

4-1919

## The Colbiana vol. 7 no. 3 (April, 1919)

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*The Lion*

# The Colbiana



**Commencement Number**  
**1919**



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1870

Received of the Treasurer of the  
Board of Education the sum of  
\$100.00 for the year 1870

Witness my hand and seal this  
1st day of January 1870

John W. ...

Secretary

Board of Education

City of New York

1870

# THE COLBIANA

Volume 7

APRIL, 1919

Number 3

## Love and the White Rose

Love walked alone thru gardens where  
June roses grew, the red, the gold, the  
white.

A snowy bud with petals folded tight  
To youthful Love seemed more than  
all most rare.

He plucked the rose, sweet fragrance  
filled the air,

"I would that you were bloomed before  
the night,

Your perfect beauty still is hid from  
sight."

Love sighed, then breathed upon the  
flower fair.

Unhappy bud, 'neath kiss of Love's  
warm breath,

Thou yieldest all too swift to his de-  
sires,

The petals round thy heart of gold  
unclose.

Fair Venus' son swears fealty unto  
death.

O fickle Love, how soon he 'gins to tire!  
Thou'rt cast aside—, Love plucks  
another rose.

## Fairy Lore

In the darkening room, Jimmie  
Blanchard lay on his cot, struggling in  
the throes of typhoid fever. By his side,  
his mother and father were sadly watch-  
ing, for the doctor had said that the little  
soul would soon pass to the angels above.

When the bluebell, in the garden be-  
low the sick room, struck the midnight  
hour, Luna, peering from behind the tall  
pines across the road, sifted down pale-  
gold moonbeams to wake the fairies.  
From the dew-laden honeysuckle, from  
the velvet folds of the pansy, from the  
scarlet-tinged heart of the phlox and  
the teetering cup of the poppy, came  
troop after troop of fairies. All hur-  
ried to the sheltered iris-bed, where,

seated on an emerald throne, the tiniest  
of tiny fairies, Regina, was awaiting  
her court. Regina wore a robe of the  
finest cobweb lace ever made in spider-  
dom; her hair, black as the night, was  
bound with a fillet of dew drops set in a  
blade of grass; her tiny hands held her  
royal scepter, a stamen from the lily.

Quickly and noiselessly, the fairies  
grouped themselves around their lovely  
Queen. The crickets, in the meadow,  
chirped soft music for the revels, and  
from a pond nearby, a frog gave a bass  
solo in subdued tone.

When all were seated, Regina rose,  
and, in her sweet voice, addressed her  
courtiers.

"Fairies, tonight we must not delay  
for ceremonies, for there is work to be  
done. In the sick-room yonder,"—with  
a wave of her scepter, she indicated Jim-  
mie's room,—“lies our dear Jimmie. Un-  
less we render fairy aid immediately,  
Jimmie will pass to the land of the Im-  
mortals. He is too young! He must live  
with us for several summers yet. Has  
someone a suggestion?"

There was a moment of deep think-  
ing, during which the waving grass  
seemed to listen anxiously, the passing  
breeze became noiseless, and the sound  
of the crickets died away. Then one of  
the honeysuckle fairies rose, bowed low,  
and said,—

"Most gracious Regina, Queen of the  
hillside Fairies, if we may be allowed to  
work our charms over the sick boy, I am  
sure he will recover."

"Go. It is my will that he be given  
fairy aid, this night," replied Regina.

Thrice Regina struck a nearby lily  
blade. The fairies rose, bowed, and,  
with a whirr of shimmering wings, flut-  
tered away to make ready their charms.

In a few minutes, unknown to the  
watching parents, Regina hovered over

the sick child's brow. The honeysuckle fairies bathed the hot, flushed face in fairy lotion; the pansy elf softly fanned; the phlox gave gracious coolness; and the poppy bestowed quiet sleep. Soon the fairies forgot their anxiety. Even the parents noticed a change. Jimmie's face became cool, his hands relaxed, and refreshing sleep gave rest to fever-wracked body.

At dawn, Jimmie awoke, with a new grip on life. While the Gracious Father was receiving the broken thanks of the joyful parents, His tired messengers were tucking themselves away in their own little flower homes.

### Hot Rolls

One almost imagined that the passerby could feel waves of joy accompany the sound of laughter and music that came through the windows of the large colonial house of the Stanfords. Nan Stanford was home from her commencement, yes, she had a "sheepskin," and wore a Phi Beta Kappa key. And what a different home coming than last commencement! Tom had returned from war a month before, the shadow, which had hidden in his room and other curious places, had fled at his entrance. His letters were snugly packed with his citation and warrant and the box tucked in the dark recesses of the library closet. It was hard to tell exactly what Mrs. Stanford mused upon, as she returned from the task to gaze into the cheery open fire.

Dan Curtis, an old friend of the family who returned on the "Charleston" with Stanford, dropped in at eight that night to see Tom and, incidentally, Nan. It was now four years since he had seen her. He had entered Technology the year that she entered college and, as his father and mother had traveled abroad that year, had spent his vacations, as Dan expressed it, with anyone who would have him. One of these friends had suggested that the follow-

ing summer they should work their way on a transatlantic steamer and surprise Dan's people with a visit.

It was soon after they arrived that the affair with the archduke became known; and, in the excitement, thinking that it would not be more than a skirmish, they enlisted with the French. The parents of Dan's companion recently received a Croix de Guerre but Nathan Thompson did not return. In a critical moment, when all depended upon the agility of one man, Dan and Nathan had stood side by side, Dan had shrugged his shoulders at the call and Nathan went. But from this time on Dan Curtis changed. He bore silently the loss of his comrade and worked—something that he had never done before.

With appearance and a genial nature in his favor, he was soon commissioned and, although another chance never came when he had to decide whether it was for himself, or others he was respected and admired by his men for his conscientious work and devotion to duty. But the people back home looked at Dan in the same way as they had before, as carefree and ambitious.

"Well you haven't changed much, Nan," "Nor you either, Dan."

Somehow the conversation dragged to-night; in their hearts they both knew that they had grown older. He answered her questions about the war but made no further explanation. At the sight of her old comrade, one that quickly chased another; she recalled the game "Columbus" played on the ice pond, "Columbus" or the leader being the one who explored the most treacherous places, the May baskets and the frantic chase—his first call and their political discussion.

"I suppose you have visited the Thompsons. They hardly seem like the same family without Nate. How did it all happen?"

Dan told the story in an off-hand manner, praising Thompson and omitting his own name, ending up with, "I'm mighty sorry, but if he hadn't 'gone west,' it would have been a case of com-

ing back with a hideous scar on one side of his face."

Dan Curtis flushed as he thought of his parting with Nat, the ball that had left its hideous path and entered the brain. He had told no one where it had lodged. It was just as well. He was becoming unnerved by this conversation, but did Nan suspect it as she gave this thrust?

"A scar! wouldn't anyone worship a scar that had been got in sacrifice for the people back home? You're just like you used to be in our childish game of 'Columbus.' It was always some one else that tested the strength of the ice, and if all was safe, you sped on and stole the glory from the unsuspecting leader. But at the crack in the ice, you were afraid of getting wet."

Dan knew all this had been true enough once, but how hard he had tried to change it; it hurt more than he would wish to have Nan know. He looked at her; it was surely the same Nan, it recalled to him another happier time when her face was flushed and her dark eyes shone as they did now. This had been at his Senior Academy dance. He had been showing her a new step that she could not dance, and thinking to tease her, had laughingly remarked, "How much better that the vintage of old Spain which courses in your veins and shines in your eyes would circulate to your feet." At a worse misstep, she had retorted that she hoped he would marry a Spanish dancer who could trip the light fantastic toe to his heart's desire—turu the breakfast hour, while he ate stone-cold rolls. Everyone had heard of Dan's first camping trip and the affair of the cold rolls.

As time went on, the change in Dan came slowly to people's notice.

The next summer Nan and a group of college friends devised a unique way of camping. An old butcher's cart, which had long been discarded "as too rickety" for use, was papered in the inside with vivid red, provisions and bedding were packed in, and with a span of red horses

which was the pride of the equipment, they started off.

They passed through stretches of cool green woods, drank from the brooks at the side of the road that trickled their way over moss grown stones. Their life was as carefree as the bright butterflies that lit upon the wild flowers blooming in stretches of green, or as the clouds that floated in the clear sky above. At night the horses were unhitched, the bedding was placed on the ground, and they fell asleep with their faces toward the kindly stars. But rainy days come in the best of summer weather, and they were obliged to tent in the "ark," as they called it. On these nights, sleep was impossible and it was then that Nan thought of Dan Curtis.

She even confessed to herself that she missed his comradeship a very great deal.

And with one rainy day came cries of hunger mixed with the laughter. Only one can of sardines was left. Marion Sibley, who always lacked money but never ideas, suggested that they should ride into the next town, which was ten miles away, and by some means give an entertainment, thus raising the money for the purchase of provisions.

In Sherman, a small town, the curious looking butcher's cart stopped at the side of one of the narrow streets. They played all their victrola selections, Marion read the most thrilling piece of her repertoire, she even moved some to tears, but Nan—Nan shook desperately in the tin drinking cup the few nickles that had been contributed. Something must be done. She took her red necktie, bound it around her head, fastened on a dark apron underneath her blouse and with a small basin, jumped from the ark. The children screamed with joy, as she began to dance and beat the "make believe" tambourine. Pennies and quarters fell into the dipper and Nan, enthused by the appreciative audience, leaped into the middle of the road just as an automobile turned the corner. She saw it close upon her. Laughter died from her face and she was stricken with terror at



her peril. Then as if by magic she was snatched by a strong hand back into the silent crowd. But Marion was bending over a limp and lifeless object in the road—it was Dan Curtis. In his attempt to save Nan, he had been caught by the wheel. Oh, what if he was dead! and it was a pale dancer that watched the doctor who washed the blood from a scarred face and the last trace of cowardice from Dan Curtis.

They are married and I have heard that they have hot rolls for breakfast.

### The Lure of the Sea

Widely famed in song and story are two loves, the love of the hillman for his hills, and the love of him born and bred beside the ocean for the open sea.

This last love I know. It is mine by right of inheritance. My father, my grandfather, and his father before him followed the sea. Within sight of it I was born and for eighteen years I have never been long away from the sound of its voice. I know the sea in summer, green, cool, foam-flecked, lapping softly on the hot sand; I know it in the high, mad, tugging tides of spring and fall; and in winter when it is a fearsome sight, pounding, heaving, lashing at the ice-bound shore line, I know my sea. I fear it, as do all coast folks and I love it. I speak of fear because many a tired man and true from my island town has gone down to the sea in a ship that has never returned. And the green water rolls on and tells no tales. Yet we know that sailor men would rather meet death on the open sea with the planks of their good ship beneath their feet to the last, than to live anywhere else on earth.

Lake and river have no charm for those who know the lure and call of the sea. The sense of great distance, of mystery, of power and strength is lost. What a joy to stand far out on a rugged cliff with the plunging, boiling surf leaping up toward your feet and the salt sea breeze blowing from a far off land perhaps, whipping your body and face!

What a mad delight to scud in a low light boat through miles and miles of the briny foam of it!

To you or to me, if born and bred on the sea, I say, will come always, following to the ends of the earth, its lure and call. And some day we must return to watch again by sunlight and moonlight, in rain and in shine, in summer and in winter, that mysterious love of ours, never twice the same in its aspect, the open sea.

### The Last Day of April on the Messalonskee

The last drops of the April shower came spattering down, making ever widening ripples circle across the usually placid surface of the Messalonskee. Low in the west, a stray sunbeam came flickering through the thinning clouds. Then, through a sudden rift, the sun shone brightly. The dripping trees and bushes along the banks were decked with liquid diamonds that scintillated in its rays.

A solitary traveller who had taken hasty shelter beneath a great pine tree climbed up the steep slippery embankment to the road. At the bridge, he paused, and, turning abruptly, gazed far up the river, deeply stirred by the beauty of the scene before him. The quiet stream moved slowly, steadily, on to the sea. Here and there, its smooth current was disturbed by a swirling eddy, tossed up from hidden rocks beneath. How still it was! Only a bird-note, now and then, disturbed the hush that enveloped everything. From beyond a graceful curve of the lazy, meandering river, came the clear, liquid song of the hermit thrush, early returned from the south.

A swift desire seized the stranger to go up the stream to find what lay beyond the curve. Glancing over the railing, he saw a canoe moved to a tiny landing just below. The traveller looked about him. No one was in sight. The temptation was too great; he could not resist it. A few moments later he was paddling upstream. The stillness was broken

now only by the soft swish of the paddle, as it cut through the water. The rays of the late afternoon sunlight filtered through the trees, and fell on the placid stream. Great willows grew close to the water's edge, their myriad branches, gaily festooned with the tender green of opening buds, mirrored in the depths of the quiet river. Tall elms with branches feathery with yellow-brown blossoms towered above the rest, while the rosy tassels of the red maple added a dash of vivid color to the scene. A swarm of airy, pale green butterflies seemed to have alighted on the low bushes that crowded the river's edge, so delicately poised was each unfolding bud.

The traveller paddled on. He was nearing the bend in the stream. The air was pervaded with the warm, sweet odors of April, the fragrance of moist, black forest soil, a scent of "violets after rain."

The sun sank lower and lower. The robins, one after another, took up their evening song. The thrush's note came sweeter, clearer than before. With the approaching twilight, a chorus of bird-voices mingled in one exquisite melody of sound.

The traveller sighed:

"It is too beautiful!" he murmured half aloud, "And yet—one thing more is needed to make it perfect."

He had reached the bend. As the canoe shot around the curve, a subtle fragrance of arbutus blossoms came to him. He looked up, and high on the bank, as if in answer to his half-voiced wish, he saw her standing, the Spring Maid, her outstretched hands brimming with the trailing vines and rosy-flushed blossoms of the arbutus. At her feet, the gentle sloping river bank was starred with early purple violets, and covered over with that "reviving herb whose tender green, hedges the river lip." Behind her, gray birches clustered, their slender branches wrapped in a misty veil of palest green. But the traveller's youthful eyes saw only the lovely spirit of the Spring coming slowly down the slope,

with the last rays of the setting sun shining on her flowing hair. Eagerly the youth gained the shore. Stepping out of the canoe, he extended his hand to her.

The sun dropped suddenly behind the distant hills. The traveller straightened up, rubbed his eyes, and looked about him. The dream had vanished. He was standing on the bridge again. Below him, the canoe swung idly at its moorings. A chill breeze had sprung up. It swept through the tree tops, and the tall pines sighed mournfully. The cheery bird notes were hushed, except for an occasional sleepy chirp. Far in the woods a lone owl hooted. A single star gleamed in the western sky. The traveller drew his coat closer about him; walked swiftly along the road; and disappeared in the deepening shadows.

### The Light That Did Not Fail

A Duologue.

The persons of the play:

Don Marlowe

Lou (His Wife)

Time—The Present.

Scene—Don's private room in a hospital.

Scene: A large sunny room on the east side of the hospital. Large windows across one end. The furniture, consisting of an enamel bed, two straight-back chairs and a square stand, all in white. It is tastefully arranged and large bright colored rugs cover the hard wood floor.

In the bed a man is lying with a wide gauze bandage across his eyes. The room is flooded with morning sunshine.

This is the scene where the curtain rises. A young, dark-complexioned woman, dressed in a smart suit and furs, enters, carrying a large bouquet of red roses. She silently arranges them in the vase on the stand, then crosses the room to the man's bedside and stoops to kiss his cheek.

Don. (Holding out his hand uncertainly) Lou, it is so dark. I'm glad you've come.

Lou. (Kneeling beside the bed with

her arms about him) O, Don, the sun is glorious this morning. Can't you just feel its warmth?

Don. I feel the warmth of something nearer than the sun. It's you, dear.

Lou (caressingly.) O, Don, you never can know the-the awful darkness and cold I suffered while you were out there, in the thick of it all, for us you loved.

Don. (bitterly) I think I know how lonely the darkness can be, Lou. Worst of all when it comes with one stride after the dawn of joy, so bright and glorious it dazzles. O God, let me not be bitter.

Lou. But, Don, I have you now and you have me. There is no blindness in our love. Your return has brought back my light. Just let me be your light, dear.

Don. Lou, it can't be that way. You married me before I went away—for that I love you, dear brave heart—but Lou I can't hold you to that now. It isn't fair to you. You must live in the world of light and I always in this awful darkness where memory only comes to comfort.

Lou. (embracing him fondly). Don, don't, don't!

Don. But, Lou, we must face the truth.

Lou. Yes,—I know, but—

Don. Lou, you know the doctor said yesterday that I'll always be—Oh, I can't say it, but, Lou, it's true. I never can see your dear face again—never, Oh, never.

Lou. But, Don—

Don. For the love I bear you, dear, I must give you up. For one short hour more we can be together, then they are going to send me to another hospital—a permanent home for men who lost their eyesight in the service. It's nearly a thousand miles from here, in a little town in Wyoming. Be brave in this, Lou. It must be our final parting until in another world where lights do not fail,—O God!

Lou. Don, I'll try, but I love you—I love you.

*The curtain falls.*

Scene II. Time, a year later.

The scene: Don's room in the hospital home. The room is cosily furnished. Don is playing "Till We Meet Again" on his violin. The curtain rises. The nurse enters and stops to listen to the music.

The Nurse. Good morning, Mr. Marlowe. This is a glorious day.

Don. I'm glad it still has its charm for some. There'll never be any more mornings for me. It's all a hideous night. Please stay a little for your voice is very much like hers,—my own dear Lou.

Nurse. (starting up forgetfully.) What, Don? (She comes up to him.)

Don. (embracing Lou). Oh, Lou, I've played it was you. I've dreamed it was you. Then, you wouldn't leave me alone in my darkness—my dear little war bride. Thank God for you—the light that did not fail. (They kiss.)

*Curtain.*

### Grandmother's Gown

It was a rainy Saturday afternoon in April. Betty and Harriet were studying geometry, side by side on the couch, in the living room of Betty's home—at least, they were studying geometry, until Betty shut her book with a slam and sprang up from the couch.

"Harriet Talmadge, I'm not going to study any longer on this lesson. We've learned that proposition about the three internal angles of a triangle being equal to right angles, and I'm not going to study any more!"

Harriet, the slower and more deliberate of the two, glanced up from the paper on which she was drawing various geometric figures, and spoke rather doubtfully:

"What do you want to do? We can't go canoeing."

Putting her book down, she arose and went over to the window. "Just see how it pours!"

But impulsive Betty was never at a

loss for a plan of campaign—even for a rainy day.

"Let's go up in grandmother's room and ask her if she won't show us the things she has in her old trunk—you know, the one that she told us was full of things that she had when she was a girl."

"Oh, yes, I should like to so much," agreed Harriet.

And so up the stairs the two girls went—up to Grandmother Merton's room. Betty, always the leader, explained the reason for their sudden call, at which Mrs. Merton smiled. She was a beautiful old lady with a frame of soft, white curls about a face which, although it had lost its girlish roundness, could never quite grow old.

"My dears," she said, "I am afraid that I have not much to interest you, in comparison with the canoeing trip that you had planned for this afternoon; but as it is such a rainy day, perhaps you might like to hear the story of one thing which that old trunk contains. Sit down and make yourselves at home."

Going to a trunk covered with gay chintzes, she opened the cover and shook out before the delighted eyes of the two girls an old fashioned gown of rose colored silk. It was made in the quaint and olden fashion of the days of '61, trimmed with lace yellowed by age.

"This gown, my dears, has quite a story to tell if it but had the power of expression. I am proud to own it, not only as a souvenir of my girlhood days, but also of the memories which it recalls to me of what happened years ago on this very day. It is April 14, today; but do you know what happened on April 14, 1865?"

As the girls shook their heads, the old lady sat down before them and spread out the gown on her knees, touching the silken folds lovingly with her fingers.

"Let me tell you, then, what I did on that evening. As you know, the war was over and people were rejoicing that peace between the North and South had come again. We were living in Wash-

ington then. My father was on General Grant's staff and he was coming home on a furlough in the afternoon. I was just sixteen then, as you girls are now, and my mother, some few days before, on my birthday, had given me this dress, the first silk I had ever had.

"I was happy that day. Indeed, I think there were but few people in Washington who were not happy on that fourteenth of April, '65. But I—I had other reasons than the peace, and my new gown—a young staff officer of the 126th Pennsylvania Infantry had invited me to go with him to Ford's Theatre in the evening. Edwin Booth was playing there, and there was to be an extra program, for President Lincoln himself was to be in the audience.

"You can imagine how happy I was all that day; how pleased I was with my rose silk gown; how proud I was to go to Ford's Theatre in the company of a gay young army officer!"

Grandmother stopped, her cheeks flushed with excitement, for the story she was telling to these girls brought the past before her eyes as if it were but yesterday.

"We had nice seats in the first balcony, almost directly opposite the President's box. The theatre was crowded that night. There was repeated cheering as the President made his way to his flag-draped box. I can see him now, his tall, awkward figure and the look of peace and rest from four long years of war, on his patient face.

"In about the middle of the play, a man rushed across the stage; there was a shot, and a woman screamed! I heard the man shout, 'Sic semper tyrannis!' and disappear through the stage door.

"For a moment there was deathly stillness. Then the great audience stirred and moved. Every eye was on the President's box, and I saw them carry him out. Even then we could not realize what had happened, until the whisper crept slowly through the house, 'the President is shot, the President is shot!'

"Back through the thronged streets of

Washington my young officer hurried me, bade me a hasty farewell and galloped away to his regiment, for dark and ominous rumors of Confederate attack were floating about the city that night. . . . The next morning we heard that the President was dead. 'With malice toward none and charity for all' he had gone to his eternal rest."

The old lady stopped and wiped her eyes, then turned to the two girls before her. They sat for a moment dazed, as if they too had witnessed the great tragedy enacted so many years ago that very day.

Then Betty, reverently touching the old silk gown, kissed Grandmother Merton, and said quietly,

"Thank you, grandmother, for telling us the story. And will you give me that old gown, some day?"

There were tears in Grandmother's eyes as she answered, "Certainly, my dear."

### A Stormy Night

It was such a cold, dreary, night outside, but within the fire burned cheerfully and all was warm and comfortable. Jean and I had been sitting for some minutes in silence, each busy with her own thoughts, and building aircastles in the leaping flames, while listening to the wind as it rattled the windows, and moaned around the corners. Suddenly there was a long, dismal wail and something white and shadowy glided by the window. With a scream I seized Jean and we clutched each other in terror, not daring to move.

"Heavens, Lucy! what was it?" she gasped.

"I d-don't know, but it's something awful,—look!"

There it was again, that same weird, floating thing. Could that blood-curdling groan be the wind?

"Whow-ow-ow-oo-oo—"

"O dear, What shall we do," and Jean began to sob hysterically, "if Tom doesn't come home pretty soon I shall die."

Tom was her brother who had gone to the corner grocery store on an errand.

Just then there was a noisy stampede at the kitchen door. We stood rooted to the spot in nervous terror, but the next moment we gave a cry of relief as Tom's cheery face stood framed in the doorway.

"Say, Sis," he began, before we could utter a word, "the wind's blowin' a hurricane and you'd better go out to the clothes line and get one of ma's sheets that's comin' off'n the line and is flap-ping against the sitting room window in great style."

### To Algernon

When twilight falls I see them strolling there;

Along the paths of fragrance and delight,

When roses bloom and phlox make sweet the night,

They linger—Algernon and lady fair.

And ne'er did lips of coral, golden hair—  
The charms of woman—bind with greater might

The heart of man from further flight  
Than binds the tie betwixt this loving pair.

When storms arise and passions smite her heart,

With quick forgiveness, kiss, and warm embrace

She blots out fear and anger from her breast;

My hero, equal partner in the race  
Of love, scorns not the fruit of love's sweet mart,

For Algernon, the poodle I detest.

### The Apple Tree Bough

Tomorrow John was to appear before the local draft board. Mrs. Lowell gave a stir with the big spoon and left the blackberries and sweet apple to simmer on the stove. Wiping her forehead with a corner of her apron, she sat down, with a heavy sigh, in the old-fashioned black rocker by the kitchen window. Could

she, without a protest, allow this boy of nineteen to answer his country's call? Her husband had died very suddenly in the previous winter and left the management of the heavily mortgaged farm to his wife and the two older boys. The eldest had soon afterwards been drafted, and now John was eager to go. Boylike, he did not seem to realize the heavy burden that his mother felt.

She might, if necessary, keep Helen at home to help with the farm work, but the girl had secured a position to teach the district school on the side of the mountain. It was her first opportunity to gain the money necessary to purchase those adornments which her growing beauty craved. Mrs. Lowell's sympathy forbade her to claim any of her daughter's slender earnings.

If possible, the two younger boys, must, moreover, be kept in school. They could each milk at least one cow in the morning and do the rest of the chores. She could finish the milking after breakfast. At any rate, the cows must not be sold, for on them depended a large part of her income. She could soon learn to drive the truck and so carry the milk to town. Doubtless she could arrange with one of the neighbors, who also sold milk, to take turns going to market. How to get the next spring planting done, she did not know, but she would not worry about spring; there was enough to be done now.

If only Alice would help! But Alice, her husband's sister, who had been born on the old homestead and was living there when Mrs. Lowell as a bride came to her husband's home, had never, in all the years of Mrs. Lowell's wedded life, done any housework. In the early summer, she, with the children, would pick many quarts of field strawberries. She knew every flower that bloomed for miles around. Her intimate knowledge of birds gave pleasure to nature lovers, but to the broom and dishpan she was a total stranger. Although now nearly sixty years old, she seldom allowed a day to pass without walking the mile and a half

to the village library to get a book. Although her eccentricities did not make her disagreeable, she was, nevertheless, one of Mrs. Lowell's problems.

As the mother's thoughts ran on, she had almost unconsciously been planning how she could get along without John. The neighbors advised her to put in a plea for his exemption, and a member of the board had assured her that without doubt such a request would be granted. She was now on "the wrong side" of fifty and, although she was accustomed to hard work, the task seemed a large one. She had, however, said nothing of this to John. He was a strong youth without fear of being exempted for physical disability. His brother's letters from Camp Devens had filled him with enthusiasm for army life, and he had longed for the time when he would be old enough to go.

She heard his merry whistle now as he drove into the yard and, throwing the reins over the mare's back, jumped down from the grocery wagon. How happy he was at the prospect! Well, she would not ask for his exemption; she did not want the time to come when as a man he would say, "Yes, Will fought in the Great War against the Huns, but I had to stay at home with mother." No, both boys should go to win glory in the cause of right against might.

Before the boys came for supper, she would go out to the orchard for a few more apples to put with the blackberries left in the pan. She noted, as she passed between the piles of vegetables recently brought from the garden, that a new board was needed in the shed floor. Outside, the wood-colored house seemed to her critical eye a bit dingier than usual, although its clapboards had been so long free from paint that she despaired of ever supplying that need. As she moved toward the sweet apple tree, she noticed an attractive appearing apple lying beneath the bough of a tree that her husband had grafted a few years before. This first fruit of the

graft resembled a snow apple but proved to be of an unusually delicious flavor. Mrs. Lowell ate it all before she realized that there had been no seeds in the apple. "How strange!" she thought. "Did I eat core and all?" She picked an apple from the tree and, after breaking it open, could find no trace of seeds or core. It was a "freak" tree.

With her apron full of sweet apples, Mrs. Lowell returned to the house to finish making the preserves. Her sister-in-law entered with a handful of late flowers. Knowing Alice's interest in nature, Mrs. Lowell told her of the tree that bore seedless fruit. Alice was much interested, and, as soon as she had eaten one of the apples sat down to write to the Bureau of Agriculture in Washington. She had recently read of some experiments that the Bureau had been making in order to secure seedless apples.

A few weeks later Mrs. Lowell wrote a happy letter to John, telling him of her discovery and the offer of the Government to purchase grafts from the apple tree at a sum large enough, not only to remove her financial worries in the absence of her boys, but to enable her to make some improvements besides.

### The Adventurous Twins

Helen and Harry Harrison were twins and were alike in word and deed. There was only one thing to be regretted. Helen was a girl. These children were very mischievous. A brook ran through the meadow behind their house and they liked to paddle about in it, contrary to their mother's wishes.

One day, while they were playing robber, Harry exclaimed, "Oh, if you weren't a girl!" "I know Harry," Helen meekly replied, "I can't help it though. If my hair wasn't long—say, why can't I cut my hair and put on one of your suits? I can, I will. So there!"

"Say, that's great!" cried Harry. "Then you'll be my brother."

No sooner said than done. They got

the shears, put a bowl on Helen's head, and Harry cut off her long curls, one by one. When all was done, Helen gazed ruefully at the havoc made but she bravely smiled and said proudly, "Now I'm a boy, but I'll have to have some boys' clothes."

When she was dressed in Harry's best suit, it would have taken a fortune-teller to distinguish one child from the other. Joyfully they started for the brook.

"Gee, Helen, you gotta have a boy's name."

"Call me Herbert, 'cause I want it to begin same as yours," replied the lately created boy.

They played by the brook for some time when suddenly Harry exclaimed, "Helen, I mean Herbert, did you ever hear father speak of the cave by the stream where slaves were kept until they could be sent North? What do you say if we try to find it? We could be robbers and have that for our den. We could bring our boat there and all the fair maidens we captured."

"Gee! that's great" agreed Helen, "Come on." They had hunted along the brook for some time when Harry suddenly gave a whoop of joy, "Hel—Herbert, come here. Help me move this."

Helen rushed to the spot, and there beheld a large rock at the mouth of a tunnel overgrown with creepers. After many attempts they succeeded in pulling it away enough to squeeze by. How dark it was in there! They were just a little afraid, but they decided to go along although they feared that a bear or a dragon, perhaps, might spring at them from out the inky blackness. They crept along silently with bated breath. Unexpectedly they bumped against something. Upon examination it proved to be a door, which they were about to open when they heard voices.

"I tell you we gotta be careful or the sheriffs will see the smoke," complained a gruff voice.

"Aw, we can't get caught in here," objected another.

"You know it's a term in the penitentiary for this."

"Well, I'm riskin' it, why can't you?"  
 "Say, it's after five, we gotta be hoofin' it," interrupted a third voice.

Indistinct words followed and a shuffling of feet, then come mumbling of voices retreating in the distance.

Helen was by this time thoroughly frightened. Visions of cut-throats with daggers and horse-pistols came to her mind. "Let's go back," she begged.

"Aw, you're a boy, now. Buck up, old kid," returned Harry.

"I know, but—"

However, Harry had tugged open the door. There was nobody about, so he tiptoed in, cautiously, and Helen followed him. They found themselves in a sort of dug-out. A stool and some boxes were about; in the center of it was a small round stove in which the fire had been extinguished. A barrel of molasses was nearby and a keg of queer smelling liquid stood against the wall, while many jugs stood about it. They started for a door which was opposite the one they had just entered, when they heard steps outside. They scampered to their door, entered the tunnel, and scurried along for the big rock. When they reached it, they squeezed by and raced for the house, reaching there breathless.

Their mother was speechless when she beheld Helen. She spanked them both and sent them to bed. They told her about the cave between their sobs, and, after their prayers were said, she left them.

That night, Mr. Harrison went out with a crowd of men and returned only when the sun was peeping over the hill-tops. He then explained that the children had stumbled upon a gang of moonshiners for whom the officers had hunted in vain.

That afternoon the children were each presented with twenty-five dollars which was the reward offered for the capture of the gang.

## To a Child

Your dancing, golden curls of sunny hue,  
 Blue eyes that twinkle with a roguish light,  
 Pink-tinted cheeks aglow—a lovely sight,  
 Lips red as cherries ripe—and tempting too;  
 A sweeter maid, in truth, I never knew.  
 Display of studied charm brings no delight  
 Compared with you, a child too tiny, quite,  
 To hold my heart a captive—yet you do!  
 Your simple, trusting love's a joy to see,  
 When acts of selfish love have caused dismay.  
 Your simple faith engenders faith in me;  
 Your smile brings sunshine, howe'er dull the day,  
 My greatest joy is sharing in your glee;  
 Your humble slave,—I love, adore, obey.

## The Easter Prayer

It was almost seven o'clock when Amelita Castelluci awoke. A few rays of spring sunlight had penetrated even the dinginess of her dark, damp room on the sixth floor of a miserable squalid tenement situated in one of the most revolting sections of the East Side. For a moment she stared uncertainly about her and tried to think. In some way this day was different from others—but how? The sound of bells, tolling from the little chapel around the corner, aroused her and reminded her that this was Sunday; yes, and Easter Sunday, too. How different it was from last Easter. Then Giuseppe, her dashing, dark-eyed husband, had been at home. She had donned the bright new waist and crimson sash which he had given her, and together, they had gone for a long walk in the country, where flowers



were blooming and the very air filled one with happiness. Amelita's sensitive Italian nature was overflowing with joy as they talked of their dreams and ambitions; how they would stay for awhile in America, great, hustling America, until they had saved 2,000 liras; after that they would return to their own Italia—the land of song and romance, to live in happiness for the rest of their lives.

Then the war had come; at first it seemed but a far-away menace—the distant rumble of thunder clouds. But one day Guiseppe had come home with the news that Italy had rallied to the colors—that every loyal son was arising to defend her honor. True, Guiseppe was in America; true, if he went, he must leave his Amelita, but even so, Italy, his cherished mother-country, was calling him, challenging his patriotism and his manhood. He must answer the challenge bravely. He must fight loyally for her as years before his ancestors had fought loyally under the immortal Garibaldi.

Amelita had watched him depart with the smiling face and cheerful words which have hidden the heart-ache of so many noble women who have valiantly made the supreme sacrifice in giving up their best loved for their country. What if Amelita's great brown eyes were flooded with tears and her lips trembled ominously as the great liner sailed farther and farther out into the deep, each moment widening the distance between her and her husband? What if she did go home to the now lonely little tenement, fling herself on her bed, and give free rein to her grief? No one knew her sorrow and there was no one to comfort. After all, it was only the fortunes of war and she a poor Italian woman alone in New York. The great bustling city can not slacken its pace to notice the sorrow of one poor emigrant.

Soon afterward, Amelita found employment in a shirt-waist factory, where she toiled from early morning till late at night—stitching, stitching, stitching, and for frightfully meagre wages. She

had given up their bright, cozy little flat and taken rooms in the dingy attic which she now occupied; for money was scarce and it was pathetically hard on her slender income to make both ends meet.

So she had lived there the year. A card had announced Guiseppe's safe arrival in Europe; she had received one letter breathing from start to finish his patriotic fervor and anxiety to get into the thick of the fight. Then, nothing more. Guiseppe might be dead; might be lying in some hospital, suffering mortal agony; still she could not know; could only toil doggedly along on the path of her monotonous existence.

Thus the days dragged, until a year had passed. What wonder that Amelita's dark eyes faded, that her cheeks became hollow, that her step lost its buoyant spring. Yet, after all she was patient. Guiseppe was given his best to Italia; she, in her own way, would do no less.

But this morning, as she gazed upon her cheerless room, as she listened to the music in the neighboring church, and the full significance of the Easter-tide dawned upon her, her heart overflowed with bitterness. War news had been especially unfavorable, recently, and her anxiety for Guiseppe's safety had increased. What right had people to sing joyous music when "over there" men were fighting, suffering, dying on fields of blood? How she hated this great selfish America, which allowed Italy and France and smaller countries to shed their very life-blood, while she stood looking on passively, replete in her wealth and power!

Amelita dressed, ate her meagre breakfast, donned her faded, threadbare coat and went out. She walked fast and furiously; she knew not where she went; she cared not—anywhere to get away from the stench of the East-Side, some place where she could calm her maddening thoughts. Far out in the suburbs of the city, she found a little church, situated by itself in a grove of pine trees. The calm beauty of the place

arrested her attention, and she entered. No one else was in the church. The Easter flowers from the morning service had not been disturbed, and the delicate scent of potted plants and fragrant lilies permeated the whole church. Perhaps something of the beautiful purity of the lily spread over her soul, for almost at once she became calmer. Dropping on her knees, she tried to pray. Slowly came the words, and falteringly:

"Dear Father, forgive my bitter thoughts. Help me to put more trust in Thee and Thy goodness. Bless every son of Italia and may they never waver in their fight for truth and right. Bless my Guiseppe and bring him back to me."

Her voice broke. There was a pause. Then she continued:

"No, Father, not my will, but thine, be done. Use him as Thou wilt; but give me strength to endure, to endure to the end. Amen."

Long she remained on her knees. When she arose, the church was flooded with the soft, exquisite rays of the setting sun. Comforted and encouraged, she was about to leave the church, when a low, broken, sob attracted her attention. She walked in the direction of it, and, in the back of the church she discovered a man sitting with bowed head. A pair of crutches rested against the next pew. Upon hearing her footsteps, he raised his head. Suddenly his whole face was transformed; his eyes filled with eager longing; with one leap, he had folded her in his arms, and was covering her lips with hot, passionate kisses. "Amelita, Amelita, sole mio," he murmured.

Together they left the little church; and as they walked slowly back to New York while the few last rays of the sun shed a halo over all, she learned the whole sad story: How Guiseppe had fought valiantly, like a true Italian, in the front trenches; how the lines had remained firm through charge after charge; then of the last, fatal plunge when a cruel, German bomb had shattered his thigh; of his suffering in a field

hospital, and the blood poisoning which had made necessary the amputation of his leg, of his return to America the last of February; of his disappointment at finding that Amelita had left their former home, leaving no address, no means of tracing her. The wanderings of the past month had been futile attempts to find her; and this morning, this Easter his bitterness had been more than he could bear; his patriotism seemed to have been in vain, and he, too, had sought rest for his soul in the solitude of the country.

There, in the quiet wayside church, he had prayed God to give him back his Amelita. God had heard his prayer. His wandering and loneliness were over. He had served his country well; he had stood the test of war's fiery crucible, and now he was restored to his wife, his beloved Amelita. Truly God was good.

As they wended their way back to the city, the joy of Easter filled their hearts. They had learned a mighty lesson in that year of self-denial and hardship. They had learned that, deep-rooted in the hearts of men, deeper-rooted even than hatred, greed and cruelty, was the love of country, the spirit of sacrifice—the very spirit of the Master; that it was fighting its way to light on those bloody fields of Europe; that America soon would heed its call and the outcome of the awful carnage would be peace and brotherhood for all men. Truly this Easter-tide had been filled with new and unexpected meaning, and it was with hearts overflowing with joy that they returned to their humble little attic, now made beautiful with happiness and love.

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Benjamin Franklin says: "If you would know the value of money, try to borrow some." Accumulate funds with interest for yourself by putting your savings into W. S. S.

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Benjamin Franklin said: "If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting." Buy W. S. S.

### The Way of a Maid

The sweet smelling roses scattered their perfume through the still air of a summer night, while the moon bathed everything in silvery white, except where lurked the dark shadows of the trees and shrubs. Under one wide-spreading maple tree in a large garden chair, she sat, the moon-beams glimmering in her misty hair, and softening her gentle features. On the arm of the seat he sat, intoxicated with the bewitching charm of the figure so close to him. They sat in silence, save for a few low whispers. Nearer he bent over her, and she, realizing the approaching danger, as she felt his warm breath against her face, leaned her head suddenly back so that the unbalanced chair tipped over. So quickly did it happen that he only knew he was sprawling on the ground just at the crucial moment. As he lifted the chair with her still in it, a machine rolled into a yard to tear him away. And as she went to bed that night, she could not decide whether she wished he had or was glad he hadn't.

The next time Ruth, (for that was her name) saw Paul, he was dressed in khaki. Even the glamour of the uniform did not make her more yielding, and she sent him away to the war with a "no" for an answer. She said "no," because she was not sure. How could she, so young and irresponsible, know whether he was the only one or not? Maybe she would meet some one else she would like just as well if not better.

Time flew swiftly, and young Paul was soon billeted in a small town in France. The Headquarters company, to which he belonged, was formerly a store, but now it looked more uninviting with its broken windows and dirty, barren rooms. He was just lamenting the fact that he had nothing soft to sleep on, when a kind fairy, in the shape of the daughter of the baker woman next door, presented him and some of the others with some downy pillows. Needless to say, Paul slept soundly with pleasant dreams that night.

"That's not so bad," said Paul half-aloud, one day, as he was viewing the cartoons that he had drawn and placed in the window. Startled by the sound of girlish laughter behind him, he looked back and beheld a child, no, a young girl, with dancing eyes and a laughing mouth.

"Hello, little girl, what's your name?"

"My name is Nannette, and I'm seventeen years old," she replied with some dignity.

"My mother," she went on to explain, "is the baker woman next door."

"Oh," exclaimed Paul, "Then you are the kind fairy I'm to thank for my refreshing sleep last night. Say, that pillow was great!"

"I am so glad you liked it," Nannette laughed. "You know, I'm going to keep on being your kind fairy, and whenever you boys want anything done, just come next door. I can mend and do all sorts of sewing."

"Sure thing we will. Say, I'll be right over this afternoon," he called after her as she skipped lightly away.

Nannette proved to be a fine fairy indeed. It was "Nannette, do this," and "Nannette do that," and Nannette always did it, whether it was to give a lesson in French, darn stockings, sew on buttons, or provide a thousand little comforts and blessings. How amusing she was with her vivacious chatter! Sometimes she sang and danced for them, in her own simple, girlish manner.

"Oh, Nannette! Here's my coat. You said you would sew that button on, you know," cried a tall soldier, entering the baker shop which was already quite full.

"Aw, I was here first," some one shouted, trying to push the others back.

"Aw, look out, can't you see she's trying to tell me how to do some shopping in French."

"Oo-o-oh! Look, I just cut myself, Nannette," and Paul held up a bleeding finger.

Nannette was all sympathy, as she

made her way to him through the group. Lightly she bandaged his finger with her handkerchief.

"Say," threatened Ralph, Paul's "bunkie," who had been endeavoring to learn some French words for shopping purposes, "Just wait till I get you; you'll be beyond all bandaging."

"Aw, go chase yourself!" laughed Paul, seeking to retard the process of the bandaging.

Saturday night everyone went out to hear the regimental band playing in the square.

"Oh, it's just grand," cried Nannette, clasping her hands in delight.

"In America we have bands like this playing every night," said Paul, who had just approached Nannette and her mother.

"You do!" exclaimed Nannette, "Well when the war is over, I'm going to marry an American soldier and go back to America with him."

"Ah, but you'll have to win your man first," said Paul, not encouragingly.

Nannette wondered for a moment as if this had entered her mind for the first time.

The little French town was in great commotion early one morning. The regiment had just received orders to depart.

"Oh, you are going. Good-bye! Good luck! Vive la France! Vive l' Amerique!" Paul heard Nannette cry, as he rushed from the Headquarters Company building.

"Good-bye, Nannette," waved Paul.

Over in America Ruth was thinking deeply. She had grown older and more serious. Since Paul had gone away, she could think of no one but him. Yes, she fully realized it,—she was in love with Paul. Would she write and tell him? No. She would wait until he came home. What if he never came home at all? What if—? Tears blinded her eyes and choked her.

During the severe strain of life in the trenches, Paul had kept as a talisman, Nannette's handkerchief. In his troubled

dreams two faces haunted him, one whose features were illumined by the moonlight, and the other with eyes now twinkling, now sympathetic, now happy, and now sad.

Suddenly on the eleventh of November, 1918, the guns stopped, as if a Mighty Hand had hushed them. Paul came from the fray none the worse for his experiences. Passing through Clermont, he noticed in a group of girls, just coming from a business college, a young smartly dressed girl, who was coming toward him, as if she recognized him. He gazed at her. Could this be Nannette? She seemed older, but it was indeed she.

"Oh, monsieur, it is you! Isn't it all too wonderful—the war over, and everything? And you aren't hurt a bit? I'm so glad!" greeted Nannette, after which she inquired about the other boys.

Paul's transport was a long time in making its appearance, so he saw a great deal of Nannette. They dined together, went to the theatre, and took walks, of which a favorite one was along a little pathway around the far du Jardin des Plantes.

"This may be our last walk," said Paul, as they stopped over a bridge sheltered by thick trees, and looked down into the silent, reflecting waters, over whose surface swans were gracefully sailing. "My transport may show up any time now and take me back to America. By the way, Nannette, I thought you were going to marry an American when the war was over."

"Oh, I am. Didn't you know it?"

Startled, Paul looked at her. "Know what?"

"Why, that I'm going to marry an American soldier and go to America with him. Why, what's the matter?"

Paul had taken hold of her arm almost roughly. "Do you mean you're engaged?"

Nannette nodded.

Sorrowfully Paul released his hold. "You might have told me before, Nannette. Didn't you know that I—"

"You haven't even asked his name,"

pouted Nannette.

"Is it Ralph?" glared Paul, "The traitor!"

"No, not Ralph. I'll tell you," and she whispered in his ear. Whatever she whispered dispelled the gloom from his face and brought a wave of happiness and light over it.

A crumpled figure lay in the garden chair beneath the maple tree. In her hand she held a letter which she read several times, and then with a determined look, took her pad and pen and began to write:

Dear Paul,

How surprised I was to hear you are going to bring home a French bride! I am awfully excited about it. What is she like? When you come home, you must bring her over. I shall enjoy talking French with her, and maybe I can teach her some American customs. Give my love to her and tell her I'll be her American sister. And Paul, I'm so glad you are happy! Congratulations!

Ruth

Folding it up, she determined once and for all that neither Paul nor any one else should know how her heart was breaking. Sadly she thought of the rhyme,

"A maid who won't when she may  
When she will, shall have nay."

"Creditors have better memories than debtors."—(Benjamin Franklin.) Saving eliminates the creditor. Buy W. S. S.

### The Soul of the Hyacinth

Dawn in springtime! A soft, golden haze spread over the land, which lay hushed and awed at the birth of a new day. The damp earth gave forth odors which told of many living, growing things stirring in their dark beds and seeking the light of the blue sky. In the garden the bud of a hyacinth was waiting to unfold.

Then the sun rose and gently touched the fresh, new leaves of the elm; it

gilded the wings of the bluebirds soaring up, up, toward the sky bluer than itself; it shone on the robin hopping over the green, spring grass; and it softly wavered over the delicate pink blossom of the hyacinth, its waxy petals breathing forth the mystery of birth and life in unutterable sweetness.

All day long the hyacinth grew thus, sweetly caressed by the passing breeze, rejoicing in the sunshine, happy in its own life; for it knew nothing of sadness. But in the room whose window overlooked the flower bed the Lady of the Garden lay ill.

When the last frost had come, turning the leaves yellow and scarlet and brown, she had been stricken down with the flowers she loved. The snows had come, covering the earth with white, and now spring was calling for the flowers again, but still she did not come. And the hyacinth bloomed in all its beauty beneath her window.

But with the twilight the Little Girl came and saw its fair, pink blossom wavering in the gathering dusk, and plucking it bore it away from the plaintive "good nights" of the birds, out of the cool evening air into the room of the Lady of the Garden. For tomorrow would be Easter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once more the sun rose and the birds sang their sweet songs again, but the hyacinth no longer breathed forth its fragrance in the garden. It had learned its lesson of sorrow and sickness and death; and because it knew it soon must die, it poured forth its very soul in the sweetness of its bloom.

In the room of the Lady of the Garden the crisis was at hand. Those she loved best watched around her bedside, on their faces the pain of those who love truly and fear to lose.

At last she stirred and opened her eyes. She saw the Easter lily growing, in its tranquil loveliness telling the purity of our Lord; she felt the gentle breeze blow over her bed; she saw the sunshine through her open window. In the still-

ness, from the distance she heard the bells of Easter pealing, "Christ is risen! He is not dead, but lives again." All the pain left her face and in its place came peace. Those watching knew it was the peace of a passing soul. Slowly, gently, her eyelids were closing in the last long sleep, when a subtle fragrance stole to her, a bewitching odor, wonderfully sweet, wonderfully delicate, unspeakably beautiful. It was the call of spring and life sent forth in the perfume of a dying flower. The Lady opened

her eyes and smiled. "It is spring," she said. "It is good to be alive."

\* \* \* \* \*

At the end of the day the last rays of the setting sun lingered lovingly on the faded pink blossom in the room of the Lady of the Garden. In two days it had bloomed and faded and died. But unknown to itself it had fulfilled the mission of our Master; for a living soul, a soul living and beautiful, remained in the world through the soul of the hyacinth.

# THE COLBIANA

Published three times a year by the Women's Division of  
Colby College.

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

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TERMS: Subscriptions, 50 cents per year in advance.  
Single copies, 20 cents.

All remittances by mail should be made to Helen Getchell,  
Foss Hall.

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

## Editorials

THE COLBIANA wishes all its readers a pleasant vacation.

When April with her dewy showers has given place to May with her fragrant flower-scented breezes, a peculiar malady, commonly known as spring fever, begins to affect both young and old. From testimonials and from my own personal experience, I shall endeavor to diagnose this illness.

Spring fever in a patient is characterized by an inclination to be idle, utter disregard of study, restlessness, and desire for the open. Its symptoms are loss of appetite for hard work, thirst for out-of-door activities, and a lapse in the application of the brain to study. Contrary to the general rule, isolation of

its victim is ineffective since the germ is carried in the air and not transmitted by people. It is true, however, that one person may influence the development of the germ in another person.

Its earliest stages of development may occur when the change from boots to oxfords, or from Stetson's to Panamas, takes place. The fever increases with the warmth of the days. If a patient is not carefully watched, the disease may be aggravated and followed by a far more dangerous illness which may be recognized by patient's sighs, dreamy looks, and loss of appetite. Epidemics of spring fever occur every spring and they must be allowed to have their course with improvements and relapses. The only relief comes with abandonment of study, relaxation, and care free enjoyment of life's transitory pleasures.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both." Buy W. S. S.

## College Notes

The officers of the Student League for the ensuing year are: President, Alice L. Mathews, '20; vice-president, Clara H. Wightman, '21; secretary, Elva E. Sawyer, '21; treasurer, Lillian L. Dyer, '20. Editor of the Colbiana, Esther M. Power, '20; head of sports, Eleanor Seymour, '20; head of Musical Clubs, Hazel W. Peck, '21; head of dramatics, Helen M. Getchell, '20; president of the Reading Room Association, Harriett L. Sweetser, '20.

Ivy Day came on May 31st. The program in the afternoon consisted of the planting of the ivy by the Senior Class, and a pageant.

In the evening, the Junior Class presented "The Tempest" on the Foss Hall tennis court. The cast was as follows: Prospero, Stella L. Greenlaw; Ferdinand, Esther M. Power; Antonio, Retta E. Carter; Alonso, Mildred E. Barrows; Sebastian, Pauline Higginbotham; Gonzalo, Alice K. Bishop; Caliban,

Gladys M. Chase; Trinculo, Marion R. Waterman; Stephano, Lillian L. Dyer; Ariel, Alice L. Mathews; Shipmaster, Eleanor L. Burdick; Boatswain, Ruth E. Wills; Mirando, Lucy O. Teague; Iris, Lucille M. Kidder; Juno, Helen M. Getchell; Ceres, Harriett L. Sweetser.

The newly installed officers of the Literary Society are: President, Lucy O. Teague, '20; vice-president, Bernice B. Butler, '21; secretary, Adelle M. McLoon, '21; treasurer, Helen M. Getchell, '20; sergeant-at-arms, Dorothy H. White, '22.

The Junior Class Day speakers are: Poet, Lucy O. Teague; historian, Eleanor Seymour; ode committee, Alice L. Mathews, Retta E. Carter, Esther M. Power.

The freshmen women who participated in the Hamlin Prize Reading are as follows: Ruth N. Banghart, Catherine Bates, Edna A. Briggs, Gladys I. Briggs, Annie G. Burgess, Edna M. Chamberlain, Annie F. Choate, Bertha E. Cobb, Marguerite E. Craig, Ruby F. Dyer, Hazel G. Dyer, Mae Greenlaw, Pauline T. Pulsifer, Sybil E. Williams. The first and second prizes were divided equally between Gladys I. Briggs and Bertha E. Cobb. Ruth N. Banghart received honorable mention.

The following members of the Women's Division participated in the Hallowell Public Speaking Contest, Friday evening, May 9th: Elizabeth R. Eames, '19; Gladys E. Dow, '21; Adelle M. McLoon, '21; and Elfrieda M. Whitney, '21. The third prize was awarded to Adelle M. McLoon.

The participants in the Sophomore Declamations were: Bernice B. Butler, Grace E. Wilder, Clara W. Carter, E. Kathleen Goodhue, Eleanor L. Burdick, Clara H. Wightman.

Kappa Alpha has initiated the following girls: Madge Tooker, Mildred Barrows, Eleanor Burdick, Ruth Wills, Marion Waterman, Pauline Higginbotham, Lucy Teague, Eliza Gurganus, Stella Greenlaw, Eleanor Seymour, Alfreda

Bowie, Alice Hanson, and Reta Carter.

The concert given by the Girls Musical Clubs, May 15, at the Opera House was a great success. The program consisted of a cantata sung by the glee club chorus of more than forty voices under the direction of Miriam B. Adams, '19, of selections by the double quartette, the orchestra, under the direction of Alice V. LaRocque, '21, and the mandolin club under the direction of Marion Campbell.

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

The Y. W. C. A. held its annual dinner and installation of officers at Foss Hall, April 10, 1919, entertaining as guests the members of the advisory board. During the dinner, music was furnished by the girls' orchestra. Miss Helen Baldwin, the retiring president, acted as toastmistress and toasts were given by Grace Foster and Marion Waterman, after which the company retired to the association rooms where installation took place. After an impressive candle-light service the members of the retiring and entering cabinets held a joint meeting to which the advisory board was invited.

A training council for Y. W. C. A. cabinets was held at Bates College, April 11-14. This was a fine opportunity to get inspiration for the coming year, especially as we had the advantage of hearing also the speakers for the Maine Girls' State Conference, which was held in Lewiston at the same time. Among many other interesting speakers were Miss Alice Wong, a Chinese student at Boston University, and Miss Lealtad, a young colored woman who presented the problem of "Our Colored Neighbor." We came back to our own college very eager to begin our work as a new cabinet.

March 15, under the direction of Elizabeth Hoffman, chairman of the community service committee, a fine entertainment consisting of musical selec-



tions and readings was given at the sanitorium in Fairfield.

A real old-fashioned box social was given by the members of the Class of 1921 in the college gymnasium, March 14. This was the third social given for the benefit of our Silver Bay fund. There is one more to be given yet, by the freshman girls.

After the spring vacation we had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Charlotte Penfield, student volunteer secretary, and Miss Mary E. Weisel, secretary for colleges in the Northeastern field.

Miss Gladys Topping, World Fellowship secretary, visited us a few days. She had charge of our weekly association meeting and talked to us about the many, many needs of Japan.

We were fortunate in securing for one of our weekly meetings Miss Olive Jones, a graduate of Syracuse University, who sails, as a missionary, for South India, early next fall.

Sunday, May 11, a vesper service was held in the college chapel. Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker of the Universalist church was the speaker. Special music under the direction of Dorothy Knapp was furnished by a vested choir.

At a recent meeting, Silver Bay slides were shown by Hilda Bradbury to arouse interest in the conference to be held at Silver Bay, N. Y., June 20-30. These are ten glorious days and mean much to every girl who goes. It is hoped that Colby will have a large delegation this year.

---

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## Alumnae Notes

1919.

Ruth Holbrook, ex-'19, finishes her course in June at the New School of Design, Boston.

Emily Kelley, ex-'19, graduates in June from Albany Teachers' College, N. Y.

1918.

Mary Jordan Alden has been teaching in the Strong High School, Strong, Me.

Dorothy Roberts spent the winter months in California.

1917.

Winnifred Atwood Wilbur is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Lucy Taylor to Leon Pratt.

Margaret Brown Staples is receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Helen Clark, ex-'17, has accepted a position as librarian in Seattle, Wash.

Lucy Allen has been teaching this year in Foxcroft Academy.

Grace Farnum has been teaching in the High School at Newport, N. H.

Flora Norton King has moved to Cleveland, Ohio.

1916.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of Carolyn Stevens to Paul Thompson.

1915.

Helen Hanson is studying law at the University of Maine.

1914.

The engagement of Emily Hanson to Prof. Obear, ex-professor of Colby College, has been announced.

Helen Thomas Foster is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

## THE SENIORS.

Name	What She Likes	Habit	What She Wants to Be	What She Will Be
Miriam Adams	Lieutenants	Making noise.	On time.	Late
Anna Anderson	Being house chairman.	Chop House.	Dean of a college.	An M. D.
Alice Barbours	A square meal.	Seconding Myra's jokes.	A Mrs. Leland Powers.	Loved
Helen Baldwin	Bugs	Doing good.	Keeper of the Golden Gate.	Taking Chin out of China
Helene Blackwell	Boys	Chop House and movies.	Old maid school teacher.	Mrs. Ned Humphrey.
Hilda Bradbury	Curly hair.	Primping	Head of a French dept.	An artist.
Beatrice Bowler	Browsing in the Library.	Lights on after ten.	An author.	A ballet dancer.
Marion Campbell	A full rehearsal.	Sleeping over the alarm.	Vaudeville star.	School marm.
Laura Dean	Her alarm clock.	Cramming	Somebody's wife.	A Ph. D.
Mira Dolley	To give black marks.	Flipping water	J. Bill's star pupil.	What she wants to be.
Hildegarde Drummond	Entertaining	Giggling	Domestic science exponent	A pretty bride.
Elizabeth Eames	Souvenirs	Catching cars.	A pugilist.	A good Walker
Mary Foss	Cousins	Strolling	Married	Boss
Marion Griffin	Boys	Singing	Prima Donna	Model for "Vogue".
Carrie Hall	Gossiping	Smoking	Butty's successor	Specialist in coffee drink.
Katharine Hatch	Exams	Getting news.	Lion Tamer.	Genius
Elizabeth Hoffman	To get up early.	Imitating "Vogue"	Who knows?	Whatever?
Grace Lermond	Bumpkins	Lying in bed.	Mrs. Pumpkins.	Cook for a bachelor's club
Belle Longley	Sleeping	Getting A's.	Tall	Small
Elizabeth McCausland	To read Amy Lowell	Cinch courses	Kindergarten teacher.	Latin Prof.
Vera Moore	Belle	Loving people.	Slim	What she is.
Ernestine Peabody	Mariners	Making fudge.	Prex's pet.	Engaged in home econom.
Lillian Pike	Breakfast in bed.	Running a Ford.	School teacher.	A bachelor's wife. [lic
Josephine Rice	Movie parties.	Getting by	Lecturer	Missionary
Phyllis Sturtevant	Silly little hats	Chasing dirt.	Good cook.	Her man's helper.
Mary Titcomb	Phi Deltity.	Being busy	Together	Aiding the sick.
Matilda Titcomb	What Mary likes	Blushing	Psychologist	A princess.
Mary Tourtilotte	A good time.	Getting Mo(o)re.		Married

## 1919 Dictionary.

- Alice—Childish sweet and woman wise.  
Anna—A companion of the Faculty wives.  
Beatrice—A bareback rider.  
Belle—A "Small" matron.  
Betts—A good cake maker.  
Carrie—A homzygote.  
Elizabeth Eames—Phidippides.  
Elizabeth Mc—Judy's delight.  
Ernestine—A soldier's delight.  
Grace—Graceous.  
Helen—Trustable and true.  
Helene—The missing link.  
Hilda—The ace of spades.  
Hildegarde—Likes (to) kneel.  
Josephine—Sedate and studious.  
Katharine—A weaver of dreams.  
Lillian—A pianola.  
Lura—A disciple of John Dalton.  
Marion C.—"Jest the quiet kind whose Nater's never vary."  
Marion G.—A nightingale.  
Mary—Executive ability and amiable civility.  
Mary Ann—A flirt.  
Matilda—"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."  
Mira—Gloom killer.  
Miriam—J. Bill's reference book.  
Molly—Good mother to freshmen.  
Phyllis—Practicability.  
Vera—A lean and hungry look.

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