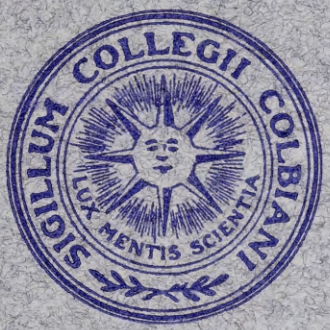
4-1917

The Colbiana vol. 5 no. 2 (April, 1917)

Colby College

The Colbiana



Alumnae Number
April, 1917

Table of Contents

MRS. ALICE HEALD WHITE

Mrs. Alice Heald White

Mrs. Alice Heald White is a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory of Music in the class of 1880. Immediately upon graduation from Oberlin, Mrs. White was called as Director of Music to Carleton College, Minnesota, with which college she was connected for ten years. Two of those years were spent abroad in music study with Weidenbach of Leipzig and Klindworth of Berlin. She here obtained a thorough knowledge of her subject in all its different branches.

In 1902, Professor Clarence H. White was elected to the faculty of Colby College, and Mrs. White then came into the life of Colby girls.

In 1909, when President Roberts introduced music as one of the courses open to women, he asked Mrs. White to arrange courses in Appreciation and History of Music and in Piano Work. This work has been continued to the present time under Mrs. White's direction. The introduction of this course has been a splendid thing for Colby, and the girls agree that it is one of the most profitable subjects studied during the four years of college training.

Mrs. White is not only a delightful teacher, but she is an accomplished pianist and organist. She has a charming personality and inspires her classes with a true appreciation of the best that there is in music. She has remarkable ability as a teacher, and Colby College is indeed fortunate to have her as an instructor.

Mrs. White received her degree of Mus. B. from Oberlin Conservatory of Music in 1906.

THE COLBIANA

Volume 5 APRIL, 1916 Number 2

A Sketch of the Women's Division.

One of the far-reaching movements of the nineteenth century was that which led to the present large opportunities for the higher education of women. While to-day the many advantages of an educated womanhood are coming to be realized somewhat in this country, the start was practical in nature and very limited. Before the Civil War women began to take the places left vacant in the district and village schools by men who, as the commercial interests of the nation were extended, deserted teaching for business; and during the years of the war there was an increasing call for women teachers. Gradually, wider avenues of employment and also the learned professions were opened to women, and a means of preparing them for their new work was required. In the course of time, therefore, several independent colleges for women were founded, various universities admitted women as students, and others established affiliated colleges.

It was in 1871 that Colby first offered a collegiate course to men and women on equal terms. Her motive in taking this action was perhaps two-fold, springing from her constant policy to make a college education under Christian influences available to the greatest number possible and from the practical purpose of securing more students, who had become few since the war. At that date no college exclusively for women had been established east of New York; Oberlin, which had been chartered as a college by Ohio in 1850, was the only one in the country where large numbers of men and women were being educated together; and with a single exception Colby was the first college in conservative New England to open its doors to women.

During the initial year of co-education at Colby but one young woman, Mary Caffrey Low, of Waterville, now Mrs. L. D. Carver, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, availed herself of the opportunity for a college training, and for two years she held the unique position of being the only woman in college. At the beginning of her junior year, 1874, four more young women entered, only one of whom completed the course. During the first decade twenty-six women, including the five already mentioned, were in college, and fourteen of these graduated. All showed that they were amply able to compete with the young men, and several graduated with honor.

In 1871 the faculty numbered seven and the student body fifty-two, while now the faculty numbers thirty and the student body four hundred twenty-two. In 1872 two new professorships were created, that of Latin Language and Literature and that of Mathematics; and in the following year Julian D. Taylor, '68, who since his graduation had been tutor in the college, was made professor in the former department. There was then a single prescribed course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which from 1897 until 1902 was supplemented by a second course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, wherein Greek was not required; and only since 1903 has a scientific course been offered. When Miss Low entered Colby, North College, South College, Recitation Hall, and Memorial Hall con-

stituted the college buildings. Coburn Hall, then in process of construction, was completed in 1872, and at that time the early six o'clock recitations were abandoned. The library, located in the east wing of Memorial Hall, was first placed in charge of a paid librarian in 1873, and was open only a few hours a day. The long vacation was given in winter in order to allow students to teach. For instance, in 1874 the fall term began August 26, and on November 25 closed for a vacation of ten weeks, thus bringing the following class day on July 29, 1875. It is interesting to note that silver gray was chosen as the college color in the fall of 1875. In 1877 the class of '78 instituted what was known as Ivy Day as a feature of Commencement, and this continued in favor until 1884, when Presentation Day was substituted. The exercises were practically the same in both cases, and each succeeding junior class chose whether to plant ivy or give some work of art to the college. Presentation Day eventually became more popular and is now observed.

At the start, nothing of any practical importance was done for women, even to encourage them to enter. They found their own boarding places in town and met only in the class room, having no college home in which to cultivate manners, develop taste, and build character. Fourteen years after their admission to college the first step toward this end was taken. In 1885 the trustees purchased a house on College Street, south of the campus, and for twenty years this building, in charge of a matron, was used as a home for the women of the college, under the name of Ladies' Hall. In considerably altered form it is now occupied as a chapter house by the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. When it was purchased, thirteen women were attending college, ten of whom went to live at the hall. While the women were not required to room there, it afforded a central meeting place for them. The house was not pleasing in appearance, and in 1888 it was repaired and partly refurnished, fireplaces were installed, the grounds were beautified, and a tennis court was laid out. From time to time the hall was enlarged as additional room was needed, and the interior was made attractive by gifts of friends.

The next decade saw a slowly increasing number of women in college and an improvement in their status. From 1881 until 1891 sixty-three women entered, forty-five of whom graduated. With a home provided, their social life began to grow. Ladies' Hall was the scene of many a reception and party. The early numbers of the *Echo* report a Rainbow party, a Stars and Stripes party, an Orange party, New Year's parties, Hallowe'en parties, and lawn parties in profusion. The women were interested also in outdoor life, skating, boating, and tennis. Tennis was particularly popular, and prize tournaments were held. The religious spirit among the women expressed itself early in the life of the division, and in 1886 they organized a branch of the Intercollegiate Young Women's Christian Association. At that time there were about a hundred similar organizations in the United States, but this was the first in New England. The Colby association has always been a potent factor in the life of the college, and has maintained an active interest in Bible study, missions, and social service.

Before 1887 the Hall of the Alumni, in Memorial Hall, was used largely for Commencement dinners and for examnations, but in April of that year President Pepper and the faculty gave a grand reception there. The room, furnished for the evening with electric lights, was said to present a novel appearance. Subsequently it was used for many college occasions, such as the reception given jointly by the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. to the members of the freshman class each year from 1888 until 1910; and it has now been fitted up as the reading room of the college library.

Co-education at Colby was never suc-

cessful. The small number of women who had the courage to enter and the strength to remain to graduate, were of more than average ability, and although considerably outnumbered by men, they took a large share of scholarship honors. The disfavor with which the women were regarded as competitors by the men and also the tradition that the college had been founded for men alone, led to dissatisfaction on the part of alumni, men students, and faculty. In fact, from the beginning the men assumed a general attitude of hostility toward the women. Much discussion developed, and in 1890 the trustees adopted a compromise plan, suggested by President Small, to separate the men and the women into divisions and establish for women a co-ordinate college,—an expression which the president ingeniously devised. Except in case of lectures and laboratory work involving individual problems, the divisions were to recite in separate classes, under the same instructors; and in class organization, rank, prize contests, appointments, and honors the members of the two colleges were to be treated as independently as if they were in distinct institutions. Because of a lack of money, students, and accommodations, however, a complete separation did not prove practicable, and the divisions were combined in a portion of the class room work.

In 1891 forty-four women were attending college, and hence more dormitory room was needed. At that time another large dwelling house, situated at the corner of College Avenue and Getchell Street, was purchased. This house and also a house which stood opposite Ladies' Hall on College Avenue and had formerly been the residence of the president, were used in part for the accommodation of the women, and were for a number of years occupied in part by private families. Electric lights were installed in 1903, and these two dormitories, remodeled and improved, now supply attractive quarters for about fifty women. The former building was known as Palmer House until 1907, when it was named Mary C. Low Hall in honor of the first woman graduate of Colby; and the latter, at first called Dunn House, was in 1900 named Dutton House in honor of Rev. Newell T. Dutton, a trustee and financial secretary of the college. During the nineties men and women of the college maintained a dramatic club together. In 1894 the women of the freshman class held their first Peanut Drunk, a custom since abolished, and in 1897 a ladies' mandolin club was organized.

In January, 1891, President Small secured the services of Miss Jennie M. Smith, '81, as chaperone and personal adviser of the women. She lived at Ladies' Hall and had general supervision of the women in the three dormitories. House rules were adopted, and the women were required to observe study hours and to attend the college chapel exercises. Miss Smith was followed in the fall of 1893 by Mrs. Francis A. Leavenworth, whose duties were similar. Three years later, during the administration of President Butler, Miss Mary Anna Sawtelle was added to the faculty with the title, Dean of the Women's Division, and in addition to her work as dean she was associate professor of French in the division. Miss Sawtelle aimed to make one's life at college a season of liberal culture; and during her three years' service she brought to Ladies' Hall men and women of education and refinement, who gave to the division literary and musical entertainments of merit. Through her efforts the alumnae association received a new impetus, and the alumnae were drawn into close connection with the college. So successful was the union of the offices of dean and professor that at the time of Miss Sawtelle's resignation in 1899, the alumnae formally requested the board of trustees that besides her administrative office, the dean occupy a professorship or an associate professorship in the women's division. Miss Sawtelle's successor as dean was Miss Grace E. Mathews, who was

also associate professor of rhetoric. Miss Mathews exerted a refining influence over the women and was deeply interested in their social, intellectual, and religious welfare.

During this third decade, from 1891 until 1901, a great increase in the number of women caused fear that the student body might be feminized. In 1900 thirty-seven women and thirty-seven men entered college. Some of the alumni were particularly alarmed, and petitioned the trustees to exclude women after 1905 in order that a strong minor college for men might be developed. The Boston Colby Alumni Association had been open to all graduates of the college, but so indignant were the alumni at the disproportionate increase in the number of women students that they voted to bar the alumnae from meetings of the association. Following a good deal of agitation pro and con, the trustees, in June, 1901, concluded to continue the plan of co-ordinate divisions for the higher education of both men and women, restricting the number of each only by the limitations of the equipment of the college; and they further asked the co-operation of graduates and friends in perfecting the system as rapidly as possible.

From 1902 until 1909 the dean of the women's division was Miss Grace E. Berry, and during that period great changes took place in the division. Miss Berry was energetic, devoted to her work, and of remarkable executive ability. For three years she held the office of registrar of the college, and during the later years of her term as dean she ably conducted several of the women's classes in mathematics.

In 1902 the boarding department of the division, then maintained at Ladies' Hall, was taken over by the college from private individuals, and was placed in charge of Miss Ella F. Butman. Miss Butman still holds this position of matron, and supervises the work of students employed in the boarding department and in the three dormitories for women. It is shown by a separate financial account of the division, kept since 1904, that this department and also the dormitories have been self-supporting. To-day the annual charge for board, room, tuition, electric lights, and incidentals ranges from $285 to $295 for members of the division, depending upon the dormitory occupied; while when women were admitted to Colby in 1871, similar items cost from $158 to $202 yearly, board varying from $2.50 to $3.50 a week.

All interested in the welfare of women at Colby were delighted when, in 1904, a gift of $40,000 by the late Mrs. Wm. H. Dexter, of Worcester, Massachusetts, made possible the erection of Foss Hall, so called from the maiden name of the donor. This dormitory was built on the site of Dutton House, which was moved westerly toward Main Street, and it was ready for occupancy in September of the following year. The hall, three stories in height and constructed of red brick with light brick trimmings, is of colonial style and has a portico supported by Ionic pillars. A fund of several thousand dollars which had been raised since 1892, largely by the alumnae, for the erection of a new dormitory or for general purposes of the division, afforded means with which to furnish the building. Foss Hall is the college home of Colby women, and in addition to rooms for seventy-five students, it contains a dining hall for the entire division, a reading room, reception rooms, the dean's office, a room used as a gymnasium, and an assembly hall.

In 1905 the trustees voted that the women's division of Colby be made a distinct college. This action came as a result of the constant increase in the number of women, the use of the system of co-ordination, and the acquirement of Foss Hall; but no practical method was found for effecting the plan at once. Further separation of the divisions was provided for at that time, and it was decided to admit only as many women, except those residing in town or living

with persons immediately connected with the college, as could be accommodated in the dormitories. Chapel exercises for the women were conducted by the dean in the assembly room at Foss Hall until 1909, since which date these exercises, led by various members of the faculty, have been held in the college chapel. From time to time, also, several classes taught by the dean or other women instructors have met at Foss Hall.

Mrs. Carrie E. Small held the office of acting dean during the college year 1909-1910; and the same position was occupied from 1910 until 1913 by Miss Elizabeth Bass, who had been physical director in 1909 and retained charge of that department. While under the direction of Miss Bass the division acquired considerable independence. Ivy Day for the women was instituted, the *Colbiana* first made its appearance, and interest in outdoor life was aroused. During the fall of 1913 Miss Flora M. Greenough served as acting dean, and was succeeded by Miss Florence S. Carll, '12. Since 1915 the office has been filled by Mrs. Mary C. Cooper. Besides the dean, the earliest woman instructor in the division was Miss Margaret Koch, who from 1898 until 1902 lived at one of the dormitories and directed courses in physical culture and expression. With the completion of Foss Hall, a resident physician, Dr. Mary S. Croswell, '96, was added to the faculty. During Dr. Croswell's four years of service the course in physical training for members of the division was made more thorough than formerly, and this part of her work was continued by Miss Bass, 1909-1913, Mrs. Josephine MacArthur Crowell, 1913-1914, and Miss Florence O. Hastings, 1914-1916.

Courses in music have been offered to women since 1909, and one in household chemistry has been offered since 1914. The course in physiology, open for several years after 1907, is no longer given, and physical training has been discontinued this year. Aside from those mentioned, no special studies for women have been added to the curriculum. Through the system of electives, however, which the college has developed by stages since 1873, women can obtain courses of study suited to their tastes or needs.

Ten years ago one hundred nineteen women were in Colby, five years ago they numbered one hundred forty-three, and now there are one hundred sixty-three. At present the women are interested in the matter of self-government, and are contemplating the establishment of a branch of the Women's Intercollegiate Association for Student Government. Among the needs of the division are an adequate gymnasium, a hall for dramatics and social purposes, and suitable accommodations and equipment for the music department.

During each year the division holds two celebrations of importance,—Colby Day in the autumn and Ivy Day in the spring. The idea of a festive day in the fall originated with the women of '08, who, in voting to abolish hazing, went a step farther and suggested that a day be annually set aside for making merry. With the ready co-operation of the other classes, Hallowe'en, 1905, was first observed under this plan, and afterwards the fall festivities came to be held on the date appointed by the faculty as Colby Day for both divisions of the college. Features of the occasion are the crowning of the president of the freshmen women and a play given by the senior women. Ivy Day, observed since 1910, combines a spring festival and the planting of ivy.

In 1874 the young women of the college organized Sigma Kappa, the first sorority at Colby; and their act received the sanction of President Robins, who did not advocate secret societies but could not deny that the same toleration should be shown to women as to men. Until 1893 the sorority included all women in college, although three local chapters, Alpha, Beta, and Gamma, were necessary on this account. The women were

becoming so numerous, however, that in the following year membership in the sorority was limited and these chapters were reunited. In 1904 Sigma Kappa established at Boston University its first chapter in another institution. Beta Phi was founded at Colby in 1895, and in 1906 became Beta chapter of Chi Omega, the first large national sorority to enter Maine. Alpha Upsilon was organized in 1904, and received its charter from Delta Delta Delta in 1908. Alpha Phi Alpha, founded in 1910, was re-established in 1915 as Alpha Delta chapter of Alpha Delta Pi. These four national sororities are members of the National Panhellenic Congress, which has been at Colby since 1907. Kappa Alpha, founded in 1898, and Chi Gamma Theta, founded in 1900, are local societies for women of the senior and sophomore classes respectively.

That Colby women have maintained a high standard of scholarship is shown by the fact that of five hundred three women who have graduated from the college, one hundred thirty-nine have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Colby women received the last nine awards of the Mary Floyd Neely Memorial Prize, which was offered annually during twelve consecutive years prior to 1915 by the Colonial Dames of the State of Maine, for the best essay upon some topic in the colonial history of the state, to women pursuing courses in history in the colleges of Maine. In 1914 the trustees honored Louise Helen Coburn, '77, with the degree, Doctor of Letters; and in 1916 they conferred the same honor upon Mary Low Carver, '75, while Minerva Eliza Leland, '82, received the honorary degree of Master of Science.

The Colby Alumnae Association was established in 1891, and besides the general organization there are the Boston Colby Alumnae Association, formed in April, 1900, and the Colby Alumnae Association of Western Maine. With the help of the alumnae Foss Hall was attractively furnished and adorned, and through many channels have come other evidences of their love for their Alma Mater. In 1911 the general association started a student aid fund, through which opportunity is offered yearly to each alumna and friend of the college to give financial assistance to worthy students of the division; and by the help already extended in this way, three girls have found it possible to complete their courses at college, while five others have received substantial aid. Colby may therefore feel proud of her alumnae, who have taken a deep and personal interest in the welfare of the division and of the college at large, and will doubtless in the future, as in the past, respond generously to her demands.

Ethel Knowlton Dean, '09.

The Why of a Smile

You only smile, you gaily say,
Because the Fates are kind today;
Because the world is bright and gay,
And so you smile.

But with this trite philosophy
Professor James does not agree.
He has a newer theory,
About a smile.

He proves you scowl and *then* are mad,
That first you weep, and *then* are sad,
And that the world is gay and glad
Because you smile.

If his hypothesis be true,
There's only one course to pursue
If you'd be happy through and through
Just learn to smile!

Echoes from Prof. Brown's party:

What Lochinvar did—Tooker.
A practical joker—Kidder.
Why wear "specs"—Seymour.
What Oliver Twist wanted—Moore.
Little "Bill"—Willey.
The purpose of the chase—Ketchum.
Crude legislation—Greenlaw.
A drink followed by ague—Teague.
A honeyed title—Sweetzer.
The Kaiser's dream—Power.

From Our Alumnae

READING PEOPLE.

A book is read by the eye seeing the printed letters and the brain receiving thereby the impression intended by the writer.

A person is read by his spoken words, by his conscious acts, and by the expression and lines of the face.

The great Teacher taught a deep truth in the words: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." For the judgment is not external and arbitrary but is subjective and inevitable. When we open our lips in criticism of another, we betray our own standards and viewpoint by every word. And a listener can determine the kindliness or selfishness of the motive of the criticism.

But very few words in conversation will give to another the clue to our interests and tendencies. In your next conversation with a friend or with a complete stranger, analyze to yourself the kind of a person that lies behind the spoken words.

Browning was a master at showing great reaches of soul by the few words of a monologue or soliloquy. Note the duke in "My Last Duchess." Just a few casual minutes' chat as they were going down stairs and you look into the heart of one of the basest and most cruel of Browning's characters.

Behind the spoken thoughts lie vast tracts of mental activity unexpressed. The brain is ceaselessly at work during waking hours. How few of these thoughts are ever expressed! We live within ourselves and are scarcely conscious of our isolation. Even the large vocabulary of the language cannot adequately convey the shades and subtleties of what we would say.

We express ourselves not only in language but in acts. The dynamics of impulse moves us to deeds which can be seen by others. These, too, indicate what we are.

Besides these positive evidences of our real selves, the constant and undisguised expression of our personality can be seen in our face. The word we speak may be spoken to conceal the true thought. The act we do may not express our right attitude—either intentionally or because it is misunderstood. But always through the face and through the eyes we show forth what we are. And as the years go on, more and more there is indelibly stamped upon us what manner of women we have elected to be. By looking closely at the faces in a crowd as they pass in the street we can judge of their past.

If the Creator had ordained that whenever a low or hateful thought entered our minds, the face would be transformed to an ugly old witch; or that when a beautiful and noble thought was in possession of the mind, the countenance would have the appearance of a radiating loveliness, how carefully each thought would be guarded that the world should see always the reflection of pure thoughts, so dependent are we upon the desire to appear well in the eyes of the world.

But the Divine Wisdom decreed otherwise and it is the accumulation of lovely or unlovely thoughts that in time make their imprint upon the face and we at last are known as our true selves.

ANNIE PEPPER VARNEY, '98.

VENICE.

No description of Italy can be complete without some mention of Venice. Naples is picturesque and fascinating, Rome is classic and dignified, Florence is beautiful in situation, lying in the great cup of the Apennines and with a wealth of historical and artistic associations, Milan is rich and prosperous and modern, but Venice is the Enchantress. To the tourist the Queen of the Adriatic is always the "Queen of Hearts." From the moment when he

alights from the long, swift train at the railroad station and steps out from the broad, stone pier into the waiting gondola, Venice begins to weave her spell.

Such a strange situation for a great city—two and a half miles from the mainland, in the Lagune, a shallow bay of the Adriatic. The water is salt and green like the sea, the tide rising about two and a half feet, splashing over the marble steps of the houses and often coming up into the halls and basements.

The one hundred and seventeen small islands upon which the city is built are connected by nearly four hundred bridges mostly of stone and very picturesque. The 15,000 houses and palaces are raised upon piles. The Grand Canal, two miles in length, winds through the city in a shape like the letter S. Of its three bridges the Rialto is the oldest and largest. You can walk all over Venice without wetting the soles of your shoes if you know the way, for there are lanes and passages between the houses and you cross a little bridge every other thing.

Where the 148,000 inhabitants can be stowed away it is difficult to imagine. The houses and palaces are very picturesque with their red tiled roofs and carvings, their overhanging balconies and window gardens. From many of the walled enclosures vines and trees droop to the water's edge.

We reach Venice at dusk, step from the train and follow the porters with our baggage out upon a large, stone wharf. They pile the bags and suitcases all into the same boat with ourselves. There are no cabs or street cars. There is little dust and no noise.

Our pension is the Gregory in an old palace on the Grand Canal, the Barberizo della Tarazza. The front entrance is not used and we are taken around to a side door on another canal. We climb two or three flights of stairs—it seems like coming up out of a cellar. We are courteously welcomed by a grave and dapper little man in evening dress, while behind us an old lady, with brown and wrinkled face, apparently a house servant, to our surprise toils up the long flights with our leaden suitcases and bags.

We are given two large connecting rooms, one fronting upon the Canal, the other looking out over red tiled roofs. We sleep under mosquito netting for the first time in Italy, for the screenless windows open to the floor like doors.

The next day we spend for the most part upon the water, first, in a gondola sailing the whole length of the Grand Canal, seeking with the help of guide book and gondolier to identify the palaces upon either side. The names are most unfamiliar because we know so little of the intricate Venetian history, but one is pointed out as the palace where Robert Browning died in 1889. It is the Ressonica now called the Browning and contains celebrated ceiling paintings.

We visit the great square of San Marco where stands the world-famed Cathedral. The pigeons are much in evidence running and flying about everywhere and feeding on the crumbs scattered by the children and tourists.

The Cathedral is magnificent with frescoes and mosaics, even gold and precious stones being encrusted upon the walls within and without. For centuries when Venice was at the height of her commercial glory, this church was the recipient of costly offerings from the East so that it shines with almost Oriental splendor. Beneath its proud dome the bones of St. Mark are said to be entombed.

Above the main portal, and reached from the interior by a winding stair, we see and touch the four great bronze horses of copper, originally gilded, brought from Constantinople early in the 13th century. These were once taken to Paris by Napoleon as a trophy and placed upon the Arch of Carrousel, but with the passing of Napoleon's power they were restored to Venice. The three tall flagstaffs in front of the Cathedral are today, July 29, hung with

mourning banners, which trail the ground, in memory of King Humbert who was assassinated on that date several years ago.

In the square of St. Marks we see also the great Campanile or bell tower which fell a few years ago and is now in process of reconstruction; also the ancient clock tower with dial of blue and gold upon which two gigantic bronze Moors strike the passing hours as they have done for more than four hundred years.

At the Doge's Palace we wander down the long beautiful colonnade and up the Giant's staircase. We stand on the Piazzetta and gaze up at the lofty twin columns of granite brought centuries ago from the far East. Upon one the winged Lion of St. Marks lifts his great bulk, while the other bears the crocodile of St. Theodore. We look in at the brilliant shop windows, at the Venetian glass and jewelry and rare laces and we rest and eat ices at the famous cafe of Florian's. One afternoon we sail by steamer down to the Lido where all the Venetian world goes bathing in the ocean surf.

But best of all we spend our evenings in the gondola out upon the Grand Canal. Then the all-potent charm of Venice is felt as at no other time. By moonlight it must be glorious, but to us it seems of matchless loveliness in the long rose and purple twilight and under the stars, with the lights gleaming from the palaces and hotels and shining up from the dark water. There is little motion to the boat. The gondolier standing behind us paddles slowly and softly, skillfully avoiding other craft and the corners of buildings. The black gondola seems as if a living thing, moving in a stately way and lifting its graceful prow in conscious pride.

Over the quiet water comes the sound of singing and we follow out where a crowd of gondolas are clustered around an illuminated music boat whence under the flags and lanterns Italian men and women are dispensing the melodies of their native land. The faces are beautiful and the voices very sweet and we linger till the hand-clapping and coin-collecting are over and then move on to make room for newcomers.

Out again, now, we glide over the dark winding water—up past the Church of Maria del Salute gleaming like an immense pearl in the evening light, up beneath the high arch of the Rialto bridge, moving slowly around the trim American yacht at anchor there, the dear stars and stripes trailing at her stern, then down again past the Doge's Palace and the tall columns of the Piazzetta and the majestic dome of San Marco. Slowly homeward now to the Barbarizo, the very palace where Titian once lived and painted, through the deep shadows of the little side canal and around to the stone pier, and, at last, up the long and toilsome stairs to our place of sleep—if sleep will come.

Henceforth for us another shining link is welded into that chain of delicious summer memories. Venice, pearl of the Italian cities, is ours forevermore.

MRS. MARY LOW CARVER, '75.

Dear Girls:

I was in college in the good old days before either co-ordination or the separation of the student body into men's and women's divisions was in vogue. I say the good old days. To me they are good old days, though I realize that to the majority of those now in college such a system would not be called wholly good. The girls were far fewer in comparison with the number of boys then than now. The women's division would have been small indeed if it had been a separate unit.

The whole college was a much smaller and less complicated organization then. The curriculum was less varied and rich in extent, but possibly this was partially atoned for in the intensive character of the work done.

The recitation hours were 8 and 11.30 A. M. and 4.30 P. M., all the classes reciting at these times. This brought the

hours of study for each lesson immediately before the recitation of that lesson, a method which has its advantages—to those who simply cram for a special occasion. The chapel service was at nine o'clock. The girls were favored with the front seats, occupying the first one, two, or three, as their number demanded. At the close of the service the students were dismissed by classes.

The social side of the college was less in evidence than at the present time, as also the athletic, though neither was wholly neglected. The students used to have good times,—they did not study all the time.

I remember that the girls in my class were invited to attend a debate given by the boys on the desirability of coeducation. I recall now nothing of the arguments pro and con; I do not know as I weighed them at the time; but I do know that when called upon to vote on the question I cast my vote in favor of coeducation. I do not remember positively how the whole vote went, but my impression is that the side in favor of coeducation lost; the boys were largely in the majority.

All public declamations, or exhibitions, as they were called at that time, were held in the Baptist Church. The girls were allowed to take part or not as they chose. All might participate, or none, if they so elected.

Such in brief were some of the features of Colby in the days of '81. If they seem crude, remember that they are outworn and that out of them has developed the strong and vigorous organization of to-day, which we are proud to claim as our Alma Mater.

JENNIE M. SMITH, '81.

Dear Editor of Colbiana:

You asked me for a picture of Colby as a college girl of '85 saw it; by the magic wand of such request, the years were swept away and a whole series of views came trooping across my vision.

At the opening of the college term in September of 1881, the front seat of the freshman row in chapel was occupied by four demure maidens who, not boldly nor too timidly, had steered their course past curious eyes and gratefully taken the places gallantly left for them by the men who preferred the rear. In the other front rows were five sophomore girls, one junior, two seniors—thirteen in all who felt a pleasant pride in being received uneffusively " on the same terms as young men."

Dr. Robins presided over the assembly and occupying the chairs to his right and left were Professors Smith, Lyford, Foster, Hall, Warren, Elder, Taylor, and Small.

It was a memorable morning; at once, even before the exercises began, two of us, perfect strangers to each other, with the fine confidence and dashing decision of our teens which puts judgment and its scales to shame, had arranged to become roommates—a partnership that was to last three years, broken only then by the other girl's leaving college on account of illness. From chapel, forth we went to seek a dwelling place, for no friend of girls had then reared for us a home, and though ten years had passed since the college had been made coeducational, we were still considered more as experiments for observation than as valuables for safe deposit. But there was one spot at the very heart of the crossroads—a home with mysterious possibilities of expansion where lived a tutelary angel of Freshmen. Thither we were directed and Miss Sarah Allen took us in. Who does not remember her and her parties, those solemn occasions when as a kind of domesticated high priestess, she offered Freshman victims on the altar of upper class society. Yet many a half-homesick boy and girl had reason to be grateful for her sheltering care.

Latin, Greek, and Mathematics—there was no talk then about an education for revenue only—were the chief of our diet for the first two years; but let no would-be reformer doubt that behind the for-

eign text and algebraic symbol was the inspiration of big-souled instructors. We are sorry for you of later date that you can not remember the gentle voice and jocose spirit of Professor Foster, lightening the heavy Greek text for us by the stories which had each its place of hiding in the printed page; that you did not know "Cosine," named in the calalogue, Laban E. Warren, whose definite method of teaching was matched by a keen yet kindly irony, impelling to better work. As for him who taught us of the Roman tongue,

"I tell you that which you yourselves
do know,"

there was no Roman of them all, who, in our opinion rivaled the half-cynical, altogether adorable proprietor of College Avenue's "little Sabine Farm."

In other subjects, I fancy you learn less by heart than we did; maybe, more by critical analysis. We studied Whately's Rhetoric—I wonder, does anybody now pore over the pages of that little, old, black book—verbatim, punctuatim, even in one examination being set the task of beginning at the beginning and writing as far as we could in the allotted time of three hours and a half. On that occasion, I recall how Professor Smith seeing my pen hesitate in its dashing course, tip-toed to my side and noting where I had halted, sympathetically set me on my way again by repeating in low voice the opening words of the next paragraph.

The next year Whately's Logic was learned similarly. Alas! all that I remember of it now was on a certain left-hand page, half way down. There stood four vivid lines, beginning,

"ba-ba-ra, ca-la-rent, da-ri-i, fe-ri-o;"

the rest of the picture is blurred except for a few detached curiosities, scattered something like this,

"dis-a-mis,
da-ti-so,
fal-ap-ton."

Our course in Literature, if not so far-reaching as that offered to you, was, at least, well grounded. We did not get far along into modern times, we were so desperately thorough with the ancients. We studied Anglo-Saxon till we could translate the Lord's Prayer into good English and then tarried with the originators of our mother tongue. I never hear the name Caedmon without a feeling of close kinship to him, and we might well have regarded Chaucer as our contemporary so long did we amble on with him and his pilgrims toward Canterbury.

In Chemistry, individual laboratory work was optional, but as a class we watched the experiments of Professor Elder, took notes, wrote them up at night, and recited them next day to the long-suffering professor. One could never efface the two pictures; the first, a keen scientist, alert, careful, clear in explaining, accurate, sure; the other, a hearer of recitations, sitting calmly, with unchanging expression, with spirit steeled to endurance, until each of us had essayed a more or less garbled version of his clear-cut statements of the day before; when he had endured all he could from one, without raising his eyes, he would say only and invariably, "That will do, thanks," and pass to the next. But yes, there is a third picture—Professor Elder, the host; to be admitted to his fireside, to his table, was a thing to be proud of. There are some people —and he was one of them—in whose presence you feel yourself rising in your own esteem, who make you both better and greater because they have thought you worthy of their courteous attention. Facts of a lesson will be forgotten, facts of character are impressed forever.

You may imagine that only two or three girls in a class felt out of place among so many college men; on the contrary, we confess to a keen sense of satisfaction in being the minority members of Colby. There was a fine feeling of independence in an atmosphere of protection, due to the splendid spirit of the Colby men; if any of them held traditional views against coeducation, such were never mentioned; and as for the

boys of '85, with whom my lot was cast, there never could have been a more loyal or more protective group, even from the Freshman days when, in blind faith, they chose the four of us their odists, their belief in us inspiring us to song, till the Senior year when I, the sole remnant of the quartette felt the full measure of their brotherly kindness. And then we had " Sam " too, looking after our interests. First to greet us when we arrived, last to shake our hand in leaving, always ready with his chuckle and advice, he breathed the very spirit of the place. More, he met you a returning alumna, told you where you had been and what you had done; he was other than a janitor, he was the god Janus himself, facing both toward your past and your future.

You wonder, perhaps, about our social life in those days when we were scattered in boarding houses in the town. But there was one advantage even in that; it saved us from too great exclusiveness and gave us a better chance to know town people. Besides, because we were few, the ladies of the Faculty regarded us as their protegees. The Reading Club we had with them would not have been nearly so enjoyable had our number been larger and neither could President and Mrs. Pepper who came to us in our Sophomore year, wonderful as was their wealth of hospitality, have become the adopted parents of many more daughters.

To be sure, no dances were then given under college patronage and the Baptist Social was our one legitimate entertainment; but a child without toys better develops ingenuity and there was no lack of devices for the promotion of gayety. Occasionally, pent-up energies sought egress in forbidden paths. The " False Orders " issued by Sophomores on the day of the Freshman Reading we thought then quite a refreshing bit of sinfulness; now I would say they reflected only an impotent desire to sin, revealed the student aspiration to perform some " deed of dreadful note," coupled with an inherently virtuous inability to think of one. However they came to us invariably as the new-awakened impulse of the Spring.

For the quieter pleasures there was always Sigma Kappa and, in season, the boating on the Messalonskee. Whatever else has changed, that is the same for us and for you; the winding stream bright in the sunlight or flecked with the shadows, the green banks, their overhanging trees, our initials cut in their bark, the gently plashing oar, the dripping blade, the lazy, dreamy times, the glad, gay days that were and are.

BERTHA LOUISE SOULE, '85.

Dear Girls of Colby:

In sending you a greeting and a message, what shall I say? That college years are the happiest years? Are they? That college is a preparation for life? It is that, surely, but it is more—it is a part of life, with the richness and dignity of life, its opportunity and its obligation. Do not wait for life while you get ready for it. Enjoy it now, and use it now to the full for growth and worship and service.

Be like the bee that toils to cram her cell with sweetness, but lives on honey day by day.

Be like the squirrel that chatters and nibbles the seeds of the pine, but does not omit to pack his winter storehouse.

Be like the robin that sings in the morning and scratches for a living through the day.

Be like the kingfisher that flits from branch to branch above the stream, ready to plunge for his need or his desire.

Be like the sunshine that gives without stint, and hoards a million years of glory.

Be like the sparrow that follows the summer and praises God under every sky.

Be like the orange-tree that bears flowers and fruit at the same time on the bough—the promise and the fulfillment.

Let laughter and labor go hand in hand.

Let pleasure and kindness walk together.

Prepare for the future, but live in the present.

Now is all the time there is, and it is for each of us the best time. May it be also for every one of you the happiest and most useful time,—a little piece of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

With all best wishes now and always,

Yours for Colby,

LOUISE HELEN COBURN, '77.

Dear Colby Girls:

To write a message from the women of '95 is not an easy task for me. Our worthy President Roberts can tell you that I am not of a literary turn of mind. He can not have forgotten his efforts in leading me through Gerung's Rhetoric and trying to inspire me with a love for writing themes. What memories!

With your new buildings and increased numbers of instructors and enlarged courses of study, I suppose that you girls who are now in Colby are getting much more out of your four years' work than we did. And yet, I feel that we of '95 were greatly blessed in many ways. The struggle for intellectual knowledge, the inspiration toward better living gained from instructors and fellow-students, and the all-round uplift, were some of the things which have meant much in our later lives.

Naturally, my mind pictures the faces of some of the men who led us along the way. None of us can forget our first president, Dr. Small, whose lectures are among my treasures. Some will recall the delightful Greek plays read with Dr. Foster. All had either pleasure or misery in the room where Dr. Warren presided and gave *me* the key to my future career. All, too, found in Dr. Hall a friend, in the search for right references. I would I could pay tribute to them all! Your Dr. Taylor belonged to us, too; and Dr. Marquardt grew weary in teaching us *ei* and *ie*.

I fear that none of us women of '95 has added much glory to her Alma Mater by any especially noteworthy deeds, but each in her "little corner" of the world has tried to live worthily. Five of us have continued, unwaveringly, at the pedagogue's desk. New York City claims two, Lassell Seminary one, Fitchburg a fourth; while your composer is out amid the Berkshires in a delightful town and among homelike folk. Soon after her marriage to Professor Hedman, one—Alice Bray—died. Two others are married; and two more have found their place in life at home caring for their own.

While all of us are of the same family, we are strangers who would not know each other if we met. Nevertheless, we, away, are interested in you and hope you will like to hear from us.

Just now this effort for our Endowment Fund ought to unite us hand and heart. And so I am giving you hearty greetings from the '95 women and all good wishes for success!

LINDA GRAVES, '95.

Dear *Colbiana:*

I am sending greeting to the Colby girls from the frozen south. We speak of the "frozen north" and Maine people understand pretty well what that means, but I never before realized what a tragedy of nature a frost is to a fragile orange or grape fruit orchard. Early in February Florida experienced the coldest night for over twenty years. They still spoke of 1895 as the year of the "Big Freeze" and now 1917 will also be a fatal date in their calendar.

In January the orchards looked like gardens of golden apples. Now the leaves are withered and the frozen oranges, still pleasant to the taste, must soon also wither and fall.

Fortunately Florida has now another annual crop which brings her prosperity. Just as Maine profits from the ocean winds and lake breezes of her brief and lovely summer, Florida makes a mint out of winter sunshine and soft airs.

Northern visitors are coming in such numbers this season that popular resorts are already crowded.

DeLand is a little city, shaded by palms and swift-growing water-oaks, and has a college for men and women, which bears the rather unromantic name of John B. Stetson University. The benefactor, thus honored, is perhaps better known to us as the manufacturer of the famous hat, but he evidently realized that the head was as important as the hat.

Founder's day was recently observed at the college and guests were admitted to the galleries of the large auditorium which serves as Chapel and Assembly Hall. Faculty, students, and guests listened with deep interest to an address on World Politics given by Dr. Shailer Mathews of Chicago University. Dr. Mathews is, as you remember, a graduate of Colby.

Stetson has in general an attractive set of buildings, but the campus, though shaded by flourishing trees, is sandy and rather barren of grass. The palm-hung reaches of the St. John river lie several miles to the east and in spite of our snowy season and lingering spring I prefer the varying moods of the Kennebec to this "land where it is always afternoon." Groves of tall pines, however, remind the Maine visitor of the carelessly guarded glory of his native state.

I send greeting, then, from the pines of the South to those of the North and the Stetson women would doubtless be glad to add their greetings to mine.

Yours in Colby,
FLORENCE E. DUNN,
Colby, 1896.

COLBY WOMEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It was just twenty years last September, when twenty-three cheerful, hopeful young women found their way to Colby. Since the college dormitories, Ladies' Hall, The Dunn House and The Palmer House, could not accommodate the seventy women at that time in college, most of those freshmen settled in various homes in Waterville.

A few fortunate ones, however, were escorted by kind juniors and seniors to their Colby home at Ladies' Hall. What a cordial welcome they received from their older sisters who had been in that home for two or three years. As time passed, there was something about the very atmosphere of the place, and those old-fashioned, attic rooms, with their cozy coal stoves, that suggested happiness. Very often, the big door of Ladies' Hall was thrown wide open for religious meetings, musical entertainments, class parties given to the men of the college, and for many other enjoyable occasions. This home life at Colby would not have been complete, had it not been for the presence of Miss Sawtelle, who with all the kindly dignity of a dean encouraged the women to give their best to their Alma Mater.

Although some of the Colby women were more brilliant than others, all worked hard and faithfully. There was no freedom given in the choice of subjects until the junior year. Yet the study of Latin and Greek for two years gave to the students a power of concentration that made them more efficient later on in life in their chosen line of work. Since Chemical Hall was not ready for use until the fall of 1899, many hours were spent in the old Chemical Laboratory with Dr. Elder, who offered one of the best courses in college. No college woman has forgotten the six hours that she spent on her first Chemistry lesson; the laboratory work in Geology and Mineralogy which was taught by Dr. Bailey, and the good instruction received in Professor Roberts' English classes. Much of the information gained in the various class-rooms has been forgotten, but the highest ideals instilled in the students through the teaching, the character, and personality of all the professors can never be obliterated from the memories of the Colby graduates.

Sixteen years have passed since the

close of the nineteenth century. Some of the women have settled in homes of their own, some have entered the business world, and others have spent their lives in the class-rooms of high schools in Massachusetts. Wherever the Colby alumnae have gone, in education they have compared favorably with the graduates of other colleges, and in power and ability to serve their fellow beings and to raise them to a higher standard of thinking and living, they have not been excelled.

CARRIE M. TOZIER, '00.

Dear Colby Girls:

A voice from 1905 must seem to you girls of today like a voice from the long ago.

You will surely think it a message from the dark ages when you are reminded that no Foss Hall existed prior to 1905. Can you imagine Colby without Foss Hall and Dutton House standing where Foss Hall now stands? Such was the case when the 1905-ers entered college. Why, at that time there were even those who persisted in saying "Dunn House" for Dutton, just as "Palmer House" still comes to my mind instead of Mary Low Hall. After "Dunn House" was moved back to make way for the new dormitory, some excitement prevailed among the girls who had to dash through "Foss Alley," as the passage from Dutton House past the new building came to be known; but dash they must, through flying bricks and mortar, or miss their recitation appointments at the College or their meals at Ladies' Hall.

By the way, is that historic place, Ladies' Hall, still preserved in tradition? It was not only a dormitory, you know, but the girls' dining-room as well, —a dining-room the remodeling of which, with great commotion, is a part of the writer's early Colby recollections. It was in the parlors of Ladies' Hall that the Y. W. C. A. regularly met, a fact which many a girl who served on the "room committee" in her freshman year can vividly recall; for who, having once handled them, could forget those clattering camp chairs? Here, too, Colby's distinguished visitors came sometimes, on Sunday afternoon perhaps, to favor the women with a special address.

It was in this same old structure, moreover, that your music department had its inception, in the form of an occasional piano recital. The credit for these musical affairs belongs to Dean Mathews and Dean Berry, as well as to the performers themselves, among whom your own Mrs. Clarence H. White is gratefully remembered. With this exception, and the fact that the religious meetings naturally tended to develop the musical instinct, it has not been so very long, you see, since music in the Women's Division was fostered largely by the Greek letter societies. One distinct recollection of the musical life comes up just here, the presentation of the cantata "Queen Esther" by college talent, in 1902, as an independent undertaking. With this performance the names of Vera Nash Locke, Edith Bicknell, Leon Saunders, "Spud" Palmer, and others equally faithful, are inseparably connected.

Just as they do now, no doubt, the girls of 1901-1905 period enthusiastically supported intercollegiate football and baseball, and further showed their sporting instinct by indulging more or less in tennis and basketball and even dabbling a little in fencing at the gymnasium under Dr. Frew's direction. But do you realize that there was no regular basketball team in those days? Sports have certainly taken much more definite shape during the last decade. Ivy Day, too, did not become an institution until after our time.

It seems to have been after the dedication of Foss Hall at the 1905 Commencement that many activities began to develop apace. Separate chapel exercises for the women date from this time, for up to then the two divisions had met

together in the Memorial Hall chapel,—boys in the rear of the room and girls in the front,—and a few stray professors on the platform. The chapel hours form a cherished memory now, with the thought of our beloved Professor Warren leading the exercises sometimes and having us sing his favorite hymn, "Jesus, Thy Name I Love;" or perhaps it would be "Rob" (then the redoubtable head of the English department) whose few words, so simple and direct, always went straight home. It was "Rob"—but how dare we speak so familiarly of the President, and yet how refrain from using the title that conveys such warm esteem?—well, then, it was "Rob" who used to hear the rehearsals of the senior and junior parts, and to whose sensible advice and guidance in that connection, as well as in others, a good number of young women, scattered here and there, can gladly testify to-day. While speaking of the Faculty, it is not amiss to say to those who have not a personal recollection of Professor Hedman, that we of the older times are more fortunate than they in having so rich a memory of one who ranked so high as scholar, instructor, and friend. But you still have a number of those to whom we were so much attached, besides the new ones, whose virtues we do not personally know. Some of the women in the times of which we speak may be called especially appreciative of the teaching staff, as Ethel Higgins Beck and Edith Watkins Chester can bear witness.

The literary life of Colby women has probably expanded as rapidly as the other activities. It is within my own recollection that a column was first set apart in the "Echo" for news from the Women's Division. Of course we were represented in the "Oracle," too, but as for "Colbiana," such a thing had not been dreamed of then.

In regard to social times, the receptions and teas have always figured prominently, so far as I know; and the harmless Y. W. C. A. "sociables"—what about them? Do they still fill their place in the undergraduate life? And what of the girl who occasionally receives a convenient invitation from friends residing in town, an invitation which may prevent the breaking of the ten o'clock rule? She is not an isolated specimen, peculiar to any one college or any one epoch. Surely she is found at Colby now as in times past.

When you compare the College now with what it was not many years ago, you may feel that with fewer advantages than you now enjoy, we could not have been really happy. But let me assure you, Colby never was less than Colby, nor can it be more; the joy and the inspiration were always there, and ever will be, contributing to the uplift of American womanhood.

But I must not indulge further in these rambling reminiscences, lest this friendly letter fill too much space in "Colbiana."

All good wishes to the Colby girls of today, and to our College, from

An older sister,
MAY L. HARVEY,
Colby, 1905.

NOTE:—See reference to Ladies' Hall in *A Sketch of the Women's Division.*

The Y. W. C. A. "sociables" still fill an important place in undergraduate life.

Dear Colby Girls:

Ever since I left college, almost nine years ago now, my work, until last fall, has kept me pretty exclusively interested in that class of young people whose privileges and opportunities are legion. Since the first of last September, when I came to the Lewiston W. C. A., I have had many altogether new experiences. It is about the newest one, which I am undergoing just now, that I want to write you.

Do you know anything about Lewiston? Well—it isn't worth knowing much about, although there are some wonderfully fine people here. The city

is about two-thirds foreign, and a very few of the foreigners are Greek girls,—just the prettiest, most interesting girls you can imagine. There are about ninety Greek girls and women in the city. They all live on Lincoln street, the street of the Grand Trunk Station,—a non-aristocratic section of the town, to speak kindly. These girls have been in this country anywhere from a few weeks to several years, and hardly one of them can speak more than a dozen words of our language,—many not even that much. This is their life: They get up at half-past five, eat breakfast, and go to work in the mill or the shoe factory. They get home at half-past five, and, after supper, do a day's housework plus washing, ironing, sewing, and crocheting. To be sure their housework is not done with much respect to the traditional New England neatness, but dishes are washed, food cooked, beds made. This routine is much the same whether a woman is married or not. If she is married and has children, they are usually left during the day with some older woman, who, perhaps, is not physically able to work in factory or mill. These girls very, very rarely go out in the evening. It is not considered proper for them to go without suitable male escort in the way of a father, husband or brother, and such escort often prefers to be at the coffee house.

The Christian Association could not seem to reach these girls by attracting them to its building. So we just decided to go where they were, and to that end we hired a five room tenement in aforesaid shady district. And now every Tuesday and Friday evening, Lulene Pillsbury, Bates, '13, my co-worker, Ellen Aikens, Bates, '17, and I wend our way, despite grave headshakes from some of the less venturesome members of our board, to these rooms, where about eighteen enthusiastic Greek girls come, just hungry and thirsty for our language, which we are trying to give them. Our rooms are not yet cumbered with much furnishings, but they are clean (now), and not unattractive. Our pupils are a revelation to me. Tired out with a day's hard work they come, and, to the best of their untrained ability, pay keen attention to the proceedings of their instructors, whose ability in this line is also untrained.

Our venture is new. But we believe the work is needed, and a definite need, plus a real desire to meet it, usually means success in the truest sense.

Very cordially,
NETTIE RUNNALS, 1908.

COLBY WOMEN IN 1910.

The life of the Colby women of 1910 was fourfold—intellectual, religious, social, and athletic.

Intellectually, life was somewhat strenuous, for all the courses from "Freshman math." to "Senior Shakespeare" demanded this. At that time there was no ten o'clock rule and midnight oil was often liberally burned.

The religious life centered around the Y. W. C. A. Every Tuesday evening the girls gathered in the Assembly room at Foss Hall for the regular devotions or to listen to some speaker. And very popular were such speakers as the secretaries of the National Y. W. C. A., the city pastors, and men and women who came to tell of their work. The Cabinet was a busy, efficient body and many a Strawberry Festival, Easter sale or five o'clock tea originated therein. The class of 1910 in its senior year laboriously made up the Y. W. C. A. budget, a thing hitherto unknown. Has it survived? Silver Bay banquets and rallies fostered our acquaintance with our sister colleges in the State, and were occasions of general good cheer.

Socially, pleasures were many, beginning with the autumn receptions and Colby Day and ending with the joys of Commencement. And in between came vespers, and teas, and circuses, and mock trials, and plays, and debates, to say nothing of Kappa Alpha and Chi Gamma Theta feasts, and class rides, and pic-

nics, and snow shoeing parties, and skating on the Kennebec, and canoeing on the Messalonskee. The class of 1910 under Miss Bass' direction was the first to hold the May-day festivities. After costume dances and the Maypole, the seniors, with great pomp and ceremony, planted the ivy and gave the trowel into the hands of the juniors. Subsequent classes have informed us that said ivy turned out to be a woodbine and whether it has been permitted to grace the walls of Foss Hall we dare not ask.

Much interest was taken in athletics and there was great rivalry in interclass basketball, though tennis was perhaps the most popular form. A bowling alley was installed behind the tennis courts one year, but it was so much used that its life was short and was, I believe, never replaced.

When 1910 entered college, Foss Hall was practically new; Dutton House was occupied by a private family and Mary Low Hall was simply Palmer House.

Time brings changes but the fundamentals of love, loyalty, happiness and friendship remain the same through the years.

LILLIAN LOWELL,
Colby, 1910.

NOTE:—The Y. W. C. A. budget has survived.

Dear Girls:

To most of you if not all of you, Lillian Carll is merely a name, so you will have rather a disinterested interest in what I have done since leaving college in 1912. Teaching had always been the height of my ambition, so I turned to that for occupation in the fall of 1912. My guardian angel surely guided the choice involved for I spent two of the happiest years of my life at Maine Central Institute.

In the spring of 1914, I decided to accept a place in the Commercial Department of Portland High School. Portland was home, and that appealed strongly, so I came and here I have stayed these three years. The change from Maine Central Institute was beyond words, but now I am enjoying this work immensely. School life is quite different, due to circumstances. Twelve hundred pupils of city type are quite different from three hundred and fifty in a private school. Social life is especially different. Each class has a dance during the school year. At Thanksgiving time we have Alumni night. The Glee Club, Orchestra and Public Speaking pupils furnish entertainment in rooms down stairs. Dancing is enjoyed in the Assembly Hall, and at intermission the football heroes are rewarded with their letters. This is the big event of the year for Alumni.

The parents have a day all their own some time in the spring when the building is thrown open to them. This is another brilliant occasion.

Still another,which the students enjoy, is the Cadet's drill and ball. We have just enjoyed that function and I wish you could have seen the enthusiasm with which the Cadets in squads of eight each scaled a ten foot wall. The winning squad got every man over in a little more than nineteen seconds.

The spring will bring its Senior Class Play and preparations for Commencement. Then another school year will have ended. We wish that next fall could see the completion of our wonderful new building, but we must wait for that till September, 1918.

If all 1912 graduates feel as I do there will be a grand fifth reunion in June and there we'll get acquainted with you girls still in college.

Greetings in Colby spirit,
LILLIAN CARLL.

Dear Colby Girls:

Maine has many points of distinction —the greatest, I believe, is the fact that she turns out one of the largest corps of school teachers of any state in the great U. S. A.. The pedagogical ranks all over the country are annually recruited from the practically never-ending sup-

ply. This crop must nearly, if not quite, equal the annual output of "spuds"! Last year I was the single Maine representative in this part of the state but this year I can share my responsibility with another Maine teacher, a Wellesley girl, from Portland.

Salem is a girls' school of about 550 students—the oldest girls' school in the South and one of the oldest in the country, having been founded in 1802. The faculty, including the clerical force, numbers about 60 members. Salem is located in Winston-Salem, a city of 35,000 inhabitants. Winston-Salem, which is now one city, originally consisted of the two towns Salem and Winston. Salem, the old part of the city, is very quaint and interesting, having no industries along its sleepy old streets while Winston is young and thriving and very "nouveau riche." Winston-Salem, as is well known, is one of the greatest tobacco markets in the world. The R. J. Reynolds Company, alone, manufactures 42,000,000 cigarettes daily. Every day the "Prince Albert Special" leaves the city with from 15 to 30 cars, laden with tobacco products. The city postoffice, a beautiful building of white marble, costing $250,000, was paid for in eight days by the receipts from the revenue stamps used on the packages of tobacco and cigarettes.

To return to the school—it was founded by the Moravian church which is one of the smallest and oldest of Protestant denominations. The Moravians are a people who are unusual only in the fact that they still hold to many of their old customs which other people have abandoned. These customs are very beautiful and quaint. An excellent orchestra and band is maintained by the young men of the church and one of their duties is to announce from the belfry of the church, by playing three grand chorales, any death that may have occurred in the congregation. Burial does not take place in family groups but according to sex and age, and the stones are all laid flat on the graves and exactly alike, typifying the common equality of man.

Six or eight times during the year, on the anniversary of some church event, a Love Feast is held, when all the people meet together, enjoy a song service and eat German pretzels or buns and drink large mugs of coffee. It does not in any way take the place of Communion but is simply a manifestation of brotherly love. Easter is the great time of the year—people come from all over the country to attend the Easter morning services, held at sunrise in the beautiful old grave-yard. The sight is impressive—a crowd of from 12,000 to 15,000 people, the Bishop's clear cut voice reading the Scripture, and the sun just rising over the grand old trees. The school itself, although surrounded by this "old world" atmosphere is as modern as any of our northern schools and has a high standard of work.

It seems very hard to realize that Maine has been buried in snowdrifts for so many weeks. While this has been an unusually cold winter for the south, we have had violets and crocuses in bloom since January, play tennis and basketball out of doors, and today are enjoying late spring weather.

I trust that 1917 will be a most happy year for all Colby daughters.

Sincerely yours,
HAZEL YOUNG,
Colby, 1914.

Dear Colby Girls:

Once in a while in my travels, I meet one of the 1912 girls, and the instant that I see that familiar face I am filled with a childish delight, for I am carried back to my sobby freshman days when my lump of homesickness was stopped by a piece of cake from Jennie Reed's box or forgotten in the joy of dancing with Ethel "Gil." Those senior girls represented the college to me; nothing else mattered. And what splendid girls they were—capable, winning and talented—true American girls. And when

they had gone, I seemed to see the same traits in the girls of 1913, and of 1914, and when my own class was ready to step aside, I was sure that in the girls I had known four years were the same strong, winsome personalities. Surely the college had made the girls; she had fashioned them in her own image—but wait!

My memory-book has been my inspiration for this writing—and my despair. How is one to crowd the throbbing experiences of four years into a few hundred words? I can only mention a few things which will prod your imagination and suggest to you all the memories of Colby days. Athletics stand foremost in my early remembrance, athletics that were exceedingly wholesome and important. Dean Bass was rigorous in her administration of this and the strenuous basketball, boom-travel, and grasshopper dances were gloriously displayed in open " gym " and on Ivy Day. The vesper services of my first year were memorable. There was special music by a vested choir and addresses by several of the noted Episcopal rectors of the state. Don't you remember the somber light of the old chapel on that spring day when we had trudged up to the campus in the rain with the tassels of our caps flipping into our eyes? And can't you see the U. B.'s high on the bulletin board as we came out?

During the second year came the first rumblings of " Lights Out at Ten." Long and bitter was the warfare. The time was not ripe for student government and from the view point of principle the project was a failure.

Social activities took the form of Sunday musicales, an occasional basketball banquet and dance, or a sewing party. If Marion Whipple gets an eye on this she can tell you the exact brand of punch used.

It seems but yesterday that we sat in the dining-room and heard Belle Tapley Smith say, " There's a new girl in the hall, and she's so very shy that we want a hearty welcome for her. Her name is Colbiana." How we rushed out and how gladly we received her! " Colbiana " has become a vigorous woman now but we recognize in her the thought and purpose of her girlhood.

1913 was a great Silver Bay year and the state banquet was a festive occasion. We listened gravely to the speeches and then in the privacy of our rooms decided that our girls had the best ones; Colby girls always could talk.

When I think of " As You Like It " I get a vision of Emily's Titian locks and Edith Washburn's clever interpretation as Touchstone, for we were devotees of Shakespeare in that day.

With the advent of Dean Greenough and the junior year—always the most significant—there was mutiny. We were Yankees, born and bred New Englanders, and we couldn't relinquish the open country by day or by night and we couldn't take a chaperon every time we went down to Hagar's for an ice-cream. Our Indian blood rose, and ebbed only when one of the 1912 girls came back to us. Although we often forgot and called her Florence, we respected her effort and she was no less effective because a comrade.

This was the year of the tremendous religious awakening, beginning with speculation as to the candidate who should represent Colby women at Kansas City and ending with the week of meetings held by Mr. Herrick. Those who were closest to the great movement thrill now at the hymns, the faltering testimonies, and the influence of that awakening. I have only to shut my eyes and hear " The Son of God Goes Forth to War " and see the Assembly Room crowded with moist-eyed girls determined to know what was best for them in this crowded curriculum of life.

Colby Day of 1913 was a gala day, for two innovations appeared—Colby song books, and Emily's pageant, a sketch of the college history.

With winter and soup came the Anti-Fat Club, Butter Spat, Schlimmen and Kewpie, who fasted a week and then

broke training at the Royal, and went home to practice reducing exercises.

Spring brought the Glee Club with the firelight scene " Dreaming " and Marjorie Scribner singing " Laddie." O, yes, I nearly forgot " And when you call the roll each day, we'll answer with 'Ici;' " and then, when we were recuperating by delicious morning snoozes, while long suffering roommates smuggled rolls and frankfurts to our bedside, " Prexy Rob " came over and insisted to " Fat " Steward that no girl could bloom without her breakfast, to which " Fat " calmly replied, " Look at me."

The pageant of my last year was a survey of women in all centuries. What an Oriental bride was " Tony " and how she danced! Then there was Mary as Laughing Water and Katharine as the Greek goddess and Lena as Queen Bess —and how lovely they all were!

Five of us went up to the Occupational Conference at Simmons and when we came back we set everybody to knitting. A big box of gray and blue mufflers was finally ready for shivering Belgium; the stitches were in some cases askew, but the fingers that knit them were very willing.

Friendly visiting was then a favorite form of social service but I think the sewing school for the city children had the greatest hold on us. There were eighty or more little tots who flocked to the old G. A. R. Hall every Saturday and wrought marvelous garments under our guidance. Who can forget little Rosie Von Allstein as she rubbed her tiny hooked nose and said, " Naw, I can'd sew wid' a dimble."

We had now reached the point where as a body of college women we sought expression in some big, moving project and at Dean Carll's suggestion, the Women's League was organized. Ina can probably repeat the first draft of the constitution by heart. Perhaps the House Council was the most important branch of the new League, for it relieved the tension of rule. Social life was enlivened by the monthly meetings and, since everybody took part in the organization, the trend was away from the clique and toward democracy.

How can I tell of all that year's activities; the tea for the Maine girls after that glorious defeat by Ginger and his following, the girls' baseball team that played in the new field, the Japanese Operetta, the Girls' Conference at Portland where Helen was the hero in the Colby blaze, the Bible classes, Ethelynde Smith's concert, Mrs. White's musicale, faculty teas, President and Mrs. Roberts' reception and many other things that we shall remember when, as Ethel said, " we wear black silk and lace caps."

Our generation was a period of revolution. In our day the parlor of Foss Hall was papered; a new set of dishes slowly replaced the " far-flung battle-line " of green-leaved wear; and the magazines in the reading room were put into folders. Isn't that enough to make any class significant?

Through all my memories there stands a figure that cannot be separated from Colby girls—" Butty," who stands like the Rock of Gibralter as freshmen come and seniors go. She is the terror of freshmen and the delight of everyone else. She has the biggest heart in the world and hundreds of lives pay tribute to her influence. Who shall say that she who fed our bodies is not as great as they who nourished our intellect?

After only two years as an alumna I hardly recognize the atmosphere when I go back. Aside from the fact that the familiar faces are gone, there is a difference—a steady moving stream of new motives and impulses is before me. As I watch the evidences of this new ideal I feel that it is the girl who makes the college; she fashions it in her own image. And then with broader thought comes the revelation that the college and the girl shape each other; the girl makes Colby but Colby makes the woman. I am glad that I played a part in this great period of transition; we had the inspiration of a noble past; we caught the vision of a future more won-

derful than that past—a vision of democracy and service and womanhood that will be realized to-morrow in the lives of Colby's daughters.

DOROTHY NEWMAN WEBB,
Colby, 1915.

Dear Colby Girls:

I came to Colby in the benighted days when there were no Colby girls, only Colby men: but they were fine men and as the wife of their young minister I learned to value Colby men as the men of the future. They had lots of good sense and went out and found for themselves, each a fine mate for a Colby man, so that when I next came back to Maine, the sons and daughters of those Colby men peopled the College—boys and girls according to the Divine plan, and from that very time I and many another began to "live large." I added to my own life the lives of the finest sort of women in our land; a flowing stream of them, renewed every year from the fountain of American homes and schools.

Young developing lives with all their hopes and ambitions swelling, budding, and blooming before me. At first our home was near the college, and was, to the girls, a real home. One sofa in particular was a veritable "Sanctum Sanctorum" where sympathy was abundant for either tears of sorrow or shouts of gladness. Every home we had after that was a blessed home. On College Avenue, Appleton Street, or Pleasant Street, we found threads of gold that bound us to the Colby boys and Colby girls.

Later a college girls' class for Bible Study came to glorify the whole thing. Fifty, sixty names on the roll call—women of the very best sort, those who did not plan to leave religion out of their college course. They were girls who chose to identify themselves with a church and Sunday School during the four years away from home,—both for what they could get from and what they could give to the church, and, through the church, the town and the community. They made citizens of themselves of no mean rank for those four years as I can testify. They had splendid class spirit—seniors for seniors—each class in emulation seeking what was best for the college as well as the church.

On the side of the girls it was beautiful, on the side of the teacher it was inspiring as well as humbling. Responsibility either builds you up or bowls you over. If it had been mathematics, the languages, or the sciences, a teacher would have proudly faced such a class of women, but it meant far more to look into the faces of girls, eager for spiritual guidance, ready to know what lesson may be drawn of practical value from the Bible selections,—really hungry for the Bread of Life.

Two, four, six or more pews full of honest young girlhood! The flower of the land! (for in all the years among them I found only an infinitesimal portion of trash). The sight would cause me to exclaim, My parterre! My girls! Accent on girls, emphasis on the my,—ictus on the combination.

Up the street and down the street, in my home and in my church, those girls have been to me like pure warm sunlight. Wherever those girls are at this moment, in distant continents and islands of the sea and in every nook and corner of this continent, they are shining lights as well as light bearers and I can call many of them over to me by name and almost hear their loving greetings.

How good God was to me letting me touch their lives once as I did. Bless all Colby girls, past, present, and to come. I dare to call them all mine for the blessing they have proved themselves, and will prove in the days to come.

ANNIE G. PEPPER.

Prof. Chester (in Zoology): "The word 'bug' is used too extensively. There are, in reality, only a few 'bugs.'"

Bright student: "Why is a bug a bug, when the other bugs aren't?"

An Appreciation of Miss Coburn's Poems

Among Colby women, there have been many whose success has brought great credit to their Alma Mater, but none deserve more honor than Louise Helen Coburn. She is a representative of the finest type of womanhood that Maine has produced. The daughter of a distinguished family, she has improved all the opportunities that have come to her. In the days when the privileges of higher education were first open to women she came to Waterville and prepared for college under Dr. Hanson at the school which later (through the interest and benefactions of her family) became known as Coburn Classical Institute. In 1873, Miss Coburn entered Colby, being among the pioneer women in college. The work that she and her associates did gave the women a standing in the college that at once placed them on an equality with the men. Feeling the lack of social life, Miss Coburn was one of the founders of the society of Sigma Kappa, which has become a national sorority.

In later life, Miss Coburn has been interested in and actively connected with many literary, educational, and religious movements for the betterment of the people in the community and the state in which she has lived. She is an enthusiastic botanist, a public spirited woman, and a true philanthropist, as well as a woman of marked intellectual and literary attainments. Her poetic talent is shown in the volume of poems which recently have been published under the title, "Kennebec." These poems are especially pleasing, because they are not the studied effort of an aspirant for poetic fame, but the natural expression of a life filled with appreciation of the beautiful and the true, the flowering of native genius nurtured by truest culture.

Miss Coburn's poems are all lyrical, expressing her thoughts and feelings concerning the things that most vitally interest her. The first note she stikes is one of loyalty to her native state. In fact, the first poem, and the one from which the volume takes its title, is "Kennebec," a charming tribute to that beautiful river so dear to us all. This loyalty reaches its climax in "A Song to Maine" in which the author voices the feeling

MISS LOUISE HELEN COBURN.

of all in this "sunrise outpost of the land."

"The Pine Tree State—may she lead the way
Through twilight shades to brighter day,
With God as guide, whate'er betide,
Maine leads—may she lead alway!"

As one reads these poems, one sees everywhere the writer's love of nature and appreciation of natural beauty wherever she finds it. She shows her familiarity with the wild flowers, even the "Calypso" of which she says,

"None but eyes of eager lover
Can her hiding place discover."

The birds are likewise her friends.

Her spirit seems to be in tune with their every song. Woods, mountains, and sea, all make their appeal to her and have a message for her listening ear. What could be more delicate than "Afterglow on the Jungfrau," a little poem of four lines?

"The sun, whose going left but now
A shadow on his sweetheart's brow,
Relenting, back a love-kiss throws,
And straight the lily maid turns rose."

In all her poems Miss Coburn shows her artistic sense. Everywhere harmony, proportion, and appreciation of color are evident. To her, Nature is the master artist, as she expresses it in one of her poems,

"Nature knew color before artists did,—
The key of her palette stays a mystery hid."

The author most truly reveals herself in her ethical poems. Here we see her nobility of soul and breadth of vision. The finest and most comprehensive expression of her philosophy is found in "Values," which expresses the superiority of the ideal over the real.

"So may we mount on spirit wings
Above the ebb and flood of things,
And finding what in part we sought
Requickened in the eternal whole,
May learn the primary of thought,
And own the sovereignty of soul."

One of the most beautiful as well as most inspiring of the poems is "Hope." The similes in this poem remind one of Shelley's "Skylark," as the author compares the heart to "a plant frost-bound," "a grub in the earth," and "a bird wind-driven." With this cheerful strain she concludes:

"To my heart sings hope,—
After storm comes calm,
After the wound the balm,
After the strife the palm."

Miss Coburn is always optimistic and beautifully expresses her thought in "The Optimist,"

" 'God's Good,' I said, 'spoke at creation's morn
Was a red rosebud laid on Earth's young breast,
Which the long day will, spite of worm and thorn,
Uncurl to Better, open wide to Best.' "

The breadth of the writer's sympathies and her interest in present-day things is shown by the poems suggested by the war, "The Knitters" and "New Vision" in which she says,

"Nations that walk in flame
Shall a new vision know;
Out of the pit the same
Never their souls shall go,
But in the valley of the shadow find
That Fathers' hand they lost when they were blind."

Perhaps the most profound impression which these poems produce is made by the deeply religious spirit which appears in so many of them, a spirit which is in perfect harmony with God, recognizing always the love and goodness as well as the power of the Supreme Ruler of the universe. The perfect confidence of the writer inspires us to believe that,

"He that hath promised it shall bless;
What hath been spoken shall be done;
It shall not fail that David's son
Shall rule the world in righteousness
In God's own time."

Adelle Gilpatrick.

"Maine's Jewels."

By Louise Helen Coburn.
(Reprinted by permission.)

When Maine salutes the opening spring,
Bright hues awake like birds in the nest,
A glint of sky in the bluebird's wing,
A flash of sun on the oriole's breast.
Young green of the budding year is blent
With the willow's gold and the apple's rose,
And to blossom and bud and bird is lent
Such light as the opal's bosom shows—
An opal is spring in Maine.

Hotly, in Maine's brief summer-time,
The sweet air swims over meadows lush,
And billows of hurrying verdure climb
Valleys where crystal rivers rush.
Blue is the sky and black by turns,
When lightning leaps from the clouds uphurled,

And after noise green silence burns
With dazzle of sun on a wet green world—
An emerald is summer in Maine.

When autumn touches the hills of Maine,
Then nature mixes a palette bold,
With chrome and madder her woods to stain,
To paint her rivers vermilion and gold.
There are purple and umber and ochre to choose,
With silver of hoar-frost and yellow of sheaf,
A gamut of colors, a chorus of hues,
And the key is a crimson maple leaf—
A ruby is autumn in Maine.

When arctic winter comes to Maine,
From the gates of morning the storm-winds blow,
And drape each scar and seam and stain
With a radiant robe of the driven snow.
Life flies to cover before the cold,
Heat is discrowned in the kingdom of light;
And flush of dawn and noonday gold
Are frozen fires in a world of white—
A diamond is winter is Maine.

Maine wears a regal diadem,
With jewels set of the seasons four,
And would not miss from her crown one gem
For the palm and the vine of a softer shore;
And would not a lesser octave sing
For the tune and the croon of a languid land
Which dreads not winter nor dreams of spring,
By the breath of endless summer fanned—
Queen of the year is Maine.

The Lost Spell.

Grey with haze the wooded hill
And at its foot a ruined mill.
You take the wide white thoroughfare
That disappears and you are there,
There where the wizard works his will
And all is still.

Many a path in solitude
Winds its way along the wood;
Hark, a far voice, faint and clear,
" Follow, follow, follow here."
Not another soul has heard,
But, obedient to the word
You thread the hillside up to the blue
And then go through.

O devious the track
That goes winding through the wood,
Sometimes very steep and hard
Strewn with shard
And the sky is lost
And looking back
I count the cost,
But the quest is good.
Doubt asks " Do I not journey wrong?
It is so long."

Then comes the far voice faint and clear,
" Follow, follow, follow here."
There are briers to tear the feet
But the brier rose is sweet.
There are stones that cut and bruise;
Thanks for healing of the dews.
And the blue withdraws so dark and far;
Blessed be the one white star,
And I follow, follow, follow as I choose.

Came one morn to the ruined mill
Where the wizard works his will
One who stifled the desire
That smote his heart like a coal of fire,
Was it a voice that he had heard,
Was it a word?
An idle word that nothing meant.
Back he went.

Yet another day he came
To kindle ashes into flame,
Found once more the ruined mill
Where the wizard works his will
Sending men upon their quest—
One by the east and one by the west
To thread the hillside up to the blue
And then go through.
Not an echo for his ear,
" Follow, follow, follow here."
Grey the haze upon the hill
And all was still.

ALICE COLE KLEENE, '98.
Atlantic Monthly.

The Blossoming of Patricia-the-Less

(First Prize.)

Without a doubt the most inconspicuous little person in Colby was the meek and modest freshman who bore the astounding name of Patricia Pennypacker Payne. For both name and nature she was indebted to one Aunt Patricia, a maiden lady of undecided antiquity but of very decided opinions concerning the world in general, and small Patricia in particular. Because Aunt Patricia wore high-necked, small-waisted, brown merino dresses when she was a girl, Patricia-the-Less wore just such dresses in the enlightened age of low necks and no waists at all. Because Aunt Patricia believed that young people should be seen and not heard, Patricia-the-Less was sometimes seen but never heard, and, because Colby had been burdened with Patricia-the-Great at some time in the dim past, solely for that reason came to Colby Patricia-the-Less. Not that she objected to Colby—Patricia would no more have objected to Colby than to the brown merino dresses or the painful coiffures prescribed by Aunt Patricia. Indeed, she even thought that life at Colby could not be less absorbing than life in Aunt Patricia's huge, dark, old house with its shiny, haircloth parlor set, the row of gilt-framed ancestors in the hall, and the constant companionship of a certain Miss Gillis to whom had been intrusted the young girl's early education.

Patricia-the-Less had read stories about college and had her own rosy views on the subject. Of course she had never dared hope that some mystic midnight would find her sitting cross-legged on a pillowy college couch consuming pickles and fudge and discussing the topics of the day with other cross-legged, fudge consumers. Patricia felt that for a person doomed to wear brown merino dresses, barely two inches from the floor, such bliss could never be. Nevertheless, she felt that an atmosphere of burnt fudge and giggles would be an exhilarating substitute for the musty, dusty atmosphere akin to the daily life of Aunt Patricia and Miss Gillis.

So Patricia-the-Great, Patricia-the-Less, and Miss Gillis came to Colby. On the afternoon of her arrival little Patricia sat on the unmade bed of a " nice, quiet " Pie Alley single and watched Aunt Patricia hang the despised brown dresses on the Pie Alley single's hooks. At the same time she conscientiously reviewed Latin verbs for the satisfaction of Miss Gillis. In the discharging of her duties concerning Patricia, Miss Gillis was conscientious to the nth degree. When the hooks were filled, the bed made, and the last instructions fully given, the two guardians of her youth departed, leaving Patricia-the-Less in a new and bewildering atmosphere, mentally fit but socially like unto a country daisy transplanted to Broadway.

There were girls on every side of her, big girls and little; girls with curly hair that she envied, girls without curls whom she pitied, but all were happy, smiling, and contented. There wasn't a brown merino dress in the lot. At first, they were nice to her, and one or two talked to her with rather indifferent success, for Patricia-the-Less was very shy, and this new happy-go-lucky atmosphere of friendliness was bewildering. So, because Miss Gillis had not included in her preparatory course the art of making friends, and, because the girls were too busy and too much absorbed in their own affairs to investigate the history of Patricia-the-Less, the young person gradually became only a small, brown shadow that appeared regularly at mealtime and was sometimes seen flitting about the campus or half hidden in some musty corner of the library. No one ever bounced into her Pie Alley single to borrow pins or handkerchiefs

or French books; no one bothered to see the real beauty in her big gray eyes or to wonder how pretty she would be if the brown dress were blue and the light hair curled around her face. In fact, no one discovered the little brown shadow until opportunity came to the rescue of Patricia-the-Less.

For almost a whole year, Patricia-the-Less was in Colby but not of it. Each day was exactly like the day before and the tomorrow,—lessons that she always knew by heart and meals that came to be almost as familiar, and, in between, long hours with her books and her dreams. In that long year a great ambition developed and grew in the heart of the little brown shadow. It was a wild, impossible idea—an ambition to do something big for her college. At first, the ambition was prompted by the selfish desire for favor with the girls and the longing to emerge from her little brown shell into a beautiful, blossoming flower. But, in time, the inevitable, bound-to-get-you loyalty of the place crept under the brown merino waist and took root in her warm little heart. The selfish wish vanished forever and to do something for Colby became the great ambition of Patricia-the-Less.

Spring came at last. Inside and out the big Hall blossomed. Aunt Patricia called into summer quarters all the brown merino dresses, and, on the Pie Alley single's hooks, hung a row of thin, brown, lawn dresses. Patricia-the-Less had emerged, but had not blossomed.

Now when the days grew longer and the grass grew softer there was but one topic of conversation in the dining-room, on the porch, and behind the hymn books in chapel. In all minds there was but a single thought—the presentation of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* which was to be given on the terrace behind the Hall, sometime in June, by the female population of the college. Tall girls who aspired to doublet and hose were learning Orlando's lines. Pretty girls who thought their hair might look well hanging over their shoulders filled every corner of the Hall with the word of Rosalind. Lured on by dreams of satin gowns, of jeweled slippers, of foot-lights and paint, to say nothing of honor and glory, feminine Colby studied poetry with a fervor that shamed the memory of Mid-Year agonies.

Patricia-the-Less caught the fever too. Having no thought of "trying out," she learned the verses at random and then, falling in love with the poetry, learned it without fear or favor all the way through. Many lazy afternoons she spent in the warm Pie Alley room repeating the words of the play. Now she was the ardent young Orlando seeking his lady love; again she was the mischievous Touchstone artfully twisting the love poems hung to beguile the ladylove. Oftenest, however, she was the ladylove herself, sometimes teasing, sometimes sad, but always the fascinating Rosalind. No longer was she the little brown shadow but a slender, winsome mischief-maker who sat on a tree trunk and wooed her lover amid the green stillness of the Arden wood. Indeed Patricia-the-Less caught the fever so violently that, when the few were chosen from the many and the college had relinquished dramatic delusions for ball games and ice-cream sodas, she did not lose her enthusiasm. At every rehearsal there was an uninvited but attentive audience of one. Hidden behind a back bench in the chapel or behind the hedge when the rehearsals were shifted to the terrace she took it all in. In the evening, when the girls were strolling, arm in arm, through the gathering twilight or sat in comfortable groups on the broad piazza, Patricia-the-Less conducted her own private rehearsals in the quiet Pie Alley single.

The night before the play arrived and with it a sort of subdued excitement, for fathers and mothers and "best young men" from near and far were coming to witness the wonderful performance. Aunt Patricia and Miss Gillis were also to be "among those present." A final dress rehearsal with the full equipment of curls and paint and footlights had

been held on the terrace. Little quivers of excitement and anxiety chased up and down Patricia's spine as she watched with wide open eyes from her lookout behind the hedge. In some mysterious way, Patricia-the-Less felt a responsibility for the success of the whole affair.

The Hall was just doing its hair up in curl papers and praying for a clear day when a hurried knock sounded on the door behind which dwelt Miss Lane, the teacher who was coaching the play. In response to her invitation a tall and very much agitated young person dashed into the room. It was the Orlando of the morrow.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Miss Lane," she began, "but we are all so worried. Judith just slipped and sprained her ankle. It is very much swollen and she can't step on it at all. What shall we do? I never heard of a Rosalind on crutches. We'll just have to give it all up," she finished slowly.

Miss Lane's face reflected her visitor's agitation. Surely this was the last straw, for Judith was her Rosalind. Together they hurried down the hall and joined the anxious group around the prostrate Judith.

"Run down to the linen closet and get me some bandage cloth," directed Miss Lane, taking charge of affairs.

The tall Orlando, looking very "un-Orlandoish" in her kimona and curl papers ran in the direction of Pie Alley and the linen closet. Halfway down the Alley she stopped abruptly before a closed door and listened. From the open transom were coming familiar words. The tall girl dragged a chair and some huge books from the room opposite. With these she erected a temporary watch tower against the door and cautiously climbed up. From the top of her tottering perch, she could see through the transom down into the room. What she saw was a private performance of a private Rosalind. On the edge of the couch sat a little figure with fluffy hair and eyes that were very large and bright in the flickering candle light that filled the room. Her slender figure was draped in something soft and white and silky and her arms were bare. The words were exact, the voice clear and sweet, and the gestures wonderfully graceful. With a little cry of surprise, of delight, and relief, the tall girl tumbled from her uncertain position and fairly fell into the room. A few minutes later, she burst into the ever increasing number of mourners around the fallen heroine, almost dragging a natural, yet strangely unnatural, little figure.

"Bandages I have none," she cried gleefully, "but behold friends, Romans and countrymen, I have found for thee a Rosalind!"

* * * * *

The audience was assembled under a clear, June sky, laughing and nibbling candy as audiences will. Near the front sat Aunt Patricia and Miss Gillis. They were in a state of limp excitement and they neither laughed nor nibbled candy. Behind the green curtain the scene was set. The last satin gown was hooked up the back, the last hairpin tucked in, and the last speck of powder in its proper place. On a green bench sat a transformed Patricia-the-Less with her hands folded quietly in her lap. In spite of the wonderful low necked gown with "most a mile of train," in spite of the curls, the jewels, and the paint, she was very calm. It was not the praise of the girls or the flattery of the teachers that had conquered her natural shyness, but the words that understanding Miss Lane whispered in her ear:

"This is your opportunity to do something for Colby. You can and you must."

Her long cherished ambition was to be realized. Opportunity had come to the rescue of Patricia-the-Less.

With the appearance of the slender white satin figure, the audience stopped laughing and nibbling, and Aunt Patricia straightened up. There was something so piquant and so appealing in her big gray eyes, her voice, and her capti-

vating sweetness, that they loved her at once. After the first little wave of fear, she was perfectly at home and happy for the first time in her lonely, brown merino life. She was the real Rosalind, all smiles and pouts and slender grace. At the close of the performance the audience called her back again and again as though regretting to lose sight of the little figure. The brown merino bud was cast aside forever, and, instead, there blossomed a radiant Rosalind.

After the excitement and noise, Patricia-the-Less lay on the couch in the narrow Pie Alley single, and tried to think it all over. It was nothing more than a confused memory of music, light, and many people who whispered nice things to her. The girls had kissed and complimented her. Already three had asked to be her roommate next year, and, had she accepted all the fudge party invitations, suddenly would have ended the career of Patricia-the-Less. And Aunt Patricia—well, Aunt Patricia was so pleased and so proud that she forgot not to show it. Moreover the Pie Alley single's hooks, now empty, but waiting to be filled with real girlish, summery dresses of Patricia's own selection, were a mute but eloquent witness to Aunt Patricia's condition. Of the whole evening there was but one speech that remained clear and distinct in Patricia's mind. They were the words of the president who said as he took her hand,—

"The pinch hitter is the valuable person. You did a big thing for Colby tonight."

The events of the night became more and more blurred in her mind. The music and the voices slowly died away, and, with a contented sigh, Patricia-the-Less floated off into dreamland. There was only silence in the Pie Alley single.

There was a young girl named Dottie
Who was exceedingly naughty;
She pulled the cat's tail,
And made the kid wail,—
Oh! what will she do when she's forty!

The Wayside Spring.

Hard by the dusty, country road,
Cool dripping from its oaken spout,
While all the summer burned and glowed,
A crystal spring came bursting out.

"It never dries"—the rustic said;
"It's running all the year around;
No heat can reach its fountain head;
Its streams are fetched from underground."

With gleaming eyes and flowing hair,
As pure as Dian' and as hale,
The rustic maid came singing there,
And bore away her dripping pail.

The traveled stranger turned aside,
Drank of the gracious spring, and then,
With heart and soul revivified,
Trudged on his toilsome way again.

And there, with arms and features brown,
And all besprent with labor stains,
The hardy farmer stooped him down
To cool the fever in his veins.

And thus, through all the summer time,
That wayside spring, in fairy glee,
Flung on the air the silver chime
Of its melodious minstrelsy.

I see the dusty thoroughfare
Of human life and human grief;
I see the forms that struggle there,
With supplications for relief.

If, in the crush and din and hum,
We help our fellows when we may,
Then shall our little lives become
Like streams of water by the way.

F. and M. C.

Prof. Franklin: "What is the significance of the Liberty Bell?"
Miss K: "It's cracked."

Robert Louis Stevenson said: "If a man loves labor more than wealth or fame, the gods have called him."

True Colby Spirit

(Second Prize.)

It all happened as a result of the novel idea of one loyal Colby girl,—this ceremony at the sacrificial altar of the Colby Endowment Fund.

Emma Thurston, or "Em" as she was usually called, had been thinking about the $500,000 Endowment Fund which the President and Trustees of Colby College were earnestly endeavoring to raise. And when " Em " put on her thinking cap, something was certain to happen. Consequently, after she had made her thoughts known to a few individuals, and had kindled the spark of self-denial in the hearts of a small number of her college mates, " Em " immediately proceeded to spread the conflagration by announcing her plan in an open mass meeting.

To relate all that Emma Thurston said would make my story too long, and to attempt to interpret the spirit of her words would be impossible. Hence, I can do naught else but sum up in an unsatisfactory manner the gist of her appeal.

"Girls, let's show our loyalty toward Colby by sacrificing a few worldly vanities which really are of no vital consequence to our personal or future well-being. Let's give up new Easter bonnets and suits and *what not* this year and give the money to a more worthy cause than the mere outward adornment of our bodies,—that of our college Endowment Fund."

Naturally, at first, there were some girls here and there who scoffed at the idea. But they were in the minority. The majority accepted the proposition with the enthusiasm characteristic of true college spirit.

Thus, one evening early in the second term, the Assembly Room at Foss Hall was filled to its utmost capacity; not one of the one hundred and sixty girls then in college was absent. In the center of the dimly lighted room stood a huge wooden box ingeniously covered with blue and grey banners, and upon this was a shining brass jardiniere which had been confiscated for the occasion from the Hall parlors below. This was the sacrificial altar, and to it the worshipers brought their bullocks and fatted calves, their young lambs and turtle doves. The Israelites of old did not bring their gifts of gold and precious stones and sweet spices as an offering for the tabernacle more willingly or freely than these Colby girls offered their sacrifices for their Alma Mater.

"I did want a new spring hat this year so much," said Julia Adams, the first girl to drop her love gift into the expectant caldron. "I've worn my old black hat for two years already, and I've been saving and scrimping all winter trying to get money enough to buy a really truly stylish bonnet, and I've managed to save eight dollars. However, I got a bottle of shoe-blacking the other day and applied that to my old hat. With the exception of its rather antiquated shape, I defy any of you to say that it doesn't look as if it just came from Madame Connor's smart millinery shop. So I offer to thee, O Alma Mater, the eight dollars which might have so fashionably graced my head."

A burst of applause came from those assembled, but before it had fairly subsided timid little Edith Dorson came forward. Everyone wondered what her sacrifice would be, for, in truth, she had very little to sacrifice. Not a girl in college had made more strenuous efforts for a college education than Edith and she seemed hardly to have even the necessary articles of a college girl's outfit.

"There isn't much that I can sacrifice in the way of wearing apparel," she began in her quiet manner. "As a matter-of-fact, there is absolutely nothing that I can give at present beyond a promise of what I may give later on. There are

still ten more weeks left before college closes this year, and I've decided that I can spare one more afternoon a week to take care of Faculty babies. So I give this note promising to pay five dollars to the Endowment Fund the third week in June."

The applause this time was even greater than it had been before, for everybody knew that Edith's note was like the Widow's mite,—it was all she had.

"I feel quite ashamed to stand before you and speak of sacrificing after what Julia and Edith have just said," faltered Laura Thomas, one of the wealthiest girls in college, of whom there were very few. "My gift is not a sacrifice at all. Yet I will emphasize that it is a love offering. Father sent me a check for twenty-five dollars this spring to buy a suit. But Tailor Ed can press my last summer's suit so that it will look like new for the small sum of seventy-five cents, and I can wear that another summer as well as not. Consequently, my offering is father's check."

Laura had scarcely finished speaking when Dorothy Marston came forward.

"Girls, if you only knew how I have longed for a pair of brown kid boots, perhaps you might appreciate the spirit of resignation with which I sacrifice these seven dollars. Honestly, I shed tears over the matter, at first, and every time I went down town I had to rush by Loud's window because there stood the very pair of shoes I wanted, mockingly staring me in the face and saying, just as plainly as could be, 'Give me up for the Endowment Fund, if you can, but I bet you can't do it.' Well. I determined that an insignificant pair of brown shoes should not get the best of my college spirit in that way, so for a few days I didn't go near the window in which those shoes were displayed;and finally the Endowment Fund won. After all, what are a pair of brown shoes whose ultimate end will be the ash heap in comparison to an enterprise like this?" And seven dollars more were sacrificed to the worthy cause.

There wasn't a girl in college who could give up her own desires for the wishes of another with less outward perturbation than Ione Cook. But it must have caused her no little heartache to sacrifice so cheerfully what she had been looking forward to all year long. Few of the girls present will ever forget the animated expression of Ione's countenance as she stood before them that evening.

"This is very little to give to my college," she said, in her demure way, "I wish the amount in money were ten times as much as it is. Still I am glad that I can sacrifice my trip to Silver Bay."

Our admiration for Ione had always been great but it increased doubly as she added her three ten dollar bills to that already placed upon the altar. We all knew that Ione had worked hard during the previous summer to earn the money for this trip, and some of us also knew what it might mean for a girl, who had never been far away from her home town, to sacrifice an opportunity to go to a place like Silver Bay. Fortunate, indeed, is that college which has students like her.

So, one after another, the gifts were offered, each girl telling the story of her sacrifice. Some announced their intention of economizing in the matter of dress; others thought they could live quite as happily with fewer ice-cream sodas and nut sundaes to satisfy the cravings of their appetites. Many of the accounts were amusing, not a few seemed almost tragic. Although the money realized from this ceremony at the sacrificial altar was inconsiderable in so far as it increased the total amount of the Fund, the love and loyalty displayed were immeasurable and could be appreciated only by those who shared in the giving.

* * * * *

This story is simply a flight of the imagination. Would it be altogether impossible to make it an actuality?

The Housekeeper.

Mary Ann Ford gave a sigh of relief as she smoothed out the rich folds of a beautiful new evening dress. She had worked hard to make it, but not willingly. The gown was for her sister Catherine. It seemed, to poor Mary Ann, that her sister's demands for new clothes had been limitless since she had begun to get ready for college. Mary Ann, who was the older, had finished a high school course two years before, and since then had remained at home to do the housework, since their mother was unable to care for the big family alone. She did this willingly enough. Of course she could not expect anything else. She was not a particularly brilliant student, and, besides, somebody must stay home. It was different with Catherine. She was brilliant and attractive. Of course she must go to college. She was just the type of girl that should go to college. Everybody who knew her agreed to that.

It was then that Mary Ann's jealousy was aroused. She had always cherished a desire for college life. She had been very interested in chemistry. In high school she had worked hard in this course, with the patience and perseverence which were typical of her. Since then, she had secretly studied a great deal of it. Now, if she could only,—but what was the use? She must continue to sacrifice, as she always had sacrificed, to her young sister. She knew that college, for Catherine, meant a series of good times with very little study. Catherine did not need to study. She had a way of getting help from others, and "getting by," somehow.

Mary Ann looked at the little blue silk dress, and she could not help wishing that she had been like Catherine, pretty, and attractive. Her girlish heart cried out for admiration and attention such as were shown Catherine. She would like pretty clothes herself, but of course she could not wear them if she had them. Nobody wanted to take her to dances and parties; so Catherine got the new clothes. It had always been this way. Nobody questioned it. Catherine had the whole household in her power. Her magnetic personality made her a leader.

As Mary Ann sat looking out of the window, Catherine came running in, and putting her arms about her sister's neck in her impulsive way, she said,

"Isn't the dress a peach, sister o' mine? Won't I make a hit when I wear that?"

Mary Ann pushed her gently away. She almost made a hasty reply, but caught herself just in time and said simply,

"Yes, dear, but I must get supper now."

"Wish I could help you, but I must change my dress. Ivan is coming up tonight."

So Mary Ann went off to prepare the meal, alone. She would have liked to dress up for Ivan's coming, too, but, of course, he was coming to see Catherine.

That evening, Ivan Sears came early. He was a young teacher in the town. He was a good friend of the family, and had been, from the first, a frequent caller. Catherine had always taken it upon herself to entertain him. She took it for granted that he preferred her company to anyone's else, and almost made him think so, too. On this last night before her departure for college, he felt a strange sadness. He told her that he would miss her very much. She only laughed at him in her almost flippant, yet fascinating manner.

"Say, Mary, bring us some ice-cream, will you?" she cried suddenly as Mary went past the door.

Mary wanted to say, "Get it yourself," but she answered,

"All right, I will, when I've put Jimmie to bed."

When she brought in the cream, Ivan said,

"You look tired, Mary Ann, why don't you eat some ice-cream with us?"

"I've just eaten some, thank you," she answered, but she felt strangely glad that he had thought of her.

"This is delicious ice-cream," said Ivan, when Mary had gone out.

"Do you like it? I made it," answered Catherine.

Ivan looked at her questioningly, for he had called at the house that noon on his way home, and had seen Mary mixing it, and putting it in the freezer. However, he said nothing, but it set him thinking. Once before he had doubted the truth of one of her statements, but now he felt sure that she was deliberately telling a falsehood. He soon rose to go. Catherine expected him to ask her to write, but no such request was forthcoming. She contented herself with the thought that he probably considered it unnecessary to ask her. He probably took it for granted that they would correspond.

After Catherine's departure the next morning, Mary Ann felt as if a burden had been lifted from her shoulders. Her life in the home continued as before, but gradually her attitude toward it changed. She became more contented with her lot. She decided that if this was her work, she would do it well. With Catherine away, she had much more leisure time. She now studied more than before. Ivan, who had learned of her work, now offered to help her. In her careful, calculating way, she had mastered several text books in chemistry. She even contributed occasional articles to a scientific magazine; for she had learned how to apply her knowledge in a practical way.

Mary Ann Ford was expressing her real self. She began to dress more becomingly. Her friends noticed the change. In a different way, she became almost as popular as Catherine had been. People loved her for her quiet unassuming sweetness.

Ivan had continued his calls at the Ford home. He found Mary to be quite as congenial a companion as Catherine had been. He liked her even better. He had not forgotten the white lie that Catherine had told him about the ice-cream. He began to realize that likewise many other of Catherine's accomplishments were not hers at all. He found out that Mary had always performed the labor while Catherine reaped the glory.

When Christmas holidays came, Catherine returned home as carefree and joyous as ever. She soon felt that some great change had taken place in her sister. She felt that her old regime in the home was ended. Her greatest surprise, however came in the evening when Ivan called. She went to the door, and after a hearty greeting, he asked where Mary was. She wondered what he wanted of Mary when he had, of course, come to talk over college life with her.

"Oh, she's washing dishes. She's our housekeeper, you know," she answered laughingly.

"Yes, I hope she'll be mine some day," he answered as he hung up his hat and coat, and started for the kitchen.

We Are Ready

Essay in Free Verse.

We are waiting,
The shadow draws nearer and nearer,
And darker and blacker it seems.
The people of our nation have felt it,
We know it is coming, and soon.
We are waiting.

We are fearing.
Our people well know what the word means.
We have seen and still see the menace!
There are those of our nation who dread it,
But brave in their dreading, withal.
Aye, we're fearing, but we are ready!
For what did our forefathers teach us
When they died in their struggle for honor?
Preserve it as your lives! Shall we?
We are ready.

We are praying.
Our churches, our women are with us.
Our weakest are strong in their prayer.
"Our Father, in Thy Heaven, we pray Thee
Be Thou on the side of the Right."
We are praying.

The Change.

When last we wandered, you and I,
To the brink of the water-fall,
No sparkling spray leaped to the sky
Hanging like gems from the alders nigh
And the slim white birches tall.

No gladsome murmur met our ear;
A silence, deep, profound,
Lay o'er the whole wild woodland drear,
And we knew Old Winter had last been here
And covered with white the ground.

Our hearts were heavy when last we sought,
Together, the leafless wood,
And, perhaps, the brook in this lonely spot
By silence showed, where sound could not,
That it knew and understood.

Today, I turned my steps once more
To that haunt of a by-gone day;
I could hear from afar the cataract roar
As it leaps o'er the ledge to its rock-covered floor,
For Winter had gone away.

The cataract leaps and tumbles along
In its rocky moss-grown bed,
And it sings the cheeriest, merriest song
To the lichens that round the ledges throng
And cover its fir-topped head.

My heart was glad when I, today,
Turned to the leafy wood,
And the brooklet showed, by its frolic and play,
As it could, perhaps, in no other way,
That it knew and understood.

In Spanish 3, after a discussion of customs of different countries:

Dr. Harry: "Mr. G—, do you know what they do in Spain when it rains?"

Mr. G—: "No."

Dr. Harry: "Why, they let it rain." Then, laughingly, "I didn't expect to catch you on that,—I thought I had sprung that joke in all my classes."

Lone Jim.

Lone Jim was a crow—a forlorn, sad-looking crow with only one eye and a broken wing. The wing had been pierced by a bullet from a farmer's shot-gun, while Jim was pulling tender corn sprouts one day in June. The eye he had lost in an encounter with a mother hen as she guarded her chicks from the black marauder.

It was January. Lone Jim sat on a bare branch of an oak tree and surveyed the desolate scene about him. Everywhere was snow and ice and the wind blew in stinging blasts. Lone Jim was hungry. He clung to the branch with all his strength to resist the fierce gale. His scanty black feathers were a small protection against the cold. His one beady eye roved this way and that as he pondered where he was to find food.

Ever since his companions had left him, for their southward journey, in October, Lone Jim had lived here in the woods, picking up a meager fare. But the weather had grown colder and colder; the snow had become deeper and deeper. Not a root, or nut or frozen berry could be found. His last meal had been a frozen apple stolen from a squirrel.

A flock of blue jays swept past the tree. Lone Jim watched their noisy, shrieking flight. They were sleek and fat. They surely had found plenty to eat. He would follow them. Of course, they would fight him and overpower him with their numbers and strength, but he might be able to pick up a crumb or two. Unsteadily, Lone Jim rose from his perch, and started in pursuit of the jays. His injured wing had seemed to grow worse with the cold weather until now he could scarcely fly at all. With slow, labored flapping, he at last reached a tall elm standing in an open field. He must rest before following the swift birds any farther.

It was colder here in the cleared field. His lean body swayed to and fro in the gale. He crept close to the trunk of

the tree, crouching until he had the appearance of a bundle of tattered black rags. Yet, close though he was to the trunk, the tree rocked unceasingly. Lone Jim closed his eye; he forgot his hunger, and gradually relaxed his tenacious grasp on the branch. He was so sleepy; a sense of numbness came over him; he was no longer cold.

The wind blew stronger and stronger; the sun sank, and the cold became more intense. In the gathering dusk a ragged, black object slipped noiselessly from the elm tree and fluttered to the ground, whence it was blown against a stone-wall, and lay still.

The snow drifted over the field and piled high against the wall. The night, bitter cold, settled down over the earth.

The Footsteps

(Continued from last issue)

When Uncle Dixon returned, about half an hour later, Yuan was still sitting by the stove. He had been too frightened to move. At the sound of the familiar step of his master, however, he rushed to the back door, opened it, and greeted Uncle Dixon with such a vociferous jumble of words and cries that an understanding of them was almost impossible.

"Me no stayey hee longee! Me no stayey hee longee!" he repeated, again and again, emphasizing his meaning with a wild waving of the arms.

"Why, Yuan, what's come over you all of a sudden?" asked Uncle Dixon when he finally found opportunity to speak.

"A velly bad noise! A velly bad noise! Me no stayey hee longee!" was the incoherent reply.

Knowing the servant's timidity, Uncle Dixon thought that Yuan had probably been frightened out of his senses by some incongruous conception of the imagination. After his fear had been somewhat allayed by the self-possessed demeanor of his master, however, Yuan told his story in a more intelligent way.

Upon investigation, the front door was found to be unbolted, but everything in the rooms above was undisturbed; nothing had been taken away, nothing moved from its accustomed place. Uncle Dixon expostulated with the servant, but Yuan would not be deluded. He was certain that an invisible being had come from his room and deliberately walked out of the front door. Indeed, the fellow was so wrought up over the affair, that Uncle Dixon had difficulty in inducing him to remain longer on the farm with him.

However, Uncle Dixon's curiosity was aroused, and he determined to ascertain the validity of the matter. If it were a ghost, it would doubtless appear again at a regular time and follow a circumscribed course of action.

The next night he and Yuan entered upon their investigation. To satisfy Yuan they remained in the kitchen,—the servant in a state of nervous expectation, Uncle Dixon cool and composed, expecting to see nothing. The clock had barely struck twelve, however, when Yuan sat up straight in his chair, took his pipe from his mouth, and, poking Uncle Dixon in the arm with its stem, said, pointing with his other hand toward the ceiling, " Heeh, heeh? Velly bad noise! "

From the room above came the sudden sound of footsteps, walking hither and thither, then receding, as upon the previous night, and starting again upon the stairs. There was no mistaking the sound; it was the actual step of a man taken slowly and laboriously as though the person were cumbered with a weighty burden.

Uncle Dixon went to the foot of the stairs and waited for the something to descend. He heard the approaching footsteps come nearer and nearer, and, although he could see nothing, he was conscious of the presence of an invisible yet sensible spirit. He stood directly in the doorway in order to prevent it from passing further, but his obstructing body offered no hindrance to the

unseen intruder who either passed through Uncle Dixon or was diffused in the air about him, and then continued its way to the other end of the house. Uncle Dixon gazed in awe at the sound of the departing footsteps; he heard the bolt of the front door drawn back, and the door open and close.

"A velly bad noise! A velly bad noise!" was the only ejaculation of the Chinaman who stood trembling with fear and amazement.

Frustrated thus in his first attempt to discover the mystery of this unaccountable circumstance, Uncle Dixon entered upon an enthusiastic investigation. He made a thorough search of the room where the noise seemed to arise, sounded walls, floor, and ceiling in a fruitless endeavor to solve the enigma. The third night there was a recurrence of the strange footfall and again Uncle Dixon vainly attempted to intercept the advance of the phantom, if such it was.

Then he took more stringent measures to prevent the spirit from leaving the house. He had the bolts removed from the doors and locks put in their places, and Yuan was ordered to nail down all the windows. When night came Uncle Dixon locked the doors, stuffed the keyholes, and put the keys in his pocket. But the footsteps were not heard, nor were they heard on any of the successive nights. About a month passed before they were again observed.

In the meanwhile, Uncle Dixon obtained as much information as possible concerning the history of the old place, and he made Yuan promise not to tell a living soul about what he had heard and seen.

The substance of the information which he received was this. The house had originally been the home of an old miser who had lived there practically isolated from the world in general. He was supposed to have hoarded an immense amount of wealth and to have buried it somewhere within the precincts of the farm. Whether or not there was any absolute truth in this story no one knew, for the old man had died as mysteriously as he had lived. He was found dead in bed in the room above the kitchen. The body was found by a neighbor who had chanced that way and, noticing the unusually deserted appearance of house and barn, had entered to investigate. The emaciated and decaying condition of the body gave evidence that the man had been dead for some time and the corpse had to be disposed of immediately. Since there was no claimant for the farm, it became the property of the town until it was later sold at auction.

After Uncle Dixon had obtained these facts which, at least, seemed plausible, he waited with greater interest the return of the mysterious footsteps. He no longer took pains to restrict the spirit within the limits of the house. His plan was to follow it wherever it went.

"The old devil is probably anxious about his money and so comes back every now and then to see that it is safe. Perhaps, after all, there is some truth in the story of buried treasure," he said.

Uncle Dixon had almost given up hope of meeting the strange apparition again, however, for a long time elapsed before it returned. The night was damp and chilly, similar to the first night upon which the footsteps were heard. Uncle Dixon was in the living room. Yuan was in the kitchen smoking his pipe. They had formed the habit of sitting up late, Uncle Dixon in anticipation of seeing the ghost again, Yuan because he refused to go upstairs to bed until his master went. All of a sudden the boy came running into the living room, his eyes almost popping from their sockets, and said in a very frightened tone,

"Velly bad noise! Velly bad noise!"

(To be continued.)

"I've come to the conclusion"
(Says Prex in Senior Lit.)
"Your lessons have been much too long,
I'll cut them down a bit.
Two dozen poems tomorrow, then,
I think will be a plenty,
No, wait a minute,—I'll be kind
And make it only twenty."

THE COLBIANA

Published quarterly by the Women's Division of Colby College.

Entered as second-class matter December 18, 1914, at the post office at Waterville, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

TERMS: Subscriptions, 50 cents per year in advance. Single copies, 25 cents.

All remittances by mail should be made to Grace Farnum, Foss Hall.

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

The editors wish to thank all alumnae who have so kindly contributed letters and articles to "The Colbiana," and especially Mrs. Dean who has willingly devoted her time to the writing of the History of the Women's Division.

In order to further stimulate literary activity among the members of the Women's Division, Dean Cooper offered a prize of three dollars and a prize of two dollars to be given to the authors of the two best Colby stories. The first prize was awarded to Lyda Turner, '18, and the second prize to Selma Koehler, '17. A third prize was offered by Professor Henry W. Brown, which was divided between Gladys Twitchell, '18, and Lucy Teague, '20. The first and second prize stories appear in this issue. The third prize stories will be found in the June number.

DEMOCRACY.

Our age has had many watchwords, "Preparedness," "Peace at any Cost," and "Efficiency," have been ringing in our ears, and not least among them has been the cry for "Democracy."

What is true democracy and how can we apply it to our life at Colby?

Superficially, at any rate, Colby is a democratic college. We have girls of all social classes, of several nationalities, and of many religious beliefs, living side by side in daily co-operation. We find that girls who are working their way are considered on par with those who are more fortunate. "Yes, indeed," we all say, "Colby is a democratic college."

But is it? Have we not a great deal yet to learn before we can call ourselves truly democratic? Are we striving to make the college what it should be? Are we true to the ideals which those fine women who came before us established? In the past it has been an honor to be able to say, "I am a Colby woman." In our relations to the college, then, it is of utmost importance for us to remember what is expected of the Colby woman, and at least not to lower the ideal.

Our greatest danger with respect to lack of democracy is in our fraternity politics. Everybody knows that fraternities are not primarily, secondarily, nor in any way introduced to substitute for any phase of college life, but only to supplement. Only in so far as they do supplement and do not serve as substitutes for college loyalty, are they true to their fundamental ideals. Only when we put college first and fraternity second can we hope to achieve things worth while either as a college or as fraternities.

We often forget that it does not matter to what fraternity a girl belongs or whether she belong to one at all when we are choosing our officers. We take all credit from the girl who gets the office when we get her into it because she does or does not belong to some particular organization. College offices are too important to be hampered by such unreasonableness. We ought to put aside

petty rivalries and let a girl go into office feeling that she has won it on her own merits,—because she is the girl best fitted for the place.

Colby has in it factors which would cause it to be a great democratic institution if they were rightly handled. All that is needed is interest in the welfare of the college, showing itself through co-operation, ambition, and resulting enterprise under girls who are best fitted to lead, whether they be Tri-Delta, Alpha Delta Pi, Chi Omega, Sigma, or non-frat. When we achieve this and then only are we helping to make Colby " the biggest little college in New England."

STUDENT GOVERNMENT.

" Student Government! " " On one's honor! " What do they mean? They mean thoughtfulness of the other fellow—no more, no less than is expected, always, of every individual who associates himself with other individuals; a quality which every one should have at all times—for no one can live in this world and be alone.

The importance of that truth lies not in the fact that every girl who is unthoughtful or who commits a misdemeanor, will be punished; that is *not* the true purpose of the Student's League. The real importance lies in the fact that each student is given a chance to develop her self-control—control within herself. Someone in higher authority will not be required to say " Sh! " to a girl every time she raises her voice too high—that girl must *think* for herself about what she is doing—she must remember that she alone is responsible for her every act. It has been proven that college girls can do this; therefore, one who cannot do this, is not up to the standard of the college girl.

Let every member of the new Colby Students' League think about these things; let her cooperate with those about her. Only by so doing can she, as an individual, hope to attain efficiency, that quality for which all humanity is always, consciously or unconsciously, striving; by such individual conduct the success of the Students' League will be assured and the result will be an atmosphere of quiet and of general thoughtfulness—an atmosphere which is predominant at Mt. Holyoke, the most ideal home of Student Government and student life.

"KNOW THYSELF."

" Know thyself," said the ancient philosopher. This advice is still as good as ever today as the proper basis of all knowledge, but how many of us know how to begin? The right way is to retire to some quiet place or room where you will be free from interruption so that your mind may feel secure and at rest. If possible, place yourself in an easy chair or on a couch in a comfortable relaxed position. In this position concentrate your entire attention upon your individual self, by force of will, shutting out all other thoughts, say " I " and repeat your name, trying to think what this means. Endeavor to realize the fact that your real self is a wonderful thing, that there is nothing like it anywhere in the world. You owe this to yourself. Don't let any sense of depreciation or false modesty interfere with this idea for you are not denying the right of others to do the same. *You exist.*

When you have mastered this thought, then think of your real self, the thing called " I " as being independent of the body, but using the body as a covering and a vehicle. Think of yourself as controlling the body that you occupy and using it to the best advantage, making it strong and vigorous, but still merely a shell or covering for your real personality. You may finally think of your identity as being something entirely apart from the body. Then you realize that nothing can ever harm your real self, the thing called " I," nothing can kill or wound it. *You are not afraid.* Fear is the greatest retarding influence

in the progress of the human race, whose destiny is to conquer all creation. You are one of that race. What will you do to justify your existence? *You will assert yourself.* You will become strong.

Having mastered these thoughts, you are well on the way toward "knowing thyself."

A SUGGESTION FROM INDIA.

Describing a visit of a group of Hindus to America, Professor William James wrote: "More than one of them has confided to me that the sight of our faces, contracted as they are with American over-intensity of expression, made a painful impression upon him. 'I do not see,' said one of them, 'how it is possible to live as you do, without a *single minute* in your day given to tranquility and meditation. It is an invariable part of our Hindu life to retire for at least half an hour daily into silence, to relax our muscles, to govern our breathing, to meditate on eternal things. Every Hindu child is trained to this from a very early age.'"

What is America coming to if its people become busier and busier as fast in the next generation as they have in the one just past; if they continue to "rush to work" and "rush to play" with scarcely a breathing space between each and every activity; if ambition must be satisfied and laurels won even at the cost of life itself?

As villages have grown into towns, and towns into cities, their inhabitants have ever continued to lose the old-time generous and friendly spirit of the country folk. Ambition for self reigns instead. Once farmers "freely gave and freely received;" the neighbor who was favored with a goodly crop of pumpkins, gave to some other neighbor who had few. Now he sells them to his neighbor for nothing less than the market price. Every mind is teeming with the maddening desire to succeed at any cost. Every piece of work must promise a reward.

Americans need an army of evangelists to preach the gospel of quietness, to preach sermons on "Take Your Time." This is the noisiest and busiest age that people have experienced; noise indoors, noise outdoors; there is a passion for speech on the streets, in the newspapers, everywhere; and no one is too busy to *earn* something more. No person in the world has had a greater opportunity to learn how to live a quiet and dignified life than the college student; no other person should be better able to possess the culture of a broad mind, void of bitter feelings; no other people are better equipped to make up that army of "silent" evangelists than college students.

What is America coming to? That the college man and woman of America must decide.

The Literary Society.

In November, 1916, the first steps were taken towards the institution in the Women's Division of Colby, of a new organization, a literary society. When the plans which had been under way for some time were ready for presentation before the Women's Division, the students were called together for the purpose of discussing the plans. A few objections were advanced against the introduction of another organization into college life, already full, but a large majority of the girls strongly favored the project. At this meeting eighty-one girls enrolled as charter members. Membership was open to all students of the Women's Division. The president and secretary were elected by the new members and at the same time a committee was appointed to frame a Constitution. The Constitution, as framed, was approved and accepted. The officers of vice-president and treasurer were then elected and the four officers, together with two members chosen at large from the society, and the Dean of the Women's Division, now make up the Executive Board. The new office

of sergeant-at-arms was added. The colors adopted were green and gold, and the flower, the yellow daffodil.

The purpose of the society may be stated best in the words of Article II of the Constitution. " The purpose of this society shall be to stimulate the literary activities of its members, and to give an opportunity for a public expression of views on the great questions of interest to women."

The meetings of the society are held on Friday night of each week of the college year from October to June. The programs are arranged by the Executive Board and consist of original articles on the masters of art and science and the great present day problems, debates, current events, and music. Two of the most interesting features are the reports of the critics of thought and delivery who are chosen from the members. The members of the society furnish the entire program. Amendment VII of the By-laws requires that " the name of each member shall appear on the program at least once during the society year." A guest night is planned as a demonstration of the purpose of the society.

The plans for a literary society originated long before they were made public, but college life is such a busy one that there seemed scarcely room for anything more. Colby is quite as able, as are other colleges, to maintain such an organization successfully; and so, when there sprang up among the girls a restless, undemocratic spirit, a remedy was sought and the plans for a literary society were presented. It was hoped that in a common pursuit of culture there might be something to bring the girls together on a common ground, to unite them with the bonds of fellowship, and each to her Alma Mater.

The society, as yet unnamed and with a membership of one hundred, has proved itself a most interesting and instructive organization and has awakened in the girls a new interest in culture and a new interest in one another, and, at the same time, has given to Colby that which has so long been needed.

Chapel Talks.

The Chapel services this year have been especially interesting and helpful.

Professor Franklin has spoken several times about "Mottoes of great men." He has brought out the influence which these mottoes have had on the lives of the men and has showed how they might serve in one's life. Among the mottoes were: Carlyle's "Speech is silver, silence golden;" Benjamin Franklin's "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings;" Jonathan Edwards's "I resolve to live this day with all my might."

Professor White has spoken of many of our hymns. He gave the writers of the hymns and facts about the conditions under which they were written. As we understood the motives which inspired the writing of "Something for Thee," "How Firm a Foundation" and "My Faith Loks up to Thee," we were enabled to sing them with more feeling.

Professor Brown has spoken of the pictures which hang in the Chapel. Among those chosen were "The Transfiguration," "The Sistine Madonna," and "The Holy Family." He showed how the artist, by arrangement and shading, made the important features stand out prominently and how each detail is important in developing the beauty of the whole.

Professor Crowell has led several times and has followed the regular chapel service. He has introduced other speakers, among whom were the Rev. Charles Robinson and Rev. Isaac La Fleur. Mr. Robinson, in his address, gave a very detailed description of the production of flour while Mr. LaFleur spoke on choosing one's life work. He said that every individual in the world is called to some particular profession, and, until he enters it, he will not be successful in other lines of work.

Mrs. Meserve, wife of the President of Shaw University, spoke to the girls on the work of that school.

Mr. Jackman, a returned missionary

from India, told us of the conditions and needs of the women of India.

On February 19, Mr. Beatty, an evengelist of the Free Baptist church, spoke to the girls and his daughter sang a solo.

On February 16, President Roberts spoke on "The Last Words of Christ." He called to mind the significant fact that a person's last words always make the greatest impression. On March 1, President Roberts spoke on "The Commandment of Love"—that Commandment which Christ gave in reply to the lawyer who asked which was the greatest of the Ten Commandments. President Roberts' talks have been very impressive and sincerely appreciated.

Mrs. Cooper has spoken concerning forming friendships, the building of character, and other topics relating to the life of the girls here. Mrs Cooper gave us a report of the suffrage hearing, also bringing up the main arguments of both sides.

Maude Spaulding, '18, spoke on the Student Volunteer Convention at Wellsley. She gave an excellent report and showed her deep interest in the subject.

Facts About Colby Girls.

Statistics show that of the 123 girls in the dormitories, 92 are from Maine, 10 from New Hampshire, 16 from Massachusetts, 3 from New York, 1 from New Jersey, and 1 from Vermont. Thus, we see that about 75% are from Maine.

It is also interesting to note that about 83 of our girls are doing some work to help themselves through college. Of this number, 14 are supporting themselves entirely. Approximately only one-third of the girls are having all their expenses paid for them. The majority of those who work furnish student help in the dormitories where 3 earn their entire board and the rest earn various amounts per week. About 20 girls, however, do some work outside the college, earning anywhere from $2 to $50 during the college year.

As regards the amount spent by the students, the average seems to be very low. Some were found who spend only $30 a year for incidentals, including books and dues; while, on the other hand, a few spend as much as $200. The average, as near as can be reckoned, is perhaps $75 to $100. The entire college expenses for a year range from $250 to $550.

About 85 of the girls are church members. Of these, 35 belong to the Baptist church, 20 to the Congregational, 16 to the Methodist, 5 to the Episcopal. Of the non-church members, the largest number have Baptist preference. It is a significant fact that 19 girls have united with some church since coming to college and in at least 11 cases this has been due directly to college influence.

Young Women's Christian Association.

Since the last edition of the Colbiana we have had two visiting secretaries, Miss Sara Snell, representing the Student Volunteer Movement, and Miss Pauline Sage, executive secretary of the National Board of the Association. Members of both Divisions were privileged to hear Miss Snell at a union meeting in the College Chapel. During the few days Miss Sage was with us we learned to adore her spirit of service and to marvel at her beautiful character.

Miss Helen Baldwin, '19, was our delegate to the International Phohibition Convention held in Lexington, Ky., December 28-31. She reports a most interesting, thoroughly wide-awake, and inspiring convention. National Prohibition is a problem of the day. Is there any need of further worry that it may not come about? No—the students of the country have taken it up.

The Seniors and Juniors have held their class socials for the benefit of the Association. The Seniors gave an entertainment in Foss Hall gymnasium. The feature of the evening was a repre-

sentation of the "Seven Ages of Women" in pantomime. The Junior entertainment took the form of a masquerade social and was held in Coburn gymnasium.

In all departments, the work is progressing under efficient leaders. Special mention should be made of the "down-town" club organized under the direction of the Social Service Committee for the benefit of girls in the "5 and 10's." Meetings are to be held every fortnight in the Women's Association Rooms. A brief entertainment and a general good time make up the program.

On Sunday afternoon, March 4, a union vesper service was held in the college chapel under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. The Processional and Recessional of the college choir clad in caps and gowns were very effective and inspiring to the large audience. Rev. F. L. Phalen delivered a masterful address using as his text, "I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." The program was as follows:

Processional—College Choir.
Scripture Reading—Miss Alberta Shepherd.
Anthem: "Remember Now Thy Creator," *Adams*—College Choir.
Prayer—Rev. H. C. Turner.
Response—"O God of Mercy," *Briggs*
Quartet: Miss Mildred Greene, Miss Marian Daggett; Messrs. Carl Robinson, John Brush.
Address—Rev. F. L. Phalen.
Duet: "The Day is Ended," *J. C. Bartlett*—Miss Daggett and Mr. Webb.
Recessional—College Choir.
Musical Director—Miss Marian Daggett
Accompanist—Miss Annie Treworgy.
Choir members: Misses Greene, Whitney, Kidder, Fleming, Smith, H. Cole, Murdock, Adams, D. Harvey; Messrs. Webb, Rouse, Robinson, Choate, Brinkman.

On account of the proposed training council at the University of Maine for the new cabinet members, the election and installation of officers will be held before the spring vacation. It is expected that the council will be held immediately after the Easter recess.

Silver Bay is in the air. Already several girls are making plans to go. Girls, talk it up, plan it up, work it up, and go to Silver Bay next June!

"The Advance of the English Novel" by William Lyon Phelps—A Review.

To the person who desires to know what novels of the language are really worth while and why they are worth while, Professor Phelps' latest book will be of unlimited interest and help. In this work, special stress is laid on the fiction of recent and contemporary writers. The author states clearly in the preface that it is a "record of personal impressions and opinions." Thus, if one is interested to know the opinion of an expert about one's favorite novelist whether he be Dickens or Booth Tarkington, he may be reasonably sure to find it stated frankly and pointedly.

Professor Phelps goes on to say, "I shall be glad if some individuals feel the pleasure of recognition, the pleasure of opposition, and a stimulus to further reading;" it is needless to say that these things are exactly what we do feel as we read.

The Runner.

Youth seeketh ever a goal of dreams,
Like a strong runner whose heart is bent
On far horizons and imaged scenes,
Till shadows falter and day is spent.

'Tis dreams illumine the distant chase,
And in the fading of high desire
Beauty gladdens some common place
And coming night is lit with fire.

O hasting spirit, O youth untried,
Falter not in thy utmost speed,
Unresting fate is at thy side,
Swift be the racer who gains the meed.

FLORENCE E. DUNN,
Colby, 1896.

College News

The monthly socials of the Women's League have been especially successful this year. On December 16, a Christmas party was held in Foss Hall parlors. An informal musical programme was given by members of the League and two girls, taking the parts of Old Saint Nick and his wife, distributed the gifts which decorated a huge Christmas tree.

The January event was somewhat out of the ordinary. Miss Exerene Flood kindly offered to read *The Rivals* by Sheridan, and the Colby stringed trio furnished the music for the occasion. Invitations were extended to the Faculty, the Men's Division, and friends of the college. A small admission fee was charged for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.

On March 3, the Foss Hall girls held open house to the Faculty and the Men's Division of the college. The residents of Foss Hall were the hostesses, the members of Mary Low Hall and Dutton House served, and the town girls acted as ushers.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 17, from 3 until 5 o'clock, the first College Tea of the year was held in the Gymnasium on the campus under the auspices of the wives of the members of the Faculty. The Gymnasium was tastefully decorated for the event. Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. White, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Tolman, and Mrs. Franklin were in the receiving line, and Mrs. Libby, Mrs. Chester, Mrs. Ashcraft, Mrs. Crowell, and Mrs. Cooper served.

The petition for permission to introduce Student Government into the Women's Division of Colby has been granted by the Faculty. A Grant of Powers was drawn up by a committee elected for the purpose, and was approved by the Faculty. Then a constitution of the Student's League was drawn up, together with the regulations which are to govern the resident members of the Women's Division. The purpose of the Student's League is " to enact and to enforce laws in accordance with the Grant of Powers given to the Student's League by the President and Faculty of Colby College, to promote the spirit of mutual helpfulness, service, and personal responsibility among the students, and to strengthen their loyalty toward the College. The constitution committee was as follows: Chairman, Ethel Duff, '17, Flora Norton, '17, Ruth Murdock, '17, Grace Farnum, '17, Hazel Robinson, '17, Selma Koehler, '17, Helene Buker, '18, Hazel Whitney, '18, Belle Longley, '19, Dorothy Crawford, '20.

One of the greatest events of the year was the lecture by William Howard Taft on " Our World Relationships " delivered before an audience of eleven hundred in the Opera House on Wednesday evening, February 14. The proceeds went for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. Mr. Taft was introduced by Judge Leslie C. Cornish, chairman of the Board of Trustees. The basis of Mr. Taft's lecture consisted of the two principles first laid down by Washington: First, that America should have reasonable military preparation; second, that America should improve the advantage of her isolation by keeping out of European difficulties. The lecturer then proceeded to enumerate our possessions and our dealings with many nations. From past conditions Mr. Taft went on to explain our present situation and ended his lecture by outlining the principles of the League to Enforce Peace. He said that America should enter this League not merely from selfish motives, but because God has showered such blessings upon this country and given it such immense power that we ought to do our share to insure world-wide peace.

On Wednesday afternoon from 3 until 4 o'clock, a reception was held in Foss Hall parlors for Judge Taft. In the

receiving line were Mrs. A. J. Roberts, Judge Taft, Mrs. L. C. Cornish, and Dean Mary C. Cooper. The ushers were Flora A. Norton, Mildred S. Greene, Selma Koehler, Marian Daggett, Helen Cole, Jeanne Moulton, Irma Ross, Eva Bean, Lucy Taylor, Phoebie Vincent, Lucy Allen, and Hazel Gibbs, all from the class of 1917. Following this reception, the men of the college were given an opportunity to meet the lecturer in the College Library.

During the second week in February, Mrs. Enid White, of Washington, D. C., inspector of the Alpha Delta Pi sorority, was the guest of the Alpha Delta Chapter of Colby. During the following week, Mrs. W. W. Hanley, deputy of the Alpha province of Delta Delta Delta, visited the Alpha Upsilon girls at Colby on her way to and from the installation of Alpha Kappa of Tri Delt at the University of Maine.

The Alpha Chapter of Sigma Kappa is planning to entertain the members of the sorority at the Biennial Convention to be held June 26, 27, 28, and 29, at Waterville, the first home of Sigma Kappa. About two hundred guests are expected, comprising members from all the active and alumnae chapters. Following the convention, a house party is to be held at the Oceanic House, Peak's Island, Me.

Plans are being formulated to organize a dramatic society among the women of Colby.

Representatives at student conventions: Ethel Duff, '17, at the Student Government Convention at Mt. Holyoke, Nov. 15, 16, 17, 1916. Helen Baldwin, '19, at the National I. P. A. Convention at Lexington, Ky., Dec. 28-31, 1916. Mary Titcomb, '19, at the Occupational Conference at Wheaton College, Feb. 27, 28, 1917.

Dean Mary C. Cooper was one of the speakers at the Y. W. C. A. banquet at M. C. I., Pittsfield, Me.

Susie Smith, '17, has been teaching French and Latin in the Caribou High School during the last few weeks of February, and Flora Norton, '17, has been teaching English and History in Monson Academy, Monson, Me.

Louise Merrill, '18, and Helene Blackwell, '19, have resumed their studies at Colby.

The following students from the sophomore class have been appointed to Sophomore Declamation. Appointments are based upon the excellence of rank in Rhetoric 1 and 2: Elizabeth Eames, Belle Longley, Madge Tooker, and Josephine Rice.

The Women's Glee Club, in unison with the Men's Glee Club, are planning to give a concert of exceptional merit shortly after the Spring Vacation, the proceeds of which are to go toward the Endowment Fund.

SCHOLARSHIP HONOR ROLL
for Semester 1916-1917.

1917.—Marion H. White (15 hrs.), Hazel Durgin (15), Margaret Brown (12), Selma Koehler (12), Ruth Murdock (12), Flora Norton (12), Harriet Canham (9), Helen Cole (9), Mildred Greeley (9), Mildred Greene (9), Elsie Lane (9), Hazel Robinson (9), Susie Smith (9), Annie Treworgy (9), Phoebie Vincent (9).

1918.—Cornelia Kelley (18 hrs.), Jennie O. Sanborn (15), Violet French (12), Hazel Whitney (12), Marguerite Bradbury (9), Alta Davis (9), Marion Starbird (9), Kathryne Sturtevant (9).

1919.—Emily Kelley (15 hrs.), Belle Longley (15), Madge Tooker (15), Miriam Adams (12), Nellie Davis (12), Josephine Rice (12), Elizabeth Eames (9), Vera Moore (9), Phyllis Sturdivant (9),

1920.—Gladys Twitchell (23 hrs.), Stella Greenlaw (15), Roberta Harvey (15), Ruth Ross (15), Lucy Teague (15), Marion Waterman (15), Gertrude Willey (15), Marjorie Smith (13), Eleanor Burdick (11), Dorothy Crawford (11), Alice Hanson (11).

On Jan. 22, Professor Wm. Lyon Phelps of Yale University addressed the students of both divisions in the chapel. The theme of his address was "Happiness" and as a definition of happiness

he quoted the words of President Dwight of Yale, "The happiest person is the one who thinks the most interesting thoughts." He named the college-educated person as the one who ought to be among the happiest because his education allows him such a store of interesting thoughts. He gave four great sources of happiness: music, art, nature, and good books.

Prof. Brown's classes in Rhetoric have been pleasantly entertained twice this winter at his home. The program of the first party introduced them to Rabindranath Lagore. His poems were read and Dr. Franklin gave a charming personal sketch of the poet. Mrs. Brown interpreted and played some of MacDowell's songs. The fun of the evening consisted in a discussion,—Why I favor Suffrage.

The second party was a Tennyson program. Dr. Franklin gave a little sketch of the poet's life. For amusement each girl wrote a limerick. Mrs. Brown's music and Prof. Brown's poems gave a personal charm to the evening.

These parties were ideal college affairs and the girls feel that a good time and culture can well be combined in a social evening.

News from the Alumnae.

'80

Mrs. W. G. Mann is recovering from a serious attack of la grippe.

'96

Miss Florence Dunn, who has been spending the winter in Florida, is expected home soon by her Waterville friends.

'04

Mrs. Mollie Caswell Carter has a son, William Caswell.

'05

Mrs. S. G. Beane, who has been seriously ill, is now at home with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Nickerson, in Somerville, Mass.

'07

Mrs. Caro Beverage Faulkner is at home to her friends in Belfast, Maine.

'08

Florence King is now living at Manchester, New Hampshire.

'09

Mrs. Wm. W. Fairclough (Olive Greene) is at home at White Plains, N. Y.

'10

Caro Chapman is teaching at East Berwick, Me.

Emma Berry, who has recently married J. R. Delahante, is living in Brookline, Mass.

Cassilena Perry is teaching at Sanford High School.

Pauline Herring is now teaching at Deering High School.

Margaret Holbrook is teaching at Ludlow.

Florence Carll, who has lately returned from an extended trip in the South is spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Little.

Sarah Pennell, who is at present teaching at Deering High, is to be married in the early summer.

'14

Emily Hanson, who is teaching at Cony High, visited at Foss Hall recently.

Cora Patterson is teaching in Bridgton Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Keef (Marian Dodge) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Charles George.

Blanche Farrington is teaching in Ashland.

Clara Collins has announced her engagement to Donald Piper. The wedding will take place in June.

Nannie Soule is teaching in Sanford High School.

'15

Vivienne Ellsworth is teaching at Farmington.

Jennie Farnum, a teacher in Monmouth Academy, visited at the Hall recently.

Ruth Morgan is studying for her A. M. degree at Wheaton.

Ethel Chamberlain is starring as leading lady in "Hazel Kirke," the High School troupe from Fort Fairfield which is "doing" Aroostook.

Odette Pollard is teaching in Maynard, Mass.

Mrs. Grace Wells Thompson, ex-'15, has a son, Franklin Arad.

The friends of Ruth Manson, ex-'15, were saddened to hear of her death in the early part of December.

'16

Lucile Foster, a teacher at Bingham High, visited friends at the Hall recently.

Marian Towne, ex'16, has lately returned from Boston and is at the home of her parents on Elm St.

Lucy Montgomery visited at the Hall over Washington's birthday.

Mrs. " Peggy " Welsh Joy has a son.

ex-'17

Florence Cain, who is teaching at Franklin, visited at Dutton House and the Hall recently.

Marie Stanley is to be graduated from Boston University in June.

ex-'18

Marion Buzzell is teaching in Bridgewater Academy.

ex-'19

Margaret Totman, who is attending the Leland Powers School of Expression in Boston, is spending her vacation with her parents at Fairfield.

Minerva Bradstreet is teaching French at Bridgewater Academy.

"Kirstin."—A Review.

" Kirstin," by Mrs. Gustav Kleene (Alice Lena Cole, Colby, 1898), is a tragedy in four acts. The plot is adapted from a legend of Hans Christian Anderson and is therefore highly imaginative and fanciful in character. The drama seems to be better adapted to dramatic reading than actual production, since the stage properties and settings are on a grand and elaborate scale. The dialogue is written in blank verse, while the numerous songs which are interspersed are in alternate rhyming couplets. The drama is subdivided into two parts—the action of the first two acts taking place beneath the sea, and that of the last two in the world above.

The first act opens with a tableau representing a grotto at the bottom of the sea, the hall of a sea-king's palace where a magnificent birthday festival is being given in honor of the beautiful sea nymph, Kirstin, upon the occasion of her coming of age. On this day, for the first time, she has had the privilege of beholding mortals above the sea and in a storm has rescued a human prince, Osgod, from drowning.

The second act presents the scene of the cave of the horrid witch, Astrid, who grants to Kirstin the power to become a human being. The third and fourth acts relate the story of Kirstin's life upon earth as maid-of-honor in Dagmar's court, even until the marriage of Osgod to Inga, when Kirstin is broken-hearted. Finally her sisters of the sea call her to come home. They bring her a golden sword, obtained from Astrid, by means of which she can kill Osgod and gain her life again. She begs to be left alone to think. Then she flings the sword into the sea and leaps after it into the waves to be changed to foam, singing:

" Death came over the sea,
Chill and white of breath
Only to veer and flee
Ghostly over the sea
One as strong as death."

The dramatic situations are skillfully handled and the unfolding of the plot, though gradual, holds the attention and interest of the audience throughout. There is little or no character development except in the case of Kirstin who, by her futile love for the prince and hero, Osgod, is changed from the happy carefree child of the sea into the thoughful, serious, self-sacrificing woman, and by her pain and suffering finally gains the reward of eternal happiness in immortality. She represents the ideal of womanly virtue and purity; she is willing to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for her great unselfish love.

Dr. Wolfe, (in Sociology class, referring to the coal stove): " Mr. Smith, will you kindly check the enthusiasm of that radiator in the corner? "

The Elmwood, Waterville, Maine