, '16; social committee; Dorothy Webb, '15, Iris Crosby, '16, Marian White, '17, Isabelle Wing, '18. The evening closed as usual with the singing of Alma Mater, and a general acclamation of a good time.

CONSTITUTION OF THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF COLBY COLLEGE

Article I.—Title

The name of this organization shall be the Women's League of Colby College.

Article II.—Object

The object of the League shall be to promote good-fellowship and the spirit of unity, to increase the sense of responsibility toward one another and to further the interests of the women of the College.

Article III.—Membership

Section 1. All registered students of the Women's College are members of the League.

Section 2. All women who are members of the Faculty and matrons of College Houses are honorary members of the League.

Article IV.—Dues

The annual dues shall be twenty-five cents.

Article V.—Officers

Section 1. The officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Section 2. There shall be an Executive Committee composed of the President of the League and the Head of each affiliated organization.

Section 3. There shall be a Social Committee of five members composed of the Vice-President and one representative from each class.

Article VI.—Election of Officers

Section 1. Every member of the League who has paid the annual dues shall be eligible to office.

Section 2. Election shall be by secret ballot and the candidate receiving the highest number of votes shall be declared elected.

Section 3. Election of officers shall be held at the last regular meeting of the winter term.

Section 4. Two candidates for each office shall be named by a nominating committee and the list posted for at least one week before election.

Section 5. The President shall be chosen from the Junior Class.

Article VII.—Duties of Officers

Section 1. The duties of the President shall be to preside at all meetings, to call special meetings and to act as Chairman of the Executive Committee. The President shall appoint the Nominating Committee.

Section 2. The duties of the Vice-President shall be to preside at meetings in case of the President's absence and to act as Chairman of the Social Committee. The Vice-President shall have power to fill vacancies in the Social Committee.

Section 3. The duties of the Secretary shall be to keep a correct list of all members, to keep the minutes of all proceedings and to audit the accounts of the Treasurer.

Section 4. The duties of the Treasurer shall be to receive and care for all moneys and to disburse them on the order of the Executive Committee.

Section 5. The duties of the Executive Committee shall be to have general charge of all the affairs of the League and to discuss and present before the League all matters of importance.

Section 6. The duties of the Social Committee shall be to provide entertainment at each meeting and to appoint such minor committees as are necessary to carry out their plans.

Article VIII.—Affiliated Organizations

Section 1. The affiliated organizations are those which have complied with the regulations set forth in the By-Laws.

Section 2. The organizations affiliated with the Women's League of Colby College are:

Sports Association.

Musical Clubs.

Colbiana Board.

House Council.

Section 3. The Head of each affiliated organization shall give an annual report to the League.

Article IX.—Meetings

Section 1. Regular meetings of this organization shall be held at least once a month during the college year.

Section 2. Special meetings may be called by the President.

Section 3. The annual meeting for reports of Officers shall be held during the first month of the Spring Term.

X.—Amendments

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of all members.

BY-LAWS

1. Special assessments may be levied with the sanction of the Executive Committee by a two-thirds vote of all members present.

2. One-fifth of the total membership shall constitute a quorum.

3. Article VII, Section 1 is further defined as follows: The Nominating Committee shall consist of the Executive Committee and three additional members who shall be on the governing board of no college organization, the Y. W. C. A. excepted.

4. All affiliated organizations shall comply with the following regulations:

1. They shall have existed successfully for six months prior to their application for admission.
2. They shall send a written request for admission to the Executive Committee with an account of their aims and purposes.
3. They shall be accepted by a two-thirds vote of the Executive Committee.

5. The entertainment on Colby Day and Ivy Day shall be under the supervision of the Executive Committee and Social Committee working together.

6. The entering class shall be entertained on the first Monday evening of the Fall Term, with the Sophomores as executives assisted by the Dean and three Senior advisors, appointed by the President.

7. All meetings shall be governed by the ordinary rules of Parliamentary procedure.

WOMEN'S LEAGUE PARTY

We had company at Foss Hall on Saturday evening, April 24. We wish you might have been there too, for you would have met many of your old friends in the books and favorite expressions represented.

Right after dinner we all gathered around the piano and sang Colby songs until we could sing "Phi Chi is in her ancient glory," only in a hoarse whisper. Then, though our enthusiasm was not in the least spent, we hurried to our rooms to change ourselves—by what magic, we alone know—into our favorite book.

A few minutes later, "The Flirt" was seen approaching arm in arm with the "Him" book, while "Freckles" could not keep "The Under Dog" from pouncing upon "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." "The Light that Failed" was there in the form of an artist carrying a burned-out electric light bulb. And Oh, there were lots and lots more—but you should have been there to see for yourself! Lena Blanchard, for instance, who won the prize for the most original costume, was not only "Not Like Other Girls," but she seemed hardly to resemble herself with her pig-tails, gypsy dress, and red eye-brows.

Well, as soon as this motley crowd had gathered, the President of the Women's League, adorned with banners of Colby and Bates, representing, you know, "The Quick and the Dead," called a business meeting in the Library. Here the Secretary, a little boy in knickerbockers, made her report while she balanced herself gingerly on the sacred mantle over the fireplace, and "The Flirt" gave an interesting account of the work of the music committee, without the least desistance of the coquettish glances that she cast at "The Man in Lower Ten." "The Girl of the Golden West" proved by her efficiency as chairman of the ballot that the women in her state, at least, are ready for the suffrage.

The next half hour was spent in a good, frank "Round Table" talk on table manners. Although this subject may sound rather dry and uninteresting for young ladies in college to discuss, I assure you the talk was highly entertaining, and let us hope profitable.

The remainder of the evening was given over to charades, presented by each class in turn. Oh, it was a jolly evening, and there are going to be many more just like it.

JAPANESE OPERETTA

Thursday, April 29, was the night of the annual Glee Club Concert. This year an operetta was given, "The Japanese Girl." The girls put a great deal of work on this production and it certainly repaid all their fondest hopes. The stage was wonderfully decorated, a veritable arbor of pink and blue and lavender flowers. In the opening chorus, through a large gate in the back, the Japanese chorus came tiptoeing in, smiling and nodding, and casting very Japanesque glances over the footlights. They came to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of O Hanu San, a young Japanese beauty. Much amusement is caused by the faithful Chaya, who appears to be overburdened by work. The intrusion of the American girls causes trouble but O Hanu San smoothes things over and invites the intruders to remain for the celebration. The program follows:

Dramatis Personae

O Hanu San.....	Mildred Greene
O Kitu San.....	Marjorie Barker
O Kayo San Her Cousins.....	Marian Daggett
Chaya, tea server.....	Helen Hanson
Flora.....	Lena Blanchard
Nora American girls.....	Antoinette Ware
Cora traveling with their governess.....	Yvette Clair
Dora.....	Jeanne Moulton
Miss Minerva Knowall, governess.....	Marion Steward
The Mikado of Japan.....	Mary Washburn

Chorus of Japanese Girls

Scene—A quaint Japanese garden.

Time—Present.

Act I.

Overture.....	
Chorus.....	Sing O-hay-o
Recit. and Air—"Thanks to you".....	O Hanu San
Trio—"The Soldier the Poet".....	
Chorus—"Flower Chorus".....	
Patter Song—"Whatever Shall I do?".....	Chaya
Chorus—"Sayonara".....	(Sung behind scenes)
Song—"O Tori-Kayo".....	O Hanu San
Chorus—"Lullaby".....	

Entr'acte

A Japanese Love Song.....	Mandolin Club
Solo Dance.....	Antoinette Ware

Act II

Instrumental Introduction.....	
Song—"We are not finished yet".....	American Girls
Song—"When I was a girl".....	Miss Knowall
Chorus—"Tip-toe Chorus, Hush!".....	
Song and Chorus—"Cheres Mademoiselles".....	Miss Knowall and Chorus
Song and Chorus—"In praise of America".....	O Hanu San and Tutti
Song and Chorus—"Carmines Lips".....	O Kitu San and Chorus
Chorus—"Japanese National Anthem".....	Tutti
Japanese Dance.....	Tutti
Finale—"All Hail!".....	

Colby Marching Song (Emily Hanson '14)

Alma Mater.

Glee Club—Leader, Miss Stockbridge; President, Marion Steward; Business Manager, Jeanne Moulton; Accompanist, Hazel Robinson.

Japanese Chorus—Atalena Atkins, Ethel Armstrong, Marjorie Barker, Marguerite Bradbury, Ruth Brackett, Helene Buker, Marion Buzzell, Florence Cain, Hazel Cobb, Marguerite Robinson, Phyllis Cole, Hazel Loane, Emily Cunningham, Annie Caswell, Eunice Chase, Gladys Craft, Marie Stanley, Madeline Daggett, Hazel Durgin, Alice Dyer, Vivienne Wright, Dorothy Webb, Esther French, Winnifred Greeley, Hazel Gibbs, Norma Goodhue, Helen Kimball, Selma Koehler, Marion Lewis, Louise McCurdy, Hortense Lambert, Zadie Reynolds, Zella Reynolds, Violet Shaw, Isabelle Snodgrass, Susie Smith, Kathryne Sturtevant, Pauline Windsberg, Isabelle Wing, Margaret Wilkins, Hazel Whitney.

Mandolin Club—Leader, Mildred Holmes; Emily Cunningham, Iris Crosby, Alice Clarkin, Annie Caswell, Marie Stanley, Eunice Chase, Winnifred Atwood, Marion Daggett.

Japanese Dance—Jeanne Moulton, Carolyn Stevens, Mina Titus, Yvette Claire, Katharine Moulton, Marjorie Barker, Clara Hinckley, Lena Blanchard.

Committees — Advertising, Mildred Holmes, Ethel Armstrong, Mildred Greene. Staging, Dorothy Webb, Helen Hanson, Lena Blanchard.

The A. O. U. W. Hall was filled to overflowing on the evening of March 24, at the masquerade Pan Hellenic party, and the scene was a brilliant one. Mingled in the groups of rollicking boys and tragic Indian maidens were sombre nuns and dancing houris, gypsy girls and dapper young men in the conventional black. The grand march was exceedingly spectacular, and at the close Dean Carll announced that the prize for the best mask had been awarded to Ethel Chamberlain and Effie Hannon, the disciples of the "Clutching Hand." Four groups were made of the company present and each group presented a clever stunt. Groups 1 and 4 entertained delightfully with scenes in Foss Hall parlor where appeared all the heroes of the diamond, the gridiron and the ash barrel, each with his lady-love. Group 2 gave a thrilling melodrama "The Toils of the Tempter" with stirring suffrage speech and realistic barroom gambling.

Group 3 made a hit with its concert by the Colby College Glee Club, dress suits included. "Din, Din, Gunga Din," "There are strange things done in the moonlight sure," "It's because they sit down front" and the troublesome players were all there and so well depicted that shouts of laughter and applause drowned the orchestra overture (performed on curtain rods). The prize was awarded to the first group, which well deserved it.

The committee in charge, Ina McCausland, Mildred Holmes and Violet French, served sandwiches, coffee and pie *a la mode* to the great delight of the audience. At the usual hour the party dispersed and everyone pronounced it a splendid success.

The following officers have been elected for Junior Class Day: Katherine Singer, historian; Vivienne Wright, poet; Lois Osgood, Iris Crosby, and Marjorie Barker, ode committee.

On March 20 the freshmen gave their sociable for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. The entertainment was novel in form. The dining-room was decorated with banners and pennants. At small tables around the room the onlookers were seated and in the center the performers danced. The program was: Grecian Ball Dance, Misses Kimball, Chase, Sturtevant, Merrill, Cole, Washburn, Roberts, Buzzell, Snodgrass, and Turner. Irish Lilt, Miss Pattangall; Reading, "Here Comes the Bride," Miss Washburn; Song and Dance, "Mary You're a Little Bit Old-fashioned," Master Dick Stevens and Miss Kathryne Annis; "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," Misses Merrill and Wing; Hungarian Schottische, Misses Kimball and Chase. The committee in charge was the Misses Kimball, Chase, and Craft.

The following Sophomores have been chosen for Sophomore Declamation: Marian White, Flora Norton, Hazel Robinson, Ernestine Porter, Atalena Atkins, Ruth Brackett.

The annual Junior Promenade was held Monday evening, April 26, in the new Elks Hall. The hall was decked with banners and pennants, with Colby and 1916 predominating. On the receiving line were the class presidents, Marjorie Barker and Alden Allen, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Black, the Mayor and Mrs. Bartlett, and Dr. and Mrs. Little. The dance orders were dainty black leather shopping lists for the ladies and card cases for the men. The orchestra was Pullen's.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

COLBY CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

On Tuesday evening, March twenty-third, the chapel at Foss Hall was attractively decorated and arrayed for the annual Installation of Y. W. C. A. officers. The chapel was filled with members of the Advisory Board, interested townspeople, and college girls. After the opening devotional exercises, the cabinet members of the year 1914-1915 read their reports, which were accepted. Immediately, the new

president, Edith Pratt and her cabinet, read policies for the ensuing year. The retiring president read a few verses of scripture and the incoming president responded with appropriate verses from the New Testament. Directly afterward, the retiring president thanked the girls for their beautiful gift, a lovely bouquet of roses, and briefly expressed her deep appreciation for the loyal co-operation of all the Association members. Then she presented the president and her cabinet with white pinks, the Association symbol of purity and of love.

The officers for the year 1915-1916 are as follows: President, Edith Pratt, Vice-President, Mildred Green, Treasurer, Alice Mather, Secretary, Lucy Taylor, Committee Chairmen: Membership, Mildred Greene; Religious Meeting, Marjorie Barker. Silver Bay, Vivian Skinner; Social, Iris Crosby; Association News, Esther French; Missionary, Katharine Moses; Bible Study, Ella Robinson; Music, Marian Daggett; Social Service, Winnifred Shaw.

The Association wished to express its gratitude for the Advisory President's untiring interest in all departments of the work; hence, on learning that Mrs. Maxfield was to be away for the spring, the Association presented her with a Colby Spoon, on the morning of her departure for New York.

The first meetings of the Y. W. C. A. this term have been especially good. The first was the President's Meeting, in which Edith Pratt spoke on the Essentials of an Association Member's Life. The next Tuesday, Miss Elizabeth Conklin of the Student Volunteer Movement gave an interesting address, and the latest meeting was led by Marjorie Barker, who had the girls report on the Portland Conference.

Portland Conference! Yes, April 9th, 1915, is a Red-Letter Day. One thousand Maine girls gathered in the most beautiful city of our State. It was a wonderful scene to see so many young women gathered in a common interest. Indeed, one might well have been inspired as much by merely being one of such an assembly as by hearing the splendid speakers. Colby's delegation was among the largest and the most enthusiastic, for about fifty girls attended the meetings. Besides hearing such speakers as Dr. Calkins, the girls enjoyed the organ recitals and the "Stunts"—our girls represented a basketball game in full action with a loyal cheering section, and gave one scene from the 1914 Pageant, that of the crowning of the Spirit of Y. W. C. A. by the Spirit of Colby—then all sang, "Come, Girls, and cheer for our Colby." The program is as follows:

Friday Evening, 8.00, Congress Sq. Church

Mrs. John F. Thompson, Presiding

Doxology. Scripture Reading, Mr. George L. Crosman, President Portland Chamber of Commerce. Prayer, Rev. Charles M. Woodman, President Church Federation. Five Minute Greetings, from—Mrs. John F. Thompson, President Portland Y. W. C. A.; Miss Elizabeth W. Dodge, Chairman Northeastern Field Com., Y. W. C. A.; Mr. Wesley J. Weir, Gen. Sec. Maine State Sunday School Association. Response for Girls' Conference; Miss Helen N. Hanson, Colby College. Conference Hymn 222—"Jesus Calls Us." Roll Call by

Counties. Woman's Contribution to the Present Generation, Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston, President Bangor Y. W. C. A. The Young Women's Christian Association as a World-Wide Movement, (Stereopticon), Miss Gertrude MacArthur, Member National Board Y. W. C. A. Hymn 283—"Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

Saturday Morning, 9.00—Congress Sq. Church

Mrs. Benjamin F. Tenney, Presiding

Devotional Meeting, Girls from Conference. Presentation of Sunday School Work, Rev. Plinette Allen.

Technical Councils

College and Normal Schools, High St. Vestry, Dr. Caroline Colvin, University of Maine; Miss Margaret Flenniken, National Field Sec'y, Colleges and Universities. Secondary and High Schools, Congress Sq. Church, Miss Helen Farquhar, National Field Sec'y, Secondary and Preparatory Schools. Girls from Rural Communities, High St. Church, Miss Anna M. Clark, National Field Secretary, County Work. City Girls, Congress Sq. Vestry, Miss Gertrude MacArthur. Board and Committee Members, Congress Sq. Small Vestry, Mrs. Benjamin F. Tenney, President Boston Y. W. C. A.

General Session, 11.30—Congress Sq. Church

Girls' Clubs—What They Are Doing, Miss Gertrude Griffith, National Board Sec'y Girls' Work.

Saturday Afternoon

Meeting of Leaders of Delegations, 2.00, High St. Vestry. Conferences with Leaders and Speakers, 2.30 to 3.30, High St. Vestry. Sight Seeing—Guides will conduct groups to points of interest in and about Portland. Parties will be made up, starting from Burnham Gymnasium at any time between 1.30 and 2.30 o'clock. Teas,

4.00 o'clock: College and Normal Schools, Mrs. Charles F. Flagg, 70 Carroll St.; Board and Committee Members, Leaders of Delegations, Waynflete School, 339 Danforth Street; Secondary and High Schools, Girls from Cities and Rural Communities, Mrs. Chas. H. Payson, 166 Vaughan St. Conference Picture, 5.30, City Hall Steps, Supper and Stunts, 5.45, City Hall.

Saturday Evening, 7.45—City Hall

Dr. Caroline Colvin, University of Maine, Presiding

Greetings, His Excellency, Oakley C. Curtis, Governor of Maine; His Honor, William Ingraham, Mayor of Portland. Organ Recital, Mr. Will C. Macfarlane, Municipal Organist. The Country Girl, Miss Jessie Field, National Board Secretary, County Work. Hymn—America.

Sunday Morning

Attendance at Church with Hostess. The members of the Conference are guests of the Municipal Music Commission at the usual Sunday Afternoon Service, at 3 o'clock, at City Hall.

Sunday Afternoon, 4.30—City Hall

Miss Elizabeth W. Dodge, Presiding

The Girl and the Church, Dr. Raymond Calkins, Cambridge, Mass.

Sunday Evening, 7.30—High St. Church

Closing Service for Delegates to the Conference.

ATHLETICS

Naturally enough, during the winter months, our girl athletes have had little chance to display their skill. There has been only a little opportunity for snowshoeing and tobogganing and barely more for skating. True there were a few fine days of skating, when the river behind the campus was dotted with flying forms, both "ord" and "co-ord," and a few ambitious spirits organized skating parties to Snow Pond, with dinner at the Chop-house afterwards.

Now spring has come there is coming also a revival of interest in all kinds of out-door sport. The tennis courts, not yet put in condition, are invaded almost every day. It is a good thing. Go after it, girls! Learn to play if you haven't already, and if you do know the game get out and practice to perfect that elusive sense of difficult back-hand stroke. There is nothing which repays constant work as does tennis. And beyond the improvement is the game itself which practice gives, is the inevitable and astonishing gain in bodily welfare. Suppleness and slimness, hardened muscles and deepened lung-space, are a few of the results.

Foss Hall "sports" don't let yourselves be out-done by Palmer House. As an enthusiastic Freshman informed us the other day, "Over at Palmer House we have croquet in the morning and basketball and baseball in the afternoon." How about an "All-Phi Chi" baseball team, to challenge all pretenders? There is the hockey field lying idle save for occasional intrusion by members of the men's division. Let's dust off our bats, lay out our bases, "snake" another ball from the Phi Deltas, and have some real games.

ALUMNAE NEWS

'11. Grace Vose, who has been assistant in the Madison High School for the last two years, has resigned to accept a position in Deering High School.

'14. Marjorie Scribner spent several days in Waterville recently, the guest of friends. Marjorie is teaching in the High School at South Portland.

'14. Grace Weston, a teacher in the public schools of Westdale, Mass., was a visitor at Foss Hall for a week last month.

'08. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Ervin are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mrs. Ervin was before her marriage Caroline Noyes, Colby, '08.

'11. Marion Brown, who is teaching in Gardiner High School, was calling on friends at Foss Hall a short time ago.

Ex-'17. Helen Clark spent a few days at Foss Hall last month. Helen is taking a course in Library Science at Simmons College.

'13. Mattie Windell Allen and Mr. Allen were in town recently, accompanying the M. C. I. Glee Club on their concert trip.

'00. Harriet Vigue Bessey was in Portland two weeks ago in the interests of the Colby Alumnae Association.

'07. Inez Bowler spent the Easter vacation at her home in this city.

Ex-'17. Claire McIntyre of Solon, was a caller at Foss Hall recently.

'13. Sadie Pennell, who is teaching English in Deering High School, was at the Hall Saturday, April 24.

'08. Abbie Frances Weed was married March 30 to Lewis John Brown, at her home in Portland.

Ex-'16. Madeliene Harrington is now Mrs. Frederick Peterson, Northampton, Mass.

'08. The Women's Division extends its sympathy to Bertha Bangs of Portland whose father died April 17.

Ex-'17. Frances Wheet of Rumford visited Ina McCausland over Patriot's Day.

Ex-'17. Vivien Small is in St. Barnabas Hospital, Woodfords, training to be a nurse.

Ex-'15. Grace Wells Thompson spent Easter week visiting in New York and Boston.

Among the Alumnae at the Portland Conference were Caro Chapman, '10, Marie Chase, ex-'11, Pearl Mitten, Lillian Carll, Margaret Skinner, '12, Pauline Hanson, Phyllis St. Clair, Clara Winslow, '13, Helen Thomas, Lois Peacock, Dorothy Tubbs, '14, Marion Wyman, Eva Robey, ex-'16, Vivien Small, Frances Wheet, ex-'17.

On the evening of March 31, 1915, the Colby Alumnae Association of Western Maine entertained the undergraduates at the home of Mrs. William B. Tuthill, Woodfords, Maine. The first of the evening was given over to the business meeting of the association following which a delightful program was enjoyed including piano solos, readings, and several vocal solos by Miss Marjorie Scribner, '14. Mrs. Bessey of Waterville, was present and gave a very interesting talk on "Present Conditions at Colby." At the close of the program, delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

Among those present were Mrs. A. E. Linscott, Mrs. J. F. Tilton, Mrs. Constance Southworth, Mrs. E. A. Pierce, Mrs. Harriett Bessey, Mrs. William Hague, Miss Annie Knight, Miss Myrtice Cheney, Miss Caro Hoxie, Miss Bertha Bangs, Miss Helen Robinson, Miss Lillian Carll, Miss Pearl Mitten, Miss Sarah Pennell, Miss Marjorie Scribner, Miss Evelyn Whitney, and the hostess, Mrs. W. B. Tuthill.

LAUGHS

Prexy—"To what line does this question refer?"

Miss B—ford, '15—"Behold, we know not anything!"

Prexy—"Quite right."

In 'Deutsch' translation—"The guests were sparsely gathered and the waiters were leaning idly against the wallpaper."

"Time flies!" How can I, they go so fast?

JUST BID GOOD-NIGHT

At 9:45 on Foss Hall steps
 They wait for the gong to sound,
 Lingering long in groups of two,
 Persistent stand their ground
 Lest one sweet moment of heavenly bliss
 Perchance be lost.

Annoyed at the sight which greets her eye,
 Night after night the same,
 The Dean upbraids each falt'ring lass,
 With firm, stern voice it came:
 "Henceforth wait not upon the porch
 'Tis unseemly quite.

"'Tis meet but prompt to say good-night
 And then come quickly in,
 Stay not awhile to parley there
 The why, or wherefore, what has been,
 Or other thoughts of tenderer theme,
 Just bid good-night."

REPORT

My Dad is worth a million.
 You say you cannot see?
 Why, you poor ignoramus,
 Hasn't Father, dear, got me?
 For sale—I am not offered,
 But if I were you'd see
 That Dad would get a million,
 A million clear,—for me.
 Now if you had a million
 (And this you surely see)
 You would be very willing
 To pay it all—for me?

RESPONSE

If I'm really worth a million
 Just because I'm "dad" to you,
 Then it takes no ignoramus
 To see how that lets me through.
 For I've spent about a million
 On your frills and furbelows,
 And to keep it up forever
 That I cannot, goodness knows.
 So I'll set you up at auction,
 Run with posters to and fro,
 Sell you to the highest bidder,
 And go sporting with the dough.

M. F. S., '17.

EXCHANGES

Since our last issue the following exchanges have been received:—

The Arcturus, Caribou High School—A fine paper. The literary work is very good. The cuts and drawings aid in making an attractive paper.

Coburn Clarion—Your exchanges and editorial columns are well written.

Kent's Hill Breeze—We would suggest a longer literary column. Your alumni notes show excellent work on the part of the editor.

The Par-Sem—We are glad to welcome a new paper to our table. You have an interesting paper. Here's wishing *Par-Sem* a prosperous career.

Educating does not consist of taking individualities and running them through a mold, but taking these individualities and developing in them, character, the quality of which is unquestioned, but suited to the conditions under which they are to serve.—*Ex.*

THOSE THUNDERING FEET

I crouch in a seat in the very last row,
 And pray for the end of the hour.
 I went to the theatre last evening and so
 To study was not in my power.
 They're on the "Advanced" having done the Review,
 And I feel—my turn will come next.
 Oh, dear me, just *what* can I possibly do?
 How near shall I come to the text?
 My sight-work was always a wee bit too free
 When 'twas second or third sight at that,
 And hence it's not strange that I plainly foresee
 How I'm going to flunk perfectly flat!
 To say "unprepared" is impossible—quite,
 (As it is I'm getting a D.)
 So there's nothing to do but just to "sit tight"
 And pray to the Powers that Be.
 She's calling on *me*, now for failure complete,
 But hark! What's that wonderful sound,
 Those echoing voices, those thundering feet?
 My heart gives a rapturous bound!
 O Babel of voices that grow to a roar,
 And that preface the clang of the bell,
 And O thundering feet as you tramp past our door,
 You bring my release—all is well!—*Ex.*

DIRECTORY

CLASS OFFICERS

Women's League—President, Vivian Skinner; Vice-President, Mildred Greene; Treasurer, Ella Robinson; Secretary, Dorothy Roberts.

1915—President, Lena Blanchard; Vice-President, Ethel Chamberlain; Secretary-Treasurer, Myrtle Everett.

1916—President, Marjorie Barker; Vice-President, Lucy Montgomery; Treasurer, Katherine Moses; Secretary, Elizabeth Hodgkins.

1917—President, Marion Daggett; Vice-President, Grace Farnum; Secretary-Treasurer, Hazel Robinson.

1918—President, Marian Buzzell; Vice-President, Hortense Lambert; Secretary-Treasurer, Norma Goodhue.

Y. W. C. A.—President, Edith Pratt; Vice-President, Mildred Greene; Treasurer, Alice Mather; Secretary, Lucy Taylor.

Sports—Head of Sports—Katherine Moses; Basketball Captains, Emily Cunningham, 1915; Marion Harmon, 1916; Jeanne Moulton, 1917; Helene Buker, 1918.

Musical Clubs—Leader of Glee Club, Marion Steward; Leader of Mandolin Club, Mildred Holmes; Business Manager, Jeanne Moulton; Assistant Business Manager, Marion Lewis.