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# The Colbiana



April Number  
1918



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# THE COLBIANA

Volume 6

APRIL, 1918

Number 2

## A Scrap of Paper and a Little Bit of Verse.

Even a casual visitor to the hospital would have noticed the tensity that was in the air. But there are few casual visitors in a hospital just behind the lines, and there was no one to appreciate our drama except the British surgeon myself.

It was strange that we had not been prepared for such a state of affairs, but perhaps we had been too busy to look very far into the future. And so we were, to use Dr. Certer's own words, "absolutely staggered, I give you my word."

Karl and Jean had been brought to the hospital at the same time. As their clothes show, one wore the grey uniform of an enemy, the other the honored blue of a soldier of France. We do not often see prisoner patients, for they are sent to the larger hospital farther from the front, but Karl was found unconscious after long exposure in No Man's Land, and was hurried to immediate care to our hospital.

They were put in the two cots near the front and Dr. Peter, the surgeon, hurried to the case to get to the other. The cases were much alike—a wounded arm, with a great loss of blood and long exposure—he treated them with equal care, skillful and deftly. But I saw him, as he brightened up from his work, stroke the dark head of Jean with a loving hand, and there was no caress for the limp arm of Karl across the aisle.

It was forty-eight hours before either of these patients really woke to his surroundings. On the second morning after their arrival I found Jean, wide-eyed and staring, watching for his breakfast tray. And that afternoon, at four

o'clock, when I made the rounds with my thermometer, Karl greeted me with reserved courtesy. I was glad to see him better, and told him so, but his eyebrows rose in quizzical doubt. A man can say little with a thermometer under his tongue, but Karl's heavy eyebrows were unusually expressive, and I was unmistakably informed that here was an enemy who asked no favors. I remember that as I put the thermometer away, I wondered for the first time how Karl and Jean would treat each other.

Jean established his position at once. He asked me, in a careful whisper, if the man across the aisle were a Boche, and upon my affirmative answer he turned a scornful shoulder. And because I was only an American, and had not yet seen three years of bitter enmity, I ventured no reproof.

Time and improved health should have relieved the tension around cots number one and two, but the welcome change did not come. The Frenchman's attitude of scorn and distrust remained the same, and Karl, though he formed a rather grateful acquaintance with the other patients, had no use for his unfriendly neighbor. I found him one day maneuvering with his useful arm to bring into prominence the iron cross which he still wore, and I smiled at the childish triumph in his face. But I looked over at Jean and the smile vanished. There was nothing amusing in the grim look of hate in the boy's eyes. Instantly his left arm reached up under his flat pillow, where a cherished bit of ribbon and metal rested—the proof of gallant service and its appreciation. But his hand came away empty and a sudden spark lighted his eyes. Deliberately, holding the gaze of the German boy with his flashing glance, he thrust his arm out of his



blankets and revealed, with a mock air of triumph, the round identification disc which every French soldier wears.

The taunt was subtle, but unmistakably successful. Hysterically mirthful at the grave wickedness of Jean and the helpless anger of the German, I turned and fled from the room.

However, if these two soldiers furnished occasional smiles, they also burdened me with constant worry. It began to look, as they regained their strength, as if I should be obliged to strap them onto their cots. Dr. Peter seriously advised such a procedure. "For we can't have them mussing up the ward with their cock-fight," he said. Before I had adopted such desperate measures, however, the affair worked itself out.

I had consented to write a letter for Jean, glad to occupy him for a time and prevent his frequent goading remarks at the vengeful Karl. But there was a gleam of mischief in his eyes, as I sat down beside his bed, and his voice was unnecessarily loud. He began, too, with a dangerous guilelessness.

"You will write the envelope first, mademoiselle?" he began in his careful English. And before I had time to answer "Miss Yvonne Mercier, 19 Grosvenor Road, Jamaica Plain, Mass., U. S. A."

I looked up in surprise, and I heard Karl turn over toward us.

"America?" I asked.

"But of-course, Mademoiselle," smiled Jean contentedly, and continued, "My dearest Yvonne: It is long since I have heard of you because you are so far away. But I would not have it otherwise. I am glad that you are among dear friends and safe from the possible attack of barbarians."

Displeased that he so imposed upon my strict neutrality, I tried to stop him, but hastily he forestalled my protest. From the packet of papers beneath his pillow he selected one and gave it to me.

"She sent me this from your grand America. Look, mademoiselle." And

he proudly showed me a typical American valentine—a strange object to be a Red Cross hospital "Somewhere France." Its brilliant red heart; golden lettering contrasted queerly with the homely harness of the hospital room.

"She sent it to me many months ago with a letter. It is of America, is it not, mademoiselle?" He was as delighted though this were the Goddess of Liberty herself, and I agreed with him heartily. "It was of America."

He resumed his dictating then, with his eyes on the valentine, worn and soiled; and this time there was no bitterness in his voice. My eyes blurred dangerously as his voice trembled on the closing words of his letter.

"This war can not last much longer to keep us apart and very soon, chérie, you will come back to France to meet me."

I laid the letter on his knees while he scrawled a shaky, left-handed signature. This would make the letter doubly dear to the little French Yvonne in Jamaica Plain.

As I left his cot I met the gaze of Karl across the aisle, and for the first time I felt an aversion to this Boche, one of many who were bringing unhappiness to the Jeans and Yvonnés of France. But Karl's eyes held a new look which halted me. There was no bitterness now and no defiance; only a happy, amiable twinkle which won an answering smile.

"Miss Raymond," he spoke haltingly in his heavy English, "you will write a letter, will you not?"

My heart sank. There would be trouble after all. But I could not refuse and in spite of myself I was won by that whimsical look of happiness. With my pen and pencil ready, I sat down to write his letter.

"My Rita," he began, "Many weeks have passed since your last letter came but I realize that much time is needed for the travelling. I shall gladly receive the next one and hope soon to join you. They say," with a glance toward



ative Jean, "the war cannot last longer. I have with me always the one you sent me, and I look at it many times." He halted suddenly.

"I will show you," and before my bleared eyes he produced—a lacy paper valentine. I gasped in amazement, and heard distinctly an exclamation behind

"Why, Karl, you—" I began helplessly, but stopped before the serenity in his gaze. His look said as plainly as words, "This chap Jean has nothing on

me. And without another word I finished his letter. After he had signed it he continued "And send it, please, to Mrs. Rita Metze, Concord, Mass., United States of America."

That, indeed, was too much. Before the twinkling satisfaction of Karl's success, and the quite audible amazement of the next cot, I fled helplessly.

I returned later, composed and business-like, to fill out my charts. But my conscience strayed frequently to the beds behind the door. On the right side, Jean thoughtfully considered a crimson paper valentine. On the left side of the door Karl tucked his bit of lace paper between his fingers, thoughtfully considered Jean. In some mysterious manner, two small photographs had made their appearance. After a little, Jean looked over across the aisle.

"She is in America, you say?" The question was carefully courteous.

"Yes, in Concord. And the little one? She is in America, too?"

"Yes, she will come back after the war."

Karl met the other's eyes squarely. "She will not come back. I shall go, to her,—in the great America."

He fingered his valentine a moment and lowered eyes. Then he lifted it, a bit shyly, that the other might see. A moment later when I looked up, an exchange was being effected across the evening aisle.

The young boyish and still very self-conscious, they said no more, but the hand

which extended Karl's precious valentine and photograph to him left a hearty clasp behind it, and it was with an understanding smile of frank friendship that the little red heart was returned.

I talked it over with the British surgeon that evening, and he had his own theory of the case.

"The brotherhood of man does fall down occasionally, don't you know, but we can be grateful that one touch of romance makes the whole world kin."

---

### His Word of Honor.

John Hamilton, a young Englishman, had spent several years of study at the University of Berlin. One of his most intimate friends there was Carl Braumberg—in fact they were room mates for a year. Carl held somewhat militaristic views, but John was fond of his friend, and rather admired his "oddities," as he called them.

When war broke out in 1914, Hamilton returned to England, at the request of his parents. He did not enlist in the service, but was eventually drafted. After six months in the trenches—hateful to the young conscript—John was taken prisoner by the Germans, and there followed months of terrible suffering. Half starved, half frozen, forced to work by brutal officers, he lived with but one purpose—to escape.

One night he almost succeeded in getting through the lines, but was discovered by the very last sentry. In the dim light of the moon, John looked up at the face of his captor. Carl! Carl Braumberg! his old university friend! The young German gave a shrewd glance at his prisoner, and after a few moments hesitation he offered to let John go free, "for old time's sake." But also, "for old time's sake," would John do him a small favor? "Crazed by suffering and fear, with but one idea—to escape, the Englishman agreed to deliver the plans of the fortifications near Tarduor's.



There would also be much money for him, Carl said; for he knew the Englishman's greed for gold. And "on his word of honor," the German promised fair play.

Back in the trenches Hamilton secured the plans. He soon received word through a German spy in Tarduois, that on a certain night, Carl would be waiting for him in No Man's Land, at midnight, just outside the German lines. He was to give softly, the old call they used in college. No harm should befall him, on the word of honor of his old friend.

Shortly before midnight John made his way through the barbed wire in front of the English trench, cutting a narrow lane which he would be able to close up easily when he came back. Tomorrow, the Tommies were going "over the top" and the new lanes cut would conceal the presence of these. Noiselessly he crept across No Man's Land. He gave the signal, and waited. Fear seized him, and the impulse to run—he was close to the German lines! What if some sentinel had not been warned and should challenge! But all was quiet, and Carl had given his word of honor.

Soon the German appeared; and silently led John back to the lane in the barbed wire entanglement through which he had just come. The exchange was made—a scrap of paper for a handful of yellow gold. \* \* \* John turned—and quick as a flash, Carl was upon him, pinning his arms to his sides with an iron grip. In an instant a stout rope had fastened them, and he was bound securely with his back to the network of barbed wire. Coolly the Boche removed the firearm of his sometime friend, made sure that the knots were secure, and turned away with a guttural "Auf Wiedersehen!"

Not until then did John recover breath to speak—so astonished was he.

"But Carl—your word of honor!" he stammered.

"Word of honor to traitor! Bah!" was the contemptuous reply.

"Here—take the gold—only let me go! Carl! Carl!" he begged.

"My country—she asks no favors—she pays. The money is yours. Keep your pig of an Englishman!"

John saw the long hours before him—hours of agony—of body and mind. Already the sharp wire cut into his flesh. With the dawn would begin the thunder of artillery. If, by any miracle, he escaped the tremendous cross fire, another death more terrible, awaited him—"Over the top" would come the Tommies—to find him still struggling in the entanglement, his pockets full of damning German gold. Then—the firing squad, and an ignominious death.

"Carl! O! Carl!" he called despairingly. A mocking laugh came from the German trench.

"Boche! Dog of a German!" he shouted in impotent rage.

There was no answer but the wild beating of his own heart.

---

### Judge Not.

I visited this winter one of the most patriotic of Canadian cities. Everywhere where service flags were waving beside the national emblems, and women were filling the places of those men "some where in France." I just breathe "patriotism" in the very air.

So I was greatly surprised one day when on an electric car to see a tall athletic looking man of about twenty-eight make his way up among the women children, and old men. Many were the scornful glances cast upon him as he sat quietly in the only remaining seat in the car. I heard the woman behind him say "Slacker!" in tones of loathing.

The car stopped and another woman entered and moved up the aisle toward the young man's seat. He jumped up quickly, saying, "Madam, will you take my seat?"

She looked at him scornfully and re-



“No, I’ll accept nothing from a  
er!”

suddenly the car lurched and the  
cker’s” right arm came out of his  
et involuntarily to clutch at the  
for support. But he stumbled, and  
e swayed toward the woman she  
ed, “Oh, your hand!”  
Yes, madam, I left it ‘over there.’”

### One Good Result of the War.

ven from a calamity so horrible and  
strous as the present world strife,  
ever doubtful the prospect may seem  
some benefit must eventually come.  
ough when weighed in the balance  
fe, the suffering and sorrowing of  
les and the deterioration of nations  
tip the scales heavily, the growth of  
world in wisdom and efficiency will  
e than outweigh even this great  
ment. We consider of greatest im-  
ance, the social, political and com-  
cial advancement of the world, but  
her great result, which is asserting  
f already, is the development of art  
literature.

ne history of our English literature  
vided into many periods or ages;  
as the Age of Chaucer or the Age  
queen Anne. The literature of each  
od is marked by the characteristics  
ne time, and portrays a serious or  
olous, peaceful or warlike, social or  
itual nature, according to the condi-  
of the country at that time. Who  
doubt that this greatest epoch in the  
ld’s history, in which, before our  
, are being performed miracles and  
edies of such a nature as we have  
er dreamed,—who can doubt that  
n this era shall come the greatest Age  
literature in the history of our lan-  
ge? The spirit of the time spurs  
on to their most supreme efforts and  
them with the desire to give of the  
that is in them. It is not yet known  
t nation will give birth to some great  
ary work, inspired by the war, or  
t people will bring forth a really

great author; but, from some remote  
habitation of mankind, a masterpiece is  
sure to come—one that shall charm the  
world by its greatness.

As in the field of literature, so in the  
domain of art. In a great conflict like  
the present one, some soul must be moved  
to express its noble thoughts by means  
of canvass or clay. Louis Raemaekers,  
the Dutch artist, who has so recently  
electrified the world with his cartoons,  
is an example of the effect of the war on  
art. Without this war, Raemaekers  
might have lived his life, while the world  
slept on, unconscious of the presence of  
a genius; but, inspired to aid the cause  
of humanity in his own way, he produced  
those grim and martial presentations of  
life which have made the whole world  
sob.

Although the very foundations of the  
world seem to quiver, as the loss of  
homes and happiness, kingdoms and  
lives, increases day by day, sometime,  
out of the turmoil, new nations will be  
born, with the life of their governments  
bettered by the fall of intrigues and sedi-  
tions, and the life of their people sweet-  
ened by the rise of a nobler literature  
and a higher art.

### America and Ideals.

Every country has its ideals which it  
passes down from one generation to an-  
other. The Puritan ideals are our ideals  
today; but, as we have progressed those  
ideals have become broader, step in step  
with the progress. They have grown  
with us. The path of a man’s life is liter-  
ally strewn with cast off ideals, from the  
“garbage gentleman” of the five-year-  
old and the bloody outlaw of the twelve-  
year-old to General Pershing, Thomas  
Edison and President Wilson.

In this age when people are judged not  
so much by what they are as by what  
they do, are the American people spend-  
ing enough time thinking about Ameri-  
can ideals?

In the mad rush after money and its



power, thousands of Americans are swept off their feet and carried along by the crowd without even knowing where they are going. If they stopped to think, they would be trampled under foot for American money-seekers believe in the evolutionary theory of the survival of the fittest.

Does the war accentuate this spirit of "every man for himself" and the twentieth century American interpretation of the golden rule, "Do the other fellow before he does you?" War increases the hustle, it is true, but men are hustling for something besides financial gain. Factories are working over time. Machines are whirling and every bit of daylight is being used. Americans are working and thinking simultaneously and the thinking is remolding their characters.

America is fighting today for one of her highest ideals—democracy. America has entered this great world war to "make the world safe for democracy." Surely, that would be an ideal state—perfect international peace. So Americans, who are accused of not taking time to form ideals, are marching bravely to the front to fight for the greatest ideal of them all!

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### The Spirit of Our Boys "Over There."

"Cease to consult, the time for action calls,  
Now, horrid war, approaches to your walls."

These words of Alexander Pope are no less applicable to our present situation than to the time in which he wrote them. Most of us recognize that criticisms of the work of our government in this crisis is unpatriotic and most unbecoming. The least we can do is to keep cheerful and even that little is encouraging to those who are sacrificing time, money and strength to the cause of liberty.

Nowhere do we see that note of optimism so clearly as in the letters of our

friends who are in the service. Whatever their inmost feelings are, they tainly endeavor to give us the impression that they are having a fine time. A letter written in England last fall sought to show appreciation of the sight-seeing possibilities of the trip to the scene of war.

"The country is very beautiful. Though things in Maine must look not like winter now, it is still green here. The scenery is all the more wonderful when one connects ancient history with the present scenes. The homes are old-fashioned, of the colonial type. They are all made alike and most of them constructed of brick. Out through the hamlets the houses are all low built with thatched roofs. Then they are never always covered with vines, just like the pictures you have seen. There are roads and arches that were built by Roman people. Take it as a whole, wonderful."

A little later in France, he wrote: "This is a little French village full of quaint things and quaint people. I judge from appearances I should think that it has not changed for at least a hundred years. The houses are thatched and the streets are very narrow. The people still wear wooden shoes. On market day, the women come to market with large baskets on their arms, in which they put their purchases, and they drive in from out-lying towns in funny looking two-wheeled carts. Many of the houses passed through towns on the march were demolished. Many of the houses were as flat as pancakes."

I believe that if we college people should put into our work ourselves our whole-souled interest as our friends in the army are doing, we might accomplish wonders. Perhaps we fail in efficiency from lack of scientific method; it is certain that as college groups as individuals we come far short of perfection from lack of concentration. It is the habit of putting energies in the right place at the right time, of lea-



non-essentials and attending to the vital points of our tasks, whatever the object may be, and the recognition of intelligent leadership that tends toward success. If these qualities which have such a large place in army routine can become a habit of the lives of "our boys" when they come back it will be important enough in its results to be called one of the benefits of the war. These characteristics have made a strong German state. Although we cannot approve of the illegitimate methods of that state we must admit that the principle, if rightly applied, would put character and stamina to our efforts. I will quote from a letter written by a member of the Field Hospital Corps to illustrate my point: "We are outfitted to care for five hundred patients and when set up have six small tents for wards, one small tent for kitchen, one for an operating room, one for a storeroom and little bits of tents called pup tents for the men. We carry ninety-two men and six officers. They watched them unload the wagons and reach the hospital yesterday. From the time the teamsters shouted 'whoa' to the time until the hospital was up complete, instruments sterilized, surgeons scrubbed up and in their gowns, hot coffee, soup, and gruel ready, and beds made for patients it was just fourteen minutes. That is what I call efficiency and it is really very encouraging." The willingness to put oneself under such circumstances that may not be at all pleasant, for the sake of right, is an element of character that it is pleasant to contemplate. Extracts from a letter from one of our own enlisted Colby men show much of that spirit of service: "It is pretty hard to analyze one's feelings in a case like this, because it is not wholly a matter of choice, but of necessity. I can't tell you whether I would leave the army as a permanent thing or not. Conditions now are abnormal to the highest degree; consequently there are men in the army—I am speaking of enlisted men—whom one would never find there in peace times.

"I find it difficult to preserve the restraint which an officer must put upon himself when he is dealing with enlisted men. When one has college men in the ranks of his company, as I have, it is a great temptation to get familiar with them, but army regulations say that we must not do it, because it lessens discipline.

"There is a feeling of responsibility in the army that I like. I only wish I had more of it. One likes to feel that he is accomplishing something and doing his part in this beautiful hubbub.

"I think a man is of little account on this side of the water; when he gets across he is someone to be looked up to. The situation looks promising to me, just now. All I know is that the sooner I get across the better I'll like it."

Letters from across the water express much anticipation. It is as if the danger were almost welcome.

"We hope to be at the front in about six weeks," writes one of our Colby boys. "I hope to spend my birthday flying over the German lines. That is something to look forward to." It makes one shudder a little bit but perhaps it gives a feeling of pride to read something like this:

"No, Sis, we haven't seen any Germans yet but I hope we shall soon." And in a later letter are these words:

"We have moved from our late camp and are getting nearer the firing line. From where we are we can hear the guns very distinctly and some of the odd shells come our way. I'll be glad when we get right out to the line to give 'Fritzie' a little celebration."

Always there is the injunction not to worry combined with the enthusiasm of being in it. One of my friends read me this passage from her son's letter. I will repeat it because it is so typical:

"I told you that we were in the third line trench reserve. We are still here, but I suppose that before long we will move up to the front line. Things are beginning to look a little more exciting. You don't want to worry because I am all right and it won't be long before we



shall be home again. I suppose that by the time you get this letter we will have done our part in the trenches and be back to our rest camp on leave. I shall be glad when the day comes when we shall take our big leave. Now don't worry about me because I'm all O. K.

"P. S. Tell dad that I would like to have him over here to hear the big shells whistling over our heads. It's great music but 'Fritzie's' piano is out of tune. We have a new one and it's full of ragtime."

For us who must remain at home there is a message, clear though unexpressed. It is this, that we must be optimistic as they are optimistic; we must work with enthusiasm and purpose, as they are working; we must be happy in sacrifice as they are happy; and always hope for, pray for and look for the sure success of the great cause for which they are fighting, the freedom of the world.

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### Old Dutchy.

I had known old "Friendshe," as we called him, ever since the first day I went to school. He was sitting in the doorway of his little shop when I went by, with my older sister, and he called out to us, in his queer old English, "Und is der little one going in der schule? Come in py and py, und tell me all about it!"

I didn't know much about him at first, of course, but when I learned to read, I found that the sign over his door said "Freundsehuk, Boots and Shoes Repaired," and I learned a little later that he was German. This last fact made him very popular with us younger children, not only because of his odd way of speaking, but because of the little German cakes he would give us, and every noon and afternoon, after school, and almost all Saturday morning, we could be found sitting on his doorsteps, regaling ourselves on crullers, and fairy tales.

As I grew older, I saw less of my old friend, and though I still liked to chat with him when I occasionally passed his

shop, I detected a change in him that made him rather disagreeable. I attributed this change to old age, and perhaps to financial troubles, for the old man didn't seem to have so much work as formerly. And then suddenly came the war. Then I knew why he had changed and he knew.

When the little children passed by the shop, they found the door closed. Instead of smilingly going in, as they used to do, they would shout "Old Dutchy, Old Dutchy," and then would scamp home as fast as they could run. I asked a little fellow, "Don't you like our Freundsehuk any more?" "No," he cried, "My father says he is German and then proudly, "and I'm American. He's no good, Old Dutchy!"

I remembered the old days when we had all loved the old man, and how our fathers had smiled and allowed us to visit him. He had been so kind, so gentle. The next day that I passed the shop I decided to go in and talk it out with him. The shop was locked, and a little card was in the window, "For Sale."

---

### Youth and Age.

Toward the close of a day in mid-summer two figures turn the bend in the road and walk slowly along the dusty highway toward a small white house at the top of the hill.

The figures are those of a young girl and an old man. The face and form of the girl are the embodiment of all the freshness and vigor of youth. That of the old man bears the traces of age. His hair is white and his shoulders are bent with the weight of years. His steps falter and he leans heavily upon the strong arm of the maiden. She talks of tomorrow, he of yesterday. She lives in hope, he in memory. Slowly they wear their way toward the foot of the hill. Here he pauses as if to gain new strength for the steep climb, then together they continue on their way until the crest of the hill hides them from view.



### Reflections of a Pessimist.

I am a pessimist. I have laughed but not since last August. Understand by laughing I mean that spontaneous outburst of the soul,—the “laughter holding both his sides” of Milton—not the croak of well-trained noises which has become to be so important an item of everyone’s repertoire in polite society. It is with pardonable pride that I contemplate this fact,—with the pride that comes to people when they are aware that they have done something unusual that will once distinguish them as individuals. Pride, may I add, is one of the most enjoyable of sensations, and one of the few which the pessimist is not denied.

True laughter is said to indicate happiness. And happiness—how is it attained? Happiness is and will remain, as long as human nature remains, the impossible goal of man’s desire,—impossible because it is the constant meanward which we (poor mortals!) are always progressing but never reaching. We carefully lay our plans, taking precious years of our lives, to attain the cherished object, we stretch out our hands to grasp it and lo! it is gone, not far away, to be sure, not completely out of sight, but far enough to require another effort which is destined alas! to be vain as the preceding. We find, for all our plans, only emptiness. Though unbittered by disappointment we must not renew our search for the elusive happiness. This time our tortured minds find us appeal to chance, this time we shall shut our eyes and grope for the long-sought, fondly deciding to accept that upon which our blind touch first lights. When we have felt it, we cast it from us—there is surely more beside us, we tell ourselves.

I think of the grim story of the brothers Prometheus and Epimetheus, Titans, whom the gods gave the task of populating the earth with beasts. Epimetheus, the impulsive, in his brother’s absence, made use of nearly all the sup-

ply of material. In boyish pride he surveyed his handiwork; the eagle with his iron talons, the tortoise in his shelly case, the bear sharp of claw, fish adapted to live in water,—all these he saw and many more, each able to take care of its own life. Only a few scraps of matter remained, when, looking up, Epimetheus beheld his brother coming. Prometheus, always foresighted and prudent, had been away, formulating plans regarding this work of creation. Carefully he had considered the task which lay before him and now was returning to put into practice his well-ordered projects. As he approached he saw the havoc made in the supplies by his rash brother and at first seemed rather at a loss what to do or say. Presently his quick mind presented him with a solution of the problem,—he would at least prove himself a match for Epimetheus. With a laughing boast he commenced his work while his brother Titan looked on mystified. A ball of mud and water he moulded first, to it he fitted a pair of feet from the remnants lying about and stopped for a moment perplexed. Then his countenance brightened with an idea; he caught up another neglected pair of feet and, after making them supple, attached them to his mass of clay. “Hands,” he remarked and stood his creature upright. Head, eyes, ears, and nose of very indifferent quality were next added, Prometheus, in the meantime, declaring it was fortunate for him that the object of this makeshift creation would not know the fate who was responsible for such an equipment. But his triumph, he told Epimetheus, was yet to come. Deftly he fitted into the empty cup of the head a lump of earth, into which however he had placed that which was to give to the uncouth creature the wisdom of the gods, the power over all Epimetheus’ beasts no matter how well protected by claw, fang, shell or talon, for in this small mass of putty, the mind, were all the protective qualities of the fiercest, quickest, mightiest of animals. Poor body of scraps



and patches, but withal the mind of a god with all the striving to be god-like!

To make the joke complete Prometheus threw into the mind other beast-like traits—the treachery of the snake, the meanness of the rat, the sluggishness of the swine—and chuckled as he imagined the struggles of the divine soul encumbered with these brute instincts. The Titan then finished man's creation by sealing his head up with a toft of hair, breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and called the gods of heaven in to witness the fun.

Perhaps we have not finished amusing them yet.

Hope!—Why is it given us?—to mock us?—or to make us the sport of the gods?

We are surrounded by mysteries, the eternal mysteries of life and death. Doubt and fear beset us as we become aware of them and we turn to our intellects for aid. Slowly and carefully, stone by stone, we build up a structure of explanation, a creed, and beholding it we call it good. The time of crisis comes, we turn to it instinctively for refuge,—and find it swept away by science. In science then we found our hope, and lo! at the discovery of an hour, at the invention requiring a moment in the eternity of worlds, it crumbles into dust before our gaze.

“Nought may endure but mutability.” By night we dream that we are searching, searching ever for something we never find. So is life the ceaseless striving for what we never attain. Finally Death comes,—and the best we can say is that Life ends.

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### The Fourth of August.

In the little village of Paradise, Pennsylvania, there was great excitement. It was August fourth, the day when the 10th regiment from Camp Williams, Virginia, was to march through the town. Such a patriotic demonstration had never been seen in this part of the state,

and from miles around the farmers come.

Greta Raeson was the daughter of one of the sturdy Dutch farmers in the neighborhood of Paradise. She was “triple-plighted” to Heinrich Liefhorn, who was a sergeant in the 10th Pennsylvania, Camp Williams. His regiment was to sail for France shortly and he had looked to be in Paradise today to see his sweetheart heart once more. The last of July, however, his company went into quarantine and it was with bitter disappointment that Heinrich wrote to Greta that he could not be with her on the fourth.

Only two days before the great day, Heinrich was unexpectedly released, and joyfully he wrote another letter bearing the good news. He added, “I have a surprise for you at Paradise. Watch for me, Greta. Yours, Kaiser William.” Heinrich's tent-mate was going to the office, and Heinrich promised faithfully to mail the letter.

August fourth was a typical mid-summer day. The sun fairly poured down heat. On the dusty country road, Greta and her father were jogging along behind the old mare, when Greta noticed her father's revolver, which lay on the seat behind him.

“What did you bring that for, father?” she asked curiously.

“The hammer is caught somehow, it won't go off,” was the reply. “It's loaded now, but I can't even unload it. I thought I should have time to take it to the shop, but I've so much else to do that I guess you'd better. The man can fix it in a minute, and you can wait for him. We'll do our errands after the parade. Here, put it in your bag, while you think of it.”

But the weapon slipped from the girl's nervous hands and fell heavily to the floor of the wagon. Mr. Raeson picked it up, and as he handed it to his daughter she remarked, “You look pale today, little girl, and what makes you so nervous?”

“It's so hot for one thing I supposed,” replied Greta wearily. “Then I am disappointed that Heinrich can't



re. He hasn't even written for several days. Will I ever see him again, her, do you think? Oh, if anything would happen to him. They say the 10th is sometime next week!" She rested into gloomy silence.

After an hour of tiresome riding, they arrived at Paradise. Greta was well known in the village, and she was welcomed by a group of laughing friends, while her father went to hitch the horse nearby. The streets were flanked on either side by eager country people, hot and dusty, yet good-natured. They waited, as crowds will—impatient for something to happen. At last the muffled beat of the drums was heard and the ranks began to form in line, ready to follow on after the regiment.

Then came the men in khaki, proudly erect, marching with the true American gait. The band played; everyone cheered madly—fired with the enthusiasm that always comes from the combination of a crowd and a parade. Hoping against hope, Greta scanned the bronzed ranks which filed past her—but of course Heinrich was not there. He would have greeted her, if he had been coming.

Then came the floats—Liberty, the Red Cross, our Allies, and the rest. Last of all was a submarine, all black, bearing a sinister figure in black uniform—Kaiser William!

He wore the imperial iron-gray moustache, and a Prussian helmet shadowed the upper part of his face so that the speaker was unrecognizable. His hands were manacled by heavy iron chains, and his head was sinking dejectedly on his breast.

As the float moved onward, a hush fell on the throng. Then there came gradually a low murmur—which rose and fell in abrupt cadence; almost a hymn of hate without words. This was the symbol of the black "Thing" which jeopardized the lives of their dear ones. Greta saw the figure too, and she caught her breath sharply. The blood pounded at her temples like waves

against a cliff. It seemed to her that this "Thing" was actually taking away her lover—taking him from her forever! If there were no Kaiser, she would have Heinrich! The rays of the sun beat down without mercy. Again the hot blood pounded at her temples \* \* \* a sharp report rang out!

Kaiser William fell from the float, as a wounded bird falls, dully, a thing of lead. The steel helmet rolled in the dust, and the fair hair revealed, tumbling about a pale boyish face, contrasted oddly with the grim military moustache. Greta dropped the smoking revolver, and buried her face in her hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, a lad in khaki drew a wrinkled letter from his inside pocket. "By George!" he ejaculated. "I forgot to mail that letter for poor old Heinie!"

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### My Heroes.

I shall never forget the time when my brother and I bade my cousin Charles goodby at the Portland wharf. He had just successfully completed an engineering course at the University of Maine, and was now leaving for a prominent position as civil engineer in New Jersey.

My brother Ralph and he were as two brothers and as they shook hands Charles' fine young face grew earnest as he said, "I was thinking today, Ralph, of the young men of Europe who have given up their cherished ambitions for the sake of their country and its ideals. I do not appreciate my country enough and it is owing to her that I can pursue the work that I love best."

"Yes, I know," said my brother, "I, too, have often thought of it. As I work on my farm in God's great out-of-doors I too, think of it."

And thus these two American boys parted, little dreaming of what the future held in store for them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Months passed, months of unrest and



indecision for America. Never shall I forget April 6, 1917. That morning I had taken up the newspaper and read in the headlines, "United States Declares War on Germany." I felt as if some one had struck me a blow and left a dreadful ache there. It seemed as if I were dreaming. Was it possible that America had declared war? Could it be that the United States had a part in the terrible conflict? Then I thought of Ralph and Charles and the words they had spoken only a few short months before. All the rest of the day seemed a blank and I went from one duty to another mechanically. But with the rising of the sun came courage for I thought, "Of course Ralph will not go, for he is a farmer and the country will need him at home."

Only a month later, news came that Charles had enlisted in the civil engineers' force and was even now on his way to France with the first expeditionary force sent from America. This brought the war nearer home to me; who had hitherto been a fun loving school girl. I scanned my brother's letters, but he said nothing of his own plans. It would kill me, I thought, to let Ralph go, for he has always been like a very part of myself.

We were the only two children in the family and had been brought up together on the farm. We had played in the hay, slid off barns, and always he had been my dearest chum and companion. As we grew older, Ralph, from his superior height of six feet would look down at me and say, "Little sister, you are the sweetest girl in the world to me." When I went away to school it was my brother who drove me back and forth from the station. I remember how one year, on returning from normal school, I surprised him by chopping wood. After that he looked at me with new respect.

Two months passed and I went back home again to find my brother strangely different. He was moody and restless and would often gaze into space for a half-hour at a time. He did not seem like

the same boy, and often did not answer when we spoke to him.

My mother and I watched him with suspense but dared say no word. That one day, he went to my mother and holding both her small hands in his big brown ones said, "Mother tomorrow I shall go to Lewiston to take an examination."

Mother pressed his hands and looked up into his splendid manly face and said simply, "Yes, son, I know." Then he looked at me and left the room quickly.

Next day he left and returned the following evening. By his unusual erectness and the squaring of his shoulders as he walked into the house, we knew that he had passed the examination. He said nothing but, "I leave Saturday for New York."

Of how we spent the remaining days I have only a confused recollection. I remember how mother and I wept in each other's arms and then went on with the work. All too soon Saturday came. Just before he went I said, "It hardly seems possible that Uncle Sam needs more than I, but if it happens so, it will be right."

"It seemed that way, to me," he said, and pressed my hands and was gone. For the first few days life seemed empty. It seemed as if the sun would never shine brightly again. After a while life began to run the accustomed routine, but the absence of our dear one left us with a heavy ache in our hearts, which weighed heavy as stone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again months passed and found me teaching. I had enjoyed this very much. My brother had spent part of the winter in Arkansas and was from there transferred to Georgia. He was in the army, try well and safe, and as long as I heard from him, I could in a measure be happy. Ralph wrote me that he heard from Charles and they planned to see each other when they both were in France.

One day the blow fell and I received a card from Ralph by which I knew he was on his way across the ocean.



night as I tossed on my bed, I could see him in a big storm rocking on the waves. I could see him chased by a German submarine and the ship blown to pieces. Therefore, I was not sorry when the morning came, and there was nothing to do. There and then, I was glad that I was well and strong, and the work which had to be done and could be done only by me.

Only a week from that day I was led by the headlines, "American Soldier Killed in Battle." I read on the paper that my cousin Charles had died while fighting bravely. For a moment the room turned dark as if some shadow had struck me a big blow. Life was so precious, it couldn't be! What right had the Germans to kill my cousin. How I hated Germany for it had taken my brother from me.

But today as I think of them it is with pride. As I wait to hear of the arrival of my brother in France, I know that he has done his duty and is doing all he can for his country. When I think of him and Charles I regard them as heroes, the ones who are fighting bravely alone for America, but for me and my women. As I think of this it seems to me that, as long as I live, I can never pay the debt I owe to the soldiers of my country.

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### The Last Day.

Will you tell me a story! Why, I don't know any more stories now. I am old and very old tonight. Don't ask me, little child. My mother used to tell me stories but that was long, long ago, when I had long curly hair like yours and happy eyes. There were elves, and goblins, and fairies, and fairy god-mothers, and sometimes angels, but there are no such things now. No, run away, I have no more stories to tell you.

If you want to hear my own story, you must go. Well, go get the old flag. You know the one wrapped up in red bunting in the big chest—the one that the Ger-

mans didn't get. Yes, that is it. How beautiful it is! Just feel how silky it is. Look at those blue and white and red folds. Oh, my old home! My dear old flag! You are all I have left now. And soon I shall go away, too, old flag, and then, who will look after you, my flag?

Let me close my eyes while I tell you about it, my little friend. It was so long ago. The old home was so beautiful; the sun was so bright. My little garden was full of blossoms; the sea out there sparkled as the water shone white and silver in the morning light. Ah, how well I remember it all!

Something awoke me—I never understood what. The quietness was so awful that I wanted to scream. I dressed and went outside for a walk but nothing was the same that morning. I ate my breakfast and started for school. How I wanted to run away into the woods instead of studying that morning. I was late but the master didn't say a word. He was dressed up and everybody was so quiet. What was it? I wondered if I was too young to know what the matter was.

Then he told us about it. He told us that the German army was coming and that they might take us all away. That might be our last day in our beloved France. Tomorrow we would all be slain. Never will I forget those sad tones and the look of patience on the master's face as he talked to us. And then we went through our work just as we had always done. We sang the songs of our country and wrote our country's name over and over again in our notebooks. As if we could ever forget it! The dear old master! He thought we were so young. He took the flag down and showed us the colored bars and told us once again its traditions. This old flag it was.

Then the soldiers came. My poor old teacher was dragged away. He fought very hard with the soldiers. Vaguely, I knew he was trying to tell somebody to save the flag. Then they struck him. I turned away and when I looked again



his face was red with blood and he looked as if he were asleep. I crouched under my seat but someone dragged me out and spoke roughly to me in words that I did not understand.

I don't remember what happened next. I only know I got the flag but only the Holy Saints know how I was able to keep it. I don't remember how I got to your country, even, and nobody here could tell me. Some of those terrible days I knew nothing about except the cruelty, and the cold, and the hunger. Oh, those awful last days in France, and my dear old schoolmaster! My poor, poor country!

What do I hear? Open the windows, "The Star Spangled Banner!" There are some boys in khaki and they are singing their country's hymn. And America's flag! How proudly they hold it! How beautiful it is! It makes me think of my dear old teacher. I can almost hear him singing and I can see him waving his flag and shouting as he did that day "Vive la France." It all so reminds me of him. Listen, they are singing again. Here take my flag and wave it beside yours. Raise it higher, and now sing with them for me, "My country, 'tis of Thee."

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**After "Mateo Falcone"**  
**by Prosper Merimee.**

Beyond the Rio Grande to the southward, the mountains begin to close in until at last one finds himself in an inextricable maze. All directions are bounded by the zigzag horizon line of their crests. This wilderness of ravines and precipices is the native home of a people as untamed and daring as the surroundings themselves. In almost inaccessible mountain valleys they build their cabins, clearing little or no land near them, for these people get most of their supplies by hunting and by raids on the fertile ranches below. The name commonly given the inhabitants is "greasers."

Josef Huarez lived in one of the latest huts. He looked about fifty years old. He was small but robust with a matted tangle of black hair and beard and eyes as piercing and quick as that of a lynx. His daring and skill in the arts which are most important among his race—riding the untamed mustangs of the country, lassoing, and marksmanship,—gave him a prestige among his rough comrades which amounted almost to absolute leadership. While most of his companions had a deadly contempt of the Americans, old Huarez cherished for them a feeling of kinship, for his mother had come from the country beyond the Rio Grande. Now he lived alone in his mountain stronghold for his daughter, the young girl Anita who made the solitude endurable to him.

One summer day he set out on one of his unknown errands leaving Anita behind to mind the house. Several hours elapsed and the drowsy siesta time upon the hot land. Up in the mountain a shot was heard. Anita could not tell whether there were more or not for reverberating echoes many times received.

A little later she distinguished a dark figure approaching up the pass. It reeled from side to side and sometimes nearly fell. Finally it dropped at her feet and she saw it was a khaki-clad American soldier severely wounded and thoroughly exhausted.

"Hide me," he gasped.

"How came you here?" she inquired.

"The Mexicans," he explained, "are escaping, hide me until I can go on."

"Come," she said, and lead him into the cabin. She opened a trap door raised by her provident father and helped the American to descend. Then she carefully arranged the huge bearskin in its former position over the spot.

Going out she had scarcely closed her eyes in feigned sleep when a band of Mexicans, six in number, cantered up on their ponies. Foremost among them



young Manuel Valera. The two had long before become betrothed, but Manuel was very poor, so poor in fact that he could not even buy a cabin.

"Have you seen an American come this way, nina?" he asked.

She started and opened her eyes.

"No," she said, but her manner denied her answer.

"But he surely came here."

"I have seen no one."

Knowing that Huarez openly avowed loyalty to the Americans, Manuel delayed no longer but gave quick orders to the others to search the place. They returned without success. Then they gathered around Anita and threatened her. He answered unflinchingly that her father's name would protect her. The threats were found to be in vain.

Manuel, who had been quiet for a time now took her aside.

"Anita mia, listen; this dog of an American is wounded, my first shot saw to that, he will surely die of it. The big chief in the valley has offered—listen, Anita!—two hundred pesos and a mule with a saddle to the one who brings him back. We will go to the valley and see all the people and the great buildings and ride like lightning in the houses that run on rails. You shall have a lace scarf for your head and a bright red rose every day for your hair and your dresses shall be of shining silk—" he hesitated. After a moment's pause she said, "And then we shall come back to live in the largest cabin in the mountains!"

With a swift gesture she indicated the trap door. Manuel descended and in a few moments emerged with the American, who had heard the words which had betrayed him. His eyes blazed with reproach. Outside they bound him and pushed him to the back of one of the ponies.

Just then Josef Huarez reined his horse into the yard. For a moment all were silent. Anita flushed deep red and could not raise her eyes from the ground. The American soldier looked at her with

a gaze so scornful that Huarez half understood what had happened.

After the band had left the yard Josef turned to his daughter, "You betrayed one of our kinsmen," he accused.

She answered nothing. In her hand she held the paper telling of the reward Manuel had shown her. Her father took it and as he read his face grew hard.

"Father," she said in agitation.

"Never call me that!" he thundered. "Come."

He led her some quarter of a mile from the cabin over a rocky pass that clung like a shelf to the side of the mountain. He placed her facing the abyss, then retreated to thirty paces and drew out his revolver. The slight noise warned her. She turned and dropped to her knees sobbing repentance. Her tears were in vain. The shot rang out and she fell dead over the edge of the precipice.

Not stopping to see where she fell, Josef Huarez returned to his cabin.

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### Camp Ski-Hi.

It was a beautiful summer afternoon, and the unfamiliar country roads seemed very enticing to Prue and me, who had just come from the city. The road we were following ran along a slope some distance above the river, and afforded a splendid view of the valley and the hills beyond. Above us were woods of birch and maple, interspersed with stiff pines.

"I heard that some soldiers camped out here over the week-end," said Prue, by way of conversation.

"Well," I replied, "It does look as if there might be some pretty spots for a camp in these woods, if only we knew where they were."

We passed several wood roads which in a rather indefinite way broke off from the main road, but none looked very inviting. Soon, however, we came to one, quite as indefinite as the others, but which was marked by a board sign, on which was crudely painted an arrow and the words, "This Way to Camp Ski-Hi."



"The soldier camp!" we cried out together, and, thrilled at the thought of an adventure, we started off on the wood road.

"It probably isn't anything to see," Prue remarked soberly, after a while, as she gingerly freed herself from a blackberry vine. "Only a tent, or an old shack of some kind."

"Oh no," I exclaimed, (not having been caught by the blackberry thorns). It is probably a real romantic place, with an old-fashioned log cabin, perhaps. It will be worth the walk, surely."

Soon the road turned sharply, and ended in a tangle of tall ferns and blackberry vines. This was rather disconcerting, but just in time, we caught sight of a little sign, pointing the way right thru the tangle. We got thru it, as best we could, and then found ourselves in a path.

It was one of those paths that seem to start and end at nowhere, made by the children of a generation ago. It was soft and mossy, and very pleasant as we hurried along, watching for the picturesque Camp Ski-Hi. The path divided again and again, but frequent sign boards guided us on. By and by, the path widened, and then suddenly the trees closed over our heads, a leafy wall on either side shut out the sunlight, and we were in darkness; yet it was a strange darkness, not black, but green and brown, oppressive like intense darkness, and shifty so that it confused our eyes. From somewhere a chickadee gave her quaint little call, and ahead of us, we heard the subdued gurgling of a brook.

"The camp must be near here," said Prue softly, as we stopped to enjoy the strange beauty of the place.

Stil, we could see no sign of human life, and when we emerged from the darkness the guide boards still pointed onward. Moreover, we now saw to our dismay that the sky had become overcast, but we decided to follow to the end of the path.

Ten minutes later, the path began to

ascend, and suddenly, we came out on an open road. Opposite us rose a bare hill and at the top lay an old, deserted farmhouse. It was weather-beaten and gray as the leaden sky behind it; its small paned windows stared uncannily, and the whole aspect was one of desolation. This was not very interesting, so I looked about for our guide board, and, be sure, we found one—pointing right up the hill. Was that Camp Ski-Hi?

We looked at each other in chagrin and then, because we were both so much surprised and disappointed in the result of our adventure, we laughed. At the same time, a raindrop splashed against my face, and we took to our heels through the disenchanted forest.

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### The Perfect Day.

It isn't the day when you've little to do  
When you've time and a-plenty to  
spare,  
That brings a feeling of gladness to you  
As you sit in your evening chair.

Such days are the bringers of sad discontent,  
And you can't see the world aright,  
And you miss the blessing that ever  
sent  
To the worthily tired at night.

It's when the work starts with the rising  
sun,  
And you're rushing the whole day  
through  
When you find there are numberless  
things to be done,  
And the doers are only too few.

When you've given the best that is in you  
to give,  
And you've crowned your gift with  
smile,  
Oh its then that you realize how good 't  
to live,  
And what makes the living worth  
while.



### A Bedtime Story.

The hard day's play was over. The corks were scattered just to suit the three-year-old monarch of the Bailey. His chubby little legs ached with tiredness, when, coming to his mother, his arms outstretched, he exclaimed: "Take him, take him. Tire, tire." Mother took the darling boy, soothed his weary ache, and tactfully undressed him. Now, little Gerald was wide awake ready for the usual bed-time story. "Tell me one more 'bout the fairies."

Mother obeyed the command, and told the story: "In a cosy, silvery dell there are a pretty little brook trickled down over the pebbles, and the trees swayed in the blowing of the wind, lived the dear little twin sister flowers. They loved their home in the valley by the brook. Beneath them was the mossy green carpet over which the friendly fairies danced at night. The clear blue sky loved them, and the songs of the birds in the near-by trees made the twin sisters, Sweet Mary and Sweet Marie, very happy."

In the day time they talked to the breezes, and played with the breezes, and listened to the bird songs. When the day was over, they slept side by side in their cosy warm bed.

The twins had never seen the queen of the fairies, and this they hoped to do, when they grew to be big flowers.

So the days of summer passed by and the twins were now very anxious to see the queen of the fairies. Then came a day—so sad! The brook didn't laugh any more, the wind sounded sad, the songs of the birds were not happy and, first of all, the fairies didn't come to talk to Mary and Marie. They looked at each other and wondered why.

The sun went down behind the woods and the whip-poor-will cried in the dark. The twins put their heads together and almost fallen asleep when—hark! What was that they heard? Yes, it was the sound of the fairies' feet; but they

didn't come dancing and laughing, as they usually did. The twins learned as they came nearer that there were only four fairies and that they were carrying something. It was a large leaf. Nearer and nearer they came, until they were right beside the twins. Then they stopped, put down the leaf, and panted for breath. What do you suppose was on the leaf? It was the fairy queen—she had broken her beautiful gauze wing, and these little sprites were carrying her to the doctor who lived farther down the dale in a moss grown nook.

Mary and Marie began to talk with the queen; and when she told them that she could not be well again two big tears fell from the twin's eyes upon the queen. Then she suddenly became well—the wing was whole. Then how she loved these twin flowers who had made her well! She called her magician and they were changed into tiny fairies, and could live always. In winter they hide themselves in the leaves; but when it is spring and summer they live in the beautiful dell. Here, as fairy princesses, the wood sprites kneel to them, and the trickling little brook sings them a lullaby and they go to sleep."

Ere the last sentence was told, baby Gerald's eyes were closed tightly and he was playing with the fairies in his dreams.

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### A Legend of the Arbutus.

Many, many years ago, when the world was being made ready for us to live in, the Master of All Things Beautiful saw that in his kingdom of green meadows and stately trees, something was lacking. So he called to him all his willing servants, the Sun and the Stars, the Rain and the Snow and O, many many others; and he told them that, though the world was green and fair, it was not yet beautiful enough to gladden the hearts of men. Each one he commanded to make for him the finest thing in his power, so that all



the fields and woodlands would rejoice in beauty.

Gladly his servants went their way to prepare a gift worthy for their dear king. Each one toiled long, and sped over land and sea in search of the fairest object Mother Earth could offer. At length the gifts neared completion. The great sun was the first to bring his offering; and over the green fields, at the Master's feet, he scattered little circles of pure gold, taken from his own glowing heart. Thus the first dandelions came to be. Hand in hand the sprites of the rainbow came next, to fill the woodlands with blue hepaticas, and yellow adder's tongues, and red trilliums. The stars offered violets, and the rain poured down daisies to cover every hill and meadow. The snow brought lilies, white and stately, which she had formed from her own chaste heart. Many others brought their treasures, till the whole world was glorified; and there, last of all, the sunset came to tinge hill and valley with scarlet, and purple, and gold.

When the Master of All Things Beauti-

ful saw how fair the world had been made for men, he rejoiced, and praised each servant for his toil of love. But alas,—a sorrowful voice broke into the rejoicing, for mother earth had given all she had to help others make their gifts, and now she had for herself nothing but a few coarse leaves to offer. The Master knowing that it was she who was to nourish all these fair flower children on her breast, was greatly saddened, and called into counsel all his chief helpers. From each he asked a gift for mother earth. So on to the coarse green leaves the snow dropped a few starlike crystals, and the great sun tinged these with the faintest pink. The south wind, blowing over flowery fields, breathed fragrance in the little faces; and the King, as his gift was granted that this flower should be the first to appear in spring.

So this is why the flower we call the arbutus always clings close to mother earth; and this is why, best beloved of all, it is the first to gladden the hearts of men.



# THE COLBIANA

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## Volunteer or Conscript?

Each member of the women's division of Colby College is beginning to wonder just now, whether she was a volunteer in the army of student government or a conscript. Like some of the boys who enlisted the minute the United States declared war on Germany we have not thought of anything but the attainment of the ideal until we hear the big guns booming in the distance.

Our first few months of training have not been unpleasant ones,—one can undress in the dark and close one's door softly without much trouble. We have had drills and drives and lectures and although we were not "on our own"

much of the time, we flourished under the discipline.

But the months of training are over. For several weeks now we have been working our way toward the front line trenches, and the black marks and the "Sh's!" of the monitors burst over our heads like the "whiz-bangs" and shrapnel.

We are at the front now and we have got to fight. We must wear masks to protect us from the gases of gossip and criticism. Some of our comrades have been wounded in the fight, the commands of the President and Congress seem hard at times, but we, the expeditionary forces, must fight the fight and go "over the top" with flying colors.

MIRA L. DOLLEY, '19

It is not very often that a gentleman is allowed to write for the Colbiana, but these "Impressions of a Recruit" are so well and clearly told that the Colbiana is very glad of the opportunity to print them.

## Impressions of a Recruit.

"Join the army and see the world." This is the typical sign which first meets the eye of the prospective soldier as he enters the recruiting office. It makes him feel quite like a tourist and he begins perhaps to picture himself as traveling around the world and visiting the important places of other lands. Perhaps also he straightens his shoulders a little in imitation of the perfect posture of the soldier in the lithograph on the wall.

Now his turn has come; the fellow in front has shuffled away with his enlistment papers and he (whom for distinction's sake we will call John) is standing before the desk of the recruiting sergeant who appraises him with a mechanical glance. "What branch of the service do you wish to enter?"

John answers rather stammeringly,



"Why I was thinking of joining the marines—that is—er—"

The sergeant draws on the desk with his pen a moment before replying. "Is there any special reason why you prefer the marines?"

John may have had a dozen reasons but in his excitement they have left him. "Why I don't know—a fellow told me that he thought the marine was the best—"

"We don't recruit for the marines in this office," the sergeant interrupts, "but I can tell you that the coast artillery is as fine a branch of the service as one could wish for. If you have any trade or profession, you'll have a chance to work at it and it offers good opportunities for advancement. We can place you in one of the nearby forts so you can go home on furlough each month. Furthermore," and he goes on with his arguments until John begins nodding assent, whereupon a sheaf of enlistment papers is shoved into his hands with a direction to fill in the blanks. This and the rigid physical examination which follows takes up most of the afternoon, and when through he is told to go home and come back two days later to be sent away with the rest.

He comes back on the second day but owing to a rush of enlistments, the day of his departure is delayed till the next day. So he goes again and he comes again till at last after waiting until nearly sundown, he signs the papers that put him in the service of Uncle Sam. He and his comrades of a day are then marshalled to the railway station where they embark for parts to them unknown. The first two or three days following his arrival in camp (which in this case is an old fort whose history dates from the war of 1812) seem almost like a nightmare in the rush of new impressions. Of course he knew that a soldier's life would not be exactly a picnic—still, it is hard to reconcile the almost reverence which the people in his home town accorded him with the intolerance of petty

officers who bawl out orders and see unaware that he is a human being. Perhaps his first jolt comes the night arrives when ordered to report to the mess hall for supper. He goes in and sits down expecting to be waited on. An angry voice sounds from the farther end of the room. "Hey, there, are you handcuffed? Why don't you come and get your 'chow?'"

He makes up his mind to get even with the owner of that voice some day. Finally he goes accordingly and is handed out a liberal ration of potatoes and meat, bread and an immense tin of "sweetened coffee." He makes out a good meal and feels better about it.

On entering the squad room assigned to him he collides with two fellows wrestling and is sent sprawling on the floor. He is surprised and peeved that no apology is offered and the wrestling calmly goes on.

He sits around wondering where his bed is coming from till finally a fellow says to him, "You had better get your 'flop' ready or you will be out of luck."

He goes to bed rather depressed and does not get to sleep till long after the last note of taps has sounded, and the activity of the squad room has subsided to a long row of figures on the cots, either side of him, wriggling and tugging in an effort to get the greatest degree of warmth possible from their covering.

John wakes up along toward morning; somehow his blankets have slipped off and his teeth chatter as he tries to adjust them, for an army barracks on an early winter morning is not the warmest place one can think of.

He hardly gets to sleep again before reveille is sounded and he must turn out. He nearly freezes his hands standing at reveille for he forgets his gloves. The day passes quickly, with the excitement of the first drill, with wondering when his uniform will be given him, with listening to talks by officers and with racing at the call for mess, with striking up acquaintance with the fellow who occ



as the next bunk and who, by the way,,  
ores; with standing in line in corri-  
rs waiting his turn for various phys-  
al examinations and for inoculation  
ainst various diseases. Perhaps he  
onders why he is not offered a chair  
ile he waits. It is well that he does  
t speak of this to the gruff surgeon  
ajor as he hurries past.

Let us skip, say a matter of two or  
ree weeks, and look at our recruit once  
ore. He is different now for he has  
urned many things.

First of all he has learned to obey  
nders; he has learned not to grumble  
en he has to stand at attention at 20°  
low even if there is white frost on his  
rs when the command "Rest" is  
ven. He has learned a hundred things  
regard to personal neatness, the care  
his uniform and outfit; is master of  
e salute and manual of arms; and  
ove all has learned to enter into the  
irit of army life and forget he has a  
mper. He has many hard days and  
esome days when expected letters do  
t come and he feels homesick. But  
ider all if he is the right sort, he likes  
; for the life is healthy, the camerade  
the camps is inspiring, and under the  
rdships and regrets lies the exhilara-  
on that comes with the consciousness  
service. He is a soldier.

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### Editorials.

But helpless pieces of the game he plays  
Upon the checker board of nights and  
days."

How unevenly things are divided!  
ow many go through life feeling that  
ere is no justice and no right in the  
orld! How many children there are  
ho are born to suffer poverty and who  
ver have a chance! Opportunity  
asses by many people—perhaps because  
some crowded tenements there are so  
any behind one door that she cannot  
lock once for every one. And how  
any, with wealth and every advantage,  
il to seize their opportunities, and

waste the "substance which would mean  
everything to a poor child!" As Carlyle  
said, "A thousand shirts that no one  
buys, and just around the corner, a thou-  
sand shirtless backs!"

During my vacation I became inter-  
ested in a little boy who was living in the  
little white house by the river, very near  
my home. His father had been a drunk-  
ard and his mother was a rather ignorant  
woman of the farmer class. Every child  
has the right to be well born, but many,  
like Ralph, have to struggle against dis-  
grace for which they are not to blame.

One morning after a big snow storm,  
I was awakened by a commotion outside  
my window. Curiosity led me to seek  
the cause, and I found that only a small  
boy shovelling a path, with a half-grown  
terrier barking at his heels, had made  
such a prodigious noise. By the time I  
was ready for breakfast he had tunneled  
the drifts and reached the kitchen door,  
to inquire if my grandmother wanted  
him to get the milk. Hardly had the  
young Hercules had time to consume the  
apples which were the reward of his  
labors, when he re-appeared, this time  
with a large bucket for "a pail of water,  
please." And wonder of wonders! he  
wiped his feet on the mat! Cap in hand,  
he stood very straight and sturdy in his  
little blue jean blouse, while my grand-  
mother filled the pail. I looked at him  
in astonishment and mentally apologized  
to "young America" for the hard things  
I had once thought. Observation and  
experience had convinced me that the  
youth of these United States had degener-  
ated, but here I saw one of the old  
school. Knighthood was again in flower!

I did not see Ralph nor the water pail  
for several days after school began, until  
one afternoon about four o'clock I came  
out of a store. A large group of boys and  
a few men were standing around a couple  
of small boys and urging them to fight.  
One of the belligerents was a head taller  
than the other, but was clearly taking  
the initiative. I heard a man say, as I  
passed, "I don't know who the little one



is, but he is a plucky little fellow anyway." As I came nearer I recognized a familiar blue jean blouse. My little friend was still straight and sturdy, though his face was dirty and bruised. His hands were blue with the cold, but he was in the game to stay. I could not bear to look at the little face, so distorted with pain and anger, at the dark eyes with their desperate, hunted look. He stood at bay, for he knew the crowd, as well as the larger boy, were all against him. His bleeding lips were set in a line of suffering—the stolid suffering of a child that sees life too soon. He was learning how the world loves to kick a man when he is down. Still he did not flinch—he never thought of turning his back.

Before I had gone far, however, I heard the voice of a man—a real man—who broke the ring and stopped the fight, though amid cries of derision from the crowd.

That night when Ralph came for the water I asked who had won the fight. "He commenced it, but I licked him," came the quick reply.

Poor little fellow! In his thin blouse, his hands numb with the cold, he will have to fight many times—often to avenge insults and taunts. That his father was a worthless rascal he will be reminded more than once. And there are always many ready to stand around and enjoy a fight, even if the strong triumphs over the weak; while few will stop even an unequal contest. May he always stand straight and sturdy! May he always keep the spirit of that one who "never turned his back, but marched breast forward!"

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### "As Unto the Bow, The Cord Is."

I was carrying a heavy bundle on my right arm, one day not long ago. I was surprised to find that the arm soon became tired, and ached from the strain. When the weight was shifted to my left

arm, it caused no discomfort, even after a long time. Why? The right arm certainly stronger and capable of more active work, but the left, though comparatively weak, has a certain passive endurance which the other lacks. The right is able to lift; the left to bear.

Is not that usually just the difference between the strength of men and the strength of women? Men sneer at women sometimes because they cannot fight, because they are not physically powerful, because they have not the courage and daring necessary for a aggressive action. Women, too, often assert that men are "spleeny"—perhaps with reason, for a man cannot as a rule unless under the influence of excitement endure pain and suffering half as well as a woman. Many women bear up under a load of sorrow and trouble that would stagger a man. As in primitive times the woman is the burden-bearer through life,—patient and stoical, while her lover plunges boldly into the struggle for existence.

During the war, men go out to fight the enemy—they must be active. Women must stay at home—they can only wait for the outcome. Neither could do the other's work,—each is necessary, they are "useless each without the other."

And today, the great need is for women who are strong—"for there is much to suffer," and for men who are brave—"for there is much to bear."

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### Germany in the Far East.

The machinations of Germany ought long since to have ceased to excite wonder. The resourcefulness and the ingenuity of this arch-enemy of civilization have planted plots and intrigues in every quarter of the globe. Some, as the fated affair of Roger Casement and the Sinn Feiners in Ireland, have excited momentary alarm; others, as the fiasco by which Japan was to have acquired



California, Mexico, and Texas, have caused only a grim hilarity and facetious comment. The collapse of the Russian war machine has portended evil from the first. The release of large numbers of troops for service on the western front and the new source of food supplies for the German armies are obvious results to be anticipated from a Russo-German peace treaty. But it would have been a bold and far sighted prophet who had said that the outcome of the Brest-Litovsk proceedings would be to substitute Vladivostock for Verdun as the strategic point in Germany's offensive. Such a substitution, however, is not unlikely. It is a possibility not so remote as to be negligible.

The signing of the treaty of peace with the Bolsheviki, and its subsequent violation, it may be added, have opened to Germany an overland road to the far east. The way to India through Northern Persia and Afghanistan is open. Germany's close alliance with Turkey on the one side, and with the Tartar-Mongol hordes on the other, gives to this threat a substance which is not to be disregarded. So long as England is present in force in Mesopotamia and Southern Persia, this route, which would ordinarily be via the Black or Caspian sea, is not of much particular value. Once that guardian force of England be weakened or partially withdrawn, however, the way is open for a Teutonic occupation which is sure to follow. Thus in these few short weeks just past, the British operations in Mesopotamia and Palestine have assumed an importance scarcely hinted at before.

It is not in India, however, but in Siberia that the German menace arising through the peace forced upon Russia assumes its darkest aspect. At Vladivostock are immense military stores destined at one time for the Russian armies on the eastern front. It is not unlikely that other garrison depots of the Russians in this neighborhood are also well stocked. Lord Robert Cecil, speaking in

the House of Lords, has confirmed the reports that German prisoners of war in Siberia are being organized under a Prussian general. If a German-Bolshevik army should seize Vladivostock and the vast stores of supplies there, Germany would have a hold on the Pacific which would menace not only Japan, but India and the whole British east, and the United States as well. This is the consideration which lends so much interest to the question of Japanese intervention in Siberia. That is the only means by which this menace can be met.

The intervention of Japan in Siberia gives rise to sundry speculations. Without doubting the good faith of Japan or her willingness to subscribe to peace conditions laid down in a council of the allies, one might venture to wonder what form the compensation to one who has rendered so signal a service to the cause might take. It is a matter of common knowledge that Japan has long looked with kindly eyes toward the neighboring shores of Siberia. Her limited territory, scarcely the size of Montana, harbors a population nearly equal to one-half that of the whole United States. Nor can it be said that the barren stretches of Eastern Siberia, with their few inhabitants, would be worse off in the hands of a paternal government sending out its colonists across a few short leagues of blue water, than in the hands of a government sitting at Petrograd or Berlin and using them as a dumping ground for criminals and unfortunates. It may be that the destiny of Siberia can be worked out as well in the hands of Japan as in those of Russia. And if Japan, having securely established herself in Siberia, should decline to listen to peace readjustments which look to a restoration of the status quo, who among the allies, exhausted by years of war, would be in a position to say her nay? Truly the paths from Brest-Litovsk lead far afield.

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Spring has come at last! Don't you hear the birds a-singing? And now that the "hard and cruel" winter is a thing of the past we can smile at the petty discomforts which the decrees of the weather god heaped upon us. Doesn't this poem by one of our freshmen bring back realistic memories?

Down at Colby College  
Where they hand you frozen knowledge,  
A diploma all embossed with pure white  
snow,

Where the girls and boys together  
Grade on how they stand the weather  
And the medallist must be an Esquimo.

In a house they christened Dutton  
Where the butchers kept their mutton,  
Where the heat could never touch nor  
germs decay,  
In the cellar placed a heater  
With a stomach like a "skeeter,"  
And they fed it with some minus twice  
a day.

In the attic was a room,  
Not a tomb, no—not a tomb,  
To which I was assigned by the dean—  
In one corner sat a bear  
Polar—frozen to a chair,  
A thermometer exploded on his "bean."

And those snowdrifts on the floor  
Plugged the cracks beneath the door,  
And we snow-shoed round the chimney  
every night.

While the wind in doleful woof  
Tore the singles off the roof,  
And the naughty stars looked down in  
cold delight.

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"To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear the threadbare coat like a gentleman, to be out-voted by a smile, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy,—that is the wholesome philosophy taught by fishing with a worm."

## EXCHANGES.

The Colbiana gladly acknowledges the following exchanges: The Barnard Bear for December and January. The Vassar Miscellany Monthly for February and March, and the winter issue of the Aquilo.

We are glad to welcome the Barnard Bear to our list of exchanges. It is the first time this paper has come to our notice. The stories in the January number show keen appreciation and understanding of human nature. Without exception they are cleverly worked out, and the subtle humor in "Blasted" by Maud Lane and "Babuja" by Julia Tracy is decidedly refreshing. Though there is nothing of war in the stories, the poem "Chained" prevents our forgetting the time in which we live. This poem shows deep thought and makes a strong appeal to the reader. We wonder why there is but one editorial. Surely in these times of stress there is abundant material for several. It would give greater dignity to the paper if this section were more developed.

In the Vassar Miscellany Monthly for February considerable emphasis is given to war stories, poems, essays and editorials. The spirit of the whole paper is a commendable one. Especially good is the essay "Being Something" for it presents a subject which applies to us all, and does it so frankly and clearly that we cannot fail to take it to ourselves. While the March issue is good, it doesn't quite come up to the standard of the previous one.

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"Four things a man must learn to do  
If he would make his record true  
To think without confusion clearly,  
To act from honest motives purely,  
To love his fellowmen sincerely,  
To trust in God and Heaven securely."



## Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Since the Christmas recess, the Bible Study Classes have met together in the Opera House following the morning service. Mrs. Franklin gave a series of lectures on Humility, contrasting real Christian humility with the Prussian philosophy of Nietzsche. Other speakers have been Jefferson Smith, Y. M. C. A. secretary, Miss Gilpatrick, Professor Brown, Professor Trefethen, and Rev. C. F. Robinson. The girls have enjoyed these talks and the combined class meetings have been fairly well attended. When the churches resume their individual services, the classes will continue the text-books used before the recess meetings.

The Advisory Board has met several times since the recess. It is thought that the present board is too large for convenience and the suggestion has been made that it be changed from a board of advisors, one for each committee, to a committee acting as general advisor to the association. Although the present system has been exceedingly helpful to each department, a smaller board might accomplish the same work much more easily. This plan will probably be adopted in the fall of 1918.

Red Cross day—a campaign for 100% membership; a voluntary study class for social service workers; making surgical dressings at the Red Cross rooms; entertainments at the Fairfield Sanatorium; collecting books and magazines for boys in the service; helping send the "Echo" to Colby men in service, and by no means least, the knitting carried on in English, Spanish, French and German classes, at chapel lectures, and dances, are some of the social service activities. Several of the college girls served on the local committee in the War Savings Stamps drive and many blue and white W. S. S. cards appeared in the windows beside the Red Crosses.

Two more class parties have been held, and the juniors gave a masquerade dance in

the Coburn gymnasium and the sophomores a military entertainment and dance in the college gymnasium. This was the first time the college gymnasium has been used by the girls and according to the "Echo" it was "one of the most successful social events of the year."

President Roberts is giving a course of lectures to the members of both divisions on "The Bible and the Present War." The first of the series was given on the evening of March 11th, at the beginning of Y. M. C. A. Recognition Week.

The Student Volunteers were entertained at the home of Professor Brown, January 28.

Sunday, February 24, the Universal Day of Prayer for Students, was observed by a short meeting in Foss Hall parlor led by Alberta Shepherd, president of Y. W. C. A. During the week in place of the usual chapel exercises, short prayer services were conducted in the morning at Foss Hall by members of the faculty.

The regular association meetings have been varied in subject. Dec. 20, Helen Getchell, '20, led a delightful Christmas service. On Jan. 17, an informal, helpful discussion with Phyllis Cole as leader, was held on the subject "Getting along with People." The Eight Week Club committee conducted the meeting, Jan. 24. Mrs. Franklin was the leader, Mary and Matilda Titcomb, Helen Baldwin and Esther Powers also gave interesting accounts of their clubs last summer. On Jan. 31, the meeting was led by the president of the association, using Harry Emerson Fosdick's book, "The Meaning of Prayer." Mrs. Hoxie, the new secretary of Associated Charities of Waterville, was the speaker Feb. 14th. The World Fellowship meeting, Feb. 21, conducted by Alice Barbour, was a most interesting and instructive presentation of life, customs and needs of "The Mountain Whites." On Mar. 14, "Giving" was the subject of another of the helpful discussion meetings.



An especially good "suggestive program" for the association meetings this spring has just been received from headquarters. The subjects are those most vitally connected with our campus life, World Relationship and Christian Fundamentals.

The Student Volunteers and Missionary Department are working on a delightful Chinese play which is to be presented in the near future.

A Y. W. C. A. drive was carried out March 7-March 10. At chapel March 7, Alberta Shepherd, president of the association, told the purpose of the drive, which was to inspire new interest and enthusiasm for the work here at Colby. Miss Edith Pratt, Y. W. C. A. president in '16, gave an after dinner talk on the "Spirit of Silver Bay," asking that this year, as never before, the girls should respond to the call. The regular Y. W. C. A. meeting consisted of lantern slides showing many beautiful views of the Silver Bay Conference. All the delegates in college sang Silver Bay songs of 1916 and 1917 and several of them spoke of some of the most interesting events of the conference.

Dr. Phalen was the speaker at chapel exercises Friday, March 15. He is always welcomed as a chapel leader for his talks are interesting and inspiring. Friday evening, Mrs. H. W. Brown was a dinner guest and afterwards played many beautiful selections on the piano which were greatly enjoyed by the girls. Miss Adelaide Fairbanks, student volunteer secretary, spent Saturday with us and addressed the girls for a few moments in the morning with a very

interesting talk on the Northfield Conference. Plans are under way to carry out in Colby the wonderful program launched at that conference January 3, 1918. The student leaders are preparing for the discussion groups which are to begin very soon. Saturday afternoon a tea was given by the Cabinet for the Advisory Board to meet Miss Fairbanks. Mrs. Robert M. Crowell, president of the Advisory Board, was a guest at dinner and gave a pleasing talk on "The Pleasant Life" using as her topic, "He is a good man and bringeth good tidings." In the evening the sophomores gave the party. Sunday afternoon, an impressive vesper service was held in the college chapel. The inspiring address by Professor Libby and the excellent music rendered by the college choir and trio, combined to make this service fitting close to a very successful drive.

Mr. Heald, Y. M. C. A. secretary, spoke at chapel Monday, March 11, on the patriotic work of college girls during the summer months. He emphasized particularly the need for college girls to lead the younger girls of the home community in canning clubs, gardening, community service, social good times and general influence. His talk was a challenge to every Colby girl to do her part to help win this war. The Association Monthly of March, 1918, contains some splendid articles on summer work. Mr. Franklin is going to give a training course for prospective leaders of Eight Week Clubs. Enlist in the service.

The annual Y. W. C. A. dinner and installation are scheduled for April 4.



## College News.

Since the Christmas recess classes have been held under the "war schedule" for the purpose of coal conservation. According to this schedule, class periods begin at 10 A. M., the regular 10 and 11 o'clock classes being held as usual. At 1.30 and 2.30 P. M. the regular 8 and 9 o'clocks are held; the 2 and 3 o'clock classes meeting at 3.30 and 4.30 respectively. 1 o'clocks are held at 9 o'clock. This schedule is not in effect Wednesdays and Saturdays. As a further step in this conservation Shannon Hall and Recitation Hall are closed and classes are held in the chapel, library and Goss Hall.

The Hon. William J. Bryan paid a short visit to Colby early in December and gave a brief address to the college students and faculty in the chapel. Mr. Bryan spoke of the advantages of the small Christian college over the large university in the opportunities offered for character building and individual development. He then discoursed on public speaking and pointed out the opportunities which come to the person who has qualified himself in this, and mostly he spoke briefly on "The Purpose of Life."

The local sorority, Gamma Delta was installed as Beta Beta chapter of Phi Mu during the week ending January 26 by Miss Leah Sturdevant, president of Beta Province. The initiates were: Marguerite Bradbury, '18; Gertrude Megquier, '18; Belle Longley, '19; Vera Moore, '19; Josephine Rice, '19; Lura Dean, '19; Marion Waterman, '20; Ruth Wills, '20; Anna Weidlich, '21; Elva Sawyer, '21; and Louise Jacobs, '21. Mrs. Robert Maswell and Mrs. William Drury are patronesses of the new chapter. Phi Mu was founded at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., in 1852 and now has a roll of twenty-six chapters. Resident members are Helen McGinnis, Beatrice Curtis, Mary Becket and Dorothea Libby

all of Pi chapter U. of M. Delegates from Pi chapter to the installation were the Misses Dorothy Folsom and Ella McFarlane.

A drive for the purpose of stimulating interest in Student Government was planned and carried out by the Student League during the second week of February. It was introduced Wednesday at chapel by Prof. Franklin who spoke on the "College Conscience." Marion Starbird, '18, president of the organization, spoke briefly after dinner, which was followed by a college "sing." Thursday Prof. Johnson gave an address at chapel on "The Value of Discipline." On Friday the chapel exercises were conducted by representatives from the four classes, who were: Hazel Whitney, '18, Louise Merrill, '19; Eliza Gurganus, '20, and Grace Foster, '21. They took for their subjects different phases of student government. Mrs. Clarence H. White of the executive board was a guest at dinner and spoke words of encouragement to the members of the League. On Saturday the drive closed by talks by Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. G. B. Franklin and a "stunt" party in the gymnasium.

The Student League party which was held during the Student Government Drive proved successful and entertaining. Mrs. G. B. Franklin was present and gave an inspiring talk on the character-building influence of student government. Each class then contributed to the entertainment by giving a "stunt," after which dancing was enjoyed with music by the orchestra. The seniors harkened back to their freshman days and rehearsed a "Freshman Reading Class." The juniors presented a scene from an insane asylum in which two brain specialists were reviewing some very peculiar cases recently received for Colby College. These cases were all diagnosed as the result of overwork and nervous strain caused by stu-



dent government and approaching mid-year exams. The sophomores gave a very effective impersonation of familiar figures seen about Foss Hall, and the freshmen enacted a midnight feed in Foss Hall.

The end of mid-years was celebrated this year by an informal dancing party given by President Roberts in the college gymnasium which was decorated for the occasion with chinese lanterns, colored lights, and service flags with their corresponding fraternity banners. The college banjo orchestra furnished excellent music, and refreshments of "harlequin ice cream" and saltines were served. Eleven o'clock came all too soon and reluctantly we turned homeward, thanking "Prexie" for a royal good time.

Miss Abbie G. Sanderson, '14, has recently been recommended as one of two missionaries to be sent to Swatow, China. She has accepted the position and will sail at once. Since leaving college Miss Sanderson has filled several responsible teaching positions as well as taking courses in Bible study and theology at Newton and in missions and hygiene at the Gordon Bible College.

The associate editors of the 1918 Oracle from the women's division are: Lillian Pike, Sigma Kappa; Phyllis Sturdivant, Chi Omega; Hilda Bradbury, Delta Delta Delta; Alberta Getchell, Alpha Delta Pi; Grace Lermond, Phi Mu.

An Aroostook Club has been organized with about twenty members and the following officers: President, Norma Goodhue, '18; secretary and treasurer, Helen Getchell, '19; executive committee, Margaret Wilkins, '18, Hilda Bradbury, '19, Adelle McLoon, '21, and Dorothy Mitchell, '21. The insignia is to be a silver pin in the shape of a potato with A. C. in raised letters.

Miss Florence Emery, Sargent, '15, has been engaged as director of physical culture.

The Literary Society has held many interesting meetings. Some of the sub-

jects discussed have been "Great Men of the War," "Modern American Authors," "The Red Cross," "Famous American Dramatists," "War Poetry" and "Resolved: That is it better to have enforced license laws than poorly enforced prohibition laws in the state of Maine."

Mrs. Ethel Hayward Weston, Grand Vice-President of Sigman Kappa, was the guest of the Alpha chapter of Sigma Kappa, January 25 and 26.

Professor and Mrs. Brown have entertained the members of the rhetoric classes at their home several times this winter. At one of the parties, President and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Louise Coburn, '77, and Mrs. Cooper were guests of honor. Miss Coburn read a number of original poems.

Claramae Harvey, ex-'19, of Dover returned to college after mid-years to resume her studies with the freshman class.

Miss Marion Parsons of Boston, who is at present an instructor in surgical dressings for the Red Cross, was a recent guest at the hall and spoke to the girls; telling of her experiences as a Red Cross nurse at the front and also discussing the broad field open to college young women in the various departments of nursing.

Among the alumnae visitors at the hall this winter have been Edith Pratt, '16; Lucy Taylor, '17; Helen Clark, ex-'13, now graduated from Simmons; Almira Shaubel, ex-'19; Mary Washburn, '15; Lee Knight, '17; Carolyn Stevens, '16; Madeline Daggett, '17; Eva Reynolds, '12; Ethel McEwen, '14; Hazel Cobb, ex-'18; Clare McIntyre, ex-'16; Esther French, '16; Marion Harmon, '16; Ruth Morgan, '16; Hazel Gibbs, '17; Mrs. Everett P. Smith (Susie Smith, '17) and Eva Bean, '17.

Guest night at Literary Society was held March 23 in Library Hall. The program was composed of stories and essays submitted by the members.



## Alumnae Notes.

### Ex-1920

Althea Harvey is taking the nurses' training course in the Children's Hospital at Portland.

Roberta Harvey is studying music at her home in Hallowell.

The engagement of Marjorie Smith to Eastman Webber of Waterville has been announced.

Nettie Briggs is spending this year at her home in Monticello.

Ruth Ross is taking a secretarial course at Nasson Institute.

Mabel McCausland is training for nursing at St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland, Maine.

### Ex-1919

Margaret Hoffman is attending Packard Business School in New York City.

Almira Schaubel, who is now living in Bath, visited at Foss Hall recently.

Ruth Holbrook is studying at the New School of Design in Boston.

Emily Kelley will complete her course at Albany Teachers' College in 1919.

Minerva Bradstreet is training for nursing at Brooklyn Hospital.

Mildred Cook and Mildred Dunham are students at the Thomas Business College in Waterville.

### Ex-1918

Violet Shaw will graduate from Boston University in June.

Annie Caswell is taking a business course at Bryant and Stratton's, Boston.

Lyda Turner is completing her college course at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

### 1917

Flora Norton and Margaret Brown were guests at Foss Hall just before Easter.

### 1916

Marjorie Barker is employed in a lawyer's office in Norway, Maine.

Mina Titus is teaching in Cony High School, Augusta, Maine.

Ernestine Porter is assistant in Solon High School.

Alice Clarkin is teaching in South Portland High School.

Vesta McCurda is teaching in Revere, Mass.

Berle Cram is teaching mathematics in Dexter High School.

### 1915

Emily Cunningham is teaching in Swampscott, Mass.

Mildred Bedford has accepted a position in Southington High School, Conn.

Dorothy Webb is preceptress at Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Maine.

Amy Tilden sailed for France in February, as a Red Cross Nurse.

Ethel G. Chamberlain is gymnasium instructor at Machias State Normal School.

Helen Hanson is at home in Calais, Maine.

Marion Steward has accepted a position as head of the English department in Sanford High School.

### 1914

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Florence Judson Cole and Clinton Barnard, Lieutenant, Infantry U. S. R., on December 1, 1917.

Madeline Clough is teaching in Bradford, Vermont.

Eva Reynolds is dean at Machias State Normal School.

Grace Hamilton has resigned her position in Fryeburg High School to accept an assistantship in Leominster, Mass.

Abbie Sanderson sailed from Vancouver, Wash., for Swatow, China, on March 14th. She is sent by the Baptists of Aroostook county and will teach in the Baptist Missionary School in Swatow.

Hazel Young is an instructor in the chemistry department of Simmons College.



1913

Iva Willis and Cynthia Knowles are assistants in Portsmouth High School, N. H.

1910

Helen Joy Hinckley has been a war nurse since April, 1915. She is now in a base hospital "Somewhere in France."

1905

Ida Phoebe Keene who is teaching French in the high school in Wilmington, Delaware, is spending a short time in a telephone exchange each day, in preparation for war work, which she will enter soon. She will act as an interpreter in an exchange directly behind the lines in France.

1902

On February twentieth, 1918, Sarah Atlant Roberts died at her home in Caribou. She was a graduate of Caribou High School in the class of 1896 and a graduate of Colby College in the class of 1902. She was a member of the Chi Omega fraternity. After her graduation, she taught for a number of years at Caribou High School. Later she became librarian of the public library in that town, which position she occupied until a few months before her death. Her kindly sympathy and cheerful disposition endeared her to all who knew her. She is survived by three brothers, John, Fred, Philip, and a sister Dorothy.



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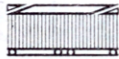


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