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The Colbiana



June Number
1917

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THE COLBIANA

Volume 5

JUNE, 1917

Number 3

The One Ideal.

Like Billy Brad, we all of us have our ideals which range from the boy's wish to be the garbage man to the man's ambition to play an important part in the world's drama. "Hitch your wagon to star," says Emerson, and in that statement voices the philosophy of mankind. What if there are those who mock at our presumption? The more inaccessible the dream is, the brighter and clearer are its gleams, for they shine forth in all their pure radiance undimmed by the clouds of earth.

The freedom of childhood! How many times we hear that phrase. And what is childhood so free after all? If we could go back to our childhood, and live over again, it would be free in comparison to the greater responsibilities of later life. But the child knows nothing of them. He plays as hard as we work. And he has his own particular dreams and ambitions. Never of being, but always of doing, are his thoughts.

There is no self-assurance like that of the child. The world is his, he is the center of the universe. There is nothing which he cannot do, no feat so difficult but his small hands can accomplish. And what has Life to say to this arrogant little Prince? Her only answer to his boasts is a smile. And such a smile! Has she scorn for his confidence, ridicule for his demands? Perhaps, yet beneath it all is a sense of tender pity that this little bit of humanity must so dearly learn the lesson she will teach.

Look at youth in all its freshness and beauty. What of its ideals? In Sir Launfal, as Lowell pictures him to us, we see the youth of the world. Careless of the little things that lie near. He is blind to their beauty. Only the

majesty of the mountains, the wideness of the sea, make an appeal to him. So, in his search for the Holy Grail, he leaves his home to wander over land and sea. But in his haste to do the big things that the world is waiting for, he refuses the crust for which suffering humanity, in the form of a leper, stretches out his hand. Not to many does Fate give such a boon as Sir Launfal was seeking, and we see him return, years later, a heart-broken old man.

After the joyous springtime of youth, what then? The golden dreams have vanished. We are but a single drop in the great ocean of humanity. There is no one great thing which we can do which will startle the world and make it revere and worship our name henceforth. Gradually this comes to us, and at first we stand helpless. We feel that there is nothing left us. Why were we thus deluded? For what were those vague longings that led us on? And then, because we cannot advance farther, we look about us. On all sides of us are people, we seem to see the great throbbing heart of the world. Just common folk they are, with just common joys and sorrows, but we love them as we see them, now, for the first time.

Ah, look, there is our star. Again it shines out radiantly from the mist that had before obscured it. We know our ideal now, no longer is it vague and ill-defined. Very, very sharply is it outlined against the evening sky. My ideal it is, but not mine alone. It is the ideal of the world, the one ideal which we all have in common, the ideal of love and service for humanity.

Shall we look back with longing to the freedom of childhood, or to the freshness of youth? No, but press onward to the more perfect glory of manhood and womanhood.

“ Grow old along with me.
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was
made :

Our times are in his hand
Who saith, ‘ A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half ; trust God :
See all, nor be afraid.’ ”

Sources of Rhythmical Utterance.

Doubtless, to the ear of primitive man, the rhythm of nature was not slow in revealing itself ; but it may not have been recognized as such. Before names, even, had been invented for objects and feelings, a subconscious element of pleasure was felt at the slightest rhythm.

One might ask where and by what means this rhythm was expressed, if man knew nothing whatever about it. The answer comes quickly and readily—in nature. The steady rolling—rolling—rolling of the waves on the beach seemed the strongest example. Man was fascinated by it, not only by its ever changing appearance, but by its volume of sound and the regularity of its beating.

Another natural example of rhythm was expressed in the wind, the wind before a storm. Man did not realize why, but he listened after every gust for another, stronger blast. In the falling of the rain also, the rhythm was very evident.

Not only was this natural element expressed by outside forces, but also by forces within man himself. What could be more regular than the throbbing of the pulses, the beating of the heart ? Yes, and even man’s breathing is rhythmical !

One of the strongest instincts of the whole race is imitation. Therefore, as soon as man heard and felt this power of rhythm, the most natural thing in the world was the desire to imitate it. In the words which he tried to form there came a repetition of the sounds heard

in nature. Some words he made which had the action expressed in sound. We, of a more enlightened age, call onomatopoeia.

He realized also that it was easier to make regular movements of the body than to make jerky ones. From the thought of bodily movement, the drum grew until the first musical instrument was invented. Although crude enough in itself, the drum was the beginning of one of the greatest of human arts, music. It was only a piece of skin stretched over a piece of hollow log, yet it represented the aesthetic sense which was beginning to grow. Such were the sources of rhythmical utterance.

From drums to wonderful organs man has progressed. Though the progress has been slow, it has been marked by fine inventions. Music continues to move on until the harmony of the universe has instilled itself into our very souls, until rhythm of living is the result of rhythm of thought, feeling, and action.

Summer in the City.

The air is sultry and hot.
It is a summer day on the East side.
The streets are full of children,
Barefooted and bareheaded,
They race in the dust and heat.
They run after the ice wagon,
And beg the driver for the cold ice.
They throng around the penny ice-cream
cart,
And those who have no pennies,
With hungry eyes watch the others.
The mothers work in the crowded tenements,
Or fearful for their babies,
Wearily lull them to sleep in the shadows
of the doorways.
The fathers toil in the factories ;
They doggedly feed the machines,
And have no time to think of the home.
The old men sleep, and are happy.
The fruit vendor dozes by his stand.
The sun rises higher and higher,

The children sleep on the doorsteps.
And then the sun goes down;
The hot summer day is ended.

The Eternal Feminine.

Mary Louise scrawled the last answer on her 'rithmetic paper and drew a deep sigh of satisfaction. It was a lovely paper. The lines were not *too* wobbly, and the squares which represented one-half, one-fourth, and one-third of a dozen apples, were colored in beautiful shades of red and yellow. And she knew the answers were right. They "proved."

So like Alexander of old, Mary Louise raised her bright curly head from her latest conquest and looked around for new worlds to conquer. Like her ambitious predecessor, she met with defeat. Every pupil was working busily on the lesson, and bent heads and scowling attention to business were not favorable for any excitement. It was no use, she decided. Probably Johnny Reeves, the worst boy in the class would not even notice a spit-ball, he was trying so hard to get his 'rithmetic done. What was the use in counting fast on your fingers to get done quickly, if no one else was ready to play with you?

Here, however, the likeness between this energetic little "first-grader" and the great Alexander comes to an end. For Mary Louise did not cry. It was, perhaps, because she was a philosopher, optimistic and unquenchable, and Alexander, in spite of Aristotle's careful sermons, never attained the serene superiority to mere fact which was Mary's most amusing characteristic. No, Mary Louise did not cry. Instead, she sat back in her seat with folded hands, a picture of patience on a monument, to await a more auspicious time.

It was not long in coming. Almost immediately the boy in the front seat, upon whom her hopeful gaze was fixed, stirred restlessly, and rumbled his thatch of red hair with an impatient hand. Without changing her expression of in-

nocent attention, Mary hissed softly in his direction. In a flash he whirled around in his seat and smiled back at her. But teacher had heard too. She watched the little drama before her with deep amusement, but when she spoke her voice was very grave. "Mary Louise, I wonder if you ever heard of the eternal feminine?"

Mary Louise turned startled eyes to teacher. "No'm, I never did." Her polite composure was admirable, but she flushed uncomfortably. And she did not glance toward the front seat for a full minute. When at last she raised her eyes she found the little boy in the front seat waiting for her attention. As she smiled uncertainly at him, he pointed eagerly to his mouth, and her puzzled gaze followed the pointing finger. As she saw what it was that he exhibited so proudly, she gasped in admiration. He had two teeth gone! One right under the other. He had had one gone before, and had won great prestige with it, but two gone—. Mary Louise could only stare in wonder.

Boys were awful lucky, she thought enviously. Brother Bob had two teeth gone, and tried to boss her just because of it. Ricky Jones had one gone too, and he was an awful sissy. He couldn't even throw a ball as well as she could. It wasn't fair at all, she decided. Girls knew as much as boys did, and they weren't so dirty, either! But boys thought they were so much smarter. She gritted her own teeth in angry rebellion, and as she did so a sudden inspiration came to her. With quick fingers she tested the stability of her own small teeth, and at last was rewarded with the decided looseness of one of them—a front one too! If it only would come out!

Well, she decided with desperate calmness, she could *take* it out. It would hurt, she supposed; Brother Bob said it did. But it was worth it.

With firm fingers she tugged at the tooth selected for the sacrifice. Her feet pressed hard against the seat in front, as she pulled at the refractory tooth.

Her eyes filled with huge tears, with the pain of it, but she swallowed hard and persevered. She just must get it out. At last, with a surprising jerk, out it came. With an unsteady breath of relief Mary Louise sat back in her seat, the tooth tight-clutched in her hand, and great pride in her heart. Again she enjoyed the exalted content which comes with triumph. For Mary Louise had, by determined sacrifice, proven herself as worthy as any boy. And it wasn't so hard either, she reflected.

Again the boy in the front seat turned around, eager for the homage which was his due. But he found an altogether different situation. With just pride Mary Louise claimed the admiration which was now her right, and with true boyish fairness he granted it. It was a disturbing state of affairs, however. Slowly he turned to the front and deliberated, his thoughtful gaze fixed with admirable concentration on his First Grade Reader—upside down.

At last with a long sigh, he bade farewell to the old order and welcomed the new. Cautiously he turned to Mary Louise. "Wanna play 'scrub' after school?" he whispered. Dazzled by a vision of new worlds opened to her eager hand, Mary Louise nodded. "I guess so," she said.

The Red-Eyed Vireo.

One day while wand'ring in the wood—
Never shall I rue it!—
I heard an almost human cry,
"Do it? Will you do it?"

I glanced about with startled eye,
Thinking swift to view it;
No one was nigh yet swift there came,
"Do it? Will you do it?"

"Is't bird or human?" then I cried.
"Fate, pray lead me to it!"
The mocking call came back to me,
"Do it? Will you do it?"

Ah, what an eerie voice was that!
'Twas vain thus to pursue it!
Yet far I followed to the call,
"Do it? Will you do it?"

Always ahead, just out of sight,
At last Fate led me to it,—
That sweet provoking bird-like call,
"Do it? Will you do it?"

There high up in an old oak tree,
I knew it, O, I knew it!
Sang merry red-eyed vireo,
"Do it? Will you do it?"

The Temple.—A Meditation.

The little path which winds in and out among the trees along the shore is called the "Indian Trail." How much more appropriately might it be called the "Temple!"

On either side stand straight majestic trees, like tall pillars, full of grace and beauty. Their branches intermingling overhead form cathedral arches of wondrous design. Through the thick network of leaves the sun glimmers, softened and subdued as through windows of stained glass.

A soft thick carpet of pine needles is beneath our feet and we tread softly along the dim aisles. Wonderful pictures are all about us, set in living frames of green and gold. Here is a view of the ocean, sparkling and blue, dotted with white sails. As we gaze our hearts feel for those who go down to the sea in ships. There is another picture of a light-house on a rocky island rearing itself out of the sea. For years this island has stood there suffering the battering of wind tossed waves. For years the little light-house has sent forth its warning to wayward ships. It has a purpose to fulfill and is fulfilling its purpose. The most wonderful picture of all is one of sea and sky. There seems to be no meeting place, rather a gradual merging of one into the other, and we think of the Almighty Creator who gave

us this picture of time and eternity. These pictures are the eloquent sermons of the Temple.

Almost instinctively we think—only the deep-toned organ is wanting to make our Temple complete. But is it wanting? The distant beating of the surf upon the rocks forms a full and rich accompaniment to the singing of the many birds about us. A feeling of awe steals over us and we think—truly, the groves were God's first Temples.

Peace and War.

Back of the hazy mountains the sun is sinking to rest,
Out from among the tree tops comes a light breeze from the west.
Quickly it comes, and softly, and croons a lullaby sweet,—
Chords of harmonious music, where grasses and zephyrs meet.

So to the birds and blossoms, the rivers, trees, and to all,
Is brought the evening message, while shadows deepen and fall.
Down where the rippling waters break on the shore of the lake—
See where the sun is setting! 'Tis time farewell to take.

Golden gleams touch the waters; they rise and fall in their glee;
From shore to shore there stretches a path of sunlit sea.
Crimson and golden and blue are lost in the sparkle and sheen,
Dancing and gleaming there, a gorgeous, glistening scene.

Slowly the colors vanish. The sun, with one lingering look,
Drops down behind the mountain—shadows fill cranny and nook.
Darkness, then twinkling starlight!
That night the moon unfurled
Streamers of fairy silver to watch o'er the slumbering world.

But the world is no longer slumb'ring!
'Tis awake to the battle cry!
And the shrieks and groans, and the dying moans
Are piercing the smoke-stained sky!

And some for the right are dying;
And some in crime are steeped;
While the sun is red with the blood they've shed—
A harvest of sorrow reaped.

But if, from the struggling nations,
A nobler world arise,
If battles cease, and men make peace,
If Tyranny sinks and dies;

If trampled flowers spring back to life,
With the dawn of a brighter day,—
Worth while is the cost of the great lives lost
In the night of horror gray.

The Fairy Syllo.

Once long, long ago, when the world was very young, there was a beautiful valley of song. Oh, it was such a peaceful valley! I can't possibly describe it, making it as beautiful as it really was. For one thing, a gurgling, babbling, brook ran through it on its way to the sea. This brook was so happy that it sang and pranced over the green mossy stones all day long. Near it stretched the protecting arms of a large willow tree. In the surrounding, mossy passes deep-hued violets grew. The big tree loved the brook and the little violets and they in turn loved the willow, for it kept the valley cool and mossy. And they all loved a little fairy, Syllo, who came forth every morning at sunrise to dance and sing with the first golden sunbeams that played through the trees. She wore a gown of silvery moonshine beset with sparkling dew. In her hair a tiny golden sunbeam gleamed. Her step was lighter than the wind and her voice was sweeter than that of the birds. When Syllo appeared the whole valley awoke,

for she came riding in the pink and white cloud chariot of the south wind, drawn by zephyrs harnessed to it by tiny ropes of bells, which seemed to tinkle, "Awake, dear little valley, Syлло has come!" Then the little violets lifted their heads and smiled in sheer joy. The brook sang a new tune for Syлло to dance by and the big willow tree swayed in rhythm to let the golden sunbeams into the valley. Little pixies came forth from the flowers where they had been sleeping and clapped their hands and swayed to the tune, for they knew that so long as Syлло danced, all went well with the world. Then, when the sun was half way up, the little wood nymph kissed her fingertips to the valley, calling softly, "I will come back tomorrow." So from morn to morn she came and that little world just bubbled over with joy.

But one day a terrible thing happened. The south wind failed to come bringing little Syлло, and the valley forgot to awake. "Oh," he cried and called all the violets didn't lift their heads for they were heavy with sleeping pixies, the brook sung the same old tune and the willow remained motionless so that no sunbeams came into the valley. Finally, one little pixie accidentally fell out of the flower in which he was sleeping and awoke. Oh, he cried and called all the other pixies. They came forth and awoke the valley. Such turmoil! Such chaos! Where was the south wind? Little pixies went in every direction searching for him but they returned late in the afternoon weary, having sought the whole day in vain. I think if you should look it up in history you would find that it was just at this time that Pandora opened her box. However, just before sunset, the south wind came mournfully along and told the whole heart-breaking story to the valley. It seems that the north wind had been in love with little Syлло but she had loved only the south wind and refused to dance in the valleys of the north. Then came the dreadful disaster; the north wind arose one morning, long before the south

wind was awake and carried little Syлло far away. When the south wind discovered what had happened he chased wildly after him, but he flew to the lands of the cold north where the south wind is not permitted to go. So he returned to tell the sad, sad news. Then the whole valley mourned. The willow wept bitterly, drooping to the ground. The little brook sang a mournful song and the violets did not lift their heads again. Thus they remain to this day. But some say that the little fairy was frozen to death in the cold north land; others, that she has returned to her beloved valley in the form of the little white violets which sprang up by the brook-side, but I don't think anyone really knows, do you?

Dividing the Sheep from the Goats.

(Third Prize.)

It was just after the Christmas vacation. The students of the four Maine colleges were on their way back to their work. As I boarded the train at Montsweag, I glanced hurriedly over the crowded car in search of a seat. I caught sight of a friend of mine who is a Colby sophomore. We exchanged the usual greetings as I sat down beside her; then, looking about, I remarked,

"There are a lot of young people going back to their schools today."

"Yes," was the reply, "and what a lot of them are Bates students!"

"O, you know them, do you?" I asked.

"O, no," she replied.

"Then how can you distinguish them from the rest?"

"Why, I can tell by the way they look."

I made another survey, but could not see what distinguished the students of Bates from those of the other colleges. I demanded an explanation of my friend's method, but failed to get a satisfactory answer.

"At any rate," I said, at last, "we shall be able to separate the sheep from the goats at Brunswick, for the sheep will

change for Waterville, while the goats go on to Lewiston!"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered my companion, "That's a Bates man sitting right in front of us!"

"What!" I exclaimed, more puzzled than ever.

Other topics of conversation occupied our minds for a time and I thought no more about the matter until several more Colby girls joined us at Wiscasset. No sooner had I been introduced to them than one said,

"Aren't there a lot of Bates people going back today?"

"O, friends of yours?" I asked.

"No, indeed!" was the answer.

"Then how can you tell?"

She shrugged her shoulders a little and replied,

"O, I just know!"

At Brunswick, as I had predicted, the Colby "sheep" left the train and I was able to get a momentary glimpse of the "goats" just before I stepped off the car.

On the Waterville train, a new problem presented itself. Many University of Maine students were there to take the place of the Bates men. I found myself seated by a Bangor man whom I knew very well. As we pulled out of Brunswick, bound for "Waterville and all way-stations," I looked thoughtfully over the car, trying to see if I could not discover the secret of distinguishing a Maine student from a Colby one. At last, I noticed that two kinds of ticket-checks were in evidence in the young men's hat bands and in various other conspicuous places. Some were red, some, blue. I glanced at my Bangor friend's. His was blue. I looked at my own. It was red. Turning to my companion, I remarked,

"A good many Maine students going back to-night, aren't there?"

"There are?" he said, "Do you know them?"

"O, no," I smiled.

"Then how can you tell?"

I shrugged my shoulders slightly and answered mysteriously,

"O, I just know."

The Footsteps.

(Continued from last issue.)

Slowly and heavily the footsteps resounded again upon the stairs, passed through the kitchen, and out into the night. Beckoning Yuan to follow with the pick and shovel which had been laid in readiness, Uncle Dixon followed the sound, down the embankment at the side of the house, across the meadow, over a brook, and into the woods. From time to time they had difficulty in distinguishing the direction which the footsteps took, and sometimes the sound was altogether inaudible. But after each slight pause they could hear the ponderous tread resume its wandering. On and on they went along the pathless course. In the thick underbrush of the woods it was almost impossible to keep pace with their invisible guide. But Uncle Dixon had a good ear, and thus managed to keep in the general direction of the advancing sound.

Finally, the two found themselves in a cleared space. It was still too dark to distinguish much, but Uncle Dixon knew at least that there were no large trees growing there. He felt he was on the top of a small hill or knoll for he had been conscious of the ascent as he came along and the mist did not seem as dense as before. He took a few steps forward and stumbled over a huge stone. He picked himself up, and, motioning to Yuan to be still, listened for the footsteps; but he heard nothing except the usual sounds of the woods. He wondered whether his impalpable leader was there with him or had gone on leaving its followers behind. Not knowing whither to turn, they sat down upon the stone to await the approach of daylight. They had come a long distance, and both were weary from their arduous journey through the entanglement of trees and underbrush.

When morning came Uncle Dixon saw that he was not far wrong in his suppositions, for the stone upon which they were sitting was exactly in the center of a grassy spot on the top of a little mound.

Could this be the place where the treasure lay buried? The more Uncle Dixon pondered the matter, the more certain he was that he had come upon the hidden wealth.

It required the combined strength and persistence of the men to dislodge the stone. Then they began their excavation. Down into the earth they went, five feet, six feet, seven feet. Then Yuan, with a cry of terror, threw out a bone. It proved to be the thigh of a human being. This was followed by other bones: three or four skulls of different sizes and shapes, and various other parts of the human body. They could dig no further for they had struck a large rock which the tools they had with them were unable to move. Also they were quite exhausted and spent from their arduous toil, so Uncle Dixon proposed that they cease attempting to dig further until the next day when they would come back with better appliances, with which to unearth the treasure which they believed was beneath the stone.

They wondered how they were to make their way back through the labyrinth of trees and bushes which surrounded them. Uncle Dixon calculated from the position of the sun which, providentially, was shining from an overcast sky, that they had come due east; hence they started back due west, breaking off branches and blazing a path as they went so that they might know how to return to the place. The way in which they were headed did not appear to be the same by which they had come, and when they reached the edge of the woods, they discovered that they were a few miles south of the farm. Evidently the ghost had gone not due east but southeast.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached home, and Uncle Dixon decided they had better retire early so as to be in good preparation for the next day's task. How long he had slept Uncle Dixon did not know, but early in the morning he was awakened by the sound of someone hurrying madly through the house, upstairs and down, in his own

room and in Yuan's across the hall. Yuan came running in with his pigtail sticking out almost straight behind him, and, in his unintelligible gibberish shouting, "Velly bad noise! Velly bad noise!" A loud banging of the front door was heard and all was silent again.

"Ha, ha," chuckled Uncle Dixon under the bed clothes, "the old scoundrel is furious because we've discovered his gold. Go back to bed again, Yuan. We'll be millionaires tomorrow."

The next morning, they started off again laden with all the necessary implements for their work. They found the place whence they had left the woods the day before and entered to look for the path, but no path could they find. Long they sought and earnestly but their efforts were without result. They walked blindly about, hoping in this way that they might by chance come upon the spot where they had been the day before, or discover the path which they had blazed, but all in vain.

After spending most of the day thus, they returned home, and Uncle Dixon proposed they wait and follow the ghost again in the night, but no ghost appeared. Not wishing to be thwarted thus in his search for the treasure, he began a systematic exploration of the woods, thinking that in this way he would surely find the knoll again, but the place had disappeared as if by magic. No such elevation was found in all the region round about.

Uncle Dixon sat up nights to listen for the strange footseps, but he never heard them again.

Were it not for the fact that Uncle Dixon had his Chinese servant as a witness, this story would scarcely be credited and Uncle Dixon himself would, doubtless, believe that he was under the influence of some delusion in hearing and following the invisible spirit. But since Yuan had experienced the same things, and was able to testify accurately concerning all that took place, the circumstance can be considered nothing else than an unaccountable, supernatural phenomenon.

A Prophecy for Colby.

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*

When the realm of God's extended,
When the war has ceased to be,
When the right of man's defended,
In a world democracy.

When good fortune smiles upon us,
When the railroad's underground,
When the Profs. forget to quiz us,
And we in gold abound,—

We shall rest,—from all our labor,
From endowment funds galore,
From the fierce examinations,
Which grow more and more and more.

From the walking in the darkness,
From fletcherizing lamb,
From thousands of assessments,
And dust chutes tight's a clam.

We shall rest from all our troubles,
Our Colby days are o'er,
But for the sacrifice we've made here
We love her all the more.

A Simple Tale of Love.

One mensual division, there existed by means of oxygen a pestiferous pettifogger who foredesigned to acquire for his superior portion the feminine offspring of a pristine antagonist. On encountering her one post-meridian, he besought her with implorations to enter into futuritial heteronomous relations with him. Thereupon he filched an osculation. The damsel threw in a rearward direction the portion of her anatomy topping her torso and indignation fulgurated in her organ of vision. Forthwith the masculine specimen entered upon a jeremiade of lachrymable impairments. The organ of circulation in possession of the juvenile dame was mollified. She therefore uttered in speech to her inamorato: "I inkle the portent of your importunity. Consult your horologe and let us move with dexterity to the domicile of the dispenser

of doctrine and be inknotted before my progenitor and progenitress are cognizant of the circumstance." So overborne with jubilation was the swain, that he clasped her in his upper appendages with affection. A unity was in short time formed of their dual characters and the paternal endowment of felicitations was sought. Her male ancestor, enraged, declaimed with insonorous explosions of wrath but all was to no advantage; the affair had been brought to completion.

THE DUTTON HOUSE GIRLS RECEIVE THE VOTE.

One night, it was at nine fifteen, the Dutt'n House girls, both fat and lean, threw down their books, cast off their cares and quickly hurried down the stairs. (What means this haste and all the speed? 'Tis something weighty, 'tis indeed,—a happening of unusual note, they have at last secured the vote.) They paused before the notice board, and then with eager eyes they pored the posters which were fastened there, that they might cast their ballots fair. The signs thereon were not amiss, and one was written just like this: "If in the dorm you want good rule, then I'm the best one in the school. Just take a ballot—vote for me. I'm yours for order. Winnie B." "Don't vote for her. You'll rue the day, but sign for me. I'm Mary J." At last the ballots all were cast. They told the teller to work fast. Both candidates then held their breath; for, 'twas a thing of life and death, which one house chairman should be made, and which one's glory was to fade. At last the teller quickly came to say the one who'd gained the fame. She made a speech, and talked, and talked. Her tongue run fast and never balked. Oh, would she never make a stop and tell which one was at the top? At last—ah, great relief—she said, "Miss Winnie B. comes out ahead." Winnie gave thanks for votes acquired; the girls of Dutt'n House then retired.

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.

Whatever this summer may bring forth there will be no day that the sun isn't shining in some part of this great world of ours; so the Colbiana wishes a pleasant vacation to all its friends and greets them with the old, joyous message,

"May every morning seem to say
There's something happy on the way
And God sends love to you."

Great events must leave their impress, as they "cast their shadows before." What but the crucible of war could ever turn Russia into a republic! It is the furnace from which comes the pure gold—our confused, alloyed notions crystallize, and there comes forth a metal free from dross. From the Revolutionary crucible came the pure spirit of freedom to which Americans jealously cling; from the Civil War came a conviction that we as a nation needed education;

and after the Great War, in what mould will our minds be cast? Perhaps we will attack with new vigor our social, economic, and industrial problems. Perhaps our foreign population will become amalgamated, and the immigration problem will solve itself! But, whatever comes, the American mind must be changed by the furnace of war, and we must change, too. Shall we not think on these things and keep pace with our nation in the march of progress?
M. C. T., '19.

Today.

"Today is a gem picked from the cluster of eternity."

Every day is such a usual occurrence that its true significance often escapes us. Yesterday was just like every other yesterday and tomorrow will be like every tomorrow with its beginning and its ending. Of yesterday we leave only the memory; of tomorrow we have only the anticipation. But, today we have with all its possibilities. Do we realize, ever, as we hurry through the todays, that the decisions made may mould the future; that the possibilities of a lifetime may be wrapt up in today?

Each today is intense and burning with deeds to be done of which there is great need; there can be no idleness or shirking, no putting off until tomorrow, for the morrow never is; there is only today, and what we put off may never be done and the possibility lost. Only in filling each precious moment of today with work, with play, and with beauty can the true and efficient life be lived, and, as the greater needs come, so shall we be prepared to do them in the little minutes of today. Whatever we may have to do we have only today to do it in, and, if there is waste, never again can that waste be made up.

Today is a gem, priceless in name and costly if not taken at its full worth, and out of a today well spent come all good things.

Margaret H. Brown, '17.

Teaching.

"Well, what are *you* going to do next year?"

"Oh, teach, I presume, if nothing better comes along. Wish I didn't have to. I'm not anxious to wear myself out trying to force learning into the heads of youngsters who don't *want* to learn."

This sort of conversation is quite likely to be heard any day now. To tell the truth, at times, I have been somewhat inclined to take this pessimistic view of teaching myself, but in the last few months I have changed my views. It seems to me now that teaching can be made one of the finest kinds of work. All my life I have longed to go to some foreign country as a missionary, or to take up settlement work, or to do some other "great and glorious" and patriotic service. It is only lately that I have realized the need right here in our own state.

A short time ago I left college for a few weeks to try my luck at teaching in one of the small high schools not far from here. I started out with no particularly serious thoughts. I came back impressed through and through with the fact that, great as is the need of missionary work in foreign lands, important as is the settlement work of the cities, the needs in our own little towns and country villages here in Maine are second to none.

And I realized the great influence which any live, active college girl might exert,—influence for good, if she so willed. Townspeople look to her for an example; students will follow her lead, especially if she can win their affections. Surely there's her chance if she truly wishes to do her bit of good in the world.

The high school boy and girl have many needs, especially in small places where they are denied the advantages of the city. They should be broadened out of their narrow ideas; they need to

be inspired with ambition to do something and to be something; they need moral training as well as intellectual; they need to be shown how to have the right sort of good times; they need to have the sharp edges rounded off. There is no better material to work with than country high school students. They have good stamina, they are anxious to learn; and they are worth the best a teacher can give.

No college girl throws herself away when she takes up teaching as her work. If she goes into it with full realization of the responsibility involved, and with determination to put her best knowledge and energy into her undertaking, her efforts will be as productive as any, and as truly patriotic.

Flora A. Norton, '17.

Did you know that spring is here?

The little brook has a merry tune
As it ripples away across the dune,
And down the steep-sloped mountain
sides

As in its winding course it glides;
Awake, O earth, awake, to see
What glories Nature holds for thee!

M. H., '19.

And that "summer is a' comin' in?"

The birds with their happy songs
First herald the news abroad—
They bring us warmth and sunshine
And faith in the works of God.

—'19.

"Let us then, be what we are, and speak
what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the
sacred professions of friendship."

"There are things to be repented of in
all lives, but saying too little is seldom
one of them."

Of War.

The Cry.

On! On! weary soldier, have courage,
Take heart though your pulses run slow.
Plunge on, though the mist dim your eye-
lids,
Crush down the revenge-seeking foe.

Up! Up! to the sky raise your banner!
Let tyranny see it afar,
Let no blot of shame dim its colors
Nor hatred obscure one bright star.

Thirst not for mere glory or conquest;
The fate of a world is at stake;
Time is there none for self-seeking,
When demons of carnage awake.

Keep faith in the dawn of tomorrow,
The approach of a glorious day,
When singing shall out-sound the can-
non,
And smoke from the sky clear away.

Then forward with new resolution,
Let the wide world resound with the cry,
"Live, live thou new-born republic,
Thou deep-rooted tyranny die."

The College Woman and the War.

Very few speakers have ever addressed a group of college undergraduates without expressing an idea like the following: "You are the chosen few—the elect. The world will look to you for definite accomplishments. You are to be the leaders of your generation. It is expected of you." If this has been true in the past, it is doubly true now in these days of world-wide war, with its attendant world-wide upheavals. There is a need for the well-trained woman with her alert mind and numerous capabilities. It is not the time for hysterical emotional excitement; for aimless, unregulated action; for foolish extravagances of well-intentioned but poorly advised women's clubs. It is possible,

therefore, for the college girl to affiliate herself with some of the many organizations, and by her broader experiences promote the efficiency of such clubs. This is, of course, especially applicable to clubs in small towns or villages where the number of trained college women is comparatively small. The uncertainty of the times makes it still more imperative that every American woman should do her "bit," and since the questions of economy and food conservation are now of utmost significance, women will find a broader scope for helpful co-operative service by taking active part in the solving of these problems. We all know the necessity of raising an increased amount of garden products, and that field of service need not be outside the sphere of the college girl. Fortunately, most of Colby's girls are country girls, and the field, literally and figuratively, is open to them. Every one should do the thing she finds nearest to her, for everything has its place in the great mosaic.

Colby Girls and the War.

Colby Spirit! Just now that means to the Colby girl to continue her studies, to make herself as efficient as possible, to be ready to respond with sacrifice of time or money, when she is called upon for big things and for little things in this great war crisis of her country, and to use her influence whenever she can to support the cause of the war.

Already some of the girls have given voluntarily to aid the Belgians. The Woman's Christian Association rooms are open certain evenings for knitting, for sewing, and for making things that are not provided for the soldiers, and many girls are availing themselves of this opportunity to help. When the girls were called upon to make comfort bags for the soldiers they were ready and eager for the work. Breakfasts

were put up by Colby girls for the soldiers of Company H, leaving Waterville too early in the morning to procure lunches elsewhere.

The majority of the girls have signed

service registration blanks for the National League for Woman's Service, stating the work they are best fitted for, should the country need them.

College News.

The first meeting of the Student Government League was held April 17, 1917. Flora Norton, '17, president of the former Woman's League gave over her office to Marion Starbird, '18, president of the Student League. The constitution, which is modelled after that of Mount Holyoke College, was read and formally accepted, so that now Student Government is being established as rapidly as possible. The newly elected officers of the league are:

President Marion Starbird, '18
Vice-President Phyllis Sturdevant, '19
Secretary Winifred Greeley, '18
Treasurer Bertha Peasley, '19
Colbiana—Editor-in-Chief,

Dorothy Roberts, '18
1st Assistant Editor,

Elizabeth Eames, '19

2d Assistant Editor,
Phyllis Prescott, '19

Business Manager,
Leila Washburn, '18

Head of Sports Helene Buker, '18

Head of Musical Clubs, Isabelle Wing, '18

Head of Dramatics,

Kathryne Sturtevant, '18

President of Reading Room

Margaret Wilkins, '18

The concert of the Combined Glee Clubs, given May first for the benefit of the Student Endowment Fund, was a great success. The program consisted of the Ladies Glee Club chorus of about thirty-five voices; the Ladies Sextette; vocal solos by Marion Griffin, '19, Raymond Brinkman, '20, and Winthrop Webb, '17; two readings by Kathryne Sturtevant, '18; a violin solo by Norman Lattin, '18; two numbers by the Colby Trio, and selections by the mixed quartette and male quartette.

The newly elected officers of the Literary Society were installed April 27 as follows: President, Jennie Sanborn, '18; vice-president, Elizabeth Hoffman, '19; secretary, Isabel Snodgrass, '18; treasurer, Anna Anderson, '19; sergeant-at-arms, Emily Kelley, '19.

The annual Sophomore Declamation was held May tenth. Those participating from the Women's Division were Belle Longley, Madge Tooker, Elizabeth Eames, and Josephine Rice. The first prize of \$10 was awarded to Belle Longley and second prize of \$5 to Elizabeth Eames.

The Ivy Day program, given June 2, consisted of the following pageant which was composed and directed by Mrs. Robert Warner Crowell:

1. Dance of the Flowers Seniors
2. Butterfly Dance, Helen Kimball, '18
3. Dance of the Birds (whistling)
 Juniors
4. Song, Bird Lullaby, *Sudds*,
 Marjorie Smith, '20
5. Dance of the Sunbeams (who
awaken birds and flowers)
 Sophomores
6. Appearance of May Queen with
Legend and Song, Marion White, '17
7. Dialogue.
8. Fairy Song, *Helena Bingham*
 Marion Griffin, '19
9. Appearance of Peter Pan.
10. Dance of the Fairies Freshmen
11. Crowning of the May Queen.
12. Grand Finale.

Planting of the Ivy.

In the evening the Juniors presented "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," with the following cast: Theseus, Eunice Chase; Lysander, Isabelle Wing; Demetrius, Doris Andrews; Egeus, Jennie San-

born; Philostrate, Hazel Whitney; Nick Bottom, Gladys Craft; Quince, Daisy Murray; Snug, Marion Horne; Flute, Cornelia Kelley; Snout, Winifred Greeley; Starveling, Gertrude Megquier; Hippolyta, Helen Kimball; Hermia, Marion Lewis; Helena, Esther Murray; Oberon, Hazel Loane; Titania, Kathryn Sturtevant; Puck, Mary Jordan.

The Senior Class Day speakers have been chosen as follows: Poet, Selma Koehler; prophet, Lucy Taylor; historian, Mildred Greeley; address to undergraduates, Grace Farnum; ode committee, Marion White, Ethel Duff, Mildred Green.

On April twentieth a concert was given for the benefit of the Student Endowment Fund by Mr. J. Corey Richardson, Colby '11, tenor, assisted by Miss Jessie Dozier, soprano; Madame Cara Sapin, contralto; Mr. Norman Lattin, violinist; Mr. Hugh Pratt, 'cellist; and Mr. Ellsworth Prince and Mr. Chester Ashworth, accompanists.

The Junior Class Day speakers are: Poet, Lucile Rice; historian, Doris Andrews; ode committee, Isabelle Wing, Dorothy Roberts, Winifred Greeley.

The following Freshmen were chosen for the Hamlin Prize Reading: Alice Bishop, Adrienne Clair, Gladys Emerson, Clara Gamage, Helen Getchell, Alice Mathews, Harriet Sweetser, Gertrude Willey.

Kappa Alpha has initiated the following members: Doris Andrews, Helene Buker, Phyllis Cole, Alta Davis, Beth Fernald, Norma Goodhue, Lenna Prescott, Lucile Rice, Jennie Sanborn, Alberta Shepherd, Marion Starbird, Gladys Twitchell.

The Literary Society observed Guest Night in the college chapel, Friday evening, April 13, with the following program:

John Singer Sargent,
 Marion Starbird, '18
 Radium Gladys Twitchell, '18
 Poetry and the War, Cornelia Kelley, '18
 Piano Solo, *Rubenstein*,
 Roberta Harvey, '20

Current Events . . . Ruby Robinson, '18
 Elizabeth Eames, '19
 Alice Mathews, '20

Duet, "At Dawning," *Cadman*.
 Mildred Green, '17, Marian Daggett, '17
 Critic of Thought, Margaret Brown, '17
 Critic of Delivery . . . Flora Norton, '17
 Quartet—Selected
 Marian Daggett, '17, Helen Cole, '17,
 Adrienne Clair, '20, Lucile Kidder, '20

EIGHT WEEK CLUB.

The Colby Preparatory Class for Eight Week Clubs with Mrs. G. Bruce Franklin as leader is very successful. Because of the differing needs of home communities and the lack of time it is impossible in this class to give much more than suggestions to be worked out by the girls as they organize their summer classes.

The meetings have been given over to discussions of Eight Week Club work, reports from former clubs, and the study of games and national folk dances. One of the most instructive meetings as well as an interesting one was the canning demonstration, May 2, in Chemical Hall, by Miss Catherine Platts, extension representative of the Home Economics Department, Orono, Maine, and her assistant, Miss Gordon.

Professor Franklin gave a very interesting lecture on the subject, "Women and the War." His sketch of Madame Breshkorsky was especially fine.

Based on the experience of three hundred Eight Week Clubs of last year, the essentials, Study, Play, and Service, are broadening to include every need of every girl. Not only the country girl but the city girls and the foreign girls need training such as the Eight Week Club can give. The International Friendship Clubs have an opportunity of uniting and bringing into more friendly relations the girls of different nationalities, but the Agricultural Clubs will have the greatest opportunities this coming summer. The work will be greatly enlarged to meet the needs of the rural communi-

ties which will have to bear many of the burdens of war.

Mildred Greeley, '17

Young Women's Christian Association.

The election and installation of Y. W. C. A. officers took place before the spring vacation. The yearly banquet was held at Foss Hall, March 20, with the members of the Advisory Board present. At the candle light service after the banquet, the following officers were installed:

President, Alberta Shepherd.
Vice-President, Helen Baldwin.
Secretary, Margaret Hoffman.
Treasurer, Helene Buker.

Soon after the Easter recess came the Training Council at the University of Maine, bringing with it joy, inspiration and the instruction needed to make more efficient Y. W. C. A. leaders. Ten girls went to Orono: Alberta Shepherd, Alta Davis, Helene Buker, Jennie Sanborn, Helen Baldwin, Winifred Greeley, Maud Spaulding, Daisy Murray, Helen Cole, and Lillian Tuttle. Each one returned with a broader knowledge of Y. W. C. A. work and its importance, and with a clearer vision of the task and privilege before her.

Another privilege which came to the Colby girls was the visit of Miss Pauline Sage, executive secretary of the National Board of the Association. Her message to the association was a very helpful one, and her magnetic Christian character unconsciously wrought an uplifting influence upon the girls. All saw in her the beauties of an unselfish life of service.

The general work is advancing successfully. Many of the girls are assisting the Organized Charities, and some are doing friendly visiting. There have been several entertainments given by the college girls at the Sanatorium for tubercular patients at Fairfield.

Our second Sunday afternoon service

in union with the Y. M. C. A. was held April 15 in the college chapel. Mr. Ralph Harlowe, chaplain of the International College at Smyrna, Turkey, gave a most inspiring address on the subject "Above the Battle." He spoke of this time of war, when we need men who can look above the battle and see the principles of right and wrong underlying the struggle; but, he concluded, "While we are giving ourselves to our country, let us remember that we are American citizens for a few years only, but citizens of the Kingdom of God for eternity."

Another vesper service was held Sunday afternoon April 22, when Bishop Brewster of the Episcopal church of Maine gave a very instructive address on "The Relation between Personality and Social Action." Special music was given by the male quartet and by a mixed quartet composed of Misses Greene and Daggett and Messrs. Brush and Robinson.

One more big thing! Ten happy days at Silver Bay! June 22-July 2. A splendid delegation is planning to go. We need the help gained there more this year than ever before, to be prepared for the most efficient service.

Athletics.

The two tennis courts behind Foss Hall have been put in good condition and furnished with new nets. They are now kept so busy that the girls are obliged to await their turns to play. Plans are being made for the annual tournament which is soon to be played off.

Alumnae Notes.

'96.

Miss Florence Dunn has returned to her home in Waterville, after spending the winter in Florida.

'97.

Helen Frances Lamb has established a

successful business school in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'05.

Addie Lakin has gone to Vermont where she plans to remain for a year.

'10.

Lillian Lowell is teaching at Southington, Conn., and has been studying at Yale University.

Verena Chaney is completing her fifth year of teaching in Verona High School, Verona, N. J., and is working for an M. A. degree at Columbia University.

'12.

Florence Cross was married recently to Irvin Cleveland, '13. They will be at home after May 15, at 71 Glenwood Avenue, Brockton, Mass.

Florence Carll called on friends at Foss Hall recently.

Helen Nichols, a graduate of Smith College and teacher at Thornton Academy, left Saco on May 21 for New Orleans, La., to be married to Lieutenant Charles Bundy, U. S. A., who is stationed at the Jackson Barracks.

'13.

Miss Bessie Tobey is bookkeeping in one of the stores in town.

Sinia King is teaching in Berlin, N. H.

Dora Libby is teaching languages in Lisbon Falls High School.

'14.

Edith Washburn has returned from Hampton, Va., to spend the summer at her home in South China.

Marjorie Meader was married early in May to Dustin Sullivan Lucier, at her home in Waterville.

Christine Whittemore has announced her engagement to Thomas Brown Powers.

'15.

Mildred Holmes is taking a postgraduate course at Simmons College.

Mary Tobey has been substituting for a few weeks in the Waterville Public Library.

Ruth Goodwin is now living in Winthrop where she is first assistant in the high school.

'16.

Mrs. Florence Stobie Woodward of LeRoy, N. Y., has a son.

Lucy Montgomery taught school during the spring term in Durham, N. H.

Marion Towne is to be married soon to Mr. Hopkins of Boston.

Alice Hunton is teaching at her home in Oakland.

ex '18.

Anne Caswell is living at the Franklin Square House in Boston.

ex '19.

Mildred Dunham has returned from an extended trip in the West.

Exchanges.

The Junior number of "The Wesleyan" is attractive. The contents are varied and well selected, and the number of poems gives it a decidedly literary flavor. The poem by Alice Jeff Doster "To My Mother" makes a tender appeal to all of us and "St. Patrick's Day" by Lucile Bowden has the true Irish ring.

In the "Paumanok" for February there are some good editorials on subjects of general interest. The reviews show appreciation and critical ability.

We do not wonder that "Baby Ben" by Marguerite Atterbury in the April number of the "Wellesley College Magazine" was a prize play. This little farce of four acts shows originality in plot and in development. The humor is fresh and contagious.

The April numbers of "The Mount Holyoke" and the "Miscellany Monthly" also contain commendable dramatic pieces. We congratulate the successful authors; we have been working along that line to some extent here at Colby and know how to appreciate such efforts.

We gratefully acknowledge the following: March numbers of "The Wellesley College Magazine" and "The Mount Holyoke," the Senior number of "The Wesleyan," "The Syracusan," "Northern Light," and "Academy Herald."

To Our Seniors.

They are leaving us, the class of 1917, and we are sorry to see them go. They have been jolly, companionable classmates to one another, and sincere, helpful friends to us all. Moreover, they have been energetic, willing workers for Colby. The Phi Beta Kappas in their midst prove that studies have been well attended to, their basket-ball and tennis records show their prowess in athletics, while the newly established student government and literary society are lasting testimonials of their deep interest in the college world. We shall miss these Seniors next fall in everything we undertake, for they have done more than their share this year. They have given to the college and to us the best they had; so it is with joy we prophesy that the best will come back to them.

From a Freshman.

Everyone knows how apt high school seniors are to have decided ideas of what they believe. However, when these same seniors become college freshmen, their wisdom disappears. We Colby freshmen found that we must make over our beliefs and disbeliefs. The accomplishment of this was aided much by the upper classmen. When a merry group of girls, each bent on getting at the heart of the subject in hand, and each having a different point of view, gaily yet seriously defended and supported her opinions, we freshmen listened eagerly. Then, when we were alone, we saw our supposedly immovable school girl opinions topple over before the arguments of the other girls as completely as the sand-and-shell houses that we used to build on the seashore, in the path of the breakers. So it came about that our new opinions were built on reasons strong enough to support them. This shows how well Colby did her work, for when she took away our old ideas, she gave us new ones to take their places.

Alice Hanson.

From a Senior

At the end of four years what do I possess which I would not, had the fates decreed that I should not go to college?

To begin with, I have been closely associated with many girls of many types, in the classroom, in the Y. W. C. A., in athletics and various other college activities. We have exchanged ideas; we have adapted ourselves to each other's ways and manners, and gradually, close friendships have been formed with scores of the finest daughters of New England—friendships which would not have been mine if I had not gone to college.

As I think of our work and our play together, I realize how my world has been made larger, and my life made broader through four years of college life.

Then, when we come to a consideration of the ultimate purpose of a college education, which I suppose is the acquirement of knowledge, I ask myself, "Have I realized that purpose? How much knowledge have I acquired? What good have I derived from the four years of study in college?" And the answer is just this; the actual knowledge gained is comparatively little. I have discovered only the infinite number of things that there are to be learned. I have had only a taste of knowledge, a glimpse, as it were, into the vast worlds of art, science, music and literature. My college course has been but a preparation and a stimulant for intensive study in these four great fields, a study to continue throughout life, and to help make it worth the living.

H. D. C.

Go, Going, Gone.

Thirty-three seniors went to Colby College,
Some went for fun and others went for
knowledge.

- Listen to their tale of woe, and know just who is who.
 Selma joined the "antis," then there were thirty-two.
 Thirty-two seniors, happy as in heaven,
 Five of them got frat pins, then there were twenty-seven.
 Twenty-seven seniors, looking for some fun,
 Six were put on Senior Ex, then there were twenty-one.
 Twenty-one seniors, — counting Eva Bean—
 Four had the measles, then there were seventeen.
 Seventeen seniors, pretty as ever seen,
 Lucy was assistant dean, then there were sixteen.
 Sixteen seniors—not mentioning the men—
 Six live in town, so there were ten.
 Ten happy seniors, standing in a line,
 Jeanne joined the First Aid class, then there were nine.
 Nine busy seniors, waiting for their fate,
 One was late to Physics, then there were eight.
 Eight happy seniors, glad to be alive,
 Three helped Miss Keese along, then there were five.
 Five merry seniors, whom we all adore,
 One went to Flanders, and then there were four.
 Four carefree seniors, going on a spree,
 Snookie went to prayer-meeting, then there were three.
 Three lonesome seniors, work almost through,
 Russell Lord came back to town, then there were two.
 Two weary seniors, resting in the sun,
 Phoebe got too many herbs, and there was one.
 One little senior, one and only one,
 Brownie tried to stop the war, and then there were none.
-
- "O, wad some power the giftie gie us
 to see oursel's as ithers see us."*
 A. F. T.—"There's little of the melancholy element in her."
- S. M. S.—"A noticeable man with large gray eyes."
 M. C. C.—"She's a most exquisite lady."
 G. C. F.—"There was a little girl, who had a little curl—"
 I. M. R.—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."
 L. A. K.—"It is never too late to give up our prejudices."
 M. B. G.—"The dexterous writer of letters."
 R. M.—"In faith lady, you have a merry heart."
 E. E. D.—"Blessed is he who has the gift of making friends."
 E. J. M.—"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."
 L. N. T.—"Women are nearest, but men, men are the things themselves."
 W. K. A.—"He loves me well, and I have given him reason."
 M. L. A.—"A little body full of good wishes and deeds."
 H. L. R.—"If music be the food of love, play on."
 H. M. G.—"Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun."
 G. V. D.—"Silence is golden."
 E. M. L.—"Exhausting tho't and knowledge."
 E. M. B.—"Who scattered around wit and humor at will."
 M. H. B.—"Diligent early and late."
 M. H. W.—"It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear, that's a'makin' the sunshine everywhere."
 P. J. R. V.—"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."
 L. B. T.—"A friend in need is a friend indeed."
 F. M. S.—"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun."
 F. A. N.—"Efficient."
 S. K.—"Make hay while the sun shines."
 M. S. G.—"Praise loudly, blame softly."
 I. A. T.—"Haste makes waste."
 H. A. D.—"The glory of a firm, capacious mind."
 M. R. D.—"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

- M. D.—“With gentle yet prevailing force.”
 M. A. C.—“A wee, winsome lassie.”
 H. D. C.—“He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much.”
 H. I. C.—“Let me but do my work from day to day.”

In the Future.

As She Wills It

- Aldrich—A medical missionary.
 Atwood—Happy.
 Clarkin—'Most as tall as Tom.
 Duff—A farmer.
 Donnelly—Polly of the circus.
 Gibbs—School teacher.
 Greeley—An author.
 Fletcher—Social leader.
 Knight—Frivolous.
 Moulton—Fashionable.
 Murdock—A chemistry teacher.
 Ross—Librarian.
 Lane—A professor.
 Smith—Married.
 Robinson—Free from matronly duties.
 Tuttle—Manager of a chicken farm.
 Treworgy—A musician.
 Allen—Preceptress in a girl's school.
 Bean—School marm.
 Brown—Old maid.
 Cross—Lazy.
 Mad. Daggett—Tall lady in the circus.
 Durgin—Mathematician.
 Farnum—Resident of Massachusetts.
 Greene—Opera singer.
 Norton—A friend to all.
 Strout—Stout.
 Taylor—Father's pride.
 Vincent—Thin.

- Cole—Social service worker.
 White—Interior decorator.
 Canham—Phi Beta Kappa.
 Mar. Daggett—She wouldn't tell us.
 As Fate Sees It
 Aldrich—Busy as ever.
 Atwood—Happy.
 Clarkin—Cute.
 Duff—A prisoner's wife.
 Donnelly—An actress, “Peg o' my Heart.”
 Gibbs—Keeper of “Eddie's Rug.”
 Greeley—That's up to McKillop.
 Fletcher—Hotel-keeper.
 Knight—Dignified and wise.
 Moulton—A sweet old lady.
 Murdock—Popular.
 Ross—The pride of Corinna.
 Lane—Something remarkable.
 Smith—Miss Smith.
 Robinson—Encumbered with housewifely duties.
 Tuttle—Manager of a minister.
 Treworgy—A movie actress with Charlie Chaplin.
 Allen—Caberet dancer.
 Bean—Hash slinger in a 10c beanery.
 Brown—Married.
 Cross—Domestic Science instructor.
 Mad. Daggett—Sweet girl graduate.
 Durgin—Her husband's wife.
 Farnum—Teacher.
 Greene—Good sport.
 Koehler—Suffragette leader.
 Norton—Always Flora.
 Strout—Exhibition dancer.
 Taylor—Mother's joy.
 Vincent—On to Plattsburg.
 Cole—Alto of the celestial choir.
 White—Let “Smithy” and Paul fight it out.
 Canham—Great Scott!
 Mar. Daggett—Tennis champion.

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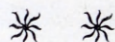
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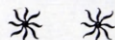
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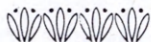
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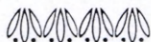
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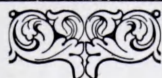
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