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THE COLBIANA

Volume 3

June, 1915

Number 4

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HER LOST OPPORTUNITY

The hot rays of the afternoon sun were beating fiercely down upon the little town of Brownville one afternoon in August. The village street was deserted as it stretched its dusty length in the sunlight. Even the houses seemed deserted and abandoned. Suddenly the screen door of the little white house on the corner creaked and banged and Billy stood for a moment irresolute, undecided; then he sank down upon the top step, his chin resting on his chubby fists, and waited. His little mouth drooped with an air of dejection; his eyes had lost their wonted glow, for Billy was lonesome. Mother was sick in bed, Daddy had gone to the office, and brother Tom had gone off with the "fellers," as he called them, and Billy was alone. He gazed drearily up and down the street—no one in sight, not even a dog. Just as his lonesomeness was becoming unbearable, a door banged suddenly, and on the piazza of the next house a young girl appeared with a book under her arm and seated herself comfortably in the hammock.

Billy's eyes brightened, for Miss Ruth was very dear to him. He had decided to marry Miss Ruth some day, but Daddy had said that he must wait until he grew big enough to take care of her. Never mind, he was growing every day—every time the minister came to call he said so—and Miss Ruth would surely wait for him if she knew how much he wanted her to. Perhaps he ought to tell her, anyhow it would be a good idea to go over and see her now.

Miss Ruth looked up from her book as she heard footsteps softly creeping over the lawn, and spied her six-year old neighbor and devoted admirer, Billy, just as he was about to mount the steps.

"Good-afternoon, Billy," she said cheerily, "are you coming to call on me?"

"'Lo, Miss Ruth, I've come to see you. Muvver doesn't need me to-day, and I thought p'raps you was lonesome 'cause you was sitting out here all alone an' didn't have any little boy to talk to."

Miss Ruth was only twenty and a very cheerful and merry girl and truly fond of her youthful and sometimes very mischievous neighbor; so she laid aside her book and prepared to devote herself to her slave.

"I certainly was lonesome, Billy Boy, and I'm glad you've come to see me. But you looked lonesome, too, over there on your piazza. What were you thinking about so seriously?"

Billy climbed up into the hammock beside her and then gazed at her earnestly for a moment before he answered. Should he tell Miss Ruth that he wanted her to wait for him? He hesitated; then decided that his time had come.

"I was thinking of you," he said boldly. "I'm going to marry you some day, but Daddy says I've got to wait till I grow big and strong like he is. Have I?"

He looked up at Miss Ruth with such an appeal in his big brown eyes that she could only smile down at him encouragingly. Then, "I think that would be perfectly splendid, Billy, but what am I to do until you grow big and strong? Do you think it will take very long? I might get tired and lonesome waiting, you know."

"O, no, you won't." Billy shook his head decidedly. "I'm coming over every single day to see you and you can call me whenever you want me. I 'spects next winter I'll have to go to school, but I'll come over to see you just as soon as school is out. Don't you think that would be all right?"

"That would be fine," Miss Ruth answered, "but I am afraid you will forget all about me when you go to school. You will begin to play with those big boys and forget all about me here at home."

Billy was about to make an indignant denial when he heard footsteps approaching on the pavement. In childish curiosity he waited to see who was coming. The footsteps sounded nearer and nearer and then a young man mounted the steps. He was broad-shouldered, tall and straight, with clear-cut features—an interesting looking young college chap home on his vacation. But Billy did not know this. All Billy knew was that the stranger gave Miss Ruth such a cordial greeting that she immediately forgot all about her small visitor. The newcomer claimed her whole attention.

Billy stirred restlessly; then he interrupted, "Miss Ruth, don't you want to come out in my back yard an' see the new swing what favver made for me? It's lots better than that old one I used to have an'—"

"I can't go now, dear, but to-morrow I will. Besides, don't you think that mother may want you now? I think perhaps she does. You can come back again to-morrow, you know."

Before Billy realized it, he was trudging home again. What did it mean, anyway? Who was the man, and what did he mean by coming to see his Miss Ruth? Perhaps he didn't know that Miss Ruth had promised to marry Billy just as soon as he could grow big enough to take care of her. He stopped as if to go back to warn the stranger that Miss Ruth belonged to him, but the merry laughter coming from the piazza of that house next door discouraged him. He was more lonesome than ever now.

Again he took his place of waiting on the top step. The rattle of an occasional wagon over the pavements on the next street and the frequent laughter from the house next door were the only sounds which broke the drowsy stillness of the summer afternoon.

If only the ice-man would come! Perhaps he might get a little piece of ice then, and give it to Miss Ruth. He looked eagerly down the street, but no ice-cart was in sight. The thought of Miss Ruth brought that stranger again to his mind. Billy wished that he had told her that he wouldn't ever leave her to go out and play with the boys. A fierce anger burned within him as he thought of the young man on whom Miss Ruth had bestowed such a welcoming smile.

"Well, what's the matter, Billy?" Billy jumped. He hadn't heard brother Tom's footsteps on the dry grass, but now he hailed his approach with delight. Six years his senior, his brother was his hero, to be feared, admired, and obeyed, at all times.

"Muvver's sick an' Miss Ruth's got company, and I haven't got any one to play with. I did go over to see Miss Ruth, but she told me I'd better come home and go over there again to-morrow," he said, in such a pathetic voice that Tom's heart was touched. "An' she's got company, too, a great tall man what smiled at her so," Billy added mournfully.

"Never you mind, old boy," interrupted Tom. "You don't want to go calling on girls such a fine day as this. Besides it's only sissies that want to play with girls all the time. You don't care if she has got company, a great tall man—"

"But I was going to marry Miss Ruth when I got big as he is."

"Us fellers are playin' injun over in the park an' I had to come home for my injun' suit. I guess maybe you're big enough to be an injun, too. Come on,"

Billy's whole face lighted up with an expression of mingled astonishment and delight. To play injun in the park with the "fellers!"

Three hours later Billy again sat on the top step, but a very different Billy it was. In his hand was a huge slice of bread and butter from which he was taking great mouthfuls. His face was streaked with perspiration and dust; his hands were dirty, dirtier than they had ever been before, Billy would have said if he had thought about it. But he was not thinking of his dirty hands. A look of perfect content shone in his eyes.

Miss Ruth, looking from her window, saw him sitting there. Perhaps her conscience troubled her a little as she thought of her rude dismissal of her little friend. She went to the door.

"Hello, Billy!" she called, "you're coming over to see me to-morrow, aren't you?"

"Nope, can't. Got to play injun with the boys in the park to-morrow," he answered. Then he continued in a lower tone, as if to himself, "Haven't time to call on girls any more. Gee! Ain't it just great to be grown up!"

A DIGRESSION

"What a miserable world. I hate it more and more every day of my life, spite of the fact that to every appearance I have everything in the world to live for."

The speaker was the younger of two girls comfortably ensconced on a big couch piled high with pillows, with a box of "Huyler's" open before them. Her grey eyes deepened to black as she stared moodily out of the window, and voiced her utter disgust with the scheme of things. Her companion, black-haired and brown-eyed, as dark as the speaker was fair and as gentle in her expression as the other was vehement, looked disturbed and thoughtful as she said,

"The longer I stay here, the more I feel that there is something radically wrong. There's something that girls in other colleges have that we miss. I don't know exactly what it is, whether it's because we have so much freedom, or because most of us are younger than the average college girl, or whether it's something else."

"I know," answered the other. "That's what makes me so morbid, I suppose. When I was a freshman things seemed fine, but now I'm not satisfied. I suppose it is natural that as the newness wears off things they seem less attractive, but still I believe that there is really something lacking in our college life.

"You see girls here who are typical college girls. It seems as if they would make a place for themselves anywhere, but here they stand out like meteors. I don't see what makes such a difference. We all take about the same courses, and do the same things."

She with the grey eyes winked sardonically.

"What do you call a typical college girl? I think they're different in every college. I should hate to think that you and I were like those freaks or dowdies that go to some certain small colleges. There are people here whom I think would fit pretty well at either of those places, but I'm sure they would be rather out of place at, say Smith or Vassar."

"Thanks for the compliment, my dear, I'm glad to find out that I'm neither a freak nor a dowdy."

"But tell me—what do you call a regular co-rd, Brown-eyes. I had a fellow call me that once, and I've always wondered how he meant it. Sometimes I'm inclined to be skeptical of his good intentions."

Brown-eyed Jean turned over, and stared reflectively at the ceiling, holding a caramel between her fingers.

"Well, I think that a girl, when she gets through college ought to be well-poised and self-possessed, appreciative of the best in literature, art, and morals, tolerant, sympathetic—cultured expresses what I mean more than anything else. I'm not sure but that's what we lack. I'm sure I don't feel as if I were cultured a bit."

"Agriculture, horticulture, physical culture—plenty of that last. No, I don't either. I think you're right about that. As a whole we certainly aren't cultured. There are mighty few girls here to whom you could truly apply that term. But I think we get most of those things you mentioned. The normal ones have poise and confidence. That showed in the way they took hold of the pageant. If that had been given anywhere else than college, it would have taken weeks of rehearsing, and look, you had only one complete rehearsal."

"I know it," said Jean. "And the way those girls did things was remarkable. But still, that doesn't seem to me to be what college-bred women should be putting their time into. That seems so rather—well, below the standard. Didn't you always hear and read of college girls giving Greek and Latin productions? Stately and dignified?"

Blonde Gracia took another chocolate and bowed at someone across the street before she answered. Then her tone was decisive and earnest.

"Yes, in the old days white draperies and sonorous aphorisms concealed a great many faults. But the modern trend of thought leads away from that. It may be, Jean, that your idea of the culture we have not is as much antiquated as is the production of Latin plays. The world now demands that a woman be more practical and business-like, less of an artist than she was twenty-five years ago. A

girl who is a ripping good fox-trotter is in more demand than one who can do a Greek adoration. Perhaps she can appreciate the classics underneath but outside she has to keep in touch with the procession."

"But she can be up-to-date, and still be cultured, I think. There's no excuse for a girl being slangy, and ill-mannered, and noisy, and heedless. If she appreciates good things, why doesn't she practice them? No sir! I think that if a girl does really know the right things she will act as if she did."

Gracia frowned and disagreed. "Perhaps," doubtfully. "But I can give any number of examples where they don't. Take me for example. I have, I think, without boasting, as fine an appreciation of Milton, Ibsen, Tolstoy, etc., as any girl here, and I do know how to do the proper thing at the proper time, yet I can 'sling the slang', act the tomboy, say risqué things and remember a modern story. You say that because I have that appreciation and good breeding I ought to be cultured and act so in my daily life, but I don't. I act like the 'dickens' whenever I get with a crowd I know. You're that way a good deal, too, and you know about a million more things than I ever will."

Jean listened to this tirade with an indulgent smile, and at its end slipped her hand into Gracia's.

"I can't explain you, and I'm so much like you that I can't explain myself either, so will have to leave ourselves out of it entirely. But I don't believe that women are changing as you say. Look at the girls who are being graduated from our big colleges. They're perfect in action and speech and everything. They know more than the women of the past generation, that's all. They are farther into the heart of things and understand life more fully. But underneath I believe that women are just as dependent, and home-loving as their great-grandmothers."

Gracia shook her head vehemently.

"I don't. I don't give a rip about housekeeping and dependency. Housekeepers always seem like parasites to me. They drudge at dishes and old musty furniture just to make a place for some man to keep comfortable in when he isn't making love to some other woman. They grow old and wrinkled, and lose their attraction and enthusiasm. I'd rather die now than lose my gift of enjoying things."

"But you won't. When your youthful exuberance goes there'll be something else to take its place, and you won't think that you have changed for the worse. It will be better and deeper. Why I just look forward to the time when I can have a home and do things for people. That's why I'd like to be a minister's wife. You can do so many things for people. You belong to your husband and the town, too. That seems to me to be ideal for a woman."

Gracia tossed her long braid of hair over her shoulder and sat up straight in her indignation.

"Heavens! I can't imagine anything more like purgatory. To be cooped in a country parsonage, with six or eight half-grown children, and every old maid in the place running to tell you how to run your affairs, and wanting to tell her troubles to your husband. I don't believe that any modern woman wants to do things like that. She

wants to get out into the world and do things for herself, not get stale on the second-hand experiences of the man she lives with. You're old-fashioned."

Jean was grieved. Her deep eyes shaded into black, and the corners of her mouth drooped into a wistful smile as she listened to her friend's scornful words.

"Homemaking will never get old-fashioned. Just so long as people live they will want a place to find solace in, to forget about the wickedness they see in the world. And I prophecy that you will grow tired of your brilliant career, and will long for a home of your own and someone to take care of you in it. It's so lonesome to be alone. No one can be all-sufficient for herself. Independent as you are, sometime you will wish that you had someone to advise you who thinks more of you than he does of himself."

But Gracia had no patience with such doctrines. Her chin rose, and her voice was haughty as she answered.

"I shan't. When I get to the stage when I can't work out my problems for myself I think it will be time to quit. And believe me, when my teeth and hair and skin begin to go, I'll go too. I simply will not live after that, when I shall have become a fright to look at, and all my enjoyment of life vanished."

"O, Gracia, my dear! Your enjoyment of life won't go. You'll change, but not like that. If you don't want to lose your enthusiasm and get old-fogyish, you won't. That's just what will keep you up. We're masters of our fate, I believe. We can do what we will with our lives either to mar or make, and if you are so determined that you won't grow drab, why, nothing can make you."

"I don't believe that. I believe in predestination, that our wills are not free, but that we are carried irresistibly on to a fate already mapped out for us. As well try to stop the wind from blowing as to try to avert what lies before us."

"Then what is the use in striving at all if you feel that way. I can't think that you truly do, or you wouldn't be so alive. It would be a dreary existence if you thought that nothing you did mattered at all. You would sink into apathy. No, Gracia, the very enthusiasm you have for life disproves your words."

Gracia laughed with a tinge purely modern.

"That sounds reasonable, Jean,—but, oh, dear, I don't know. My theories vacillate. I imagine that I will do like everybody else, fall in love with some fool man, settle down and get old, fat, and dumpy. All our philosophy comes to naught. In the end we follow our hearts. Give me a chocolate."

Then with arms entwined the two began to discuss the last vaudeville, and their plans for their Junior Prom dresses.

UNCLE JAKE AND "WOMEN'S LARNIN' "

Saturday night always promised to be a jolly time at Green Meadows' Corner Grocery Store. Uncle Jake Sparrows came regularly after the molasses for his Sunday-morning corn-cakes; "Parson" Dinsmore called to refill his oil can; and Webster Wordsworth invariably held down the cracker box and "kept things from bein' slow."

September twenty-first was to be no exception. Rain had fallen steadily all day; the wind whistled shrilly through the trees; the brook rushed along as if some unseen foe were lashing it onward to a terrible destruction; the heavy wagons made furrows in the road as the reeking horses, splashing through the mud, rolled them over the Green Meadows highway. However, despite the unkindness of the weather, Webster Wadsworth determined to have his evening of fun at the corner grocery, for he knew, as certain as there would be a tomorrow, that Uncle Jake would have corn-cakes and that Aunt Jane would send him down that night after the molasses; he knew, too, that the "parson" would have to have more oil, if he finished his Sunday sermon. Accordingly, Web threw himself into his oil-skin, pulled on his rubber boots, put his tobacco and corncob pipe in his pocket, and then was off for his throne on the cracker box.

Arriving at the store, he found no one but John Sims, the clerk. John was rather cranky from thinking that he must stay till ten o'clock on such a night. There would be no sales but a pint of molasses and a gallon of oil, and John didn't see why he couldn't "put them on the steps for Uncle Jake and the parson and then go home and crawl in."

"Cheer up, old man," said Web, slapping Sims on the back. "We're going to have a jolly time yet. There comes Jake and the parson, now—just climbed over the meadow fence. You know what Uncle Jake thinks of these new notions of 'educatin' women?' Well, we'll set him going. Dick Wheeler's just decided to send Barbara to college. She goes Monday. All I need to say is, 'Now, Uncle Jake, what do you think about Barbara's going to college?' and I tell you, I wouldn't change my cracker box for a gallery seat in the best show-house made. Get Jake and the parson buzzin' and a three-ring circus would be tame."

Web composed himself as the door opened to admit the newcomers.

"Whew, some wind that blew you in! Is this the line gale, parson?"

Mr. Dinsmore, a fine-looking, college-football-style of man, turned kindly to the breezy young fellow and said in a well modulated voice, "Well, my boy, the weather does seem to be having a rather noisy festival this fall, to be sure; Uncle Jake and I just about blew over the meadow fence."

"That we did, parson. I never should 'a come out in this world if 't hadn't been for my corn-cakes, come tomorrow mornin'."

Having deposited their respective cans on the counter, the two men made themselves comfortable for a little chat before braving the storm again.

Rev. Robert R. Dinsmore, an energetic college graduate, had recently taken the Green Meadows parish. Young Dinsmore was one of those who leave their Alma Mater with a desire to enter the hard fields and work where new life is needed. Perhaps you wonder why he bought his oil by the gallon, if he were such a well-read, energetic, and sensible gentleman. The answer is here: the young pastor observed that most of his parishoners bought oil by the gallon, sugar by the dollar's worth, and molasses by the pint. Hoping to get into the hearts of his people before he tried reforms, he called at Green Meadows Corner Grocery every Saturday evening for his oil, and to enjoy an informal meeting with the country people.

Uncle Jake Sparrows was a kind-hearted, conservative old fellow, who believed in leaving well-enough alone, especially when the matter concerned the giving women "book l'arnin'."

After five or ten minutes of small talk, the giving and taking of opinions on politics and the war, Web suddenly came forth, "Well, Uncle Jake, I s'pose you don't think much of Barbara Wheeler's going to college? They tell me she goes Monday. So, Parson?"

"Oh, Web, there's no use'n my talkin'! If men will be fools and send their daughters off to college to get high notions and become dissatisfied with the home folks, I don't s'pose I can help it. I always thought that Barbara was just about right, and it does break my heart to think that Dick's going to send her to one of them high-up schools to make her feel she's too good for Green Meadows, and to think she's got a 'call into the wide world.' It's all nonsense, I say; and I don't care if I am only Jake Sparrows, I know a thing or two when it comes to filling one's place in the world, and I say, if God put Barbara Wheeler in Green Meadows, he meant her to stay here."

The old man brought his fist down upon the counter with a force that threatened to crack the show case. There was silence for a few moments; then, the pastor quietly addressed the excited old gentleman.

"But, Uncle Jake, don't you admit that Miss Barbara is a girl of exceptional ability and a girl who would make the very most of any opportunity? Of course, I have not known her as long as you," continued the young preacher, "but I consider Miss Wheeler a young lady whose love for her home and friends would not change because of her learning. Miss Wheeler, you remember, is considered one of the most talented girls that ever graduated from the village high school. Her graduation essay was a work of art. You remember, Uncle Jake, how proud you were to think she earned the scholarship?"

"Yes, I reckon I was as proud a feller as any, to think our Barbara got it; and she did make a mighty fine speech, but I vow, it's a pity she wasn't a boy. Then, she could have been some help to her dad, could ha' got an education, and picked up the old Doc's job when he was ready to lay it down. I say, parson, it's a bad job of Providence to put a girl in a doctor's family, to grow up on books and education, when the girl's a country lass an' ought to be contented with learning from the fields an' woods, and with bein' proud of knowin' how to make butter and corn cakes. Jane don't know books an' she's good enough for me. There, you know what I think about it! I'm going home before that molasses sours, an' Jane gets worried 'fraid I'm drowned."

The two men rose simultaneously and the parson smiled at the old fellow. "At any rate, Uncle Jake, we will give Miss Wheeler the benefit of the doubt. I am quite sure that no one will be disappointed in her. Green Meadows will be another place with an energetic college girl bringing home new ideas. If I am not mistaken, four years from now we shall be as busy and wide-a-wake a little town as can be found. Miss Barbara will serve Green Meadows just as much as a Dick Junior would have done. John," he said, turning to the clerk, "just mark the calendar for to-night, and next June we'll balance up and see who has the more credit, Uncle Jake or I."

Bidding Web and the clerk good-night, the radical and conservative set out for their homes.

"O, I most forgot, parson, Jane says to be sure to ask you to dinner to-morrow."

"Give Mrs. Sparrows my thanks. I will be there."

Their voices died away and after a moment, Web jumped up, "Well, Sims, I do hate to see the old fellow beaten out by that young chap, but I do hope Barbara sees that this parson's side wins. She's a mighty fine girl and if I'm not such a big fool, I reckon the parson thinks so himself. He put in good for the Dr. to give Barbara the chance. He has big plans for this little burg, but he needs a woman to help him and he likes the educated ones. I don't know's he's all wrong, either. I'm not a bit sorry I came down in the rain. I kinder wanted to know what the parson really thought, and I guess I found out."

* * *

September twenty-third came and Barbara Wheeler went to college. The townspeople were proud and glad, for the doctor's daughter was a favorite. During the winter, Barbara's letters were the gossip of the Green Meadows grocery. She wrote of her work and fun and of all her plans for her summer at home. She was going to start an "Eight Weeks Club" for the girls and bring to Green Meadows a glimpse of the great beyond, in which she was delighting.

In June, Dr. Wheeler announced to the weekly gathering around the cracker box, that Barbara was to come home the next week and that six of her sorority friends were coming, too, for a week's house party.

"Just what I told you, parson," scowled Uncle Jake. "A 'frat' pin, a lot of new notions, and another crowd to think of,—that's what a girl gets by going to college. Doc, I'll bet you, yet, that you'll wish for your money and your girl as they used to be."

Dr. Wheeler smiled. He was used to Uncle Jake's railings.

"Now, come, Uncle, cheer up. We'll put them to a test to please you. The next day after they get here, you drive up with your hay-rack and invite the girls to go with you and tread hay. I wager that you won't miss one, and what is more, Uncle Jake, you will be a life-long friend with those girls in five minutes."

Robert Dinsmore was decidedly pleased to have the doctor on his side, for he knew that, if Uncle Jake was converted, the old fellow would help the town wonderfully by his influence. He also was very anxious that every one be entirely pleased with Barbara.

* * *

The house party was a success. Barbara's Eight Weeks Club continued its meeting after college had opened again and Barbara was gone. Uncle Jake was slowly giving in. He admitted that Barbara was "just the same sweet girl, only more so."

* * *

"How *tempus* does *fugit*!" sighed Barbara to Robert Dinsmore as she bade him farewell at Green Meadows' Station, the fall of her senior year. "Just one more year with the girls! But there,—oh I am so happy thinking of all my plans for the dear people here at

home. I'll give Uncle Jake a nice surprise. He thinks that I intend to go off to teach, or away to 'Chiny' to convert the heathen. I really think he is giving in on this subject of education since he has found out that college hasn't made me 'proud and sinful.' However, he won't admit it yet. Just another year and he will." Then she smiled good-bye and the train was gone.

* * *

One Saturday night in April, the corner grocery held its weekly gathering. Web sat astride a cracker box and smoked his pipe, enjoying the conversation. People came and went, but ten o'clock found Uncle Jake and the minister still talking. Although the minister no longer bought his oil by the gallon, he still spent an hour or two of Saturday evenings at the corner store. Uncle Jake did not say much about Barbara's college work now, but something that Mr. Dinsmore had said had aroused what little fire there was left in the old fellow's mind on the subject of women and education.

"I tell you, parson, it's always this way: if these college girls don't get a call to 'Chiny' to convert the heathen, or wander off to some big city to teach, they fall in love with one of the college chaps and get married. Well, Barbara's certainly proved that college ain't so bad. I'll risk her brains up there, but I won't risk her heart."

Robert Dinsmore smiled, leaned confidently toward the old man, and said in a low tone, "Yes, uncle, but I'll risk her heart."

Uncle Jake never told what Robert said, but he never again said a word against a girl's going to college.

Once upon a time in Dreamland
 Ruled a queen, wife of the Erl-King
 She it was, who, just as evening,
 When the drowsy sleep o'er takes men
 Sent down dreams to please their fancies.
 As a page to this fair princess,
 Served a sprite, the nimble Presto.
 When the queen was absent, Presto
 Stole in secret to her chamber;
 Opened and spread out the dream-leaves,
 Chose the one best for his slumbers,
 Straightway fell asleep to dream it.
 But the queen, returning softly,
 Came upon the sleeping Presto;
 Both her arms were filled with roses,
 And upon him there she heaped them.
 Presto felt the thorns upon him,
 Made one wild, excited scramble,
 And created such a flurry
 That the dreams flew out the window.
 They were lost on Earth thereafter,
 And the queen, to punish Presto,
 Changed him into dreadful Nightmare.

E. M. B., '17.

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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

A sad, insistent note, a plaintive minor strain stole into the joyous pulsing melody of June's sweet symphony. Midst all of the pleasures and happiness of Commencement time we cannot help but feel the sadness which it also brings. We cry, "All hail to our Seniors!" Yet we dread to think that Commencement means saying farewell to 1915! We are loath to see you, our Seniors, leave. You have been firm friends of ours; you have been good comrades everyone. Many are the jolly times that we have had together. We have studied, played, made fudge, even quarrelled together; we have ridden horseback, had invigorating cross-country tramps together, struggle for supremacy in basketball, and have played one another down at tennis—in short, we have been friends! We trust that you will look upon these good times, and remember those with whom you shared them! You have formed associations during your four years here at Colby which you will desire never to break. You love old Colby—we all do, and now as you think of leaving her, she is dearer to you than ever before.

The mystic, great unknown lies just before you; now you may take paths of your own choosing, and therein lies the charm. With Commencement, the bells by which you have lived those four years at college will have ceased for you. There has been the rising bell, breakfast bell, recitation bell, chapel bell, luncheon bell,—and so on

throughout the day. To-morrow other students will go hurrying across the campus, living here as you have lived, enjoying the pleasures which you have enjoyed, striving for those things for which you, too, have striven, learning to love the same Alma Mater which sends you now into a world which eagerly awaits you! No longer will you be at the beck and call of these college bells; you will be free to plan your hours as you will. Bells may ring for you but they will be of your own choosing! You may travel, teach, study, or perchance, other bells than school-bells may ring for you! Be that as it may, there is a place for you in the endless plan of this busy world. You have a task to fulfill, for this twentieth century is a woman's century, and things are to be done in it, not only that women have never done before, but that have never been done. The emergencies of college life have prepared you for those which the work-a-day world has in store for you; it will not be good form for you to shirk; you must prove that yours is the ability to cope with any situation, to adapt yourself to any circumstances in which you may find yourself; you must show that you have been more than merely "tarred with the college brush," that you have more than a surface efficiency. Yours must be the attitude of the small boy who said, "I'll eat it! What is it?" Whatever you are asked to do, do it, and with a willingness that will make the doing a pleasure!

The burden of the song which Commencement time brings, and which almost drowns out the sad, plaintive note of farewell, is the music of rejoicing. A task completed has been well done, true friendships have been formed that will endure, and it is, indeed, a time most happy!

The new magazines on our library table really *look* as though they were read from cover to cover. But are they? How many of the Colby girls know how much of the editor's thought and labor go toward making his magazine a success? Then, there are the newspapers. What wonderful things are happening in this little world of ours! Do we know about them all? Or are we making college life the narrow life which people so often call it, because we do not know these things? These rare summer days are too precious, we must admit, to read very extensively, but we can learn, at least, what other people are doing. Let us read a few of those "good books" which we have always intended to conquer, and come back to college next fall ready for more mature thought, and with a riper judgment! Let's get busy, and live down the reputation that girls read only silly love stories!

THE COLBIANA wishes you all a pleasant summer!

COLLEGE INTERESTS

Senior parts have been assigned as follows: Prophecy, Mary A. Washburn; history, Jennie Farnum; address to undergraduates, E. Mildred Bedford; ode Committee, Dorothy Webb, Hazel Ross and Margaret Forbes.

F. E. F.'s observed Arbor Day by planting a tree on Palmer House lawn. The president, Helen Buker, '18, dedicated the elm to Miss Carll, who accepted in appropriate words. The history of the club was enclosed in a bottle and buried among the roots.

Monday, May 17, the Seniors dropped their dignity for the evening and celebrated the lifting of the burden by a banquet in Foss Hall dining-room. The joyful sounds heard outside the door needed no interpretation as to their significance. As a "grand finale" plans were discussed for a company party at Snow Pond while the rest of us are being driven by that cruel task-master—Exams.

There were many visitors from Maine entertained at Foss Hall over the track meet. Among them were Lucretia Davis, Francis Smart, Eloise Huskins and Thelma Kellogg.

Alice Clarkin, '16, entertained Chi Gamma Theta, '16, at her home, Monday, May 24, in honor of Eleanor Welch, ex-'16, who was married June 2. Seven, all who are left of the original dozen, sat down to supper. The place cards were appropriate showing a bride's head and reminding us how soon we were to lose "Peggie." The decorations were Chi Gam's black, green, and red. After supper each had a finger in a "Jack Horner's" pie. "Peggie's" plum proved to be an engraved olive fork. The health of the bride-to-be was drunk in ginger ale, Chi Gam's own drink.

Marguerite Farmer, U. of M. '18, was entertained over Junior League games by Hazel Ross, '15.

Through the efforts of Miss Butman, Foss Hall has a new bulletin board.

Ruth Dresser, ex-'16, spent a few days at Palmer House not long ago.

Misses Sybil and Mary Russell were the guests of Hazel Gibbs, '17, recently.

Miss Florence Hastings, physical instructor during the winter, gave invaluable aid in making Ivy Day a success.

Miss Marjorie Barker, '16, entertained her mother at Foss Hall for a few days.

Helen Buzzell visited her sister Marion, when she returned from Sargent's, from which she graduated this June.

The Senior members of Kappa Alpha were entertained Tuesday, June 1, at a delightful banquet in Foss Hall dining-room, by the initiates of the Junior class. The initiates are: Frances Trefethen, Vesta McCurda, Alice Mather, Marion Harmon, Clara Hinckley, Katherine Moses, Lois Osgood, Vivian Wright, Carolyn Stevens, Iris Crosby, and Lucy Montgomery.

The Senior articles chosen to be given at Commencement are: "The New American Drama," Ethel Chamberlain; "Mary E. Wilkins Freeman," Marion O. Steward; "The Vision of the Ideal College Woman," Aldine Gilman.

Friday, June 4, an informal Faculty Tea was held in Memorial Hall. It proved to be the most enjoyable of the three given this year.

President and Mrs. Roberts gave a delightful reception to both divisions of the Senior class, May 24. Hazel Loane, '18, ushered in the guests, who were received by President and Mrs. Roberts. Refreshments were served by Miss Knowlton, '08, and Miss St. Clair, '13, Misses Snodgrass, '18, Sturtevant, '18, Roberts, '18, and Washburn, '18, made very efficient waitresses. Miss French, '17, and Miss Cole, '17, served punch in the study. The college orchestra, consisting of Prince, '18, piano, Lattin, '18, violin, and Pratt, '17, 'cello, furnished music for the evening.

After being postponed many times the annual Sophomore Declamation took place Monday night, June 7.

The articles chosen for Junior exhibition are "The Woman of Her Century" by Lois Osgood; "The Development of Household Chemistry," by Katherine Singer; "The Lingering Spirit of the Wartburg" by Alice Mather; "Life's River" by Vivienne Wright.

Chi Gamma Theta invitation with its bright colors, good times and "eats" is over. The initiates are: Gladys Welch, Katherine Sturtevant, Anne Caswell, Marion Buzzell, Isabelle Snodgrass, Helen Kimball, Leila Washburn, Charlotte Gilman, Bertha Terry, Dorothy Roberts, Florence Eaton, and Eunice Chase.

Miss Butman entertained Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury over Memorial Day.

Monday, May 24, Margaret Perkins, '18, was given a surprise party by a group of Freshmen girls.

The Misses Aldrich, Spaulding and Jordan assisted in conducting services at the Sidney Baptist Church, Sunday, May 23.

Iris Crosby, '16, and Alice Mather, '16, represented the Colby Y. W. C. A. at the annual Silver Bay Banquet at Farmington, Friday, May 21. As parts of the toast program Miss Crosby spoke on "The Social Side of Silver Bay," and Miss Mather told "What a Silver Bay delegate Can Bring Back to Her Association." They came back to Colby full of enthusiasm.

There was a very pretty wedding in the Congregational Church of this city Wednesday evening, June 2, when Eleanor Welch, Ex-'16, was married to George Frederick Joy, '12. The maid of honor was Gladys Welch, '18, sister of the bride; the best man, Harold Welch, brother of the bride. The bridesmaids were Helen Cole, Alice Clarkin, Vivian Skinner and Elizabeth Hodgkins, classmates of the bride. The ushers were Mahlon Hill, '12, Joe Bisbee, ex-'12, Ralph Weston, '15, frat brothers of the groom, and Howard Welch, another brother of the bride. The church was prettily decorated with flowers and green. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at 14 Nudd St. when the bride and groom received the best wishes of a host of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Joy will reside at Westbrook where Mr. Joy is connected with the Tana Mills.

The annual Ivy Day exercises of the Woman's Division of Colby College were given Saturday, June 5, under very auspicious circumstances. All things united to make the occasion a success.

At an early hour the piazza and grounds about the tennis courts were filled with visitors including members of the faculty and their wives, several town friends and many from out of town were guests for the afternoon.

After a selection of music by the orchestra, the Seniors, in caps and gowns, led by Lena Blanchard, President, and Vivian Ellsworth, Mistress of Ceremonies, entered the grounds, and after they had been seated on the bank at the front of the tennis court, the assembled guests were welcomed by the Mistress of Ceremonies. After a second selection of music came the planting of the Ivy followed by the Ivy Ode to the tune of *Annie Lisle*.

Classmates, dear, as here we're gathered
'Neath the gray and blue,
Let us leave a fond remembrance
Of our friendship true.

Lift the chorus, speak it onward,
Sing her praises clear,
Hail to thee our Alma Mater,
Hail, Oh Colby dear.

Four short years we've spent together,
Years of happiness;
But the mem'ry rising ever
All our lives shall bless.

Far away we'll soon be going,
But before we part,
We would sing to thee our praises
Each with loving heart.

Following this was the presentation of the trowel by Lena Blanchard, Senior President, to the Junior President, Marjorie Barker, and the acceptance.

After a processional march of all the classes, each wearing their class colors, a Greek play, "The Fairest Spirit," was presented by the Junior Class. The scene was Mt. Olympus, and it was represented by four gayly festooned Grecian columns against the background of evergreen. The class dances were given during the play on the tennis court in front.

The Spirit of the dance was represented in a beautiful solo dance by Miss Ware, and in the dance of 1915, Mary Washburn took the solo part.

After the exercises, punch and wafers were served by the Freshman class.

First honors in the dances were given to the class of 1917, and second honors to 1916.

The committee in charge of the exercises was composed of Iris Crosby, Effie Hannan, Vivian Skinner, Lucy Montgomery, Clara Hinckley.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

COLBY CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Miss Margaret Flenniken, Student Secretary of the National Board of the North Eastern field committee, made us her annual spring visit from May 6th to 10th. Each day of her visit she held conferences with the different cabinet girls, and gave them many fine suggestions for next year's work, which is already being enthusiastically planned.

On some evening during the first week of the next fall term, a reception will be given to the Freshmen. A special effort will be made by the upperclassmen to have the affair as informal as possible, so that every girl may meet every other one, and may be made to feel that she has received a cordial welcome to Colby.

The girls are also planning to have a series of Vesper services at the college chapel next year. An effort will be made to have an especially good musical programme, and to provide an interesting speaker for each of these exercises. The faculty and women's division will be invited, and we hope that the services may be made a great success. It is thought that they will raise still further the standard of our college, as the larger colleges have made such exercises both successful and helpful.

The Social Service Committee has many fine plans for next year, and have already made friendly calls upon some unfortunate families of the city. Recently a group of girls accompanied Winifred Shaw, who is chairman of the committee, to the Waterville Poor Farm where they sang the old songs, Colby songs, spoke pieces, and played on mandolins for a good part of the afternoon. The audience was especially delighted and expressed an urgent desire for them to come again soon. The performers, too, were overjoyed with their reception.

The first meeting after our secretary's visit with us, was a Red Cross meeting led by Alice Mather. The following three meetings

were enthusiastic meetings led by Mildred Greene, Lucy Taylor, and Winifred Shaw. The last meeting was led by Lena Blanchard, and was a Senior meeting. This meeting is always a sad one for we realize that some of our most loyal and trusty girls are soon to leave us; yet we gain a great deal from what their past connection with the Y. W. C. A. has meant to them, and we feel proud that Colby is turning out such splendid girls to fulfill life's larger duties. May joy and success be theirs!

If half of the girls that are eager to go to Silver Bay could only go, Colby would have a splendid delegation there this spring. As the Conference comes at such an unfortunate time of the year for so many it looks as though we are to have but three delegates there this spring in person, although many will be there in spirit. The delegates are Iris Crosby, Katherine Moses, and Edith Pratt.

Colby girls are surely alive, and eager to make their years spent in college count much for all time. This is why we find them studying, leading Sunday School classes, entertaining* friends, making calls, practicing basketball or tennis, cooking, playing the piano, making up poetry, cracking jokes, and a hundred and one different things,—and some one asks why they are such "live wires," and so successful in whatever they undertake? The answer is plainly seen—they live good, wholesome lives which have been enriched by the high ideals of the Y. W. C. A. of which they are a vital part. Let each one of us next fall help to initiate the Freshmen so that they may understand how much the Christian Association does for a girl, and how void their lives would be without its influence.

At a recent election held in Foss Hall Assembly room, Edith Pratt was chosen the delegate from this state to the National Convention of the Y. W. C. A., which is to be held in New York City next March. Miss Pratt will represent the three Maine Colleges, Colby, University of Maine, and Bates.

The Annual Silver Bay Banquet was held this year at Farmington, May 1st, and judging from the good time enjoyed by every delegate present, it could not possibly have been surpassed in former years. This was the first time that the Y. W. C. A. has been entertained at Farmington by the Annual Silver Bay Banquet, and the girls joined heartily with the faculty in making every moment a pleasant one.

Colby sent two delegates, Alice Mather and Iris Crosby. All of the college and normal school girls who went as delegates were met at the train by a good, large delegation of Farmington girls, and taken immediately to the new dormitory where they were entertained, our own girls being the special guests of Freda Knauff and Helen Kidder, both of Waterville.

The new dormitory, Purington Hall, is certainly a splendid place in which to entertain guests, and at first glance reminds one very much of Foss Hall.

The banquet was served at half past six, and practically the whole student body was present together with the members of the faculty.

The tables, which were beautifully decorated with jonquils and narcissus, looked as some one said, almost as good as the "eats" tasted! After the dinner the toasts were given as follows by the various delegates, Miss Mantor, '15, acting as toastmistress.

Welcome.....	Roxa Varney, '15
The Objects of Summer Conferences.....	Maine
Glimpses of Silver Bay.....	Agnes Mantor, '15
The Spirit of Silver Bay.....	Bates
What Silver Bay Means to the Normal School Girl... ..	Mary Day, '15
The Social Side of Silver Bay.....	Iris Crosby, Colby, '16
The Work of our Association.....	Clara Bacon, '16
What a Silver Bay Delegate can bring back to her Association.....	Alice Mather, Colby, '16
The Association and the School.....	Miss Merrill of the Faculty
Remarks by Other Delegates	

The welcome was given by the Vice-President of the Farmington Association as a substitute for the President, who was absent on account of illness.

The subjects of the toasts were arranged so as to give quite a comprehensive view of the "doings" at Silver Bay and some of those, who, before the banquet had a rather hazy idea about Silver Bay, came away about as enthusiastic as the girls who had been there themselves.

The impromptus by other delegates were especially good, some being given by Farmington alumni.

After the banquet the girls were escorted to the Normal building for a rousing good social time. After a short program of music and reading, everyone joined in playing games. One of these was a spelling-match, in which all words must be spelled backward. Mr. Thomas of the Faculty, presided, and needless to say, the fun waxed furious in the effort of each side to "spell down" the other.

The evening ended with a jolly "sing" as everyone gathered around the piano.

The next morning all the delegates were taken for a ride to see the country around Farmington. The birthplace of Madame Nordica was visited, from which there was a splendid view of the "big hills" surrounding the town.

During the day there were various sightseeing parties to view the points of interest about town.

Sunday, after the morning service at the Old South Church, the Colby delegates were entertained at dinner by friends in town. That afternoon they left for Waterville and college feeling that nowhere could there have been a better place for a gathering of Silver Bay girls than Farmington, one of the most beautiful towns of the state, and among people noted for their royal hospitality.

ATHLETICS

Tennis is surely the popular out of door sport now. The Foss Hall courts have been rolled and fixed in such fine shape that they look almost like cement courts, and with the new tapes down they certainly are inviting.

The preliminaries for the tennis tournament are now being played off amid great excitement, and there is much speculation as to the name that will be engraved on the cup as tennis champion this year. Many new girls are playing this spring and are showing up so well that it looks now as if the finals would be especially hard fought contests. Therefore: Everybody, get up your class spirit and back up the players who represent you, with a good cheer once in awhile! Freshmen, get a look at the tennis championship cup if you have not seen it, and see that it is something worth working for to win it for your class! Show some of your class spirit that you exhibited last fall in basketball and, last of all, don't forget, during your long vacation, how to sing Phi Chi, and above all, how to spell C-O-L-B-Y—the long way. Colby Spirit is what counts!

LAUGHS

CLASS STATISTICS

Number who entered, 53; present membership, 25; 1915's brides, 5; 1915's babies, 3; age of the oldest girl, 23 years; age of the youngest girl, 20 years; tallest girl, 5 ft. 10 in.; shortest girl, 4 ft. 11 3-4 in.; heaviest girl weighs, 170 pounds; lightest girl weighs, 100 pounds.

Fourteen are called by their rightful names, ten are called by slight corruptions of their names, while one has a genuine nickname.

Ten are Republicans, four are Democrats, six are Progressives, three are Socialists, and two are waiting for "Him" to decide.

Seventeen believe in Woman's Suffrage, eight do not.

Twenty live in Maine, one in China, (Me.), three in Massachusetts, and one in Connecticut.

Nine room in "Cherub's Retreat," six on the second floor front, one in Pie Alley, one in Mary Low Hall, one in the Big Brown house, and the other seven live in town.

Seven wear the class numerals for basketball, the other eighteen watched them earn them and cheered on the side line.

Three will be married very soon, seven more after watching a few years. Three are going into business, two are going to be poets, and two, authors. One is going to be an inventor; two are going to be missionaries, four are going on the stage, and one declines to tell her plans.

SENIOR STATISTICS

Name in Full	What they Have Been	What they Are	What they Want to Be	What they Will Be
Ella Bedford	Dignified!	Dignified!!	Dignified!!!	Dignified(?)
Lena Blanchard	Class President	A flirt	Good	School teacher
Emily Cunningham	Joke	Plug	Graduate	Aviator
Ethel Chamberlain	A Deke	A Phi Delt	Authoress	Uncertain
Marguerite	Quiet	A Shark!	!——!	O.B.K.
Vivian Ellsworth	Navy's little helper	Stunning!	A Chemist	Married
Myrtle Everett	Aldine's room-mate	Engaged	J. Bill's asst.	Ballet dancer
Jennie Farnum	A New Yorker	A war reporter	Famous	Now, guess!
Margaret Forbes	A basket-ball star	A minister's daughter	An Anglo-Saxon	As sweet as now
Hazel Ross	A Shark	Most dignified girl in college	Anything that is a cinch	A school teacher
May Sargent	Butty's right-hand man	Always busy	Leader woman's suffrage parade	Vender sweet chocolate
Marion Steward	Optimistic in face of everything	Equal to any emergency	Something that pays well	Something original
Mary Tobey	Infrequent caller at Foss Hall	The nicest little hostess	Good	A wonder
Ruth Trefthen	Known to be late to class	Professor's daughter	A musician	A housewife
Mary Washburn	Noted for her voice	A man-hater	An old maid	Married three times
Dorothy Webb	Member of "Anti-Fat"	Best writer in the class	Tall and willowy	Heard from in "Who's Who"
Evelyn Whitney	Noisiest girl in Foss Hall	Ever helpful	A prima-donna	An actress in Life
Gilman	Prexy's cook	Class sport	Prima donna	Farmer's wife
Goodwin	Lady Blanche	Silver St. heroine	School teacher	Home maker
Hanson	Student	Sh! she's below in three classes	Just like dad	A judge
Holmes	Mandolin club leader	Good collector	Fisherman	"Down on the Farm"
McCausland	220 lbs.	Down to 140	Somebody's girl!	An Architect
Morgan	Student	Grind	Shark	Prodigy
Pollard	Grind	Married now	Good cook	Minister's wife
Robinson	Communist	Socialist	Anarchist	Chiropodist

THE SENIOR ALPHABET

A stands for Aldine; she's Prexy's adviser,
And except for Hagan, no one is wiser.

B stands for Bunch, five and twenty in all,
The noisiest girls that e'er lived in Foss Hall.

C stands for Cunningham, or Em as we say,
Who has on an average, a quiz every day.

D stands for Dot, who in German would shine,
Without her, Dutchie surely would pine.

E stands for Ethel, from Aroostook she came down,
And also for Evelyn, who's from Portland town.

F stands for Fat, who's a governess grand,
As an actress, none rivals her in the land.

G stands for Goodwin, Ruth Walker by name,
In Harry's class she has won great fame.

H stands for Hugh and for Helen as well,
To Wolfe's class they run at the eight o'clock bell.

I stands for Ina, she rises at nine,
But in classes she immer gets there on time.

J stands for Jennie, a poet she would be,
Both at day and at night, she doth rhyme merrilee.

K stands for Kappa Alpha, a Senior band,
Who feed on the choicest things in the land.

L stands for Lena, the boss of the class,
And as president, none can surpass.

M stands for Mildreds, both H. and B.,
They're happy roommates, as we all can see.

N stands for No one, she's absent to-day,
"Please nobody answer," as Prexy did say.

O stands for Odette, her rank has been fine—
Her motto *toujours*, theologians for mine.

Postcards for Parties, and so many we've had,
All of them merry, but with nary a lad—

Q stands for Queer, and we all look that
When we don a Senior gown and hat.

R stands for Ruth, not the one who bound sheaves,
But the girl who in Botany has studied leaves.

S stands for the S (e) argent, Mazie by name,
"Butty the Second," is the title she'll claim.

T stands for Tobey and Trefethen as well,
They're quiet girls, that's all we can tell.

U stands for Us, *passen sie auf und halt*,
Here stands a class that hasn't a fault.

V stands for Vivian, and she's some math shark,
Without her, our path would be stormy and dark.

W stands for Washburn, as "Mame" she's known,
About solo dancing, she simply doth moan.

X stands for the two "Margs," for Myrtle and Margaret,
This doesn't rhyme, aber was ann kann thun damit

Z stands for our future, so merry and bright,
And the whole bunch of us is all out of sight.

H. H. and L. B., '15.

The Twenty-five Worst Sellers:—

Mildred Bedford, "The Misdemeanors of Milly." Lena Blanchard, "The Texas Queen." Ethel Chamberlain, "The Prospector." "The Calling of Danny." Marguerite Chamberlain, "Survey of American Literature." Vivian Ellsworth, "The Alchemist," "V. V's Eyes." Myrtle Everett, "One Little Vinton and How (Hough) It Grew." Jennie Farnum, "A Little Girl of Old New York." Margaret Forbes, "Study in Scarlet." Goodwin, "What Happened to Mary." Gilman, "Fanny Farmer." Holmes, "Books and Libraries." Morgan, "Encyclopedia Britannica." Cunningham, "Hoyle's Card Games." McCausland, "Greek Art." Pollard, "Minister's Wooing." Robinson, "How The Other Half Lives." Hanson, "Municipal Court System." Hazel Ross, "Tempest and Sunshine." May Sargent, "The Shoulders of Atlas." Marion Steward, "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." Mary Tobey, "Lovey Mary." Ruth Trefethen, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." Mary Washburn, "The Key of the Unknown." Dorothy Webb, "The Melting of Molly." Evelyn Whitney, "Wanted—A Chaperon."

1915 *Conundrums—Guess Who!*

- L. P. B.—Loyally patient Booster.
- E. G. C.—Energetic Gifted Child.
- E. A. C.—Effervescing Angelic Curlyhead.
- M. M. C.—Marvelously Modest Celebrity.
- V. M. E.—Vision, magnetic, Exemplary.
- M. E. E.—Maiden—Exceptionally Entertaining.
- J. F.—Just Feminine.
- M. L. F.—Merry, Laughing Fusser.
- A. C. G.—Active, Climbing, Girl.
- R. W. G.—Radiantly Winning Girl.
- H. N. H.—Humorous Noted Hustler.
- I. M. M.—Interesting Methodical Maid.
- R. M.—Rather Modest.
- O. M. P.—Ovid Marcellus Pliny.
- M. R.—Maximum Reliance.
- H. D. R.—Humble! Demure!! Recluse!!!
- M. H. S.—Madly Hurrying Scholar.
- M. O. S.—Meek Obsequious Scapegoat.
- M. E. T.—Maiden Ever Timely.
- A. R. T.—Assertive Robust Teaser.
- M. A. W.—Makes All Wonder.
- D. N. W.—Diverting, Neverfailing Wit.
- E. S. W.—Ever Steady Worker.
- E. M. B.—Establishing Many Bakeries.
- M. H.—Mysterious Harlequin.