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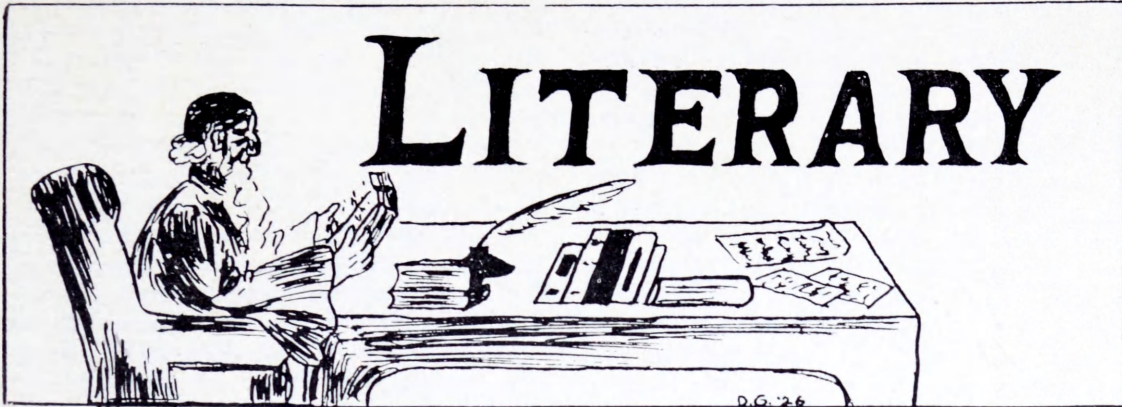
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# THE COLBIANA

Volume XII

MARCH, 1925

Number 2



## FULFILLMENT

The ground was covered with snow; the air was filled with soft, swirling snowflakes which lighted mischievously on eyelashes and burrowed into the depths of pockets.

From the living-room window of her father's home, Anne Carver drowsily watched the snowflakes as they tumbled and scurried from the sky in their mad race to earth. Ordinarily, on a Tuesday afternoon, she would be in Spanish class; but as a result of standing too long in the snow to see the end of a hockey game, she was at home. A few days of the old-fashioned grippe had left her weak; but today she was beginning to feel more like herself again.

"What ho! for me?" she cried, springing from her chair as her mother entered the room with a letter. Mrs. Carver shook her head with a smile and neatly slit open the large white envelope. As she read her eyes widened, and her face took on a speculative expression. Anne missed none of this, and at last burst out,

"I know what happened to the cat for being curious, but you know, 'satisfaction brought it back'."

Mrs. Carver raised her truly lovely head and laughed. "I warn you, this is a bomb-

shell! Aunt Sue is leaving for Florida a week from tomorrow, and she asks that you be allowed to go with her."

Anne was momentarily stunned, then with one bound she seated herself on the arm of her mother's chair, her head bent over the letter.

"I'd just love to go with Aunt Sue—she's such a peach! How about it, Moth?" she cried.

"I can't say right now, dear," replied Mrs. Carver. "I do think that it would be splendid for you to go; your cold would vanish, and you would get rested."

"Yes, I'm a wreck from overstudy," put in Anne with a broad wink at her grandfather Carver's portrait.

"Don't forget to add dances, movies, skating, and sleighing, to that statement, young lady. We will talk over the trip with your father tonight, and see what he says."

Mr. Carver approved of the vacation for his daughter, and was heartily grateful to his sister Sue.

"We shan't be worried about Anne as long as she is with Susanne; for Sue will take as good care of her as she would an own daughter," he said to his wife as he touched a match to his pipe and drew closer

to the fire.

The next few days were busy ones for the entire Carver family. Summer clothes and hats, put away for the winter months, were brought down from the attic and discarded or freshly laundered, according to their condition and wearability. Though continually busy in some form or another, Anne rapidly regained her strength, and eager anticipation of the trip added to the brightness of her eyes.

Mrs. Carver went to Boston with Anne to aid in some last-minute shopping, and to visit with her sister-in-law, of whom she was exceptionally fond. At the Waterville station, Anne could not keep back a few tears that crowded to her eyes as she kissed her father, but her happiness was too deep to allow her to be sad for long.

The journey, which was a matter of some six or seven hours, seemed endless; but at last, in mid-afternoon they arrived in Boston, and Susanne Carver was on the platform to greet them. A remarkable woman was this Miss Carver, older sister to Anne's father. She was, to appearance, of no particular age. She was slender; her brown eyes were young—surprisingly young; her hair was snowy white and always beautifully dressed.

The drive from the station to the Carver home was followed by the unpacking of bags, the changing of frocks, a faultlessly served dinner, and a quiet evening in the stately old drawing-room.

"Well, I'm on my way," murmured Anne to herself, as she snuggled into the depths of the great bed in the vast chamber assigned to her.

In the next room two women were standing with their arms about each other. Said Susanne Carver, "She's beautiful, my dear, beautiful. The result of her father's blackness of hair, your own blue eyes, and a perfectly lovely white skin, is a striking ensemble. It will be fun shopping for her. Let's see, have you everything to make you comfortable? Yes, breakfast at eight-thirty. Good-night, Louise."

There followed two days of shopping—Mrs. Carver buying for Anne the more necessary things, Susanne Carver buying the perhaps unnecessary, but none the less intriguing, articles of dress and ornamenta-

tion. In those two short days, Anne grew to love the Tremont Street shops, and it was with a little sigh of regret that she made her last purchase.

Mrs. Carver went home in the afternoon of the third day, and after seeing her off, Anne and her aunt returned to Beacon street, where they restlessly awaited the hour of departure of the Everglades Limited.

Susanne Carver had decided to visit Washington on the return trip, so the two did not leave the station there.

Much of the time from Washington to Jacksonville Anne spent in looking out of the window at the strange and unfamiliar objects which were passed. The cloudiness of Washington and Virginia gave way to rain in the Carolinas. Torrents of rain poured down upon the mountains and into the valleys; hard, dry roads became mires of deep, sticky red clay. Towns, which in the early spring months would become popular playgrounds for tourists and golf enthusiasts, were now bedraggled and forsaken.

The sun was shining in Jacksonville, when Susanne Carver and Anne stepped from the train. They took a taxi directly to the Windsor Hotel where they removed all traces of travel, then sauntered out into the warm air and brilliant sunshine for a refreshing walk. They wandered about, in and out of the stores for a time, returning finally to the hotel for dinner, and an hour of listening to the Hawaiian orchestra.

The stop was brief, and they were soon boarding the Pullman for St. Petersburg, which they reached the following morning. From the station they went directly to the Ocean View Hotel, where Susanne Carver had made reservations for rooms with a commanding view of the harbor and of Tampa Bay.

The warm air was cooled by gentle breezes from the bay, and the faint perfume of many flowers was wafted in through the open window. Without even removing her hat, Anne went to a window and looked forth for her first real glimpse of the city. The edges of the street below were lined with automobiles; people in light clothes wandered along the sidewalks or sat on benches scattered at intervals on the

wide walks. Beyond, Anne could see a portion of the Yacht Club; the end of one of the piers, and the harbor filled with boats, ranging in size from the humblest fishing-craft to the costliest steam yacht. A sleepy droning called Anne's attention to the sky where a great winged creature, glistening in the sun, was circling about.

In a letter to her mother, written the next day, she said:—"We left cold, snowy New England and a few minutes later landed here! It seemed like minutes—it really did.

"In the short time that we have been here I have seen a great deal. Aunt Sue, of course, knows the place thoroughly, so has taken me all around to see the sights. It's fun to sit on a bench on Central Avenue (the main street) and watch the people. There are fascinating curio and souvenir shops, in which the air is heavy with incense. The park covers a block, and there are people wandering through it at all hours. The great trees are hung with Spanish moss which flutters when there is a breeze; there are walks leading from the street to the center of the park, where there is a fountain covered with vines and water-hyacinth.

"The best part of the residential section is called Roser Park. It is like a different country from the rest of the city which is flat, for it is made up of steep little hills, and beside the road is an artificial ravine filled with water, and overhung by low-spreading trees and rose-bushes.

"Another yacht came into the harbor today. I was asleep! and Aunt Sue was at the Yacht Club, so she saw the people and I didn't. Anyway she knows them, and tomorrow we are to have lunch with them. It will be fun I think. I believe their name is Barnett, and the son's name, Richard."

When Mrs. Carver read the last of the letter, she gasped and then re-read it several times. Her behavior was very bewildering. She stood up murmuring, "Sally, it must be Sally." Then she ran upstairs to her room, where she dropped to her knees before a cedar chest, and in a moment had drawn forth a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon. She looked over the envelopes until she found the one bearing the most recent date—August 8, 1913.

From that envelope she took a folded slip of paper on which was written:

"My darling Louise,

"The picture of Anne arrived this morning, and I have done nothing but look at it since it came. She is the sweetest thing ever. Dick thinks so too—he's just been staring and staring at it! Remember Lou, how we promised that our children should marry each other? Oh those college days! I wonder if the children will ever see each other, and when we shall meet again.

"We are leaving for Europe next week. It will be Dicky's first sea voyage; and he is so eager that he can scarcely wait. I believe that he is hoping for a shipwreck, or something equally as hair-raising. The fourteen-year-old imagination can plan *anything!*

"As always,

Sally Barnett."

The next letter received from Anne was short and hurried. "In half an hour," she wrote, "I am going for a ride with Dick Barnett in his speed boat. It's loads of fun to run it—he taught me how the other day.

"Isn't it queer that Mrs. Barnett turned out to be your old room-mate? I didn't remember the name at all. She's darling, and Mr. Barnett is a peach. He has only one arm because he lost the other in the war. They got caught in France when the war broke out, and he was something quite important.

"Yesterday we all went over to Pass-A-Grille—a narrow strip of land right on the Gulf of Mexico. Every once in a while a tidal wave comes up and washes over the whole place. We sat on the beach and watched the sun go down into the sea, then turned and saw the moon rise. We came back by moonlight in a funny little boat that goes in and out among the islands."

For three weeks thereafter, Mr. and Mrs. Carver received short, sketchy notes from Anne, and long, interesting ones from Susanne Carver, in which she carefully explained—rather unnecessarily Mr. Carver thought—that Dick Barnett was the finest young man she had ever met. He had something more than good looks, although he certainly had a goodly share of them.

At last the letter came, containing the news that Mrs. Carver had felt sure would

eventually come.

"Oh Mumsy and Dad, I'm engaged! Yes, to Dick, and I'm so happy. I know you'll love him, you can't help it.

"And what do you think? In a week the Barnetts are leaving, and they've asked Aunt Sue and me to go home with them on the yacht! I don't know how long it will take us, for we are going to stop at differ-

ent places along the coast. It seems like a dream—it's all so wonderful."

Mr. Carver was of course, surprised and almost unbelieving; but Mrs. Carver smiled to herself as she thought of the promise made by two girls in their college days, and sighed a tiny sigh.

MARGARET VIGUE, '28.

## FASHION IN THE BLACK FOREST

One summer several years before the Great War, I discovered—almost by mistake—in the middle of the Black Forest, a city called Freudenstadt. The very name meant "Joy-town," and besides Freudenstadt was as many miles from trouble as a city can be that stands on a high plateau with nothing but trees to be seen toward any horizon. Call it "Joy-town," or "Toy-town"—the gay Noah's Ark roofs seemed barely to escape the encroaching ocean of evergreen that flowed around them.

The forest outside was very still, but along the narrow streets of the little city, inn jostled inn, and crowds of people seemed always on their way from one "wonder-lovely" lookout to another. Their vocal ardor never failed them at the proper point of view, though they saw always the same trees. They exclaimed in chorus, and then went inside some tippy kiosk for beer and cakes. Views will not make the legs go.

In the morning they took these rapturous walks, and in the afternoon they promenaded. The promenade is, of course, the walk formal, and depends for its success largely on one's wardrobe. These strollers, however, were not all of the impeccable style that knows but one fashion of the moment. Gay ladies there were whom Paris might have stared at, and fops whose coats seemed almost cut in London;

but motley was the general wear—the motley that is pieced together from old trunks and characterizes the wearer. That old woman in the majestic bonnet would be ill to cross, and the dame in the freakish ruffles might be named "Malaprop".

As I watched the crowd go by, like a bewildering puppet show, I used to wish that some one would pull the strings and make the figures play their parts. Some lively comedy of manners would surely have ensued. The stage would have overflowed with characters, and dialogue would not have been lacking, out of all that chatter that I could never understand. There was one woman in a green cape who should have had a sprightly part in my piece. I thought she mocked the others, but it was done with grace, so that she always had a laughing audience.

Though we have changed many things beside the map since that summer in Freudenstadt, I still have a teasing remembrance of the odd Black Forest procession. The human comedy, seen against a broad natural background, is often so absurd. In such a case people have a fantastic air as if they had followed the rhyme—"jumped over the moon" and come down "too soon" into a wide and vasty world where nobody knows the way to Norwich.

FLORENCE E. DUNN, '96.

## SMILES

There was a muffled scream, then: "Oh, I've—I've lost him."

"Which?"

"Teddy."

It was after ten o'clock; the lights were out, and quiet reigned—or was supposed to

reign—in the dorm. Just as soon as the last bell had rung, Meg had taken her little brown Teddy bear, tied a string around his neck, pinned a note to his breast, and lowered him through the open window down to Bab's window directly beneath. There Bab, on hearing Teddy bump gently against the glass, was to haul him in, write a reply to the note, put the messenger out the window, pull once on the string, and Teddy would scale the brick wall up to Meg again.

To-night it had been a success until the return climb. Teddy had been quietly and safely lowered, and the note perused, which read thus: "Do I dare smile at Bill in Physics class tomorrow?" Bill was a good-looking young gentleman on whom Meg "had a crush."

A reply was penned, and the string was jerked. Meg started to pull Teddy up. A not altogether unintentional "meow" from her roommate caused Meg to lose hold of the string, and down went Teddy until he landed just beneath the Dean's window.

"Whatever shall I do? How can I get him again?" Oh, Gerry!" cried Meg, half in tears.

"Hush, we'll get a black mark," said Gerry as she jumped out of bed to join Meg by the window. "What did you let go of him for?"

"Who wouldn't, when you gave that unearthly 'meow' and at such an exciting moment! It's all your fault, and I can't get him. If I leave him there someone is sure to find him and take him to the Dean, and then——. Gerry, what am I to do?"

After all plausible schemes, such as climbing down a rope made of torn-up sheets, creeping down the fire escape which was on the other side of the building, fishing Teddy up with hook and line, had been discussed pro and con, and none proved satisfactory, Meg decided to wait until morning. She would go out just as soon as the rising bell rang, reach around the corner, pick up Teddy who, let us hope, would be still lying beneath the Dean's window, conceal him under her sweater, and return to her room.

The next morning the rising bell rang; Meg and Gerry slept peacefully on. Not until the incessant gong of the seven o'clock breakfast bell did Meg awake with

a start. She thought of Teddy, and sprang to the window. Teddy was no longer lying beneath the Dean's window. Despairingly Meg waked Gerry.

A quiet search among the girls failed to bring Teddy to light. He was gone, no one knew where.

It was Saturday evening; Meg's room was crowded with girls, some talking, some laughing, and some singing to the accompaniment of the ukelele, the old popular song, "Smiles."

"Meg, found Teddy yet?" asked Bab laughing.

"No, isn't that awful? Where *do* you suppose he went to? Oh, Bab, what did you write on the note I sent you that fatal night?" questioned Meg.

"What? Oh, I wrote, 'Well, Meg, there are smiles that make us happy; there are smiles that make us blue,' and I put about twenty-five questions marks after it," Bab replied.

Meg laughed, then said, "I forgot to tell you that Bill smiled at me two or three times in Physics today. You know I told you in my note I hoped he would. I wish I knew him better." She sighed. "But I wish I could find Teddy——"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

"Here's a package that just came for you by special delivery."

"What can it be?" cried Meg excitedly.

"Hurry up and open it, Meg. Don't be so slow. My goodness, I would have had that opened long ago if it had been mine," Gerry put in.

The package was finally untied and opened Meg screamed delightedly. There was Teddy—string, note, and all, but on the note were these additional words: "But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine are the smiles that you give to me," and it was signed, "Bill Laine."

Laughter, gasps of surprise, and taunts came from all the girls. "I don't wonder Bill smiled at you in Physics class," said Gerry, "I should think he would."

Bill has not yet told Meg how he came into possession of Teddy; he always says, "When one is doing detective work, a smile will go a long, long way."

ALBERTA L. VAN HORN, '28.

## HOW TO ENTERTAIN A CALLER

I have, in my recent book on etiquette, stressed the fact of making a caller feel at home. It seems, from the questions I have received, that some girls are afflicted with unwelcome callers. The following advice is designed for the last-mentioned type.

If possible seat him in a very rickety chair. Urge large chunks of molasses candy upon him, of course not indulging yourself, and when his mouth is full, ask

questions as the dentist does when he fills your mouth with cotton batting. If this doesn't make him ill at ease, try looking at his feet. Any man will squirm at that and the chair, which was rickety, you remember, will crash to the floor. He will grab his hat and run, probably. Guide him to the iceist place on the steps and be sure to ask him to call again.

PAULINE V. PAGE, '27.

## SUMMER RESORTS OF MAINE

Is history dry? Is it hard and uninteresting? Perhaps it is, in school, at least. But if you will put aside all thoughts of study for a time, I will take you on an excursion through the "playground of America," and if you will get the real camping spirit, I promise you a most interesting vacation.

I have planned that we visit three places of interest, and if you care to learn more, we will go farther. First let's go to the Moosehead region. You have probably learned that Moosehead is the largest lake in Maine, and that it is one of over sixteen hundred lakes and ponds which dot Maine.

We shall take the steamer from Greenville, a town on the shore, and of course the most important place for us to see is Mt. Kineo. We must ride twenty miles over the black water, through the narrow part of the lake,—then one of the grandest sights your eyes will ever meet—the storied Mt. Kineo. I knew you would remember those history lessons about Maine! Yes, Kinneho was an Indian boy, and he died 'way up there on the summit. Ever since then they have called it Kineo. Tonight we will stay at the Kineo House, that white speck which you can see now, at the foot of the mountain.

This morning we are leaving Kineo for Lily Bay and Ripogenus. This will give you a look at the hunting grounds and water-power of Maine. Ripogenus Dam is much visited by tourists every summer, and in the fall hundreds of deer are killed in this region. Did you think there was so much forest land in the state? It surely

takes a look at this country to make one realize it. The people living in those cottages which line the shore come from all over the United States to spend the summer and fall. Let's say good-by to Moosehead now for I want you to see Katahdin.

This trail looks almost like a road, so many people travel it. We shall probably meet some camping parties up here. It is easy climbing now, but see those boulders up there? They are hard to climb,—so large and smooth. Give me your hand, now, and I'll pull you up. That's it! Now across here we'll have to be careful. I'll go ahead, and as soon as I leave a position you take it. There! Now look back and see what we've crossed! A few more of these boulders and we'll be there!

Did you realize that it took us two hours to come up? But I ask you if the view isn't worth the climb? Just count the lakes and ponds which can be seen from this, the highest peak in Maine! There are many Indian legends connected with Katahdin, too. We'll camp tonight in a natural cave on the mountain side, that is, if it isn't already inhabited by bears or people. But don't let that frighten you!

Today I want you to visit a small summer resort, a little lake twelve miles long, which is very dear to me, as the little "summer village" on its shore was my birthplace. We will go by car from Dover-Foxcroft to Greeley's Landing, on the lake-shore. The little steamer, the "Goldenrod," will perhaps take us past the numerous little summer homes toward the west. You can see "The Narrows" now. When the

water is very low the steamers have to go carefully to avoid the big rocks. Now you see the prettiest expanse of the whole lake! Five miles wide right here! And have you been watching for what I have? No, you didn't know she was hiding, did you? Just as we round this point,—now,—see her? Beautiful Boarstone! There isn't a mountain in all Maine that can hide as she can. From whatever way you approach, other mountains seem to shut her in, until she suddenly bursts into view,—one of the strangest, most fascinating mountains of all.

This cove ahead is called the Willimantic Pool, and it is quite famous for its salmon. If you want to, we'll go fishing so that you can tell Boston about landing that big salmon when you get back. It's a dull day and the fish ought to be biting well. Let out a good length of line and when one pulls, reel him in.

Don't you see you've got him? Reel, man, reel! Let me help you! There! Between your reeling the wrong way and my having to yell at you, it's a wonder we got him at all! No use to try here any longer. Those yells would scare a tadpole!

You still seem interested, so I want you to visit some places on the coast. Old Orchard beach is a lovely place. Just a little piece of the twenty-five hundred miles of Maine coast line! You can see for yourself that this beach is fairly well populated at this season.

Further up the coast we find Mount

Desert, a very different kind of resort. A magnificent mountain overlooks the bay and gives you a picture of commanding majesty. Lake, mountain and seashore all combine in Mount Desert. Summer people come here from all over the country, too.

This is life in Maine in the summer time, but in the winter it is quite different. All resorts will be closed, and their owners will "migrate" south, like the birds. Whirling gusts increase the snow-drifts with every blast. Night shuts down. Still the wind howls, howls and moans, piling the white blanket thicker and thicker. The monarchs of the forest bend and creak. At last morning breaks with a golden flood of sunshine, making each snow crystal sparkle, and casting bright shadows everywhere. These sporting places now become pathless, billowy solitudes. The forest paths are now unbeaten. The busy city people think of their snug, warm houses and shudder at the thought of Maine. Then it is that the forest folk rejoice. The rabbits can play undisturbed on the front porch of the camp, and the squirrel can jump from the fir branch to the chimney-top without finding it even warm; and the partridges take their time to "chew" buds from the birch trees.

Truly, Mother Nature has favored Maine, for she has a mixed climate, marvelous scenery, abundant natural resources, and above all, the best-hearted people in all the world.

PAULINE E. WAUGH, '27.

## MRS. PADEL FORD'S DEATH

A young fellow, driving a grocery truck, was on his way from Lewiston to Rangeley Lakes. Sim Pike, for that was his name, had a fine, new yellow truck, with many queer little drawers and cupboards, containing all kinds of spices and groceries. He knew well how to make friends with his farm-wife customers. Courting their favor, he gave away with every order of over five dollars, a handsome cut glass dish. Another thing which pleased them was that he was always itching to hear the news and as eager to tell it again.

Sim drove as rapidly as he dared through Wilton as the town's people never patronized him. Having had an uneventful trip, he was eager for gossip. He looked hopefully for Mrs. Padelford's card, as he came near her house, but her parlor window showed only tightly drawn shades. Sim was putting on speed again when he perceived Mrs. Padelford's small daughter, Marie.

"Good morning, Miss," he said, bringing the truck to a standstill. "What's going on up at your house?"



"My mother," sobbed the little one, "told me to go to grandmother's quick 'cause—'cause she was dying."

The pedlar stole a fearful glance at the house. "You get in and I'll take you as far as your grandmother's. Your mother was a good customer of mine. How did she look when she told you she was dying?"

"She looked so—so queer, and told me to hurry, and I was scared."

With this intelligence Sim had to be content as nothing further could be obtained from the child. He put Marie down at her Grandmother Bickmoor's door and drove on, reflecting that by then poor Mrs. Padelford must be dead.

He did not hesitate to introduce the story at every house where he called along the road and was furnished with some corroborative evidence. Mrs. Padelford was subject to bad heart attacks and there was no telephone in her house. Thus he was enabled to stretch out his bit of news into a respectable narrative.

Everywhere Sim found himself the first to tell the news. When he reached Farmington, he was obliged to put up for the night, being quite worn out with bargaining and talking.

He gave a reporter there a lengthy account of the tragedy. The *Journal* came out with the startling headlines, "*Mrs. Padelford dies unattended of Heartfailure.*" Then followed a full history of the event. The grief of tiny Marie, who sobbed unceasingly, was vividly portrayed. It was also explained that Mr. Padelford, being employed away from home, had not yet heard the sad intelligence.

A shadow was cast on Sim Pike's story by old Mr. Bickmoor who was in Farmington on business.

"I talked with my wife yesterday afternoon, on the telephone, hours after you say my daughter was dead. She said Marie was spending the day with her, and at that moment was asleep. She was *not* 'crying as if her heart would break,' as the paper states."

"Why then, it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Sim Pike.

"I guess I'd know it, if it was," said the old man; and he left the store.

For a time Sim was disappointed; then

a solution occurred to him. Marie hadn't told her grandmother! This solving of the complication relieved every one in the lobby and they began to discuss Marie's future. She would spend half of every year with one and the other half with the other pair of grandparents, they decided.

The next morning Sim, with many copies of the paper to sell along the way, set out. He told his story, with added mournful shakes of his head, to all his horrified customers. He had a profitable and entertaining trip, reaching Rangeley at night.

On his return journey Sim encountered none other than Mr. Padelford himself. That gentleman expressed himself clearly and forcefully. Sim was made to understand that Mrs. Padelford was in excellent health, and very angry with him for circulating a groundless report. The *Journal* owner declared himself guiltless for publishing false news. He told Mr. Pike in no uncertain language, "The law-suit is on your head, you scoundrel!"

Farmington's peaceful citizens resembled an angry mob. Small boys threw stones through Sim's shining windshield and smashed his auto lights. With unbecoming haste, he stepped on the starter, threw fiercely into low, and roared out of town. His want for food and shelter was quite forgotten.

In the mind of Sim Pike there were just two thoughts; to see Mrs. Padelford, with his own eyes, and to get safely to Lewiston before daylight or before anyone could overtake him. In his preoccupation he drove five miles before remembering to throw into high. However, being a cheerful rogue, he at last appreciated the joke and laughed heartily all by himself.

It was growing quite dark when Sim reached a hilltop from which he could look down on the shadowy outline of the Padelford house. He strained his eyes through the deepening gloom. By the faint ghostly light, which shone from one of the windows, he saw a dim and unsubstantial figure floating about the yard. He coasted silently down the hill, and left his truck in the road, then he marched forward with unaccountable valor. He made his way to the ghostly figure and—found himself face to face with Mrs. Padelford—the identical

and living Mrs. Padelford.

"You're alive," he murmured doubtfully,  
"but how—what—"

"Yes, Sim, alive. Fool! Didn't you ever  
hear of dyeing clothes?"

VERA E. FELLOWS, '27.

## FROM THE MUSE

### A STALLD INGIN

Whn Saul beams britey on thee sno,  
And winz uv Martch impeed thee cro,  
Thn duth mi infunt muze inspir  
Mi verdunt sole 2 toon its liar;  
Sew, fealin ruthar pome-inklinde,  
I've rit thee promptins uv mi minde.  
Whn i wars yung, and inn mi pryde,  
(Haow swiftlie role thee wheels uv tyme).  
Kno thot 2 mee wars briter than  
Mi wish 2 bee a collig mann.  
I lyngered longe inn shadie nooks  
Perplext with sinkers, lynes, and hooks,  
And cherishin this thot uv mine  
I dreemed beneeth thee fragrunt pyne,  
Til, fostered bi lokwashus broocks  
Mi bent fur lurning terned frum books.  
Thee creekin mille-wheal cauld 2 mee,  
A gilded vishun did i sea;  
And, like King Spruce, fur magick kash,

I sold thee monark ok and ashe.  
Butt naow, tho i hev golde galower  
Mi ejikashun's verry pore.  
Sew lurn a lessun frum mi fayte  
And heede this warnin ear 2 layte:  
A theef mae steel a miser's golde,—  
An ejickashun kant bee solde.  
Butt hear i amm; i lost mi queste,  
Mi son's a-sinkin inn thee weste;  
I sea, toward collig lookin bak,  
Mi injun stalld upon thee trak.  
Iff Gaybrill, whn hee blows his horne  
Uppon thee rezzerekshun morne,  
Mi ignant minde shood tri 2 test,  
I'd anser hymm mi veribest,  
Butt heave an unavalin si,—  
Mi spelin wood not git me bi.  
PAULINE WAUGH, '27.

### THE LONELY ROAD

The lonely road impresses me  
Though 'tis covered with just plain dirt;  
There are beauties galore that one may see  
If always he's on the alert.

For even a mud-puddle has its charm,  
Reflecting the sun's bright rays,  
But the livid water so quiet and calm  
May be wretchedly riled at its base.

And so with the dusty country road,  
Some think of its several flaws;  
But its many delights are a happy 'bode  
Of good, to those whom it draws.

It fain is no pleasure to always walk

On Main Street day by day,  
Where the mob of people meet and talk.  
Dost thou crave for the lonely way?

There are trees and flowers of every hue,  
There are bird-notes in the air;  
And the cheerful sun shines down on the  
few  
Who grace the pathway there.

'Tis a lonely road we all must take,  
And often 'tis paved with strife.  
There's a friend to be, and a friend to make,  
On this path of a priceless life.

JENNIE L. NUTTER, '25.

## AN IMPROMPTU SONNET

Neaera, Milton said, had hair that tangled;  
 Ben Jonson rhapsodized of sweet neglect—  
 After such maidens hopeless noodles  
 dangled,  
 And pined away forever, I expect.  
 Shakespeare's Dark Lady must have had a  
 shower  
 Of tresses black as night. Again we find  
 Belinda's ringlets had an eerie power,  
 Says Pope, to utterly destroy mankind.

But modern girls play fast and loose with  
 sonnets,  
 They have forgot to languish or to sob,  
 They hide no treasures under silken bonnets,  
 Their hair, ye Powers, is nothing but a  
 bob.  
 Can you not fancy Philip Sidney sighing,  
 Ben Jonson thundering, and Spenser cry-  
 ing?

FLORENCE E. DUNN, '96.

## THE DREAMER

A dreamer of dreams they called him,  
 That was all they thought he was worth—  
 Because he could see the beauties  
 Of the Mother of Men—the Earth.  
 Because to him a sunset  
 Was more than the end of a day;  
 He called it our view of Heaven  
 To be seen ere it faded away.  
 To him the stars were not planets,  
 But tears that the moon had shed;  
 The lillies were souls of the spotless—

Still living, tho' men think them dead.  
 To him a brook was a poet,  
 Who sings us his songs if we stand  
 Listening there on its margin  
 As it ripples over the sand.  
 So they called him a worthless dreamer—  
 A man who would never make good;  
 But I'm sure he was one of the chosen  
 Of God—for he understood.

MOLLIE R. SELTZER, '26.

"Meek young men in libraries"—  
 Says Emerson the great,  
 But he never asked for an "Eccy" book  
 And was answered sharply, "Wait";  
 He never broached one of these young men,  
 Sitting in the chair,  
 And asked for an outside reading book  
 To be told it wasn't there.  
 He never looked past to the shelf  
 And saw the wanted book,  
 Lying there in an open space,

To be seen at one mere look;  
 He never asked for a reference  
 And was given the Reader's Guide,  
 When it could easily have been found  
 In the book right at his side.  
 "Meek young men in libraries"—  
 Says Emerson the wise,  
 But we are able now-a-days  
 To see through the thin disguise.

M. M. A., '26.

## HARBINGERS OF SPRING

Shy pussywillow, fear no unkind touch,  
 As in the sunshine there you blush and  
 sway;  
 Your voice is timid, yet we listeners hear  
 You murmur low that Spring is on her  
 way.  
 You were not born for ruthless winter  
 winds  
 To toss in sport, to threaten and to mar;  
 For you a mission proud was set apart—

You bear to us a message from afar;  
 Bring hope of balmy days and scented  
 nights;  
 The robins call; bejeweled tender grass;  
 Of myriad leaves and singing, twinkling  
 brooks.  
 Now you have come, bleak winter soon will  
 pass.

MARION JOHNSON, '25.

## LOST HOPE

It used to worry me, somehow,  
 To think that fame might pass me by  
 And not return upon my brow  
 The laurel wreath for which men sigh.  
 I used to feel the inner dread  
 That fortune might elude my clutch,  
 And fail to line my path ahead  
 With gold, which men prize overmuch.  
 But time has dulled that early fear;

I do not long today for fame;  
 I scorn the hope I once held dear—  
 And only want an honest name.  
 I know, full well, I shall not find  
 Fair fortune at the rainbow's end,  
 But lacking gold, I shall not mind  
 If I but have a sincere friend.

MOLLIE R. SELTZER, '26.

## SOLITUDE

Ah! What one thinks and dreams when by  
 one's self!  
 Of verse or prose, of joy or gloom and rain,  
 One meditates of fairy or of elf,  
 Of daring deeds upon the Spanish Main!  
 What trains of thought arise from solitude,  
 Inspiring simple actualities!  
 For idle hands is not the devil's mood,

'Tis idle thoughts the devil tries to seize.  
 Whene'er I try to write a bit of rhyme,  
 Compose a tune or solve the practical,  
 I like to be alone—to take my time—  
 The only way to be quite tactical.  
 —Enough! This reeks of egotistic me  
 —No more of it, I'd fain have company.

MOLLIE R. SELTZER, '26.

# THE COLBIANA

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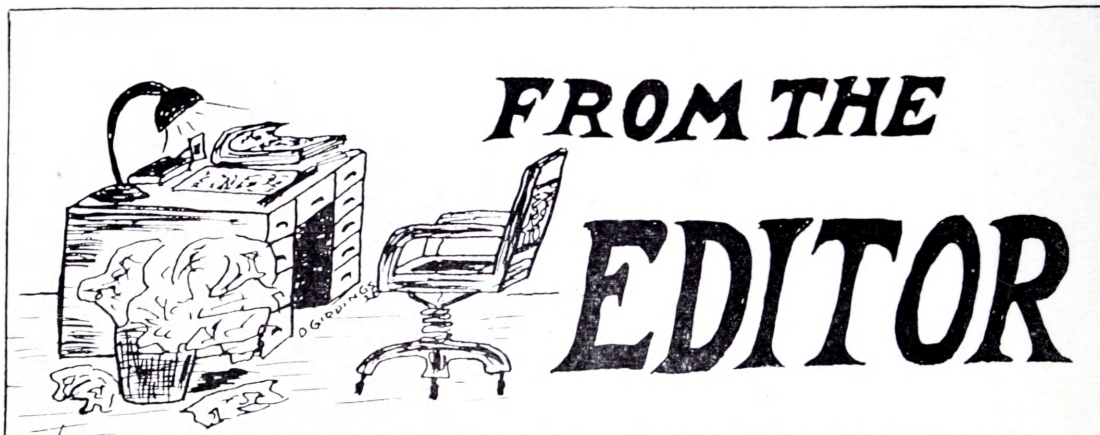
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All Alumnae news and other items of interest to the Women's Division will be gladly received by the Editors.



"I have a house inside of me,  
A house that people never see,  
It has a door through which none pass,  
And windows, but they're not of glass.  
'Where do you live?' ask folks I meet.  
And then I say, 'on such a street'  
But still I know what's really me  
Lives in a home folks never see."

That "house inside" is the source of my most priceless possession—my imagination. No restrictions of the physical life can limit my conquests and my achievements

because "I am lord of all I survey" and of all that my mind will conjure. Who could be more wealthy or more powerful than I!

How sweet it is to dream. How delightful it is to fly away on the wings of Fancy with Peter Pan to the Never Never Land and there to be the child of my dream. *There* I am not the factor of Fate or the product of Convention; I am a queen, a fairy, a Tinker-bell, I am even a *man* if I dream it.

'Tis the Spirit of Peter Pan! O glorious

Youth, can I hold you forever? Let my body grow old and resolve into its elements but forbid that my spirit grow numb and shackled in its tomb.

I would live and I would do the great and little deeds that others do; I would pay my debts to society and to the world of action but—I would dream, too, for I cannot live by bread alone. So let me to the "house inside" and dream the dreams of gay-hearted, care-free youth.

It is so very, very easy to throw up one's hands and say, "It's absolutely no use working hard and studying, no one ever gets enough in return to make up for the time put into it." Yes, it *is* easy but do you think this is true when you really stop to consider it? If you have a tendency to do so just give heed to this. There is a certain ephemeral fly that is two long years in the various stages of its development before it finally comes forth as a marvellous, beautiful insect. Think of it—two years of darkness, of work, of dread captivity before it can come forth and take its place in the order of things. Yet this is not the end of the story—it comes forth at sunrise and at sunset its life is over! Just stop a moment, all of you who grumble at a few hours of study, all of you who say it isn't worth while, and think of *two* years of service for *one* day of glory!

The time has now come for the present editorial board to give over the reins of administration into other hands. As we look back over the last three issues of the Colbiana, we cannot say that they have been perfect ones or even that they have

been all that they should have been, but at least we can honestly say that we have tried. There have been mistakes but we have endeavored to make them as few in number as possible, at the same time striving to "live and learn" as every editorial board must "live and learn."

But after all the success of the Colbiana does not rest in our hands but in those of the student body. It is from you that the material must come, it is from you that the financial support must come, and it is from you that the *inspiration* must come. If every girl could only realize this, if every girl would only consider it her duty to submit to the editors at least once a year, one article, one poem or one story, what a wealth of material there would be and what a blessing it would be for the editors!

If there is any one request the retiring board would leave with you, it is this:—that each individual assume a personal responsibility for the Colbiana and set herself definitely to the task of making some special contribution toward its success. If everyone does this, success will be assured and the Colbiana's place as one of the indispensable traditions of Colby will be secure.

We wish to take this time to sincerely thank those who have loyally supported the Colbiana and aided us in our efforts; to urge your hearty coöperation with the incoming board; and to wish the best of success to those who will fill our places. May the year of 1926 see a bigger, better Colbiana—one of which you may be proud to say, "We, the women of Colby, publish this."





Miss F., '25—"If Mark Twain is the author of this book why is Samuel Clemens' name here?"

"You look tired this morning," said the college professor to one of his students. "Don't you sleep well?"

"No, the pal I share my room with and I suffer from alternate insomnia!"

"Alternate insomnia! What is that?"

"Whichever gets to sleep first keeps the other awake all night."—Stray Stories.

Prof. Marriner: "When I was eleven years old I had the mumps and the swelling never left my face—I was tall and slim then."

"Prex," in referring to Philosophy: "If I don't know much about this how much more should you know little about it."

One cold, windy day the "co-ords" wore hats to classes. Said "Prex": "You girls in the front row look so different with your clothes on, I don't know you apart."

Prof. Marriner, on a similar occasion: "Going to a wedding?"

Miss M—"Huh?"

Prof. Marriner:—"Very unusual to see you with a hat on."

The Senior stood on the railroad track,  
The train was coming fast,

The train got off the railroad track,  
And let the Senior pass.

—Contributed by a Freshman.

A Scotswoman had been promised a present of a new hat by a lady generally reputed in the village to be quite wealthy.

Before the purchase was made the lady called and asked:

"Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. McPherson?"

"Weel," said the latter, "I think I'll take a straw one. It'll maybe be a mouthful to the coo when I've done wi' it."—Harper's Magazine.

"Well, Nancy," said Uncle John, who had just come on a visit, "come and take a walk with me and show me your town."

"Alright," agreed Nancy; "we has two ice-cream parlors—I suppose you want to see them first, don't you?"—Liberty.

Caroline was late starting to school one morning. On her return I asked if she had been late.

"No, mother. They were all sitting in their seats waiting for me," she replied.—The Watchman-Examiner.

Sunday School Teacher: "Who was the strongest man in the Bible?"

Smart Boy: "Jonah. Even the whale

could not keep him down.—Exchange.

Teacher: "We talked about villages in our last lesson. I wonder who will tell the class today what a village is?"

Jim (whose hand was among the first to go up):

"A village is a place where people still laugh over jokes that caused the cave men to tear their beards in glee."—*Campus Mirror* (Spelman).

"Judy" Taylor: "For what was Cato famous?"

Bright Sophomore: "His foresight, stubbornness, and ready wit."

"Judy": "And for what was Socrates famous?"

Brightest Sophomore: "He committed

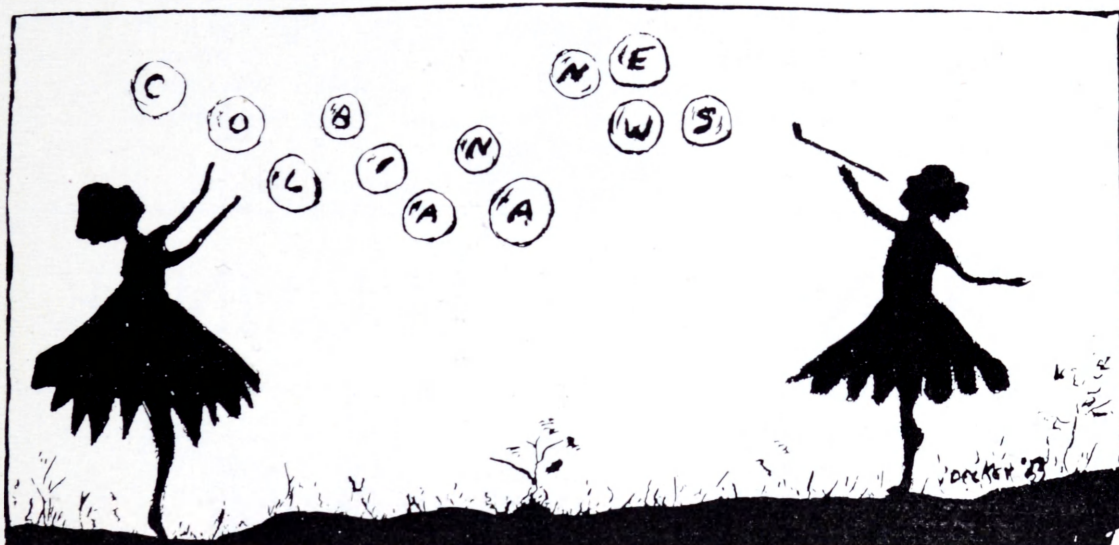
suicide."

Prof Strong, discussing Americanization of the foreign-born: "There is an Italian girl whom I meet quite frequently—a very pretty girl. (With a sudden show of interest) By the way does anyone happen to know who she is?"

"Eccy" Morrow, discussing the apple industry in Maine: "Why you know that the wife of Ex-Gov. Haines planted a whole orchard of Rhode Island Reds."

"Perky," in Geology class: "How many kinds of water-falls are there?"

"Stude": "There are three kinds: one is the geyser. This is the kind where the water falls up."



Dear Patsy—I am sending you a few newspaper clippings in answer to your question, "What are Colby women doing at College now?"

As soon as I have finished my history thesis I will write you what I have been and am doing now.

As ever,

Mary O.

The annual Chi Gamma Theta Dance was held at the Taconnet Club House on Saturday evening, January 10th.

Plans are being made for a short Lit-

erary Tour to be taken during the Easter vacation under the direction of Professor Carl J. Weber. Stops will be made in Maine and Massachusetts at places of importance with reference to American authors and poets:—Emerson, Longfellow, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier and others.

On the third of March the Women's Division is to present a play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," for the benefit of the Alumnae Building Fund. The play is under the direction of Miss Exerene Flood.



The second annual Undergraduate Banquet of the Women's Division was held at Foss Hall, on Wednesday, the 11th of February. The dining room was attractive with Valentine decorations. Class songs were sung during the dinner.

Miss Nellie Pottle, '25, was toastmistress; True Hardy, '28, choragus. Toasts were given as follows: "As 1928 hopes to do," Cornelia Adair; "As 1927 hopes to do," Barbara Whitney; "As 1926 would like to see it done," Edna Tuttle; "As 1925 would like to see it done," Alta Doe; "As we've done in four years," Donnie Getchell, '24; "As we used to do it," Dean Nettie M. Runnals. Miss Florence E. Dunn gave a clever original poem.

After the speeches the following program was given: Violin solo, Mollie Seltzer, '26; vocal solo, Harriet Towle, '28; cornet solo, Rose Seltzer, '27. "The Templeton's Teapot," a humorous one-act play, was given by members of the Dramatic Club.

"The Daughters of Colby," an organization of Colby students one or both of whose

parents are alumni of the college, has just been formed along the lines of the "Sons of Colby" which has been in existence for some time.

The faculty alumnae conducted the first meeting of the new society at the home of Mrs. Ernest C. Marriner. The following officers were elected: Miss Doris W. Hardy, President; Miss Florence A. Plaisted, Vice-President; Miss Clara K. Ford, Secretary-Treasurer. The twenty-six daughters at the present time are: Dorothy Austin, '25; Helen C. Smith, '27; Florence A. Plaisted, '27; Lenora Hall, '27; Phyllis Bowman, '25; Claire A. Crosby, '25; Phyllis Fletcher, '27; Margaret Vigue, '28; Doris Sanborn, '26; Clara Harthorn, '25; Miriam Rice, '27; Doris W. Hardy, '25; Muriel Lewis, '28; Emma Tozier, '28; Doris Tozier, '25; Margery Pierce, '27; Clara K. Ford, '27; Dorothy Dagget, '28; Ruth Tilton, '28; Amy Dearborn, '28; Julia Mayo, '27; Ardelle Chase, '27; Marion F. Merriam, '25; Helen Merrick, '28; Esther Wood, '26; Evelyn F. Ventres, '28; Doris (Garland) Russell, '27.

## AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

Olive Smith, ex-'25, was married on February 28, to Mr. George Marcia.

Mrs. Clara H. Hemingway, '19, is receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

Helen Pollard, ex-'27, and Mr. Thomas Hodgkins were married on February 9.

Katherine Bates, ex-'22, has announced her engagement to Mr. Roger H. Paine of New Orleans.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Helen Williams, ex-'22, and Mr. William F. Cushman.

### RETURNING TO AMERICA

Miss Erma Reynolds, '14, flew across the English Channel February 12. She sailed from Southampton, February 20, on her way to New York and is expected to arrive

at her home in Winslow in about twelve days. Miss Reynolds, after teaching three years in Shanghai, China, left there September 12, 1924, and made a trip through southern Asia and Europe.

Some of the places she visited are: Kuling, Peking, Tientsin, Tsaingtes, in China; Colombo in Ceylon; Madras, Bombay, Jaipur, Agra and the Taj Mahal in India; Port Said and Alexandria in Egypt; Rome, Florence, Genoa, Paris, and London. She spent one month in India and two in France. During her stay in Paris, Miss Reynolds attended the advanced conversation class in the Berlitz School.

While in China, Miss Reynolds was for two years preceptress and head of the French and Latin department in the Ameri-

can school in Shanghai. She was a member of the College Club and of the Tri-Delta Club.

PLAY PUBLISHED

Of interest to Colby students, is the recent publication by the Walter Baker Co. of Boston, of a play entitled "Off With His Head," written by Miss Catherine Hatch of the class of 1919. The play was written while Miss Hatch was teaching Latin in the high school in Beverly, Mass., and its purpose was to make clearer the Latin rules and constructions encountered by first

and second year Latin students. Miss Hatch uses the Latin constructions as characters, for example—the Ablative Absolute is the Lord High Executioner who cuts off the heads of all those who break the rules. The play, has been produced very successfully in various high schools, among which are Beverly High School and Washington Irving High School in New York City. Miss Hatch's home is in Fairfield but at present she is in business in New York City.

A COLBY "SAMPLER"

Nov. 25 E. KINGSLEY PRESIDING. A PAGEANT: "UNDER THE SAME SKY."	DEC. 2. GRACE McDONALD, LEADER. "OUR FAVORITES" SONGS - POETICAL SELECTIONS.
FEB. 3. READINGS FROM THE PLAY, "ST. JOAN" BY TRUE HARDY.	FEB. 2-7 MISS FOWLE DEAN OF NEWTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY HOLDS CONFERENCES
	FEB. 7, RECEPTION FOR MISS FOWLE
FEB. 10. MUSICAL PROGRAM.	FEB. 24, UNION SERVICE AT CHAPEL AMY WIGGIN: "THE STUDENT RELIEF FUND."
FEB. 17. "THE PLACE OF RELIGION," PROF. NEWMAN.	



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