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THE COLBIANA

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A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

Characters.

Everett Sanborn.
Marjorie Ferris, his fiancee.
Calvin Ferris, her brother.
Mrs. Ferris.
Ted, Nick, Tom, Dick, Fred, among the fellows.

Scene I.

Time, Afternoon.

Scene, The Ferris home, in the living room, attractively furnished. Mrs. Ferris is alone, reading. Enter Marjorie with Everett. She is talking excitedly, he nonchalantly smokes a cigarette.

Marjorie. Oh, don't laugh, Ev! Don't! We've got to settle this, settle it this afternoon. You've got to tell me before—— oh, mother, Buster's crying, he's outdoors in his carriage and Sis isn't in sight.

Ev. (As Marjorie walks to other side of room, and nervously looks over the mail.) Besides, Mrs. Ferris, Marjorie wants to give me a wigging, and doesn't want any sympathetic mourners at the funeral.

Mrs. F. (Rising to leave.) Well, I can't say that funerals amuse me as entertainment. I'll see to Buster, I think, if you'll excuse me. How is your aunt, Everett?

Ev. Oh, she's well, though the warm weather tries her. She misses the "Gossip Club" meetings, you see—very trying.

(Mrs. Ferris leaves the room. Marjorie turns quickly, comes over to Ev, center-stage. She places her hands up on the lapels of his coat.)

Marjorie. Now Ev. Tell me now.

Ev. (comically, to the air.) Good grief, you'd think there was something to tell.

Marj. You've been "letting me down easy," as they say, for perhaps a month. I didn't notice at first—you always joked so much anyway—but lately I can't help knowing it.

Ev. Well, little girl, I'll "lift you up again easy." (He picks her up and whirls with her in his arms). How's that?

Marj. Ev, put me down. (Her voice is sharp and hurt. He puts her down on the davenport. She rises at once and goes on in the same bewildered tone.) That's just it. You make a joke of everything. There's nothing sacred now. You make a joke of our love. You've been calling yourself a "woman-hater" lately, haven't you—as if you meant it. Our love wasn't a joke once. (Again her hands creep up to his lapels.) It wasn't a joke once.

Ev. (Speaking indolently, but at the same time almost roughly taking her hands down.) I've been cut for a bachelor ever since I began making mudpies for myself.

Marj. Tell me the truth. I must have the truth.

Ev. (Dramatically.) The truth! my kingdom for the truth! . .

Marj. (Turning away, almost sobbing.) Oh, Sandy-boy, don't! (She turns back, angry.) Perhaps you think it's easy for me

to do this, to challenge your right ever to leave me for someone else. Perhaps you think it's easy for me to forget I'm the woman, and to tell you that I love you. Perhaps it's easy to call back the times when you said you loved me, and to ask you why. (She turns away again.) Now—you're so—different.

(Ev, standing behind her, holds out his arms in a gesture of infinite tenderness, but catches himself. He snaps his fingers in irritation.)

Ev. Aw, Marjie, for pickle's sake!—It must be the deuce to be married.

Marj. (In control of herself once more.) You are different. It's a pose of course—

Ev. (striking a ballet dancer's pose.) Comme ça?

Marj. It's all right for you to be funny. I used to love your fun—but when you make a travesty of our engagement. (Ev has achieved a marvelous grimace at her use of the word travesty.) Ev, do be serious! When you mock me, mock the things in me you used to let me think you admired, when you deride all marriage, and groan at the very things, hard though they are, that draw a man and wife together—

Ev. Oh, I say, why prolong the agony? Being engaged has been fun, hasn't it? What more do you want? Whoever wants to make a go of anything more?

Marj. That was hardly the way you felt about it when we picked out the cottage.

Ev. Picking it out was fun, sure. But what about the living in it?

Marj. But the ducky little breakfast nook—and the "guest room" all in ivory—and, and the nursery! Ev!

Ev. (Winces visibly.) Marjorie!

Marj. (Quick to take advantage of his apparent emotion.) We had the colleges all chosen, remember? You used to be so tender, Sandy, and once in a while so earnest. I loved you when you were emphatic—you'd conquer the world—for me.

Ev. But not tie my necktie straight, I'll wager. "When I was a child—" you know.

Marj. Then it was all a joke? You meant none of it? You never meant it?

Ev. (Off guard.) But I—(He checks himself.) I didn't know you took it all so seriously. Joke on me that you did—good joke—was having a darn good time myself.

Marj. And had it till you got tired of your partner, and wanted to shift? You might have told me, Sandy, that you were tired. You might have saved me this month of uncertainty. (She hands him the ring from her finger. Calling—) Mother! Can you come in?

Mrs. F. (Off stage.) Just a minute, dear.

(They wait in silence. Everett stands holding the ring in his palm. In his face loss and derision fight for mastery. Finally, holding the ring high between his thumb and forefinger—)

Ev. Do I hear a higher bid? Going, going for two-penny ha' penny!—Going.

Marj. Sandy!

(Enter Mrs. Ferris.)

Mother, our engagement is broken. I thought you should know right away.

Mrs. Ferris. I'm sorry, dear. And I'm sorry on your account, Everett. But it's not entirely a surprise.

Ev. No? Well, Marj, the least you can do is to hang crepe over the davenport somehow. It will miss our foolishness—Good day, Mrs. Ferris. 'Bye, Marj.

(He leaves as nonchalantly as he had entered.)

Curtain to show interval of five hours.

Scene II.

Scene: as before. The curtain rises on an informal group of young men, some ten or twelve. There is one table of bridge, back-stage. The rest are lounging, smoking, and talking—Ted, Tom, Fred and Nick in front.

Ted. Well, by jove, it's time the woman hater appeared.

Fred. Oh, he's always behindhand lately. He'll come.

Tom. Knows the party doesn't half start till he get there. I believe he's a bigger clown every year.

Ted. I don't like the way he's treated Cal's sister, though, devil-a-bit.

Tom. Oh, it's just his craziness. He doesn't mean it, and he'll get over it before the month is out.

Ted. He's gone too far, though, even, for Sandy. It's gone too far for craziness,

too far for fun. If she weren't such a peach of a girl she'd never stand it.

Tom. She doesn't play up to him, lately. She used to, but she's too darn serious now. He can't take that.

Fred. Which only goes to prove Ev's point, that he's gone too far.

Tom. Too far for Marjorie. For some one else, maybe. Oh, well, here's the old scout now!

(Enter Everett Sanborn. Cries of " 'Lo, there," "Well, Sandy, what time is it?" "Where'd you leave your girl," etc.)

Ev. Well, well, looks like a happy family, sure! Hello, Ted, thought you had a heavy date for tonight.

Ted. Did. But Arlene had to break it at the last minute.

Ev. Oh, yes! Well, you've lost her for good!

Ted. How come?

Ev. Bet she heard your family had a tendency to twins. She'll politely refuse next time, too.

Ted. Whatcha bet?

Ev. Better join my "Off women for Life" Club, Ted. Then it'll have two members.

Nick. Fat chance, Sandy! That'd leave just about one when you and Marje name the date.

Ev. Oh that's off. Busted this afternoon.

Fred. (Affecting a Yankee accent.) Naow, ain't that tough, though?

Ted. Whoopee, tell another!

Ev. Straight goods, really! Matrimony's too deep for me. Hi, Cal, over there! Come here and tell 'em it's straight about your sister and poor me. (With an abused air.) They don't believe me.

Cal. (Curtly without leaving his table.) It's straight the engagement is broken.

(Fire trucks are heard going down the street.)

Fred. Fire somewhere.

(Nick goes to the window.)

Nick. There's a bright look down around Landry's house. Still alarm, evidently.

Fred. Let's go. Come on, fellows.

(They leave, remarking characteristically on the excitement. Cal touches Ev on the arm as he is about to go with the last few.)

Cal. Mind waiting a minute, Sandy? No, guess I won't come, Dick. Sandy and I want to talk. We'll have some eats when you all get back.

Dick. So long, then. Me for the glorification! (Everett and Cal are left alone. Cal is very sober.)

Ev. Well, old man, what's eating you?

Cal. Will you be serious for a minute, Sandy boy? That's quite a proposition, I know. But this is important.

Ev. Shoot. (He walks about, not looking at Cal.)

Cal. It's Marjorie, of course. She is in love with you, Sandy, even now. Even after this mean month, even after this afternoon. She's hurt, of course, and hates to admit she still wants anyone who feels as you seem to feel toward her. She's hurt, but she can't believe there's no mistake. She thinks you're not yourself. She thinks there's something you're hiding.

Ev. I told her the truth. Yes, I'm serious now. We had a good time, and now I'm tired of that kind of good time. Maybe a little tired of her—no fault of hers of course.

Cal. You let her believe it meant more than "a good time."

Ev. She took me too seriously, I underbid her bump of literalness.

Cal. You let us fellows think you meant more than a good time in this, though everything else was a joke.

Ev. Well, doggonit, if it's going to cut such a fuss, I'll reform altogether. Resolved, this tenth day of August that henceforth every word I speak, I, Everett Lowell San—

Cal. Cut it! You're lying, man. You're living a lie, have been for weeks. And you're lying now. (Sandy shows fight). No, wait. I don't ask you to tell me when you're bluffing, but I do ask for an explanation in regard to Marjorie. Because she's my sister, and because you and I have been pals. I think you're due to come clean.

Ev. Suppose I admit the lie, and just say it couldn't be helped. I never aimed to be Georgie with the hatchet.

Cal. But that's not enough—for me. There's something rather serious back of

this,—bet I could help it, Sandy. (Everett shakes his head). The two important things are O. K. We could fix the rest somehow. Marjorie loves you. And you love her.

Ev. Upon my word, you have courage to believe it! . . . . I do, Cal.

Cal. Then why have you done this?

Ev. Does it matter? I'm leaving for the West next week. Rather sudden plans —to stay.

Cal. Why, Sandy! . . . But I think it's important none the less.

Ev. Well,—You won't tell Marjie? I don't want her to know.

Cal. Not until you give the word. But—

Ev. This, then, is the grand fanfare and kettle-drums: I can't marry, ever. It's T. B.

Cal. Sandy! Sandy-boy!

Ev. I'm beating it to Arizona. Going to raise treetoads out there for a living—and probably live to a ripe old age. You and Marje and your respective grandchildren will perhaps visit me sometime then in your private airmobile. What a nice granddad you'll make, old boy!

Cal. I'm sorry—(Cal's head is on Ev's shoulder).

Ev. Don't get sentimental—I haven't any mop handy!

Cal. But I can tell Marjorie? And that you do love her as she once thought?

Ev. You think that would help!

Cal. Of course. It's the dead hurt that's awful.

Ev. Yes, and it would be the dead melodrama that would be awful then. She'll forget this—people forget cads easily—But that would keep her always sorry, pitying me, pitying herself, living in the might-have-beens. . . Oh, shucks, Cal, can't you see?

Cal. Well. . . . But it's such a cropper for you, so beastly to be thought a good-for-nothing cad.

Ev. Oh, in Arizona they're very fond of cads. Sort of family pets, like cats.

[Returning fellows are heard.]

Cal. Well, here come the fellows. (He extends his hand to Ev, who silently takes it).

[Enter the fellows.]

Ev. Got the fire all put out?

Ted. Dandy fire . . not much damage. Ought to have been there, you two.

Nick. Did someone say "Eats?"

Ev. Sure, come on. Cal's a good cook. (As they troop off).

[Curtain.]

CASTINE HARBOR.

The Maine coast—what a picture is flashed before the mind's eye at its mention. Ever changeful, never dull, always full of emotion and meaning, it is indelibly stamped upon the memory of all who are so fortunate as to know its mysteries and love its moods. No other place on earth can exactly equal its ability to change almost instantaneously from a scene of calm beauty to one of raging elements.

At the mouth of the Penobscot, almost entirely outshone by the brilliance of the more fashionable Bar Harbor, is a typical little Maine sea-coast town, Castine. Thousands do not flock to it as they do to its more famous neighbor, but those who do, never fail to return there year after year. There is an atmosphere of enchantment about the place, snuggled as it is near the edge of the water, as if it loved and trusted the sea as a child loves and trusts its mother.

Somewhat down the bay from the town there rises a rocky promontory capped by a picturesque lighthouse. In the daytime, the lighthouse gleams spotless white against a background of green pines; at night a powerful lamp sends its rays across the tree-tops, leaving the lower parts shrouded in darkness. One gasps in sheer astonishment to see the summits of the trees apparently floating midway between earth and sky.

At the foot of the promontory is a pile of rain and wave-washed rocks, covered near the water with shiny sea-weed and

pink star-fish. Above the water line, the rocks are dry, and Nature by some uncanny means has sculptured rude thrones, upon which one sits as temporary monarch. On a fine day, the sight from the most comfortable of these seats is one which is not easily forgotten. On either side rise jagged, unpolished rocks, stalwart and weather-proof, symbolic of the character of the men who by honest toil glean a scanty livelihood from the rocky fields behind the coast. A bright expanse of shimmering blue water stretches out before, dotted by white sails. The sun, streaming down on the water, builds over it a bridge of molten gold. A thin smoke appears on the horizon and one idly wonders its cause. Slowly a tiny steamer miraculously rises out of the water and ploughs its way past. White sea gulls swoop down on the blue water from a still bluer sky, seemingly to chase the white foam of the waves as a child chases the money on a cup of tea. The whole scene, brilliant, colorful, riotously beautiful, is Nature's garden fete.

With a sigh, one turns away from the lonely spot, as with a sigh he closes a lovely book. But just as he knows that again he may open his book to find double his first pleasure, so now he knows that he may come back to Castine, the harbor, and the lighthouse, and find that what before he loved as a novelty, he now loves as a part of himself.

R. M., '30.

"IF YOU KNEW SUSY—"

Morningcrest, May 22.

My Dearest Janet:

Your own little Susy has at last found idyllic, beatific, happiness. Henceforth, I am devoting my life to the Arts, the Muses, the Divine Inspirations and Consolers—especially musicians. This is how it happened. Aunty gave a musicale last Wednesday, a real mid-Victorian, respectable musicale. Of course I expected to be bored to salty tears and sailed into the drawing room (it is called a drawing room—imagine!) clothed in my haughtiest, most sophisticated manner and the green dress that is cut low in the back—Alexis says that it makes me look like Circe, but I'm getting ahead of my story. The usual hodge-podge set was there, but the Russian pianist, Ex-Grand Duke Alexis—O my dear! He is divinely young and good looking and so interesting to talk with! He really is the most intellectual man I have ever met. He just raves about my golden locks and swan-like throat. By the way, what are swan's necks like, Janet? I always thought they were crooked, elongated, funny looking things. Of course our friendship is purely platonic. He has called twice to discuss the Arts with me. O I never knew what it meant to live before. Just think how worldly and—Excuse please, but Alexis has come and I have a new sapphire tea-gown so I simply must change.

Hastily,

Susy.

June 3.

My Dearest Janet,

I am so very, very happy the pen just jumps up and down and hops all over the pages. Alexis has proposed! It seems so wonderful that our perfect friendship has ripened into love. We are going to be married right away. I haven't told Aunty yet and I am rather dreading it, but Alexis gives me lots of encouragement. He says that as my human sympathy and understanding are so much more sensitive than his, he reluctantly entrusts the duty to me. Alexis is such a dear and says such sweet things! I am planning my trousseau now, and I do wish you were here to help me. You will simply have to be here for the wedding. We may have to elope, wouldn't that be exciting?

Happily,

Susy.

June 10.

My Dearest Janet,

Little did I know, a brief week ago, that my life would soon be blasted, my hopes and my trust in human nature dashed

against the bleak rock of disillusion and despair! How could I know that Alexis loved me only for Aunty's money? When Aunty threatened to cut off my allowance and leave me out of her will if I should marry him, the brute told me gently but firmly (with less gentleness than firmness, I confess) that he was afraid we never would be happy and that it was best for us to part. When I protested and pleaded my love, he dealt the final crushing blow that his name was Schmidt and that he had a wife and five children in Cincinnati. Life is too cruel! I am dressing in black now, cut very simply but elegantly—and I refrain from rouge. A pallor is so interesting, don't you think? Life holds nothing for me now, Janet, and I feel myself slowly going into decline.

Your disillusioned

Susy.

June 15.

My Dearest Janet,

At last, after much suffering I have found my real life and soul. I am devoting my life to good deeds and generosity, scorning all worldly and purely artistic occupations—and I owe it all to Wilbur. O you don t know Wilbur, do you? I didn't until last Sunday. He is the new minister at the St. James. You can't imagine what a wonderfully curing influence he had on my blasted life. Just one look at his uplifted, stunningly handsome face made me realize how insignificant such men as Alexis and the tennis champion and the others, you know, really are in my life. So I have decided to forgive and devote my life to service.

I use a little rouge now for "it is really time for the flush of youth to come back to those pale cheeks," he says, and I have some of the dearest little muslin and dimity dresses. Wilbur says that I remind him of a little sunbeam that lives only to make others happy. Wilbur seems very happy. You don't realize the comfort I feel in reaching my niche in life at last and the gratitude I have toward a friend like Wilbur who really understands me.

A sublimely happy

Susy.

P. S.—Before I could send this letter the most dastardly thing happened. The chauffeur (a new, young, good-looking one) came in with the horrible news that Wilbur had eloped with Aunty. This is the end, the bitter, bitter end, but Smythe, the chauffeur, is so comforting.—S.

L. N. W., '30.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN TRYING TO BE ANOTHER LORD BYRON.

Scene I.—Young Man, his name is John Ethelbert Jenkins, appears in his bedroom. He is arranging a plan of campaign that will bring to his feet a very beautiful young lady, Myra Elouise Tibbetts, whom he has just met and on whom he is to call that evening. A fine idea strikes him. He reels from the blow. Some great lovers of history must be his guides. He ponders.

"Romeo was a good guy, but he doesn't suit my style—too dumb. I want someone snappy—not sappy. Let's see, Mark 'Anthony;' Petrarch, 'Dant,' Browning, Byron, —Byron's the man for me. He could knock 'em dead with a limp and a look. Let's see! Where's the 'World's greatest poets' that agent stuck me with. Page 297, hmm—. Well, well, well, 'Bif,' old kid, did you always wear your collar open like that, or just in this picture? Your hair isn't combed, either. 'Child-e Harold's Pilgrimage!' Hmph! Not for me. It sounds like a crusade. 'So We'll Go No More A-Roving! Oh, but we will,' too. 'On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year!' Nope, only the twentieth. Darned gloomy. Listen to this! 'My days are in the yellow leaf; the flowers and fruits of love are gone;—If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?' Well, gloom may be what gets 'em. I can try it. 'Don Juan.' Ha! I've heard about that. Ought to be good. What's this? 'Isles of Greece!' 'Marathon and mountains! Say, I thought this was a love

poem, not a geography. Here's a note at the bottom of the page—'But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in Hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest.' I have it. Byron was a cynic. Quite a while ago I heard someone say he was. That's my style. It just suits my type. Tall, dark (my hair looks dark in some lights), cynical, melancholy, careless of my dress. That's my cue. I'll talk about how futile life is, how fickle women are, make her think I've drunk life to the dregs and have nothing more to live for. 'By,' old boy, after folks see me, they'll forget you ever existed. I'm going to be a super-Byron."

Scene II.—Curtain rises on Miss Tibbetts and Mr. Jenkins-Byron seated on a davenport. In the half-light John Ethelbert's hair looks one shade darker than tan, "dark." His hair is carefully rumpled, his collar open at the throat. Pensively he rests his cheek upon two extended fingers while in a melancholy fashion he gazes into Miss Tibbetts' eyes. Opening his mouth, sighs and a melting, broken voice escape.

"Yes, I hurt my leg rescuing a child from certain death. It still forces me to limp sometimes, not always. That's why you didn't notice it this afternoon. I strained it on the way here. You see it was this way," And so on and on. Miss Tibbetts returned his gaze—how? Can you imagine? What emotions would you have felt? What do you think?

H., '29.

BEYOND THE PALE.

Kay usually listened to Yasaku's playing with an appreciative ear. Tonight, however, it was different, and Yasaku, with his keen perception, sensed it. He was leaning lazily against a heavily tapestried wall, playing his samosen, the Japanese guitar. The music was light and gay and hopeful, like a spring morning. She had always loved his music, which seldom contained even a suggestion of sadness; but now, with her growing sorrow, Kay wished that he would go. His dreamy almond eyes annoyed her.

Finally he took his leave and Kay was alone in the richly furnished room. She disdained the colossal divan with its sea of cushions, and nestling among the cushions she threw to the floor, and sank into deep and painful meditation.

Her real name was Kaio, but had long ago been Anglicized to Kay. Her father, a wealthy Californian of Spanish extract, had never bothered to marry her mother, who was the most meek of Japanese women, and who died at Kay's birth. Since then, her father had granted Kay's every wish, sent her to a finishing school in San Francisco, and allowed her to indulge in many extravagances.

In the wealthy suburb in which they lived, the facts of her birth were no secret; but, since her father was unmoral, rather than immoral, and was wellknown in the world of sports, and also since Kay herself was a radiant personality, she was looked upon with interest and approval. This approval, however, had its limit. So long as she had shown no desire to intermarry into the social circle into which she was admitted, the people allowed her free rein. How could they know of her silent, secret longings?

She had known the security of an irresponsible existence, and now that she was budding into young womanhood, her father was proud to display her to the world in general. His pride was not without foundation, for Kay was a finished creation of grace and delicacy and fragility. Her face, long and oval-shaped, was framed by straight, glossy, black hair; bobbed, of course. Her long, narrow eyes slanted upward at the outer corners, and her eyebrows were two delicate lines, high above the eyes. Her nose was aquiline, and low at the bridge, giving her expression a mildness which she did not possess. A small mouth, with full red lips, and pale cheeks added to her Japanese beauty. These features had been inherited from her mother, but her temperament was like her father's.

Until recently, she had been as un-

troubled and inconsequent as a butterfly, but suddenly she felt trapped by forces she could not, at first, understand. Life was proving to be an inexplicable tangle, and as a result she became listless, mechanical, almost depersonalized. The inevitable had happened; she had fallen in love, but unfortunately, with an American whose name and position meant more to him than anything else. They had met at one of the country club dances, and he had gazed upon her quaint beauty in admiration. The roundness of her slim figure was inviting, and he held her perhaps a trifle closer than was necessary for terpsichorean purposes. She sensed his admiration, and although her eyes were discreetly downcast, her head was tilted at a coquettish angle. The music was joy, mounting rapidly to delight, then higher still to rapture, and with a wild burst of madness, ceased. She remembered that music; it somehow typified her life.

The romance began with this dance and lasted a month,—a beautiful, joyous month. Then, in a deep husky voice, he told her that most certainly she was feminine perfection, but (alas!) she was Japanese! He admitted that love should not be bound by narrow conventions, but his puritan strain could not be denied, and so he went out of her life forever, leaving a shadow behind.

In the midst of these disquieting musings, an involuntary spasm of pain contracted Kay's features. She had tried, but she could not dispel the image of him; he had so intrigued her. She would have delicious dreams, then realization, followed by panicky revolt. Was she always to see the privileged world go by, and remain forever an outsider, a mere spectator, because of her Japanese blood? What was the worth of such a life? Was life to become a meaningless succession of days, weeks and months.

In this manner, Kay brooded in silence, meditating on the monstrous injustice of her birth. Tears obscured her vision. Gone forever was the buoyant, gay and sometimes absurd Kay, and in her place came a creature, with incomparable charm still, but with a crushed spirit. Her soul shrank into a pit of blackness, and to her embittered mind, death seemed the only solution of her difficulties. Death. In the very word was a haven of peace, an invitation.

She stepped out into the street, and with steps that were short, yet quick, she hurried along through the dripping shadows, until she reached the edge of the river. She seemed quite alone in the blackness; yes, she was alone, and suddenly it seemed to her that she had always been alone, even at the height of popularity, for she was Japanese!

The running water beneath was an enchanting sound. It would not refuse her because of her Japanese blood; it would not!—and in a moment, it had swallowed her.

She was no longer beyond the pale.

B. M., '29.

ACCORDING TO SHAKESPEARE.

There are three types of woman. First there are those who agree with Shakespeare that it is good policy to "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, bear't th' opposed may beware of thee," and then, "Do not for one repulse forego the purpose that you resolved to effect." To this class belong querulus, nagging wives, stepmothers, and mothers-in-law.

Second, there are those submissive creatures who believe that it is woman's duty to "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment." Such women are few in number and mostly morons.

Third, are the intelligent, independent, modern women who reason thus: "This above all; to thine own self be true, And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man." But who cares about that last line? For "With devotion's visage and pious action we do sugar o'er the devil himself." "What a piece of work is man!"

B. G. '27.

ONE NIGHT.

The moon was shining when I left the town and started on my long walk home. The moon seemed like a pumpkin pie out of which a huge bite had been taken. The marks of the ravenous monster's teeth gave the appearance of a profile. A few moments later, while I was gazing, a cloud gently covered its mutilated form from view, and the distant rumble of thunder announced the approach of a storm.

The thought of a storm, for one without either a hat or coat, a mile from the nearest shelter and on a lonely road, was by no means pleasant. Nearer and nearer came the mumble and rumble. A patter of raindrops, coming slowly then swiftly, announced that the storm had overtaken me. I began to walk faster, my walk quickened into a trot, my trot into a run. The rain, like ice-water poured from a huge pitcher, ran down my shivering back.

Every now and then a flash of lightning revealed the road ahead of me. Otherwise everything was of an inky blackness. Somehow, in my flight, I took a wrong turn in the road. When I tried to retrace my steps, I found that I was quite lost. The flashes of lightning became less and less frequent. Suddenly there was one flash brighter than any of the preceeding ones. In it I saw to my horror a human body hanging from a tree. The white face had been made glistening and shining by the rain, the white hair clung to the head so closely that it resembled a bleached skull, and the clothes, now rags, had been half torn from the gaunt body. The wind blew the whole horrible spectacle to and fro. The sunken, staring eyes seemed to reflect the glare of the lightning into my own. The mouth hung open, an ink-spot on a snow-white table-cloth.

For a moment I stood, shaken and trembling. Then I fled, running I knew and cared not where, so long as my feet carried me from the dreadful spot. When it seemed as if I could run no longer, my feet came in contact with hard smooth ground. A flicker of lightning revealed a familiar road to me. What had I seen in the woods?

E. M., '30.

A NORTHERN SINGER.

As was the case with readers of Mark Twain or Walt Whitman, it may be that not many Americans appreciate the native flavor of Robert Frost's work as keenly as an Englishman or a Frenchman might. Mr. Frost is essentially a poet of place. Although we do not feel in his verse, as in that of Whitman, the sweep of a continent from sea to sea, the modern poet interprets for us the rocky reserve of New England pastures, the sudden glimpses of beauty, often as suddenly withdrawn, that characterize New England nature. He gives to orchards, swallows, snow storms, deserted farms, poetic expression. Because of a quality in himself, a touch of Yankee paganism, he embodies in his "talking verse" the very spirit of place; for his own genius is as straight and pungent as a pine tree. Poems like "After Apple Picking," or "The Mountain" betray an observation nourished on the stark concreteness of reality.

But Mr. Frost goes beyond this refreshing directness, as of a wind from the mountains. Since he is a genuine poet, his instinct for locality penetrates the surface of life and dips down to the roots of character. Stone walls and grass-grown roads are his symbols of the difficult emotions of provincial New England—the lives that often resemble apples knarled by rough circumstances. In his dramatic narratives and dialogues, so closely does he keep to the genre nature of his subjects, that he first impresses the reader by the sharpness of his insight and the homeliness of his detail rather than by any universal quality in the situation. Yet the psychology of "Home Burial" or "A Servant to Servants" involves character in a perfectly natural reaction to fate. "The Death of the Hired Man"—a tragedy hard, almost mean—has

the pathos of unequal struggle with destiny. As the poet is keen enough to realize, the life of lonely neighborhoods has its own emotional nouances—fugitive hopes, despairs, revivals. Thus "The Snow Storm" is a brief Odyssey, "The Housekeeper" a comedy of reprisal.

Though Mr. Frost often sings the natural drama of life, yet his lyrics unquestionably reveal also the reflective poet. One who interprets reluctance and sorrow has pondered his own emotions. The appreciative reader, however, characterizes this modern seer by poems like "The Valley's Singing Strength," or "The Star in a Stone Boat," in which the poet has most intimately fused his soul with his New England environment. The lines on Hyla Brook have both atmosphere and spiritual insight. "Come with Rain, O Loud Southwester!" No one but Mr. Frost could have written.

Though as an artist this Northern poet is modern and somewhat ruthless, keeping step only when he likes, he is not a complete traitor to form. But the beauty that he seeks is moody, inconstant—like that of New Hampshire Aprils. Turning often from lyric conventions, he chooses the freer "talking verse" because his nature prefers that way of expression,—

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall."

Mr. Frost is, in fact, so much himself that the critic, though tempted to certain parallels with Wordsworth, hesitates to suggest them. Frost has read the older poets, but his soul is self-poised. He delights by mountain freshness, by faithfulness to a beauty he himself has seen, by the responses and sympathies of his own heart. Emotionally he is at one with the New England he has chosen:

"The heart is still aching to seek,
But the feet question 'Whither?' "

Clearer, perhaps, are the lines:

"This as it will be seen is other far
Than with brooks taken otherwhere in song.
We love the things we love for what they are."

The North has its own springs and flowers—its own hillside pipers.

F. D.

SYLVIA'S FIRST COLLEGIATE LETTER.

Sugar Bowl, Room 10,
Pinkham Hall,
Lincoln College,
Lincoln, N. H.

Molly Darling:

Isn't that heading imposing? Here I am at Lincoln, a co-ed at last. I have been in college exactly 10 hours and 23 minutes and it certainly does broaden one. I've got fifteen names on my new slicker already.

I do wish you were here, Molly. My room-mate's name is Peggy Mordaunt. Isn't that wonderful! I think she must be of noble English blood, it sounds rather English don't you think? Her hair is a lot longer than yours Molly, real chestnutty and her skin is divine. But I think she's a little bow-legged. She's got the cutest drawl and lovely clothes. Of course she will never be as close to me as you, darling, I know I couldn't share every secret with her as I do with you.

Such a lovely trip I had. My dear, I was on the train 5 hours, absolutely unchaperoned. How I hated to leave you.

When you tore yourself from my arms and ran sobbing into Joe Mercer's store I didn't think I could bear it, but Daddy hustled me on the train just as it started.

The car he put me in was different than any other I have ever seen, smooth leather cushioned seats facing each other with little drop leaf tables between them. I had a parlor car ticket, so I went right in and looked for a seat. The car was half full of men, laughing and smoking. As I walked down the aisle everyone stopped talking. My dear, such a feeling! I knew I was attractive but I didn't suppose I had such a fascination for the opposite sex. Travel certainly broadens one.

I found a nice seat with a little table which had a lot of red, white, and blue tiddledy-winks on it. One of the young men across the aisle offered me a cigarette

and wanted to sit with me. The nerve of him! He was cute though. But my dear, I just looked at him. It really isn't safe for a young girl to travel nowadays. These insidious men! I just know he wanted to abduct me. I showed him where to get off. He was cute just the same. I often think that if one is to be abducted, that makes such a difference.

I was perfectly at ease. I slipped out of my coat and snuggled down in my chair. The brakeman came through and when he punched my ticket he looked deep into my eyes and then rushed out. My dear, I was beginning to fear my power. In a few moments he came back with an oldish man in uniform. This man came right to my chair and was going to speak, the old masher, but I stared coldly out of the window. When he had spoken twice, I turned slowly about, unveiling my great brown eyes, just like Sally Gordon in the movies, and spoke very coolly.

"I beg yuah pahdon. Did you speak to me?"

"Yes, miss," he said, "you must not sit here. Ladies are not allowed here. This is the smoker."

My dear, can you imagine! I just looked at him.

"I thank you," I replied, "I was merely waiting foh some one to carry mah luggage to the pahlah cah."

I guess he didn't realize what a woman of the world I am. He didn't say a word, Molly. He just turned and called a porter but I saw his shoulders shake with a strong emotion. What terrible influence we women have.

The porter took my bags and led the way to the parlor car. I tipped him and what do you suppose I gave him? That French coin that Billy Crawford gave me for a lucky piece. I almost asked it back but I'm not speaking to Billy any more so I thanked the porter in French and smiled. I couldn't think of the idiom so I just recited that little poem about the cat and the bird. He didn't know the difference and I just know he thinks I'm a Parisian.

I had the car all to myself so I sat in all the big green chairs and pretended I was a foreign princess giving a tea. It is well to practice, one never knows when one may marry a prince. But as I have told you many times, Molly, I am so dark and all of the other kids in our family so red headed, I'm sure I must have been adopted. It must have been when I was very young because I was 17 last April.

At Enfield some more people got on. I looked expensive and silky, and glanced and began to read my magazine that Danny gave me. Molly, if he goes out with that Millett girl, you write me, will you? I don't think he will, still two months is a long time and men are so fickle.

I got off at Lincoln station and I felt dreadfully. Everyone met everyone and I just stood there. My new trunk went by on a truck. I saw it and there was a pink lingerie strap sticking out one end. Then a long legged boy came and said, "Smash your baggage?" My dear, I just looked at him.

"I should say not, I'll have you understand this is a new suit case." And I was just going to fix him when a girl in brown pounced on me. "Here's one," she shouted, and then some others sang, "She surely is a Freshman as nobody can deny." That nasty boy laughed. They put me in the bus and shrieked at me all the way out.

When we got there, I went to the Dean's office and registered and everything. She has gray hair and brown eyes and had on a smock. Can you feature that? She was washing her office windows, I thought.

She gave me the key to my room because Peggy hadn't come and told me where to go. I remember she said the house had a red roof. I got lost somehow and went across someone's vegetable garden back of one of the houses, but I came out near a house with a red roof. She told me my room was in the house with the red roof so I started up the steps. I stopped to pick a burr off from my stocking and a nice looking boy came up to me.

"Hi, girl, where are you going?"

My dear, I just looked at him, but I answered civilly enough, "In there, smarty."

"The deuce you are!"

"Certainly."

"All right, I'll take your bag up."

He took it and we went in and, Molly don't you tell a soul,—but it was a frat

house, a men's frat house. That wretched dean, how I hate the woman! She sent me there purposely. I don't know how I got out, but pretty soon I found myself on a bench in the park crying. In a few minutes that boy brought my suit case and sat down side of me.

He said, "Don't cry, girl, I was the only one who saw you and I won't tell." And then he comforted me. I think I shall like college after all.

And when I took my handkerchief out the key fell down a horrible old sewer. I can't begin to tell you the trouble we had getting it out. His name is Lawrence and his friends call him Larry. He's got the nicest ways, Molly.

Finally I found my room and Peggy came. We're all unpacked and she wore my new beads to dinner tonight. We sat at the Dean's table because there aren't any other freshmen yet.

The rules don't go on till tomorrow, so Larry and I went to the movies. I got in at 10.45.

The lights are going out in a few minutes—at 12 tonight. How I miss you. I think I shall like college. I must close, darling.

Loads of love,

Your devoted chum,

Sylvia.

THEIR HOUSE OF DREAMS.

"Oh-h, Tony, Tone-e-e-, look-a, look-a!" breathed the ecstatic voice of an elfin brown child. "Ain't it heavin!"

"Heaven! Huh-h!" grunted a little boy's voice in such a manful way. "You call-a dat Heaven! Why, Bella, dat's a-a pee-zazza. I gues I know one," and he ended with a little swagger.

"But, Ton-e-e-e, look-a de t'ings on the pee-ee- za-. pee- well, just look-a! See, a bed what is hung on chains an 'a table with wheels an', Oh, such a preettee pitcher and dishes on it! An' look-a all de preettee chairs an' an'—oh, some flowers in a basket hangin' on a string! Oh, Ton-ee!"

By this time Tony was interested, but being all boy, he didn't have as much to say as smaller Bella had. Quietly for a few moments the two youngsters gazed at the charming porch with its summery furnishings. The eyes of both were big with interest and not one detail escaped them.

"Bella, when we're big, we'll be married an' I'll give you a bed what hangs on chains, maybe two, an' a table on lettle wheels an' lots of things," Tony broke the silence. "I got-a fifteen cents this mornin' from the Padre 'cause I did a message for him. An' I'll save it."

"Oh, Ton-e-e-e," words failed Bella for a moment. "Ain't it gr-rand! Mio Tonio! Why can't we be big right now an'—! Oh, run, Ton-ee!" she gasped.

Like two brown leaves, they scampered away hand in hand till they were streets and streets away from the lovely house. The sounds of approaching footsteps had warned them that someone was coming.

All the way to their poor homes they planned how Tony "should push-a a fruit cart an' make-a piles of money an' Bella should make gran' lace an' sell-a it to rich ladies."

So with their visions they are left awhile.

* * * * * *

Some years had gone by since little Bella and Tony had gazed on the porch. On a summer's evening, as the sun's last rays spread over the city, a young man and girl came strolling down the same street. It was little Bella and Tony, but a Bella somewhat taller and a Tony who towered protectingly over Bella. Bella's dark curls still played round her face and her big eyes were full of love for the big, good-looking Tony beside her, in whose eyes one could read the same message.

Nearer they came until they were opposite the house, the house with The Porch. By common unspoken consent, they stopped near the gate and gazed at the rambling house. For a moment neither spoke.

"Bella, love, this is it," said Tony. "Does it look as beautiful to you as that time when we were youngsters and we peeked in from the terrace?"

"Beautiful? Mio Tony, it doesn't compare with our house. Why, Tony, it's so big. I'd never find you if I wanted you to sit with me in the hammock."

"You dear!" exclaimed Tony. "Let's go home."

Slowly they moved on down the street. A vision of their own little bungalow was in their minds, with its gayly striped hammock and sturdy chairs and the frail tea wagon on the porch. Not for nothing had they gone to school, worked, saved and dreamed. Very fully they knew work, work often times weary, but with its reward of joy and the sense of something completed.

Tenderly they often laughed at the plans the little Tony and Bella had had "to push-a de cart an' make-a de lace." It was of this they talked as they went along. But not for long.

"Bella, I have a surprise for you. Dear, I've been promoted to superintendent of the buying department. Behold, Superintendent Antonio Bandetti!"

"Darling Tony! Oh my Tony! I'm so glad!"

"Don't look at me that way! Mia Bella! I'm so full of love for you that I'm likely to pick you up right here and show what it means for me to love my wife!"

So hand in hand they walked in the silver path made by the moon, into their House of Dreams. '27.

COLBY'S CALENDAR.

"All history is bunk," said old Henry Ford,
Father of flivvers and shakers and shivers,
Wonderful exercise—hard on the livers,
So what do you say if we clamber aboard?

And we'll jump from Adam to Abraham
Leaving old Ararat—Noah on top of that;
Kings of Capetia, Tyre, Phoenicia,
Caesar, Napoleon, and old Uncle Sam.

I'll next introduce our friend Mr. Columbus
Corking fine fella'—friend of Queen Bella
On a three by six raft that would sink with Judge Taft.
And Chris,' so I'm told, was a Colby Alumnus.

It wasn't his fault he discovered San Salvador
He must either anchor or land on the beaches.
And that is the reason that thousands of speeches
Praise the old pirate, but stop at the shore.

Settlers from Hungary, Denmark, and Brussells
Poles and Slovakians,—Wops and Eustrachians,
The Harps and the Dagoes—the Philippine tagos,
On to America everyone hustles.

Some came for money—some to dodge creditors
Mechanics and artisans—democrat partisans,
Teachers and preachers and some overreachers,
And even some printers and devils and editors.

Soon there developed a craving for knowledge
High mathematics, physics and statics—
Shoes were not empty but vacant old attics
Must be refilled and hence Colby College.

In eighteen hundred twenty, yes,
That was the year they landed here,
Some were saints and some were aints—
The leader Chaplin with others, I guess.

In frail canoes up the Kennebec
To found a school where thought would rule
And possibly christen the Colby Mule
And impress the values above the neck.

Arriving one night in Waterville
For lack of rents, they pitched their tents
And hiding their dollars beneath their sense

They slept, and all was still.

The following day they bought some land
Where the M. C. trains belch shrieks and smoke
'Til your shirt front looks like a hod of coke
And this was the college stand.

And then, again, in seventy-three
A maiden fair—with talents rare—
And, to help me rhyme, with golden hair
Was the premiere girl for a degree.

Since then Colby's come by leaps and bounds
In brains we're first—in gymnasiums worst
And a craving for knowledge our only thirst.
Yes, we are the knowledge hounds.

So now you have it from Adams to Colby
The millenium sure is a vague mystery;
H. G. Wells, I think rash in his volumes of trash
'Tis I—I alone—who made History.

M., '27.

GOD.

Men say that God is love
Incarnate up above.
They have not suffered here
Nor lived a life in fear.
They have not fought in vain
Against unceasing pain.
Men have not known despair
Nor known a world unfair
Who speak of love as God:
For God holds high the rod.

Where the apple blossoms sprinkle,
Their sweet fragrance here and there,
Where the roses climb and cluster,
Round a garden wall so fair,
We'll have a little cottage—you and I.

When the dew is on the flowers
And the grass is cool and wet,
When the twilight hour approaches
And the sun begins to set,
We'll have a little cottage—you and I.

When the lilies by the pathway
Nod their little heads and wait,
Where beside the perfumed borders
Stands the pansies by the gate
We'll have a little cottage—you and I.

When the cares of life are finished,
And our work on earth is o'er,
When we see at last about us,
Sweet contentment evermore,
We'll have a little cottage—you and I.

Anne.

Self-integration, living day by day,
A happy-hearted hope that ever gleams,
These help you, as you climb the up-hill way,
To live a life of service, love and dreams.

G., '27.

THE COLBIANA

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A LOST ART (?)

First Colby Student (after attending chapel)—"Do you know, I don't believe I think just the way Professor ——— seemed to this morning. Do you?"

Second Colby Student—"Why, I don't know. I haven't thought. It doesn't make much difference. But I do hope it doesn't rain, and I can wear my blue dress tonight."

* * * * * *

Miss Colby student—as a fair question—is this a typical example of after-chapel conversation? If it is, then thinking is indeed one of the lost arts—at least on the Colby campus. How often does one find one's roommate sitting on the edge of the bed, chin on hand in the attitude of Rodin's "Thinker"—and with a look on her face which plainly says, "Don't disturb me, I'm thinking!" And how often in answer to a carefully framed question does one receive the careless reply, "I don't know. I haven't thought!"

College is one of the best places to develop a lasting habit of clear, concentrated thought. For instance—can you think clearly through the difficult propositions of every biological or geological assignment, finally reaching some fairly definite ideas of your own? Or do you accept without question the opinion of the professor? Or, worst of all, do you do neither?

Again—can you steer your way through the intricate path of college friendships? Oftentimes, could you but know it, you are only next door to a wonderful personality. Have you thought about M—'s possibilities for friendships, even though she does not belong to your own sorority or "clique?"

And most of all, Miss Colby Student, have you thought about yourself? Do you know the real you?

"You have to live with yourself, and so
You want to be fit for yourself to know."

Thinking—a lost art. Just try it!

'29.

Do sororities aid or injure a community? With a little conscientious thinking and acting they would only aid. Competition is

fine. It rouses interest in studies, athletics, and all contests, but it should be carried only so far.

Somehow the genial spirit that makes a large group of girls one harmonious family seems to be lacking at Colby. Girls are girls the world around. Why let a few secret societies prevent acquaintances never to be forgotten, and friendships never to be replaced? One can keep one's personal secrets and still be confidentially friendly with others. A college with sororities ought to work the same way. Don't condemn a girl because she belongs to another or no sorority. She is probably far worthier of consideration and friendship than one who wears two or three pins.

There is an inexpressible under-current of feeling, a slight upturn of the nose, evident in meetings, elections especially and even in the corridors. Why not follow the principles, "Let the better woman win," and "She is as good as I am. I am as good as she is." Narrow your figures if you will, but broaden your minds!

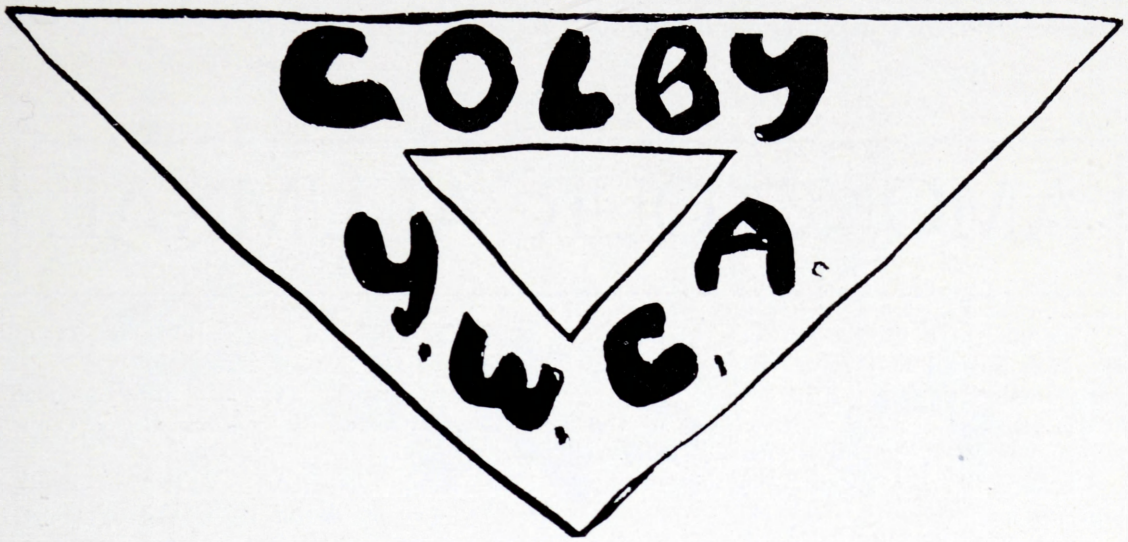
Are you living? or do you just exist in a drowsy half-consciousness? Criticism of the faculty has been flying around like hot cakes, but a little inward criticism might be interesting and profitable. Are you lackadaisically following the routine? If your mind is to be active, alive, you must use it. But, it won't run without gas. Reading furnishes excellent fuel and if you choose the right material the carburetor won't get clogged.

Most of us can read a newspaper and understand it without using a dictionary, yet how many do? Many of us don't even pick it up. With a very little time each day you can keep in communication with the current events. Of course the newspaper doesn't render much profit to the type of mind that is appealed to most by the murder cases, divorce trials, and latest scandals. By discrimination the essential articles in the periodicals can be quickly read. It is imminently important that we form these habits now if we wish to keep out of the narrow, one-horse-town ruts.

We are inclined to think that in our busy life there is little time to read books not required. Don't fool yourself! If you want to think yourself an extremely busy person, yourself is ready to be convinced. Remember—you're going to get what you are after. In between times, in vacation, in holidays, you should be able to keep in touch with the outstanding books. Novels are quickly read and you should know what modern writers are accomplishing. Don't forget that poetry is still being written, and time spent on that is not wasted. Books connected with your studies should demand your attention, especially if you desire a real knowledge of these things you are supposed to have come to college for.

Do you shun the classics? If so, you shun friends, friends of boundless treasure. Does the charm of Jane Austen, Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, and all those authors of the past find a response in you? After a little association you will find that they give an unparalleled delight. Those books that have endured offer distinct and unlimited value. Then, we have the wealth of the great poets. They carry you away on wings of fancy, bring you face to face with truth, transport you from one feeling to another, and are perfectly entrancing in their beauty of expression. These, it seems, more than any others, not only broaden but deepen the character.

So it is up to you whether you shall be a rattling tin-lizzie or a smooth running Rolls-Royce; whether you shall have that cultivation and poise of mind so desirable of college women. Reading is a fine and necessary constituent of the fuel, but not the only one. Furthermore gas has to be mixed with air and touched off with a spark. As far as the reading goes, the habit of reading the best and gaining the most can be gained by conscientious and discriminate choice backed up by determination.



The annual winter conference of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. was held on the week-end of March 11-13, at the Poland Spring Hotel, South Poland, Me. Colby women were well represented and returned to college inspired by the fine lectures and ready to carry on the theme of the conference, "Christ Life in Action."

Miss Kay Ashworth, National Y. W. secretary and one of the interesting speakers of the Poland Spring Conference, came to Colby, March 13. In the afternoon an informal tea was given for Miss Ashworth in the Foss Hall reception hall so that the girls might become personally acquainted with her. In the evening she told of the many delights that Camp Maqua holds. The girls were asked what questions and subjects they would like to have discussed at this summer's camp.

At the annual election of Y. W. officers on March 15, Florence G. Young, '29, of Brockton, Mass., was elected president for the year 1927-28. Miss Young has already been active and has had experience in Christian organizations. Miss Carolyn Herrick, '29, of Augusta, was elected vice president; Miss Viola Philbrook, '28, of Kittery, treasurer; and Elsie Lewis, '29, of Lynn, Mass., secretary. Under the leadership of these able officers Y. W. is starting out upon a new year with new strength and vigor.

A Y. W. banquet was given at Foss Hall, Tuesday evening, March 25, at which Miss Helen Mitchell, '27, presided as toastmistress. Julia Mayo, '27, retiring president, opened the program with a challenging talk. Dean Erma V. Reynolds and Mrs. E. C. Marriner, who represented the advisory board of the Y. W. cabinet, both gave interesting toasts. Miss Marguerite Chase, '27, then told of the fine conference held at Camp Maqua each year. Miss Florence Young, '29, the new president, concluded the program with a promise to carry on Y. W. work with the best of her ability. Following the banquet a short but impressive installation service was held for the new officers.

Miss Margaret Crutchfield, traveling secretary of Student Volunteer Movement gave a talk at the Y. W. meeting on April 12. Her subject was "Why I want to be a missionary and why I believe all should go to foreign fields who are able."

Invited by the Y. W. and Y. M. cabinets G. Sherwood Eddy, noted lecturer and student of international affairs, came to Waterville, April 24, 25 and 26, to give a series of lectures to the student body. No one will ever know just how much Mr. Eddy has done for the students on the campus, but his talks will always stay in the minds of some. His knowledge and experience in foreign affairs particularly interested many.

On the evening of May 10, Professor Strong entertained the Colby girls with a

fine, varied program of piano selections. Professor Strong's music is always appreciated by the college girls and they look forward to another visit.

AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

The marriage of Alpha Crosby, '26, to Mr. Max Brown of Buxton, will take place early in the summer.

Agnes Osgood, '26, is teaching in the Nantucket High School, Nantucket, Mass.

Clara Collins, '26, has a position in the high school at South Berwick.

Edna Tuttle, '26, is teaching in the Junior High School in Somerville, Mass.

Lena Drisko, '26, and Althea Lord, '26, are both teaching in the Waterville Junior High.

Phyllis Buck, ex-'26, is assistant librarian in the Augusta State Library.

Edith Gray, '25, who is teaching in Winthrop, Mass., recently visited at Colby.

Louise Cates, '25, is teaching in Foxcroft Academy, Dover-Foxcroft.

Doris Hardy, '25, Doris Tozier, '24, Marguerite Albert, '26, and Helen Springfield, '24, acted as judges at the gym meet held behind Foss Hall, April 20th.

Evelyn Kellett, '26, is at home in Lawrence, Mass., doing substitute work in the schools of that city.

Mrs. Philip Woodworth (Mildred Bickmore, '26) is teaching at Erskine Academy, China.

Mrs. Virgil McGorrill (Bernice Butler, '21) and her son, John, recently visited at Colby.

Elsie Bishop, '25, is teaching at Shead Memorial High School, Eastport.

Dorothy Austin, '25, has a fine business position with the New York Girls' Club, New York City.

Mrs. Louis Shane, Jr., (Marjorie Rowell, ex-'27) who is living in California now, came east for a visit and stopped for a few days at the Hall.

Eva Alley, '25, is a member of the faculty at Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston.

Edith Grearson, '26, is doing substitute teaching in Calais.

The following are teaching:

Olive Soule at Sanborn Academy, Kingston, N. H.

Frances Booth at Lawrence, Mass.

Katherine Coyne at Stephens High School, Rumford.

Dorothy Farnum at Delphi Academy, Delphi, N. Y.

Madeline Merrill at Bluehill.

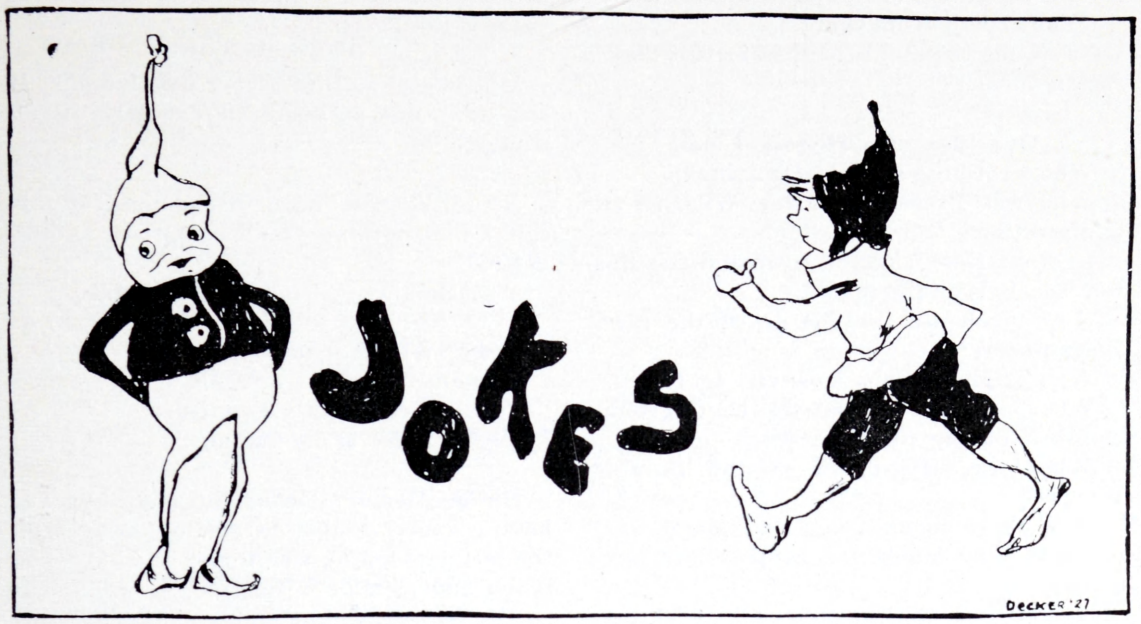
Evelyn Rushton at Junior High School, Liberty, N. Y.

Eliza Tarrant at Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.

Ruth Turner in Bridgeport, Conn.

Nellie Pottle at Spellman College, Atlanta, Ga.

Ruth Fifield at Milton, Mass.



Mabel: "I study French, German, English and Journalism."

Mayo: "Goodness! How can you learn four languages at once?"

Big baggy pants
A vacant look,
A dunhill pipe
An unused book,
An unhatted head
The latest fad,
Always broke—
The College lad.
—"The Cracks."

Customer: "Any soup on that menu?"

Vi: "There was, but I wiped it all off."

He: "Gimme a sentence with the word 'Window.' "

Alice: "Window we eat?"

Frosh: "Where's the janitor's office?"

Higher up: "Follow the passage until you come to the sign reading 'No Admittance.' Go down stairs 'till you see the sign 'Keep out.' Follow the corridor 'till you see the sign 'Silence.' Then yell for him."

A successful monopolist is a person who succeeds in occupying both arms of his theatre seat.

"And were you little once like I am, Grandpa?"

"Of course, my boy."

"Gee, you musta been a scream with those glasses and whiskers!"

"Never the twain shall meet," sighed the small boy as he watched the brakeman throw the switch.

"So you are a senior, eh?" inquired the curious one.

"Naw," said the easy one, "I'm a Ku Klux in mourning."—Brown Jug.

A Personal Touch.

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touch in their themes, so one of the papers which he received ended thus:

"Well, professor, how are the wife and kiddies, and, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"—Punch Bowl.

There's many a college man who doesn't rob the cradle—but on the other hand, many have been caught with a crib.

"So your father's in the coal business, eh? What branch is he in?"

"Oh, he collects the ashes."

"Hi, hi, theah, are you from Denmark?"

"Yah; I hail from there."

"Tell, me then, old fruit, what is it that is rotten theah?"

Our Idea of a History Final.

Who wrote the Monroe Doctrine?

Who was President during Wilson's administration?

In what New England town did the Boston Tea Party take place?

How much did the charge of the Light Brigade cost?

Who originated the Volstead act?

What was the fare on the Underground Railroad during the Civil War?

What was the menu at the Diet of Worms?

How many people could the "Mayflower" carry? How many are supposed to have come across in it?

In what year did the gold rush of '49 take place?

What President has his picture on the Lincoln pennies?—Red Cat.

And at that,—could we pass?

Customer: "What's on the menu?"

Waitress: "I have frog's legs, chicken liver, pig's feet, and—"

Customer: "Never mind your deformities. What have you to eat?"

A: "Do you know who is in the hospital?"

B: "No."

A: "Sick people."

Last summer I spent my vacation in a small town. One day I went to a neighboring city for some things for my mother. I forgot a few of the things, so I telephoned my mother. This is the conversation that followed my giving the number:

"Hello, Hello; I want to speak to mother."

"Your mother? Is she here."

"Now, Gene, I'm in a hurry. Put mother on the phone and stop kidding."

"I'm not Gene. I wish I was. Who is Gene? Are you sure your mother is here?"

"Well, she was an hour ago. Now let me speak to her."

"Well, if you tell me her name and which cell she occupies, I will get her. This is the county jail."

Old Scotch: "Dinna cry, wee laddie. If you don't find ye penny before dark, here's a match."

X: "When I began in business for myself I had nothing at all except by intelligence."

Y: "That was a small beginning."

Son: "What's a taxidermist?"

Father: "He skins animals."

Son: "Well, what's a taxi driver?"

Father: "He skins humans."

Old gentleman (seeing the small boy was having some trouble in getting away with the large melon he was trying to eat) "Too much melon, isn't it Rastus?"

"No sah, boss, not enough niggah."

Two Scotchman were walking down the street. One picked up a half crown.

The other borrowed it to go have his eyes tested.

A: Lookit them poor elephants—pitiful ain't it?

B: Yah,—probably be elephants all their lives, too.—Pelican.

Oh Min!

"And what did my lamb do in Sunday School today?" asked the fond mother of her young hopeful.

"Sung about Andy Gump."

"The idea, what on earth are you talking about?"

"We did, too, 'Andy walks with me, Andy talks with me.' "

Chi Gam: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Weak Voice: "Nobody."

C. G.: "Advance, Frosh."

Bill had a bill board. Bill also had a board bill. Bill's board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold his bill board to pay his board bill. The board bill no longer bored Bill.

"Tell them I'll be gone for the day," said the lunatic as he awoke.

Prof.: "When was the Revolutionary War?"
Dumb: "I don't know, sir."
Prof.: "When was the Civil War?"
Dumb: "I don't know, sir."
Prof.: "Well, when was the war of 1812?"
Dumb: "I don't know, sir."

Distressed Prof.: "Why don't you answer me?"
Frosh: "I did shake my head."
Prof.: "Well, do you expect me to hear it rattle way up here?"

Father: "And how are you coming along in your French conversation class?"
Betty: "Unspeakably, father, unspeakably."

The grand old race between the end of the term and our allowance is now on.

A college student arose from his table in a fashionable dining room and walked toward the door.
He was passing the house detective at the entrance when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.
The guest glanced calmly at the officer, then turned with an expression of polite annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "Who threw that?" and walked out.—Chapparal.

Chemistry professor: "The gas in this cylinder is a deadly poison. What steps would you take if any of it escaped?"
Anne: "Long ones."

I: "I don't know whether to become a painter or a philosopher."
II: "Become a philosopher."
I: "Why do you say that—have you read my thesis?"
II: "No, but I've seen your painting."

He: "How do you like Jack?"
She: "I'd take him forever and anon."
He: "Anon? Why he belongs to one of the best frats on campus."

Doctor: "What did you do with the patient's temperature?"
Nurse: "Oh, gracious me, I left it in the thermometer."

"I hear your man is Cornish."
"Yes, he's touchy about his bunions."—Chapparal.

X: "Betcha can't tell me where the two luckiest fleas in the world were."
Y: "I dunno, where?"
X: "On the ark, and they had a dog apiece."