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Colby College
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A Toast.

Here's a toast unto thee, Alma Mater, Here's a toast to the gray and the blue; Here's a toast to the roseate future children are dreaming for you. Here's a toast to the sacred traditions rose symbol forever thou art, Here's a toast to thy lofty ambitions, Here's a toast from a true loving heart. Here's a toast to thy past, pure and noble, I i a toast to the good you have done; A e's a toast to thy deeds that shall follow, The trophies and fame to be won. Here's a toast to the sons and the daughters To have moulded thy fame so complete, Here's a toast to thy halls and thy willows, A a toast to the elm-shaded street. Here's a toast to the mem'ries that linger, R visions that fade not away; Here's a toast to our loved Alma Mater, Here's a toast to the blue and the gray.

Crowds.

A crowd is just like a surprise packag One never knows what he is going and until he opens it. It may be only manikin salt cellar, or it may be a ceaseless bit of old china. And that is what makes them both so intensely interesting. The unexpectedness of it is It appeals to us all, and gives us that any "folksy" feeling that we have ther we are opening our gifts on Kistmas morning or fighting our way the street when the "movies have just out." Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes! how curious you are to me!

"On the ferry boats, the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose. And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence, are more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose."

Such was Walt Whitman's love for crowds, crowds for which many have only scorn and aversion. Only a throng of people, madly pressing hither and thither, rudely jostling us with their elbows, loud voices, and soft voices, the rude and the gentle, a whiff of air now laden with sweet perfume, and now with an odor of fried onions from the east end.

 Everywhere we see the same picture, day after day, week after week, and year after year. And it is always the same. Sometimes we observe it from that distance that lends enchantment, but more often we are in the very thick of the fray, our elbows jostling with its elbows, and our hearts beating with its great heart.

But this is only the wrapping paper on our package. We must cut the string and tear it off, if we really want to see what is inside. There, look! Why, this is not simply a crowd, here are individuals, men and women, young and old, with souls somewhere beneath these ragged garments. Some of the faces are bright and sweet with the blush of early youth, others are lined and wrinkled with care, greed, lust, yes, and sacrifice. Already we are growing interested; we look more closely.

Here is a face so lined and sallow that it would look almost like crumpled parchment were it not for the burning eyes that light it as with fire. His was a strong spirit in early manhood, but something happened. He could not understand. There was no one to whisper
courage. His disillusionment has made him cold, hard, cynical.

Ah, he is gone, but here comes another, a woman. We can see the paint on her cheek as she comes under the gaslight. Yet her face is not evil, her eyes are very wistful. She stoops to comfort a tiny little fellow who is mourning the loss of his penny. We see her fumble in her pocket, we see the look of despair that crosses her face when she finds it empty. It is the despair of a woman who has found all things empty. With a loving kiss and a muttered curse, she passes on.

And now comes a young girl. We watch her attentively as she swaggers along, chewing gum, and talking loudly. She is very young and pitiable, but she does not realize it. She is at home in these surroundings, and dark alleys have no terror for her. Listen to her laugh, as merry as the laugh of a happy child. Poor girl-woman! She has much to learn, but there is no one to teach her.

It was just such as these, the common everyday people, whom Walt Whitman loved, and wished us all to understand, for he himself says,

“[The main thing is having people understand people—brothers, brothers. We are more alike than not alike, more noble than not noble; that I want to say, say again for ever and always.]”

We have always had our nature poets, men who have seen the miracles of God in the petals of a flower, but it is only recently that we have had men who could see the divine manifested on a city pavement, in a mass of dirty, sordid, and dishevelled humanity listening to a hand-organ. Yet Alfred Noyes has painted such a picture for us, and behold—it is not ridiculous, as we should have thought. It is wonderfully beautiful, so great a depth of human sympathy and tenderness does it portray.

“There’s a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
In the city as the sun sinks low;
And the music’s not immortal; but the world has made it sweet

And fulfilled it with the sunset glow
And it pulses through the pleasures of the city and the pain
That surrounds the singing organ like a large eternal light;
And they’ve given it a glory and a psalm to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night,
And all around the organ there’s a serenade without a shore
Of human joys and wonders and regret;
To remember and to recompense its music evermore
For what the old machinery forged

The genius of the man has so interpreted the feeling of the crowd, that we too have a vision of their joys and the sorrows. We too, can see the chan-
climbed the hill on the right for a
h of cool, fresh air.

sting on the grass, after our climb,
y watched the birds that now and
passed near. A large night-hawk
low that we plainly saw his white
d wings. While uttering his un-
cal call of “ Peent, peent,” he took
detours, then soared high, high up,
ally, dropped down, down, down,
a rapidity that took our breath

descending, and coming near a
eight-hawk, he suddenly reversed
ng with a loud, booming sound
WD the whole valley with its vibra-

As he neared the female, she
away, with a nervous, jerky
. Then again he began his detour,
t, and swift descent. Sometimes
cent was made in one speedy rush,ten in gradual stages, until he was
out of sight in the clouds.
friend and I felt that we were ob-
g as dramatic a love scene as we
ever watched on any stage. Surely
etting of the play far, far surpassed
ever made by mortal hands.

The Sixth Sense.

Modern warfare puts heavy demands
an’s usual five senses, and calls into
also the extra sense which has been
-the sense of humor. The many
ecdotes and cartoons in our maga-
would almost give the impression
the last sense was the most impor-

any writers, however, insist that
find nothing which should provoke
inter in this international tug-of-war.
act that the oft-quoted witti-
s of the men at the front are more
rical irony, and that the humor
originates among civilians behind
nes is unsympathetic and heartless,
erefore utterly devoid of humor.
fter a visit to the front, Mr. Harold
ie writes an attack on war humor,
g a thoughtful, intense hate of war
he enemy, instead of the irreverent
mirth which he regrets to find among
those “ at home.” But we of the allied
ations are not capable of the sustained
spirit of unalloyed hatred which he
desires. We may feel just anger, and an
eternal determination to stamp out evil
—giving our all, if need be, to the task—
but we can never feel the unreasoning
hatred which gave birth to the famous
Hy mn of Hate. Just as Tommy has ridi-
culed the German Hymn of Hate, so
would he have scoffed at an English
Hymn of Hate, for a sense of humor acts
very often as a standard of right and
wrong, and the rudest soldier of anec-
dote-fame would have realized instinc-
tively that such a cruel, base denunciation
was open to ridicule, and therefore not
worthy of England. As a warring alli-
ance, the nations fighting for democracy
should regret that the German nation
has not directed its efficiency toward
developing a sense of humor.

Our soldiers have refused to hate “ the
Boche.” They will fight him, of course.
It is for that that they are at the front.
But the human beings who crouch oppo-
site them, who live under similar condi-
tions, and long in the same way for home
—these men they cannot hate, and it is
better so. The ordinary soldier has bur-
dens enough, without carrying with him
also a perpetual grudge. The private
whose greatest troubles are an empty
pipe and knapsack will retain his sanity
and usefulness longer than the man who
thinks continually and with due solemn-
ity, of his undying hatred for Prussia.

The tension of danger and the whims
of overworked nerves must be respon-
sible for many of the witty remarks
which creep back home from the danger
zone. Then we can only be grateful that
a tired brain may be given to healthy
sarcasm and irony as well as to taciturn
depression and madness. Perhaps it was
merely “ nerves ” which prompted a
wounded soldier to look up at the man
bearing his stretcher and command arro-
gantly, “ Er—home, James.” If it was,
then mere “ nerves ” might be credited
with the momentary laugh which light-
ened the Red Cross man’s grim duty, and brought the prize for his cleverness—than which nothing is more satisfying—to the wounded man.

All war humor, however, is not due to hysteria. Many other factors contribute to the wit and amusement of trench existence. One factor, perhaps, is the prevailing excellent health and resultant good nature which is found in all divisions of the front. Outdoor life and a relentless regularity of habits have been a physical benefit to the men, and have created an amazing cheerfulness which caused one visitor to exclaim, “I wish I could bring those pessimists up in London down here to see these boys.”

The surprising and ludicrous have furnished material for humor since laughter began, and both of these are ever-present at the front. A certain soldier who described trench life to a recruit had grasped the abnormal character of his life and appreciated it. “If yer stands up yer get sniped;” he said. “If yer keeps down yer gets drowned; if yer moves about yer gets shelled; and if yer stands still yer gets court-martialed for frost-bite.”

We hear of the grim observation of the private who had for the third time buried a dead German soldier, and for the third time saw it uncovered by a shell explosion. With a gesture of exasperation as he started his work again he turned to his companions, “The bloomin’ Boche thinks it’s Resurrection time, ‘e does.”

Contrasted with this grim humor is the opportunity for amusement which came to Lieutenant Bobby Little, Ian Hay’s delightful young British, as mail censor for his company. He could smile at the many illuminating remarks about himself which Tommy gleefully tucked into his brief letters, and he must wonder as well as laugh at the ease with which one ungrammatical soldier kept each one of four separate ladies back home convinced that he was still ardently faithful.

The new acquaintances among ever-moving soldiers must give opportunity for much fun-making. Imagine a listed professor’s mirth when he hears the language of a cockney private, and the derision of cockney as he watches the private painful attempts to shave himself! before long they will be laughing together over their attempts to help each other.

Army tasks do not always occupy mind and it is not surprising that a soldier composes numerous jingles and rhymes. Many well-known poems have been parodied, more or less criminally and puns are innumerable. Canadians have written a rhyme entitled “Perfect Day,” for the trench song called “The Brazier.” It is not a very gem, but its revelation of trench difficulties and its careless mixture of French and English give it a unique appeal. The first lines tell of ten soldiers of the Steenth Battalion.

“Dix Steenth Battalion boys eat Bully Boeuf, One caught the tummy-ache and there were neuf.”

The last stanzas record the final disposition of the group after war biscuits and military discipline had reduced the number to three.

“Trois Steenth Battalion boys feel tres heureux, One spoiled the gramophone and there were deux.

Deux Steenth Battalion boys call a Hun, He proved he wasn’t one and then there was un.

Un Steenth Battalion boy feeling bien, He got estaminated, that left rien.”

(R. M. E.)

The British troops who watched elevate the sign “Gott Mit Uns,” were justly proud of their inspired answer, “We got mittens too,” they signaled back, and doubtless felt convinced by their hilarity that the war was already won.

As a rule, the German soldier has
ood humor and wit which avert
sion among the soldiers of the
tions, but occasionally he, too,
ed to mirth. One German soldier,
ing knee-deep in ice-cold water,
cross to the British soldiers, who
en a trench which was little better
is. "Are you dere, Jock? Haf
iskey? We haf plenty water!"
ner of the allied soldiers dif-
s do their national traits, but the-
er is there in every case. The
oilu is quietly, subtly humorous,
iper meanwhile is perfect.
y Atkins, in contrast, is noisily
nd perenniilly ill-natured. He
out the weather, the duties and
 and does it all with a vim which
im a world of good, and frightens
ers not at all.
to soon to prophecy surely that
merican soldiers will retain their
ss gayety through danger and dis-
. It is certain that they realize
full the great responsibility which
n upon them as the fighting force of
ited States, and they are resolved
ke their country count strongly
 militarism. An Englishman
served the parade of American
 Paris was amazed at the grave
ace of the soldiers. Instead of
 camaraderie of the French poilu
 the parades before admiring crowds
ersonal badinage with cheerfully
 bystanders which delights the
 soldier, the Parisian audience
zzled by the determined, serious
 of the marching men. Though
ailed to understand it, the French
ace was cheered by this evidence
udy purpose on the part of the new
 writers who have had experience in
 the war have given us ideal standards of
 war humor. Ian Hay cannot be charged
 ith the thoughtlessness and lack of
mpathy which some writers deplore,
 but his writings are witty as well as pur-
poseful. Robert Service has been able,
because of his own experiences, to give
 as war poetry of wonderful sympathy.
 We are thrilled by the poignant sorrow
and beautiful faith in the lines.
"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow
My Lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of
the child,
In all sweet things that are."
There is humor as well as sorrow in
his writing as we find in the poem "My
Bay'lit."
"For ain't it a fraud! When a Boche and
yours truly
Gits into a mix in the grit and the
grime,
'e jerks up 'is 'ands wiv a yell and 'e's
 duly
Part of me outfit every time.
"Left, right, Hans and Fritz!
Goose step, keep up yer mits!
Oh my, Ain't it a shyme!
Part of me outfit every time."
From such literature, more than any-
where else may be taken the ideal spirit
of war-time—a determination of pur-
pose and a prayerful sympathy, leavened
by the cheering influence of humor.

And He Will Not Come Back
He was a splendid lad, and when he went
away,
We knew he'd come back.
We felt that no Boche could overcome
our boy in his manly strength.
We knew he'd come back.
And O God, he did; but how!
Gone was his strength.
Gone was the manliness of him.
He came back, and we could not be glad,
Could not forgive him.
He had come home, a deserter.
We did not believe, at first,
Could not believe,
When the report came to us,
"Your son is reported missing from duty."
And then, we mourned,
For we thought our boy had died in battle.
We had known he’d come back, and he died.
If he could have died!
But he came back,
Came sneaking, slinking back.
He told us he could not stand it!
Our own boy—
Could not endure the horror, the stench, and the dead.
Could not endure the terror,
The fear, and the agony of it all.
So he’d come back, home.
Our father’s wrath was terrible.
Our mother’s grief was pitiable.
Our father in his agony of mind cried to the boy,
"You are no son of mine!"
Now the boy is gone,
And he will not come back.

Firelight Impressions.

As I glance back over my college days I see that the experiences which stand out most clearly in my mind have come to me on Sunday afternoons. The fact seems significant to me. I have always noticed that a Sunday afternoon well spent makes my whole week brighter; while an ill-spent Sabbath puts me into a fit of the blues that it takes days to shake off.

Today has been a red letter day. I can almost say it has been perfect. From beginning to end there has been good will. It has been easy to smile and easy to work, but yet, the day has not lacked seriousness. I am conscious of a hard day tomorrow; the brother in France is not forgotten; a hundred and one responsibilities lurk in my mind. But living has been wonderful!

I have in mind particularly a group of college girls assembled in our living room this afternoon, at the beginning of the long twilight. The only light the room was from the open fire. We were sitting on the floor together, eating peanuts and molasses candy which had just pulled, and talking. The conversations certainly had variety. There were discussions of books we had read, plays we had seen, and people we had met. Stories, and now and then, songs were heard. The war also had its place. Fun balanced seriousness; the expressions of hopes and aims for the future drew us into closer sympathy. Through it all we listened to music which had a magic spell to the hour.

Six o’clock chimed and the girls were away happier, I know, for having spent that time together. Just so can hundreds of college students look back on hours spent in somewhat the same intimate manner with college friends. Is it not important that the college woman should spend well those hours which are her own at the first of the week?

Perfection.

I made a discovery just recently, in deed, it is almost too obvious to be called a discovery and the wonder is that I never saw it before. I had heard of the greatest things, the best things, the smallest things, and the queerest things in the world, but now I know what the most beautiful things in the world are. There are only two of them. All other things are insignificant beside them. They are: a little child, and a morning with the sun on it.

Perhaps my critic scowls with disapproval, yet he will not fail to be moved by either of these perfect creations of nature. But why class them together, does he ask? Because they are alike in that they are fresh and youthful; they are perfect in that they can be nothing else. In each there is that intangible charm that makes smiling easy and living a delight.

Such a child you and I know.
Look out upon the world with perfect
ness and trust; a life that knows
right nor wrong but takes every-
at its face value. His is a life all
in! There is no past, all is future—
with limitless experiences that wait
in the world yonder to mold him
beautiful character or to twist and
the perfect beginning. It matters
hether the future holds honor or
ace. He is pure!

A morning I have known. Push-
y boat out on the waters of beauti-
ike George I have held companion-
with the sun as he looked over the
tains that rise from the shore.
ake showed hardly a ripple and the
ss about were darkest green in the
w and then golden as the sun shone
 them and drove away the mists,
and there small clouds of mist, like
veils, hung over the trees and
antly departed. There in all its
er was a new day. There was no
all was future. There was nothing
 me whether the waiting hours
to bring cloudless sunshine and joy,
tific storm and pain. It was per-
!

**A Bit O' Verse.**

If in sunshine, half in shadow,
ds the farmhouse on the hill.
t below on sea-bright meadows,
 the blue waves, hushed and still.
g birds sing a joyous carol,
t the air with scents of June;
 the world seems full of beauty
this summer afternoon.


Puppy Love.

"There he is," whispered Frances,
"sitting on the steps there. See him?"
"Sh, Frances, keep still," Mary hissed.
"We don’t want him to hear us talking
about him,"—then forgetting her cau-
tion—"honest, girls, I’d give anything
if Dick Frost would take me to the semi-
ann! He’s a corking dancer, and he’s
positively handsome in his uniform.
He’s a first lieutenant, and, O, I’d give
anything if he’d only take me!"

"I sh’d think you’d be ashamed to tell
anybody if you like a fellow as much as
that," observed Clara, the youngest of
the two. "Now I don’t care a snap
about Dick Frost, or any other fellow,
but do you think I’d rave about him if I
did!"

"O, Clara, you’re too young; you
don’t understand!" and the superior
Frances smiled at the comprehending
May. "Wait ’til you’re older, then
you’ll know why the girls like Dick!"

"Old!" sniffed Clara, "I’ll be a lot
older, won’t I, when I’m your age! Six-
teen is so very far above fifteen!"

Dick Frost was sitting on the back
steps of his house, meditating the advis-
ability of waiting any longer, for Archie
Cobb. The two boys had planned a bi-
cycle and fishing trip, and Archie had
failed to appear at the appointed time,
leaving Dick in doubt whether to wait
at his own house or to go after his chum.
The three girls decided the question for
him. As they sauntered, arm in arm,
past his house he was accosted by two
sweet, "Hello Dicks," and a feminine
"Humph!"

He smiled amiably at them. "Hello
girls! Say, have you seen Arch Cobb
anywhere?" The innocent question was
motive enough to make the girls stop at
the gate, rather too eagerly, perhaps,
while Frances asked concernedly, "Arch
Cobb? Why, I think he’s gone uptown,
hasn’t he?"

"Up town! Well, I’ll be darned!"
ejaculated the indignant Dick, coming,
in his concern, to the gate. "Are you
sure? ’Cause he promised to go fishing
with me, down to Brookses, and I oiled
my wheel on purpose!”

“Why—I don’t know—I—er, thought
I heard him tell John Green that—er,”
began May.

“No you didn’t either,” interrupted
Clara. “You know we heard him tell
John that he was going to borrow a
fish—”

“O, Dick,” Frances hastened to add,
“I was so glad you won the prize at the
efficiency drill. How many does that
make, six?”

“No,” replied the gratified youth,
“I’ve only won three, the Barrows, the
Sanders, and the school prize.”

“But you won the Bent cup, too, you
know,” adroitly added May. “My, I
wish I were a boy; I’d—”

“Ooh,” said honest Clara, “You just
said a little while ago that you—”

“Who do you suppose will get the semi-
ann prize?” desperately interrupted May.

“Perhaps we’ll see him. We’re going
up street,” suggested May. “We’ll tell
him, if we see him. Anyway, you could
find him yourself, if you went—”

“O Archie, aren’t you awful! Just as
if we could go. Is that an invitation?”

“Next time? Yes!” and the boy
started off.

“O say, wait a minute Arch!” and
Dick turned back. “I meant to get some
of those painted flies. They’re all the
rage for trout! O, we’ll have to treat the
girls now. We’re trapped! Come on
Arch, my treat!”

He, masterfully, and ostentatiously
slammed down his money, and as he
withdrew his hand from the counter, he
awkwardly struck May’s soda glass
knocking it over. He put out his hand
to catch it and for an instant his hand
touched and clasped May’s, as she was
attempting to right the glass. She
blushed hotly as he smiled at her, and
she snatched her hand away. “I’ve got
him,” she thought. “He must like me!
But no, he was calmly looking at the flies
and she, little fool, was blushing because
he had held her hand! But yet—!

The boys went on their way and the
two girls looked long and solemnly after
them. “Did you see that,” whispered
May. “He held my hand!”
May! He didn’t! O you lucky thing! Must like you. You can see it in his —but," Frances added with cheer-andor, "you never can tell. I’ve had of fellows look at me like that, and I never think of it afterward. But May—

Frost! O, he’ll invite you to the dance, sure!"

Lakeville High School a few years before, a cadet company had been formed, and every month the cadets gave public efficiency drill, followed by a ball. Twice a year, however, were the "semi-anns" as they were popu-larly called, and these were the social events of the year.

It was generally acknowledged that Grayson and May Gregory were leaders of the younger set. As Clara Grayson said, "I don’t know how they do it. They aren’t any better looking than the rest of us, but yet all the boys like ‘em and want to see their names called, and these were the social events of the year.

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replied the blase youth, rolling a cigarette. “Usually you hold her hand a minute, after you get her home, gaze blissfully into her eyes, and then kiss her!”

Arrived at the door of her house, Dick took her hand, gazed uncertainly at her, and quickly kissed her. A gasp, a smothered, “Oh!” and she was gone. As she stood in her room before the glass, she murmured, “He kissed you. Dick kissed you!” She gazed at herself, starry-eyed!

Tenderly and gracefully—
   Gallant and true was he—
   He stooped before his lady
   And bent the reverent knee.
   The stars shone bright above them.
   Silent and still were they,
   When gallant kissed his lady
   Who did not bid him nay.

She saw Dick shining in armor, with gleaming sword at his side. She saw herself, in flowing robes of satin, standing before him. He drops to one knee and kisses her hand. She bids him rise. He enfolds her in his arms while she stands smiling—she blushed hotly, and snapped off the lights. Standing at the window, she gazed at the stars.

The next evening Frances and Mary were sitting in the drug store enjoying the popular ice-cream soda when Frances exclaimed, “May! Look who’s coming in!” and May looked up to see Dick airily marching in, smiling into the alluring eyes of Clara, the baby vampire, as he tenderly guided her to the seat next to May. “Hello, girls,” said he, and thereafter devoted himself to the new debutante.

That Unprofitable Hour.

I noticed the other day that alarm clocks cost only a dollar, with the alarm warranted to go off. Formerly, I should have greatly preferred a clock with the alarm warranted not to go off. But just recently we were advised to spend in some profitable way that hitherto unprofitable hour known as the dressing-hour. As I had usually condensed that hour into ten minutes of violent hate, it became necessary for me to invest an alarm clock until I should have formed the doubtless exemplary habit of arising at six.

Six o’clock! Ting-a-ling-ling-ling—
I “grab” the ringing monster, “stuff it under my pillow, and apparently un
concerned with the remarks from the other side of the room, turn on my light and hunt for the Holt edition of “The Leading English Poets.” For what more profitable way of spending an hour to a poetry lover, than the learning of some of those exquisite lines of England’s greatest. “Ode on a Grecian Urn” strikes my sleepy fancy, and I begin to conquer the first few lines.

“Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
   Thou foster-child of silence and solitude,
   Gracious, how cold it is! Probably I can see just as well from my couch, so I bank myself up with pillows and turn again.

This is ever so much more comfortable and warm as can be,—
   “Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
   Thou foster-child — — — of silence — — — and — — —”
   “Say, did you know it was five minutes of seven?”
   What!!
   “I thought you were going to learn poetry. A lot you must have learned this with gentle sarcasm from the other side.

Oh, why did I confide my aspirations to an unsympathetic room-mate. Poor Grecian Urn! But after all, there is tomorrow, and “habit is everything” says Professor James.

“Not from the whole wide world I choose thee
   Sweetheart, light of the land and sea
   The wide, wide world could not enclose thee
   For thou art the whole wide world to me.”
The Grey in a Fall Landscape.

Every season has its characteristic or. Most people say there are just seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter; but I like to think of five—spring, summer, autumn, fall, and winter. With autumn one always associates bright colors and harvests and fairs and bonfires; but there's a time between autumn and winter, after all the festivities are over, when Mother Earth puts on her grey Quaker dress and very soberly sets about getting ready for winter. The trees stand in solemn dignity, their bare grey branches dishonestly aloof. The greyness and calmness of fall is seen and felt everywhere. Even the roads are frozen as they wind through the grey fields and across grey river.

The sunsets, too, bright and shiny as they are, have tints and splashes of grey fed in around the edges and every once awhile a rose cloud reveals its silver lining. Even the atmosphere of fall is grey. It is as if one were looking out on the world through very tinted grey glasses. Fall is a sort of transition period and all the time with the rest of nature, one has the haunting feeling of presentiment.

A Word-Picture from Kipling.

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky!" What is the picture which Kipling has painted here? A "wind-swept sky!" I see a wild hawk soaring high, with black clouds scudding past. A "wind-swept sky!" I see a wild hawk soaring high, with black clouds scudding past. The winds sweep on to lash the waste of waters below; they sway the tops of the dark forests; and they beat the limbs of the pine leaning over the waves, until they break harshly. Across the water, a man hurries to draw up his boats and make all safe before the storm seas. The only sounds are the fever-lapping of the waves, and the sinister murmur of the winds—now rising, now falling.

Slowly a dark speck rises from the wood, and mounts, circling, above my head. It is a wild hawk. He rides fearlessly up into the darkening sky—now and then beaten back by the swirling winds. The unsounded heights have no terror for him. Higher and higher he goes—up into the home he loves—the wind-swept sky.

A Song of Yesterday.

It was sunset in the autumn, Sunset gleaming gold and crimson, And the winding Messalonskee, Flowing gently, flowing softly, Mirrored every tint and shadow; Till the oak trees and the maples, Rustling gently, rustling softly Towered high above the waters And their image mirrored there. On a bank beneath the oak trees, Bank of mosses rank and verdant, Sat a dusky Indian maiden, Rustling gently, rustling softly, As she gazed into the waters, Gliding there so smooth and quiet, Gliding gently, gliding softly, Gazed with mingled awe and rapture At the beauty pictured there. Lower sank the golden circle, Sank behind the towering oak trees, Till the shadows, lightly falling, Falling gently, falling softly, Drove away the brilliant picture, Floating on the glassy waters, Floating gently, floating softly, Twilight settled o'er the landscape, And the maiden sitting there. Down the river lightly drifting, River now so calm and dusky, Came canoe of whitest birch bark, Drifting gently, drifting softly, And the warrior, brave and noble, Paddling down the Messalonskee, Paddling gently, paddling softly, Gazing 'round him in the gloaming Spied the maiden sitting there.
Straightway to the bank he glided
To the bank now dark and hidden,
Stepped upon the moss so tender,
Stepping gently, stepping softly
To her side he lightly hastened,
Bent above her in the darkness,
Whisp'ring gently, whisp'ring softly.

Far above the oak trees nodded,
Nodded at the murmuring there.

It was moonlight in the autumn,
Moonlight gleaming white and silvery.
Out upon the Messalonskee,

Gliding gently, gliding softly,
Sped canoe with man and maiden,
Just a shadow on the waters,

Slipping gently, slipping softly,
Silent flowed the Messalonskee,

Christmas Day, 1917.

It is hard to think it’s Christmas,
Hard to feel the same glad thrill,
In our love for one another,
In our spirit of good-will.

There is so much need and suffering,
War’s cruel hand strikes everywhere,
Crushing hearts and lives unnumbered,
Stealing what we hold most dear.

Can we now believe the story
Of the shepherds from afar,
Of the message of the angels,
Of the Magi and the star?

Of the Christ-child in the manger,
All the glory of that birth—
Promising the world a Saviour,
And good-will and peace on earth?

Yet perhaps we must look farther,
Past the manger, to the cross,
See the promise brought in glory,
Was fulfilled in bitter loss.

If today the world is passing
Through its dark Gethsemane,
Then we can not doubt but bettered,
It will rise from agony.

So we try to feel this Christmas,
In braver hope, and broader love,

That the ideal in the Christ-child
Is what our men die to fulfill.

The Realism of Fiction and the
Romanticism of Fact.

"’Tis strange, but true; for truth
Stranger than fiction"—never did so-called romantic Byron speak truer words than these. He touched the very essence of truth and, at the same time, the substance of fiction. He combined these two seemingly opposed elements of life in one short sentence. The pithy, unexplained words of Byron are but a forerunner of Professor Phelan’s statement that “the most romantic novels has its realism, for life itself is romantic.” Both statements seem to be epigrammatic, contradictory, and both are true. Life is real; life is romantic. Fiction is strange; fiction is everlastingly true.

The only novels that really live are those that come from the heart of man—so with poetry, so with all art. They must be the man, himself—life, itself. The moment a work of art ceases to be in accord with life, it ceases to exist. And the more it is in relation with existence, the more real, and therefore the most lasting it is.

Authors may be judged by their works. As Joseph Conrad says, “The novelist does not describe the world, but his world.” Tolstoy, the greatest novelist of the day, wrote his autobiography in every one of his so-called works with fiction. The surprising air of reality that they all possess is largely due to the fact not merely that they are true to life, but that they are the living truth. When an artist succeeds in getting the secret of his inmost heart on the printed page, the book lives. The amount of reality a book possesses is shown by the degree of permanent impression left on the mind of the reader. Hundreds of novels that the world was reading ten years ago are now forgotten because they did n
possess enough truth to live. But the great figures, the full sized portraits in Fielding, in Jane Austen, in Dickens, in Thackeray, in Balzac, will never die. Such books as these when once read, are remembered forever. They picture the minute details of life, the little things that count. That Oliver Twist should want and need more broth is vastly more important than for the hero to disguise himself as a doctor, to secure admittance past the watchful eyes of the tyrannical father and jealous stepmother to theower of his sweetheart, then to have him grasp the maid, who has fainted, going down a rope ladder, and dash in an auto to the nearest clergyman. The he is reality, the other bosh though contained in one of the “best sellers” of nineteen hundred and sixteen. The first is lived, will live; the second died overnight.

Life, after all, is the only thing that matters, and life is full of wonder, charm, and humor. The material things of fiction are the most romantic things of fact. Birth, Life, Death—these are the wonderful things. They are facts; they will ways be facts, but they are wonderful. Or thousands of years, the earth has been suspended in the midst of space, scientists say,—just a round ball like many other planets that are drifting through the ether, but covered with millions of little people—people who come and go, while the world goes on, while the world goes on forever. Science is absolutely romantic; the fairyland of life had been created by scientists. Science changes from year to year, from day to day; it unfolds new wonders, pens up new realms, while fiction, what does fiction do? It merely tells the facts of science. True, it sometimes predicts them as Jules Vernes’ “Two Thousand Leagues Beneath the Sea” foretold the conquering of the sea by man, but even this was based on fact which the author merely enlarged upon. Psychology says that the impression must proceed the expression. Thus, everything that is written in so-called fable or tale must have really happened before it could be recorded. The deed comes before the narration. Thomas Edison is a far greater magician than any in “The Arabian Nights;” he is modern, they are old fashioned; he performs deeds first hand; they relate them second hand. Think of the wonderful things he, Luther Burbank, Admiral Peary, the Frenchman Pegond, have accomplished. Fiction never dreamed such wonders, and, had it so dreamed, it would never have dared announce a spineless cactus or a man who could fly upside down. Nature is outrivaled, even conquered, by men such as these.

Science and romance are closely connected. One of the most romantic, realistic things of modern times, is the motion picture. It shows life in all its romanticism and romance in all its reality. In every picture we have the two seemingly opposed factors combined. Is not that hurried courtship and marriage real? Why only the other day Miss So-and So met Lieutenant This-or That and became his war bride. But look at that imitation eruption of Mount Vesuvius, see that terrific raging mountain flood, which is no true flood at all. Hasn’t science accomplished the marvelous in reproducing nature itself? Science and fiction have here combined to produce one perfect, wonderful, realistic whole. Without the one, the picture would be insipid; without the other, it would not be.

Nature is wonderful. The smallest things on earth—ants and tiny bugs are quite as miraculous as any of our mountains. Science tries to make of them facts, to bring them into black and white, but strange to say, the more she works to make them seem actual, the more surprising and wonderful they seem. They resist every effort the biologist or geologist makes to deprive them of their wonder. That one must pinch himself to make sure he is alive when looking at the Falls of Niagra is proof enough that nature is wonderful.

Then this dreadful war, although it
now comes so near to all Americans, does not, can not seem true to them. It too, since it is human nature, is wonderful. No one knows what the morrow will bring forth; no one can realize, no one can picture what war is. A dream, that is all it is—though men are killing one another. And science is fighting in that awful dream; fact is increased; made more wonderful, more romantic even, than ever before. There are aeroplanes circling overhead, submarines swimming underneath, aerial tramways, subterranean trenches, poison gases filling the air, guns booming, and human mowing machines—America, England, France, Germany—driven by new Wash­ingtons and Napoleons cutting down humanity like so many blades of grass.

Does this seem true? It cannot be realized. It is actual only when a piece of fiction like Mary Shipman Andrews' "Three Things," or Hetty Hemenway's "Four Days," or a bit of poetry like Robert Services' "My Foe," brings it home. Newspapers tell the facts. They are read, often rejoiced and sometimes cried over, always wondered at, but it is fiction that brings it to the souls of those at home.

Thus, fact and fiction are interlinked. As one man said, "Truth is fiction; fiction, truth." The deeds of exactitude, the truths of science, the facts of nature seem romantic beside the commonplace reality of fiction, those minor details, those trivial truths which as well as the great ones where once portrayed will always live. Life, fact, truth, is romantic until recorded. It will vanish, be forgotten for some new discovery if not written down, but when molded into fiction, it becomes everlasting. Then only is life real. Man cannot seize the minutes as they speed by him now, but fiction can. It can record them, portray them for future readers, make them exist forever and so become real,—instead of being only sixty seconds long, they become infinite. Although the latest edition of a work of science is always the best, Dickens's "David Copperfield" is more true than Darwin's "The Origin of the Species," and it will always be true because human nature never changes, and it, like all fiction, based on human nature; but Darwin's book, though still read as one of the fine books of science to be printed, has long since been superseded by other, new scientific books, because science and fact are always changing. The one shows the realism of fiction; the other shows the romanticism of fact.

Music?

Music is a gift of the gods; but there are times when I wish the gods had been quite so liberal. There are in Fogg Hall three pianos, two cornets, one trom­bone, and two victrolas, to say nothing of such soft voiced instruments as violins, banjos, and mandolins.

My room is centrally located. Last Saturday afternoon, while I was laboring over my long theme, the downstairs piano was clanging out, "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?" while in the assembly room overhead someone practised their solo church the next day. From the wind across the way came in the deep thrilling notes of the trombone, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." We had a dog once named Nibs and every time we played the piano or the victrola he would come in and howl mepiteously.

When suddenly still another tone was to be detected in the chorus, the gym piano jerking out "The Bells are Ringing for Me and My Gal." With the tears of anguish rolling down my cheeks—It Nibs—I lifted my head and howled.

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' ye'r spine is feelin' proud,
Don't fergit to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you."
THE COLBIANA

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Over the world with outspread wings
The spirit of Christmas broods and 
sings
Of happy, hopeful, helpful things."

Is there, this year, mockery for us in 
s thought? Is the spirit of Christ-
as a thing of the past? Are the memo-
ors of stuffed stockings and smiling 
ildish faces o'ershadowed by the vivid 
tures of war and waste? Is the radi-
happiness of young people and the 
et peace of old people lost in the bitter 
ering of the world? I think not. The little poem rings 
. There is no mockery in it for us.

Over the world with outspread wings
The spirit of Christmas broods and 
sings;”

over the snow-covered fields of New Eng-
land, the frozen plains of Siberia, the 
death-strewn fields of northern France; 
everywhere is carried a spirit of charity 
that has never been known before. The 
people of the earth are drawn into a 
closer fellowship than ever before. The 
war and waste are here, but in God's 
good time they will be forever stamped 
out, and then a world-wide democracy 
and the brotherhood of man shall be 
established in their place.

To us Christmas has indeed come 
again. In cold, snowy whiteness it comes 
with jingling of sleigh bells, the laugh-
ter of children, the green of candle-
lighted trees. To look upon outwardly 
it is the day we have known and loved. 
And the smiles of children are just as 
bright this year as ever. Santa Claus 
will have just as many eager letters sent 
up the chimney to him as he has ever had. 
What matter if the stockings must be 
filled with toys not “made in Germany.” 
Home made kites fly just as high! 

As for the peaceful serenity of the old 
folks, was it not from a war, awful like 
ours, that this very spirit emerged? It 
is for us to see that there comes from the 
loneliness at home and the suffering 
across the seas a faith such as our grand-
mothers. The happiness of youth rests 
on dreams for the future, a future freed 
from wrong and cruel suffering, a future 
in which no man lacks a friend, a future 
filled with “happy, hopeful, helpful 
things.”

Oh, yes, the little poem rings true.
This year, as in all times

“Over the world with outspread wings
The spirit of Christmas broods and 
sings
Of happy, hopeful, helpful things.”

The Colbian wishes you all “ye olde 
time Christmass” joy.

Outwitted.

“He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win;
We drew a circle that took him in!”
A Difference in Gods.

Always in our world of "folks" have there been two kinds. The first are those who are content with things as they are. They have neither the genius nor the desire to create anything new.

They are the people who have one god, and one only. Nor is theirs a god of love and compassion, rather is it a harsh god who never forgives, the god of respectability. As long as anything is respectable, it is right.

Respectability cares not for the hearts of its adherents—they may be as black as the heart of a murderer. It is concerned only with their outer garments, with their keeping fast its law. And its law is very simple.

"Thou shalt not do anything that is considered improper in the best society."

But all of the people are not interested in respectability. We have another class with a different god. They are the people who "keep the white of our national flag white," not with outward seeming, but with inward being.

They have the faith of the true God in their hearts, nor do they fear to defy the world in defense of their principles. For principle, not policy is their watchword.

It is only this class of people who have ever done anything worth while. Abraham Lincoln was such a man. How we admire that strong, silent figure, looming up through the years, a man independent and steadfast, on whom the responsibility of a great nation rested and yet who never once flinched.

Yes, we have had men like him in the past, and we shall have them in the future. For, after all, there is a divine spark in man, which the god of respectability may cover with ashes yet can never entirely extinguish. Always in every age, will some man stand out courageous and bold, a spirit who will dare to follow the leading of his own conscience regardless of the jeers and taunts of the mob.

The Situation in Russia.

A short time ago an English daily generally considered to be one of the two most influential journals of the English speaking world, appeared with this headline, "Count Russia Out. From now on the allies must carry on the war without her." The man of the street, as I read, added the comment in his own tongue, "Yes, they've quit." Both statements are unfortunate. They reveal selfish judgment, made without a due regard for the other side of the case.

Russia has ceased to be an aggressive ally, but she is not to be "counted out." A fair appreciation of the Russian situation will make clear the reason.

For three years Russia has maintained a battle front of twelve hundred miles of Russian armies, oftentimes inadequately equipped and rationed with provisions that never arrived withstood the assaults of German and Austrian divisions. They have not had at one elbow the troops of England, Canada, and Australia. They have encountered in their own midst foes far worse than the enemy—treachery, inconsistency, graft, and most insidious of all, German propaganda. They have paid a fearful toll.

The swamps of Poland, the uplands of Galicia, the mountain passes of the Caucasus, have claimed the bodies of three million Russian soldiers. Two million more have gone home wounded, without proper medical care. These men will not fight again. Still others, who may be counted in the hundreds of thousands are starving in German and Austrian prison camps. The road between two such camps is lined on either side with a double row of crosses. There is no break for the three miles. They were no idle words that Kerensky spoke: "Russia is war weary."

Coupled with these staggering losses, have come new interests at home. It may be that the Russian revolution was inopportune timed. But it has come, and with it a host of problems in
which every man at the front is personally interested. Freedom, self-government, equal suffrage, equality, are big words when used for the first time. They are dividing the land. Go home and get your share,” German propagandists told the man in the trenches. “This is a war of the capitalists of England and France; and now the Americans come to help them out. Why should you fight their battle? Our quarrel was with your czar. He is gone. Let us be friends.” We know that these are preposterous lies. The Russians do not, and we are not there to tell them.

The man who now sits in the place of the Czar finds his pockets lined with German gold. His first lieutenant, three months ago, was a reporter on a New York east paper at fifteen dollars a week. These are not men to guide the destiny of a nation, nor will they guide it. Yet on their actions, Russia is condemned.

The new government of Russia will not be organized by Kerensky, but it is equally clear that it will not be controlled by the Bolsheviks. Although the great mass of the Russian people are illiterate, they are by no means unintelligent. They will rally to the support of leaders who prove themselves capable of uniting the many factions and of expressing in their policies the aims of the new Russia.

Russia is our ally. For three years we have asked, “What can you give?” It is not time for the question, “What do you need?” What does Russia need but our forbearance, the understanding, the unselfish, of those for whom she has given much? For what purpose is an ally to be not for such times as these? When we have given one-third of what Russia as given, when a million crosses dot the graves of American soldiers in France, then our hospitals are filled to overflowing with the wounded, then may we justice ask Russia for an accounting.

The Russian army is not demoralized. Still holds one hundred and forty-seven German army divisions, a fighting force of three million men, on the eastern front. The Russian people are anxious to do the right, if they can but find leaders who will not betray them. President Wilson has told them, “No country more than yours holds the hopes of the future years.” Can we do better than to accept his judgment?

**Perspective.**

“Are my rubbers under your feet, sir? Oh, here is one of them, at last! Where can the other have gone?” An interval of silence. The same, with variations.

I was at a symphony concert last winter, and the woman who sat next me was amusing, yet somewhat annoying, because of her constant hunt for her rubbers. They were somewhere under the seat, and could be found when she was ready to go home, but by her continual worrying, she lost nearly all the concert.

How many people there are who go through life in this same way! They fret and worry over the little things and fail to appreciate the big things—the things worth while. They have the wrong perspective.

I know a professor, a man of intellectual power, who makes his domestic life uncomfortable by worrying about the petty details of economy about the house. A careless or warped perspective takes from him the perfect harmony of his home life.

How does the war impress most of us? Is it not more often as a "booster" of the high cost of living, than as a great struggle for the rights of all humanity?

Many a society woman deplores the fact that her son must go to a training camp with “common fellows,” when she might be glad that such a mighty leveler of class distinctions has come to our national life.

I have seen girls come to college and at the sacrifice of all pleasures, and even of health, win a Phi Beta Kappa key. It is true that studies are very important, but do such girls have quite the right perspective?

Our view of life may be distorted in many ways. Is there anyone who sees
life in its true proportions? No, for no one is perfect. But he who studies himself, who studies life, and who really tries to understand the complexities about him, is nearing perfection. He has a clearing perspective.

Student Government.

In the spring of 1917 some girls of the Senior class became impressed with the fact that college life contained vastly broader possibilities than those which had then been developed. Through student government they perceived a way to the attainment of better preparation for work in after life. Consequently it came about that the Women's Division of Colby College sent a delegate to the annual conference of the Woman's Intercollegiate Association for Student Government which was held that year at Mt. Holyoke College in order to learn more about the movement. The delegate came back more firmly convinced than before than an organization for self government among the women at Colby would be of untold value. A grant of powers was secured from the faculty and a constitution was drawn up which gave to the women certain powers, among which were the maintenance of order and quiet in the college dormitories, and the making and enforcement of all regulations governing the conduct of students in other specified non-academic matters. The regulations which had been in force during previous years were not radically changed.

This year a delegate from the Student's League of Colby College attended the conference of the Intercollegiate Association held at Syracuse University. It is hoped that this end of its first year may find the league for self government firmly established.

The term “self government” is used intentionally. Student government means self government.

Only by a feeling of personal responsibility on the part of every member of the league can the best results of student government come about. The efficiency of our association at Colby depends directly on whether or not each woman feels the responsibility of self-government resting upon her.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Two national secretaries have visited the association so far this year, Miss Adelaide Fairbank, traveling secretary for Student Volunteer Movement, Oct. 16-17, and Miss Helen Farquhar, student secretary for the Northeastern Field, Nov. 6-7. Miss Farquhar came in the interest of the Student Friendship Fund Campaign. During her stay she spoke in Y. W. C. A. meeting on the Patriotic League. Over one hundred Colby girls have joined this league whose purpose is to unite girls everywhere by giving them an ideal in common which is expressed as follows:

“I pledge to express my Patriotism
By doing better than ever before whatever work I have to do;
By rendering whatever special service I can to my community and country;
By living up to the highest standards of character and honor and helping others to do the same.”

Three new members were elected to the advisory board this fall, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Grover, Mrs. Tolman, to take the place of Mrs. Wolfe, Mrs. White and Miss Parmenter.

The advisory board now is:
President's Advisor, Mrs. Roberts.
Membership Committee and Vice-President, Mrs. Grover.
Religious Meetings, Mrs. Parmenter.
Bible Study, Mrs. Little.
Finance, Mrs. Ashcraft.
Social, Mrs. Crowell.
World Fellowship, Mrs. Cooper.
Social Service, Mrs. Tolman.
Music, Mrs. Brown.
Association News and Poster, Mrs. Black.
Student Volunteer, Mrs. Trefethen.
Eight-Week Club, Mrs. Franklin.
The membership campaign is now complete and one hundred and fifteen girls are registered members of the association. This year, as last, Bible study is being carried on in the Sunday Schools as far possible. In the Baptist church, "Social Principles of Jesus," leader, Miss Gilpatrick; Methodist, "A Life at its Best," Miss Muzzey; Congregational, "Christian Ideals of Character," Mrs. Pomer P. Little; Episcopal, "Study of the Bible," Rev. Mr. Stedman; at Foss hall, "Social Principles of Jesus," Myllis St. Clair. This class is for the girls who work during Sunday School or each, or for some other reason cannot attend the regular classes.

After Christmas vacation, the Freshmen are to have three Bible study groups stead of two as formerly. These will held an hour a week in each dormitory. Leaders, Dorothy Roberts, '18, Mary Jordan, '18, and Alberta Shepherd, '18.

A Thanksgiving vesper service of the W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. was held in the college chapel Sunday, November 25, 4 o'clock and was very well attended by college and towns people. Prof. Clarice R. Johnson was the speaker. The service opened with a processional by the college choir in caps and gowns. Alberta Shepherd, '18, president of the W. C. A., read the scripture lesson and Prof. White offered prayer. The choir sang an anthem, "Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks," and Ransom Pratt, '21, played a cello solo. The first class entertainment of the year for the benefit of Y. W. C. A. was held Saturday evening, December 8, in the chapel when the Seniors presented The Old Peabody Pew.

The Social Service Committee has been active along many lines but most of their work has been for Red Cross, or work arrived on under direction of Miss Keyes. About thirty sweaters are under way and early as many pairs of wristers; twenty-five girls are giving an afternoon a week to Red Cross work at the rooms down town, or helping Miss Keyes with friendly visiting, office or research work. The committee has filled fifteen Christmas bags for the soldiers in France. They are planning to start a knitting or sewing club for girls on the plains as soon as possible. Every girl is asked to bring back after Christmas vacation, any old clothing she may wish to dispose of. The committee has an excellent use for it.

To the music committee is due especial commendation for its splendid work. Music has been provided for nearly every meeting, by orchestra, violins, cornet or vocal solo or duets, vocal and instrumental. For the vesper service the college choir was organized, which added much to the impressiveness of the service.

Six regular meetings have been held in the association rooms and all have been well attended. The first was a welcome meeting led by the president, subject, "The Purpose of the Association." Mrs. Little, advisor to the Bible Study committee led the next one and spoke on "The Influence of our Bible Study on Others." "The Gift of a Day" was the subject of the meeting led by Dorothy Crawford, '18. Mary Jordan, '18, chairman of the World Fellowship Committee spoke on "Our Japanese Girls."

A meeting of especial interest was conducted by the Social Service Committee, and Helen Cole, '17, talked on "Child Welfare Work in Maine." Miss Cole is connected with the "Little Wanderers' Home" in Waterville. The freshmen meeting was held December 6, and was led by Gladys Dow, '21.

The new purpose of the association as given at Silver Bay, 1917, should be familiar to any member.

1. To lead students to faith in God through Jesus Christ;
2. To lead them into membership and service in the Christian church;
3. To promote their growth in Christian faith and character, especially through the study of the Bible;
4. To influence them to devote themselves in united efforts with all Christians to making the will of Christ effective in human society and to extending the Kingdom of God throughout the world.

College News.

Student government is now officially organized and is working successfully. The first Students’ League dinner of the year was held at Foss Hall, Thursday evening, October 25. Marion Starbird, ’18, president of the Students’ Government and Dean Mary C. Cooper led the way to the tables, followed by the faculty ladies who were guests, and the girls in the order of classes. Music was furnished throughout the evening by the orchestra, and college songs were sung by the entire student body. The opening speech was made by Miss Starbird who welcomed the new girls to the league. Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. White, Mrs. Crowell and Mrs. Franklin also spoke very interestingly and inspiring. Altogether, this first league dinner was a very pleasant and stimulating affair and it is hoped that it will become an annual event in the college.

The Literary Society is active this year and its meetings have been highly interesting and well attended. Such subjects as “Woman Novelists of Today,” “Russia” and “Singers of Note” have been discussed as well as a debate on the question, “Resolved, It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.” It has been voted not to limit the membership of the society.

For the first time in several years the women’s division has been able to organize an orchestra. This is composed of Alice LaRocque, ’21, Kathleen Goodhue, ’21, violins; Gladys Craft, ’18, Geraldine Baker, ’21, cornets; Laura Baker, ’21, trombone; Margaret Hanson, ’21, cello; Rosa Perley, ’21, drums; Ethel Armstrong, ’18, piano.

As usual, “rushing parties” have held a prominent place in our college activities. Sigma Kappa was the first to entertain with a Hallowe’en party and oyster supper on October 31. Alpha Delta Pi next gave a chicken dinner party. Chi Omega had an informal dinner party and vaudeville, Delta Delta Delta held a progressive dinner party while Gamma Delta gave a mystery party.

The local sorority, Gamma Delta, which was organized here last spring has been granted a charter by Phi Mu fraternity. The charter members of the Colby chapter are: 1918, Marguerite Bradbury, Gertrude Megquier; 1919, Josephine Rice, Belle Longley, Vera Moore, Grace Lemond, Josephine Ketchum, Lura Dean, Ruth Dresser; 1920, Marion Waterman, Ula Orr, Ruth Wills, Eleanor Burdick.

Kappa Alpha held its first meeting and “feed” of the year, November first at Mary Low Hall. After the “eats” were consumed they attended the movies to see “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.”

Marion Starbird, ’18, president of the Students’ League, attended the convention of the National Student Government at Syracuse University, New York.

Miss Louise Fitch, national president of Delta Delta Delta and an active worker in national panhellenic, was entertained by the Alpha Upsilon chapter here last week. Miss Fitch expects to be in France by Christmas doing war work.

Student government has recently elected the following house chairmen: Foss Hall, Eunice Chase, ’18; Mary Low Hall, Marguerite Bradbury, ’18; Dutton House, Winifred Greeley, ’18.

Miss Ruth Sturdivant of New York City, president of Beta Province of Phi Mu was a guest at Foss Hall, October nineteenth and twentieth.
Thanksgiving night proved an exception to all previous customs in Colby for Rex gave a dance! a "regular" dance in the "gym" from eight to twelve o'clock, with music by Drew's orchestra, and bountiful refreshments—ice cream and cake. Needless to say this event was highly appreciated by the members of both divisions.

Alpha Delta Pi held a reception November 23, at the house of Daisy Murray, 3, 11 College Ave., in honor of Miss Louise Fitch.

Athletics.

How far did you walk? How many miles have you been altogether? These and similar questions might have been heard this fall almost anywhere that a group of Colby girls were talking. The object was the hundred mile club. The project of this club, as the name implies, to walk 100 miles. Long "hikes" through the country, especially on Saturday afternoon, have proved to be much in. Girls have walked to Fairfield, Fairfield Center, Clinton, Vassalboro, Oakland, Benton, and other neighboring towns.

Basketball this fall has for the most part given place to walking. Class basketball teams were started and some practicing was done; but the enthusiasm was not sufficient to warrant playing off the usual games.

Alumnae Notes.

1917

Marion White is at her home in Waterville, after substituting for a few weeks at Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Maine.

Helen Cole is visitor for the Maine branch of the Little Wanderer's Home.

Susie Smith was married soon after graduation to Everett P. Smith, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are principal and assistant in Douglass Hill High School.

Jeanne Moulton is in Washington, D. C., with her sister, Mrs. Plumley (Katherine Moulton).

The teachers are located as follows:

Lucy Allen, Foxcroft Academy.
Winnifred Atwood, Madison High School.
Eva Bean, Harrington High School.
Margaret Brown, Patten High School.
Harriet Canham, Vinalhaven High School.
Catherine Clarkin, Conway High School, N. H.
Myra Cross, Skowhegan High School.
Madeline Daggett, Besse High School, Albion, Maine.
Marion Daggett, Bridgton High School.
Gertrude Donnelly, East Millinocket High School.
Ethel Duff, Thomaston High School.
Hazel Durgin, The Forks High School.
Grace Farnum, Kittery High School.
Grace Fletcher, Milton High School, N. H.
Hazel Gibbs, Monmouth Academy.
Mildred Greeley, Hollis Centre High School.
Mildred Greene, Hampton High School, N. H.
Leonora Knight, Morse High School, Bath, Me.
Selma Koehler, Keene High School, Keene, N. H.
Ruth Murdock, Bridgton High School.
Flora Norton, Hampsted High School.
Hazel Robinson, Hebron Academy.
Irma Ross, Mapleton High School.
Floy Strout, Hampden Academy.
Lucy Taylor, Boothbay Harbor High School.
Annie Treworgy, Springfield High School.
Lillian Tuttle, North Conway High School, N. H.
Phoebe Vincent, Willimantic High School, Ct.

Helen Clark, ex-'17, was graduated from Simmons College in June and has accepted a position as librarian at South Bend, Ind.

Attalina Atkins is at home in Dexter, Maine.
Elsie Lane is at home in Rockport, Maine. Myrtle Aldrich is studying for a degree in science at Yale University.

1916
Louise McCurdy was married at Calais, Maine, on July 11, 1917, to Max McKinnon, Bowdoin, '16.
On August 10, 1917, Lois Osgood and George R. Skillin were married in Medford, Mass.
Marion Miller and Everett Chase, U. of M., were married in Boston, Mass., September 10, 1917. Mr. Chase was about to sail for France.
The marriage of Eleanor Bradlee, ex-'16, and Percy Mitchell of Bowdoin took place during the summer. Their home is in Portland, Maine.

1915
Mildred Holmes has begun her second year at Simmons College.
Hazel Ross is now Mrs. Fred Gilpatrick, Charleston, Maine.

1914
Mrs. Ethel Merriam Weeks has a baby girl born last June.

1913
Marion Ingalls Hague is the proud mother of twin sons.
Sarah Pennell was married in June to Granville Reed.

1912
Florence Carll is studying for her A. M. degree at Columbia University.

1909
On August 1, 1917, Adelaide Holway was married to Albert Brown, at her home in Woodfords, Maine.
Nettie Runnels is working for a master's degree in mathematics at Columbia University.

What Would You Do?
What would you do if you had no rubber
And the snow was six inches deep
And it was raining
And it was three minutes of eight
And you had an eight o'clock to Prex
And you couldn't borrow any rubber
And you started for class
And the bell stopped ringing
And you began to run
And you fell down
And the Phi Delts saw you
And laughed at you
And you got all wet
And your coat was wet
And your shoes were wet
And your books were wet
And your papers were all wet
And the theme you sat up all night to write was all wet
And you knew you'd be awful late to class
And that everybody would laugh when they saw how you looked.
And water was running up your sleeves
And down your neck
And then you fell down again
And with murder in your heart
And tears in your eyes, you got to the chapel
And then you found that Prex had gone away
And you had a cut
What would you do?

Truth or Poetry?
"All the world seems queer except me and thee
And sometimes even thee seems a bit queer."
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