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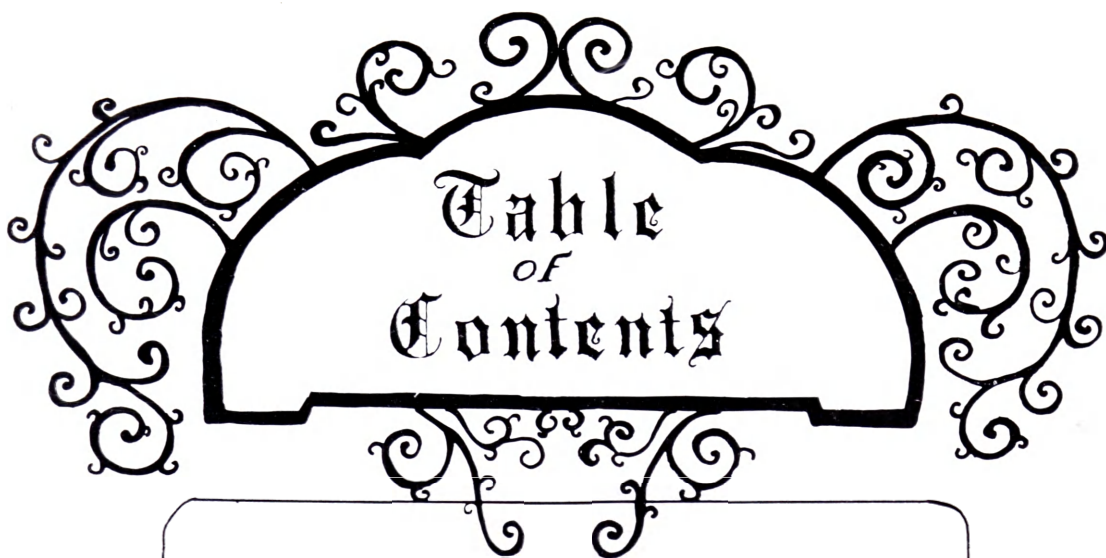


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*We respectfully dedicate this issue
of the Colbiana to Florence Elizabeth
Dunn, admired, respected, and loved
for her loyalty and devotion to Colby.*

THE COLBIANA

Vol. XV

JUNE, 1928

Number 2



REQUITAL

Main street was silent. A few veteran loafers held down the steps of Allen's store and Post Office, but they were not arguing and discussing, as was the custom of the frequenters of this village rendezvous. It was not election year; no one had been arrested since the Fourth of July; it wasn't time to start potato digging, and so they just sat. The hot September sun held them stupefied.

A strident roar tore the stillness abruptly. A gray streak, a cloud of dust, a shrill "Ooh! Rah!" two arms and legs waved simultaneously in the air, and a shout of "Hi, boys!"

The loungers were stirred from their listless attitudes, and followed with their eyes the whizzing form of Rip Holden's little car until it disappeared around the "Devil's Elbow." Then, as they puffed at their brown cob pipes, or reached in their hip pockets for their favorite plug, they returned to a familiar subject.

"Young Holden will be breakin' his darn neck one o' these days," observed a veteran, as he hooked his thumbs in the armholes of his green-black vest.

"Aw, he's safe enough. That kind never gits hurt. He's never been in an accident yet."

"No, not yet, but the fust time allus comes fur that kinda fellers, an' they allus kill somebuddy else, an' clear out with a whole hide themselves."

"Rip" Holden was a speed maniac. His

sleek brown-gray strip down had been christened "The Cockroach," and even the dogs in the street heard the menace in its roar, and scuttled for the nearest sidewalk as it approached. It had become a part of the town.

Rip was not, as many supposed, a careless driver. He knew and loved every spring, lever, and rod of "The Cockroach," and was as sure of its powers as of his own step on the dance hall floor. People called him careless, heedless,—thought he wouldn't care if he should cause suffering or death. Well, let them think so, but he knew his car, and was sure of himself. He had faced danger and death many times in France, and they had never feazed him. Many a time that summer as he had shot the curves with "The Cockroach" a horrible accident had seemed inevitable, but he had never lost his nerve. He had slipped down into the seat, set his teeth, and—got out of it in some way.

In early September Rip was helping to build a new road over in Hayden Center. He was driving one of the town trucks and hauling gravel from the pit at the other side of the village. The work was all right, but he couldn't get much out of the old truck. It was so darn slow! And besides, that right front tire wasn't safe. It was worn almost through in one place. He had told the boss about it the night before, but he thought it would go another day. All right, Rip would risk it.

Returning from a trip to the center, he was going at a pretty good clip (for the old truck) down the Corn Shop Hill. There at the foot were Sid Clark's little girls, the twins, coming home from school. Half-past three! It would soon be five, and then he would let "The Cockroach" loose, and push the old accelerator to the floor!

A bang like a pistol shot sounded at the front of the car! It lurched to the right! It swayed! Sid Clark's kids! Right by that culvert! He gripped the wheel,—jammed on the brakes! He mustn't hit those kids! Great God! He had! That concrete curbing by Sid Clark's culvert! Before the truck stopped he leaped from the cab, and,—God! Human blood! The blood of a little girl! He felt dizzy and faint,—and he had been through the war! Why didn't he do something? Little Joyce Clark! He pulled her bleeding body from under the truck, and, feeling half-paralyzed, carried it into the house. Her mother was stunned, then wild, insane. Rip rushed to the telephone and gasped his call for Dr. Stewart. He rushed back to the couch. Joyce made no sound. She did not move. Her right side was crushed, and blood gushed from a cut in the upper arm. He held the arm tightly with his strong fingers, and checked the blood flow. She was such a tiny thing, and what a beast he was! Would time never pass? What made him feel so queer? Would that doctor never come?

At last he did come,—but little Joyce was gone.

* * * * *

A year passed, and Time, the great healer, had soothed in some measure the anguish of Rip, and of Joyce's parents. Rip had been blamed severely by the "I-told-you so's," always present in a small town. The loafers at the village store had passed various opinions on the accident. Sid Clark had been nearly insane, and had taken the matter to court, but the law cleared Rip. It wasn't his fault that the bad tire hadn't been changed. Nevertheless, Rip's license was revoked for a year,—some thought more to give a slight satisfaction to Sid Clark than for any legal reason. But Rip didn't care. He had been

insane himself, and he never wanted to drive "The Cockroach" again,—never! He kept it in the garage behind the house, and sometimes, when he felt miserably lonesome, he would go out and slip into the seat, and sit for a long time stroking the wheel, just for old times' sake. But he didn't want to drive. He hadn't the nerve.

Rip had returned to life to this extent. He had become one of the loafers who held down the steps of Allen's store and Post Office. He went down town because there seemed nothing else to do.

The village store occupied the building at the top of the steep little hill that leads down to the new iron bridge. On Saturday nights the narrow street was lined with Fords and a few big cars, Harry Allen's Studebaker and Sid Clark's Buick. Sid's car was parked on the side hill at one end of the steps. The loafers, with their thumbs in the arm-holes of their vests, were engrossed in a discussion of the new high school principal, when a sharp cry from someone at the edge of the group made them look up. Sid Clark's Buick had started in some way, and was sliding down hill. Why didn't they do something? What was that in the front seat? Rip gasped. A flash of red! He must stop that car! With a bound he was over the edge of the platform. The car was gaining momentum, but he could reach it. He must before it crashed into the bridge. It would ease his tortured mind a little if he could save Sid's car. He leaped with all his strength, and felt the car lurch as he landed on the running board. He tumbled into the seat, set his teeth, gripped the wheel. The car swung back; the brakes shrieked! He lurched forward. A small something wrapped in red tumbled to the car floor from the seat beside Rip. It moved! Rip reached down and picked up a warm, squirming little body! Startled, he pushed back her hair and stared at the sleepy little face—Lois Clark.

* * * * *

Late, very late that night, lights shone from the windows of Rip's garage, and the next morning early, before the first loafer had reached Allen's store and Post Office,

the sleek form of "The Cockroach" glided down the gravel path to the curb. As it turned to the beckoning length of Main

street, the morning sun flashed triumphantly on the bright windshield, and Rip pushed the accelerator to the floor.

P. W., '29.

HEAVENS

You know, it's funny about heaven. The more I think about it, the more I'm convinced that the Almighty has a big task on his hands if he's going to provide a heaven.

He'll have to provide a heaven for cats, of course; a place where there are no human beings, and no dogs. Because, of course, no one would consider a place heaven—at least no cat would—if either people or dogs were present. There'll have to be plenty of lazy mice and rats on hand to provide excitement, too. And quantities of fish and raw meat to satisfy the longings of all the felines.

Of course the dogs must have a separate heaven, but there must be plenty of cats here for the dogs to chase. So I judge that the dog heaven must be the cat's hell. Likewise the mice and rats in the cat's heaven must be in hell. So in this way, we can save space again to some extent. Can't you just imagine a mother cat picturing to her family in glowing colors the heaven where they will go if they are good, and the torment of the other place?

Then there will have to be a heaven for the pigs, with individual mud-holes where they can wallow contented and undisturbed. I imagine that's about all that will be required, except plenty of liquid refreshments.

The fish will have to have a special marine heaven,—plenty of water, in fact, just about all water. There must be cool, overhanging banks where they can drowse in the heat of the day. And soft mud with a dense population of worms, and plenty of attractive flies on top of the water. But most important of all—there will be no hooks!

Heaven for worms would be easy to provide, some damp earth to crawl in, and no fishermen to pull them out—and no birds either.

And the flies—they must have their

heaven to look forward to, too. They will need plenty of window pane sto buzz on, and some good bald heads to promenade, and of course there will be no calculating human hand wielding a fly-swatter—offensive thing!

All the polar bear would need for his celestial happiness would be a sea of ice water with a cake of ice floating in it. And the seal would doubtless appreciate a similar location.

And so we might go on fashioning a heaven for each animal. And in providing all this, the Almighty might not have too great a task. But when it comes to making a heaven for mankind!

For the same heaven couldn't be stretched to hold all the people who have lived since time began. Nor would the inhabitants be happy if such were the case.

There's the man who likes to fish more than anything in all the world. If he could find a perfect fishing ground—a place where the fish bite continually, where he could land bigger and better fish than any other fisherman! And since this is his idea of a perfect heaven, I can't see but that God will have to give him just such a place for his private heaven. And there had best be big unmistakable "No Trespass!" signs up all around, because you can't expect to fish and catch anything with people bobbing up all around you, now can you?

It's understood, too, that a special heaven will have to be provided for each one of the numerous saxophone players. And it must be in a corner remote from the spot where their former neighbors are trying to enjoy themselves.

There'll have to be provision made for all those people who feel that they'd be perfectly happy with nothing whatever to do.

And no doubt there are some who actually look forward with pleasure to wear-

ing golden crowns and carrying golden harps; to walking up and down the golden streets and through the pearly gates.

But all the same most people are going to insist, when they begin to plan for

heaven, on private ones all their own, where they can do what they like best to do with no interference from the rest of the world—or more correctly the rest of heaven.

E. P., '28.

LIFE

A woman's voice crooning a lullaby—softly shaded lamps—blue tobacco smoke twisting about the room—the rustle of a newspaper. Silence and peace.

Cries of the groaning trees—the rush of the wind—the gurgle-gurgle of the swiftly

rising river—wearying rain, drip-dropping steadily. Noise and confusion.

Cries of horror—crashing trees—triumphant chuckles of the mad river—roar-rush, roar-rush of the water. Screams—prayers—oaths. Darkness and—

M. L., '28.

HUNTED!

Master William Blake, aged ten, sauntered down the steps of his home with a decidedly nonchalant, man of the world air. He paused on the last step to flick the ashes from his imaginary cigar. So splendid was this gesture that he forgot his role as an inscrutable man and allowed a smile of delight to break through his mask. He took a hurried step, stumbled and fell sprawling upon the walk.

"Blame, darn!" he growled, (a desperate oath when given this particular inflection.) He got slowly to his feet mumbling, "Blame the darn, blame, darn!"

He rubbed an elbow by way of investigation—all sound, nothing wounded but his armour propre. He kicked the lowest step viciously then howled with pain. Had anyone witnessed this latest piece of folly? He glanced about instinctively. To his profound annoyance he saw a small girl standing on the sidewalk gravely watching his every action.

"You git out o' here, you prune you!" he yelled wrathfully.

The little girl said nothing but wrinkled up her wee snub nose. Then she stuck out her tongue to an unbelievable length.

"You—" William took a threatening step forward.

Not in the least intimidated, the child screwed her face into a defiant "snoot,"

tossed her head airily and passed on hurriedly—not because of William but to join the woman ahead who was calling impatiently to her.

"Well anyway," thought William, "I never seen her before 'n probably I never will again. She's awful young, probably not more than seven, 'n she don't count." It was a comforting thought, so comforting that he started to whistle. His good humor now entirely restored he walked briskly out of the yard, cut across a neighbor's lawn and headed in the direction of the park. The sparkling morning soon urged him to song. "Oh, I'm goin' to hang my fartha ta nite cuz he's bin ru-u-de ta me-e-." Somehow the folks at home always objected to his fits of song. He had to make the most of his unhampered moments.

Soon William reached the park and turned toward the artificial pond where the children were sailing boats. As he approached along the side least frequented he saw **that girl** again. She was reaching perilously over the water to retrieve a stick-boat.

Huh! Just like her to think she can sail a boat over here. "Hey you," he shrieked.

Startled by the piercing yell the little girl wobbled unsteadily, then pitched headlong into the water.

William ran quickly, slid down the bank

and plunged in after her. The water was not very deep at this point but the force of the fall had been such that the child's face was half buried in the oozy mud. William pulled her out and dragged her, none too gently, up the bank. He fumbled around until he located a once white handkerchief. With this he roughly scraped the mud from the little girl's face. Immediately he regretted this act, for now she was able to open her mouth in ear-splitting cries.

"Aw dry up, can't cha?" He meant to be soothing but his natural distaste for tears drove away all sense of the polite.

"Blub-bl-b-blah!"

"Dry up! Din chu hear me? I said, Dry up!"

It was rather a tall order, considering the fact that the little girl was about as watery a sight as one could imagine. A fresh outburst of wails resulted from William's words.

"Well yell, then, I don't care!" It was the only command he felt would be followed. So perverse is woman, however, that the small girl ceased her lamentations abruptly, only now and then a sob escaped. She gazed earnestly at her rescuer. William regarded her with frank disgust. The fact that he was indirectly to blame for her predicament didn't make him feel more kindly toward her. Quite the reverse, he was certain he hated her. A blamed girl, that's what she was. He frowned.

"Guess when I say for you ta stop it I mean it." What was to be done now? This rescue business wasn't all it was cracked up to be. If all heroes felt the way he did, then he didn't want to be one ever again.

The girl looked up at him. Smiling tearily she announced, "My name is Mary."

"I don' care wha cha ole name is. I don' let no girl make faces at me 'n git away with it."

Nothing daunted, Mary continued to smile engagingly at the disgruntled William. She was experiencing a new and strange sensation. It was as though William had become her private possession since he had troubled to rescue her. She rose and running to him threw her arms about him in an embrace so

fierce that William thought it was the beginning of a wrestling match.

"Sweetheart, my little sweetheart, that's just what chu are," she trilled.

For a moment William was incredulous, then in a dazed way he began to realize the enormity of the thing. He tried to throw off the encircling arms. The ruinous claim seemed to have been established for at that moment a group of spectators had arrived. The children composing the party of onlookers giggled and hooted, according to their sex, to see William, the avowed girl-hater, clasped tightly by such a wet, bedraggled creature. Mary's aunt who had been frantically searching for her small niece now joined the group. She gasped at the sight of her charge.

"Mary, Mary, what have you been doing?"

"Ooh, Aunty Alice, I only felled in the water and he pulled me out!"

"In the water! I should say you had fallen in the water. How did it happen?"

Mary looked at William. William made a grave error. He glared at Mary. She squinted her eyes and thought for a fraction of a second then pointing an accusing finger at William she declared, "He did it, he pushed me 'n I felled in."

William was too frankly overcome to defend himself. The perfidity of her! No evidence or argument would have availed with the worried, doting aunt.

"You bad, rude little boy! Shame on you!" scolded the aunt.

"I ain't a little boy 'n shame on your own self," he retorted.

"S'all right, Aunty Alice, cuz you see he's my sweetheart."

The crowd tittered. The world had become a horrible nightmare for William. To be compromised before his playmates, especially by a muddy seven-year-old girl who made faces at him, was more than he could bear manfully. He pushed his way through the crowd by the dexterous use of his elbows and fled at top speed. He heard as he ran that detestable young one trill, "G' bye little sweetheart."

* * * * *

William would have preferred not to venture too near the park the next day. He

had learned that Mary was to be in town all summer, and she lived close to the park. In the afternoon his mother informed him that he must take his baby brother for an airing. He was to stay in the park until his mother came for the baby on her way home from shopping.

"My goodness! Blame darn! S'if I didn' haf anythin' ta do," he remonstrated.

"Will-i-a-m, what did you say?"

"Nothing." Hope always fled when Mama said, "Will-iam."

"Jus' let her call me sweetheart again. Let her try 'n do it jus once 'n see what I'll do ta her. Let her put her hands on me jus' once 'n I'll fix her. I'll fix her alrite, alrite. I'll dynamite her or sumpin'." This William confided to his young brother as he joggled the carriage towards the park. He had no hope whatever that the "her" of his thoughts would not be at the park. The ignominy of tending the baby wasn't enough; fate was bound to humiliate him to the utmost.

He strolled gloomily up several paths. He was forced to pause occasionally while some adult said silly things to the baby. "Sock 'em Bobby 'f ya don' like the gush they hand ya," he advised pettishly.

Suddenly from behind a clump of shrubs he saw that infernal child descending upon him. He strove for a means of escape but she had already spied him.

"Willy-um, little sweetheart. Oo-hoo, Willy-um."

William endeavored to run but the carriage balked, one traitorous wheel rolled off under a bush. He stooped to grab it when Mary charged and the two landed in a heap on the grass. She did not offer to embrace him, however, for she was attracted by a lusty yell from the carriage.

"Oh the dar-ling precious chee-ild," she cooed, "Precious, precious. Did ums naughty boy hurt ums bou-ti-ful."

"You leave my brother alone, you. 'S my brother 'n you leave him alone or I'll, I'll—"

Mary turned an inquiring eye upon the protesting William. The latter stepped back a pace. Perhaps, after all, it was best that her attention were attracted to the baby.

"I know," she gurgled, "we'll play family. I'll be the mother 'n you be the father and he'll be the baby."

"Naw, I won't neither play family," he objected, not so much to the game but because he disliked being the father or any member of a family in which she was concerned.

She ignored his refusal and commanded him to put the wheel back on the carriage, while she held Bobby. He did as he was told. It was the only thing to do under the circumstances. Unlike his brother, Bobby had taken a fancy to Mary and insisted upon clinging to her thumb.

"Little sweetheart," she crooned. William blushed, uncertain whether the endearing term was applied to him or to Bobby.

"For heavens' sakes quit singen 'n give a person time to think."

"Guess I'll sing if I wanta, mister." Mary began again in a more aggressive tone, "Little sweetheart, little—"

A flea bitten hound pattered up and began to howl. Bobby also joined the chorus. The noisy trio attracted an audience. It was the second time in two days that William had been the center of a hostile public.

"Ho, there's William 'n his sweetie," some one shouted. William went wild. He gathered up dirt, rocks, stones, anything he could lay his hands on and hurled the missiles in every direction, beating back the taunting mob.

Just then Mrs. Blake arrived. "William, William, is this the way you take care of Bobby? Why the little lamb is crying. What have you been doing?"

"I ain't done nothin', it's her." It was William's turn to point an accusing finger. Mrs. Blake turned to look at Mary. The latter radiated young innocence. Even Bobby stopped crying to smile at his late foster-mother. This was proof positive to Mrs. Blake.

"What was William doing, dear?"

"You see it's this way," Mary replied primly. "Bobby wanted me to sing to him 'n William wouldn't let me 'n he started in fightin'. He frowed rocks, 'n what could I do?"

"Quite right, quite right. William you march home. No, you wait and go with me. I'll see if I can't make you behave for once today."

Why are girls anyway? William wondered. If she were a boy now he could up 'n fight her. He couldn't reason it out. What Mary had said was true, only it wasn't true.

He hated girls, Mary in particular; that was one thing he was positive about. With mingled feelings of chagrin and relief he started home with his mother. They had gone only a short distance when a familiar voice called, "G'bye Willy-um! G'bye sweetheart!"

William shuddered.

K. G., '28.

WOODS

It was the darkest night I had ever seen, but I didn't want Hulda to call me "fraidy" or "sissy," so I watched stoically while she tucked the milk bottle under one brawny arm and started out. Hulda was a good deal like the darkness to me—big and scarey—still she was a factor to be reckoned with, for like the darkness she was always near.

We trudged down the road, rather she trudged, grimly, while I tried to keep up.

Then she stumbled and fell—fell flat. I think she lost her confidence, for as we went on she muttered—"blackes' night she ever saw" and "was I cold?" This last surprised me. Since she always said I never knew when I was cold, why bother to ask me? She usually waited till I cried with the pain or numbed fingers.

Then we entered the woods. They were

tall pines thickly matted at their roots with ground hemlock, which formed a dense shrubbery several feet high. In these bushes something wiggled—then jumped—and made a noise like falling through a barn floor.

"Huh—Hulda wha's—wha's 'at?"

"That's—that's God, I guess."

"God? Then I'm not afraid.—But Hulda, what was He doing?"

"Yes—God—but let's run!" And she dragged me to the neighbor's house, my toes just touching the high spots.

Now when I think of pines, or see tall dark ones against the sky, they do not look very far from God. I guess as Hulda said, God was in those bushes—even if they were dark—just as much as in the nice wide open fields.

P. S., '30.

MOTHER LOVE

The court room was very still as the officer led the prisoner to the stand. The boy, for he was only a boy—not more than twenty, was very handsome in his way, with his curly yellow hair, his fair complexion, and oddly dark eyes. His mouth and chin were weak, however, and his eyes had a sullen look which did not become his years.

As he reached the stand, a little old lady in the middle of the room, moved restlessly, and her eyes were fixed steadfastly on the boy. She was scrupulously neat, but very threadbare, and her fingers fumbled continually with a small linen handkerchief,

though she did not appear particularly worried. One could tell in a moment that she was the lad's mother—a glance into her dark eyes, so like his, together with their adoring gaze, was mute witness to the fact.

The judge looked pityingly at her. Did she not realize that her son was brought up for a very serious charge, and was more than likely to be found guilty? No indeed, worthy judge, did you think for a moment that that little woman believed her boy, her baby, guilty of almost killing a man? Of course he could have done no such thing, and the jury could not decide against him

when they saw him, so handsome and so young. He had done foolish things before, things that any boy might do, but he could never do anything serious. And thus her thoughts ran on, so that she scarcely realized what the witnesses were saying.

Suddenly she began to notice that things were not all going favorably. The boy looked frightened, and the members of the jury was shaking their heads ominously. What was that the witness with the little moustache was saying?

"The prisoner was fumbling through the pockets of the prostrate man when I saw him, your Honor." Of course no one would believe it—but they seemed to, they seemed to!

All she could see was the white face of her boy, and the words, "It can't be true, it can't be true," kept ringing through her head. Before she realized it, she was going to the front of the room. A hand reached out to stop her, but she repelled it with all her frail strength. Straight to the judge, who to her was all powerful, she went. She must tell them quickly how wrong they were, how utterly unfair they were to her boy.

The court room was in absolute silence. The flies on the smokey pane alone seemed unmoved by the courageous fight of the

little mother for her child who was in danger.

"Mr. Judge," she said, "it could not have been my Danny who did this. You don't know him or you wouldn't believe it for a minute. He was such a pretty little boy," she forgot her audience in her pleasant remembrances, and a half smile came to her lips, "and he always loved animals so—why he wouldn't even kill a bug. One day he found a little bird that had broken its leg, and he wept as though his heart would break. And when he was older, and the other children had grown up,—he was my baby, you know—he was always so thoughtful of me and loved me so—" here her voice broke for a moment but she kept bravely on. "Of course, he did things he shouldn't have, but you see that was because the boys he went with were not good. You know now, don't you, Mr. Judge, that it couldn't have been Danny?" the tense voice stopped in its plea.

The Fates would not be changed, however, and Danny was given a sentence of ten years. Stunned and helpless the little mother watched him led away, her arms stretched longingly to him, and as the relentless gate shut behind him, she crumpled in a small black heap to the dusty floor.

P. B., '30.

A CHILD OF THE CONVENT

Alone, crippled, in the monotonous routine of convent life at St. Joseph, St. David, is a little girl. She has been there ever since she was left on its cold stone steps by her drunken parents, who, in a drunken frenzy, had dropped the child on a hot stove and nearly burned the life out of the little body.

It was a dismal night in December. Out-side, a blizzard was raging and no sane man would have ventured out into the enveloping darkness and swirling torrents of sleet. The cold blasts twisted the branches of the trees and rocked the little cabin which stood, forlorn and alone near the outskirts of the village of St. David. Inside the cabin, was a scene of disorder and

depravation. The top of the old rusty stove was red hot, the air in the room was suffocating, and the filthy smell of rum penetrated the nostrils. The deathly silence was broken only by the heavy breathing of a figure lying sprawled half out of a broken rocker onto a wooden table in the middle of the room. The figure was that of a woman. Her once golden hair, now dirty and uncombed, fell over her dissipated face, lined and seamed, with its flabby skin. By one dirty hand was a glass, half filled with vile smelling liquor.

For a long time, the woman lay thus, until the bang of the door aroused her numbed senses and she drew herself up to a sitting posture, wiping her mouth on

the back of her hand, as she did so. The bang of the door had been caused by the entrance of a man—a man? No, rather a brute. His unshaven face, unkempt hair, bleary eyes, and leering grin were all characteristics of the habitual drunkard.

As he lurched forward, he muttered, "Uh, some night out there! Got 'ny more rum? Huh? They t'rowed me out down to Jim's place. Said if I couldn't pay my bills, I'd hafta get out. Get me some drink!"

"Aw, get it yourself, Pierre Dadier, I ain't no servant. An' besides, quit yer hollerin'. I jest got the kid to sleep an' yer ought to be thankful she ain't yellin'. She's an awful bother—why—"

"Gimme somethin' to drink! Didja hear me?" bawled the man.

"Get yer own stuff, yer drunken hound!" she returned.

"I'll teach yer to talk like that to me, Liz Dadier!" he roared, as he staggered forward, "you dr—"

At this moment, he was interrupted by a tiny wail issuing from beneath a dirty, ragged, blanket in the corner.

"Drat that kid," he cried, "She's always howling! Give 'er to me!" he said, as the woman walked unsteadily over to the corner where the child lay.

"Keep still!" ordered the woman. "I'll quiet her in a minute." She lifted a tiny bundle from the floor and started toward the rocker. But the man snatched the bundle from her arms, and reeled backward. He lost his balance, and in endeavoring to recover it, he let the baby slip from his clasp—slip and fall onto the red hot covers of the stove! The child uttered a heart-rending cry as the scorching stove top burned into the little body. The baby writhed and screamed with pain. Soon the mother, who had remained standing in the middle of the room, at last aroused from a daze into which she had suddenly elapsed, snatched the child from the stove.

"Now see what ye've done—first thing yer know the authorities will be after yer, than what'll yer do?"

"Aw, it'll be a good chance to get rid of it! Lemme take it an' put it where 'twon't bother nobody no longer."

With a maniacal smile on her lips the woman wrapped the little figure, still twisting in agony, in an old shawl, and roughly gave the bundle to the man who, with a grimace of triumph, opened the door and went out into the night. When he returned, a few hours later, he was empty-handed.

The next morning, at the Convent of Saint Joseph, at Saint David, the Nuns found a tiny baby on the cold, stone steps, wrapped in an old red shawl, from which came the smell of liquor. They took the half-frozen and terribly burned little body into the warmth of the convent walls and for weeks they worked, trying to restore the breath of life to the weak and sickly child. The little one passed the crisis and gradually began to gain strength and vitality.

Six years have passed, and today, echoing through the corridors of the convent, may be heard the silvery notes of song sung by one of the inmates. Gradually the music grows louder and suddenly around a nearby corner there appears a tiny little creature. This is the baby whom the Nuns found on the steps of the convent six years ago, and whom they have christened Antoinette. She is almost fairy like in facial appearance—rosy cheeks, big, wistful brown eyes, and curly black hair, but the body—frail, mutilated, maimed. One of her arms can not be moved from her side; she walks with a pitiful limp, and the terrible burns received from the hot stove have never healed.

Everyone loves her, yet she remains aloof from the other children. She never plays the games with them—always by herself. She limps from room to room performing her small tasks with a good will—in the only home she has ever known. Happy, though she has never known the joys and pleasures of a sound little body; although she has never known the gentleness and sweetness of a mother's love—only the cold love of the Nuns, into whose care she was given.

“AND NOW, LADIES—”

The Women's Literary Club of Yourtown was holding its weekly meeting. Mrs. Reginald Van Alstyne, its worthy president, was speaking.

“And the next matter to come before the club at this time is the decision to be reached concerning the entertainment for next week. Are there any suggestions?”

“Madam President.”

“Miss Snaith.” The president beamed upon “the Miss Snaith” of club fame.

“I understand that the Men's Social Club are planning to entertain the ladies at a Bridge next week. Of **course** we will accept.”

“Indeed we will. Thank you so much for mentioning it. If that is the case we will not be obliged to hold a regular meeting. But we really should make some arrangement about the meeting of the next week, don't you think?” There was a general nodding of assent. “I await suggestions.”

“Madam President.”

“Mrs. Reinhardt.” The beam was lukewarm. Mrs. Reinhardt was a **member**, and that was all that could be said. There was hardly a meeting held but someone wondered why they had voted for her. She certainly was not living up to her very excellent recommendations so heartily guaranteed by Dr. Cathcart of the University.

Mrs. Reinhardt rose from her seat in a far corner of the room. “It just occurred to me that since we have been discussing the marvelous cures of the psycho-analysts, that it would be very interesting to have one come and visit us.”

The expression of slight tolerance changed to one of pleasure. “A splendid idea! How clever of you.” Mrs. Van Alstyne beamed on the unfortunate Mrs. Reinhardt. “What do the rest of the members think of the suggestion?” There was a pause. “I wait a motion.”

“Madam President.”

“Mrs. Snyder.”

“Madam President, I move that the Woman's Literary Club secure a psycho-analyst for our next meeting.” Mrs. Snyder's eyeglasses quivered with her earnestness.

“Second the motion.” Mrs. Nason always

seconded Mrs. Snyder's motion.

“It has been moved and seconded that the Woman's Literary Club secure a psycho-analyst for their next meeting. All those in favor? Contrary-minded? The ‘ayes’ have it and the motion is carried. Will the secretary please attend to it as soon as possible? Is there any further business to come before the club?”

“Madam President.”

“Mrs. Reinhardt.” This time the president was more cordial.

“I would suggest that the secretary write to Dr. Louis E. Birsh of the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. He would be in a position to recommend a reliable man or woman, and we certainly would not want to be cheated.”

“Will the secretary please make a note of Mrs. Reinhardt's suggestion? Of course we would want the best.”

The secretary apparently noted Mrs. Reinhardt's suggestion.

“Is there any further business to come before the meeting? If not let us adjourn to the bridge tables.”

The Literary Club adjourned. The main reason for the formation of the club was completely forgotten. The members were enjoying their “social hour” and the slap, slap of cards intermingled with the low hum of voices.

“Did you say one spade, partner? One diamond? Two diamonds. I know you can make it.”

A pause. Mrs. Reinhardt, absentmindedly, “What did you say the trump was?”

II

“The meeting will please come to order.” Mrs. Van Alstyne was calling to order a very special meeting of the Woman's Literary Club. “Will the secretary please report concerning the matter of securing a psycho-analyst for our meeting next week?”

The secretary rose, and in a very self-satisfied voice and manner reported as follows: “I wrote a reliable source which I saw advertised in the last issue of the ‘Times.’ Through this agency I was able to secure the Sahan Skihouti for next Friday afternoon from three to six at ten dollars an hour.” The secretary glanced at

Mrs. Reinhardt who raised her eyebrows in surprise, but made no move to speak. Instead she quietly folded her hands. The secretary continued. "The Sahān is a nerve-curer from India, and he is reported to be of the very best. In fact, according to this circular, (and she waved a very authoritative looking pamphlet) he is ranked with the Mahatma." Mrs. Reinhardt pursed her lips, but she said nothing.

"I'm sure we shall all enjoy the meeting of the Sahān very much. As there is no further business to come before the meeting, I declare the meeting adjourned."

The ladies adjourned to the spacious card room of their hostess, and the drawing for partners began.

The afternoon gradually wore to a close. After the serving of tea, the ladies departed to their respective homes. On the way out Miss Snaith said to Mrs. Snyder, "Do you suppose that we offended Mrs. Reinhardt? She hardly said a word the whole afternoon."

"Oh no." Mrs. Snyder was heard to answer. "I think that she is just naturally very quiet."

If she had but known—

III.

The Woman's Literary Club was entertaining the most recent fad of the time. It was the nerve-curer, Sahān Skihouti, a suave Easterner, who charmed them into silence, and produced the weird effects of which only Easterners are capable.

The Sahān moved about the circle of well-dressed ladies, gowned in their best. On Mrs. Van Alstyne's ample bosom reposed a glittering rhinestone brooch. Mrs. Snyder was carrying her beloved gold mesh bag, and Miss Snaith was wearing the family diamonds in the form of a delicate pendant. Mrs. Nason was wearing her treasured turquoise brooch set in old gold. Truly, the ladies displayed their best to the slow lidded eyes of the Sahān. The folds of his Eastern robes created the Oriental atmosphere, and about him floated an indefinable scent that haunted. With rustle of draperies and rich silk accompanied by the clinking of jewelry the ladies had seated themselves in the circle.

"Would someone please turn out the lights?"

Miss Snaith minced to the switch. It clicked,

"And now, ladies," came the oily voice from out the darkness, "Will you please all keep very quiet, and don't move. I feel the presence of the Great One hovering over us."

There was a breathless hush. "Oh, I feel—Oh, what was that? I felt something against my legs." This in a high voice, unnatural and recognizable.

"Eet is nothing, Madam, but the spirits. They are searching for kindred spirits. You **must** all keep verriy quiet."

Again a breathless hush. Then a shriek rent the gasping air. "OOOoooh. It's crushing me!"

"Keep still, Lydia. It is but the spirits as Mr. Skihoutie has told you. OOooooo Mmmmmmy—!"

"Whatever can it be?" This in a very incredulous voice from the other side of the room. "I feel nothing. I see nothing. There is nothing to be alarmed about. Ladies, calm yourselves." It was the voice of their president, calm, superior, and dominant. "It is but the spirits. Give them time to find themselves."

Again a pause. "Mrs. Nason! **I am** surprised!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"You touched my bag. I distinctly felt it."

"I beg your pardon. My hands are folded in my lap. You are distinctly mistaken."

"Oh, perhaps I was. I'm sorry. There, I felt it again." Mrs. Snyder stirred uneasily.

"I feel so-o-meth-ing, too." It was the voice of Mrs. Van Alstyne, yet how different. What was happening?

From the chair next to Mrs. Van Alstyne's came the calm and collected voice of Mrs. Reinhardt instilling peace in a time of chaos. "Be calm, ladies. She is all right."

"Ah, ladies," again the oily voice of the Easterner. "She is the kindred spirit. Let us listen for whatever messages she may have to impart to us."

The huge indefinable bulk that marked the Sahan moved nearer to the form of Mrs. Van Alstyne. Glancing at Mrs. Reinhardt he saw that her eyes were not closed. The huge indefinable bulk straightened. The oily voice smoothly snarled, "Will all the ladies close their eyes?"

There was a gasp. Then—"I feel something hovering over me. It is coming nearer—it is very near.—It has gone away now." That flat voice of their president's? So unlike her usual tones.

"If all the ladies would join hands the messages would come quicker." There was a rustle, and then, "Have **all** the ladies joined hands?"

"Yes." "Yes." "Oh the suspense is terrible."

"Oh, oh, I feel as if something was strangling me." Could it be the simpering tones of Miss Snaith "on parade?"

"Eet is nothing." Again that oily voice in the darkness. But it did not come from within the circle, it came from a corner of the room.

There was a sound of something falling. The circle as a whole stiffened. The chain of hands tightened. "Oh, oh, what was that?" The shadow in the chair next to Mrs. Van Alstyne's stirred and turned as if glancing about in the darkness. "There

is nothing to fear." It was Mrs. Reinhardt who spoke. The circle as a whole relaxed. The shadow that marked the progress of the Sahan was now in another corner of the large room. The figure of Mrs. Van Alstyne stirred and groaned. Mrs. Reinhardt moved cautiously in her chair. She leaned forward. The figure of the Sahan moved toward the circle. Mrs. Reinhardt settled back in her chair.

The Sahan moved over to where Mrs. Nason was stiffly sitting. He scrutinized her face, and leaned nearer. Then he straightened, and glided away.

"I thought for a minute that there was something hovering over me, hanging over me so to speak. But it is gone now, so it must have been my imagination." Mrs. Nason spoke breathlessly.

"Will all the ladies please keep still?" The voice of the Easterner was insistent in its oiliness. It came from that part of the circle that was nearest the door.

Mrs. Reinhardt slipped from her chair. She moved slowly towards the Sahan.

There was a rush. A snarl of rage. The lights clicked on. The door slammed. She silken robe of the Sahan clinked to the rug. Pandemonium reigned. Mrs. Reinhardt smiled. "And now, ladies—"

THE NEW GIRL

Craymore College had just begun to settle down after that turbulent season which only those who have passed through it will ever understand. Yes—"rushing" was over. Each sorority had chosen her group for the coming year. "Here's where we get a night's rest," said many of the older girls with a sigh of relief. For the five parties, one each week, had broken into the beauty sleep of more than one fair maiden. On these parties all of their money had been expended as well as their clever ideas.

"I just don't dare send home for another cent," mourned Dot Parker as she watched two more fortunate friends start down town for a chocolate sundae. However she eased her troubles by thinking of the marvelous bunch of girls chosen to be-

come members of her sorority. "It pays," she thought, "even though one must go without chocolate sundaes."

"Now for a little study," she informed her roommate, Virginia Mason. "Professor Hughes was really quite disgusted with my recitation this morning, and no wonder for I made up every single bit of it."

"I know how it is," laughed Virginia, "Professor Carter gave me a glance that made me shrivel up with mortification when I attempted to conjugate a French verb the other day. Whew, it was terrible!"

Rushing season had broken into the schedule of the entire college. For five weeks each of the five sororities had been rivaling the other in order to obtain the

girls they wished to become their sorority sisters. College life seemed to the Freshmen to be just one party after another, and some of the more studious ones were beginning to be a wee bit worried concerning their scholastic standing. Now it was all over and everyone was settled in her sorority group for the year.

Dot Parker who was one of the leading members of the Kappa Alphas, and her "roomie," Virginia Mason, otherwise known as "Gin," had just opened their neglected text books when the sound of scurrying feet in the corridor caused them to glance up expectantly. In another moment the door burst open and an hilarious bunch of Kappa Alphas literally fell into room.

"What is the matter?" questioned Dot after the general hubbub had died down.

"There's a new girl just arrived," responded Sue, breathlessly, "and she's just the dearest girl you ever saw," finished Prue, her twin.

"And the Chi Gams have already started rushing her. They met her at the station," burst out Jerry.

"This is certainly news!" said Dot when given a chance to speak.

"And our money is all gone," broke in the treasurer, "we haven't one cent to rush on."

Here indeed was a calamity. The Kappa Alphas had considerable charm; but, as is often the case their funds were limited.

"If she is as nice as you say, we've got to do something to make her see the desirability of our sorority," Marge, the president, added her say to the conversation.

What was to be done? For a long time the girls sat and pondered on this momentous question.

"Oh dear! I just can't think of a single thing. My brain seems paralysed," mourned Kae who usually had all the bright ideas.

"Well"—the supper gong broke in on the last speaker. For the moment the new girl was forgotten as the bunch hastened off to change their dresses in the last five minutes before the second bell.

As Dot donned her red crepe she pondered on this new problem. Something had to be done. They couldn't lie down and be beaten at this stage of the game.

What would the new pledges think of them! As she brushed her dark curly bob into a semblance of order her eyes rested on a motto that her "kid brother" had given her the day before she left home. That summer, while he had been at the boy scouts' camp he had carved the words, "Do a good turn daily," on a slender strip of wood. Dot had placed the motto over her bureau, planning to live up to it. These words set the wheels spinning in Dot's brain and before long a plan took form in her mind. "I'll see what the girls think about it after supper," she thought as she applied the last touch of powder on her audacious pug nose, a feature which was a source of mortification to her but, to tell the truth, it added to her style of beauty. She was the picture of daring as well as of girlish charm. Her saucy brown eyes and her charming little pug nose combined with that chestnut mop of curls was a combination that could not be beaten.

That night at supper the Kappa Alphas did look a bit downcast, that is, all except Dot, especially as they glanced at Lucile Robinson, the new comer, surrounded by a laughing bunch of Chi Gams. Certain girls from the other sororities were in evidence not far off ready to take charge of Lucile if the opportunity permitted. In fact each girl seemed at her best tonight. All weariness from society affairs and late study seemed to be cast aside. The new girl held full sway.

"Was she worth it?" Dot wondered, as she surveyed Lucile. She was certainly pretty enough, with a halo of golden hair encircling her charming features. Just the proper expanse of forehead beneath which sparkling blue eyes shone as if to say, "I'm having the most wonderful time." Then came that perfect nose which Dot had longed for to replace her own pug-nosed affair and a tiny mouth of the rosebud variety which disclosed every now and then gleaming white teeth, and last of all a perfectly stunning complexion. Her plain blue crepe frock increased her loveliness.

"Lucile is to be envied," mused Dot, "and she doesn't look a bit spoiled either. If we can only have her in our bunch! What an addition it will be!"

Just then she turned toward Jerry with a knowing wink and smile, for Jerry's downcast features certainly needed cheering up. That wink had the desired effect, for Jerry two tables away sat bolt upright and began to signal, begging to know the secret. But Dot only shook her head and began on her dessert with such a provocative air that Jerry had to grin in spite of herself. However her curiosity was so aroused that she hastened through the course and begged Dot to do the same.

After what seemed hours of waiting both tables were through and a chattering bunch of girls filed out into the hall. Jerry sought Dot at once and together they beat a hasty retreat to their favorite nook in the window seat where Dot explained how the rushing of the Kappa Alphas might be successfully accomplished with no cost except to their ingenuity.

"Now listen, Jerry, each of us will take one day to do a good turn to Lucile just as the scouts do. She is new here, a fact that will give us many opportunities to help her. The first girl will help her arrange her schedule, meet her professors, and find her classrooms."

"That's a great idea," returned Jerry enthusiastically. "Something new too. I never thought of rushing that way before, but I believe it's just as good as all these parties and, in rushing one girl, it's a great deal better. We can end up with a feed in our room, because I think there's a box coming in a week or so."

"That's fine, Jerry. Then you are in favor of this plan. I don't want to press it on the girls but just offer it as a suggestion. Perhaps someone else will have an idea," finished Dot.

"We'll get Marge to call a meeting immediately, Dot. I'll see Marge and get the girls on third floor while you round them up on second." The enthusiastic Jerry was half way across the room before she finished.

"All right," answered Dot.

Soon the bunch were all gathered in Jerry's corner room, which being one of the largest in the dormitory allowed everyone to squeeze in.

"What's the idea—tell us at once—have

you really thought of something?" thus ran the cries all over the room.

"Order, order," commanded Marjorie, the president, as she tried her best to look stern, which was almost impossible with her. As soon as there was a pretense of order Dot began to tell the girls of her idea.

"Of course you know, girls, this is only a suggestion," she said. As she finished, "Hasn't someone else an idea?"

Even though some were ready to offer a few suggestions no one else had as feasible a plan. Then Jerry took the floor and she surely did justice to Dot's scheme. In college slang, she "cracked it up in great style." She told of the reason why she had chosen Kappa Alpha, not because of the parties but because the members had taken the trouble before rushing began to make her feel at home.

"If it hadn't been for one of the Kappa Alphas I don't know what I'd have done that first week. I for one think Dot's plan will work," finished the enthusiastic Jerry.

"Let's give it a try anyway," chimed in Peg Stuart. In a few more minutes the matter was voted on and accepted.

That night, while the Chi Gams gave their first party in honor of the new girl, each of the Kappa Alphas racked her brain on the question of what her good turn was to be. President Marjorie had the first day on account of her position. This was a stroke of luck for her work in getting the newcomer started was all planned out. Lucile, tired out after last night's party, welcomed this unlooked for assistance. Breaking into a college curriculum was no small affair. That night she said with a smile as Marge was leaving, "I really don't know, Marge, how I'd ever have found anything without your help. I surely would have gone to the gym rather than Stoddard Hall."

The first day had been worth while. The second was not such an easy matter. Poor Peggy had an extremely difficult time to think of any way of helping. In the morning she ran into Lucile's room to ask her if there was anything she could do only to have Lucile bestow on her the friendliest smile and say, "No, thank you, I really believe there is nothing. I'm beginning to feel

right at home here." Then a bunch from another sorority bore her off. Peg sat through classes that morning with a look of great intentness, only it was not on the lesson, as the professor of Biology found out to his great surprise when he sprung a question on her.

"How would you describe a paramecium, Miss Stuart?" Poor Peg's mind was far from the subject of paramecium; in fact just then she was meditating on Lucile's golden hair and fair complexion and she came very near giving an accurate description of Lucile Robinson but she came to just in time with a startled, "Not prepared!"

Almost immediately afterwards an idea for a good turn dawned upon her. Gym came that afternoon and she was willing to wager that Lucile had no gym suit yet. The gymnasium instructor was very strict; no one was allowed on the floor without her regulation outfit. She was particularly disagreeable if one hadn't purchased the suit before coming to college as it was listed in the requirements for "gym." Peg would lend her the extra suit which her sister had used when in college. She herself had worn it her freshman year, but the fact was that Peg had increased in size and a new gym suit just had to be purchased. The old suit was in her closet and was the only extra one in the dormitory.

That noon Peg hastened up to Lucile's room to offer the suit to the newcomer who was just starting forth in search of said garment. She thanked Peg effusively for she had hated to get in wrong with the gym instructor right at the start.

"What a narrow escape," thought Peg as she wended her way down stairs, "I couldn't have thought of anything else if I'd concentrated a week."

The next day one of the Kappa Alphas sent Lucile some fudge and the day after one of their band escorted her to the football game. Sue assisted her on a particularly aggravating Physics problem, while

Prue did the honors in Latin. However it took Jerry's good turn to cap the climax.

All this time the other sororities had been giving parties and teas in honor of Lucile. She certainly had her hands full in the social whirl. At one of the parties she got a spot on her party dress; it was beyond repair. Jerry, hoping to get a mind wave on her good turn, nonchalantly wandered in as Lucile was sadly viewing the ruins. That night the Chi Gams were giving their final party and Jerry knew it, Jerry's mind was in a turmoil but she saw again that motto, "Do a good turn daily."

She swallowed her pride and sorority feeling and offered her own evening dress for the occasion. It was something of a sacrifice because she hadn't worn it herself.

The following evening Lucile met the Kappa Alphas for the first time in a group. Jerry's box had come in the nick of time. That night they had one of the best times imaginable.

The next day bids were out and Lucile had four from which to choose. The Chi Gams were confident that they were the favorites. Every sorority was more confident than the Kappa Alphas—their faces were a bit disconsolate. "The worst is yet to come," sang out Jerry to the bunch who had gathered to discuss their prospects.

The following morning Marge, the president, sauntered down to the mail box; she was trying to look unconcerned and cheerful but it was a losing proposition. At last the fatal moment arrived. She pulled a neat white envelope out of the mail box. Which would it be, regrets or acceptance? Eagerly she tore it open.

"Oh, how wonderful!" she sang out, "she is ours."

Later when she examined the contents of this letter she read these words, "I have accepted your bid because you have always been so ready to help me in the little things and because of this fact my early days here at college have been of the happiest."

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN

Silent, unsuspected in its swathing of vivid because of its unexploitedness, the commonplaces, all the more beautiful and garden comes to the eye. It is hemmed in

by an old gray wall of stone, a perfect background for its riotous loveliness.

Tall blue larkspur stand warm and bright against the cold gray stone which in the shadow seems somehow not so cold, but warm blue tinged with lavender.

Graceful spires of foxglove lend a touch of old fashioned gallantry and romance. They are gentle folk, these flowers, quiet, subdued, but with an indefinable air of fineness, enhanced perhaps by their exquisite colors. Here then is the aristocracy of my garden.

Over there to the left are flashy yellow marigolds, red and orange nasturtiums, rejoicing in their gorgeous bizarre coloring. They are spurned by the lordly larkspur and the high-born foxglove, but little do they care—they have the sun's color for their very own.

And here are tangles of roses, white, yellow, pink, in a fragrant beauty all their own. They are the artist people who delight in subtle colors; rich shades of crimson, bright streaks of gold, pure white rose-flushed. And always everywhere, these gorgeous color harmonies have the dear relief of the deep green of their leaves—beautiful bits from an existence of deep green monotone.

That trellis of sweet peas, there, is in a place apart, for, you see, they are fairy people, and cannot live too close to mortals. Can't you see how their wings are always spread for flight? Indeed, in their confusion of delicate shades, they look as though they had just come and would soon depart. They are gay little people, nodding and

fluttering in every tiny breeze.

Those pansies are most closely akin to the fairy people, for they are gypsies, you see. They cannot "belong" with the more presuming flowers for they are nomads. In the tiny face of each one I can see a wistful longing to be off and away, to follow the wind, but always they are shut in by those high gray walls.

It is a varied crowd, this garden spot of mine, with the gray wall all around, and the blue sky overhead. To the passerby who chanced upon it, it would seem a garden,—nothing more—but to me the flowers are people, some happy, some sad.

On every moonlight night in my fancy I can see them. No, I am sure I do see them, re-assuming their proper roles. The fairy sweet peas spread their rainbow wings and fly away. The wistful pansy gypsies wander over the hills. The brazen marigolds flaunt their glory before the more quietly clad. The tall larkspur becomes a stiff old patrician gentleman, the foxglove, his sweet-faced wife. The roses bloom in rapturous dreams in their shaded corner.

For the moon is a magician and can break the spells which hold these unfortunates enchanted in my garden.

And so, though the wise may smile in a superior way, while all may shake their heads at my fancy, I call it my enchanted garden. And the gray walls? That keeps them under the spell so that I may always enjoy their pleasant if somewhat reluctant company.

E. P., '28.

ANOTHER GARDEN

Once upon a time long, long ago in a far country there was a beautiful garden. In this garden grew every kind of a flower which we know and many which we do not—not the Garden of Eden, mind you, but another as lovely, as rain-sweet, and as breeze kissed.

This garden was far lovelier than the perfumed terraces of Paradise, for in it grew those beautifully crimson passion flowers which burst their thirsty buds so

feverishly. The full blown blossoms are beyond description—quivering scarlet ruffles, fluffed about the jetty stamens, exhaling a delirious musky fragrance. Do you think such flowers could bloom in Paradise? Oh no! the air is too chilly crystalline. The bloodless petals would cling to drooping stalks.

I have said that the garden contained every kind of flower which we know and love, but those which were peculiar to this

garden were far more fascinating than any we see about us.

There were great golden bells, hanging daintily on tall stalks one above the other, cool to touch. When a breeze stirred them the tiny diamond clappers clinked against the golden cups. The leaves were satin and the stalk of polished ebony but the roots grew only a little into the soil—shallow roots.

And there were palely blue love-flowers, sweet with a lingering bitter fragrance, thorn studded; they bloomed continually and as one passed, little curling tendrils caught and clung.

And there were laurels, glossy and satiny, frame-flowers of mankind.

And there were gigantic pansy-like, thought-flowers with plushy heart shaped petals.

There were other strange exotic blossoms on every hand but the most vivid of all were the blood-red, musk-scented passion flowers standing a little apart.

These flowers grew in the center of the garden beneath a flowering almond, in a graceful pebble-bound plot before the silvered fountain. And the water lilies of the fountain pool lifted their holy whiteness to the flaming passion flowers.

And there were bluebirds in the garden.

One day a man came to the garden. The wall opened by magic—black magic—and closed behind him. He was as beautiful as the chill new moon of the ninth month. He walked about the garden. He dipped his rose-tipped fingers among the lilies of the pool and was content.

Night came, and the roses showered down their petals for his couch. He slept while the night wind ran her gentle fingers through his golden curls.

Dawn came; the bees of the garden fed him honey and bee bread. The ants spread his feast on the sun dial.

So he lived on in the garden, feeding on its sunlit splendor, drinking in its moonlit wonder—but it moved him not. At last he ceased to wander along the winding paths and came to sit only beside the fountain. Then it was he noted the flaming passion flower and the graceful pebble-bound plot beneath the almond tree. The

plot fascinated him with its farrago of color, scent and delicacy of line. The flowers of the pebble-bordered plot became his chief delight. He tended each in turn.

The golden days and silvern nights slipped on and still the man lingered by the fountain plot.

One day a feather flaked owl drifted over the wall. "Winter is coming," sighed the roses and bloomed mightily. The man heeded not. The roses waited on in all their hectic beauty for the frost.

At last the man heeded. The flowers were about to die. For the first time he felt. He could save only one—only one from the fountain plot. Which should it be? The golden bell? The blue star? The crimson swirl? The glossy laurel? Or the pansy-like thought flower?

He weighed them in his mind, and when the evening star studded the apple-green west, he approached the fountain plot. Which? The golden bells chimed softly on their ebony stalks. The love-flower clung to him with tenacious tendrils. The passion flower set his senses swimming with its unbearable sweetness. Which? Then he saw something under one of the fleshy leaves of the passion plant. A flower he had never noticed. He had trampled it a hundred times. Its buds were lying, limply, severed, half embedded in the dark mold. What was it?

He knelt, curious of its lifeless buds. The bells gave warning; the passion flower sighed; and the clinging tendrils of the love-flower twined in his hair. The frost came, but the man had up-rooted the stranger plant. He carried it to the opening beyond the almond tree. He forgot the fountain plot from that moment, and when he looked the passion flower lay across the rim of the pool and the golden bells were tarnished.

Winter came. The garden was still. Even the fountain grew silent. The breezes became cynical. They jeered at the wasted flowers and mocked at the man's flimsy robe. The bees, the ants, the bluebirds all were gone. The man alone remained, shielding the crippled plant with the warmth of his body.

The cold grew more intense. Cold and

hunger ravaged the man's body. When the blasts were most bitter he cupped the broken thing in his blue-veined hands. He watered it with his tears. His breath grew short and rattled distressfully in his throat. All one night he lavished the precious, moist warmth of his breath on the trembling plant.

Spring came at last. The denizens of the garden returned, the fountain crooned, the breezes became softly scented; the garden pulsed with life—but the man lay painfully silent. Each tortured breath wracked his fragile body. He was dying, but his eyes once cold were warm blue—the bluenesses of a thousand summer days. They watched the stranger plant.

That too was changed. New foliage, vigorous stem. The man lay beneath the budding almond tree and watched the pendulous buds swell and burst with a rush of fragrance. The blossoms were wonderful. And strangest of all, there were blossoms of **two colors** on each single stem. One blood-red and clear-cut, the other snow-white and clear-cut—two starry blossoms, side by side on a single stem.

The man smiled, "I have had glory, fame, wealth, love, and passion. I have tended each of the flowers of the fountain plot. I have lost everything—even my life. But in my last hour I still hold the blood red star of courage and the white star of honor."

And he died.

The ants prepared a tomb for him; the roses cast their downy petals for his last couch. The bees bore him on their humming wings to the spot before the fountain. The bluebirds sang his requiem. And the fountain shed bright tears above him.

The little stars of crimson and white turned their faces toward him and the stranger plant took root in the earth above his heart.

As time passed the other flowers cast their seeds about the mound,—the little love flowers, the laurel, and the bells—and soon the flowers of the fountain plot bloomed about the smooth mound. Only the passion flower lifted her poignant flame from the pebble-bordered plot.

The dead have little use for passion nor does passion love the dead.

A. G., '29.

REVIEW OF FOOTPRINTS

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward
Never doubted clouds would break, never
dreamed, though

Right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,

Sleep to wake."

These stirring lines, so often quoted by President Roberts might well describe him, for few men have come closer to this ideal visualized by Browning. Those who knew him when his step had not faltered from the long and arduous march always felt this, but present students will sense it with new significance when they read "Footprints," the small volume of essays which has recently come from the press.

The book, which contains addresses and lectures delivered at various places over a long period of time, is one of distinction.

It would be, one ventures to assert, the most helpful volume a Senior could add to his library; not alone for the associations it will recall, but for the philosophy of life which it embodies. In this day when the reader, particularly the younger reader, is bemused with novels of disillusionment, essays of despair, and biographies of exposure, it is refreshing to encounter a book so different in outlook as "Footprints." The experience is heartening and joyous, for the vigor, the courage, the faith, and clear vision lift the mind from mental miasma to higher and fairer prospects, and one remembers: "How beautiful upon the mountain—."

Another charm about this book for those who have wearied of the linguistic antics of the Mencken school is the simplicity of the language. One cannot but recall, while reading the brief pages so abundant in

thought, Milton's definition of poetry: "Simple, sensuous, passionate." Simple it is with the directness which comes from clear thinking; sensuous it is in its sensitiveness to the beautiful in nature, literature, life, and the human personality; and passionate it is in its championship of justice, truth, and unswerving faith in the good.

Here one can no more compass the content of the book than he could assimilate at a single reading its wisdom. Every line is worthy of reading and meditation, for each connotes much more than meets the eye and gives to the reader new glimpses of what life may be. One can think of few books that could stimulate the student, or graduate, to more intense and persistent reading of good literature than does this volume, for the references are varied and extensive and indicate what opportunities for broadening and deepening life may be found in books. The reader owes a debt of gratitude to Professor Carl J. Weber, who edited the book, for the notation on each page of the exact source of all refer-

ences and quotations.

There is not space to consider the specific merits of any of the essays but in view of the fact that so many Colby graduates enter the teaching profession one cannot too strongly urge most careful consideration of the two essays on education and on teaching school. President Roberts has little to say about scales and measures and other devices dear to modern exponents of pedagogy. The prospective teacher in this era is already familiar with those but he may not be so well grounded as he should be in that possession, without which the best student of education as well as the man of business is impotent. This possession, about which President Roberts has much to say, is what he delighted to term "The sixth sense—Common Sense."

Milton says: "A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit." Such is this. And it helps us to fulfill in some measure the well remembered hope, that to us "the big things may loom large, and the little things seem small."

PEOPLE

Shakespeare once said something to the effect that the world is a stage and the men and women but players. How correct his statement was and how soon we think of it while watching a crowd!

There are some who dislike rubbing elbows with the great herd. But there are others, like myself, who discard taxis as a means of transportation, purposely choosing the subway, because it necessitates a change at Times Square. There is no better opportunity to observe mankind than in those subterranean passages while following the green line.

Thousands of people throng there in the course of an hour, and in that time there are a thousand types on display. It seems at first that these people are all alike, but that is only the mass impression. Taking the individual alone, after the stage is set, each one has a special part to play. There is the little shop-girl with her painted lips; there is the great producer, who, should his

identity be labelled on his hat, would be instantly surrounded by hard faced, jobless chorus girls; there is Columbia's famous chemist in a hurry to reach 116th Street; there is a shoe clerk from Gimbel's basement slipping his nickel into the stile directly behind a world-renowned bone specialist; there is the millionaire broker who commands no more respect at the newsstand than the French waiter from Pierre's who has grabbed the same Tribune that the millionaire is reaching for; there are dirty-faced newsboys and there are sleekly gowned mannikins from the Avenue shops.

Each one is a part of the hubbub, each one disappears into the melting pot of workers, yet each one has a definite part to play and does it according to his own ideals. Their parts may be small, their aims trivial; but no matter how trivial, each carries something that helps make the wheels of the world go round.

TOLD IN THE BULRUSHES

Old Man Bullfrog was very angry; in fact he was so angry that he frothed at the mouth as he gritted his jaws in rage.

Young Miss Dragonfly had out-witted him, and if there was anything which Old Man Bullfrog hated it was to be out-witted. Food had been plentiful for the last two weeks; therefore he had allowed the dainty little dragonfly to develop into a nice juicy tidbit.

This morning he had his plans all laid, **everything** was arranged to a **T**. You see Sally Dragonfly alighted every morning on a certain lily pad. This eventful morning she lighted per usual—Old Man Bullfrog's eyes had bulged almost out of their sockets at the thought of this succulent morsel.

Leisurely he had edged to the corner of his own pad and with hasty lunge had tried to engulf Miss Sally within his great mouth. But no! His expectations were decidedly stepped on. Miss Dragonfly eluded him. She slid under a petal and Mr. Bullfrog had filled his mouth with yellow pollen.

Yes, Mr. Frog was angry; he was very angry. Woe to any dragonfly who came within a mile of him that morning! The worst of it was Miss Sally sailed tantalizingly around all the morning.

At length Old Man Bullfrog gave up grumbling and went to sleep. He comforted himself with this, "Oh well, she's too thin to be real good yet. I'll try again."

And he did!

B. P., '29.

THE HOUR OF SILHOUETTES

A Japanese screen, held to the light, reveals no more fantastic beauty than a twilight sky when the sun is low and the restless trees stretch their black arms before the orange light.

The magic hour of silhouettes comes with the early twilight, ushered in by the last flute-clear song of some sleepy bird. The realities of the day disappear like frost before the sun; the trees become huge black giants; elves with long peaked caps; gnomes with crooked arms and legs; or little fairies, dancing with flying skirts upon some hilltop; whole families of trees

marching two and two along some winding road, dressed in their new spring garments, going to church.

All too often this hour of silhouettes is spent about the supper table. In reality it is the most beautiful time of all, the best time to walk alone by some brook-side; or even along some city street, where church spires and gabled roofs slash the glowing horizon.

If man would only learn that beauty is not a thousand miles away. If he should look he would find it from his own back door.

A. B., '30.

THE RAINBOW

While I watched from the porch the sky blue water became black and ugly. The waves increased in volume and velocity until the white caps became visible. The sun was enveloped in a darkly threatening cloud. The tall reeds seemed to shudder and the ferns bent low in fear. The pines swayed ponderously. The lightning flashed—then a slow breath-taking stillness. The

rain fell in torrents. For several minutes the large drops tumbled down, then they slackened. Glancing up from my book I noticed the large tree-covered island across the cove. One tree stood slightly apart from the others on the north shore. As I looked I saw that one tree shining with exquisite tints of red, blue, gold and purple. Stronger still these colors glowed. They

covered the tree from top to bottom, they extended out over the water. My delighted eyes followed the entire arc of that graceful bow. The other end of it vanished

among the reds in front of the cranberry bog. The rain ceased abruptly. The sun broke forth and made the droplets on the leaves sparkle. The rainbow vanished.

E. B., '30.

NIGHT SONG

A lone musician sat in the small boat, idly strumming his guitar to the moonlight and the water. His song was gayly delicate, expressive of his carefree mood. Silver ripples floated by, glinting as though the festive water nymphs were holding carnival and dancing to his music. The music grew slower and softer, the strains, infinitely low and tender harmonized with the lap-lap of waves on the distant shore. The night wind whispered mysterious nothings as it slipped from among the trees. The boat drifted slowly under an overhanging bough; to the singer came the delicate scent of hidden flowers. The fragrance crept into the music, the tones became pure, deep, and full. The vibrating chords

grew more powerful.

Suddenly the cry of a loon shattered the quietness of the night—the song too was broken—an interval of silence. Then a night bird called, now near, now farther and farther away until the call blended with the night. The song began again—a melodious warbling. Gently the boat drifted along the silvery path toward the moon. Then, bewitched by the beauty, the singer began to weave into his theme, the dancing water, the mysterious forest, the intoxicating odors, the loon's cry, the enchantment of the moonlight, and his own impressions of the infinite—the song, at first an air, became an angelic medley.

V. G., '30.

SPRING

When the wind is in the tree-tops
And flowers on the hill,
When all the grasses whisper "Come,"
My heart replies, "I will."

And when the birds are calling
Their mates in friendly trees,
My soul goes winging with them
Borne on the spring-time breeze.

My feet go straying over hills
And wading in cool brooks,
And all the time my conscience says
I should be with my books.

But how could I withstand the call
Of summer wind and summer time?
I must—I cannot help but go
And leave the books behind!

E. P., '28.

SOMETHING

Something there is:
Makes little boys love dogs;
Makes little boys hunt frogs;
Thrill just to fly a kite,
Or tease the fish to bite;
Something there is.

Something there is:
Makes tiny girls play dolls;
Makes tiny girls toss balls;
Delight in jumping rope;
Blowing bubbles out of soap;
Something there is.

K. G., '28.

APRIL

Robins singin' in the rain,
 Bluebirds wingin' by the pane,
 Green things springin' from the ground,
 Jonquils flingin' fragrance 'round,

Warm rain bringin' blossoms on,
 All the stingin' cold is gone,
 Mus' be April.

I

The sun its golden glow had veiled,
 The moon rose o'er the hill;
 The tiny painted stars appeared,
 And all the world was still.
 Night had come.

II

When the moon's pale light had faded,
 The sun rose o'er the hill;
 The tiny painted stars winked one by one—
 The whole world was athrill.
 Day had come.

G. S., '28.

Come little boat with crimson sail,
 Carry me away!
 Carry me away to where
 Fairies dance on threads of hair;

And the sun's rays play
 With the moonbeams fair;
 Where all is laughter, joy and song,
And there is no studying all day long!
 G. S., '28.

SCOTLAND

Highland hills of purple hue
 Beckon from afar,
 So that in some ship o' dreams
 I would cross to where they are.
 I see the rugged length of coast,
 And all the wave-dashed rocks,
 And 'round the cliffs, the shores, the crags,
 The sea-gulls soar in flocks.
 The jagged cliffs with painted crests
 Fling color to the sky,
 Now making heaven crimson,
 Their colors loath to die;
 Streaks of red and jets of yellow
 Mingle with the heather,
 They play upon the hillsides gray
 In this sweet summer weather.
 There lies Loch Lomond, famed in song,
 With gracious shading trees,
 While on its banks the woodbine sways
 With every passing breeze.
 Full many lakes adorn this land,
 Scattered here and there,
 Each one seeming yet more blue

Each seeming yet more fair.
 The small white roads, the dainty flowers,
 The grass of softest green,
 The foliage and garden plots
 Add to the lovely scene.
 Now o'er a choppy sea I sail
 To Staffa, wondrous isle,
 In Fingal's cave I love to stray
 And look about the while.
 On entering, it seems as if
 Cathedral walls are there
 And solemn organ music rings
 Forever on the air.
 The lofty vault far, far, above
 Profundity doth give
 To this cathedral, Nature's gift,
 Where ocean nymphs might live.
 Farewell ye lakes, ye sun-lit hills,
 Farewell, ye ocean cave,
 My ship o' dreams is sailing home
 It beckons from the wave.

F. T., '31.

TATTERED PRIDE

I went walking
 Light as air,
 Out across the downs;
 Left the little roads behind
 To the steepled towns.

I went walking
 Light as air,
 Proud head lifted high;

Didn't see the earth at all,
 Only watched the sky.

I went walking
 Light as air,
 Should have had more sense,
 Should have watched my humble feet—
 Darn the barb' wire fence!

A. G., '29.

I hope, when I shall die
 That Death will take
 My hand so gently,
 That I seem to wake
 From startled dreaming of the universe
 Into a life, where in a steady course
 The waters of existence quiet run—
 That I shall stand
 As happily as now and feel your hand;
 That in that world of rest
 Your head may be forever on my breast;
 No vain regrets, no useless wanderings,
 No trying of our anxious unfledged wings,
 But just contentment—to rest with you
 beside
 The peaceful passing on of time's deep tide.
 Oh, God give me the power to mold

Some monument, so when the world is old
 And I have long since fled,
 As those who pass before me, now all dead,
 My life from Death's dark bonds may be set
 free,
 And I shall live—a personality.

Ambition, tell me what can now be wrought,
 By infant talent and unfinished thought?
 What monument eternal can be planned
 That will not be destroyed by Time's swift
 hand?
 For, just think—if tomorrow I should die
 And lose the scent of earth, the breath of
 sky,
 All things of life forever lost to me,
 Think, what loss to this world would I be?

MY ROOMMATE

I have a little room-mate
 Who goes in and out with me,
 And what can be the use of her
 Is more than I can see.

We're always in a squabble,
 We almost want to fight,
 We argue sometimes for an hour;
 She's **sure** that **she** is right.

She tells what I ought to do
 And what I oughtn't too,
 But why she wants to tell me that
 I just can't see, can you?

But then I sorta like her
 With all her disposition,
 I really think that getting her
 Was quite an acquisition.

ATOP A WOODED HILL

Balmy breezes
 Gently crooning
 Through the trees,

Little locusts
 Softly strumming
 Melodies,

Lacy ferns
Tiny swaying
Symphonies,
Ruddy clover
Sweetly wafting

Fragrances,
Drowsy mortal
Vaguely planning
Destinies.

L. S., '28.

THE COLBIANA

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ELIZABETH R. BECKETT, 1930	First Assistant Editor
RENA J. MILLS, 1930	Second Assistant Editor

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

This issue of the Colbiana has been edited by the old and new boards working together. In view of the fact that it is so hard to squeeze material out of modest Colby women, it was considered advisable to publish one instead of the two usual spring issues. Two heads are better than one. Whether two Colbiana boards are better than one shall be left to the judgment of the reader. But the editors wish to remind the latter, before he becomes too critical, that an organization without backing exists under difficulty.

Would anyone leave a lone orphan on the doorstep with no feeling of compunction whatsoever? The answer is "no." And yet the Colbiana, the child of the literary skill of the Women's Division, has suffered cold, hunger, scorn, and ridicule because of its starved and ragged condition. Since

its beginning this paper has been the work of the women alone. The men are now hinting that combined talent would probably put the Colbiana on its feet. Is there not enough pride within the Women's Division to show that such assistance is unnecessary?

A former editor, in a similar period of depression, said, "The Colbiana is the only reflection of a literary tone of the institution and, reluctant though we are to say it, the magazine is sinking to the level of a secondary school paper." Other eras have had their troubles and recovered. The old board thanks the student body for its support during this period of renovation, and hopes that the new board will receive as much and more constructive criticism and interested backing from Colby women. Make it possible for the lone orphan to be transformed into a well-nourished and well-

dressed individual—the pride of Colby women, the envy of Colby men!

'28.

The first number of a "Colbiana" ever issued read: "The object in starting the Colbiana is two-fold; to develop among the girls greater Colby pride and loyalty, and to give to the people outside of the college a complete representation of the activities of the Women's Division." Dr. Edwin Carey Whittmore from whose book, "The History of Colby College," the above lines are taken, then goes on to say: "This periodical stands very high among undergraduate journals in the quality of its literary articles, its loyalty to the College and its ideals, and the wit and humor which such publications are supposed to produce."

It is always interesting, when starting out upon a new administration, to look

back upon the past, and even upon the very beginnings of the original administration. The original object in starting the Colbiana still holds. "More personal" has been the watchword and the policy of this year's editorial staff. Next year should, and must, see a continuance of that policy. Next year should see the addition of a few new departments, prominent among them being the development of an adequate system of "Exchanges."

The editor for 1928-29, assisted by as fine a staff as Colbiana has ever had, and by a faculty adviser who has ever proven herself a friend to the Colby girls, feels that Colbiana **should** indeed be able to "carry on" the work of the past year, and to take its place among undergraduate journals as a **true** representation of the work of the women of Colby.

'29.

Sorority News

SIGMA KAPPA

Our annual initiation was held as usual in the Chapter hall on February 25. Grace Wells Thompson, District Counsellor, presided and delegates were there from Omicron and Nu Chapters. Following the initiation we had our banquet at the Elmwood. Helen Mitchell, '27, acted as toast-mistress. We discovered that "Mick" had not changed a bit, even if she had been up in the "Spud Country" for several months. She still cracks those little jokes in the same old way. We all wished the banquet might have lasted longer. It was eleven o'clock before we knew it.

On March 6th we held a special initiation for Ruth Pineo who, because of her father's illness, was not able to be initiated with the rest of her delegation. Directly after the initiation Mrs. Dorothy Johnson,

Alpha Zeta, '26, entertained the members of the sorority at her apartment on Heath street. An informal luncheon of lobster salad, sandwiches, cake and coffee was served, and Father Time ticked on too quickly.

Have you heard of that little germ that is flying around in the air? We wonder who started it? At any rate it must be contagious, for the conventional five-pound box of chocolates which an engaged girl must present the sorority is becoming a common occurrence. So far Barbara Weston and Bob, "Sunny" Wyman and "Kid-do," Grace Sylvester and Bob, Pearl Grant and Ted, Helen Merrick and Bob, "Mandy" Allen and Charlie have treated. Who will be next?



CHI OMEGA

Our initiations came to a climax with our Annual Banquet, March 17, 1928, at the Elmwood. Mira L. Dolley, '19, acted as toastmistress with speeches by representatives from each class (Irma Sawyer, '28, Martha Holt, '29, Barbara Libby, '30, Doris Spencer, '31), the Alumnae, (Ethel Alley, '23), and the Chapter itself, (Claire Richardson, '28). The delegates from our chapter at the University of Maine together with the large number of alumnae that

came back for the big day helped make our banquet the success that it was.

We have begun a renovation of our rooms which we hope to complete in the near future.

Bernice Collins, '29, is to be our delegate to the National Chi Omega Convention in June. The convention is to be held this year at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

DELTA DELTA DELTA

Just before Christmas vacation, Miss Hallett, our province deputy, came to inspect us. We were quite nervous about this, not being used to the process, but found it certainly had its compensations. The Tri Psis, a national sorority of Tri Delt mothers, gave a tea in honor of Miss Hallett, which we, naturally, attended in full force. The Alumnae also gave us a party in the rooms and presented us with a new chair.

After Christmas our rooms were so improved with the addition of the new chair, a clock and a victrola that we decided we must have a party. Consequently, on February 13th the Tri Deltas held a sleigh ride, followed by dancing and eating in our renovated rooms. The Tri Psis again came to

our rescue by providing the food. The only thing wrong with the party was that, like most good things, it came to an end too soon.

Initiation on March 13th was an exciting time for us. Many of our alumnae were back for the big event. Initiation was followed by a banquet at the Elmwood. Bertha Cobb Choate acted as toastmistress and speeches were made by representatives of all the classes, by the Maine delegate, by Helen Springfield, and Dean Erma Reynolds.

In July Elizabeth Marshall and Ruth Bartlett are attending the Tri Delt National Convention in Minnesota. Would that we all could go!

PHI MU

Phi Mu has surely had a happy and profitable year. After our three rushing parties and the pledge service were over we settled down to business. The first thing we did was to move our chapter rooms from the Edith building to a much pleasanter location in the Wardwell block. To cover the expenses of moving we gave programs in Oakland and Winslow.

The Christmas party which the patronesses attended proved to be a great success. Santa had a present for everyone and he even added an appropriate verse to each

gift. A tea wagon was presented the Fraternity; later a rug, couch cover, and Victrola were added to our equipment.

After mid-years a dinner party was given in the Ware Parlors. We are indebted to Rev. Mr. Buckner and his wife for this pleasant occasion.

The Annual Initiation and Banquet was held on March 10th. Myrtle Main, '27, was the toastmistress. Two delegates, Priscilla Conant and Barbara Johnson from the University of Maine, were present.

Since initiation many varied and clever

programs have been given. The Seniors entertained us over the radio, the Juniors did the honors St. Patrick's night, while the Freshmen held a sewing circle for our benefit. It took, however, the Dutton House and Mary Low Scandals to cap the

climax.

The election of officers has just been held. Marion Ginn, '29, is to be our president for the coming year. She is also going to attend the Phi Mu Convention in Pittsburg, Penn.

BETA CHI THETA

On the eve of Christmas vacation we entertained our patronesses and pledges at a gay Christmas party at which laugh-producing presents were exchanged. This was a beggar party and each girl vied with the other in ridiculous apparel making it difficult to choose the most beggarly.

Initiation took place February 18th. The four freshmen initiated were Marian Cooke, Pauline Gay, Barbara Heath, and Flora Trussell. In the evening the banquet was held at the Elmwood with Ena Page acting as toastmistress. Following the banquet sorority songs were sung and the tables were pushed back for dancing.

A plan for entertaining has been devised whereby the sorority is divided into groups of four each. This new idea has worked out successfully. The last entertainment was given by the seniors. They served a delicious supper and a "fish" party followed. To complete the evening's program Marguerite Albert appeared with the "famous" chocolates.

Our greatest success of the year was the bridge party given on April 28th in the assembly room. Patronesses, friends, faculty ladies, and girls of the other sororities attended.



On the evening of January 17, Rev. Paul Alden, Baptist secretary of Foreign Missions, spoke at a special meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Alden told of the many opportunities which the foreign mission extends to the young people of today. China, Japan, and India, especially, need the help of missionaries. The following day Mr. Alden addressed a group in the college chapel. At this meeting he reviewed the number of graduates that Maine colleges have sent over to the

mission field. He emphasized the fact that many of these young people gave up enterprising business opportunities in order to enter this life of service.

Mrs. Clarence White, one of the Colby girls' favorite musicians, gave a short piano recital in Foss Hall reception hall, on the evening of January 31. Before playing selections by such well known and well loved composers as Schubert, Chopin and Macdowell, Mrs. White gave a brief sketch of the careers of each of these musicians.

On Thursday, February 16, and on the following Friday at chapel exercises Miss Laura Parker of the Home Mission Board, spoke in a most pleasing way, commending the work done by the Mission Board, which is sponsored by twenty-five church denominations. The work has a far reaching influence under the united support of these churches. One of the many problems which this board solves is that of helping immigrants to find homes and work. The board has a system whereby it strives to assist the foreigner in finding a church in this country. Still another task which the board takes upon itself is that of working with the "Gasolene Gypsies." Hundreds of persons are found in this country who follow seasonal employments. In this field there is a great opening for work, because the conditions under which the "Gasolene Gypsies" live are almost unbelievable.

Over the week-end of February 17, Student Volunteers from Maine, Bates, and Colby, held a joint conference at the First Congregational church in Waterville. The conference opened Friday evening and general discussions were continued throughout Saturday. Professor Metziner, Professor Wilson, and Mr. Grey, who spoke for the National Organization, gave formal addresses Saturday evening. A short service at the college chapel concluded the program. Representatives from the visiting colleges were entertained at Foss Hall and at the various fraternity houses.

The activities of the Student Volunteer movement are new to this campus. Students at Princeton University first felt the need of some organization connecting missions and the college, and for that reason such an organization was founded in 1883. From that foundation the movement has grown until now it is composed of over twelve thousand American and Canadian members. Its scope includes the whole missionary field.

Colby was very fortunate in being able to obtain Miss Florence Hale of the Maine Department of Education for a meeting on the evening of February 12. Miss Hale is thoroughly acquainted with the educational problems in this part of the country, and thus was able to draw many illustrations

from her own experiences. Her task centered about the problems of the youth of today. All through history the older generation has believed that youth was lowering its ideals. Time after time it has been asserted that young people are conceited but the assertion is never corrected to read that this conceit later turns to poise and self confidence. It was Lindbergh's determination and firm belief that helped him to succeed in doing what had never been done before. Women have long been struggling for equal rights, and now some of the most responsible positions in the educational world are held by women. The field of education is a field of service, for it is from the results of such work that a nation is built.

That our Colby Y. W. C. A. is the oldest Y. W. in New England was one of the interesting facts brought out at the annual banquet and installation of April 17. The old and new officers of the administration, dressed in white, and the faculty members, sat at a long table in one end of the dining room. Ella L. Vinal, '28, of North Scituate, Mass., acted as toastmistress for the occasion. Speeches were given by Dean Reynolds; Harriet Kimball, '29, of East Boothbay, who told us of her fun at Maqua last June; Florence Young of Brockton, Mass., the retiring president; and the new president, Carolyn Herrick, '29, of Augusta.

After the banquet, the meeting adjourned to the assembly room, where the installation of the new officers was held. The new officers for the coming year are: Carolyn Herrick, '29, of Augusta, president; Helen A. Chase, '30, of Houlton, vice president; Elizabeth R. Beckett, '30, of Calais, secretary; and Alice W. Paul, '29, of Fort Fairfield, treasurer. "Faith—is the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen." We wish to the new administration the very best of luck—with faith!

The following committees have been appointed: Meetings, Muriel MacDougall, Eunice Foye, Pauline Bakeman, Lucy Chapin, and Ethel MacDougall; social, Lillian Morse, Ruth Pineo, Anna Macomber, Barbara Libby, and Margaret Moores; reception, Virginia Dudley and Ruth Norton.

No report of Y. W. activities would be complete without mention of the Deputation teams, for the deputation teams this season have gone out with an interest and a zeal which has not been felt for some years. In cooperation with the Y. M. C. A. the Y. W. C. A. has given of its talent some fifteen times during the course of the winter. The reception in every town has been all that one could ask. Maine people have been most cordial in welcoming the Colby women. Morning services, Sunday school classes, young people's meetings and evening services have been placed in the entire charge of the teams. Several well planned and well conducted socials have also been held in the towns visited.

The teams have done splendid work and we have every reason to feel that it has been appreciated. A recent visitor to Colby has remarked that in a very real way do deputation teams add to the value of a Y. W. C. A. and that their benefit is more than one realizes oftentimes.

It may be of interest to note the places visited: Richmond, Augusta, Kents Hill, Farmington, Pittsfield, Lewiston and other nearby towns. Among the girls who have composed the teams are: Muriel MacDougall, Florence Young, Lucy Chapin, Virginia Dudley, Ethel MacDougall, Mabel Dolliff, Janet Locke and Harriet Kimball.

Next year we are looking forward to the continuation of this service, and perhaps on a better organized and larger scale than it has had this year. The Y. W. C. A. takes this opportunity to thank the girls who have so willingly given of their time and effort to further this project.

Florence Young, '29, has had some very interesting experiences in the South during the summers of 1926-28. She has written for the Colbiana an account of a day's program in a community in the Kentucky mountains.

"Good mawnin', teacher. Will you-all let us use the colored pencils today, please ma'am?"

Every morning at seven o'clock someone would be sure to address the community worker thus, and notwithstanding the fact that school did not begin for an hour and

a half, some children would always be on hand. One could hardly blame them since they had been up since four o'clock in the morning. Having been placed in a mining town way back in the Kentucky mountains, it was my privilege for three months to provide means whereby the children and young people of the town might employ themselves.

It may be interesting to note what perhaps would be included in the day's program of the Community worker. Rising at six o'clock in the morning she would glance over her plans for the day, eat her breakfast, and read her mail before seven o'clock came and the first pupils arrived at the school.

Baseball was the favorite game during this hour and a half before school began. Since this was the coolest part of the day, it worked in very nicely. At eight-thirty all the children would have arrived, about fifty in all, ranging in ages from four to fifteen. All the boys wore overalls and straw hats, the girls pinafores and sunbonnets, and everybody was barefooted.

Being the only teacher, the worker would strive to place the children strategically during the devotions so that while she energetically pumped the organ and sketchily played the tune she could keep one eye on the most mischievous, yet pretend to be enraptured in the singing of "When Morning Gilds the Sky."

After the devotional period which lasted about fifteen minutes, came the stories. This period afforded a short breathing spell for the worker, for everybody from the smallest girl to the biggest boy sat as quietly as anyone possibly could, while we were all transported to fairyland.

After the stories came the recreation period and it was an endless source of satisfaction to teach those children games. Playground work was unknown in those parts and the readiness and delight with which these children greeted new games made it a real pleasure to have this period.

After the games came the handwork and this was the period that tried one's soul. Everybody had to make the same thing, in so far as they were able, because explanations were necessarily too long and tedious

to allow time for individual instruction. Invariably the appearance of the handwork materials was the sign for general disturbance. Everybody shoved and pushed in order to gain for himself a desired place to work. The project for the day was carefully explained in detail and then the material was passed out. Everyone started earnestly to work, the teacher helping the smallest ones to get a start. As the project progressed and became more difficult one would wish for a hundred eyes and hands.

"Teacher, someone's got my paste."

"If yer don't look at mine now, I'll tear it up."

"Please teacher, I want an orange pencil."

"Lawsy! Look at Joe, he's eatin' the pencils. Might ha' waited till we got through usin' them."

This eating of pencils is, by the way, apt to be quite prevalent and the teacher must constantly be on guard against the use of such refreshments. Meanwhile, the sun was high in the sky and it was very hot. Hot, red faces bent over their work and sticky hands pulled at the teacher's dress and patted their handwork until it became quite bedaubed with paste. Paste was everywhere, and the crayons began to melt, but at last each child had finished his work of art for the day and a merry scramble ensued to clean up the room.

Picture for yourselves a barren, ugly room with benches and an organ. The church school is over for the day and the children stand in line. All are hot, the smaller ones are tired, but all are triumphantly clutching their work in their hands. The good-by song is sung and school is dismissed. Even now some few must stay to see what the teacher will do next, to inquire about the morrow, to demand a picnic, to invite her to come home to dinner with them. No, their mother didn't say to ask the teacher, but she would like to have her all the same.

At last they are all gone and the worker goes in to lunch. There will be fried chicken, string beans, and iced tea anyway; one can always count on these three things gracing the table. During lunch a messen-

ger arrives with the news that there is a funeral back yonder at two o'clock and he had been sent to fetch the community worker. Hastily lunch is finished, the hymn books are collected and worker, hymn books, and messenger pile into a rattly buggy to go the several miles up the steep mountain road. The sun beats down unmercifully, and to the tune of how the person died, cause and effect, we cover the distance. Proceeding at once to the "burying ground" we find a crowd gathered, people having come for miles around to the "buryin." The ancient preacher comes forward and informs the worker she will have to sing "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" while the coffin is lowered into the grave. The worker privately wishes herself in the bye and bye but this is no place for argument, so amid the wailing and weeping of the friends of the departed the poor community worker raises a quavering voice to the effect that "we shall meet on a beautiful shore—in the sweet bye and bye." The service closes and congratulations are proffered on all sides for the success of the funeral and the well-satisfied mourners go to seek refreshments while the worker selects riding down the mountain with the circuit preacher rather than bumping down in the buggy. Arriving on the outskirts of the village, it seems an opportune time to make some calls. The next two hours are spent calling on women who are found rocking on the porch of their cabins, chewing snuff and expectorating over the rail with the ease and precision born of years of practice.

Supper time usually finds a weary worker coming down the railroad tracks toward her house. There is barely time to clean up before supper and the time is none the pleasanter when it is discovered the well has gone dry and a trip to the creek is necessary.

After supper there must be plans made for the next day. At seven o'clock the Boy Scouts arrive and the next hour and a half is spent in drill of various kinds. The worker usually finds this a convenient time to deliver a little lecture on manners, the boys are seriously admonished on the subjects of chivalry and honesty, the sad

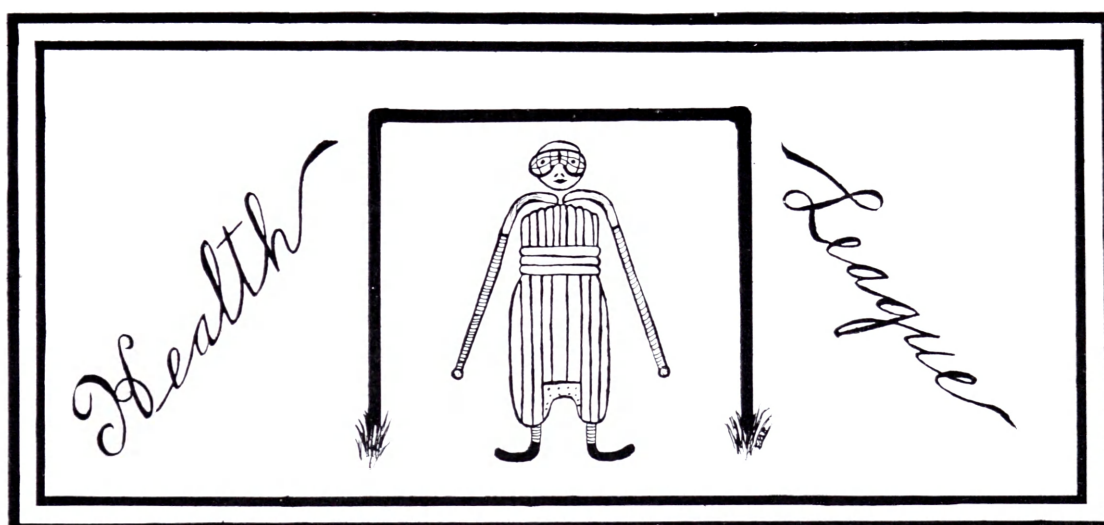
results of liquor and nicotine, and sundry other subjects.

After this group there is inevitably some other meeting to attend, either the deacons gather to discuss the business of the church, or there is a revival which requires attendance, or someone is sick and duty calls one there. At any rate there is always something to be done.

What I have written is a model day. In

between times picnics and socials are planned and executed, the young people rehearse for a play, and one visits continually places that one never would believe existed outside of story books and movies.

Sometimes life is very dull and discouraging, sometimes it is thrilling and almost too exciting, but whatever it is, one gains rich experience and forms new ties which make the days live forever in one's memory.



The abundance of ice this winter has delighted the hearts of those who enjoy speeding on the "blades." Not only has this class been satisfied, but also those who are learning the art of using skates have found opportune chances to reach perfection through practice.

Our unusually fine skating season was terminated with our annual ice carnival held on the Foss Hall rink the evening of February 22nd. The character of the carnival differed from those of preceding years. All those present took part in a series of games and competitive races which was started by a "follow-the-leader" march, headed by Miss Van Norman and Helen Wyman. The entire program was enjoyed by all those who took part, and evidently by a few others who watched from their windows. Refreshments of cocoa and assorted cookies were relished after the program was completed.

Volley Ball.

The class teams played the preliminary volley ball games Wednesday afternoon, March 14th. The upperclassmen showed lack of practice when they were matched with the sophomores and freshman teams which have had their regular class practices all winter. The first game between the seniors and sophomores was won by the underclass by a score of 21 to 6. The next game was closer, but the sophomores won, 21 to 17.

The junior-freshman contest was close and exciting. The juniors were handicapped having only six players to the freshmen's eight. The freshmen showed good spirit and team work, and won the match.

The sophomores won the final games from the freshmen, and became college champions.

Gym. Meet.

On Saturday, May 21st, the annual gym

meet was held on the athletic field behind Foss Hall. Several guests were present.

Marches, dances, and gymnastic exercises were done by each of the classes. Music was furnished by Ruth Park, violin, and Pauline Waugh, piano. Many amusing and skillful stunts were performed by the different classes. The judges were the Misses Marguerite Albert, Doris Hardy, Doris Tozier, and Helen Springfield. Awards of numerals and letters were made to those who had earned them. Helen Wyman, the retiring president, installed the members of the new board.

The program was as follows:

Marching, Freshmen; There was An Old Man, Sophomores; Gymnastics, Freshmen; Reigan, Sophomores; Dance of Greeting, Freshmen; Gymnastics, Sophomores; The Circle, Freshmen; Eliza Jane, Yankee Doodle, Seniors and Juniors.

Frolic, Frog Dance, Siamese Sit, Hand Stand, Wicket Race, Sophomores and Freshmen; Obstacle Race, Seniors and Juniors; Esquimo Roll, Wheelbarrow Race, Horizontal Balance, Sophomores and Freshmen; Zig Zag Ball Race, Seniors and Juniors; Camel Walk, Centipede, Rocking Horse Race, Sophomores and Freshmen; Transportation Race, Seniors and Juniors; Merry Go Rounds, Sophomores and Freshmen; Tug of War, Seniors and Juniors; Songs; Installation of New Health League Officers; Awarding of Honors.

During the past four years the senior class has had a beacon of hope before them continually,—that they might be able to fly their final victory flag on the new gym floor, but as the years rolled by that hope although growing brighter, seemed to recede into the dim future beyond their grasp.

It is an undenied fact that the upper classes have little or no interest in gymnasium work, and this must be due to the deplorable place which we are at present obliged to call the "Colby girls' gym."

We all have ardent hope for a revival of the girls' athletic spirit when the new gymnasium begins to materialize, and there is little doubt as to the ability of the girls in making this important phase of education a worthwhile and enjoyable success.

The Time Table.

Altho it's quite appalling,

I am convinced 'tis true
That careful plans we all must make
For the things we wish to do.

A journeying we all must go,
That first I wish to state.
Then how and when and where and why
We pause to contemplate.

The guide to all the roads and trains
We somehow must procure,
For if we wish to reach our goal
Of the way we must be sure.

Some guides I can perhaps suggest
To help those on their way
Who find it hard to understand
What the best time tables say.

If sunny climes you would enjoy
And calm would be your days,
Then let your nights be eight hours long—
Some had better mend their ways.

We know that food in right amounts
A great asset can be,
But when it's hurried on its way
It's not so good you see.

Of out door air, a goodly dose
Each day I do suggest.
I think you'll find at least an hour
It well thus to invest.

The way you walk, the way you look,
The way you stand or sit,
May be of very grave import
When you would make a hit.

So take advice from one who knows
How fetching you would be
And choose your poise and clothes and shoes
With this good aim in view,
You cannot know until you try
How much good it may do.

A side trip I would next suggest
As you go on your way;
A side trip that we hope you find
As good as any play.

A building new there is to be,—
 You know where it will stand,
 And in it joys of many kinds,
 By able minds are planned.

At bowling you may try your hand
 And deftly prove your skill.
 Of batting balls of every kind
 You'll surely have your fill.

No bulging beams will there be found
 To boomerang your ball;
 And mighty muscles you will need
 If you would hit the wall.

Your tennis strokes of every kind
 You there can practice well,

And what the outcome then will be
 Nor mortal man can tell.

And so we might for hours go on
 To laud this side trip grand,
 But if we say—this is but half
 I'm sure you'll understand.

For there's a limit to the time
 That any one should spend
 In talking of the ways and means
 To reach a journey's end.

With this much help you'll surely find
 A good start can be made.
 That's half the battle, so they say
 While the game of life is played.

C. B. V.

Among Our Alumni

The name of Louise Helen Coburn, one of the first women to be graduated from Colby, is well known as the name of one of Maine's foremost poets. Here is a brief clipping from her sister, Grace Coburn Smith's account of "Louise Helen Coburn, as Seen in Her Poems."

"Louise Helen Coburn was born on the banks of the Kennebec and has lived all her life within sight and sound of its waters. The Kennebec makes an interesting neighbor with all the changing moods. Cold and gray in the fall, buried deep in ice and snow in winter, in spring surging madly along bearing great blocks of ice soon to be followed by thousands of logs, that make piles of giant jackstraws at the foot of the falls. In summer this temperamental Kennebec is a perfect picture of peace, reflecting serenely the overhanging banks, the glory of the sunset and the radiance of the evening star."

It is a summer evening boat ride that Miss Coburn describes in her poem "Kennebec" which appropriately gives its name to her collection of verses not alone on account of her love for Maine and its beautiful river,

but because the lines are addressed to her brother, to whose memory the book is dedicated:

Do you mind one evening, brother,
 Of a far away July,
 How we glided up the river,
 Talking low to one another,
 While our eyes were watching ever
 Every hue upon the river,
 Every tint upon the sky?

Then we saw the evening star
 Floating from its haven far
 In the shadows of the west;
 Waxing fuller, brighter, clearer,
 Coming nearer, ever nearer
 Smiling like a radiant guest
 In the dull and darkening sky.

And the evening star below
 In the tide began to glow
 Like some luminous, white jewel,
 Holding fire within its breast
 That consumes its heart as fuel
 And back adown the river
 In a broken line did quiver
 With a constant, fine unrest—

While we glided up the river
In that long ago July.

Colby women are always interested in the careers of successful Colby alumnae. There are a great many of them who have won recognition in their chosen fields. Marjorie Mills is the director of the Boston "Herald-Traveler" Better Homes Bureau. In a recently published article "What About Women Today?" she discussed her work and much of what her work has taught her about women today. We quote a part of the article here:

"What do you as college women think of other women? Do you think they are indifferent mothers and home-makers, selfish pleasure seeking? Do you think they are growing more loyal to other women or more competitive as a result of business experience? Do you believe the future generation is safe in the hands of the present generation of American women or do you believe it is imperiled?"

"May I tell you what my job has taught me about women and hope that others of you may take up the discussion and carry it on. I edit the women's page of a morning, an afternoon, and a Sunday newspaper; and that is a stimulating task in these piping times when women's interests range all the way from eugenics to cosmetics, from applied psychology to stopping an aggravating run in their silk stockings, from consideration of our Central American policies to the best method of preventing the juice from running out of a strawberry pie.

"Newspaper pages of the old type are gone forever. A few recipes, a few beauty hints, a few choice paragraphs of advice—these comprised the features offered its women by a newspaper even ten years ago. These were definitely classified as women's interests and trusting editors doubtless believed they could go on rehashing this same dish indefinitely. Equally trusting—and equally mistaken—were manufacturers of whalebone, of hairpins, of cotton hose, and cotton petticoats who, ten years ago, looked forward to uninterrupted and increasing demand for their products.

"Under our very eyes the whole scope and spirit of life is changing today. Women

particularly are going through a most intense phase of transition. They are subject to the most fiercely urgent, many-sided and comprehensive sort of change and adjustment. Two generations ago women were almost exclusively producers. Their whole adult life was consumed in the business of a family. To mate, to produce a large family, to sustain it, to toil for it onerously, and eventually, according to statistics and the tombstones in the old church yards, to bury most of it. Women carded the yarn, spun the flax, knit the socks, produced all the food, for the family.

"Today they are consumers almost exclusively of goods produced outside their homes. They can no longer use themselves up if they would in the immemorial round of producing and sustaining a family. They are released, if we should call it released, to find other outlets for their energy. Women are feverishly making adjustments, reaching out for knowledge that will help them turn their lives into useful channels.

"I am giving you an honest opinion based on four years contact with thousands of women in every walk of life, of every age, race and degree of culture and intelligence. From the sum of these contacts, I am forming my estimate of the goal toward which women are traveling. The thing that impressed me was the utter sincerity of their questions as to whether they had any right to make this sort of adjustment, their entire unselfishness in wishing to earn money, their willingness to sacrifice their personal welfare—all the thousand things women hold dear, to do what might be best for their families.

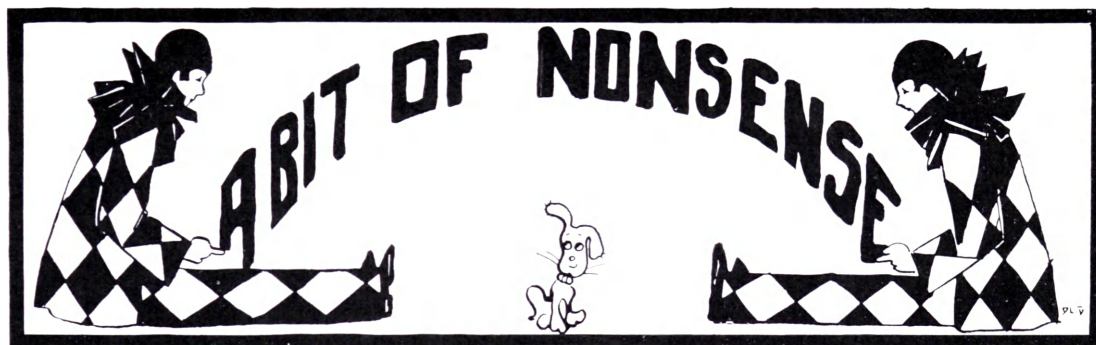
"It is a glorious adventure to them even with the most limited income, because they realize that in raising a family they are giving their brains and energy in a supreme contribution to the race and civilization. They may be creating homes as sane as their grandmothers', but what about the army of girls who work? They too have learned the gospel of work and usefulness. Any girl who has known the grinding hours of work necessary to perfect herself at anything, whether it be music, painting or a perfectly typed letter, is marketable, has attained a sane viewpoint on life. They

have acquired the humanity toward other women, the instinct of team play that comes from experiencing hard knocks. They are better wives, mothers, citizens as a result.

"I am convinced that women are not idle, pleasure-loving or unhealthy in their attitude toward life. American children aren't going to the dogs. American homes aren't neglected, women are as clear visioned and dependable as our grandmothers and in addition they are much more alert and hav-

ing a much better time out of life.

"We are travelling toward a state of society where there will be none but active and hopeful children, where women will be maturer in outlook, less obsessed with the love story and elementary adventures of life, less likely to be 'a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances' and more certain to possess individuality, creative power and thorough going recognition of the truth that the only lasting joy in life is usefulness."



An interested mother was conversing with her studious son.

Mother: "And what are you studying now?"

Son: "We have just taken up the subject of molecules."

Mother: "Oh, I do hope you'll practice constantly. I tried to get your father to wear one but he couldn't keep it in his eye."

Good Manners.

(Colbiana, 1916.)

When to Colby you do go,
 There is much that you should know;
 When upon the street you walk,
 Be not boist'rous in your talk;
 Walk not more than two abreast,
 Leave some sidewalks for the rest;
 Be decorous, gentle, sweet,
 To everyone you chance to meet.
 In the class room be polite,
 Talk not, but when you recite,
 Hark to what the sages say,
 So you may be wise some day.
 In church on Sunday morning be,
 Not your neighbor's clothes to see,

But to hear with open heart,
 All the service does impart.
 Table manners you must learn
 When to the dining room you turn;
 Do not lean upon the table,
 Folks will think you are disabled.
 Bite not crescents from your bread,
 Break it into bits instead.
 Ask not too soon for more meat,
 The server also wants to eat;
 Do not "Sh!" 'Tis very rude
 Speak in a more quiet mood;
 Remember! Seniors first of all
 As you pass into the hall!
 Never stampeped up the stairs,
 Rubber heels will lighten cares;
 Be careful not to slam the door,
 Nor drag your feet along the floor;
 Turn your lights out sharp at ten,
 And do not turn them on again.
 All these rules to us are sent
 By our Student Government,
 Which soon, supremely, here will reign
 Thru toiling hour and merry game.

"Time flies!"

"How can I, they go so fast?"

Jack: "Why don't you like the new mustaches?"

Budge: "Why, I don't care for them, but it's only a matter of taste."

Ethel calls her man Forrest 'cause he's sort of thick at (thicket) times.

"Has she a fraternity pin?"

College Cat: "No, but she has a place for one."

Prof. Helie: "And what do you need to pronounce the nasals?"

Freshman: "A nose."

Young man who has been properly squelched: "And what have you against me?"

Young Lady, on the other side of Miss Van Norman's office: "Nothing."

Dictionary for the Guidance of the Foolish. Taken from the 1913 Colbiana. (And it still applies.)

Agony—c.t., midyears.

Aerial—adjective. According to a wise Freshman, the species of dancing taught in the Junior Gymnasium class.

Chophouse—a resort of the wicked—and hungry.

Colby—an institution of high learning, situated on the banks of the Kennebec. Noted for its beautiful co-ords, and its prowess on the athletic field.

Colbiana—a paper published by said co-ords. Famous for its "Yellow Journalism."

Church—a device employed by lovers.

Cribbing—one of the fine arts.

Doughnut—a Foss Hall luxury.

Exam—a modern replica of the torture methods of the Inquisition, employed by the professors for the purpose of weeding out their classes.

Example—Exam of three questions:

1. Give all the main headings contained in the text book.
2. State the sub-divisions of the main headings.
3. Fill in main headings and sub-divisions.

Foss Hall—an abiding place, an adjunct

to Colby College. An object of terror to the masculine portion of the college!

Freshman — green phenomenon, for which no explanation has yet been found.

Flunk—an uncomfortable sensation, involving the loss of a little prestige and self-appreciation. "No reward offered for they are gone forever."

Hager's—an important and necessary adjunct to Colby.

History—particularly European, a cinch course, noted for:

1. Easy exams.
2. Short assignments.

I—a pronoun, the most popular subject of conversation.

Inspiration—that on which people depend in time of need, like a quiz. An attribute which is usually found wanting.

Joke—an active as well as a passive verb. In the active it indicates an action highly pleasurable and enjoyable. In the passive it produces that sensation known as "soreness." The first is to be highly cultivated, the second assiduously avoided.

Juniors—no definition needed, they speak for themselves.

Kill-joy—the dean's knock on the door after 10 o'clock.

Messalonskee — the college student's Heaven—unless caught there in a canoe (after half past seven).

Mid-years—c.t. agony.

Nothing—describes what is doing in Waterville at any and all times.

Ought—a word usually used negatively.

One—a number nearly as unpopular as three.

Phi Beta Kappa—a condition which the majority seem to be successfully striving to avoid.

Pretend—an adjective, applying to the mirth which greets a professor's jokes.

Quiz—c.t. exam. A mild form, popularly supposed by professors to really find out how much the student knows.

Rushing—an exercise for brains, muscles, and nerves of all concerned. Peculiar to the first part of each school year, and noticeable afterwards for its absence.

Student—a species read about as peculiar to a college.

Trot—a common noun.

Uniformity—an unwise quality in examination papers.

Xmas—a holiday celebrated for about two weeks before the Christmas recess.

You—a pronoun. May you all read this publication without unkind slurs directed towards its editors. With X, Y and Z, we reach our destination. May all those who read, feel only admiration!

Never go in the water after a hearty meal—you'll never find it there.

“Door-bell, Woodie.”

“Thanks—how many men are there?”

The Perfect Co-ord Would Have—

“Viv” Russell’s lips.

“Bubbles” Fox’s individuality.

“Vi” Boulter’s flapper ways.

Margaret Hale’s eyes.

“Mandy” Allen’s voice.

“Lu” Whitcomb’s sweetness.

“Pat” Johnson’s hair.

“Fran” Hart’s smile.

Louise Grearson’s impish look.

“Barb” Sherman’s wit.

“Jacky” Randall’s daintiness.

Ann Macomber’s cuteness.

Phyl., '31.

Won't It Be Great When—

Our grandchildren do their daily dozens in the new gym.

We don't have to dress for a polar expedition to go to Coburn.

We outgrow the 10.00 age, and a late is 12.00.

When some gentlemen take Chemistry at 11.00 on Wednesday.

The girls are treated like individuals.

Cereal is only a breakfast food and not a desert.

The profs get spring fever, too.

The **girls** motor on geology walks.

Quiet hours are quiet hours and not musicales.

Ivy Day ivy really grows.

The present gym is a coal-bin.

Foss Hall porch boasts a orthophonic.

Studies do not interfere with outside activities.

Colby is the place where men are men,

and women are women, and treated as such.

Professor Perkins: And what was the cause of the harbor being deepened?

Stude: They put more water in it.

Mr. Kelsey: What is an organizer?

Freshman: Oh, he's the man that makes music in church.

Editor: We aren't having our printing done there any more.

Assistant Editor: Why?

Editor: They put “Applesauce” after Dr. Libby's speech instead of “Applause.”

Midnight Oil.

“If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up.”—Selected.

First Stude: What's the selection the orchestra's playing?

Second Stude: Go feather your nest.

First Stude: Aw, go jump in the lake. I asked you a civil question.

Frosh: I came to see how I stand.

Prof: I can't imagine.—Selected.

“My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture.”

“How does it look?”

“I don't know. I haven't had it developed yet.”—Selected.

M. Hoyt: Football is my favorite game. What's yours?

P. Morin: Fried venison, I suppose.

Our idea of a real Scotchman is a man who makes his aerial out of barbed wire so the birds can't sit there.—Selected.

But a Few More Will Do it!

Four Co-eds Chosen to Exhibit Calves During State Fair.

Our Own Song Review.

Playground In The Sky—The girl's gym.

Can't Help Lovin' That Man—“Wilky.”

'S Wonderful—Foss Hall meat loaf.

Someone Should Tell Them—The Freshmen.

No Matter How It's Sliced It's Always
Baloney—Compliments from the Men's Di-
vision.

Good News—An hour quiz.

Ole Man River—The Messalonskee.

Dawn—The rising bell.

Oh Gee! Oh Joy!—Finals ahead!

Everybody Knows I Love Somebody—
Louise Grearson.

There Ought To Be a Law Against That
—Foss Hall omelet.

How Long Has That Been Going On?—
Lu Small's Ford.

High Hat—The Dekes.

Goldfish Glide—New Dutton House dance
step.

Rain or Shine—Classes.

Funny Face—?

Hallelujah!—Dismissal bell.

Nothing Could Be Sweeter—Loganberry
pie.

Why Oh Why?—Eight o'clocks.

It's Always The Way—Fish on Friday.

Feelin' Good—Gym classes.

Consolation—Unexpected cuts.

Here in the Dark—Behind Foss Hall.

Back In Your Own Back Yard—The
clothes reel.

Just a Memory—Spring vacation.

How the Elephant Got His Long Nose.

Father Adam built a cupboard in the corner
of the Garden.

In it Eve put his new suit,

All the records, and his flute

For protection from the sun.

Father Adam put that cupboard near the
spring behind some bushes;

Thought it safer p'raps to hide it,

But the nasty "sarpent" spied it
Saw the button on the door.

That vile "sarpent" went and tattled, told
the "animiles" about it—

So when Eve and Ad⁷ were talking,

One and all they came a-flocking,

To the button on the door.

They drew lots, and then the el'phant laid
his foot upon the button,

One by one the others follered

Adam saw them and he hollered,

Then the tiger slammed the door.

Slammed the door, and turned the button,
one and all took to their heels,

All except the Elephant.

He would like to but he can't

With his nose shut in the door.

See him tug and pull and twist it! Hear
him squeal in sad dismay.

Adam built that cupboard strong

Poor Old Elephant's nose grows long,

Ere he draws it from the door.

With a mighty wrench he frees it. Oh!

How big! How very long!

Then he catches Adam's eye

In a breath he turns to fly.

Adam thwacked him on the rump.

* * * * *

When the stock account was taken, ele-
phant came shuffling in,

Adam grinned. "That's once I scored."

All the animals there, roared;

The hyena had hysterics.

A. G., '29.

Professor Haynes: "If you get an A in
this examination I'll give you a bon-bon."

Jean: "Yes, and if I get an F in this ex-
amination I'll give you a bom-bom."

Conscientious pupil: "Keep still, the pro-
fessor just gave me a dirty look and told me
to pass it on."

Son: "Are flies flies because they fly?"

Father: "Yes, son."

Son: "And are fleas fleas because they
flee?"

Father: "Yes, son. Why are you ask-
ing me those questions?"

Son: "Well, I told teacher today that
bees are bees because they be."

In Memoriam.

T'willegger stranded,

Co-eds sit

Eating chocolates,—

Don't care a whit.

Laughing sunshine,

Stinging breeze,

Scanty dresses,

Chilly knees,
 Yawning mudhole,
 Lovely muck;
 Two nice men
 A big Mac truck.
 Chain hooked on,
 Big truck yanks,
 Girls drive on
 Shouting thanks.
 Providence? No.
 'Twas just plain luck.
 Blessings on you,
 Big Mac truck.

“Polly,” ’29.

Ode To a Chocolate Cream.

Hail to thee, sweet morsel,
 Bit of nectared cream,
 Blend of sugared sweetness,—
 Lovely, tasty dream.

All about thy center
 A coat of velvet brown
 Guards thy snowy whiteness.
 How smoothly you go down.

As I think about thee,
 Bit of nectared cream,
 Something down inside me
 Wishes you weren't a dream.
 “Polly,” ’29.

“Say, Carbona, if ah that ah'd see you in mah dreams, ah wouldn't want to go to sleep.”

“Have you heard the old soak song?”

“No, I'll bite.”

“It's the 'Warbly-warbly walk.'”

Campus Scraps.

One should go to chapel. A pleasant nap refreshes one and makes one better able to cope with Foss Hall vitamins.

Last year there was an epidemic of measles. This year it was fraternity pins. The women's division has been the mak-

ing of at least one man. According to the alumnae the girls made “The Judge's Husband” a success.

“Sprig has cub.” For verification consult the robins in the vicinity of Foss Hall.

The seniors have been released. Watch their dust!

A STALLED INGIN

When Soll beams britely onn the sno,
 And winz uv Martch impeed thee cro,
 Then duth mi infunt muze inspir
 Mi verdunt sole 2 toon its liar;
 Sew, fealin ruther pome-inklinde
 Ive rit thee promptins uv mi minde.

Whn i wuz yung and inn mi pryme
 (How swiftlie role thee wheals uv tyme)
 Know thott 2 mee wuz briter than
 Mi wish 2 bee a collig mann.
 I lyngered long inn shadie nooks
 Perprext with synkers, lynes and hooks,
 And cherishin this thot uv mine,
 I dreemed beneeth thee fragrunt pyne,
 Til fostered bi lokwashus brooks
 Mi bent fur lurnin turned frum books.
 Thee creekin myll wheels cauld 2 mee,
 A gilded vishun didd i sea,
 And lyke Kyng Sproose, fur magick kash
 I sold thee monach oke and ash.
 Butt naow, tho i hev golde galower
 Mi ejikashun's veri pore.
 Sew lurn a lessun frum mi fayte
 And heede thyss warnin, ear 2 layte,
 A theefe maye steele a miser's golde,
 An ejikashun kant bee solde.
 Butt hear i amm; i loste mi queste;
 Mi son's a-sinkin inn thee weste.
 I sea, twards collig lookin bak,
 Mi ingin stalld uppon thee trak.
 If Gaybrill, when he bloes his horne
 Uppon thee rezzerekshun morne
 Mi ignrunt minde shood tri 2 test,
 Ide anser hymn mi veribest,
 Butt heeve ann unavalin si,—
 Mi spellin wood knot git mee bi.

Paul Warr.

AUNT CLARA'S COLUMN FOR CO-ORDS.

Dear Aunt Clara:

I just know I'm falling in love. I mean I know I am. And he is the most adorable thing. I see him every morning on the campus but even tho he has danced with me several times, he barely speaks. Oh, Aunt Clara, it is the disappointment of my life. How can I get him to notice me? I have seen him walking with other girls and I know I am attractive. Is it because I haven't "it?" Please, please, Aunt Clara tell me what to do.

In agony,

S. O. B.

P. S. He has light curly hair and his eyes are so blue!

Dear S. O. B.

Your case is only one more exactly like dozens of others. The eternal problem—

If you see him approaching in the distance begin chattering vivaciously to the nearest girl friend. If he is coming from the left, look back nonchalantly over the right shoulder. Laugh girlishly. If he has on that blank expression habitual with the men's division continue in an even louder tone. Nod to him brightly with a ravishing smile. If the smile is sufficiently ravishing he will pause. Ask him for the next psychology assignment. Then use this line—

You: What shall I do? I can't get the book from the library.

He: I can tell you what it is.

You: Do you think you can tell me anything?

He: You'd be surprised.

This will give you a chance to show your own wit and make him think himself a very devil of a fellow. Do not let him escape until a definite meeting has been arranged. Wave a careless good bye and hasten away before he has time to think clearly.

Aunt Clara.

Dear Aunt Clara:

I have been going with a young man for fifteen years. Last night he seemed on the point of proposing. I do not feel that I know him well enough to talk intimately with him. I am in a quandry. Should I encourage him?

I wish I knew.

I wish I knew:

Certainly not. He may have three wives in Cincinnati.

Aunt Clara.

Dear Aunt Clara:

I am very good looking and the boys are all crazy about me. Papa doesn't like to have me go out with the boys and I can't keep them away from the house. I don't want them to annoy Papa. What can I do?

Angel Face.

Dear little Angel Face:

No wonder you are troubled. You are a sweet little girl to be so considerate of your Papa. Halitosis will do it. You must be the **fifth**. Change places with your neighbor.

Auntie Clara.

Dear Aunt Clara:

I am six feet four inches tall and weigh 253 pounds. I have quantities of pale yellow hair. My eyes are of inexpressibly delicate blue. I have a naturally vivid color. In spite of my height I am not gawky as so many really tall girls are. I am quick and birdlike. What should I wear?

Narcissa.

P. S. I am a little cross eyed.

Narcissa:

Anything you can get into.

Aunt Clara.

1820

1928

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