

4-1927

## The Colbiana vol. 15 no. 2 (April, 1927)

Colby College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana>

 Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Colby College, "The Colbiana vol. 15 no. 2 (April, 1927)" (1927). *The Colbiana*. 39.  
<https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana/39>

This Journal is brought to you for free and open access by the College Archives: Colbiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Colbiana by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby. For more information, please contact [mfkelly@colby.edu](mailto:mfkelly@colby.edu).

# COLBIANA

# THE COLBIANA

Vol. XIV

APRIL, 1927

Number 2



## THE SHIP'S BELL.

"Ease her off! Play her loose!" were shouted in vain. Wave after wave dashed across the rough deck of the little fishing schooner and crashed with terrific force against the sturdy masts, now drunken giants reeling and staggering in the clutches of the raging tempest. A dense, menacing shroud of fog hid the rough occupants of the ship from each other.

"There'll be more'n one'll see Davy Jones' locker tonight, boys," the hoarse, raucous voice of Big Joe called out.

"Yes, and it'll be small wonder if we don't, too," answered Ben.

"Don't be so gloomy, Ben. We'll make port if a starboard gale doesn't drive us on the reefs," broke in Charlie.

The wind, dismally howling and moaning, whipped up great blinding sheets of spray; the fog grew blacker and thicker. On and on the little craft drifted until with a low, dull thud she scraped on the dreaded sandbar. The greedy waves eagerly rushed in through the great gap, and the men, muttering oaths in surprise and anger, slipped on life preservers and dived into the green maelstrom.

Hours later three dripping, exhausted fishermen staggered up the beach in search of shelter from the beating rain and fierce wind.

"Say, Joe, d'ya see a light up 'tother side of the cove? Mebbe they'll take us in."

"Yeh, mebbe," assented Joe laconically.

Wearily, drenched, and cold, they plodded on toward the fitful glimmering of the sick-

ly, yellow beacon. Silently, grimly, they kept on until at last they stood in front of a high, bare, forbidding building. An old wooden sign on which "Ye Ship's Bell Tavern," was printed in dull gold letters, creaked on its ancient hinges. A loud rap brought a cheery, little, bald-headed man to the door.

"Is there shelter from the storm for us here?"

"Certainly, certainly. Come in. Ellen, get some food and drink. Yes, come in, come in."

With that he bustled off, putting a fresh log on the fire and bidding them dry their wet garments.

Cheered by the warmth and food, they soon became engrossed in listening to Big Joe's yarns of the sea which grew more wonderful and improbable as the evening wore away.

"I was just about to say—," Joe was saying, when a loud, shrill peal of the doorbell pierced their ears. With a look of surprise because of the lateness of the hour, the landlord slowly opened the ponderous door. A thin, wiry, dark, foreign looking man entered. Beneath his straight-lined brows his black, beady eyes glittered strangely; his thin, white-lipped mouth was cruelly drawn; his long, tapering fingers idly caressed each other. He, too, sought shelter from the merciless elements, and soon joined the merry groups about the fire. The landlord's audible yawns plainly told them that he wished to retire, so with much scuffling

of feet they stamped off upstairs.

"Clang-ang-ang!" The house trembled under the wild peal which broke the midnight silence, and died away in shuddering, ghostly sobs. With one accord the men sprang from their beds and rushed downstairs. When the distressed little landlord could control his emotion, he told them that the awful sound was that of the ship's bell in the turret, and that it had never rung since it was found on a wreck and brought to the tavern.

"It wouldn't ha' rung except by human hand, would it, Ben?" grinned Charlie. There was no answer—only a blank, desolate, depressing silence. Ben had disappeared! Wildly, vainly, they shouted and searched for him long into the gray dawn. Ben had gone—utterly, completely gone!

All the next day they were compelled to remain at the inn, for still the rain poured down in floods, drowning the fields and blocking the roads. All evening they talk-

ed uneasily of the gruesome mystery or listened to the stranger's weird tales, until at last they wearily climbed into bed.

"Clang-ang-ang! Clang-ang-ang!" The stillness was again broken; again the weird, eerie quiet came. Only the innkeeper and the stranger rushed frantically downstairs. Big Joe and Charlie had vanished. The innkeeper, horribly frightened, crouched by the fire, muttering nervously to himself. There was no sound save the hollow footsteps of the stranger as he paced monotonously back and forth over the old wooden floor. The minutes dragged, the silence became intensified, until suddenly a low echo of the ship's bell reverberated through the tavern. The restless footsteps ceased. The landlord peered around; the stranger had vanished and with him that terrible stillness of impending doom and evil. Nothing was heard but the drip-drip of the rain against the eaves. Pearly morn was dawning.

B. Gross, '28.

---

## THE FIRST KNOWING.

It is a curiously true fact, that a child's first realization of the possibility of death, and his earliest impressions of pain and sorrow are brought to him by the person who is nearest and dearest to him, and who loves him most tenderly. Perhaps this feeling of sadness, intermixed with sweetness, is the more poignant because of the imaginative sensibility of certain children. This at least would be my explanation of the sensitive nature of a child whom I have known ever since she was a tiny girl baby.

The delights of beauty and of naturalistic loveliness came to this child much as they come to everyone—by a gradual, almost imperceptible opening of the windows and doors in the house of thought. And as she grew older and could understand more the mother used to walk with her, in delightful, happy comradeship, through the sweet scented woods and over the barnacled crags and rocks of the small seashore town in which they lived. In one of these ramblings the child came to know—and the knowing cost her much. . . . It happened that their path lay through the little old

cemetery situated on a high hill overlooking the village proper. The spot was beautiful in its untidiness, for it was summer time and no one had been there lately to cut down the wild roses—lovely big red and white ones—which grew over the bones of many an old soldier and prim New England housewife. Many other flowers and shrubs were there too, and tall pines and white birches which the child longed to climb. But the roses—and she bent to pick a tiny bud, and placed it in a carved vase which leaned against one of those white tombstones. The act of gentle carelessness was not unnoticed by the watching mother and she spoke words which were as careless as her child's act had been, "Some day, when I am dead, will you put a rosebud over my grave too?" . . .

That night came one of the most terrific thunderstorms of the summer season. As the violence of the thunder and the lightning slowly died away into the echoing distance, and was replaced by the slow gentle sound of raindrops, the sensitive child whom I knew still lay tense in bed listen-

ing to the soft patter, patter of the drops on a tarred roof outside her window. And if you and I had been there, and had been

listening very intently, we might have heard, now and then, the sound of a heart-broken sob. Harriet Kimball, '29.

## SISTER AGNES.

### Characters:

Ann Regan, or Sister Agnes.  
Mrs. Haines, Ann's friend.  
Mrs. Regan, Ann's Mother.  
Two Nuns.  
A Man.

The scene is a street leading from the door of St. Mary's church. It is a beautiful spring morning in a small town. Everything about the scene is of a peaceful Sunday morning which one experiences in the friendly community of a country place.

### Scene I.

Three nuns are leaving the Church, Sister Agnes some distance in the lead. The other two are talking.

First Sister. It is strange about Sister Agnes. She very seldom speaks, but when she does her voice rings so clear and sweet that one might think it the voice of an angel.

Second Sister. She sang so sweetly this morning that for an instant my soul seemed to have flown to heaven. But how well hidden her joyous peacefulness is, if she is as divinely happy as her voice sounds.

First Sister. I have often wondered how her face became so very scarred. Perhaps it was the result of a great sacrifice. One could expect it of her.

Second Sister. Sister, I have been guilty of wondering if it were not her misfortune which made her one of us.

First Sister. She is so holy, so Godlike, only the purest motives, the greatest love of God could have brought her here.

Second Sister. Yes, Sister, I am sorry. She without doubt has received graces that we shall never know.

(A dimming of the lights indicates that the action is taking place five years previous. It is the same scene and the same hour on a Sunday morning. Sister Agnes, now Ann Regan, a very beautiful young

girl, is passing from the church with her friend, Mrs. Haines. Two Sisters are passing down the street.)

Ann. How sweet and holy the Sisters look on this beautiful day. A part of God's beauty!

Mrs. Haines. Why, Ann, you said that almost too reverently. I never knew that you admired them so much.

Ann. Yes, my dear friend, many things have been going on within this pretty head of mine and within this carefree, thoughtless being that people would never dream were there.

Mrs. Haines. Ann, you said that as if in fun, but down in your heart you meant it, didn't you? I am beginning to see, but how strange it is. I have never heard you speak of your good looks before. You never seemed proud; that is why everyone likes you so much.

Ann. I know it. (Mrs. Haines starts.)

Mrs. Haines. Are you well, or have you just one of your particularly funny streaks this morning?

Ann. I am very well and very serious right now. But, Mrs. Haines, there is nothing strange about it. I know that I have always been beautiful and it has been a continual fight to keep from being proud of it. I believe that is why people like me. It has been very hard for me not to be proud of my hair—but why should I be? I have done nothing to merit it. My eyes are beautiful, I know, but so is the clear blue sky. God made all things.

Mrs. Haines. (gasping.) This is too much for me. Why, I almost believe that you would like to be a—

Ann. A Sister. Uh-huh. For a long time it has been in my thoughts constantly. It would be hard for my family, but I think they would soon become reconciled to it. But Jim—I don't know about Jim. It seems that it has always been understood that we will some day marry.

Mrs. Haines. You wouldn't give him up now. Think what it would mean. It would be too hard for you.

Ann. What is there worth while that is not hard? But I am thinking of Jim. He could not look at things as I do. I almost wish something would happen so that he'd never want to see me again! It would be easier for him.

Mrs. Haines. Think this over. Think hard. I cannot see why you of all girls should have such notions.

Ann. (Laughing.) Now don't worry yourself sick. It would be a shame to be ill in such beautiful weather and remember it is all spring sunshine to me. Good morning, old dear. I must hurry home. Bye-bye. (She trips happily down the street.)

Mrs. Haines. (To herself.) Who would ever think it? (Mrs. Haines turns slowly to go when there is wild honking of an automobile horn and screaming off stage. There is great commotion and then a man rushes in from the direction in which Ann had gone.)

Man. Ann has been run over! Get the priest! (To Mrs. Haines. Confusion as the curtain drops.)

## Scene II.

Time, two months later.

Scene: Ann's room in her country home. It is large and comfortable. There is a dresser at one side and other bedroom furniture about. The bed is extending out from one corner in a prominent position on the stage. Ann is propped in this, watching her mother, who is sitting opposite her, sewing. Mrs. Regan looks up to meet her gaze.

Ann. Why do you look at me, mother, with such sorrowful, pitying eyes?

Mother. It is because you have been very ill, dear. You have been nearer death than you will ever realize and yet—

Ann. And yet what, mother? Would it have been better for me to have realized it? Must I suffer still? Don't worry then, mother, I am capable of bearing much more than you know perhaps.

Mother. (Trying to laugh.) Oh, I didn't mean to say anything of any consequence, I guess. Rest awhile now, dear. (Ann

leans back among the pillows and her mother continues sewing.)

Ann. (After a few seconds' thought.) Where is Jim?

Mother. He was called away on business. (A truthful woman attempting to lie.)

Ann: He has never come to see me, or sent flowers? But it is foolish for me to ask. I do not want him to come if it is not his wish.

Mother. He has come to see you.

Ann. And then went away, knowing that I was so near death? Oh, it's all right. I don't know what made me ask. (After a pause.) But mother, when will he be back? (The mother has arisen to fix Ann's pillows and evidently does not hear the last question.)

Mother. There, Ann, I think that will be better. Now rest, dear. (After patting the pillow she returns to her sewing.)

Ann. Jim was always so near, always so thoughtful when the smallest thing went wrong with me. Was he angry with the person who ran over me?

Mother. Why, yes.

Ann. What makes you sound so doubtful?

Mother. Doubtful, dear? He was angry, of course. Yet not so much angry as sorry. It was an accident,—unavoidable. It must have been—must have been.

Ann. Mother—

Mother. You should rest, now, Ann.

Ann. But when is Jim coming, Mother? (Pause.) Jim is coming back, isn't he? (Pause.) Mother, why—why?

Mother. Jim will be back, I think—perhaps—

Ann. Mother! Tell me. I must know.

Mother. It is so hard to tell—

Ann. But I must know.

Mother. It—the one who ran over you, dear—

Ann. Was Jim!

Mother. Yes, Ann.

Ann. Jim—Jim ran over me! And he feels so sorry that he cannot bear see me? Is that it?

Mother. Perhaps—(She walks away.)

Ann. Oh, but he must not feel that way. He probably thinks I could not love him

now, that I will hold it against him. He should not feel so—I am glad though, that he is man enough to care. When will he be back, Mother? I want to see him.

Mother. I don't know—

Ann. I want to see him, to let him know that this cannot make any difference. I shall have to be very kind and very beautiful to keep him from being sorry, to make him forget all about it. I must make him happy—how he must have suffered! And I can. He is so fond of beautiful things. Why, I used to think sometimes that he loved me just for my beauty. (Her mother has not turned. There is a long pause.) Mother! Mother, what is it? There is something—something I have not been told. Please tell me, mother.

Mother. No, dear, there is nothing. (She does not turn.)

Ann. But there is.

Mother. Ann, you are hurting yourself. And there is nothing. What could make you think there is?

Ann. I know. Please—

(The mother turns, at last, slowly goes to the dresser where she picks up a hand mirror. She hands the mirror to Ann and falls weeping by the bedside. Ann does not raise the mirror, but a look of horror comes over her scarred face.)

Ann. The coward! The coward!

(She covers her face with her hands.)  
 Jim—you came and ran away from the ugliness—that was your fault alone. . . .  
 Mother, do not cry. It doesn't matter. It has only put the decision in God's hand. That's—that's all. Things of this world will count no more with me.

Frances Bragdon, '28.

## TOYS OF DESPERATION.

The shadow of a double tragedy lay grievously on every heart in the little church, and the burden of a double mystery. Paying the final tribute to the two men together, they were beset with wonder. There was no reason, they told each other, that Daniel Edge should have sought death. And even less—unless they accepted for himself Clyde's explanation of Dan's death—even less could they explain why Clyde Freedom had left his kingdom of books and thrown himself down from that self-same spot toward the sea.

Three days before, on Monday morning, when the children had gone out early to play on the beach, they had stolen back in awestruck silence to bring their fathers to the rocks where Dan lay dead. In the cold grayness of that day the men had brought him to his home, sorrowing with his lovely wife and three manly sons. Clyde had heard of the disaster and had come over to add, in his half-timid, scholarly way, his words of praise for his neighbor's life of service. He had stayed until late in the evening considering with the others any possible reason for the suicide. It must have been suicide, they declared, discounting immediately any suggestion of foul

play. Dan was not that kind of a man, they said, not the kind who could have such enemies as that.

Clyde had stayed late Monday evening, walking back alone to the house where he spent his long, solitary days of study. Toward noon the next day a passerby had found the lights of his cottage still burning; search revealed his body at the base of the big cliff, only a few feet from where Dan's had been. His frail body, crushed more than Dan's had been, they took up tenderly and carried to Dan's home to await the funeral. He must not lie in loneliness, Mrs. Edge had told them; those who came from all over the state to mourn for her husband should give a measure of recognition to Clyde Freedom, too.

On Monday there had been many visitors, friends of Dan's, at the tragic spot of his death. On Tuesday, when Clyde had been found many more came in sorrow, wonder, or idle curiosity. There was more than coincidence here, they felt, and they longed to ferret out the mystery. Even those who were only curious, however, found the pleasant thrill they had expected turning to an unaccountable dread, numb and terrible, which caused them to linger

only a few minutes. The day was again gray, and as evening approached grew more chill and dismal. High above the silent, shifting group on the beach towered the majestic cliffs which lined the coast here for several miles. Beautiful, awful, inexorable, they cast a deadly pall over the scene. On their vast blue-gray barrenness the passing of day cast deepening shadows. A few scrubby evergreens which in the gloom of daylight had brightened the dull sameness of sea, long vistas of sand-beach and boulders, and dark-towering bluffs, now only made darker blots on the darkening landscape. Night was swiftly settling down in a hush so absolute that it seemed not even the wind dared blow across the waves to disturb it. The infinitesimal figures of the visitors hurried away.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Monday morning. Daybreak had hardly come but Clyde Freedom, pacing nervously back and forth in his little, book-lined library, seemed to have been up for some time. Still wearing the leather jacket he had put on for his walk earlier, he ceased his striding to sit resolutely down to read. With hands shaking unaccountably he fingered the pages of a volume of Shakespeare.

If only the vision would leave him,—that strange vision. Clear as if painted on the walls, on the dim morning spaces of the view outside, on the very pages of the book he handled, it tormented him. A solitary figure facing the sea! Not against this dim sky of dawn with its unchanging monotony of dull clouds, but somehow black against an earthly flaming red, it stood. If only he needn't still see that maddening redness, that searing blaze of color, searing his soul. What did it mean, this image of a solitary figure against a fadeless red? He could remember only imperfectly.

How long had it stood there, that dark figure, before the man in the bushes had stirred? How long, gazing off to sea, as if out there where sea and sky were lost in each other, there were peace without measure to be had for the waiting? Clyde could not have said. All he remembered now,—would that he could not remember that!—was his dark passion, as he crouched hidden there, against him who waited, so

patient, so confident. Poisoned through and through with unreasoned hatred, he had drunk in the sight of Daniel Edge's strength until his brain was seething with a mad tumult. Was this man his friend, this man his neighbor, with whom he had talked over the news of the day and literature of forgotten yesterdays, this man his idol? No! No! Not this man! Not this dark figure against the dawn, the gray dawn, whose soul was filled with a peace which could never be his own! Cheated, robbed of any right to a heritage of peace, robbed before his birth, he—he, Clyde Freedom, had crouched there in the darkness, a demon of envy tearing at his heart.

Even now the flaming red of his malice was before his eyes, now, an hour later, in his study; and he could not shut it out.

He could not remember what had happened out there on the cliff. He could not remember how he had got back home. Except that one knee ached with a continuous dull throb, he could not have known that he had stumbled and fallen. No, good God! All he could remember, and he could not forget, was that red madness in which his recollection had clothed the confident figure of Daniel Edge, standing there against the dawn, at peace. Ah, peace! Peace! Peace was not for him, never to be his. . . .

He thumbed over the pages of "Hamlet." If he could only forget! The company of books could usually make him forget. But tonight all things conspired to make him remember. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"—what worse slings and arrows than the beatings of a restless mind continually tortured with itself, nothing more? "A something in my soul that would not let me sleep"—and had the strivings of his soul allowed him one night's rest in years?

Ah, here was something,—at last, plunged in the world of books he had found forgetfulness. . . . He heard nothing more, felt nothing more outside the pages of "Hamlet," copiously annotated with his own comments, until they had come to tell him about Dan.

Dan! Dan dead! Why, how—? He had talked with him yesterday! Fallen from the cliffs onto the rocks. . . . near Fland-



ers Outlook. . . early this morning? A shame! He couldn't understand. . . Well, no more could they.

Daniel dead! Daniel his neighbor, his friend! Daniel the kind, the anchor in times of stress! It did not seem possible. He talked it all over with them, walked with them down to the village, spent the afternoon talking it over with them. Somehow, Clyde himself had done most of the theorizing, for they were still too paralyzed with the shock of it. Of course, it was different with him, they thought, a little mouse of a man, wrapped up in his studies. He would not feel so deeply, they supposed; he would become philosophical over it, and argue the ins and outs of it more quickly, with less pain.

"It don't seem possible, now," old Les Barker pulled out laboriously, "it don't seem possible as he could fall offen that cliff. He's been out there many the morning to watch the sun rise, and he knew that cliff."

No, they agreed, after a slow, half-reluctant consideration, it must have been deliberate. But why? Daniel with his fine wife, and three boys coming to manhood, a friend to every man, woman, and child in the town (and many more outside it), just elected to a seat in the legislature, prosperous enough, always seeming so happy, so buoyantly yet peacefully happy—no, they just couldn't understand.

Clyde thought perhaps he did, he told them. Diffidently he brought it out, as if he were half-ashamed of his theory at first.

Did they remember that place in "Hamlet" where the young prince is going to meet the ghost of his father? Most of them didn't, at least not very clearly, but they held their peace. Did they remember how his friends had been afraid to have him follow the apparition, afraid that the ghost was really an evil spirit in his father's form, come to lure him to destruction? And did they remember how Horatio said to young Hamlet:

"The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea  
And hears it roar beneath."

Clyde warmed to his subject as he talked. Eloquently he told them how Daniel Edge,

fortunate and happy, had yielded to the spell of the wild and lonely spot above the sea, had yielded to the "toys of desperation," it had put upon him. The scent of the sea in his nostrils. . . the sight of its infinite rolling depths. . . the beckoning roar of its waves against the shore so far beneath. . . so far, far beneath. . . the slow coming of dawn out on the edge of the world. . . the edge of the world. . . the gradual, very gradual, brightening of green lights in the ocean. . . the infinite rolling depths of the ocean. . . so far, far beneath. . . an unreasoning, uncontrollable impulse to become one with all this. . . with this infinitude. . . to cast himself down, in all his happiness. . . "so many fathoms to the sea". . . "so many fathoms."

Could they see it? Late into the night he talked, and every newcomer had to listen. Perhaps, perhaps, they thought. They were too distressed to offer many objections. The funeral would be Wednesday, they supposed? Too bad!

Clyde walked home alone. The pity of it possessed him until his emotion almost halted his weary steps. His knee, the knee he had hurt so unaccountably, pained him continually, and he was tired. Reaching home he needed the solace of much brightness, and he turned the lights on all over the house. He sat down to read awhile, but he found reading impossible. Considering the waste of Dan's life, cut off in its prime, he was suddenly assailed with a picture of a solitary black figure against a blood-red sky. Queer! Where did that come from, that image? Oh, yes. He remembered now that he had been beset, quite as inconsistently, with that same picture this morning after his walk. Oh, well, some crazy subconscious connection, he supposed. He could not know its meaning. A deep sense of remorse swept over him like a wave, personal remorse. Remorse for Daniel's death, of course. But personal remorse? Why? As if he, he himself had—. But the feeling was gone so quickly that he did not really know whence it came.

He was restless. Curse this excessive nervousness of his! He must not go to bed to toss about without sleep. That, he knew only too well, was fatal with him,—illness

for a week or more. He must not.

He put on his leather jacket and, hatless, left the house on the path toward the ocean. It was not far, but his knee pained him severely before he reached the point called Flander's Outlook. Long he stood by the edge of the cliff, looking over the sea and listening to the beat of its waves. The stillness oppressed him. Why couldn't the wind blow? It was so still,—that is, except for the wild tossing of his thoughts. . . . If only the wind would blow, it might perhaps drown the noise of his thinking. A strange dual strain of thought ran in his bewildered head. As if in conflict, straining in deadlock, two thoughts vied for supremacy. His mental vision burned with the sight of a solitary figure on a blood-red sky—a sky which had really been gray! With it that strange sense of personal remorse came back again, more poignant than

before, and with it the need of atonement for—what? And as if in conflict his ears rang—rang—rang with the sound of “toys of desperation”—“desperation”—“many fathoms to the sea”—“Many fathoms.”

Atonement—peace—“many fathoms”—

Next morning they found Clyde Freedom, broken, at the foot of the great gray cliff.

\* \* \* \* \*

Side by side lay the bodies of Daniel Edge and Clyde Freedom. Some in the little church were thinking about the phrase Clyde had used,—from Hamlet, wasn't it? —“toys of desperation,” and were not quite satisfied that that explained it all. But most, entirely puzzled as to the reasons for this double tragedy, were paying simple tribute with the pastor when he said, “We mourn the loss of these friends. May they both rest in peace!” M. R., '27.

## MRS. JULIUS CAESAR'S HUSBAND.

A lady leaned against a marble pillar and anxiously scanned each passerby. This was Mrs. Julius Caesar. Soon a tall figure was seen to approach. Every step spoke majesty. This was Mr. Julius Caesar. Slightly behind him walked ten centurions and behind them—what was this? A whole legion, bearing the insignia of Caesar's favorite, the Tenth! As her husband drew nearer, Mrs. Caesar drew herself up to her full height and her lips narrowed to a thin straight line.

“Wife,” said Mr. Julius Caesar, “The Tenth legion which hath served me well in the last battle will dine with us on this night. Go and see that a good banquet is prepared.”

“Welcome to our household,” said Mrs. Julius Caesar, with a gracious smile to the legion, “and will you, honored spouse, deign me a moment of private conversation?”

“With pleasure, within the moment I shall be with thee,” Caesar answered in a loud voice, possibly for the benefit of the legion.

In no less than a half hour Caesar confronted his wife in the kitchen: where the

servants were running hither and thither in a mad rush.

“What is all this hustle and bustle? It is past my belief how anything is ever accomplished in this household. Now in my army we have system; every man knows his place and duties. If you—”

“A moment,” interrupted his irate spouse. “Since you **direct** your legion with so much success, without doubt you will have some valuable suggestions on **feeding** it from an empty larder. You have forgotten, possibly, our invitation to dine at Cassius' home this evening. In view of our expected absence, no meat was brought into the house this day, no perishable dainties were ordered to be prepared, and, if you recall, this very morning I spoke of replenishing our lowered stock of wines, but you, great general, told me you would tend to that yourself as the last wine that I ordered, according to you, my lord, was not fit to serve your basest prisoner. Without doubt your excellent wine is on the way, although no hint of its arrival has met my ear. Without doubt Cassius has been fully informed of your change of plan, and with-

out doubt," her voice was a sharp knife, cutting deeply—"your **system** will find a way to feed your legion."

"Now dear," began her husband in a cajoling tone, "you can just run over and see Mrs. Cassius tomorrow, and, if you explain, I'm sure everything will be all right."

"Undoubtedly. How kind of you to entrust me with your mission! Are you not sure that someone with a little more system—?"

"Tch, tch, my sweet wife, who are dearer to me than life itself—"

He was interrupted at this point by a servant who cried, "The wine stalls are closed and will not open although I break the skin on my hands in beating upon the door."

"Well?" interrogated Mrs. Caesar, looking at her husband with the what-are-you-going-to-do-now air.

"Send Cato over to Pompey's to borrow a hundred kegs of his best Brundisian. I would go myself but Pompey and I had a few words yesterday and—"

"Of course, my lord, it would be quite out of the question for you to go. Hurry Cato!

Another servant entered followed by two shop boys carrying venison.

"Venison again! You know I don't like"—but at a glance from his wife—"you to have to go to so much bother," he finished

lamely.

One of Caesar's attendants next added to the confusion. "The legion is getting a trifle uneasy, I fear, sir," he said. "In a wrestling match a vase was broken."

"Probably it is the one from Greece," wailed Mrs. Caesar. "The next time your legion has to be fed," she added firmly, "you can take them to the public wine rooms!"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Julius Caesar's husband meekly.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Unexpected by your wife, you took a legion home to dine?" asked Brutus incredulously as he and Caesar were strolling by the banks of the Tiber.

"Yes, indeed," said Caesar, "and a fine banquet we had. My wife is always glad to have me bring guests to dine, and, more than that, she is always ready, no fuss, no bother, just a matter of system, Brutus, that is all."

Another period of time elapses and we find Brutus facing his wife across the dinner table.

"Yes, my dear, Caesar's wife is certainly a wonderful woman. She fed a whole legion. They were unexpected, mind you, but every thing prepared. Now if you would just use a little system—," but he never finished. We wonder why!

Lucile Whitcomb, '30.

## LOST.

"Needle, needle, dip and dart—," Marie LaRochelle hummed gaily as she mended her young son's much worn stockings. On the mantle piece, the alarm clock with the homely face ticked loudly. The oval braided rugs and the quaint chintz curtains converted the tiny kitchen into a cozy living room. Chauncey, the enormous Airdale dog sleeping behind the stove, yawned audibly in his contentment.

Marie, who was a young widow, lived in the little cottage with her six-year old son, Dicky. Their home was situated on the outskirts of the little French Canadian town, L'Abbey. Pierre, the father, had died two years previous with pneumonia.

Since his death, Marie by careful planning was able to earn a livelihood for herself and child. Her father, a wealthy trader in furs, had taught her how to trap animals. From the fur she was able to get a meager sum.

It was an afternoon in mid-winter. While Dicky was at school, Marie sat mending and sewing. Tiring of her occupation, she decided to visit her traps near the border of the woods. Thinking that there was plenty of time for her trip before school would be dismissed, she set about preparing to leave. She laced up her high leather shoe-packs, and put on her home-made beaver coat. Closing the draughts of the stove, she spoke

affectionately to the dog: "Mind the house while I am gone." Whereupon Chauncey thumped his tail on the floor in his approval.

She left the door unlocked, for no one would take the unnecessary precaution of locking a door. Strapping on her long graceful snowshoes, she started off. Over the hills and fields, she travelled easily and gracefully.

Feeling a gentle breeze come up, she hurried on. This jaunt held pleasant memories of trips which she and Pierre had taken so often. She missed Pierre, to be sure, but she still had Dicky and she was young and beautiful. Little need, thought she, of brooding over by-gone sorrow.

As she approached the border of the great forest, a slight flurry of snow flakes began to fall. The storm which she had anticipated was coming. She followed the blazed trail to the several traps. The first trap nestled down and quite artfully concealed by dead boughs held in its toils a beautiful marten. Three more traps held victims. Strapping the small animals on her back in the true native manner, she turned towards home.

Glad to leave the stillness of the woods behind, she hastened homeward. Upon arriving there she placed the dead, frozen ani-

mals in a barrel in the shed and hung her snowshoes upon a wooden peg. Entering the kitchen she sang out: "Dick-ee." No answer. Concluding that he had stayed later than usual she set out to meet him. The wind was now blowing a piercing gale and the snow was falling fast. She arrived at the schoolhouse but the teacher assured her that all the children had gone from school an hour before.

From there she went to the village store. No one here had seen the child, but they were anxious to help locate him. The news spread rapidly about that Marie's son was missing. Some of the younger men and boys organized a searching party.

Marie, now quite frantic, plodded home over the heavy roads. She was quite a different person from the usual carefree Marie. At home once more she could find no trace of Dicky. Mrs. Levesque, a neighbor, came up the lane and her approach aroused Chauncey. It was now very dark and dreary. Marie tried to quiet Chauncey who barked and barked.

"Stay with Dicky," piped out a childish voice from behind the stove. Marie's sobbing stopped, and she slipped behind the stove and gathered up her child in her arms.

"Dicky's not afraid in the dark with Chauncey."

E. Bell, '29.

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

It was only four-thirty, but on this bleak December afternoon, it was as dark as it would be at nine in September. The downfall of snow that had lasted all day was turning to rain, and the icy pavements made walking very difficult. The lights glimmered through the darkness and together with the rain and mist presented a scene almost terrifying.

It was the time in the afternoon when the theater crowds were dispersing. They wove their way hurriedly homeward, blinded by the rainy snow. In their haste to get to their homes, no one noticed the wee slip of a young woman who pushed her way in the opposite direction through the mass of pedestrians. That is, no one but "Jimmy" Hogan noticed her. "Jimmy"

was the policeman, who for fifteen faithful years had paced his beat from Fifth street to the bridge.

He saw her now, weaving in and out among the throng. At times there seemed danger that she would be trampled to the wet pavement. Bravely she elbowed her way along until at last she left the city behind, and then she hastened toward the bridge.

She was attired in a "slicker," the right side of which bulged out. As she proceeded down the street, the bulge changed to the left. "Jimmy" followed, keeping far enough behind in order that he might not attract attention. She turned a corner. By hastening his steps, it was not long before "Jimmy" again caught sight of her. This

time he saw no perceivable bulge, but under her arm she carried a large bundle—large for a person so small.

She turned another corner, and before "Jimmy" could again regain sight of her, she was on the bridge gazing down into the black waters. She was resting her parcel on the railing as if trying to decide whether she was doing the correct thing or not. As "Jimmy" came in sight she raised it high above her head and flung it far out into the foaming waters.

It was done. At last she was rid of the one hateful thing in her life. How she hated it! How many uncomfortable hours

had she spent with that thing! She felt now as though life was worth living.

She started to run; she must get home before her husband got there. She glanced around and saw "Jimmy" about to dive off the bridge into the icy waters. Should she yell? No. This was her affair, not his. She hastened on. She turned corner after corner, and at last she fairly flung herself against the door of her home, nearly exhausted.

The door was opened by her "better half," who shouted far too loudly, "Great Heavens! Woman, where's my saxophone? It's gone!"  
Helen Baker, '30.

---

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

One June day, having nothing else to do, I visited an aviation field on the outskirts of our town. I did not know it when I started out, but when I arrived at the field I learned that on this day they were testing a new type of aeroplane. This plane was made of a material which was lighter than aluminum and three times stronger than steel. They claimed that it could fall from the height of eight thousand feet without damaging the plane or injuring its passengers. One thousand dollars was offered to any person or persons who dared to try this stunt. As yet only one person had volunteered, so I immediately said that I would go along with him.

I secured some clothing such as aviators use and went over to the plane. There I met the man with whom I was to make the trip. His name was Thomas Deneault, a graduate of a certain aviation school in Minnesota.

After the introduction we clambered into our seats and set forth on our journey. At the height of seven thousand feet my companion informed me through a small telephone apparatus that we were about to fall. He shut off the motor and down we went, turning around like a spinning top. I glanced down once and to my horror discovered that we were pointed, nose first, at the center of a lake. I closed my eyes and for the first time in my life, I fainted. When I came to my senses again we were in

a strange, strange place. I asked Tom what had happened and he said we landed in the middle of the lake and had kept on going. When we had gone about forty miles toward the center of the earth, we came out into an opening. Tom regained control of the plane and we landed in a field. But such a field as it was! The grass was so big and tall that we could not touch the ground, so we climbed out of the plane and slid down one of the stalks which resembled the trees in our country, except that there were no limbs or leaves. Then we had a consultation in order to plan some way to get out of this place which must be the center of the earth and to which we must have come by some underground passage-way.

After our consultation we started exploring. We had gone about a hundred yards when we heard a humming noise resembling the roar of a motor on a plane. Looking up, we saw a monstrous bird of exceedingly large proportions. It looked like our common sparrows only many, many times larger. We had just overcome our fright from seeing him when a little farther on, we saw an animal resembling the picture of dinosaurs. At every step he jarred the earth as if an earthquake was in operation.

In this strange land the ground was of a rich red color, the sun shone with a slightly pinkish tint and there was no way of

telling the time as we had both left our watches in our other coats. I might have walked for a minute or a week before I met the next animal. He was undescribable. He saw us and rushed headlong toward us. Just as he reached us, a strong current of air caught us up from his venomous fangs and we were borne upward through

space. Suddenly, nearly suffocated, we felt ourselves dropping. We hit with a thud on a balloon in the aviation field from which we started. Regaining our breath we related our experiences to the people who crowded around us. Strange as it may seem they did not believe us.

Maxine Hoyt, '30.

## THE MAN AND THE CLOCK.

The whole castle was waiting tensely. The clocks slowly ticked out the allotted number of minutes, but so slowly that they seemed to be waiting for some stimulus to speed them on. The dogs lay about the hearth, seeming to have imbibed something of the atmosphere of the household. All the servants had been up all night, but gathered now in the kitchen, they showed no signs of fatigue. They talked in whispers, and listened intently, for some sound from above. In the dark old library, a prematurely old man, with an expression of worry on his face, worry mingled with joy, walked back and forth between the fire and a wonderful clock which stood against the wall. The clock was a massive structure, rising fully ten feet from the floor. It was built of solid mahogany, warm and luxuriant. It had a face of ivory, hands and pendulum of gold, ebony hours studded with tiny diamonds. The pride of the old man glowed in his eyes, as he passed his hands over the framework, and lovingly polished it with his handkerchief. The pendulum itself seemed waiting until some person or occurrence should set it in motion.

Outside, a deadly just-before-dawn hush prevailed. The sun announced his coming by a lurid redness about the summit of distant Mount Bergshund. All the pre-dawn sounds were absent. Time itself seemed waiting.

Suddenly a shrill cry sounded throughout the castle, the cry of a human soul heralding his appearance on the stage. Instantaneously the sun passed the top of the mountains and threw its rays into the dark room. The old man mad with ecstasy,

rushed to the clock, and with his trembling old fingers, started it on its career at the same time as the human life began in the room above.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ninety years have passed, and a very different scene is taking place in a ramshackle tenement house in the slums of London. An old man lies dying, with nobody near him, nothing except a majestic old clock, weather beaten and time-worn as he. And as the old man lies here, he is thinking over the life that is behind him; he remembers the very early days, when, a child of five, he listened to a man, dying as he is dying; heard him tell the story of the clock; tell him how the fortunes of the Mahlsteins had slowly declined, until now nothing was left but the clock, which had been going ever since he was born; tell him to keep the clock as a reminder of his family's former wealth and position. He remembered his dull grief when his father finished his tale and left his boy-child to find his way alone through the world's intricate labyrinth. The boy lost the way at the start and never found it, but still he cherishes the memory of the old man and the old castle. Now his mind wanders; he tries to remember what happened next. . . Blurry visions. . . a long turmoil. . . a tiny flickering light. . . still ticks the faithful old clock wound ninety years ago, faithfully ticks as the old man breathes. The clock strikes and the old man gasps, both for the last time. The clock, that began life with the old man, is still with him in death.

Rena Mills, '30.

## REFLECTION ON BYRON.

The room was dark with the dusk of twilight, the blazing logs in the big fire-place gave forth the only ray of light. It was a big, dreary room, the furniture was mahogany, and the tapestry and hangings of a dark, sombre green, with no brightening colors. In fact, there was no color anywhere except in the driftwood logs, which seem to be outdoing themselves in an effort to make the room bright and cheery. Red, orange, yellow, pale blue, turquoise blue, leaf and emerald green, and even a lavender tint of the red chased each other in merry disorder up the chimney. And as if to take away the death-like stillness that pervaded the atmosphere, the fire snapped and crackled bravely, the logs talking to each other in a fairy language that so many of us have longed to understand.

In the centre of the room was a large mahogany desk at which was seated a man, whose head covered with curling, brown hair, was dropped wearily on his arm and whose whole poise seemed the embodiment of physical weariness. For several minutes he remained thus, then raising his head he stared long into the flames, with brooding, grey eyes, dark with agony. For George Gordon, Lord Byron, was fighting a battle, that takes its toll in mental, not physical anguish.

"Alone," he murmured, his lips trembling, "Alone, through no fault of mine." The grey eyes grew darker, darker, as did the room. Gordon turned towards the window, arose and walked slowly to it, drew aside the curtains and looked upon the dying sun's last glory. Like a proud warrior it was dying—fighting. A sad smile curved the red lips on the colorless face and Byron whispered, "The sun is setting in my life too, but like it I must die—fighting." The last word was uttered in a fierce, antagonistic way as if an imaginary enemy were ready for immediate combat.

He returned again to his big, easy chair before the table and continued his moody staring into the bright flames. At length, he half-rose and with burning eyes and a deathly white face, he pointed an accusing finger at the inky darkness and cried, in a voice filled with anguish, "You, yes—you,

with your fair face, are driving me from you, you are holding me with chains, yet driving—slowly driving—me from you—my home—England!" And with a gesture of despair, he turned and held out both his arms—"You, pure of heart—I go to you—Greece!" And dropped into his chair again. Pulling a piece of paper toward him, he scribbled rapidly the following verses and then throwing aside his pen, and pillowing his dark head on his arm was soon in a deep, dreamless sleep.

"Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!

Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!

Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,

And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,

Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

I twine my hopes of being remembered in my line

With my land's language: if too fond and far

These aspirations in their scope incline—  
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

My name from out the temple where the dead

Are honor'd by the nations—let—it—be—  
And light the laurels on a loftier head!

And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
'SPARTA HATH MANY A WORTHER  
SON THAN HE.'

Meanwhile I seek no sympathies, nor heed;  
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree

I planted—they have torn me—and I bleed:  
I should have known what fruit would  
spring from such a seed."

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The ship tossed up and down on the tireless waves of the blue ocean. A man stood on the deck, his hands thrust into his pockets of his black coat, his dark, moody eyes staring thoughtfully on the dark waves, his heart as full of tumult as the wild ocean beneath his feet. In the distance, the tall, misty grey outline of London was slowly fading from his sight. At last, the very faintest of the outlines merged into the dim, shadowy fog, and he was an outcast, without home, without friends, and without country!

But stay, he had one friend, Percy Bysshe Shelley, the young poet, whose writing of a satirical poem had cost him dear. Shelley was a friend and a firm admirer of Byron, and upon hearing of the poet's exile from England, sent an urgent request for him to come and make the home of his young wife and himself, his home. Even now Byron drew the crumpled letter from his pocket, and read it once—thrice—each time a sadder smile softened the hard lines of his mouth. Yes, he would go and stay with Shelley for a time at least, to collect his scattered thoughts and ideals—and to prepare for the future. Then the eyes that had brightened, grew sad and almost a purple in their deepness, the sad smile faded into sterner lines and Byron was again with his thoughts.

\* \* \* \* \*

"After all, Shelley, it's the same England that has driven both of us from her. How can you feel as you do towards her?"

The two poets were sailing on the beautiful lake of Geneva, where the old Castle of Chillon, with its grim, grey, impregnable walls stood, a silent memorial to the days of "yester-eve."

Shelley started to answer, but seeing the rapt expression in Byron's eyes stopped. The poet in him divined the expression and he also divined Gordon's thoughts for when he at last spoke he remarked:

"You think of yourself as a Bonnivard don't you, George?"

Byron turned in surprise but answered with an affirmative nod of his handsome head.

Shelley continued casually, but watching Byron closely all the while, "I used to at first but I could never put my thought into

words that would express the meaning I wished to give to them, but I've always thought that someone who felt right about it could write a poem that the world would remember."

But there was no answer. Gordon was in that land known to all of us, the "Land of Thought."

"Shelley, today is my thirty-third birthday," said the poet, suddenly awakening from his reverie, "and what have I accomplished?"

Then as if afraid that Shelley would answer, he looked up with a whimsical smile and repeated rapidly:

"Through life's road so dim and dirty,  
I have dragged to three and thirty;  
What have these years left to me?  
Nothing but—thirty-three."

"That is all—home—wife—daughter all swept away by one wom—" he stopped suddenly, a dull red flooding his white and marble-like face, and looked toward the west. There a bank of storm clouds towered over the white hills. Through the middle of these clouds ran a yellow streak, the danger signal to those who understood. Byron was minded of the clouds in his own life and as he cried, "Hurry, or they will be upon us!" he realized that the storm clouds of his life were already upon him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alone in the bare, drear room of a country tavern sat Lord Byron, his brown curls crumpled, his fingers stained with ink, but a smile of triumph on his handsome face. "At last," he murmured, "something that England will be proud to own." And picking up the closely written sheets, he read aloud:

"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:  
A thousand feet in depth, below  
Its massy waters meet and flow;  
Thus much the fathom line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
Which round about the wave intrals:  
A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made: and like a living grave."

"Yea, a lake has lain by my prison walls, more than 'a thousand feet in depth below,' for this lake has been 'public opinion,' which was so ready at the first breath



of rumor to ruin my life. My wife is like the dungeon, a 'living grave' and I would 'smile to welcome the death that would set me free.'" A bitter mocking smile curved his lips now. "Coward," he continued, addressing himself in wrath, "even now they are waiting for you in cold England, but no—" "For I have buried one and all, that loved me in a human shape, and the whole earth will henceforth be—a prison unto me.' The lines are fine, as good as any I have written. I have learned to love almost my exile, it has become 'a hermitage and all my own.' At first the shock numbed me—I could not even think and—

"What befell me next then and there I know not well—I never knew—  
First came the loss of light and air,  
And then of darkness too;  
I had no thought, no feeling—none—  
Among the stones I stood a stone,  
And was scarce conscious what I wist,  
As shrubless crags within the mist:  
For all was blank and bleak and grey,  
It was not night—it was not day,  
It was not even the dungeon light,  
So hateful to my heavy sight,  
But vacancy absorbing space,  
And fixedness—without a place;  
There were no stars—no earth—no time—  
No check—no charge—no good—no crime  
But silence, and a stirless breath  
Which neither was of life nor death;  
A sea of stagnant idleness,  
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!"

"Those lines will live, they are better."

A light rap at the door. Byron hastily gathered up the scattered sheets and called for his friend to enter—"See what you

think of it, Bysshe," he said, handing him the sheets of paper. "It's an autobiography—good night." And he strode from the room, leaving the astonished Shelley to read the "Prisoner of Chillon."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the ship's deck, Lord Byron was scribbling lazily in a black, pocket note-book. Three years had not changed him much except that silver rivers had worn gorges through the brown curls, and that the lines about the tender eyes and firm mouth had deepened. At length, he finished and stared out over the water and then at the paper he held in his hand—

"My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the brief  
Are mine alone!"

Bound for Greece to assuage if possible the "worm, the canker and the grief," was he to—

"Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave for thee the best:  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Grecian leaders drew back and stared with sorrowing eyes on the cot where "between two worlds life hovers like a star." Tears stole down their battle-scarred cheeks. The man on the couch sighed and then relaxed—George Gordon's tempestuous life was at its end, he had "looked around and chosen HIS ground, and taken HIS rest," fighting for the dearest of all personal possessions—Liberty.

Muriel Lewis, '28.

## THE FASCINATION OF NEW YORK STREETS.

To feel the City under my feet is to feel alive, adventurous, and imaginative. Unlike the country, where the lazy air fills me with a drowsy content, and I dream the day away, the streets of the City create in me an indomitable desire to do something; they challenge me. It is fascinating;—this City with its masses of masonry that reach re-

lentlessly into a retreating sky, forming against it a black and grey line.

I love the pageantry of the City's streets, the continuous current of life that flows by like some unspoken horde—the mass of men and women. Outsiders are often struck by the indifference of the "mob," by the savage concentration of the individ-

ual, and lay it to "harsh reality." I see only the City's inner glow, and exult in it. George Bernard Shaw compares a city crowd to "a mouse in oxygen," always running about, here and there, in patternless confusion. "Like a mouse in oxygen" indeed! How prosaic is the phrase and how wrongly applied!

To me, the City streets are a captivating world in themselves, full of tenderness and beauty. There is beauty everywhere; on the Drive, with its parallel Hudson; on Fifth Avenue, with its proud gestures; on Park Avenue, with its impressive, luxurious silence. There is beauty even in the slums, a section of the City where some see only the struggle for existence. Is there, then, only squalor? Can it be possible that its beauty is unfelt? I, for one, do not see the ugliness. If there is any, it is merely material, and therefore only superficial.

Far more important is the spiritual side. Beauty is always near those who think sublimely. Isn't there beauty in spirits that surmount so crawling an atmosphere?

At twilight, I am fascinated by the City's shadows, tumbled one on the other, black and solid; and by the shadows of the pedestrians which become incongruously long on the pavement, and fade into nothingness after nightfall. Then it is that everything glimmers, and the lights dwindle and wake again.

I listen to the troubled, ceaseless murmur of the City, and a fringe of sadness comes to my reflections. The streets become deserted; the tide of life ebbs; the City is silent. But, with the coming of morning, the tide will rush in once more, exultantly.

My City of moods!

Betty Morse, '29.

## A NATURE PICTURE.

I climbed the hill, following the narrow cow path and switching the heads of the innocent grasses with my stick, unmindful of where I was going. The day was clear blue overhead, and all around me were the beautiful tokens of spring, but I was vexed with life and so was oblivious to everything.

I reached the top and turned to go back, but stopped short, my vexation flown, drinking in the beauty of the scene before me. All unknowingly, I had come to one of the most glorious views in New Hampshire. In front of me spread the whole length of Lake Winnepesaukee, sparkling in the sunshine, with a myriad of little white caps adding their gay touch to its already brilliant color. The several hundred islands looked like stepping stones for a giant, and the boats seemed tiny snails, so slowly did they appear to creep. Around the shores were toy villages, their small white houses clustered together until they looked almost like a pop-corn ball. In the foothills, the more lonely farm houses

stood out against the green background, and diminutive churches raised their spires to heaven.

I turned to the right, and there stretched before me miles and miles of woods, uninhabited except by the wild animals, uncut except by the industrious beaver. But wait! There on the edge a spiral of white smoke arose. To the Indian, years ago, that would have meant a camp, but to me it meant that man had started his ruthless work in another beautiful spot.

Everything was too lovely for these thoughts to dwell long in my mind, however, and I turned again. There, on the horizon, just throwing off its night cap of clouds, stood Mt. Washington, gleaming white and majestic in its regal robe of snow, for it was yet early spring.

Who could be angry for a minute with all this loveliness about him, I thought, as I slowly retraced my footsteps into the woods where, too, all was lovely, though in a less awe inspiring way?

P. Bakeman, '30.

---

## MY GARDEN.

A warm, soft, caressing wind; the cheery call of the robin—both are suggestive of gardening time. The dusky earth must be stirred, tiny seeds must be planted, and later—a riot of lovely color and a medley of exquisite scents—my garden.

When springtime comes something within me seems to break forth from captivity and demand attention. The only way to satisfy this nameless, elusive feeling is by the action of breaking up the clods of earth, arousing the sleepy angleworms (disgusting biological specimens!) and dropping tiny embryo flowers into the warm, porous soil. Sometimes this unknown urge has been very disastrous to me. For example, I once flunked a mathematics examination because I spent the time I should have been learning formulas wielding hoe and rake.

A garden, however, always makes a definite appeal to me as there is something so entrancing and yet soothing about flowers. They seem to blot out all unpleasantness from my mind, and at the same time suggest infinite loveliness. Even when looking at the delicate, green shoots I can think of only simple, innocent pastimes, and can harbor only noble thoughts and purposes. As for the flowers themselves, they seem to be human. The pansies with their childlike faces, the frail forget-me-nots, the timid violets, some bending low in humility, others coyly lifting their exquisite heads, the giant peonies boldly displaying their velvety beauty—are they not

all little people of another world? And how peaceful they are! I think it is their peacefulness that makes me envy them. There appears to be no strife in the flower world. Each little flower knows when it first shoots up into the joy-giving sunlight that it can be for instance, only a nasturtium. It will do no good for such a flower to strive to be a rose; it can be only a nasturtium, for its fate is determined. It can only grow and produce the prettiest blossoms possible. Because of this predestination the flower world is peaceful and happy. Would that our own world could be so steeped in peacefulness! And how easily such a desire could be realized, if only we individuals would recognize our own limitations, and endeavor chiefly to bring a bit of beauty into the world. It is an old thought, I know, and yet how potent! Why do we not imitate the flower world? Is it because we do not know what true beauty is, or is it because we do not love true beauty? I hope it is the former, but who can tell? Perhaps it is the fate of the human race to ever foster that instinct of self-assertion which necessarily results in striving.

But now the flowers are calling me from my thoughts, the asters are thirsty, and the jealous weeds are trying to crowd out the sweet-alyssum. My flower children need attention, but it must be equal attention which I give them, for a mother must have no favorites.

Verna Green, '30.

---

# CAMPUS PORTRAITS

## A PERFECT FLAPPER.

As dean of women in one of the largest colleges in the United States, and having been in close contact with girls of all the fifty-seven varieties, I have begun to consider myself a fair judge of human character, especially as exemplified in girls from the ages of sixteen to twenty-two. I unconsciously classify each girl I meet. I know many of those poor unappreciated persons called grinds. I know more of their direct opposites, the flappers; and of all flappers I have ever met, Alice Hooper is the most perfect example.

She came to Radcliffe from somewhere in Maine. At a glance, one could tell that she was the "small town belle" of the early nineties. She came to me the evening of the day of registration, flippantly demanding permission to attend a dance that evening, and, much to my horror, without any idea of taking a chaperon.

I became interested in her in the course of our conversation, intensely interested, for it seemed as if, deep down under her outside coating of devil-may-care nonchalance, there must be some spark of womanliness. I determined to use all my arts to try to bring it out, and I began to probe her with questions.

The first one was, "Why did you come to college?" Expecting any answer from "To get an education," to "To play on the hockey team," I mentally toppled over when she frankly admitted, "I came to college to get the association of men who know the world and how to dance!"

"Is this," I groaned, "to be the keynote?" I began reciting the names of some classics, hoping that in her taste for literature she would belie her adopted character, Thomas Hardy, Charlotte Bronte, Jane Austen, of the moderns, Alfred Noyes, Gamaliel Bradford, Lytton Strachey. Not one could kindle in her eye the flame of interest. I could see plainly that Elinor

Glyn and her prototypes had gained possession of the girl's plastic mind, and had maintained it.

With a sigh of disgust, I turned to the movies. She thought Ben Hur was swell in spots but what it needed was a little pep! Movies were better than reading, because, you know, it takes so long to get a kick from a book. "Enough!" I gasped. "Why do the ruling powers let such a girl exist for even five minutes?"

Realizing that music sometimes brings out the best in an otherwise gross character, I turned to Chopin, Beethoven, and others. Alas! Here as elsewhere, she was at a loss. But didn't I think that Irving Berlin's *Always* was simply ravishing?

Delicately hinting at relations with young men, I discovered that men were creatures to dance with, to play with, to laugh at, buyers of theater tickets and bonbons, attendants at dinner parties, and nothing else. Her idea of marriage was hazy, with orange blossoms predominating.

I soon came to the conclusion that this girl, presumably entering college to fit herself for the serious tasks of womanhood, was utterly weakminded and pliable, careless, thoughtless, and skeptical. Easily swayed by every emotion, she seemed to drift about on a sea of aimlessness, having no idea of what her goal was, living only in the present. Careless of what she said, thoughtless of the future, skeptical almost to the point of atheism, she seemed to embody every bad quality of which woman is capable.

I pondered. Surely this girl must have some admirable qualities, for, if not, why had she made such an impression upon me? As I wondered I could but notice her perfect health, the natural bloom of her cheeks vying with the applied color. This girl had the build and health of an athlete, the constitution to accomplish wonders in this

world. It was readily apparent, by her frank and open manner, that here one would find no deceitfulness. Every speech was utterly devoid of flowery rhetoric and spoken straight from the heart. Her sunny manner, her charming smile, her bewitching air, all made her a creature to love. Generous to a fault, frank and unafraid, in what fields would not her talents make her a woman of glorious success?

This is the perfect flapper. I, a woman of the old school, very conservative and a lover of discipline, I, dean of women in a school noted for its orthodoxy, weighed this girl's faults and virtues and found that, though the former far outstripped the latter as to numbers, the scales were nearly even. The faults seemed petty on consid-

eration, and capable of being remedied by good companionship. But no amount of cultured association can supply that basis of philanthropy, the milk of human kindness.

Does human nature change? Perhaps it does, but surely not for the worse. Our grandmothers were flappers in spirit, coquettes in truth. Philosophers bewail the \$115,000,000 spent on cosmetics in the last year, as though the art were new. If Anthony were alive, he could speak for the ruin wrought by paints and perfumes in a day long before that of jazz and petting parties. History repeats itself, yet no one seems to realize it in everyday life. This is a queer world—but not so bad!

Rena Mills, '30.

## A PANORAMA OF COLLEGE PROGRESSION.

A whistle, a puff, a bell. Then 102, that long black snake, coming from the popular potato region of Aroostook, crawls into view. Awkwardly, a taciturn, shy, and strangely dressed lad spills down the car steps, his baggage losing its center of gravity with him.

At once some one yells: "Hello, goggles," making a huge joke of the gold edged glasses which mother bade him wear for the improvement of his eyes.

A freshman!

For reasons more easily imagined than mentioned this lad does not impress the student body. His roommate happens to be a light, sympathetic chap. Thus it is that only a few short weeks pass before the Green Mountain Potato, who has never been taught to make eyes is unconsciously making every co-ord jealous.

June! Finals of the Freshman year have come to an end—with them finals in baggy trousers, unkempt hair, and shy looks. Lo! the makings of a Sophomore.

This time when 102 whistles the platform is alive with an organized group of careless young acrobats. The exit from the train consists of a flamboyant side step and a couple of Charleston uplifts.

A president is needed for the Sophomore

class. Who can fill the position in a more important executive manner than this iconoclast who has been fortunately launched in this ostentatious crowd of Sophomores? Several other honors are heaped on this faithful from the north. But how one changes! From gold rims this young man has already been graduated,—purple ones adorn his Monte Blue visage. He is a popular man, yet uninitiated into the art of juggling one's feet. His roommate again advances, deciding that the Sophomore president should, and would, attend the Sophomore dance with any girl available, suitable or not.

With a book "How to get on at the Dance," before him, he presses the dress suit,—in places at least. More attention is given to the book which explained all details in full, except how to treat corns, caused by friction or intrusion. The dance lasts till two, but because father had said "study" instead of "goodbye" when the home town was fading from view one person—no other than the president—leaves with his lady fair before the usual intermission.

The Junior year is a busy one. Chemistry, mechanics, geology, and mathematics make up a curriculum that requires delib-

eration and thought. Social events are many, but are met with more grace than in previous years.

102. This time two dark-haired males present themselves. One is some five or six years younger than the man who se-

ately steps down with agile lightness. Some one yells: "Where did you come from, goggles?"

"Don't mind, brother," says the older fellow, "they used me the same way,—it is the beginning of college progression."

Hilda Desmond, '27.

---

## OUR SUITE.

We have decided to call our suite the Happy Hunting Grounds. You see, first Miss Partrick told us it looked very home-like. That was the first time she came around, before it had time to get dirty. Since then she always says she doesn't think we need so many shoes under the bed, or that we might wash up our candy dishes within a week at least. Still, she never left us a note saying it was terrible, and that's something.

When the Dean came around we were expecting Tim's mother and we'd all cut gym and cleaned house. There wasn't even a speck of dirt on our closet shelf. Well, the Dean thought it was the sweetest room in the house. I don't remember just what she said, but she was right. It certainly was. Of course we began to feel pretty special, with two compliments.

Then Tim's mother came. She raved. You know Tim, and her mother's just like

her. She asked us what we called it, and suggested Elysium and Utopia and all sorts of heavenly names. None seemed to fit. So we were still debating when she left.

Next morning Bim felt queer and we were all sure she had the measles. She decided to go home. We were rather glad, because I wouldn't want to catch anything. So we all helped her pack. Well, I never saw such a mixture of personal belongings. Half the dresses in our closet were borrowed, and our dresses were everywhere but at home. Bim's fountain pen we found in someone's slicker pocket after an hour of hunting. Her umbrella was behind the door between our two rooms, which always stood open. After a while Bim sat down on the floor.

"This may look like Heaven," she remarked warmly, "but when you live here it seems like the Happy Hunting Grounds."

So the Happy Hunting Grounds it is.

R. M. M. E., '28.

---

## MISS COLBY.

The world is full of queer people, just as the old Quaker said to his wife, "All is queer but me and thee, and thee's a little queer, I see." Especially is the truth of his statement evident upon a college campus.

Some morning imagine yourself on an observation platform overlooking Colby campus. Crowds of students hasten their footsteps towards that deadly eight o'clock class. The last bell begins to ring; time is fleeting. Upon the final stroke of doom there is a rush and flurry in the distance.

Miss "Better-late-than-never" is making the final lunge for class. With one eye on her watch, another on the puddles, she wonders if she can possibly make it? With one leap she reaches Recitation Hall, another brings her to Coburn, and with a final spurt she runs into the Geology room. Breathlessly she snatches a piece of quiz paper and in one minute writes down her scrambled thoughts on the subject of Vulcanism. In the meantime she is puffing like an active volcano. This young lady is a great addition to every class room.

A brief pause and then class is out. Again there is a scramble; young collegiates fall over their classmates in their haste to arrive at the trysting place under the stairs where fond lovers are waiting. But look away and don't bother these sweet young things, for here comes Sally Scandalous, relating the eighth wonder of the world with some minor variations of her own.

You look again; a lofty vision of learning appears in the distance. Ah, here are two professors, those walking fountains of knowledge. They, perfectly oblivious of their surroundings, are engaged in a serious conversation of which the subject is, no doubt, "Why aren't all college students Phi Beta Kappas?" Perhaps these two serious pedagogues will settle this momentous question. That remains to be seen.

Beatrice Palmer, '29.

---

## SPRING ON THE CAMPUS.

The most notable feature of the campus at this period is either victrola music or slush. It is hard to decide which is the more annoying. Perhaps victrolas have the more variety (slush is just slush, sometimes dirty, sometimes dirtier), so I shall discourse upon victrolas.

For the different houses on the campus March comes in like a waltz and goes out like a two step. Victrolas are real "harbingers of spring." At the first touch of mild weather, just when the slush is deep enough to cover the boot tops, music boxes appear on every porch. Not beautiful rich melody but little tin-panny, ten-penny tunes are most in favor. Screeches and howls are the fashion at present; music is just a noise made in different degrees of loudness. Each house resounds with its own type of insult to the ears. One instrument that I noticed particularly played only those records that gallop in march time, a

few pieces played over and over. It wouldn't be so bad if they stopped once in a while, but the players come in relays, (someone seems to be always at leisure), and each must hear every record several times.

The effect is especially pleasing when two or three different types of so-called music are played at the same time. Most of these records are very old. The only remedy that might stop this annoyance would be to attach ear phones to each victrola. As I am afraid this is impossible, I am doing the next best thing. I stand ready at any time to accept pecuniary assistance towards purchasing a new supply of records for each house. Anyone who wishes to be public-spirited and help the community improvement committee may send his contribution to the undersigned at the Soda Shop, where he transacts all business.

A. S. H.

---

## CHANGES IN CLASS.

It's strange what thoughts will fit through one's brain on meeting certain people. I am reminded of two boys in particular who are seen on a certain college campus. Their names I do not know, but that hardly matters.

One of these youths is a short, stoop shouldered fellow, wearing ill-fitting clothes, and glasses which inevitably give the impression that the wearer is near-

sighted. He certainly is not a person one would notice but for the fact that in class his seat adjoins the one of the college athletic hero—a veritable Apollo, tall, good-looking, and evidently the pride of his tailor. These two sitting side by side always give me the thought that they should be in a tableau entitled **Incongruity**.

All these observations are made in those few minutes of grace preceding the class.

But when the class begins—a miracle is performed. The drab, insignificant person is Demosthenes re-incarnated. I make the simile strong because the new impression is so vivid. He talks fluently and easily, denoting the value of the course by his remarks on the matters under consideration. And if you can believe it, the Apollo doesn't exist. This ill looking specimen of genius dominates the class and each time he speaks I am reminded of those lines, "Oh where are Kings and Empires now?"

(Quite irrelevant I admit, maybe irreverend, too, in the opinion of some people.)

When the class is over and an hour later we meet him on the campus, his gaucherie and apparent dullness appal us, and to cultivate him socially seems an impossibility. In our sane moments we condemn ourselves for thus letting outward appearances influence us, and we ironically remind ourselves that probably at some future date, such as we may not have the honor of even seeing him.

F. Young, '29.

## A LA BIBLIOTHEQUE.

Our college library, it has always seemed to me, is like a railway station, in that it offers a wonderful opportunity for observation of personality—always a fascinating occupation for me—and that at times the same general air of heavy sleepiness prevails. Every student at sometime or other during his college career must, or should, spend some hours of his busy routine in the library. There he waits—some do nothing else—for the train (any one of his classes) which is to take him to his ultimate destination in life. It is while he is thus waiting that we may obtain our portrait of him.

Imagine yourself then, in the library with me, sitting very studiously erect in one of the chairs near a window—for these are the best vantage points of all—with one eye on the ponderous volume of "Europe since 1815," open before you, and the other eye more pleasantly engaged in watching everyone and everything. Two girls come in, with determined looks upon their faces and heavy notebooks under their arms. They go to the reserve desk and when they finally settle themselves at a table near your chair, you notice that they too are going to read "Europe since 1815." Some little time is spent taking off coats, choosing a chair **back to** the door, getting the light just right, and propping the books up carefully. We judge that each has read a paragraph when the fun begins: "What do you suppose ever possessed that man to give us so much reading to do? Why, it's

almost impossible—the exam tomorrow, and I haven't read anything yet. Have you?"

"No, I should say not. Did you ever try to—why, Nellie has my black dress on again. It's too small for her and I've told her so but—"

"Do you know she's always doing that. I—for goodness' sake, Jim is up here with that little freshman girl again. What **do** you suppose has happened that he doesn't go with Flora any more?" etc., etc. Finally—"This reading is mighty hard. I can't seem to get interested in it, can you?"

You are aroused from this vitally interesting conversation by a steady tap, tap, tap,—tap, tap, tap. Sleepily and reluctantly turning your head in the direction of the sound, you see that it is B—C—who has become so enthralled with Briggs' "Cultivate Herself" that she thinks her pencil is a drumstick and the table a drum.

A burst of laughter from a distant table next draws your attention. Some budding cartoonist has "taken off" a prominent member of the faculty—cleverly, too, you think, for of course such a joke as that must not pass by **you**.

And now you have so completely forgotten "Europe since 1815," that you begin to notice the finer details of personality and the somewhat delightful play of feature on the different faces. You like to watch the way Jack's hair waves back from his forehead; how queerly Bob's head jerks up and down when he passes over certain emphatic



parts of the book which he is reading; and the pretty evenness of L—'s teeth when she smiles. You are proud of the business-like concentration of I—, for I— was the highest ranking student in the Woman's Division last year, and she is one of your dearest friends. You wish—with a sigh

you turn again to the printed page before you.

And now it is nine o'clock, and you walk home with I—, a myriad of stars over your head and—"Europe since 1815" under your arm!

H. W. K., '29.

A great majestic bird with wide white wings  
Came flying in from o'er mysterious seas  
And on the shore, prostrate to earth, there  
clings

The savage, thinking gods have heard his  
pleas.

Hailed as a soul divine, the sailor there  
Stepped on new soil; surveyed a new-  
found race

All hearts of men were glad, no thought of  
care—

Only the joy of victory on each face.

How could they know that even then and  
there

Fate spun the threads, a hideous cloth to  
weave—

Dyed with the blood of men, a brilliant  
flare;

Weighted with plans and measures to de-  
ceive.

When we the garment see, bleached and  
respun,

Changed in its pattern, all the rents  
made new—

We would forget that when 'twas first be-  
gun,

Torture, disaster, death—were in it too.

F. N., '27.

## WHAT IS ETERNITY?

Eternity! When as a child I knelt  
Beside my mother's knee and heard the  
tale

Of Heav'n and how forever spirits dwelt  
Amid the lov'd of God in his far vale,

Oft did I wonder how a time could last  
Forever and forever and a day  
And wept—but mother comforted (her  
task)

And when I feared she held me close to  
say

That as I older grew I more would see

The workings of the earth, nor should I  
cry

But think of things more suitable to me  
And leave such thoughts for older folks  
than I.

Now I am older—nor do I understand,  
With age did not come wisdom. Still I  
see

Not how a state can last (e'en by God's  
hand)

Forever. Tell me—what is Eternity?

Doris L. Groesbeck, '29.

I gazed upon His gems in the sky,  
Resolves then I made which would never  
die,

But they, like all my dreams and hopes  
With the dawn

Were gone. E. Turkington, '28.

## THE POPLARS.

I find, when I arise at dawn,  
 A new day all untouched as yet,  
 A day whose troubles must be met.  
 Can I do this alone?  
 If I should need some guiding hand  
 What ear will hear my cry?  
 Three poplar trees, all bathed in light,  
 Point mutely to the sky.

Dry noon,—still shade is sweet to me.  
 Since I am wearied with the sun,  
 I'll leave this bit of task undone;  
 There's no one here to see.  
 Then who can hold me to account?  
 And what have I to rue?  
 The poplars, towering in the heat,  
 Point sternly to the blue.

Nightfall; I view again the day.  
 I see anew each gift it brought;  
 And I have reached the goal I sought.  
 My heart exults! I say,  
 "Unaided what success is mine!"  
 While thus my soul delights,  
 The poplars, etched in molten gold,  
 Remind me of the heights.

I fear the silent, creeping dark;  
 'Tis full of things I cannot see;  
 The night is terrible to me.  
 The tree's dim vigilance, I mark;  
 In murky silhouette they stand,  
 One lone star shining through.  
 Three poplars pointing up to God,  
 They bring me peace anew.

A. H. G., '29.

# THE COLBIANA

Published three times a year by the Women's Division of Colby College.  
Entered as second-class mail matter, December 18, 1914, at the Post Office at  
Waterville, Me., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

MIRIAM E. RICE, 1927	Editor-in-Chief
MURIEL E. LEWIS, 1928	First Assistant Editor
HELEN C. SMITH, 1927	Second Assistant Editor

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

FRANCES J. BRAGDON, 1928	} Literary Editors
ELSIE H. LEWIS, 1929	
MARGARET P. HALE, 1930	
DORIS L. GROSBECK, 1929	Art Editor
CAROLINE E. ROGERS, 1927	Alumnae Editor
ELISABETH B. GROSS, 1928	Y. W. C. A. Editor
CORNELIA ADAIR, 1928	Joke Editor
MARJORIE G. DUNSTAN, 1927	Business Manager
ARLEEN H. WARBURTON, 1928	First Assistant Manager
NATALIE M. DOWNS, 1929	Second Assistant Manager

Terms: Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year in advance. Single copies, 40 cents. All remittances by mail should be made to Marjorie G. Dunstan, Foss Hall, Waterville, Me. All Alumnae news and other items of interest to the Women's Division will be gladly received by the Editors.

## EDITORIALS.

### COLBY'S HALL OF FAME.

How well acquainted are **you** with the graduates of our college? How much do **you** know concerning the men and women who have carried Colby's name on to fame in this world? Did **you** know that the man who has been called the world's greatest parliamentarian, Asher Crosby Hinds, is a graduate of our college? Of course, every student knows that Elijah Parrish Lovejoy, Benjamin Butler and Holman Francis Day were graduates; but did **you** know that George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post and Merle Wilson Crowell, editor of the American Magazine, were also students here?

The list of famous graduates is far too long to publish here, but a few of the outstanding men and women are: Herbert M. Lord, director of finance at Washington; Albion Woodbury Small, prominent sociologist; William Mathews, author; Richard Cutts Shannon, pioneer railroad builder; Marjorie Mills Meader, editor of the woman's page of the Boston Herald; John W. Coombs, nationally famous as an athlete; Frances Elizabeth Chutter, author; Thomas

Ward Merrill, founder of Kalamazoo College; Mabel Freese and Mattie Wilma Stubbs, both authors; and George Dana Boardman, Colby's pioneer missionary.

We, the students, are the college; upon us the fame and the glory of the institution depends. We, as students, can find much inspiration, can find much to emulate in the lives of those men and women who have achieved.

M. L., '28.

### THAT MORNING AFTER EFFECT.

There seems to be a faculty ruling that students be required to attend classes, especially eight o'clocks, after a dance the night before. Is this rule working to the best advantage of the student?

It seems that a great many students cut the following morning classes notwithstanding this rule. The others go to classes and that is all. Is it this type of student the professor wishes in his class? Does the student receive any benefit or is he a benefit to others? No doubt in the year 2027 there will be a new ruling, either of no classes following dances or excuses.

And then again there is that problem of the first few days of classes after vacation. What a number of students cut, especially those who live more than a few hours away and don't get home often. And don't those who return on time from a round of theatre activities have that "morning after effect" on the professor? This situation could be remedied by having no classes for two days

after scheduled return from vacation, giving those who come back late a chance without cutting classes, and the punctual students two days of rest.

With new ruling the faculty could diminish that "morning after effect," coming from dances and vacation. In the words of our Alma Mater, "happy student days" would be forthcoming. H. S., '27.

## AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Grant (Grace Johnson, '21) of Grand Rapids, Michigan, announce the birth of a daughter.

Colby friends of Mrs. Carleton Wight (Daphne Fish, '22) sympathy with her because of the sudden death of her husband, December 15, 1926. Mrs. Wight is now at home with her parents in Freeport.

Louise Jacobs, '24, announces her marriage to Guy York of Canton, Me.

Florence Stevens, '26, is teaching in the Junior High School at West Boylston, Mass.

Alice MacDonald, '25, is teaching at Houlton.

Grace MacDonald, '25, is teaching at Chebeague Island.

Beulah Cook, '24, has recently graduated from a Massachusetts hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Haines (Clara Harthorn, '25) of East Orange, N. J., announce the birth of a daughter, Janice.

Florence Preble, '20, has announced her engagement to William B. Tracy, principal of Higgins Classical Institute. Miss Preble, formerly the preceptress at Higgins is now teaching in Waterville.

The following have been recent guests at the hall: Mrs. Lewis Shane (Marjorie Rowell, ex-'27) of San Diego, Calif.; Eleanor King, ex-'27, of Buckfield; Grace Fox Herrick, '24, of North East Harbor; Marion

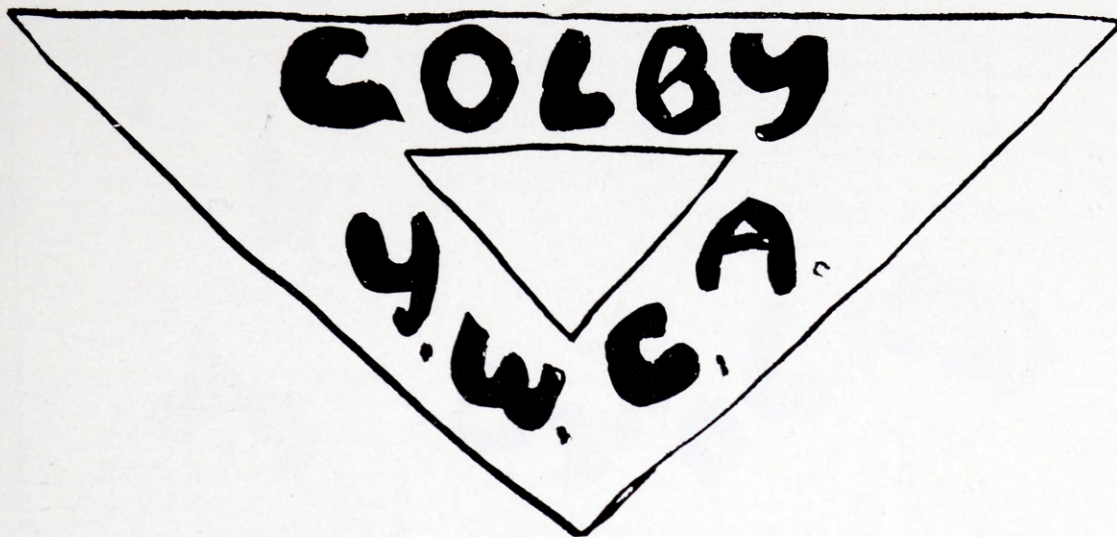
Drisko, '24, of Milo; Hazel Peck Holt, '21; Marion Merriam, '25, who is teaching at Norridgewock this year; Rachael Conant, '24, of Exeter, N. H.; Marion Rowe, '26, of Hartland; Helen Davis, '26, of Newport; Ethel Harmon, '25, of Casco; Betty Tarrant, '26; Agnes J. Brouder, '26; Adelaide Gordon, '26.

We were glad to welcome many alumnae who returned to Colby for their fraternity banquets. Among them were: Eva Pratt Owen of Oak Grove Seminary; Myrtice Cheney; Ethel Childs, '25; Helen Kyle Swan, '26; Alice MacDonald, '25; Grace Heffron, ex-'27, now of Jackson College; Clara Collins, '26; Velma Briggs Mooers, '25; Emily Barrows, '21; Mildred Barrows Knight, '21; Doris Keay Wood, ex-'26; Elsie Fentiman, '11; Ruth Tobey, '21; Ernestine Pooler, '16; Alice Nelligan, ex-'24; Mrs. Daisy Wilson, '18; Mrs. Olive Smith Marcia, ex-'25; Beatrice Ham, '26; Pauline Abbott, '21; Margaret Abbott, '23; Josephine Warburton, ex-'25; Evelyn Kellett, '26; and Mrs. Louise Butler Bowden, ex-'27.

Eleanor Taylor, ex-'26, is attending Connecticut Women's College.

Mrs. C. Sumner Nichols (Dorothy Chaplin, '23) is now living in Wyandotte, Mich.

Miss Lillian W. Fogg, '14, is teaching in Chicago, Ill.



The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Tuesday evening, November 16, in Foss Hall reception room. This meeting was really a prelude to the every member canvass for raising funds for the yearly budget of \$700. A pageant was presented by a few of the members, which explained the uses to which Y. W. C. A. funds are put.

Wednesday afternoon, December 8, the Y. W. C. A. conducted a Silver Tea, in order to raise the entire budget of the organization. A goodly sum was realized from the sale of Japanese novelties, which was sent to aid a young Chinese student.

The first Y. W. meeting of the new year was held in Foss Hall parlor, Tuesday, January 4. It was in charge of Ardelle Chase, '27. The meeting was opened with the singing of favorite hymns chosen by the girls. Following this, Bernice Green, '27, gave piano solos which were most enjoyable, Julia Mayo, '27, read a poem, and Ardelle Chase, '27, offered prayer.

Miss Ridley, a Negro social worker who works among members of her own race, spoke at the Y. W. meeting, January 13, on the subject, "The Negro Problem." Miss Ridley spoke of the many difficulties which are imposed on her race as it attempts to better itself in its adopted country, and

also said that fear, ignorance of true facts and the assumed inferiority of the Negro were the basis of prejudice against the colored race.

The regular weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Tuesday evening, February 8, in Foss Hall assembly room. A group of twelve Coburn girls took complete charge of the meeting. The first part of the program consisted of a short play whose central theme was Americanization. The cosuming of the characters of the different nations was very effective. The program was concluded by a religious service, reading of the Bible, and special music.

Professor William J. Wilkinson was the speaker at the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Tuesday evening, February 15. Dr. Wilkinson's subject, "International Good Will," was an apt topic for sacrifice week which was observed from February 15 to 21.

The regular weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held March 1, in the Foss Hall reception room. The meeting was opened with a short devotional service led by Ardelle Chase, '27.

Professor Cecil Rollins gave a very interesting talk on the problems of the country church, based on his own experience while preaching in several small towns.



"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the irate professor of his class.

"No," came the answer in chorus.

"Well," insisted the professor, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

Professor: What is the most common impediment in the speech of the American people?

Freshman: Chewing gum.

### Three in Two.

The record for bad English is still held by a man who was not long ago governor of one of our large states. He performed the unusual feat of making three grammatical errors in a sentence composed of two words: "Them's them!"

"To bad about Pompeii, isn't it?"

"They say he died of an eruption."

—Ames Green Gander.

Stude: I say Professor, I need a little light on this subject.

Prof: Might I suggest a little reflection?

Oh, chemist, please investigate

And drop me just a line,

I'd like to know what carbonate?

And where did iodine?

"How do you like your journalist course?"

"It's all write."

"Hear about the Scotchman who just went insane?"

"No, what was the matter?"

"He bought a score card at the game and neither team scored."

"How do you know Evangeline was the first wicked poem in America?"

"Why, doesn't Longfellow say 'This is the forest prime evil?'"—Illinois Siren.

"Why, I'll have you cured of the measles in a week."

Colby Co-ord: "Now, Doctor, no rash promises."

One freshman stayed up all night trying to see the point to one of his Professor's jokes, and then it dawned on him.

Pilgrim; Is football your favorite game?

Puritan: No, I prefer wild turkey on toast.

A rolling stone is no good to a geology student.—Yale Record.

Johnnie: Why do you call your house chairman a crystal gazer?

Margie: Because at nine-fifteen she starts looking at her watch.

“What are Roman numerals?”

“Athletic rewards at the University of Rome.”

Footprints on the sands of time are not made by sitting down.

Upperclassman: Why didn't you stay for the whole show?

Fresh Roommate: Program said, “Act three same as act one.”

“Say, Pa,” Harry demanded, “what part of the body is the vocabulary?”

“Why, Harry?”

“Oh, the teacher says Myra Stone has a large vocabulary for her age.”

“Now,” said the Dean, impressively, “why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts?”

“Because,” replied Ava, “there's no knowing when the alarm clock will go wrong.”

“My niece is quite theatrical,” remarked old Mrs. Blunderley. “Next week she is taking part in the Shakespeare play at college.”

“Which of his plays is it?” her caller asked.

“Edith mentioned the name of it, but I'm not sure whether it's ‘If You Like It That way’ or ‘Nothing Much Doing.’”

1820

1927

**COBURN CLASSICAL INSTITUTE**

Waterville, Maine

Coburn is a well located, high grade school for boys and girls.

Her record in preparing students for college is excellent.

The courses are thorough and well arranged, meeting requirements of all colleges.

The Household Arts, Music and Religious Education courses all have important places in her program.

Equipment is excellent and the faculty is well trained.

Coburn is a thorough, progressive Christian School.

For Catalogue write the Principal.

DREW T. HARTHORN.

**COLBY COLLEGE**

Waterville, Maine

Courses leading to the degrees of A. B. and S. B.

For Catalogue, address

A. J. ROBERTS, President

Waterville, Maine



**The Colby Echo**

Published weekly during the College  
year by the students of  
Colby College

Frederick E. Baker, Editor-in-Chief  
Maurice W. Lord, Manager

**Carleton P. Cook**

Headquarters for  
BOOKS, STATIONERY and  
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

130 Main Street  
WATERVILLE, MAINE

SUPERB GIFTS FOR ALL  
SEASONS

The Store of Quality  
FINE STATIONERY

**F. A. Harriman**

98 Main Street  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

**MARY I. NASH**

Formerly Krutzky's  
LADIES' HAIR DRESSING  
Tel. 319-W  
100 Main Street, Waterville

Compliments of  
**A Friend**

LADIES' WEARING APPAREL

**Ida Taylor Hersom**

SPECIALTY SHOP  
72 Main Street

**Verzoni Bros.**

Choice Fruit, Pure Ice Cream  
140 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

**Waterville  
Savings Bank**

WATERVILLE, MAINE



President, Charles E. Warren  
Treasurer, Albert F. Drummond

**L. G. Bunker, M. D.**

WATERVILLE, MAINE  
Tel. Office, 49-W

Practice limited to the treatment of  
the eye, ear, nose and throat

Compliments of

**Dr. Frederic A. Hatch**

DENTIST  
Suites 301-302 Professional Building  
Telephone 1620

## Turcotte Candy Shoppe

HOME MADE CANDY, SODA, ICE  
CREAM, FRESH & SALTED NUTS

189 Main St., Waterville, Me.  
Opp. Post Office Tel. Con.

J. E. Hersom H. P. Bonsall

### Hersom & Bonsall

CASH GROCERS

The Place to Trade

We sell for cash only. Orders of \$1.50  
delivered.

Waterville, Me. Augusta Me.  
170 Main St. 174 Water St.  
Tel. 188 Tel. 670

## Waterville Steam Laundry

145 Main Street

WATERVILLE, ME.

Compliments of

### B. D. Wolman, D. M. D.

402 Professional Building

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Tel. 1300

## THE ELMWOOD, WATERVILLE, MAINE

TRY

## Hager's

HOT DRINKS for COLD WEATHER  
CANDIES, ICE CREAM AND SODA

### S. E. Whitcomb Co.

FINE GROCERIES

MEATS, FISH

Provisions of all kinds

Service and Quality unexcelled

Tel. 261 and 262 81 Main St.

Ladies and Misses  
High Class  
Ready-to-Wear  
Garments

CORSETS, GLOVES AND  
HANDKERCHIEFS

### Wardwell Dry Goods Company

WATERVILLE

**J.C. Penney Co.**  
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION -  
 DEPARTMENT STORES

Dry Goods  
 Millinery  
 Ready-to-Wear  
 Shoes

At prices which pass on to you the savings made possible by the buying power of 676 stores.

**City Job Print**

PRINTING and ENGRAVING

*Savings Bank Building*

WATERVILLE MAINE

**W. L. CORSON**

FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED

Photographic Views Fine Work  
 66 Main Street

**T. A. GILMAN**

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

Broken Lenses Replaced  
 40 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

**Kennison & Warren**

Dealers in Paper Hangings, Room Mouldings, Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Glass  
 76 Temple St., Waterville

**Freeman**  
 the Jeweler

WATERVILLE—AUGUSTA

Telephone

**Dr. Gordon B. Hatfield**

DENTIST

173 Main Street, Waterville, Maine  
 Savings Bank Building

Cut Flowers Funeral Designs

**CARTER, the Florist**

Temple Street

Potted Plants Tel. 1061  
 House Tel. 1229-M

**The Lovering Hair Store**

129 MAIN STREET

Hair Goods, Theatrical Wigs, Hair Pins, Jewelry, Crochet Cotton  
 Royal Society Package Outfits

**The Little Gift Shop**

The Place Where Things are Different

56 Temple Street  
 NELLIE K. CLARK

Compliments of

**A Friend**

## L. H. SOPER CO.

Department Store

DRY GOODS

GARMENTS

MILLINERY

VICTROLAS

and

VICTOR RECORDS

---

## L. H. SOPER CO.

MAIN STREET

---

FOR DRUGS, KODAKS, PHOTO  
SUPPLIES AND TOILET  
ARTICLES

Go to

### DeOrsay's Drug Store

70 Main St., Waterville

---

HOT DRINKS AND  
LIGHT LUNCHES at

## SPEAR'S

FRESH HOME-MADE  
CHOCOLATES AND  
CANDIES a specialty

## The Ticonic National Bank

OFFERS

A COMPLETE BANKING

SERVICE

conducted under the direct

supervision of the

UNITED STATES

GOVERNMENT

112 Years Continuous Business

Waterville, Maine

---

## Allen's Drug Store

THE STORE THAT DOES A  
STRICTLY DRUG BUSINESS

118 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

---

THE COLLEGE STORE

## The H. R. Dunham Co.

---

64 MAIN ST., WATERVILLE

**AMERICAN & CHINESE RESTAURANT**

WATERVILLE, MAINE

50 Cent Regular Dinner

SOUP, MEAT, VEGETABLES, DESSERT, Drinks included  
CHICKEN DINNER EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY

Special Supper, 40 Cents to \$1.00

*PRIVATE DINING ROOM FOR PARTIES*

**JONES'**

Sanitary Bobber Shop  
Hairdressing Parlor

HAIRBOBBING, MARCELING  
MANICURING  
Our Specialties

Upstairs

Tel. 1069-M                      29 Main St.

**REDINGTON & CO.**

HOUSE FURNISHERS

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Crockery,  
Stoves, Mirrors, Mattresses,  
Etc., Etc.

11 SILVER ST., WATERVILLE

Sororities, Attention!

**Mitchell Flower Shop**

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

144 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

**Patronize Merchants Who Advertise in the Colbiana**

**CANTILEVERS and  
DOROTHY DODDS**

AT THE

**Gallert Shoe Store**

51 Main Street

All the Newest Styles in

**FOOTWEAR**

Compliments of

**Larkin Drug Company**

Main St., Waterville

Tel., Office 1043, Res., 1012-W

**M. M. Small, M. D.**

28 Common Street, Waterville  
Practice limited to diseases of the Eye

**CHOATE MUSIC  
COMPANY**

VICTROLAS

SHEET MUSIC

VICTOR RECORDS

PIANOS

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



Savings Bank Building

WATERVILLE, MAINE

**Emery-Brown Co.**

Department  
Store

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE  
NEEDS OF COLLEGE  
STUDENTS

The Store of Dependable Quality

WATERVILLE, MAINE

HARDWARE HEATING  
PLUMBING

**W. B. ARNOLD CO.**

107-9 Main Street, 23 Temple Street

WATERVILLE, MAINE

**O. A. MEADER**

Wholesale dealer in

FRUIT AND PRODUCE  
CONFECTIONERY

9 Chaplin Street, Waterville, Maine

Telephone: 50 and 51