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E. Smith

The Colbiana



Commencement Number

1918

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THE COLBIANA

Volume 6

JUNE, 1918

Number 3

Miss Martha's Affair.

"Here's yer mail Miss Marthy," Polly Lane burst breathlessly into Miss Martha Wolcott's kitchen and thrust a tightly clinched parcel at the plump little lady sitting before her rug frame. "'Nd they's a soldier letter all stamped over like Sis gets from Bob." Then frightened at daring to address so many words to the reticent Miss Martha, Molly turned and fled, banging the door wildly.

But it was not fear of Miss Martha that sent her racing down the street at breakneck speed with skimpy blue bows flying in the wind. She had something to tell her mother—something that perhaps would send Mrs. Lane hurrying to the neighbors to repeat and so save her the whipping that was her due for being so late.

Meanwhile Miss Martha sat for some minutes, staring dumbly at the letter, while the "Weekly Tribune" slid to the floor and lay unheeded at her feet. At last it had come! She had waited for it so long! And now—! A feeling of guilt possessed her and she was afraid to open it. She studied the address, the postmark, the censor's stamps, the handwriting. She turned it over and over. At last with the blush of a schoolgirl, she cut the envelope and drew out the enclosed sheet. This she held tremblingly for several seconds before she unfolded it, turning quickly to the end to read the signature, "Private Henry Rawson," she read with the accompanying number of company and regiment. My! Rawson was a nice sounding name. She remembered a minister named Rawson who had preached in Newfield once. She read the letter through slowly, studying each sentence and phrase.

"It's a nice letter and he must be a nice boy," she sighed, the letter falling on her lap. "He said he liked them."

Miss Martha had lived alone a long time and had acquired the habit of talking to herself. "I hope the feet were long enough. They seemed awful short." Then in a minute, "Those heels were awful funny. I hope they won't make blisters. Poor boy! His letter sounded real cheerful but it must be horrid over there."

Months before Miss Martha had with much trepidation undertaken to knit a pair of socks for the local Red Cross. Not that Miss Martha was a novice at knitting—far from that, but she was accustomed to the old-fashioned method of shaping them—two seam, two plain for a long, straight leg and then a double, carefully rounded heel and two narrow colored stripes in the toe. For days she had labored over those Red Cross socks, knitting and counting, narrowing and taking out only to narrow again in unexpected and unheard of places. And finally they were finished. Miss Martha pressed them carefully and caught the toes together with a bit of bright worsted. Then an impulse seized her. She had heard of women who put their names and addresses into socks and received replies from that mysterious and far-off place where the war was going on. Almost before she realized it she had written her name, Miss Martha Wolcott, Newfield, New Hampshire, and slipped it far into one of the toes. Then trembling at her audacity she had put on her best black cloak and the bonnet with the false curls sewed in the front and trotted town town to deliver the socks before she should change her mind.

How long Miss Martha sat musing over the letter she did not know but a step on the walk brought her to her senses and she thrust it quickly into the basket of torn rags which stood at her side. She was plying her rug-hook with painstaking deliberation when Mrs.

Morris entered. She had just run in to borrow a bit of soda and couldn't stop a minute she gasped as soon as she could get her breath and throwing off her shawl settled herself in the big rocker. Mrs. Morris was Mrs. Lane's next door neighbor which may perhaps explain her breathless state. Miss Martha took the pink china cup from her hand and went to the pantry in quest of the desired article. While she was gone Mrs. Morris rescued the "Tribune" from its neglected position on the floor, peering cautiously about the while, and was busily scanning the locals when Miss Martha returned.

"Must 'a been a big wedding over to the Corner, wasn't it?" she queried.

"I hadn't read the Corner news yet."

"You ha'int! My land you was so busy when I come in I 'sposed you'd read your paper all through long ago!"

"Well, you see I promised myself I'd finish that rose before dinner. The sale comes next week and I have got to hurry to get it done. It's the forty-seventh rug I've made and it'll be the handsomest one too, if I do say it." Miss Martha tilted the frame to display her work of art—a seven by four foot expanse of huge red roses and green leaves running riot over a background of speckled and indefinite hue.

From this the conversation turned to the coming sewing circle sale and the new minister's wife. In vain did Mrs. Morris try to talk about the morning mail, the war, the soldiers who had gone from that locality, any thing that might lead to the subject of the letter. Finally she departed reluctantly, just as Miss Stevens turned in at the gate. Miss Stevens had come for Miss Martha's recipe for corn-bread, but she too was prone to gossip and taxed poor Miss Martha's nerves almost beyond endurance.

"I declare," that poor soul remarked as the door closed after this last caller, "seems to me everybody is awful neighborly all to once. I'll bet that Lane young one and her mother have spread

it all over town that I got a soldier's letter! But they won't none o' them out 'bout it from me!"

Miss Martha's popularity increased so as the day advanced that by night there was scarcely a woman in the village who had not called on some pre or other. Miss Martha, though inwardly trembling was to all outward appearances her calm serene self. And with the departure of each guest a resolve on her heart grew stronger and stronger. Her round face beamed as she pattered about washing her supper dishes, had there been any eavesdroppers lining about, her secret would have been secret no longer. At last her work completed she lighted the tall lamp on her father's big old-fashioned desk and drew out a box of delicately tinted lavender note paper—a long cherished Christmas gift. But the letter which she intended to compose had to be written and rewritten many times before it was finally copied carefully on the note paper.

"There," she said at last, folding the sheet and addressing the envelope with a pounding heart, "I've done it and that's nobody's business,—I 'spose it's kind of mean to write to him like that, but that he didn't ask how old I was 'nd he said he didn't have anybody to write letters to him— My! I never 'sposed I'd be writing to a man—'nd a strange man too!" The rashness of her act almost took Miss Martha's breath away. "That there t'won't do no harm just once," she consoled herself as she blew out the lamp and prepared to retire.

But Newfield tongues were not still by Miss Martha's non-committal attitude. She was the chief topic of conversation at all gatherings, whether the corner grocery store or the weekly prayer meeting. And the favorite solution of the affair was that "that Jim," Miss Martha's orphan nephew who had "gone wild" and was reputed to have been serving time in a neighboring state prison, must have enlisted and gone to France. Miss Martha never spoke of him. He had lived with her at one time

after an escapade with some wild companions he had left town suddenly no one had dared question Miss Martha as to his whereabouts. A rumor he was in jail had started—nobody knew where or how. Like all stories it was lost nothing by circulation, and by the time the letter from France set the tongues wagging in a new direction poor Jim had achieved notoriety by a state prison sentence and had no less than a score of bank robberies and a murder charged against him, according to various Newfield authorities. Now that he was in France, Newfield devoted its attention to getting him out of prison by every means enlisted, by which feat a few more policemen and jailers were murdered and Jim, free, assumed the name of Henry Rawson, for the postmaster was loath to offering all the evidence he could obtain.

And while these stories grew Miss Martha pattered about, her secret locked tightly in her heart, little suspecting her own prominence in the public eye and mind. At times her conscience troubled her greatly and she reproached herself for the life she who had never written to a man in her life should have written to a noble man! And a soldier!

"Martha Wolcott, you're an old fool! You're an old fool!" she would say to herself at these moments of self accusation, but always she would end by re-reading the letter which she now kept in the box in the lavender note paper.

A few weeks another letter came and Miss Martha answered that. She told herself that she would not answer a second letter if one should come, but when it did come she stayed away from the sewing circle in order to post her reply in the next mail. It took even longer to write this letter than it had the first—perhaps because Private Rawson's second letter was harder to answer. It contained several personal questions in it concerning the color of her eyes, and hair, her tastes in music, and it even asked that her photograph would be

appreciated. Miss Martha ignored the latter and devoted her attention to giving truthful answers to the questions, yet she had to tell herself more than once that it was the truth before the letter was sealed and posted.

Then came another long wait, and then because it took so long for mail to go and come Miss Martha took to writing every two weeks and finally every week. And still Newfield speculated about Jim. Had he reformed? Why this sudden interest in his poor old maid aunt? Was he sending her part of his pay?

"I always did say he stole more'n half o' her egg money when he was here," one good woman was wont to affirm when this question arose.

And thus they talked and the months passed and the letters came and went. Poor Miss Martha grew thin and pale under the strain. She stopped going to sewing circles and grange meetings. She even contemplated not going to prayer meeting sometimes when the inquisitiveness of her neighbors drove her almost mad. She became nervous and emotional, laughing, weeping or blushing at trifling provocations. The neighbors noticed this. Some attributed it to Jim's sudden attention; others affirmed that it was an affectation assumed to cover up the fact that Miss Martha knew all of Jim's past.

And then one day Jim came home. Miss Martha received him with open arms and they went to the mid-week prayer meeting together that evening. But the presence of Jim so diverted the attention of the would-be worshippers that the petitions offered up that night were fragmentary and hurried—and the gossip after the meeting was great and varied. He must have committed terrible deed and been discharged, else he would be wearing a uniform. How did he dare to come back? How could he hold up his head among his fellow-beings? How could Miss Martha have the face to appear in his company and at prayer meeting too!

"But then blood is thicker than water," was the generally accepted explanation.

The next day Jim visited some of his old friends and entertained the grocery store with an account of his doings since leaving town—how he had worked in a large business concern, been successful and was now a partner in the business. His audience listened open-mouthed and incredulous.

"Didn't you like the army?" queried one, unable to repress his curiosity longer.

"Oh I haven't enlisted yet. I just came on to say good bye to Aunt Martha and see that she is well fixed before I leave. I expect to go into the training camp next week." With this information Jim picked up his purchases and turned away, leaving a gasping and paralyzed assemblage behind him.

But the letters to and from Henry Rawson continued. If Miss Martha wondered what her neighbors said about her she never showed it. She was too busy with her own thoughts now to worry about those of others. For at last Miss Martha was in love—Miss Martha, spinister of indefinite age, was in love with an unknown soldier boy who wrote her long and interesting letters. It was the first time Miss Martha had ever been in love and she was enjoying the sensation. What the outcome would be she would not let herself think, she was living in the present. And she would share her wonderful secret with no one. To be sure Miss Martha found it hard to write the letters which she sent so faithfully every Wednesday evening. Her conscience troubled her at the half-truths which she told and the deception she was aware of practicing. But always she stilled her heart by assuring herself that no harm could come from it; she would never see him and he was lonesome and needed some one to take an interest in him. And so while Newfield was vainly trying to account for the revelations brought about by Jim's re-

turn, she went blithely on writing letters and dreaming dreams.

And then one day there came a letter in different handwriting and a tiny seal. The letter was brief. An old worked nurse had taken time to scribble a few lines for a dying soldier. Private Henry Rawson had been severely wounded. He wished her to tell Miss Martha what he himself could not. He loved her very much and was to have come to tell her just as soon as the war was over but now he couldn't. Would she understand? He had been honored for his bravery. He wanted her to keep the little badge. It was all he had to send her except his love which was worthless now.

Miss Martha fingered the little badge reverently with tears streaming down her face. He had really loved her! He was dead! And it was better that she had to admit that. Already a shadow had lifted from her heart and the nightmare of deception in which she had been living was fading away. He had called his love worthless, yet to her it was priceless, the more so now because it was a memory.

From a Freshman's Point of View

Gracious how I hate restrictions!
One can't call his soul her own!
There's a rule for every notion;
Personal liberty we have none.

Going out? Well sign a ticket
Stating when you will be in.
Should you be a minute later,—
Goodness me! T'would be a sin!

Go not near the Messalonskee;
Turn your lights out sharp at ten
Never speak above a whisper;
Most of all avoid the men.

Thus it goes from morn 'till ev'nin'
Thus it goes from day to day;
But I have this consolation,—
T'is good training any way.

The Summons.

The fire was blazing cheerily on the hearth casting weird shadows on the bright and youthful faces gathered round its warmth. Now it lit up the faces of the two children busily toasting themselves, and now it shed a tender radiance on the heads of the two young girls, Ruth and Nelly. They were very intent upon their knitting, nevertheless they found time to glance often and anxiously at the mother, seated in the large comfortable wicker chair which had been her throne for five long years.

She had been very quiet this evening, almost seemingly to hear the gay chatter to which she usually listened with a happy smile. Almost like one in another world, her eyes gazing far off, she seemed to see and hear something not visible to the rest of the merry circle. Was she thinking of the son whom she had sent "over the water" nearly a year ago; of the boy Jed, her first-born, whom she loved, if possible, more than all the rest? How often she had been when he decided that his sacrifice was needed, and how proud had been her love in her eyes! It was hardly a sacrifice to give up this stalwart young man to her country. It was a fulfillment of their mutual love, or so it seemed to her.

With firm-set lips she had watched him march away, and then had gone to comfort a neighbor whose son had also answered the call and marched off with Jed. Was she seeing it all again, as she sat before the firelight? Suddenly her face grew very white, and the girls were startled by a low cry—

"Yes, Jed, I'm coming."
Ruth sprang quickly to her side.
Nelly, the doctor. It is her heart in!"

Nelly was already putting on her coat and hat.

"No! No!" the mother pleaded, "Do not go, Nelly. Come here to my side, my children. It is Jed. He is calling me."

"I—must—go. He—needs—me—"
and the voice trailed off weakly into

silence. Already the gentle spirit had been wafted away into the shadowland.
* * * * *

That very night Jed, left severely wounded on the battlefield, awoke from unconsciousness to a world which was a strange mixture of burning thirst and feverish pain. Very quiet and still it was out here, and very dark, for there were no stars as yet, only the awful mantle of blackness, like the blackness of the tomb. How he longed for her who had always soothed him, when in childish illness, he had tossed restlessly on his bed. But she was far across the seas, and he was here, here in this terrible blackness, tortured with thirst and pain. Oh, for one drink of water to cool his parched lips! He could endure it silently no longer.

"Mother! Mother!" he moaned.

Then a miracle happened, for suddenly she was there beside him. Now she was holding water to his lips, gently lifting his head that he might drink. Oh, the tenderness of those arms, the sweetness to feel them again! Refreshed, he lay back and rejoiced in the touch of her cool hands on his hot forehead, and the rain of her tears on his cheek. The pain was gone now. Gone too, the awful blackness. The stars had come out. How near they seemed and how lovingly they looked down as though watching over him. She was still there, he could see her very plainly in the starlight, and the eternal mother love shining in her eyes. Like a tired child, he closed his eyes and slept.

Early the next morning they found him and carried him to a nearby hospital. It was a miracle, the doctor said, that he ever lived through the night with a wound like that.

"Mother came," he murmured.

"Oh, he's delirious, but I guess he'll pull through all right now. Wonderful constitution, though. I cannot understand it."

Jed smiled as he dropped off to sleep.

Bell-Hopping.

We are bell-hops at Foss Hall. That is enough recommendation for any one. Prexy comes to the hall and rings the bell boisterously. We fail to answer it. Why? Because we are not there. Why are we not there? We attempt no excuses; a bell-hop never makes excuses. We simply are not there. Prex interviews Dean Cooper on the subject, "Are bell-hops essential?" What he said, we do not know; we only know that when the bell rings next time we must be there.

Are bell-hops really essential? we wonder. We spend eighteen hours a week, answering a bell that never rings. Not that Foss Hall is an unpopular resort. It isn't. In case the bell should ring, we must be on the job, a bell-hop should never forget that her salary of five cents per hour demands prompt and efficient service.

We make our headquarters the library. Here we acquaint ourselves with the leading magazines, "The Saturday Evening Post," "Woman's Home Companion," "Zion's Herald," and "Colby Academy Voice." We glance over yesterday's "Sentinel" and day before yesterday's "Herald" and wonder at the news of the day.

Restlessness and a longing for freedom seizes us; we walk from the library to the office, from the office to the pool-room and from pool-room to clock. We discover that we must spend thirty more minutes in the service of the college. We attempt to study; a bell rings. Can it be the doorbell? are we sure that it wasn't the telephone?

Cautiously we creep to the door and open wide the portals,—a man, a real man, to see the matron.

We bow him into the parlor and acquaint the matron with conditions therein. She must have his card and credentials. So we return, and return with the desired object. She thrusts us scornfully aside, "Can't bother with him," she says and we depart to break the news as sweetly as possible.

"The matron is busy and unable to see you today," we smile into the expectant countenance of our parlor friend.

"So sorry to have troubled you," he retorts with a pleasing emphasis on the word "sorry." We glance at him out of the corner of our eyes, give him our coyest expression, but keep his card. "Be still, my little quivering heart." Ah, even a bell-hop has her romance.

We go back to our studying, but Prex gets the better of us and we journey to the third floor in quest of a nut-bolt.

The bell rings. We start,—twice in one hour, what a coincidence! "That's for a nickle," we say to ourselves and smile at our mild attempt at humor.

We hurry down the stairs. Clatter, clatter, we fairly fly, missing every step on the stair in our haste. The bell rings again and in our desperation, we resort to the banister. Whiz, we land on the ground floor with all the grace and alacrity of a Pearl White.

We open the door upon a member of our honored male division. Ah! the man who took us home from the Banquet social, the man whom we have talked of and dreamed of ever since.

"Miss Susie Sally," he bows. "Very glad you step in," we ask very composedly, wondering vaguely at our own self-complacency. He glances timidly into the eyes of the matron but declines our invitation. We shut the door in his face, not spitefully—very politely.

Then with dejected footsteps we descend the stairs to Susie's room. To think of Susie, the lucky maiden, Susie of the year, a freshman and what is more, not even a church member.

Susie is at home, we knew she would be. We tell her briefly, that she is wanted and our responsibility in the affair is ended. Oh! cruel world, what a bitter fate! Such are the sorrows of a bell-hop.

We discover that it is time to go to class and proceed to do so. On our way we meet the next bell-hop feverishly hastening back to her duties. But the transfer is being made, Prex,

es to the hall and rings the bell. We
e no excuses, we simply were not
e. Are bell-hops essential? We
der.

At Unaware.

lieutenant Jerry's attitude frankly
itted despair. His despondency had
e beyond the stage in which one
ks in words, he was simply "feeling."
he meantime he whittled aimlessly at
plinter. His captain passed. Mili-
7 life had made some of his acts auto-
ic; so he saluted.

his external event called him from
brown study with something like
start. He arose energetically and
ered his horse. When the shining
ck cavalry horse was brought around,
quickly mounted and rode away at a
op.

Anywhere out of this confounded
h—to where a fellow can think," he
tered, then fell to musing. It had
n great to meet Jean again. She had
remembered so many things, too, that
y had done together in those years
ore boarding school and college had
arated them. There certainly wasn't
girl in the world like Jean, he told
hself and tried to shrug his shoulders
ignedly. This captain, confound him!
t she was always talking about—
t why was all this fuss needed about
n anyway? The captain was an avi-
r,—ah yes, *he* knew,—and was stan-
ned at a camp in the next state. Jean
l told him that he was coming down to
her sometime. "But she looked so
d about it," Jerry lamented. His
oughts came back to himself. Jean
ver would take him seriously and how
ld a mere cavalryman hope to win
t against an aviator? He remem-
red Jean held the idea that cavalry
l not amount to much "over there"
yway.

"It's no use," he said at last, "so it's
tter not to see her at all. As her
end?— No, that is past. I shall not
e her again!"

Just then he looked up. A few rods
ahead of him was a horseback rider post-
ing easily in the same direction that he
was going. He knew it was Jean's trim
little figure on her bay horse Benito.

This sudden challenge to his resolution
confused him. The possibility of turn-
ing back did not occur to him. He only
thought, "Here is my chance; now I'll
show her she can have her captain if she
wants to!"

He set his spurs into his horse's flank.
Surprised at this unwonted harshness
the black broke into a mad gallop. The
spirited horse ahead heard the rush of
oncoming hoofs and resolved not to let
such insolence pass. He snapped the bit
between his teeth, put back his ears and
bolted. The girl sat erect and strained
in vain at the reins. In a flash the situ-
ation burst upon Jerry,—Jean was in
danger and he was to blame for it.

"What a fool I was, what a fool! If
anything should happen to her,—but it
mustn't!"

He urged his horse on and slowly
gained on the flying bay. Jean turned
her head and smiled back bravely. He
cursed himself savagely. He must save
her—he must!

Now the black ran neck and neck with
the bay. A second more and Jerry
reached over and grasped the other
horse's bridle. He insisted that Jean
dismount and retained her hand as he
anxiously inquired if she were perfectly
all right.

"Yes, perfectly," she assured him.
"Benito can't resist a race." But she for-
got to remove her hand. Jerry's stern
resolution faded into nothingness. The
image of the Captain vanished, he want-
ed to throw his hat in the air—no, he
didn't either, he wanted to stand there
in the road till time stopped.

"We may as well go on now," Jean
said after a moment, "see, Benito is quite
calm."

So he helped her mount and they rode
on. Jean had never been so gracious,
but then she was always gracious except
when she talked of the captain. She

asked his advice about choosing a new runabout and listened to his words as if they were her court of final judgment. She noticed a wrinkle in his forehead and inquired if he were not working too hard.

And then—when they had turned back, Jean showed him a radiant face and announced, "I have saved the best for last!"

She took from the pocket of her habit a bill folder from which she extracted a small snapshot. "It's Billy," she explained.

Jerry saw a slim figure clad in full aviation uniform standing in front of a gracefully poised air-plane.

"H'm—rather young," was all he said, but to himself he thought, "And she calls him Billy!"

The rest of the journey took place in silence broken only by a few vain attempts at conversation on the part of Jean.

A few days later Jerry was summoned to the telephone. It was Jean.

"O Jerry, I've just had a 'phone. Billy—the Captain—was coming over to see me today. The plane is out of petrol five miles out on the Berwick road. And can't you—?"

"Go to the rescue?" Jerry finished gallantly.

"If you will, please, you see our cars are all out. I knew I could count on you!"

Necessary arrangements were soon made and Jerry was on his way. Over and over he contrasted the slim grace of the man in the snapshot with his own rather bulky proportions.

"I only wish they'd hurry and send me across," he thought.

At last he came upon the Captain, a patient form in aviator's uniform sitting on a rod of the useless plane. He arose as Jerry pulled up his horse.

"You are—Billy?" he asked formally.

A bright smile appeared on the young man's face. "Yes," he said and pulled off the close helmet.

Jerry gasped. He saw a fluffy blonde coiffure of the latest style revealed while

a pair of blue eyes danced at his bewilderment.

"The Captain—you?" he demanded

"Why, yes, I'm Jean's chum, Wilfrid Williams; I'm captain of my company Camp Lennox where they're training girls for the aerial mail service."

"Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!" quoted Jerry helplessly.

The New Year's Messenger.

The shrieking gale tore madly at the little three-walled house; but we, huddling against its protecting sides, did not feel the stinging blast of the north wind. We were waiting for the ducks that would ride in on the rising tide and would fall prey to the deadly gun concealed with us in our little hut. The pale moon cast her sickly light upon us, from time to time, when the scudding clouds uncovered her face. The rising wave dashed roaring and hissing upon the ice-caked rocks, and the night was very wild.

The new year was coming in with the tide. It was bringing sorrow and bloodshed and disaster with it. The year would be filled, like this wild night, with shrieks and moans and despairing wails of the storm-wracked world. And the relentless tide of war would come on, and a grim death would wait, like us, for the innocent victims.

Effort.

I tried to write a poem,
 With all my might and main.
 Alas! Alas! Try as I would,
 My try was all in vain.
 I asked my friends to help me.
 But, what now could they do?
 When you must write a poem,
 The task is up to you!
 I read some lyric poems
 To cultivate a mood;
 But to attain such lofty heights,
 I knew I never could.
 I tried for hours and hours, thus;
 Until in sheer disgust,
 I dashed off these poor verses,
 Because I knew I must.

Father.

Tho' I might sing of mother with her
 modern suffrage views,
 Of her clubs, and teas, and dinners, and
 her 2-A high heeled shoes,
 Or her speedy foreign racer, or her sum-
 mer Newport home,
 Of her private yacht, "Anelta," that
 skims the ocean foam;

Tho' I might sing of mother with her
 gowns of Poiret's make,
 Of her philanthropic dansants all for
 charity's sweet sake,
 Of her lunches at the Plaza, or the opera
 in her box,
 Of her pictures in the paper, of her fre-
 quent nervous shocks;

Yet I'd rather sing of father, with his
 cheerful kindly face,
 With his kind and homely features in
 which care has left its trace,
 With his jokes and funny stories and his
 pranks of boyhood days,
 With his ever-ready kindness and his
 sympathetic ways,

Yes, I'd rather sing of father with his
 happy thoughtful deeds,
 When he takes me to the ball games and
 he all my wishes heeds,
 When he smokes his good old favorite
 and I sit upon his knee;
 Tho' the poets sing of mother yet it's
 father dear for me!

L'envoi to Colby.

When finals at last are all over and books
 laid aside for the year,
 When the "pomes" for "Prof." Brown
 are all written and the summer vaca-
 tion is here,
 We shall rest,—and faith, we shall need
 it!—go home for a short month or
 two,
 Till in autumn the college shall call us
 and set us to work anew.

And those who have passed shall be

happy and those who have failed shall
 deplore

The time they have spent at the
 "movies," or reading love stories
 galore.

We shall spend glorious days in the coun-
 try, in climbing the mountains so
 tall;

We shall work for long hours in the
 kitchen, but never feel tired at all!

And only our conscience will praise us,
 and only our conscience will blame.

A few may perhaps, work for money, but
 no one will get any fame;

But each for the joy of living, and each
 in her separate way,

Shall spend her vacation rejoicing in
 wholesome employment or play.

The Moaning of the Pines.

Little Mabel was not a bad girl, but she
 did not like to go to school. The road
 from Mabel's home to the schoolhouse
 ran through a beautiful forest. One
 morning in late spring the woods were
 especially pretty and the little girl de-
 cided to stay and play in the woods all
 day, instead of going to school as she had
 promised her mother she would do.

For a while she had a lovely time, chas-
 ing butterflies and chatting with the
 squirrels. But all at once she saw a big
 bear coming. "What shall I do? Oh,
 what shall I do?" cried Mabel. "Come
 in here and I will keep you safe," said a
 pleasant voice.

"Who are you? Where are you?"
 wailed the little girl, nearly beside her-
 self with fear.

"Here I am right beside you," replied
 the voice. Mabel saw that it was a big
 pine tree that spoke.

A small door on one side of the tree
 opened, and the little girl crawled in.
 Inside the tree she saw a little room. On
 a table there was plenty to eat and drink
 and the floor and bed were covered with
 beautiful playthings.

Mabel was very happy here for a few
 hours; but at length she wanted to see

her mother. She hunted and hunted for the door, but she could not find it. The pine tree laughed when she cried to go home.

"This will be your home from now on," it said.

Poor little Mabel cried and cried; and now, often, when the wind blows, people say that they hear the pine trees moaning. It is really the voice of some little boy or girl; for inside every pine tree that moans there is a little boy or girl who has done wrong. The pitch on the pine trees is caused by the children's tears.

For these reasons I always feel sad when I see a pine tree with pitch, or hear one moan.

The Artist Nature.

Nature has painted one picture on my mind which I think I shall never forget.

It was a night in early summer and I wandered along a far-reaching stretch of sandy beach on a part of our Maine coast. I was alone, and a strange feeling crept over me as I tried to realize the bigness of what I looked upon. The ocean stretched before me on, on, on to the shores of another continent. At a casual glance the bright water of the ocean may look peaceful and seem almost laughing, under the bright sun of mid-day, but there under the wind swept sky I shivered as I thought what awful tragedies it had seen and what gruesome stories it held in secret; stories which man would never know.

I tried to shake off the weird feeling but the spirit of the night was one which seemed to contain nothing but weirdness.

Overhead a pale, waning moon seemed almost to roll down the sky, now concealed by the film of clouds swept swiftly along by a brisk wind, now breaking through the mists with a yellow light. The stars, too, twinkled through the breaks in the clouds, like far away candles flickering in the windows of heaven. They stood out as if brightly

polished against the blue-black sky. Sky, moon, stars, air seemed to have been cleansed and purified by the recent storm. What a picture! One that no artist, however great, could ever reproduce. A perfect dreamer's world. The silence was broken only by the swish of the low breakers on the hard sand, for it would have been almost a sacrilege to disturb the quiet by human sounds.

In the midst of the world's wear and tear, my mind's eye often looks again upon this scene and finds contentment and rest.

The Master-Knot.

In the half light from an open fire, in the library of an imposing mansion on Third Avenue, sat a man of perhaps thirty-five and a girl some ten years his junior.

He was a tall, good-looking man, with crisp dark hair, and keen brown eyes, but he was more than good looking, there was a look of mastery about him. He must have achieved something—it was written on his face. An expression even of pride, and rigid severity, might have dominated the features, but a few lines about the mouth softened the austerity and gave infinite promise of a great nature that had learned to love his fellow-men.

In the big arm chair on the other side of the hearth, she sat. She too was tall and she too was good looking, beautiful in fact. Soft brown hair, a healthy glowing skin, and clear eyes of gray were charms obvious enough, but what immediately arrested the attention was the expression that fairly shone from her face. It was not only her eyes that looked out upon the world, calmly, and generously; not only her mouth with its firm sweet lines,—it must have been her soul, looking out and smiling through its windows.

With the lack of ceremony which comes after long intimacy, they sat silently, each staring thoughtfully into the dying flames. A long time they sat

silence; there was no need for words. At last the man, half reluctantly it seemed, came out of his reverie, glanced at his watch, and rose hastily.

"Why, Harriet, I didn't realize it was so late," he apologized. "I must go." Then after a slight hesitation, "and—may I call tomorrow night?"

She gave a slight nod of assent; and with a word of farewell, he was gone. She heard the door close.

Harriet Case came slowly back toward the fire, and stood in front of the hearth gazing into the ashes, as if she would read a secret there. Suddenly she threw back her head with a gesture of defiance.

"I don't care!" she exclaimed passionately. Then, in a half whisper, "I will not care!" But the next moment she had thrown herself blindly into the armchair which he had just left, and buried her face in its spacious depths.

"Doesn't he love me?" she sobbed. "Why doesn't he say so? Oh, he can't!" So, you see, she really did care, after all.

And he? John Madison walked rapidly down Third Avenue, hailed a taxi at 42nd street and arrived at his apartments without being entirely conscious of any action at all. For he was thinking. He was absorbed in thought, in fact, and John Madison was a man of concentration.

"You may go, Parker," he heard himself say to his man. "No, I won't need you tonight. Sorry I kept you up so late. Good night."

Absently he pushed up the last window. It was a cool night in late September. He threw a heavy lounging robe over his shoulders, drew up a Morris chair before the open window, switched off the lights and settled himself down—to think the thing through.

Yes, he did love Harriet Case. There was no denying it—he had known it now for months. Should he ask her to be his wife? And should he tell her? There he stopped short. Perhaps she would understand. But no one had ever understood, and probably no one ever could.

And perhaps—the suggestion came subtly—perhaps, if he didn't tell her, she would never know. But this was impossible; there would always be a barrier between them. His was a frank, open nature—he hated subterfuge. Then—to go back—how could he dream that she, who had never known a sorrow, could understand? And if she shouldn't—should think lightly of it, or even pity him! Pity—exquisite torture to proud, sensitive natures. He shrank from the very thought.

For the hundredth time his mind went back to the days long ago, groping to find the time when the Thing first came to him. He could not bring himself to call it by name—it was too intimate, it had cost him too many bitter hours of humiliation. Some things are too sacred for a name—only a thought is reverend enough.

He could remember a time, when he was very small, when the Thing was not. Then there was a time when it was very real and terrible to him, and so it had been ever since. Sometime between these two it had come. Some shock or fright must have caused it, but he had no recollection of this cause. So it was useless to attempt to cast off the yoke now, the Thing would stay with him always.

He remembered the little fellow he was once, and the suffering that little fellow had endured. Oh! the suffering of a child! It is the most poignant because the purest. The man has the consolations of philosophy, of reason, of religion; he is able to realize that sorrow is all a part of the divine plan—that present pain may lead to future good; but the child knows nothing of this. He only feels the pain, unalloyed, and sees no future.

Scenes still painfully vivid, despite the lapse of years, came before him, mute, sinister witnesses. He saw the little fellow that was, the school days years ago. Always the brightest in his class, the little boy stopped one day, in the midst of doing a sum at the black-board, laid down the piece of chalk, and walked

slowly to his seat. The harassed teacher administered a thorough shaking, but he only stared dully and made no sound. Then they noticed that his face was very white, and that his brown eyes stared with a queer expression. So they carried him home; where after perhaps an hour, the child was himself again, but could remember nothing of what had happened. His strange actions had attracted the attention of all the other scholars, and the shy boy was taunted on the playground. He could not even now, without flushing hotly, think of the mocking nicknames they had called it.

The Thing had come to him again, in school, almost without warning, and then again, and again. It used to come often in those days. He brooded over it, and came to see that Thing hanging over him like a spectre. It always came when there were others around to mock his shame with curious eyes. If he could only bear it alone, in secret! He used to ask God to take it away, and sometimes in his happiest dreams it was actually gone—he was free from the haunting fear of it. The white-haired family doctor shook his head darkly, and called it a long, queer name, but the boy knew better, there was no name for this Thing of terror.

As he had grown up to manhood, the shadow was always over him. But in the "long, long thoughts" of youth, he came to realize that from the hours of dread, and of smarting shame, there had come a something which was good for his soul. From the fiery crucible of suffering had come the pure metal of human kindness; a feeling of sympathy for the weakness and for the suffering of others, which was not an inborn part of him. Always the leader of his classes, and in all sports, he might have been proud and arrogant. Pride seems almost the natural prerogative of the brilliant, and perhaps it was the boy's consciousness of his own weakness that had taught him the hard lesson of humility. He had, indeed, paid a bitter price,

but what is worth while in life, if it is not to learn to bear our burdens?

In spite of his handicap, he had been ambitious, and endured still more, for the sake of his education. After passing through a period of deep depression, of hopelessness, he entered upon a real definite struggle with the Thing. He had always been afraid, but now, though it was beyond his power to still the dread which clutched his heart at times, still he refused to let the panic of fear possess him. Now that he was older, he became more philosophical, he refused to brood over the Thing, adopted an attitude almost stoical, and by careful study and analysis of his own psychology, almost eliminated the terror, though a veiled dread always remained. For though it came many times, he could never bring himself to be honestly "glad in his affliction;" the hurt to his pride, to his very being, never became calloused; it was always an open wound, not to be healed.

Physical suffering he had always borne stoically, it was tangible, an open foe. But this lurking enemy, always to be expected, was more difficult to fight against. Alternate periods of despair and hope he spent during his struggle, while at college and in the early years of his business career.

He never confided his sorrow to anyone, it was too intimate, it lay too deep for words. Those who had seen the attacks might have been curious, but they never ventured upon the subject; for there was a reserve about John Madison that did not encourage personal questions. Many had their conjectures, for they had seen the outward signs, but none knew of the bitter pain within. After one attack which had lasted longer than usual, Parker, in alarm, had summoned Doctor Scott, an eminent brain specialist. The doctor had drawn from Madison such meagre physical facts as he was able to give.

Now, John could see—as if it were but yesterday—the grizzled old doctor sitting by the window, spectacles in hand.

"Yes, Mr. Madison," he said gravely, "your condition would indicate that you have suffered from this malady for a number of years. I can say almost positively that your affliction will never degenerate into insanity—it will in fact probably trouble you less, as you grow older." Then he added, after a moment's hesitation, "But I am sorry to have to tell you that in all probability you will never be free from these attacks. Science has made exhaustive study of your peculiar disease, but, as in the case of most afflictions whose seat is in the brain, the medical profession stands almost powerless before it."

The knell was sounded then, upon the last of his vague hopes, of his dreams. The spectre would be with him to the end.

By that time, however, he had become a prominent business man in the city, had acquired wealth by shrewd investments, had become a person of distinction. With indomitable courage he had "marched breast forward," never turning his back to the Dread, in spite of the humiliation he had many times endured. The easy thing would have been to quit, but of him his soul demanded always the hard thing to live.

And now at the age of thirty-five, he gradually came to realize that he was very much in love with Harriet Case, the daughter of Judge Case, an eminent judge. Perhaps she loved him, he was not sure, but even if she did, had he the right to ask her to be his wife—to share his dread? Would she be able to understand? She was so young, so happy, could he put the shadow of this Thing in her path? Yet he could not ask to share her life, unless he laid bare his own before her eyes. It would not be fair. And John Madison knew he could never deceive the woman he loved.

Head bent forward, eyes fixed in an unseeing gaze upon the city at rest below, he sat thinking. A long time he thought and the gray dawn was breaking over a faintly stirring city before he rose stiffly from his cramped position.

"I can't do it!" he muttered. "I can't do it!"

But he had asked Harriet if he might call the next evening, and so he would go.

He must break off all further relations with her, he had decided. He could not bear to keep on being near her, knowing that this was the end. It was better not to see her for a long time, and after that, only very seldom. So, perhaps, he would be able to forget.

In the soft light of the fire they sat again, watching the flickering flames. After a long silence, John looked up abruptly; his eyes met those of the girl. Then it was that he read in them—un-guarded as they were—a secret. For the honest gray eyes said, as plainly as eyes can say, "I love you."

And then somehow, he found himself telling it all—all the story of his shame, his dread, and his struggle; of the little boy that had been, and the man that was now. Forgotten were his careful plans, his resolutions. He seemed not to feel the torture to his sensitive nature of revealing all its intimate suffering. He did not spare himself—ruthlessly he laid bare his soul to the woman he loved. Some instinct must have told him that love understood all.

"And now that you know," he said gently at the end, "would you dare to share my life and its burden?"

There was only a very little pause, "I love you," she said simply.

Mercy.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?"

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Well, don't cry, my man," said His Honor, consolingly, "you're going to be now."

A Man of Action.

She—I like a man of few words, and many actions.

He—You will like my brother; he has St. Vitus dance.

A Family Quarrel.

Bill, Nick, Pierre, Alfred, and John, cousins, lived very near each other and played together a great deal. They were the youngest members of a very aristocratic family, but their aristocracy troubled them not a bit when they wished to have their own way.

One day they were all out in the garden playing in the sand, building houses and castles and farms. Bill was building barracks and forts and trenches, for he was a military lad.

Bill, digging away, stopped suddenly and said,

"Alfred, your house is in my way. I want to dig a trench through it. If you get out of the way, I won't do a thing to you, and if you do not, I'll give you a good licking!"

Now Alfred was several years younger, and many times smaller than Bill, but he had in him the blood of many noble ancestors. He said,

"I've as much right to play in this sand as you have, Bill Hohenzollern, and you can just dig your old trenches somewhere else; you can't go through my house!"

That made Bill angry, so he knocked Alfred down, and trampled on his house. Alfred got up again and began to fight the big fellow. In the meantime John and Pierre had been whispering together. John said,

"You go ahead and protect yourself, Pierre, because he'll tackle you after he lays out Alfred; and I'll come and help you as soon as I get my boxing gloves. I am not going to see a little fellow picked on like that!"

So they all went at it. Nick, under Bill's direction picked a fight with an old enemy of his, Antonio. Bill wasn't a bit fair in fighting the other fellows, he twisted their wrists, threw sand in their eyes, and did a great many things unheard of in fair wrestling. Sometimes they would get off at a distance and throw rocks at each other and at such times the younger boys would get the

best of Bill and he would run off a way only to come back and spring something altogether new and unexpected on them.

There was a boy named Sammie who lived on a large estate a long way from these other boys. However, this day he was out to walk and hearing the racket he came running up to see what the trouble was. With him he brought some baby rabbits and kittens with which he happened to be playing. Sam was a very smart lad, energetic, ingenious, and thrifty, but he had always been taught by his mother that fighting was very wicked and unnecessary. Many a time she had said to him,

"Now Sam, if any boy takes your playthings, do not try to grab them back or strike the boy, but ask him politely for them. If, then, he refuses to give them to you, start another game and he will soon forget all about them and you can get them back."

So Sam stood looking on with his rabbits under his arms and the kittens playing about his feet. When he saw how the boys were getting hurt—their noses were bleeding, their eyes were black and swollen, and their clothes were torn,—he called to them to stop fighting and tell him what the matter was. For answer Bill grabbed one of the little kittens and choked it to death and threw it at him. Sam's eyes filled with tears. The smaller boys said,

"Aw, come on in and help us, cry baby. Is mother's boy afraid he'll get all dirty? You might just as well come in and fight with us, for he will surely lick you after he gets through with us—and all four of us could lick him."

Slowly Sam took off his coat and folded it up. Slowly he rolled up his sleeves, thinking hard all of the time. Then he said,

"First, fellers, I'll get you a pail of water and my mother's cookie jar, and while you are getting refreshed a little, I'll see what I can do to this feller Bill. When I get him down, you come and help me sit on him. You've all done more

an your part. Save your strength for the wind-up."

Then Sam went for Bill. He danced round him like a young gladiator, giving him a clip whenever he had the chance, and getting a few hard ones himself. Bill began to lose his head, and made desperate plunges at Sam, only to find himself beating the air. Now Sam had been away at boarding school a year, and had secretly played on the school football squad. For various reasons, he had thought best to conceal this from his mother, but it stood him in good stead now.

When Bill was starting on one of his mad plunges, he doubled up and started for Bill just as hard. The result was, Bill went sprawling over his head. Quick as a flash, Sam turned, called to the boys for help, and threw himself on Bill's head.

It is needless to say that Bill was beaten until he said "Nuff," and promised faithfully not to try to boss them any more.

Mother Love.

At stroke of midnight, with figure bowed,
A shadowy form descended the stair;
The shimmering moonbeams danced on
the wall,

And lightly kissed the silver hair.

'Twas the mother, sad, of a soldier boy,
Who had crossed the sea for his country's
sake,—

Who had gone to serve his native land,—
To die for the flag, in Freedom's wake.

Across the carpet, with silent step,
To the shaded window her footsteps led,
Where proudly she'd hung, long months
before,

A dark blue star outlined in red.

But tonight had come from a far off land,
A sinister letter, officially sealed:

"Your son, deserter, at sunrise shot,"—
Ah! that was all the note revealed.

They called him traitor, and they killed
him there;

He couldn't stand it, the roar and blast,
The awful murder, the smoke and
grime—

He fled from it all, disgraced, outcast!

So with trembling hand she lowered the
star,

With a silent prayer to the One above,
That He keep her boy in eternal peace—
Such is the depth of the mother love!

A Spring Hallucination.

Spring had come and with it the usual attacks of "spring fever" that beckon students away from their books. This particular day, of which I am thinking, had absolutely no consideration for books or education. The sky was blue, with only a few clouds; the sun was shedding a gentle warmth, and calling forth the leaves, which were rousing from their winter's sleep.

Study—lean over a desk and cram your head full of Shakesperian quotations, old rhetoric rules, that you soon forgot; or torture your poor self with the jaw-breaking names of scientific German? On such a day? Not when everthing seemed to say, "Oh—come on out. It's Spring. Be free and dare to live and play in all this joyousness out-of-doors. Come on out!

In fact, it was the very kind of a day when you would be tempted to run away and go canoeing, a day when the dipping of our paddle in the water, the quiet gliding motion of your canoe, as it slipped along, was the only thing that would satisfy you.

On such a day, I reluctantly curbed my desire to run away to nature and dutifully sat down, at my desk. I simply would not study and my difficulty was made greater by a dull headache. In disgust, I flounced over to my couch by the open window, and as I leaned back against my pillows I could see the fresh green of the tree-tops, against a patch of blue.

For a long time, I watched my patch of sky, musing over the cloud shapes

that passed. Now the suggestion of a ship, next a funny little, woolly, white dog, and once I could see the profile of an Indian head, with the hair pulled down over the ears and one feather stuck rakishly in the plait of hair.

Somehow, I fell asleep. I was an Indian girl, one of a group around the fire, where the women of the little village, squatting upon the ground, were busy pounding kernels of corn into coarse, yellow meal, stringing gay colored beads, or mending, with dried deer sinews the fringed garments of the warriors.

I was restless. The voice of the stream that rambled through the forest, near, was calling me. Putting down my stone pestle, I slipped away, quietly, hurrying through the woods to the stream. A light birch canoe was pulled up on a little sandy stretch and shoving off I picked up my paddle, and was away. I sped my light canoe along the winding stream, shooting down the safe channels of the white, foaming rapids, catching a strange exhilaration of spirit, as the stream bore me along.

Now and then a low branch brushed my shoulders, a startled bird flew across my course, or I let the current guide my canoe as I hesitated to scare, with the stroke of my paddle, a speckled beauty, darting for the safety of a pool beneath the over hanging bank.

Nature and I were one, that afternoon, and unconsciously I sang my tribal song, to the great sun-god who guards the destiny of every Indian maiden and sometime, sends a brave warrior across her path.

As I sang, I thought of the tall, Indian warrior, first in the chase, whose word the old men harkened to at the council, who, but yesterday, had talked long and earnestly with my father. The two men had sat before my father's tepee and when I, returning from the stream, with a string of fish, had drawn near, they had interrupted their talking and Keeawatin had looked strangely at me.

"Oh, Sun-God, is he my brave?"

As I made my plea, I saw a canoe coming down a little tributary. It was approaching swiftly, under the sturdy strokes of Keeawatin! I might have dallied along my course but I seemed to want to flee, so I paddled quickly back to our camp and shot my canoe up on the sand, ahead of my pursuer. But the great and mighty Keeawatin, landing close upon my heels, stalked straight towards me, as I hurried toward the distant tepees, pausing for a moment, he said, "Winona, daughter of Black Eagle, the time draws near when you will not run from me. Soon, one canoe shall take us downstream to a new tepee."

With one gentle look, he moved quickly away and I crept back into my father's wigwam and crouched upon the bearskins, tumbled in the corner.

Dusk had come, the camp fires were beginning to glow through the night and shadowy figures moved about the camps. Around one fire some dogs were snapping and snarling over a fish they had found. Their yaps grew angry, they emitted loud yelps and then—

I came back to 1918—with a start, as I heard Grace Rudley's high voice say, "Come, come, Florence, wake up. Webster has just sent up word for you. He's waiting."

"Oh, I say, don't for heaven's sake go canoeing. Prexy said in chapel, this morning, that any girl who went canoeing would be expelled. Just think of not going upstream any more!"

His New Job.

Mother (reading aloud from letter from son Bill, in France): "'I have been transferred to the camouflage department.' Pa, what is camelflag?"

Father: "That is—why, er, that is a kind of feller who flags the—er—camel trains."—Cartoon's magazine.

The Brush.

Yes sir this race is a good 'un but that hoss er Pat Murray's can't help winning t. Now it ain't in it with the race I see between Bill Peter's roan mare and old John B. Penley's "Spring Maid."

I was born and raised down in Rye-field, y' know, and down there we know who's comin' by the hoss he drives. Well, I wuz settin' out front of Ham West's store at the Corners when I see a cloud of dust down the Craig's Mills Road. Thinks I, "There ain't no hoss around here kicks up the dirt like that—must be a stranger goin' through."

Pretty soon we hear a noise like pine woods in a wind risin' above the squeaks of the buggy and thinks I—"Got an attack of the heaves, I should say."

When the team drewed up there was old John B. Penley settin' cocked up on the seat looking as proud as a boy at the county fair with a red balloon. I can't say his critter was much for looks—it stood considerable higher in back than in front which accounted for its gait—a kind of pace before and a sort of half-gallop behind. I could have counted the spears er hair in its tail on the fingers er my two hands and it was so thin you could see thirty-two ribs on a side plain. And that hoss's head—say, if an ordinary hoss has a head as big as a barrel, thet one's wuz as big as a hogshead, her eyes stuck out like the lamps on Jim Poole's old Ford and her nostrils flopped like elephant's ears every time she drewed a breath.

"Jest been tryin' her out," J. B. says, "nothin' in *this* part of the country that can keep up with her!" Now Bill Peters wuz there, and Bill's roan mare wuz known to never let another hoss touch her for a second. Bill bragged that she had never broke in her life on the track. John B's speech sounded like the challenge direct, as you might say. So Bill spoke up and says "If you want to try old Lantern-jaw there with me—I ain't got much to do—'be glad to accommodate you anytime." So they arranged for a

one-heat race on the half mile track down at the county fair grounds.

When the day come we wuz all there to see the fun. There was Peter's mare lookin' as slick's a whistle—they always did say Bill spent every cent he got on her—she wuz steppin' high, wide and lofty with her little head in the air.

And J. B. wuz there with his "Spring Maid" lookin' about the same as when I first see her. She had on an old patched-up driving harness, blinders and checkrein not included.

Ham West wuz starter. The first time 'round, if I remember right, the two kep' together pretty well, anyway I remember we wuz all surprised at the way old "Lantern jaw" as Bill called her, held her own. Well they got along. "Spring Maid" never let her nose get very far behind the roan's tail but in the second lap it began to get excitin'.

That old termagant doubled up her hind strokes or somethin' and before we knew it she wuz a length ahead of the other. But just as they turned the home stretch we could see Bill wuz gainin'. "Spring Maid" got nervous. You don't believe hosses have expression in their faces? Well, you should 'a seen that hoss's then! Her ears wuz flat to her head, her lips rolled back and teeth clinched; the noise she made was a combination of a telephone pole in dog-days and a bull-fiddle, only worse. Those eyes wuz stickin' out like knobs, and, I swear, when she went by me I could see green fire shootin' out of 'em. Well, sir, there they come; the wire about a rod away and the roan gainin'. She got up so her nose was opposite "Spring Maid's" shoulder. Then that old critter turned her head and *looked* at her. That wuz enough! Bill's mare gave a sort of shiver and broke—didn't break into a gallop, mind you, just planted her feet and sort er jumped up and down. Bill sat on the sulky and got shook up so we heard his teeth rattle!

Wa-al, I lost five dollars on that race but t'was wuth it, by crinnus, t'wuz wuth it!

When a Man Loves.

Elsie McKay sat on her stool with her friends in the Lowell Company shoe factory. It was the lunch hour and the girls in scattered groups, were eating their lunches and repeating the gossip of the times. In a lull of the conversation Elsie pushed back the flimsy cuff of her thin waist and revealed a cheap wrist-watch in the middle of whose surface, under the glass, was pasted a small picture of a handsome, smiling face.

"Get the decoration, girls?" she asked, smiling at her friends. "It's me best feller's mug."

"Gee, it's Fred Mullarky! Say, ain't that a cute idea! But Elsie, why the one and only? You haven't tied the can to Joe?" queried Sadie Kelley, Elsie's bench-mate.

"Don't say Joe to me! I'm through with him, because he's yellow. Goodness knows I don't see any sense in sending our boys across to get killed by that old villain, but we've all got to do our share, and Joe won't go. I can't stand by a quitter, and Joe's a slacker from start to finish. When I asked him if he was going, he says, 'Why, kid, you don't want me to go do you?' and I says 'Want you to go! My soul Joe, you don't suppose I want you to go way off there and die somewhere in a bloody trench! I love you Joe, and you know it, and I don't want you to go, but Joe, you gotter! Don't you know you gotter!' Joe didn't say nothing, and I didn't feel like saying any more. Afer a long time he says, 'Honest, kid, I can't go and leave you here. I want to marry you. You've known it for a long time and I've asked you before. I can't go off there with a big chance of never coming back. Aw kid, I can't do it. They won't need me for a long time and I'll go if I'm drafted, but I ain't going 'til I have to.'

"And right there I canned him. Joe didn't say nothing, so I gave him back the ring. Before I knew Joe I used to chase around some with Fred Mullarky and when he saw 'twas all off between

me and Joe he came back. I asked him if he was going to enlist and he said 'Sure, I have already, and I'm waiting for my call.' He and me been going together for four months now, and last night he gave me this." She held up her left hand and showed the admiring group a blazing diamond. "It's me for Fred," she said. "I'm patriotic, if Joe isn't."

The girls went back to their work and each one had something to say about Elsie's new romance. "Say, that Elsie McKay's an idiot," said one. "Joe Brady's worthy ten of that sneaking Fred Mullarky. Just because Joe is fool enough to fall in love with her and forgets what's right for a minute she thinks he's a slacker. Slacker, huh! I bet Fred never gets across the pond at all!"

The next noon Elsie went to her favorite stool. "I got something to tell you, girls. Fred's gone!" "Gone, gone where," came the excited query. "Gone to camp. He said good-bye last night, and I won't see him again for a long time—and Joe's gone too. Jack Kelley told me that Joe said he'd show those fool women that 'twas easy enough to enlist, and that they ought to know a feller's not a coward because he takes his time. He'd show 'em. O yes! I haven't any respect for a feller who has to be goaded into enlisting!"

The days went fast, and as time passed the girls grew to forget Elsie's story. She had little to say, and no one thought to ask her about the two men for some time. However, one lunch time a thoughtless girl asked,

"Well, how's the handsome hero? Is he a general yet?" and as the laugh went around the room Elsie said,

"If you must know I haven't heard from Joe at all. He's mad. Fred wrote every week until about a month ago, but lately I haven't heard. But I'm not worrying. The mails aren't regular, and all kinds of things happen, but I'll trust Fred to the end."

* * * * *

It was starlight over the trenches and

It was quiet. From the shadow of a ruined barn, the skulking figure of a man in uniform crawled into the light, trying to dodge the bright patches. He was muttering to himself,

"Only fifty yards more and I'll be out, only fifty yards and—"

"Halt!"

He dropped flat to the ground, but the sentinel had seen him.

"Get up, Mullarky," he said. "I've been watching you for a long time. Now, what are you after?"

"My God! Brady! I— O, don't shoot. Put down that gun!"

"What are you going to do?" the relentless voice went on.

"O, Brady, don't stop me. Let me go! I can't stand it. I can't see another dead man. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't live! O let me go by. Remember the old days, Joe, when we worked together. Remember Elsie. She loves me, Joe. Let me go out. They don't need to know you saw me!"

"Yes, I know she loves you, but she wouldn't, if she knew. I can't let you go out, Fred. I can't. I'd do a lot for her sake, but I can't do this!"

"Brady, for God's sake—O somebody's coming!"

He clutched Joe's arm as a squad of men came around the edge of the barn. Both men drew themselves up sharply and saluted.

"What does this mean?" shouted the leader of the squad, a lieutenant in charge of the machine gun planters. "Guard, what is this man doing? Which is guard anyway?"

Before either man could answer, a quick bombardment took place. The men were standing for the minute in a bright patch of moonlight, and the Boche guns had found the target with their shells.

Some hours later the American ambulance drivers were carrying two horribly disfigured yet still living figures to the base hospital. The metal disks on the men revealed the fact that one was Frederick Kelley Mullarky, and the other,

Joseph Stephen Brady. Quick aid was administered, for both men were in a critical condition. At length the doctor straightened up.

"Mullarky will live, but Brady is gone," he said.

A Song i' the Grass.

(A Short Story in the Naturalistic Style)

Page twenty of the Annual Report of the Town of Rayville, year ending December 19—, account of Town Paupers.

Expense of Stephen Robinson.

Paid to E. W. Edwards & Co., for	
supplies	\$2.22
To E. H. Clair, board	10.15
To Park & Gray, supplies	4.13
To W. B. Haskell, M. D., professional services	15.00
To Roscoe Staples, undertaker, burial expenses	42.00
To Frank Bowker, digging and filling grave	4.00

Total \$78.00

Little Blue Eyes.

Paradise Glimpse was deserted and lonely now. The velvety, mossy streets of the forest, which had echoed happy laughter and gay frolickings, were all silent. A few sad-eyed little fairies wandered aimlessly through the deserted glen, among the drowsy flowers, mourning the departure of their merry playmates.

Little Blue Eyes, the violet, sat huddled up in a pitiful heap at the foot of a great wall, so high that she had never been able to see where it left off, and so big around that she could not see on the other side. Blue Eyes had always lived in this one spot, and had been very happy until today.

It is the desire of every little violet to be carried away to some beautiful home in that other mysterious world of which the fairies tell them so many wonderful tales. And, today, here had come a marvelous creature to Paradise Glimpse.

The fairies had told the little violets that it was a visitor from the Wonderland, who had come to carry them away; and, sure enough, they were gathered up in tender caressing hands and taken away to the lights and the music of the town, to be admired and petted by everyone. Blue Eyes, however, had not been seen by the gay little visitor; and her heart was breaking at the thought that now she could never see that other land. For a long time she sat with bowed head, thinking only of her great sorrow and of the gay, happy life she might have lived. Suddenly a strange noise near by aroused her; and, looking up, she saw not the dazzling, happy visitor of a few hours before, but another human creature wearing no shining things at all, but looking very sad and unhappy. Little Blue Eyes shrank back against her protecting wall, for she did not wish to be taken to a world inhabited by people like this. But the eyes of the mystic-land child had seen her; and, with a glad cry, had gathered her up with tender hands.

And now Blue Eyes had come a long, long way; and all around her were horrible sights and dreadful noises. There was no sunlight here, only great heavy clouds of dark smoke that choked and smothered her. She was going now into a long dark place; and, at last, was brought into a tiny room with a very small window at one end. The child who had been carrying her went up to a low bed and began speaking to something there.

"I had to go a long, long way, mother, and then I could find only one little flower. Take it and see how dear and sweet it is." Little Blue Eyes was laid tenderly into a pale, thin hand; and the dull eyes of the mother gazed on her with great tenderness; and her heart was so full of joy she could not speak for a long time.

"I know I shall get well, now," she said, at last; and as little Blue Eyes lay pressed against the mother's heart, she felt the first great joy of her life.

The Other Woman.

The little cottage next door had at last found a tenant. I was somewhat surprised to see the furniture vans turning in its grass-grown driveway, for it had been empty ever since I could remember. It seemed almost too good to be true that we were going to have such near neighbors. So with eagerness I waited for their coming and spent most of my time imagining what they would be like. Nor was I the only one in Inglenook interested, and many and wild were our anticipations concerning them, for strange to say, we none of us so much as knew their names.

Then one day while I was cleaning up the attic, I heard the rumble of wheels and looking out, I saw the old dusty carriage coming up the lane. I held my breath as old Dan Whittam stiff with the "rheumatics" climb carefully down from his high perch and opened the door. Be it God, man or devil, I muttered, holding my breath! But no, it was only two women, heavily veiled, both tall and straight and with a dignified carriage. I watched them going up the path, and I must confess that I felt all a woman's curiosity as to what was behind those black veils. If only a breeze would come and give me just a little peep! But no such good luck ever comes to a prying old maid, so figures of mystery, they passed inside.

Never mind, I was very sure of my duty as a neighbor. There must be scores of things they would need, and fortunately, unless they were nuns, they could not wear veils in the house. So early the next morning, having carefully put on my stiffest alpaca, with my primest and most dignified air, I sailed up the garden path. On second thought, I wonder if "sailed" is just the word. Probably "waddled" would be more correct for a short, fat, dumpy, little woman of forty, but at any rate, in my heart, I "sailed."

They seemed a long time answering my knock, but at last the door opened,

and I saw the most beautiful woman that ever stepped foot in Inglenook. Tall and straight, she had the slender figure of a girl. Then my eyes travelled up to her face, and I gave an involuntary start of surprise. Beautiful eyes, but with the beauty of middle age and not of youth. Magnificent dark eyes, a firm mouth with lines of character that only made it more lovely, and soft gray hair waving back from a broad white forehead.

"How do you do," she said in a rich full voice. "Won't you come in?"

This broke the spell, and I stopped staring at her like an idiot, and went in. She introduced herself as Lucy Harlowe, and said that she had come for the summer and was sure she should like the place. She had already fallen in love with the old-fashioned flowers growing at riot in the garden. Didn't I think they were wonderful and so on. It almost seemed as though she were talking to take up the time, so that I would not ask her any embarrassing questions. But she needn't have worried. I might be a prying old maid, but I certainly should not ask her what she had done with the other woman even if I was dying of curiosity. Yet it was a little strange that I hadn't seen or heard a sign of her. One might reasonably expect her to be hustling around the house getting settled, but no, the stillness of the cottage was unbroken, save for the hum of our own voices. It was no use staying longer. I had already remained longer than propriety warranted, and suddenly afraid of appearing at a disadvantage in the eyes of this stranger, I hastily and somewhat awkwardly made my adieu.

Nor were any of the other townspeople more lucky the next day, when one after another they flocked to the house. One and all, they were kindly met by the lately woman, courteously received, and their offer of services graciously but firmly refused.

"Thank you, but Bessie and I are getting along all right and there is really nothing you can do for us," she told Mrs. Jones with her sweet smile.

You see, she did admit that there was an us," that good lady afterwards told me indignantly, "though the Lord alone knows where she keeps her!"

Well, the next day the Sewing Circle met, and we tried to thresh it out. It seemed that none of us had inquired about the other woman, just why we could not tell. We had just naturally expected to see her, or that something would be said about her.

"I'll bet she's a lunatic!" Clarissa Brown informed us in her melodramatic voice.

"Law, Clary, we'd have heard her screeching. You've been reading too many novels lately. Where do you suppose she could store away a lunatic in that little cottage?" was Mrs. Jones' practical question.

But Clarissa Brown's hint did not fall upon entirely deaf ears. Certainly there was something queer about the whole matter.

"I just wish Ellen Terry was here," I couldn't help saying. "Ellen is so sensible, she'd know just what we ought to do. But she went to Boston the very day the strangers came."

"Who's taking my name in vain?" asked a merry voice, and Ellen Terry herself stood in the doorway.

"Why, it's Ellen herself!" we cried and rushed to greet her. To be sure, Ellen had been gone only three days, but she was the kind of woman you miss, even in a little while.

"Well, girls!" Ellen always would call us girls, no matter if we were old and gray-headed; that was only another of her charms. "Have you seen Lucy Harlowe, and isn't she lovely?"

"Lucy Harlowe! What do you know about her?" we all screamed.

"Why, what's the matter?" Ellen looked puzzled at our vehemence.

"Never mind, Ellen, tell us all you know about Lucy Harlowe," and I put a warning finger on my lips.

"Well, girls, I guess I can't tell you all I know about Lucy Harlowe, for if I did, I shouldn't get done tonight. She

was one of my dearest friends years ago when we were girls together. Then after I married and came here to live, I lost track of her, and I hadn't seen her for fifteen years till the other day at the station."

"The other day at the station!" I burst out, unable to keep silent any longer. "Then will you tell us who was the other woman with her?"

"The other woman with her?" Ellen repeated after me. "Why, there wasn't any one with her when I saw her. What do you mean?"

"That's what we'd all like to know. I told you you dreamed of that other woman, Mandy," piped out Mrs. Jones.

As a matter of fact, she hadn't told me any such thing, but had been just as eager as any of us to find out all about her. But I let the insult pass unavenged. This was no time for trifles.

"Ellen," I began impressively, "when Lucy Harlowe came up the garden path she was not alone, there was another woman with her, and she had a veil—"

But I got no farther for Ellen burst out in a merrier peal of laughter than I've heard in years. Then seeing the look of hurt surprise on my face, she stopped short.

"Why, Mandy, you dear old thing, didn't you know *me*? So that is the meaning of these wrinkled brows and puzzled faces. Oh dear! Oh dear!" and off she went again.

"Ellen Terry, you don't mean to say that was you? Why, you went on the three-thirty train and this was nearly four!"

"Yes, dear, I know I was going on the three-thirty, but when the train stopped, and I saw Lucy Harlowe, I forgot everything. Just think, I hadn't seen her for fifteen years! We just rushed at each other, and of course the train didn't wait. So I went home with Lucy to stay to supper and took the night train."

"You see, she did admit that there was sorts of wonderful theories about that mysterious woman. Oh you girls!" and Ellen's shoulders shook.

"But what did she mean then when she told Mrs. Jones that she and Bess were getting along all right?" I asked spitefully, for one doesn't enjoy being laughed at, even by one's best friend.

"Oh, she must have meant her cat. I remember Lucy always would insist on considering the cat as one of the family—but, Mandy dear, where are you going?" for I was already picking up my sewing and starting for the door. I turned back.

"I'm going home, Ellen Terry," I said. "All my life I've lived here in this stupid old village and nothing ever happened to me more exciting than the toothache and now just when I think I have a lunatic or something just as good for a neighbor, you have to turn up and spoil it all!"

And I went out and slammed the door.

My Choice.

O, Math it is a man's course,
With its signs and symbols rare.
And Latin is a woman's course
Of goddesses so fair.
It's great to read the classics
And the songs the ancients sung,
But when it comes to studying
Just open your Genung.

I know that French is wonderful
But something seems to lack.
"Idioms" are too much with it,
And the students looking back.
But the glory of "Pa" Brown's room
Is to make the student see
How you can use your mother tongue
To write fine poetry.

It's rhetoric, yes rhetoric, oh rhetoric for
me,
I want a "trot" that's logic bound
To help me cross the sea,
To the blessed land of honor rank
Despite the shifting cards,
Where all you have to do is smile
For you've the Prof's regards.

The Book Shelf.

"The First Hundred Thousand."

The author of "*The First Hundred thousand*" was himself a soldier in itchenor's glorious army, and has given a vitally interesting record of the activities of K——, and especially of the seventh Battalion of the Bruce and Wallace Highlanders.

He pictures the untrained recruits, an awkward, shy, self-conscious mob," and shows by what swift but arduous steps each man became an efficient unit of that "contemptible little army" which was soon to halt the German advance. But there are many difficulties to be met before the goal of military fitness is reached. First of all there is the discipline. Unquestioning obedience comes hard to an independent Scot. And yet an attempt to argue the matter means subordination. And there is the difficult feat of changing guard, which in K——, is even more impressive than

a similar ceremony performed outside Buckingham Palace every morning, according to the author. He says, "The morning Private Muckleame fixed his bayonet for the first time, two small boys stayed away from school all day in order to see him unfix it when he came off guard in the afternoon. Has anyone ever done that at Buckingham Palace?" Another abomination of the new soldier is fatigue duty, and the canny Scot becomes expert in detecting any suspicious labor. Indeed "when kilts were issued for the first time, Private Mash, gloomily surveying his newly unshod extremities, was heard to remark with a sigh—"Anither fatigue! Knees ae wash noo!"

But K—— does in a few months become well-drilled and efficient and is moved up to the front. There these tilted fighters are given an opportunity to prove their training and valor, and the latter part of the book which sets forth the deeds of K—— under fire, is

even more worth reading than the first.

For K—— played an honorable part in "The Big Push," as they called it, and though they came out of it with depleted ranks, they will always be known as "*The First Hundred Thousand*."

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through"

This war has made men not only a world of actors, but also a world of great thinkers. And as men think they doubt and wonder whether the bloodshed is worth while, whether the great cause striven for is worth the terrible cost. And so the purpose of H. G. Wells' book, "*Mr. Britling Sees It Through*" is to portray the psychology of a typical Englishman's mind, with all his doubts and hopes, and to show the beautiful calm that fills his soul as he "sees it through"—it is worth the cost. The theme is the life of Mr. Britling, surrounded by the various members of his household, during the period of the war.

The descriptions approach the poetical in many instances in the beauty of their thought, but the story is far from the dramatic, having scarcely any plot and action—a psychological story. Hence all the elements of construction are not in it. The setting is beautiful rural England before the war, with a typical British household. The story moves along slowly and thoughtfully, Mr. Britling's son Hugh going to fight at the outbreak of the war, with Mr. Britling soliloquizing over the situation, to the climax, which is Hugh's death.

It is absolutely realistic in atmosphere, Mr. Britling and all the characters being just ordinary people. He is genial, with views on all subjects, and extremely anxious to express his views. His simplicity in ditching "Gladys," his "car" while conducting Mr. Direck, the American, to his home for a visit, is most amusing. He is thoughtful sitting up all night often to write on some political

question. There are conflicting sides to the man's character—his beautiful love for his son Hugh, his first wife's child, and his furtive passion for a neighboring widow. When news of Hugh's death is brought the longing of his wife Edith to console him is pitiful, for they both realize how wide is the gulf between them. Mr. Direck is only a figurehead introduced to bring out the characteristics of Mr. Britling in an indirect manner. He is not, however, a representative American. His love affair with Cecily Connor forms a sort of sub-plot to keep Mr. Britling's psychology from becoming monotonous, as does also the story of Teddy, Mr. Britling's secretary, and Mrs. Tedd. Mr. Britling is a dynamic character, a stronger man at the end than at the opening of the story. The other characters are somewhat static. Mr. Britling feels at the opening of the war very patriotic, enough to work on committees, sell "Gladys" etc., but when the war takes Hugh doubts begin to assail him and he feels that he cannot bear it, if anything should happen to his son. But he passes several nights of pondering, grieving over his loss, till he feels that Hugh is with him again, telling him to trust in God, and all will be well. Then calm fills his soul as he becomes reconciled to his loss and resolves to do all in his power to help suffering humanity win the war.

As a work of art it succeeds, for Mr. Wells has made the most of his material in writing a story of psychology most convincing in character. There are a few instances wherein it does not seem quite ethically sound in his relations with the widow. Probably, however, this can be justified on the grounds that Mr. Britling is not pictured as an ideal character anyway and it is tacitly to be understood by the reader that he feels guilty all along and enjoys his visits with her all the more accordingly. It is this inconsistency of his character that makes it seem slightly unethical at times. There are many ethical parts to the story, such as the infectious humor in

Mr. Britling's introduction of Mr. Direck to his family with a nod and a "That Edith," in true English fashion; his driving of "Gladys;" the young matron storing supplies in anticipation of the panic, etc. His relation with Hugh forms the most beautiful part of the story in his great love for his son, culminating in his clearer view, as he "see it through."

"The Return of the Soldier."

Rebecca West in "*The Return of the Soldier*," very effectively combines the material and psychological effects of the war on humanity in general. The book is especially interesting from a psychological standpoint since it represents so well the effect of one's customary every day life on the inner self.

The chief characters are Kitty Baldy, a very pretty, efficient and competent housewife but lacking a great depth of human sympathy and understanding for her husband, Christopher, commonly called Chris, who while fighting in France has been badly wounded and deprived of all recollection of the present, his whole soul given up to his great love of fifteen years previous with Margaret Allington, who appears now as a rather poorly dressed, commonplace person living with her husband, Mr. Grey, in a small, badly kept house in the village near the beautiful country estate of the Baldys. Chris's cousin Jenny tells the story.

When the story opens, Kitty and Jenny are in the nursery surrounded by the toys of the little boy who had died five years before. They are summoned from here by the maid announcing a Mr. Grey. They go down to find a very poorly and rather conspicuously dressed woman to whom they both take a sudden dislike. She tells them of receiving a telegram addressed to her old home on Monkey Island, and in her maiden name announcing that Chris is in a hospital in France with concussion of the brain caused by a bursting shell. They are

t ready to believe her at first, thinking is some effort to get money, but when e shows them the telegram they are liged to give some credence to her ory, and a letter from a cousin rived on the following morning stat- g Chris's condition confirms it. This cident of Mrs. Grey's visit forms the citing force in the plot.

Chris is brought home, but still re- ses to believe that Kitty is his wife, d treats Jenny as he used to treat her their childhood days. They try every ay to bring him back to the present, it to no avail. He asks to see Mar- ret, and tells Jenny the story of his eal love of fifteen years before. Kit- finally agrees to let Margaret come, d so she is brought. The two lovers eet each other as if nothing had sepa- ted them, and in spite of Margaret's crease in age and her shabbiness, Chris ills looks upon her with the same affec- on. He is apparently blind to any anges in her. They spend many hap- days together, while the doctors and ecialists vainly try everything in eir power to cure the unfortunate man. Margaret meanwhile has begun to ow more and more of the beautiful ul that she possessed, under her rough terior, to Jenny, who comes to admire d adore her. Suddenly the idea comes her of a way that she can restore Chris to his normal state of mind and or a long time the conflict rages in her ind whether she shall let him continue is peaceful state of existence dear to em both or shall restore him to a life hich she knows is boring to him and nd him back to the front, while she erself goes back to her hum-drum ex- tence. This is where the climax comes, or a time the two forces of love and ity are exactly balanced but finally her ense of duty toward Kitty conquers and e gets some of baby's things from the ursery and shows them to him. The ook ends rather unsatisfactorily here ith Kitty's final but rather terse state- ent, "He's cured," as she sees he and

Margaret part and watches him as he comes toward the house.

The story is a contrast in itself vividly brought out in the characters of Kitty and Margaret. Kitty is a pretty, proud, well-dressed woman and a practical and efficient manager of the estate, having everything money can buy yet very self- ish and entirely lacking human sym- pathy. Margaret, on the other hand, is poor, ill-dressed, plodding but she has all the finer qualities of love, sacrifice and sympathy that are lacking in Kitty's character.

The book has all the qualities neces- sary to a good novel.

All Along the Line.

There is conservation in the sowing of the wheat, reaping of the wheat, thrashing of the wheat, its storing in the farmers' bins, and in its handling at the elevators.

There is conservation in the milling of the flour, the transportation of the flour, and its sale by wholesalers and retailers.

There is conservation in the baking of bread and its distribution from the bakery door.

There is conservation in hundreds of hotels, restaurants, and dining cars in the country.

Is there conservation in your home?

Do it Now.

"If you will not eat potatoes now when they are cheap and plentiful, and when the grower is in danger of actual loss on his crop, what right will you have to complain of potato prices next year, when the grower turns to some other crop in order to make up his losses?"

"The Irish earned the name of the fighting people of the world—and the Irish diet has often been milk and potatoes."—*Bulletin, Agricultural Extension Service, Wisconsin.*

THE COLBIANA

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

The Colbiana wishes you all a splendid vacation!

We are glad to have so many seniors as contributors to this, the Commencement number of the *Colbiana*. We feel that it is "altogether fitting and proper" that it should be so. We have besides, this contribution to the Editorial Column, written by a senior, *On Being a Senior*.

On Being a Senior.

"What teacher's agency are you going to join?" With the question came my first realization that I was a Senior.

Four years ago I looked with awe and reverence at the outgoing class. I invested them with supernatural dignity. In chapel I ventured sometimes to gaze

across the rows of seats set apart: Sophomores and Juniors—(interminable gulf!)—to the other side where *they* sat perfect in composure, perfect in wisdom. Freshman-like I found one among them to whom I looked with the adoration of a poet to the moon. She was the epitome of my ideals. As if bewitched I haunted her footsteps and when cruel Fate separated her from me, I followed her with my eyes until she passed from their sight. In my waking hours I studied her every gesture, by night I prayed to be like her, my spirits alternately soaring, then sinking into heartsick despair.

That was the age of Innocence, to be sure! I have now reached the summit of the heights which once seemed inaccessible to me, and find myself asking "Heaven is not reached by a sin bound," how is one to know when one gets there?

My new state is not entirely different from the preceding ones; there are the same rules to keep,—and the same temptations to break them. But there is one ahead to be followed; we are not the first and to assume the leading has been unaccustomed and therefore hard to realize. The Senior responsibility of dignity and command now rests on us while we secretly wonder if we can possibly seem to these Freshmen what they of four years ago seemed to us.

Being a Senior has a wonderfully calming effect on one. One feels infinitely above the crude amusements of the Senior days,—and knitting helps the illusion. There is something about the room which makes it an especially comfortable place to spend wintry evenings and the more this pleasure is indulged the more of an adventure it seems to walk abroad. Then there is the ever present question of the future, fraught with decisions and indecisions, with the rebellious defiance of "teaching school"; with final resignation to the inevitable.

In the meantime our Senior days pass and the time draws nearer when the cycle is repeated, and lo! we are Freshmen again in the school of life!

To the Class of 1918!

O, class of 1918, how we envy you! Only we were being graduated this year, a year ripe for wonderful opportunities. You are starting out upon your life's career at a time when college graduates are in great demand, when they are sought to fill positions not before filled by women. Some of you have answered the call for women teachers in the Philippines—the first time such a call has been issued. Many are going to undertake patriotic work, we know. What a splendid opportunity Vassar College offers this summer as the Training Camp for Nurses! But only college graduates are given the privilege to attend. Some of you are going to take advantage of this, but we must wait and be patient until we shall be graduated when we hope there will be such wonderful opportunities open as there are this year. What are Colby girls going to do this summer? Patriotism is one of the characteristics of the Colby girl. We have been knitting all the year, carrying our work around with us everywhere we go, and we have made surgical dressings for the Red Cross rooms during our spare hours, but this summer our patriotism will be shown to a greater extent. We are going to handle hoes, plough the field, and do the heavy drudgery of farm work. We shall can vegetables and fruit, helping in the conservation of food. Upon returning to our own home towns, some of us are going to start an Eight Weeks Club and do much to better the condition of our community. Every Colby girl is going to do something this summer for her country, and her patriotism, together with fighting of the boys in the trenches will help win the war.

Used To It.

Tommy—This American fellow does not appear to be at all moved by the slaughter in the trenches.
Second Tommy—Of course not. He's one of their college football champions.

Our Money Not Wasted.

All of the money being expended for war purposes is not going to be a waste. Some of it is going to be shot away; some of it is going to be sunk at sea; some of it is going to be invested in machinery that will be useless in time of peace.

But a very great portion of it is being spent for things that will be as valuable when peace comes as now, though not so imperatively needed then—ships for instance. And as for the immense amount spent in adapting our manufacturing plants to war purposes, it is estimated that 90 per cent of our war machinery can and will be used for other manufacturing work after the war.

The invisible and intangible forces, the moral forces of the world, the soul and conscience of mankind are fighting on our side.

Potatoes For Wheat.

Potatoes have been moving freely from the states that had large stocks three weeks ago and many markets have been cleared of their surplus. It was a serious emergency and an energetic response has been given to the appeal to relieve it.

Thirty million bushels were likely to spoil unless consumption could be practically doubled.

It is too soon to measure results, but it is plain that the railroads have made extraordinary efforts to move the potatoes; dealers have co-operated, handling them in many instances without profit, and the opportunity has been seized both in household and public eating places to relieve the wheat situation by setting potatoes on the table in various forms.

The significance of the potato campaign is twofold. It promotes consumption of stocks that were in danger of spoiling, which is true conservation, and it eases the tension on the wheat supply, which is at this moment the most serious condition in the whole food situation.

Thus far, the potato campaign has been carried on intensively in the states

where there was a surplus on hand or where stocks could easily be obtained from the states having surplus. The degree of intensity was to be determined in all cases by the Federal Food Administrator for his own state.

As the old stock is disposed of, a new

campaign of education will develop fast as the new crop comes to market. This educational campaign will hold least till the next harvest of grain, using the use of potatoes as freely as possible to make our stock of wheat sufficient for its double duty.

College News.

The officers of the Student League for the ensuing year are: President, Phyllis Sturdevant, '19; Vice-President, Alice Mathews, '20; Secretary, Marion Campbell, '19; Treasurer, Alice Hanson, '20; Editor of the Colbiana, Madge Tooker; Head of Sports, Hilda Bradbury; Head of Musical Clubs, Miriam Adams; Head of Dramatics, Alice Barbour; President of the Reading Room, Matilda Titcomb.

Ivy Day came on June 2nd. The program, in the afternoon, consisting of the planting of the Ivy by the senior class, the various class dances and the tennis tournament. In the evening, the Shakespearian play, "The Comedy of Errors" was presented by the junior class on the Foss Hall tennis court. The cast was as follows: The Duke of Ephesus, Miriam Adams; Aegeon, Vera Moore; Antipholus of Ephesus, Mary Titcomb; Antipholus of Syracuse, Matilda Titcomb; Dromio of Ephesus, Mollie Tourtillotte; Dromio of Syracuse, Helene Blackwell; Balthazan, Phyllis Sturdevant; Angelo, Myra Dolley; Dr. Pinch, Mary Foss; First Merchant, Katharine Hatch; Second Merchant, Elizabeth Hoffman; Abbess, Belle Longley; Adriana, Alice Barbour; Luciana, Hildegard Drummond; Lesbia, Helen Baldwin.

Newly elected officers of the Literary Society were installed as follows: President, Mary Titcomb, '19; Vice-President, Adrienne Clair, '20; Secretary, Lucy Teague, '20; Treasurer, Katharine Hatch, '19.

The participants in the Sophomore Declamation were: Dorothy Crawford, Lillian Dyer, Lucy Teague, Marie Waterman, and Gertrude Willey.

The Junior Class Day speakers are Poet, Myra Dolley; Historian, Elizabeth Eames; Ode Committee, Louise Merritt, Madge Tooker, and Katharine Hatch.

Kappa Alpha has initiated the following girls: Elizabeth Eames, Miriam Adams, Gracie Lermond, Mary Titcomb, Matilda Titcomb, Alice Barbour, Myra Dolley, Marion Campbell, Albert Getchell, Anna Anderson, Elizabeth Hoffman and Helen Baldwin.

Chi Gamma Theta has initiated Bernice Butler, Elizabeth Smith, Ruth Means, Frances Bradbury, Elva Sawyer, Miriam Hardy, Elva Tooker, Clara Carter, Ruth Harlow, Margaret Rich, Hazel Peck, Claire Fish, Thelma French, Lou Carville, and Doris Gower.

The freshman girls chosen for the Hamlin Prize Speaking Contest are Frances Bradbury, Alfreda Whitman, Margaret Hanson, Pauline Abbott, Merrie Davis, Dorothy Knapp, Katharine Longley, Adelle McLoon, Ruth Ostrum, and Hazel Peck.

The concert given by the Girls' Musical Clubs, May 16th, at the City Opera House for the benefit of the Red Cross was a great success. The program consisted of selections by the glee club and chorus of about forty voices under the direction of Hazel Whitney, '18, by

double quartette and freshman quartette, the instrumental trio, and by the mandolin club under the direction of Marguerite Bradbury, '18. Marion Griffin rendered several vocal solos and there were also readings by Kathryn Turtevant, '18, and Alice Barbour, '19.

The girls of the freshman class gave patriotic entertainment May 4, for the

benefit of the Y. W. C. A. This took the form of a one act play entitled, "The Girls Over There," presented by eight girls. The girls' orchestra rendered several selections, also a trio composed of Alice LaRocque, violinist; Margaret Hanson, 'cellist; and Doris Gower, pianist. National songs of the allies was the closing number on the program.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The Y. W. C. A. has started on another year's task with its new force of workers! The annual banquet and installation was held at Foss Hall on April 4, with the members of the advisory board present. At the impressive candle light service the following officers were installed: President, Helen L. Baldwin; Vice-President, Marion Waterman; Secretary, Harriett Sweetser; Treasurer, Belle Longley.

Because of conditions prevailing on account of the war, no cabinet training councils were held in Maine this spring; but special plans and suggestions were sent from the national office, to help the new girls grasp the meaning and responsibility of the service ahead of them.

On April 9 the girls were privileged in hearing Mr. Ramsauer, a Student Volunteer secretary, speak at chapel, on the opportunities open to women for service in the foreign countries, in either educational evangelistic or medical work. The knowledge of a need is a call to service!

"Quiet Hour" on Sunday has been spent in a very interesting and helpful way to the girls, for discussion groups have been held under the leadership of fourteen of the girls themselves. The topics suggested for discussion were Christianity, Democracy and Internationalism, and by the end of the month the interest became so great among the

girls, that such remarks as this were heard: "Oh, why give them up? I like to go! We can scarcely wait for next fall to begin them again."

A few weeks ago Miss Helen Crissman, field secretary for the Baptist church, told the girls of her work, and of the need of volunteers for service. Her magnetic character is one that lives in the memory.

Our Eight Week Club plans are going along nicely. Just think! 41 girls have enlisted in the service; and under Mrs. Franklin's guidance there surely will be splendid results.

Not all work comes to the association cabinet, for just recently Mrs. Crowell, the chairman of the Advisory Board, entertained the cabinet girls at her home. The afternoon was spent in knitting and discussing questions of vital interest to the association, and every minute was enjoyable.

Our freshmen have served us royally! On Saturday night, May 5, they gave their entertainment of musical selections, patriotic songs of the allies, and the one act play, "The Girls Over Here." It was a treat to all present.

On Sunday afternoon, May 12, the spring vesper service was held in union with the Y. M. C. A. at the college chapel.

Professor Franklin's splendid address on the Struggle for Freedom was very helpful to us all; and the college choir of forty voices rendered the beautiful anthem of Haydn's, "The Heavens are Telling."

One more big thing! Silver Bay summer conference holds out wonderful opportunities of jolly, carefree days and inspirations for better service. Talk up, and plan to go!

News from the Alumnae.

'07

Inez Bowler has enlisted as yeowoman in the Navy.

'15

Lena Blanchard is staying at Columbia University.

Aldine Gilman, who is teaching in Camden, visited at the Hall, May 4.

'16

Fossie Seekins, who is married to Paul Nicholls, a Bates graduate, visited at the Hall recently.

'17

Marion White is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Elsie Lane is teaching at Tenants' Harbor High School.

Ex-'17

Florence Cain is teaching in Cherryfield Academy.

Ex-'19

Margaret Hoffman has a position as

private secretary with a large corporation in New York City.

Mildred Dunham is employed as stenographer in the office of Prof. Johnson.

Mildred Cook has a position with the Central Maine Power Co.

Almira Schaubel has returned to Philadelphia.

On April 18th, Harriet Eaton was united in marriage with Lieut. A. Raymond Rogers, at the home of her father in Waterville. For the present, Mrs. Rogers is living in Tennaflly, New Jersey, where her husband is stationed.

Ex-'20

Alice Clarkin is teaching at Carrington.

Helpful Household Hints.

It would take more than common courage to follow a suggestion that appears in a certain English book of receipts. To make stockings wear well, and keep their color—before wearing stand them ten minutes in boiling water colored with washing blue.

THE SENIORS.

THE COLBIANA

Name	What She Likes	Habit	What She Wants To Be	What She Will Be
Gladys Twitchell	Examinations!	Helping others	An A No. 1 teacher.	A great success.
Helene Boker	To help Butty.	Pulling A's.	A nurse.	Tight rope walker
Gladys Craft	Shower baths.	Reducing	Tall and skinny.	mistaken
Norma Goodhue	Anything Brown.	Shading	Tommy's assistant.	An aviator.
Mary Jordan	Paul	Taking walks.	Tall	Missionary
Marion Lewis	Soldiers	Letter writing	Red Cross nurse.	Loved
Lenna Prescott	A noise	Making it.	An old maid.	A widow
Dorothy Roberts	To be on time	Talking	A singer.	A wonder
Ruby Robinson	To sleep.	Sleeping	Asleep.	Awake
Maude Spaulding	Bible History.	Walking to a country church	A minister	A war bride.
Leila Washburn	Quiet (?)	Getting black marks.	Schoolma'am	Somebody's darling
Hazel Whitney	Sidney	Talking about him.	Married	Left
Pauline Winsberg	Geology	Playing tennis.	Social reformer.	Blessed
Ethel Armstrong	Puns and music.	Chuckling	A Philippino.	A schoolmarm
Marguerite Bradbury	A good feed.	Talking	A pedagogue	A success.
Alta Davis	Her Student Gov. job	No bad ones.	Graduated	Same
Florence Eaton	Everybody	Turning her toes out.	An A. M.	The Lady of the House.
Beth Fernald	Strawberry shortcake.	Smiling	A suffragette.	A success.
Violet French	Histories	Strolling beside the park.	An author	A settlement worker
Margaret Perkins	Stories	Blushing	Married	Father's helper.
Winifred Shaw	Clinton	Agreeing	Married	An opera singer.
Zadie Reynolds	To be liked.	Keeping up with Zella.	Perfect story writer.	Maiden lady.
Zella Reynolds	Church social.	Writing	Married	Maiden lady.
Marion Horne	Music	Dancing	Journalist	Married
Esther Murray	Clothes and boys.	Crushes	Story writer	Married
Isabelle Wing	Domestic duties.	Sleep talking.	Nun	Teacher
Doris Andrews	Somnambulist stunts	Shushing	Private secretary.	His wife.
Eunice Chase	Little things.	Drawing	Teacher	Latin Prof.
Phyllis Cole	Opposite sex	Being quiet	War worker in France.	Some soldier's wife
Winifred Greely	Deep stuff	Reading Of Books.	Work, teacher in Philippians, nurse, social service	War bride.
Helen Kimball	Dancing	Changing her mind		
Hortense Lambert	Music			
Daisy Murray	Pink teas.	Hurrying	Pink tea hostess.	That same hostess.
Lucille Rice	Eben	Verse making	Poet	Mrs. Wheeler.
Jennie Sanborn	Dr. Franklin	Using endearing terms.	Teacher	Teacher
Alberta Shepherd	Palmer House.	Making announcements.	Great but Small	Small
Isabel Snodgrass	Army and navy	Being tactful	Writer	Famous
Margaret Wilkins	Math	Blushing	Social butterfly	Houlton matron
Marion Starbird	Brains	Writing—letters or	Famous	Mrs. Famous.

1918 Dictionary.

- Alberta—Basket Ball and Tennis Shark.
 Alta—Seen but not heard.
 Cornelia—Her rank would congeal yah.
 Daisy—Literary.
 Doris—A famous somnambulist.
 Dorothy—Everybody's friend.
 Ethel—The giggling musician.
 Eunice—The fashionable “shusher.”
 Esther—Classy.
 Elizabeth—Quiet but jolly.
 Florence—“A piece of virtue.”
 Gertrude—Steadily studious.
 Gladys T.—Shining Shark.
 Gladys—Glad both in name and in “rep.”
 Hazel—Prexy's advisor.
 Helen—“On, on with the dance!”
 Helene—Brains a specialty.
 Hortense—Disdainful.
 Isabel—Bright head—inside and out.
 Isabelle—Clever and crushie.
 Jennie—A jolly good student.
 Kathryn—The class elocutionist.
 Leila—The voice in the Hall.
 Lenna—Proper and peaceful.
 Mary—A disciple of Paul.
 Marguerite—Some line of talk!
 Maude—The dancing preacher.
 Margaret W.—The source of sweets.
 Margaret P.—Decided and dilatory.
 Marion L.—The maid with the Titian
 hair.
 Marion H.—A literary critic.
 Marion S.
 Lucile R.
 —The rhyming couplet.
 Norma—Studious and esteemed.
 Pauline—Another scholar.
 Phyllis—Bright and Breezy.
 Ruby—The Old Fashioned Girl.
 Violet—Information Bureau.
 Winifred G—A Greek Philosopher.
 Winifred S.—The House doctor.
 Zadie—Tweedledee.
 Zella—Tweedledum.

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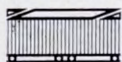
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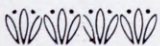
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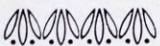
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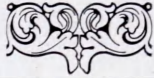
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