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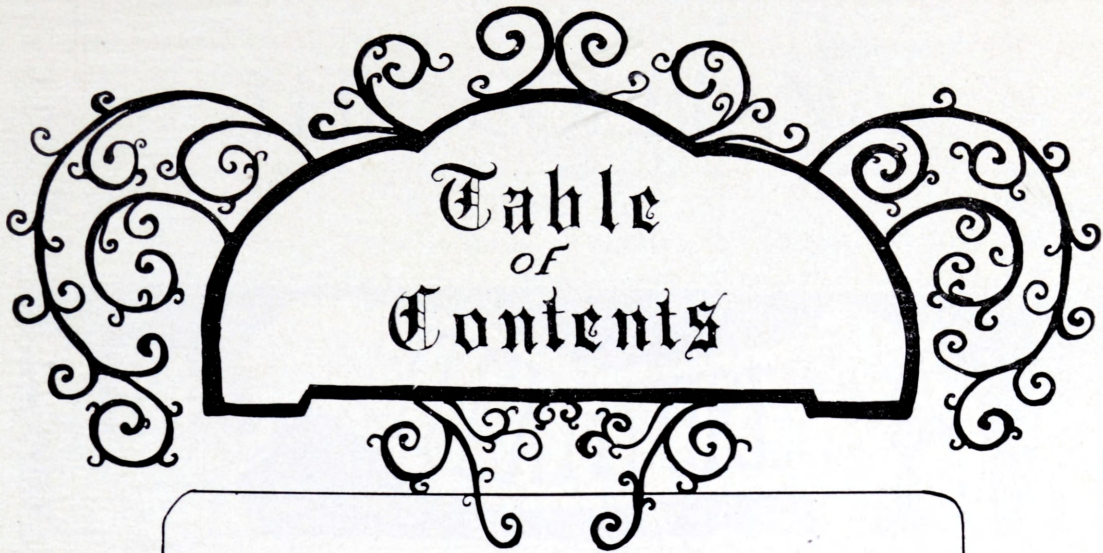
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# COLBIANA



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# THE COLBIANA

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Number 2



## A KISS OF JUDAS.

An angular, black, percale cat before the fireplace cast an enormous shadow into the tiny darkened apartment, so that only a few lights from the blaze within could catch one another upon the Chinese brass about the room. Aside from the soft whirring of the blaze, the little place was silent, but not peaceful; the changing of the shadows made the darkness seem writhing in unrest. Presently, however, with a soft rumble a window in the corner of the room opened.

"Damn!" it was a sweet voice for such a world of feeling, and with it came the soft odor of a perfumed cigarette as the voice continued, "there's another perfectly good manicure ruined for this world." And following these words were soft sounds of someone climbing through the window, and of the window closing, and of footsteps moving across the room. The black cat was kicked unceremoniously from its place of dignity, as into the restless firelight stepped a young girl, her slender figure wrapped in a short, Chinese silk coolie coat, orange like the fire's flame and black like the stuffed cat's shadow. She knelt on the hearth to offer a bleeding finger for inspection. "Hellish night for Dick to expect me to stand out there on the fire-escape, even for the news he had to break." She sat now upon the soft oriental rug and moved her shivering knees closer to the fire, as she held the black cat to her side where it,

like its mistress, stared thoughtfully at the blaze. Its round, glassy eyes and knobby head offered a strange contrast to the dark almond shaped eyes and the sheared but certain curls of its mistress.

"Kiki dear," she squinted slantwise eyes at the cat, "don't tell a soul what I'm going to do now, just keep it behind your whiskers, Kiki, will you?" And laying her cigarette upon the hearth she reached for a small Chinese penknife on a stand nearby. "Now Kiki, as the dentists say, 'this may hurt a little,' but be a brave, dear cat for your mistress' sake." Slowly she cut a slit in the seam along the cat's back and poked about with a finger in the sawdust of his interior. Then from her left wrist she unclasped something which at once threw the rays of firelight that fell upon it into a perfect profusion of brightness; each little beam was split into a thousand parts, and each part promptly began a duel with another part, the while wielding a glittering sword of light. This circle of quivering brightness she inserted within the dark, enveloping sides of the cat, covered it about with sawdust, and then with careful precision, despite her torn and throbbing finger nail, sewed him together again.

"There, honey, was that so bad? And now, kitty," she unconsciously lowered her voice, "You're the most valuable old, black, percale cat in the world." Standing him once more in his position of authority, she

returned to lock the window.

She had removed the coolie coat and was standing a moment in black satin Chinese pajamas before the last flicker of the fire when the telephone rang from another room of the small apartment. Instinctively, she quivered a little at the jangling tone, but by the time she had reached the telephone, she was able to put a stifled yawn behind the sleepy "Hello" which she sent into the transmitter.

"Oh, yes, Phyllis. Why—I was asleep, that's all, dear,—did my voice sound husky? But whatever is the matter, calling me at this hour of the night, when you know my weakness for retiring early? What? Dick took you to the dance—well that's all right, you're still engaged to him, aren't you?—Why, honey, your voice sounds all trembly! Listen, dear, run over and tell me all about it. I'll wait for you by the elevator. All right? Hurry, then."

She hung up the receiver and came back to reawake the now sleeping fire and when the room was once more filled with twinkling lights and shadows, she pulled pillows onto the floor, and taking the black cat in her arms, she cuddled down to await the sound of the elevator.

It was not long before she heard it come bumping and sliding up the four stories and running out into the hallway she stood waiting by the iron door. It came to a stop almost with a bound as Phyllis, her confused blonde hair and wide blue eyes peeping in agitation over the high collar of a gray squirrel wrap, pushed back with small white fingers the heavy intervening doors.

"Judith, take me to your fireplace! That's the only place in the world where I can think straight."

Judith put her arms about the trembling child-like girl, and with tenderness in her almond eyes, kissed with warm lips, her cheek, cool from the night wind outside.

"Listen, Phyllis, whatever the matter is, don't be so frightened. I never saw you so pale in spite of rouge."

She led her friend to the pillows before the fire. "Give me your coat, and sit down there. Meanwhile, unburden your mind."

"Judith, my bracelet—you know the dia-

mond one, the only really valuable thing I possess—it's gone, Judith, gone—"

"Phyllis, my dear! When, where?"

"Tonight at the dance! Thank heaven, Dick was dancing with me when I discovered that it was gone. I'd have died with anyone else. Dick was such a dear about it, he took me home and went straight for the police. And now—." The firelight caught in two little pools in the corners of Phyllis's eyes each of which lengthened into two little shining rivulets down her cheeks and splashed off her quivering white chin. "And now, I couldn't stand it alone; and you know, Judith, how I always come running to you."

"Yes, darling, you know I'd be horribly jealous if you went to anyone else. Listen, did you say Dick had gone for the police? Will he know where—"

"Oh, yes, I told him I would come here and I suppose he knows I always do."

"Is he—"

"—Coming here? Yes, I expect him any time."

"Then I suppose my coolie coat wouldn't be out of place."

"Now my dear, forget your worry for awhile, because Dick is bound to get it back for you. You know it's almost a slogan among us women, that Dick never fails once he's started; and people can't steal a thing like your diamond bracelet without almost certain discovery." Judith rose from the fire. "Would tea be a comfort?"

"I'd love it. You're so restful, Judith—I like your black cat. Do you know, on the way to the dance tonight, a real black cat ran across our path and I screamed, and told Dick I was going back home, but he said for me not to be ridiculous and almost dragged me along. I wish I hadn't let him, then maybe I wouldn't have lost my bracelet."

Judith, from the little kitchenette, appeared in the doorway, long enough to make up a face at Phyllis, who still sat toying with the black percale cat before the fire.

"Your going to forget bad luck and everything else bad for a while, Phyllis dear. Now be a good girl and come fill the

sugar bowl for me, will you?"

The girls had finished their tea, when the sound of the elevator was heard again in the hall.

"There's Dick!"

"Yes, Phyllis dear, I'll go to the door. Try to be calm—men hate hysterical women."

"Hello Dick, black cats and diamond bracelets seem to be the theme of this midnight party. You got the police, of course."

Dick unobtrusively pressed her hand where it rested on the doorknob.

"I should hope to say I did, I got 'em all turned out and standing on tiptoe! Hello, Phyllis." He pulled a chair near where she sat on the floor. "My dear, give me your hands. Your fingers are cold, darling, have you been very frightened? By the way, I'm keeping this business out of the papers. I thought you'd prefer it that way."

"Oh Dick, tell me, is there any chance of—"

"All the chance in the world, Phyllis. It may take them a few days, but I gave them a perfect description of the details and you'll surely get it back. Now I think it would be best for your tired little eyes to go to sleep. They look pretty heavy, sweetheart, and Judith will let you stay—"

"Oh really, Dick, I—"

"Of course, she's going to stay with me. Phyllis you're half asleep this minute."

"I really am very sleepy, maybe if—if—"

Dick, darling—if—"

"I'll carry you Phyllis, you've had a hard night."

"Dick, Dick you're a—a—oh Dick—!"

"There, she's gone to sleep already."

Dick carried her to the small bedroom while Judith turned on the lights in the fireplace room. Every object in the room stood out, now, in certain brilliance, frost on the glass behind the heavy draperies at the window; the shining brass incense pot around which curled a scaly Chinese dragon and a dagger-shaped paper-knife on the little fireplace stand. All such little things were vividly plain in the electric light as Judith put out the fire and enveloped herself, pajamas and all, in Phyllis squirrel coat. Dick returned from the bedroom with a brown travel-case in his hand.

"Ready Judith? The boat leaves at four A. M., it's three-thirty now. I left her in your bed, and we've got all kinds of time before anyone finds her. She's gone on a trip abroad as my wife, the papers will tell you tomorrow morning."

"I put it in her tea, Dickie dear. Open the suit-case, Kiki can't wait to climb in. He's going with us, you know." She winked one almond eye up at him.

"Judith darling, let's make a kiss the very last thing that happens in our little apartment. Come here to me dear,—damned if you don't look well in grey squirrel!"

A. B., '30.

## THE THEATRE.

As Timothy walked along the road, his weary soul drank in the soothing beauty of the snow-covered nature about him. He was bound for Single Pine Cabin and his path led through the woods. The path had been gradually broadened by the passing of many feet, teams, and finally by the ever-present automobile. As he walked along, Timothy mused upon the mechanic attitude that was so evident in everything in this civilization of today. Even nature in the deep woods was not inviolable to the invented products of Edisonian imaginations! The snow over which Timothy

travelled was midway marked by hoofs and on the sides by the tires of an automobile. Why gaze at your feet or even at the path when on both sides—all about in fact, nature had clothed herself in her wintry shawl,—a very lovely shawl covered with sparkling handiwork of minute design with here and there a glistening tassel of ice! Timothy looked up—up at a beautiful twilight sky. The bowl above him was as a theatre pit decorated in simple tones of powder blue and grey to emphasize the dazzling orange, rose, purple, and bright blue of the stage against a back drop of the

purest gold! He WOULD think of everything in terms of the theatre! Couldn't look at a sunset, even, without seeing a stage, an audience, lights and all the rest. That was what happened when a man tried to escape his profession for a short recess,—it always followed in pursuit, even to the woods. Queer business—life! Jove! That fir tree reminded him of someone. Overburdened with a load of snow, the tree's very straightness and acceptance of its burden made it beautiful. What a costume that color combination would make!—Dull green with touches of sharpness partially covered with rose-tinted spangles. Someone straight and tall would wear it—

Timothy had walked some distance now into the forest. On either side of the trail, firs and hemlock crowded. Not a sign of birch or poplar was to be seen. Someone had known how to "weed" out trees. On one side of the trail, Timothy came upon a pile of freshly cut brush. He stopped to examine a pine branch covered with be-lated cones. He poked and rustled the pile of pungently fragrant branches. Chancing to look up from the pile, his gaze rested upon an unusual sight not two hundred feet down the trail.

An open space about seventy feet square met Timothy's eyes. The ground had been cleared purposely and there in the center of the space crouched a log cabin. Neat piles of trimmed wood were stacked at intervals about the edge of the clearing. There remained, however, a large unoccupied space before the cabin where the trail led into the clearing. Beside the single step that led up to the cabin door, grew a

huge pine tree, the only growing tree in the cleared space.

As Timothy looked he saw poised before the cabin a deer. The animal seemed to be listening. His antlers were raised proudly, his neck stretched out while the nostrils seemed to "scent" the air. A scenic director couldn't have posed the "still" any more perfectly, thought Timothy. The animal's hind feet were placed slightly back as if poised for a spring. The fore hoof nearest the watching man was raised in typical listening attitude. Timothy watched for a full two minutes without moving. Then he straightened from the bent position that he had maintained upon looking up from his examination of the brush. As he moved, his foot caught in the tangled branches, and he regained his balance just in time to prevent his falling. As he stumbled, the listening deer turned his head, sniffed, stamped, shook his antlers up and down, waved his white flag, and was gone through the trees.

Jove! What a perfect scene! He must remember that when he returned to the city—a stag before a lone cabin, one hoof raised, antlers high, nose sniffing the air for a scent of danger! Gad! Who would think the Maine woods could put such perfect scenes before an audience in a theatre that had the sunset for its lighting effects, the trees for actors, and the sky for the pit! All that was lacking was music.

Just then a clear sweet note followed by a volley of answering notes filled the wood with lovely echoes—a birdland symphony! The theatre was complete.

M. A., '29.

## WHY NOT BE FRIENDS?

Mohammet Ahmed stood before the judge, unafraid, and his black eyes looked with trust on the keepers of the law as they went through the ritual, unintelligible to him. In this new, free land of America all men were equal. Surely, these important personages would care for him, a stranger in their charge. They would not allow the big man from Ireland to take his home, the only thing he had in the new country. He

had spent every penny he had earned in the beam house of the huge tannery on that little place. 'Tis true he had no paper to show that he had paid the money, but he had not understood the laws of the country. It was not his fault. In Turkey he knew that the poor people were often oppressed by the rich and crafty, but in America it was different. Justice for all. That was what this court with its judge and

rapidly speaking lawyers were for. He waited patiently, watching with interest all that went on, understanding little, but ready to be friends with everyone, eager to become the best kind of an American. He even had no hard feelings for the fat Irishman who answered his enquiring gaze with a look of triumph and fingered the rings on his pudgy hand. Mohammed liked those rings—they were so bright. He would get some when his house was paid for.

Then he was called to the stand and with the aid of an interpreter, told his story. Yes, he had paid the Irishman, but had received no notes to prove it. He used to pay the money on Saturday nights and always went alone as he had been told, so there had, of course, been no witnesses. When his part was over he sat down to await the rest of the procedure. Soon he saw that something was wrong. He understood imperfectly, but he did realize, during the rapid proceedings, that the judge did not believe what he had said about the money. He rose to explain more fully, but he was pulled down by a big blue policeman who stood near. The case was soon over. Nothing could be done. Mohammed had no way of proving his case. He sat dazed, unable to utter a word. Was this America, where there was justice for everyone? Wasn't it all a dream? Why, in Turkey things weren't any worse! Before he realized it he had been roughly pushed from the room, and the next case was on. He stood for a moment in the warm sunshine, and then, suddenly, all the friendliness and eagerness of his spirit left and in its place was a bitter hatred for all things American, a hatred that only those who understand the Turkish people, who know how that strong race can hate, will be able to appreciate.

You who read this may think that it is exaggerated, but it is not. Would God it were! It is just an example of the way in which the foreign-born are treated because of their ignorance and the trust that they place in people. Every day, we who would make America all she should be see things like this going on. We have, coming into this country every year, thousands of immigrants, bewildered but friendly people,

who see the United States as a sort of Heaven where their troubles will be over. And so many of them have had hard times, such times as we, here, cannot imagine. They have never had much and they ask so little from us who have so much to give if we only would. They think the humblest of homes palaces, and they are content with things which we would scorn. They are hard workers and willing. If it were not for them who would do the large part of the tedious, disgusting work in our factories and mills? Our young so-called Americans? Perhaps.

Do we show any appreciation to them or try to make their lives any happier? Oh, yes, in altruistic moments we send them the old clothes which we would never wear again and sometimes give money for charity's sake, but do we ourselves ever go near them or associate with them? Not if we can help it. We Americans (and where would we have been if our ancestors, close or distant, had not been immigrants?) leave the association to our trained social workers. They are fine, I have nothing to say against them, but they cannot do their work alone. We should help, if only with a friendly smile or a kindly word. But let it be genuine, please. A little thing means so much to them and yet they are quick to feel any insincerity and resent it strongly. It is not pity or condescension they want. Far from it.

They come over with ideals and hopes (of course there are exceptions) into this rich new land of which they have heard so much. Most of them are like children, eager, spontaneous, willing to learn, and, like children, quick to imitate and sensitive to harsh or kind treatment. They are ready to come more than half-way in the matter of friendliness and to find out as soon as possible what America has to offer. And what does she offer—she who has so many worthwhile things? Her best? Not often. Far more frequently her worst side is the only one which the immigrant can see. Naturally he copies it—he has to get along in life. Can we blame him for what he becomes, when, in his ignorant way he is copying us, or at least, the side of us he sees? He is our product and we must take



him as he is—or else make him what we would like by showing him the best we have. A lot of nonsense, you say. It sounds good, but it won't work—as impractical as Christianity. All right, try it and see. Treat the immigrant as if he were your equal, not a dog beneath your feet, and see what a friend he can become.

I have been speaking of what we do and can do for the immigrants. That is important, truly, but equally so is what they can do for us. America has been called the melting pot of the world, and for good reason. But the melting is going on very slowly and the ingredients of the pot are not always what they should be. That, too, is for the most part our fault. We have at our disposal, if we would but learn to know the people, the traditions, the art, the

music, the literature, and the ideals of countries which existed centuries before the United States was ever dreamed of. We are gradually becoming a distinct race, different from any other in the world, but having in our makeup parts of them all. Are we going to take the best they have to offer by treating them like friends, or are we, by our lack of interest and disgust of foreigners, going to lose the richness that they have brought with them? It is entirely up to us. Perhaps you think the whole thing is impossible, but it is not so. I have seen a good deal of immigrant people and I know how fine they are and how much they have to teach us. I also know of what vital importance is the treatment of them as they acclimate themselves. After all, why not be friends?

P. B., '30.

## ONCE IN A BLUE MOON.

A "blue moon," she called it, and he followed her fancy. They stood at the edge of the bright path of moonbeams, which stretched straight across the deep, calm bay. It did seem as though a blue glow lighted the silver highway flecked with dancing diamonds, which twinkled at them like the eyes of a band of mischievous fairies. Little waves pulled at their feet and coaxed them in rippling whispers to walk the dazzling road. She clung to him, laughing softly, as the sand slid out from under their feet, as if eager to follow the urge of the waves.

"We could walk that path, just you and I," she said softly and confidently under the spell of the moonlight, "walk into all that radiance to perfect happiness."

They were both silent for a moment until she turned to look into his steady dark eyes. His young face was serious and his voice a bit husky as he spoke, "You're a blue elf tonight, Shirley, and I'm afraid I might lose you along that shining path."

"No, Lee, the 'blue moon' makes you my knight, in silver armor. Isn't it beautiful? Beautiful and shining, like our love."

The boy's voice broke, "Oh, my dear, my dear, may our love always be beautiful and shining!"

"Lee, let's go on, walk into the light made by our 'blue moon,' and be happy—forever."

"But that isn't life, dear."

She shivered.

"Lee! The moon looks far away and cold. Our lovely path is gone. See, the wind has made it rough. It's dark! Oh, Lee, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

"Let me hold you tight, little fairy girl. Our path is still there, even though it does look dark and rough. No path is bright always. Life is like that, Shirley. I don't understand, but it's true. Will you walk the path with me just the same?"

"Oh, Lee, I can't, I can't. Why is life like that? I hate life! I want a blue moon shining forever."

With a sob she slipped away from him and was gone. He did not attempt to follow her, but for a long while stood alone looking out over the dark water where the bright path had seemed so easy to follow a moment before.

"Poor story-book child!" he thought, "She will always be hurt until she understands that all life isn't like her books."

Shirley **was** hurt and bewildered, as she sped back to the farmhouse to lie for hours

in her room, her mind hotly rebellious at this thing Lee called life. She had never been obliged to face facts; only the story-book world had existed for her. John Scudder, her father, she had not known. Her mother, Mary, had thought of nothing but to guard her daughter from unhappiness. Shirley had been a quiet child, who loved to read. Other children did not interest her. She and her mother, both possessed of delightful imaginations, spent long hours together, reading and living in a make-believe world. When Mrs. Scudder suddenly died, Shirley went to live in a boarding-house with her father's sister, Lucy. Aunt Lucy worked all day; so the lonely child withdrew into her beloved book-world. Sometimes her detached manner and far-away expression baffled her aunt, but she did not know how to break the wall. Thus Shirley drifted along through school, learning little except what was absolutely necessary to enable her to pass. All her spare time she spent in a corner of the public library, so engrossed in reading as to be unconscious of what went on about her.

Upon graduating from high school she obtained a position in this same library, where she had become such a familiar figure. All the years, while other girls of her age were experimenting with the emotion known as love, Shirley dreamed of a lover such as her book heroes were.

Then came this vacation. No one she knew had ever heard of the town of Harpswell, but she chose it as the place where she should spend her precious two weeks. The reason for her choice she bothered to explain to no one. Interest in the town had been awakened in her because pictures of it looked like illustrations of a setting for a love story. When she saw the delightful old farmhouse in which she was to board she felt that her romance might well come to her near this spot.

The house was close by the shore. As soon as darkness fell, Shirley raced joyously up and down the smooth sandy beach. Running suddenly around a dark cliff she tripped over two long legs, and fell to her knees before a young man. They recovered from the shock simultaneously

and laughed at the informal introduction. His name was Lee Ware. In the critical light of the next day, he seemed as nice as he had the night before.

\* \* \* \*

By the end of Shirley's vacation she had fitted all her imaginary hero's garments on Lee. He was a delightful companion, and very willing to accept Shirley as his heroine. Together they devised stories and played them out in their long hours of comradeship.

This was their last evening together and it was at the quiet hour of midnight that they stood before Shirley's "blue moon." And Lee had failed her! Shirley sobbed aloud as she remembered Lee's practical words. She wished she had never seen him—and knew the wish to be untrue before it was formed. But she decided fiercely that she wouldn't let him destroy her dreams. She would go back to her books where beauty, love, and happiness never failed.

In the early dawn she dressed and left for home without leaving a word for Lee. Her books were waiting, and she plunged into frenzied reading. But for once the story-world failed to satisfy her. The heroes seemed shadowy and uninteresting. Lee's serious dark eyes kept coming before her, trying to make her understand.

\* \* \* \*

Slowly she began to notice the people who came into the library as she never had done before. As her interest in these people became more intense they seemed to realize it and told her their joys and sorrows. Her view of life grew broader and she grew away from romantic tales.

Lee was often in her thoughts. He became more than the hero of her dreams. She loved him now with a deeper love than before. What a silly, empty-headed child he must have believed her to be, she thought. Shame of her show of selfishness, and of her greed for only happiness and light kept her from trying to communicate with him.

\* \* \* \*

One rainy evening, as she was dusting old books in a dimly lighted corner of the stackroom, a voice behind her said:

"Where can I find a book on the blue moon?"

Shirley turned in panic to face Lee. His eyes smiled down upon her. "I'm sorry," she said doubtfully, and a bit shakily, "but according to science there is no such thing as a 'blue moon.'"

And before he could speak she rushed on, "I was such a fool, Lee; I understand now. The shining path does sometimes grow dark, but that is what makes the light places so beautiful."

His voice was very gentle as he spoke. "Scientists do say the moon is never blue, Shirley, but legend tells us that it is, and that when the moon is blue any wonderful thing may happen. Don't lose all your dreams, dear, the world needs them."

"Oh, Lee, I do want to make-believe sometimes. I'll walk the path with you now, if you still want me. Something wonderful **did** happen! I loved you."

"And I loved you."

"And it was 'once in a blue moon.'"

E. B., '29.

## A SENSE OF THE SOUL OF THINGS.

The room is two stories high, covered on all sides with books. The higher books are reached by a staircase leading to a narrow railed balcony. The light from the long windows is broken by outstanding stacks. It filters through the soft dust-laden air to make dimmer shadows on the floor. It advances on the hidden corners of the room, but does not conquer them. It fights the gloom, and early despairs. By mid-afternoon twilight has overcome it. The secret knowledge of the old Greek and Hebrew books is no more hidden from man's understanding than the books themselves are hidden from man's sight. Night comes on before the mind is prepared. It shadows blackly.

The library is a two-story building, brightly lighted. A starched young woman with a hint of daring in her eyes is at the desk, conquering a pedantic volume. In the spaces between stacks are groups of students; at one table three introspective young men are arguing an age old philosophy. At another, lovers. Here men are roughly studying Greek and chemistry, and girls are in ecstasy over Keats. A football magnate has propped his wondrous physique upon two carved chairs. A girl is alone, with dim eyes.

It is brightly nine o'clock. The scent of soap and of furniture polish mixes with disturbed dust. Women with stringy hair and large arms wash windows and floors. They examine angrily the books which fill the larger room. Under their breath they

grumble of unfairness and education and large families and sickness and luck. They work fast and lifelessly. One discovers a gold pen and throws it away. A red-haired woman loses her balance on a ladder and swears. They talk at intervals and laugh quickly and high.

Atmosphere is all. A few intersecting lines, a vivid and dull coloring, hazy and heavy air, raise continuous and intermittent, men in every mood, time, hour, place, all combine to produce atmosphere. It is experienced by every sense of perception harmonious with all others. Yet insensitive men may perceive every material and quite miss the mood. It is not every man who can catch the brief spirit of the lonesome gray library, the bright buzzing library, the sunny clean library.

I like to call it soul. I like to say that every perfect creation has a soul. Ugly lines and ugly colors there may be, but within the creation, finding its birth in the maker's mind, finding its realization in physical things, is the atmosphere of the piece.

Atmosphere is not static. It changes with every change of light and time and circumstance. The library of the late afternoon varies not at all in exact proportions from the library of nine in the morning. To the individual sense, the library itself has not changed. It is that sense of the soul of things, that comprehension which consists of hearing and seeing and feeling,—and of sensing that mood which

circumstances express, which glimpses the soul of the thing beyond the consistent lines and shades. This sense of the soul is not a lofty divination of prophets, but a human understanding. The realist who sees mere lines and colors is a dull-eared musician who hears each minute note of a symphony and does not rise to its motive.

No deeper friendship can persist without a sense of mood. In relation to outside things, true sympathy rests on the same understanding of the same situation. Between friends a current of unspoken sympathy flows undisturbed by broken words and beaten phrases. By a thousand ways the feeling friend knows the other's mood and thought, and acts in tune. To the

world a hollow laugh rings true but a sense of the soul perceives the vacuum. It is that safe knowledge of understanding almost more complete than self-understanding that is the greatest joy of friendship. All the queerness of the world finds in friendship a sensing interpreter.

All great poets and prophets have had this sense of the soul. They saw no more than common man sees, but they found the meaningful implication of things. Today our wise and reverent man of science sees not much less than he will in the millenium, but he has not yet sensed the deepest of spirits, the atmosphere containing all atmospheres, the soul of life.

Rena Mills, '29.

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## WHAT IS GREATNESS?

He had just been laid to rest in a tomb near that of the greatest soldier of all time. The nation forgot for a time that other great soldier, while, today, they paid tribute to the man who had just died. Perhaps a million heads were bowed as the gun carriage passed, bearing the body of the great soldier. The world has seldom seen its like before, and it is not probable that such a scene will be repeated in this age. Thus in the chapel of the Invalides a great soldier was laid to rest.

Several miles from the great city another funeral procession was leading to a country churchyard. It equalled the first only in its solemn aspect. Four or five poorly clad figures followed the carriage. The procession passed into the burial yard. The simple box was lifted out by shaking,

tender hands while tears rolled down the peaked faces of the mourners. The sign of the cross was made, and the casket was lowered into the earth. With a broken prayer from the sobbing woman, the earth covered another soldier of the Marne.

\* \* \* \*

In another world two stars shone, beautiful beyond all things holy, more pure than a misty cloud at sunset, exquisite as the dew-wet flower, sending a light as radiant as that of the dawn of a new day in a darkened world. Shone these two stars with equal light, while a great golden gate swung open. Then the two stars slowly disappeared as the Great Creator held high his hand to welcome two brave souls: "It is in thy hearts that I create thee equal."

Thelma Chase, '31.

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## POTATOES.

Solomon P. Jenkins sat on the back steps and looked down at the field of flourishing potatoes. That was some field, by cracky! Not one of the neighbors could touch it. Why, the tops must be half an inch thick at the stems already and they were spread out all over the rows. Last time he'd sprayed he'd been afraid the horses would step on them but they hadn't. He was a

pretty careful driver—ought to be after all these years, goodness knows! What with fooling around farms ever since he was thirteen. His father had died then—. That was a pretty long time ago, mused Solomon, thoughtfully pulling at his sparse grey hair, a habit of his when thinking.

His reflections were interrupted by the arrival of his wife, Melissa, who came out

to join him on the steps. She was one of those women who always wear an air of never being entirely caught up in their work and even at this moment she had a basket of mending in her hand. She was about fifty years old, small and worn-out, except for her eyes. In spite of the long years of toil on the farm, she still retained the spark of eternal youth in the depths of her alert brown eyes. The years would never be able entirely to subdue Melissa Jenkins.

Her husband looked up at her approach and moved over on the steps.

"M'lissa, jest you take a look at that there field of spuds, now. Did you ever see a pruttier sight? Look at them tops, there! Yessir! That's sure going to be some crop of potatoes. Things as goin' to break our way this year, old girl. Why, with what that twenty-acre field and the ten-acre back of the barn brings me I can pay off most of what we owe and be able to hold my head up like other folks again. There'll be a hundred and ten barrels an acre easy and at—"

"Now, Solomon," gently broke in Mrs. Jenkins. "Don't you go planning what you'll do with the money before you get it. 'Count not your chickens before they're hatched,' you know. This is only July and we don't know what will happen before tater diggin' time. Last year you remember they were comin' fine 'till August when the drouth struck 'em; and year before that—"

Solomon grunted impatiently.

"That's so, M'lissa. I know all that but it doesn't seem reasonable that bad luck would strike a man three years hand-runnin'. No, sir, tain't reasonable. The third year never fails, they say, and, M'lissa, this is **our third year**. Things has just got to turn out all right this time."

"Oh, Solomon—maybe you're right, I do hope they do," breathed Melissa, succumbing as she always did to the spell of her husband's unflinching optimism. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if you got a big crop and the price went up to—to—ten dollars? We could pay off the mortgage—"

"And I'd build a new hay barn and get that cultivator I've been wantin' ever since

I saw Hiram Sleeper with his new one, and let me see, I think I'd hire Jim Song's place for next year and plant that one and this one, too—"

An angry exclamation from his wife caused him to stop and look at her. Two fiery red spots were beginning to appear upon Mrs. Jenkins' wrinkled cheeks.

"No, I tell you! Nothing of the kind Solomon Jenkins! I declare you never even think of me at all. And I've stood it about as long as I'm goin' to, too. We've been married almost thirty-five years now and in all that time you've never thought to buy **me** a single new thing to work with. Never! Years when you had good luck, what did you do with the money? Did I ever get any of it? Not a bit of it. You went and bought a new horse, or built a new hay barn or (spitefully) bought a new cultivator. Cultivator! When you've already got more farm machinery than any man in town! And here I am usin' the same old churn your mother used all her life. Oh, I know you've promised and promised, and I've believed you and kept thinkin' next time it would be different, but I'm plumb sick of promises. This year it's a goin' to be different or I'll know the reason why. You've got to put runnin' water into this kitchen or at least a pump! I'm the only woman in this whole town that has to lug her own water"—but she was obliged to stop, exhausted.

Mr. Jenkins, throughout this tirade, had sat staring at his wife with bulging eyes and open mouth. Was this Melissa beside him?—Melissa, who was usually so meek and quiet, agreeing to everything without a murmur? Why yes, to be sure he dimly remembered her speaking about needing the pump once or twice but never—**never** like this.

"Now M'lissa," he began in the soothing voice one uses to a fractious child.

"Don't 'now M'lissa' me," retorted that person. "'Tain't no earthly good for you to talk now. You've got to **do** somethin' instead of promisin' so much."

"But M'lissa—now, jest listen a minute"—as she gave signs of breaking in again. "I've always been ameanin' to fix up the kitchen a little, but well, them things don't

come first. Don't you see, it's the big things that a man has to see to first, and how can you raise crops with old-fashioned machinery—"

"How can your wife raise decent bread with a stove like ours, that takes forever to get het up?"

"But a man's got to keep up with the other fellows—"

"A woman's got to keep up with the other women! I've had enough of their braggin' about their new 'lectric lights and refrigerators. Every year **their** husbands get a good crop they get something for their wives, too, but you—you go and—and build a new barn for the cows!"

"Now, M'lissa, you know a man's **got** to look after his cows or they won't do well. Why, doggone it all, they ain't contented end er-er happy unless they've got a good comfortable place to stay."

"Neither are wives contented without it," triumphantly. "And I guess if I was a man I'd put my wife and family ahead of my cows. Goodness knows, it's been hard enough to raise eight children in this old house and four of 'em girls at that. Did you ever notice that they never bring their beaus home like other girls do? No, you've never noticed it, but I have. An' I tell you right now, Solomon Percival Jenkins, it's time you was **a-mendin'** your ways."

And with this parting threat, Melissa gathered up her untouched darning and walked firmly into the house, leaving a very thoughtful spouse behind her. Solomon was Solomon Percival only upon rare and momentous occasions.

\* \* \* \*

The summer wore on. Rain and sun and rain and sun. Hoeing and spraying; haying and then at last harvesting. Large fields of yellow oats lay in neat bundles tossed out by the reapers. But through all this time, the farmers of Sheridan kept their weather eyes on the one all-important crop—potatoes. Already Solomon Jenkins had begun to plan for digging. True, it was only the twentieth of August, but this had been such a good summer that crops had ripened a little earlier than usual.

And then happened what had never oc-

curred within the lifetime of Sheridan's oldest resident—three weeks of rainy, misty, damp weather. Rain!!—the incessant downfall from clouds which appeared completely saturated with moisture.

The first day of the rain, Ase White, who was running the Barker Ridge farm, said he "guessed that the old man in the moon's wife musta been wringin' out her washin'!" but it "did seem as if she had a powerful lot of clothes for jest two people."

The second week Mr. White was heard to remark that he "callated that one of the angels must have broken Gabriel's horn and all the other angels were havin' a weepin' spell over it." The third week he was heard to say nothing at all.

As for Solomon Jenkins, he watched the downpour with the sickening fear of one who has staked his all and is facing ruin. At first he had welcomed the rain, as it had been a bit dry. But this feeling had quickly changed. The steady drip, drip had become a torrent to him. He would wake at night to listen for its pattering on the tin roof—now a steady down-pour, now little more than a drizzle until he would get up and tiptoe stealthily to the window with the vain hope that it might have ceased altogether. He grew lean and hollow-eyed, since he could neither eat nor sleep—nothing could save the potatoes now—except a miracle.

Melissa watched her husband with sorrowful eyes. Too many times had she seen him thus when a good crop "went bad." Too often had she seen a fortune just ready to materialize vanish into nothingness. She knew—why wouldn't she know? Born of farming people, she had been raised in an atmosphere of potatoes—potatoes. Good years—then everybody was happy, more because of the golden prospects than for what they really gained from the bumper year. Old fertilizer bills, interest and back taxes had gobbled most of it up—but ah!—there was always the possibility of another good year.

And bad years when even her happy-go-lucky, boyish father grew moody, irritable and unlike himself, cursing the fate that tied his hands so that he was unable to give his family all the luxuries of life which he

so wanted to do. Ah, she had seen enough, had Melissa Jenkins.

\* \* \* \*

At last the rain was over. A straggling ray of sunlight came breaking through the clouds and before long a blazing sun was baking the sodden earth into a pie-crusty consistency. Sheridan farmers as of one accord left their houses to wander over their sodden fields, now covered with countless pools of water. It was nine o'clock when Solomon Jenkins started out to look at his potatoes.

Melissa glanced anxiously at the clock. It was 12.30 and her husband had not yet returned. The Jenkins had always dined at twelve, a custom which they still observed even though the children were all out of school now and did not need dinner at that time in order to get back to school by one o'clock. What could be keeping Solomon? She went to the back door and looked out.

A bent old man—very, very old—was toiling laboriously up the hill. His eyes were fixed on the ground and his head was sunk upon his chest as if it was too much of a burden to hold upright. He walked as if each step was an effort. There was not much resemblance to the confident, springing walk of the "good looking Jenkins boy" who had come courting the "prettiest girl in Sheridan." There was only a tired and broken old man, beaten just once more in his unequal battle with the soil.

Slowly the plodding footsteps approached. Melissa was waiting, a question in her eyes, though her lips were mute as she held the screen door open for him to pass into the house. Finally, she opened her lips and spoke—only two words.

"Rust, Solomon?" She had been afraid of it, those heavy tops and all that rain.

"Yes—all gone—the whole thutty acres." He sat down heavily, the old kitchen chair creaking protestingly under his weight.

There was a silence in the little room. The old grandfather clock ticked loudly on the wall. Father Time was always bound to win in the end—tick-tock-tick-tock—

Melissa roused herself from her reverie

and, crossing the room, put a rough gnarled hand upon her husband's shoulder.

"Never mind, Sol, it doesn't matter anyway," she said. "You couldn't help it if it rained so long."

The figure in the cane-bottomed chair raised its head.

"No," tonelessly. "I couldn't help it—but I'd counted so much on it this year. 'Twould have meant the end of all our worries, M'lissa. Some people wouldn't have thought it an awful lot, maybe, but it would have been enough for us—I've worked so hard—"

"Yes, you did work hard—you always work hard"—softly.

"And M'lissa, I wanted to square myself with you, too. I wasn't a-goin' to say anythin' about it, but I've been thinkin' over what you said about needin' things in the house and I was plannin' to surprise you—with the money—all at once so you could do jest what you wanted to with it—a new house, maybe, if you wanted it—and now! Seems as tho' I'm more disappointed over that than anythin' else." He paused and turned his face away abruptly.

Melissa was trying hard to keep the tears back. Farmer's wives never cried. That was one lesson her mother had taught her and she had never forgotten it in all these years. But in spite of herself a big lump came into her throat and would not go away.

She leaned down and touched her husband's grizzled hair.

"Were you really goin' to do all that for me, Pa? (Solomon was only Pa on rare and momentous occasions. The first time had been when little Sol had died—) I declare, I know it sounds wicked to say so, but it don't seem as if I care a bit now if the crops did go and rust. Now that I know you were doin' it all for me, why—why—honest, Pa, it don't seem as if it matters at all!

"And I've lived in this kitchen the way it is for so long I can stand it a while longer, I guess. And Pa (the eternal cry of those who till the soil came springing unconsciously to her lips) and Pa maybe—next year."

## BURDEN.

Burnham, Pride's Crossing, Dunbar, Merryville, Bunker, Canaan, then—then **Turner! Turner!! Turner!!!** No one would be there to meet her, but she could get on the stage, it goes right by the house. The folks would be home and glad to see her, just as if nothing had happened.

They would think at first it was just a visit, and she would have to tell them then, because—because of **that**. As if her eyes were drawn against her will to the bundle in her arms, she lowered her head almost imperceptibly. Her arms, however, lost none of their rigidity. There she had sat for half an hour with her bundle wrapped in a pink blanket, stiffly erect and dull-eyed. She had no lunch to eat and was only vaguely hungry. Burnham, Pride's Crossing, Dunbar, Merryville, Bunker, and Turner. She had never forgotten that list, and never would.

Some of the folks in town would say, "All you'd expect," when they learned she had come home to stay. Pa and Ma wouldn't ask questions, but she would tell them—tell them how Harry and his mother had treated her.

"Harry Blake is too good a husband for one o' them shiftless Keyeses—and Adelaide in particular," people had said. "Maybe Old Lady Blake'll put some pep in 'er."

Pep! Old Lady Blake had tried to, all right. Probably Adelaide was partly to blame. Housework had been sort of easy-going at home. Ma never let her do much anyway; she never was very strong. Harry and his mother were always well. His mother, especially, made her boast, "Never a sick day and never a drop of medicine," and sniffed up her nose as if it were only lazy and "spleeny" people who were sick.

\* \* \* \*

When the baby was coming, it was worse. Nobody wanted it very much. "Another mouth to feed." Mrs. Blake had snorted, and Harry had just been more silent than ever. Well, Harry was old, nearly forty, and she was eighteen. There couldn't be much sympathy between them. She had wanted to go home before the baby came, but Mrs. Blake had demanded

of her, as if she had been a wilful child, "do you know how much the carfare would be? Goodness only knows where the doctor's bills are coming from!" And that was the end of it.

It was a girl. She was named Hattie. "We ought to name it after Ma," Harry had said. Adelaide was too weak to protest. Somehow she couldn't get over feeling tired and weak, get over that numb coldness that gripped her senses and stilled her energy. The baby was a weakling, too. It cried most of the time, a nervous sickly cry that annoyed Harry and sent Ma Blake into inhuman silences. **Her** babies had never cried.

In her weakness, Adelaide had just one thought that soon became almost an obsession; to go home—go home to get away from the daily torture of living on the defensive, like a tethered animal. She never thought beyond the fact that she was going back to the farm where the folks were.

It never occurred to her to tell Harry that she wanted to leave him, any more than it would have occurred to her to tell Ma Blake that there was too much saleratus in the biscuit. She would just run away after Harry had gone out to work, perhaps on one of those rare mornings when Ma Blake left her alone in the house and went to market. The real difficulty came with carfare; she had no money. She could hardly send home for the necessary amount; Ma had just been sick and there never was any extra.

Her dull brain revolved the problem day after day. Finally a solution came. Harry showed her a dollar that a distant relative had sent for the baby, evidently believing that a bank account should be started at an early age. Other members of the thrifty Blake family followed suit. They always believed in sending practical gifts; dainty knitted things were foolish luxuries. All the offerings were put in the blue kitchen on the mantel. "Put it in the bank next time I go to Burnham," Harry announced.

On one day Adelaide counted it enough for a ticket! It wasn't stealing—the money belonged to **her** baby. But the baby did



not need it now. She would save and save to replace it. It was her only chance: Adelaide realized that and waited.

\* \* \* \*

"Going to Burnham tomorrow, Ma, want to go?" Adelaide watched Harry take the bills from the blue pitcher and put them in his pocketbook. Harry did everything slowly and deliberately.

"S'pose I might, the butter is churned. Adelaide can make up the bread, if she has to. We'd better start by seven."

The train left the crossing at seven-thirty—across the fields she could make it.

The baby slept badly and Adelaide was up frequently. Harry slept soundly; it was not at all difficult to get the bills. Harry would not count his money in the morning; he was always sure. Never in her life had Adelaide planned or executed so daring a deed. Marrying Harry had not been exciting. But then, Adelaide was not herself any more; she had sufficient energy for only one emotion.

It was six o'clock when she crawled out of bed. Not a sound from the crib, the baby was sleeping at last. Perhaps it wouldn't be so fussy on the train.

Promptly at seven the wagon rolled out of the door yard. Adelaide dropped the dish-rag, and ran to the bed-room. Sleeping still? She would dress herself first; she must lock the doors. At the last moment, tingling with anticipation that bordered on joy and with more animation than she had known since childhood, she lifted the baby. The little shrunken face stared at her, and she suddenly became aware of the cold stiffness of the thing she held in her arms.

So this was the end of it! She would have to stay here now, stay here alone all day with her dead baby. She would have to wait for Harry to come home at night and ask her where the money was. She would have to tell Ma Blake the whole story, and they would probably blame her because the baby died. Then they would never—never let her go home; she would be a prisoner here until she escaped like the baby. O God! She couldn't! She laid the baby back in the crib, clutched the bills, and started to run out of the room, but the very emptiness of her arms stopped her.

Was it honesty to the baby? She was using its money—or was it a faint reassertion of another being who had scarcely existed, Adelaide the mother? Or was it the revenge of a wife who would leave him nothing, who would take all that was hers?

She wrapped the baby in a blanket, pinned it, and took it in her arms as she would any lifeless thing.

She must hurry to make the crossing. What if the train shouldn't stop! There was almost never a passenger. She stumbled across the field, clutching the bundle tightly—what if she should drop it? The train did stop and she was safe going away forever! Harry would never come after her; he was too proud. He would probably be glad in a way that she had gone, unless the injustice she was doing him rankled too much, or unless the shame of her going soured him too bitterly.

\* \* \* \*

At Burnham, her heart beat more rapidly; he was probably there now. Perhaps he was in the bank and finding the bills gone. That station passed, she breathed more easily. People looked at her strangely but she was hardly conscious of it.

"Pride's Crossing!"

Her arms were aching, yet they seemed detached from the rest of her body. She still held the bundle rigidly, never looking at it. Soon they stopped aching and were only numb.

"Dunbar."

A woman getting on the train looked familiar. It was Mrs. Higbie from Turner. What if she should stop and ask to see the baby! Adelaide shrank back in the seat and turned her head the other way. Mrs. Higbie did not notice her, and went through to the next car. The woman in the next seat unwrapped a lunch for her children, cold boiled eggs and chunky sandwiches. Would they never stop eating? The hungry children nauseated her.

"Merryville."

With fatigue and lack of food—she had been too nervous to eat breakfast—Adelaide's mind was almost in a stupor. She could see horrible images—Mrs. Blake and Harry returning home, finding her and the

baby gone. **Harry would not know the baby was dead.**

"Bunker!"

It was insufferably hot and stuffy. She must not faint! The grinding of the wheels grew louder and louder; the chatter in the car was fading away. By mere strength of will she pulled herself back into consciousness. She mustn't drop the baby. (She had never called it Hattie to herself.)

"Canaan!"

The familiar name startled but strength-

ened her. Her pulse quickened a bit; her eyes lost some of their inhuman dullness. Yes—

Burnham, Pride's Crossing, Dunbar, Mer-ryville, Bunker, Canaan, then Turner. She noticed the people in the car about her, people she had seen before, but they did not know her. The train was slowing down; people gathered up their bags, their wraps. She recognized the familiar landscape through the window. It was—

"Turner!"

L. N. W., '30.

## ON BASKET LUNCHES.

If you are like the ordinary American you will smell pine needles, see the sunlight draining through thick green boughs, and taste thin slices of pink ham when I mention the words "basket lunch." To most of us and to me, too, a year ago they called forth all kinds of happy anticipations of a jolly carefree time. My original conception of the idea has been somewhat dimmed by the indigestion provoking result of a European's idea of a basket lunch. Of course there were exceptions that made eating en route worthwhile, but they were exceptions indeed, not the rule.

One burning hot day in July we left our hotel in Cologne carrying our first German lunch literally in our fists. When my waiter handed me a collection of stringless, bagless, bundles wrapped in paper napkins a faint suspicion of the toothsome-ness of their contents came to my mind. By the means of an energetic display of hand gymnastics, he conveyed to me the idea that I was to consume the contents of one of those bundles for my noon meal. I had no time to inquire into the matter further as the train was about to leave. The prospect of eating lunch on a steamer going down the great Rhine gorge was alluring.

On the train that was to take us to Coblenz I didn't bother to even peek beneath the fluttering paper wrapping of my lunch, and certainly in the surging mass of humanity which was boarding the boat there was neither time nor place for such an inspection. We were pushed up the gang-

plank in the midst of stalwart semi-burned hikers and substantial fraus, and found that the only vacant places on the boat were under a glass inclosure that served excellently as a hot house. I fear from that experience that I was never intended for a cultivated rose. I withered; I wilted; I drooped—then joyfully I thought of my basket lunch. Eating always had revived me. I would eat. I unloosed the paper and disclosed two enormous, two gigantic, two impossible sandwiches. Enclosed in impregnable walls of rye bread lay, or rather were draped, good German Bologna which loudly boasted of the nature of its flavoring. In America I had determined that when traveling I would never fuss about the food and that I would always try everything once. I did. I chewed valiantly for ten minutes and then bowed to the supremacy and superior strength of German bread. I went below and tried in my six word German vocabulary to buy water. There was none. I bought hot chocolate and wilted more. Further discussion is unnecessary and unbecoming. For the rest of that broiling afternoon I alternately watched for storied castles and vineyards, and looked at young Germany eating Bologna and sucking oranges. From that day on I was wary of basket lunches.

My German experience made my ensuing Italian ones seem less dramatic but not a bit less ludicrous. One day we boarded the train at Rome—the temperature at seven was already very near a hundred—

armed with our ordinary luggage plus two paper shopping bags of basket lunch. The Italian cook had frugally conserved space and put the lunch for our party of six in two receptacles. Until four o'clock in the afternoon we were separated, and when at that hour we finally found a compartment where we might all be together, we eagerly settled ourselves to eat. I was the chosen one to divide the lunch. I picked up one bag and found that it contained a rattling collection of six unshelled, hard-boiled eggs, twelve round Italian rolls whose outer crust resembled nothing as much as cast iron, six hard green pears, six hard yellow apricots, six hard peaches.

This discovery elicited no joy from my fellow travelers. "Perhaps there is some meat in the other bag," Valerie remarked hopefully. It might be well to explain here the Italian conception of a sandwich. The method is to take a roll, grasp it firmly—it will not crush,—from the package of meat supplied pull off a strip which will come in lengths varying from six inches to a foot and a half. Wrap this carefully about the roll anchoring the loose end with your right thumb. You have an Italian sandwich. To resume—"Yes," I replied, "I think this package must have meat in it." I opened it. It had meat. I hurled it through the window. Suffice it to say that the ham had fought a losing battle with the heat.

"Well," said Valerie, tactfully changing the subject, "perhaps there is water." There was. We eagerly quaffed a great draught of water at the tepid temperature so much advised for bathing, and with such an amount of fizz as I never thought could be stored in one bottle. What did it matter, I stoically reflected as I munched a roll from one hand and an unsalted egg from the others? I was seeing Italy, and I might spend the rest of my life at home eating soft bread and salted eggs. I could relate of Italian lunches indefinitely, but I shall turn to the more cheerful Swiss version of the same subject.

Traveling all too swiftly down exquisitely blue Lac Lemman, we delved joyfully into the crackly flowered bags that contained our luncheon. We found crisp Swiss rolls, delectable fruit, three slices of meat, and of

course individual portions of creamy cheese. That was the perfect exception to the continental basket lunch. Almost anything, even though it bore the stigma of an Italian sandwich, could be eaten hungrily in the invigorating air rushing down from majestic Alpine peaks. Switzerland is a compelling land of rough mountains, clear air, azure heavens, and deep, cold lakes. But that seems to have little bearing on the title. From my childhood days, though, I have associated Switzerland and the Swiss with a certain brown wrapper bearing the alluring picture of a mountain, a roughly conical peak, and the slogan "High as the Alps in quality." That certainly has a bearing on lunches.

I must continue and turn to the French version of the subject, an ample and fully equipped one. On leaving to catch the boat train to Cherbourg, I was presented with a pasteboard box somewhat the size of a laundry case.

"Ah," I thought, "I see I am to carry the lunch for the whole group." My surmise was incorrect, for my five companions were given like encumbrances. We elbowed our way through the jostling crowd that filled La Gare St. Lazarre and our transit was in no way facilitated by a continual attempt to preserve "the lunch" from instant extermination between fat ladies and fast porters. Lunches in the main are based on the same idea from like the others. It was the changing detail are what change. This lunch was much like the others. It was the changing detail of a goodly assortment of hardware that made this one unique. We found a supply of forks that would penetrate nothing but the tender lining of your mouth, knives that refused to cut but were eager to stab a teetering piece, spoons which had nothing "to spoon," and corkscrews which would do nothing but be sat upon. These all rattled merrily against their companion, a bottle of warmed solution of Epsom salts flatteringly termed mineral water. That meal was a merry one, for it was the last one eaten on foreign soil.

Perhaps I may be criticised for dwelling so much on things of the body, where things of the spirit abound from St. Paul's in Lon-

don, to the slender spires of Milan's great Duomo outlined against an intense blue sky. These are so beautiful that they should be handled so lightly and tenderly that not even a whisper of a discordant note may sound. Mine is not the hand to do that. But we must eat whether we choose baked beans in a smug Boston restaurant, or rolls and hard boiled eggs on a lurching, care-free Italian train. Europe may excel in most of the arts, but I think it will have to give the laurel to America, the land of forests, interminable plains, rush-

ing torrents, and—basket lunches. Like most of young America I am a born picnicker, and that is why the basket lunch phase of Europe was firmly planted in my mind. May I be forgiven if I say—

Oh! London is a man's town  
There's mutton everywhere,  
And Paris is a woman's town  
With a La's in the air.

Oh! it's sweet to dine in Venice  
And spaghetti's great in Rome.  
But when it comes to lunching—  
There's no place like home.

E. R., '32.

## MARY'S RETURN.

Mary decided to pin the note on his pillow. He would see it when he went through the house wildly screaming for her. And when he found she was gone and only the note—

But it wasn't a **note**. It was a real epistle. Consequently she couldn't make it look cool and important bunched up on the pillow like that. She decided to put it on the hall rug where he would be sure to see it the first thing he stepped into the hall. She wished she hadn't made it so long. She had started it beautifully and dramatically as all wives do. "I am going away. By the time you read this I shall be gone. Do not search for me for I shall leave no clue. It is much better like this. Our lives like two rivers merge for a time, but now each must be searching new banks." Yes, she had started it that way, but then she started enumerating his many faults and that took so much space the note lengthened into a long letter. She could have stood, she told him, his ruining the curtains with his tobacco smoke, and letting the big dog put his muddy feet on the divan, but what she **could** not tolerate was his neglect of her. Her last red dress,—he'd never mentioned but once how beautiful it looked with her hair and her complexion. While Molly's husband was always telling Molly how adorable she **always** looked. And the radio. He always persisted in keeping it tuned in to some vulgar "prize fight" so that she missed all the finest cooking recipes. **And**

the dogs; she had consented to take the pink ribbon off the biggest dog,—but what hurt did it do "Fluff" the Pekingese? To be sure he had tripped on it, but Fluff will trip anyway. Mary's husband's mother had given her "Fluff."

She ended the letter with a few words that she knew would bring "smarting" tears to his eyes and the bitter realization of how cruelly he had maltreated her.

As she pulled on a little brown turban and wrapped her soft fur coat about her, she stole a glance in the mirror. She paused, searching for signs of great grief and bitter disillusionment on her face.

She studied her trim little house with zealous scrutiny. She would have preferred to leave it in dishevelled disorder; a few silk underthings thrown over the divan; an evening gown with broken pearls trickling on and around it as it lay in a crumpled heap on the rug. But her love of order prevailed. The little place was as immaculate as only Mary could make it.

The weather suited her mood perfectly. It was raining, a soft rain that left the world grey. She would have liked to have left the house in the rain in a diminutive pink cotton dress, but she couldn't. One had to think of the neighbors. Besides the rain would have ruined her chiffon hose.

She had no well-formulated plans. Only to get away, she told herself, as she closed the door and slipped the key under the door-rock. She was glad it was raining. It

would hide her tears which she knew were, by now, spilling from her sad eyes.

The walk in the rain-filled air did her good. Much to her dismay she arrived at the dusty station misty-eyed and rosy-cheeked. She sat down in one of the hard station chairs waiting for a train. She unconsciously drew her feet up under the seat and folded her hands piously in her lap. Sitting so, she looked more like a demure little girl going on her first visit than like a desperate woman deserting her husband.

She was so enmeshed in the tangle of her tumbled thoughts that she hadn't noticed a bent old man, dressed in the conventional blue serge common to railway officials who had come in and sat down not far from her. She looked at him now idly. Bent with time, he was, but not from the circumstances of life.

Besides the presence of the ticket-sellers back at the window in the farther end of the room, they two were alone in the station. The man took off his gold-braided cap and laid it down on the seat beside him. With stubby fingers he smoothed the petals of a dusty white carnation in his coat lapel. The carnation, revived a little by the rain-bath, stuck up pertly as a result of the old man's ministrations.

The railway clock ticked on,—a monotonous "Maree-Left, Maree-Left." After fifteen minutes of silent waiting Mary's ardor was beginning to dampen a bit.

Perhaps the funny railway man would talk to her, she thought. She said, "It's raining, isn't it?" by the way of a starter.

She noticed that he had laugh-crinkles around his eyes when he smiled and said, "Just a bit, Miss—but it's always a clearing up shower."

"Do you always take this train?" she retorted.

"Oh yes," dreamily, and then a little proudly, "It has been **my train** for years—"

"Your train? And you like it. You seem happy—even—even with weather." Mary wondered if she had said too much. But he answered slowly. "I'll always like it. There's not many years more—you know—"

He was thinking about a pension prob-

ably, Mary thought. But he couldn't mean?—"not many years more? Why, why," she faltered—"You mean—you've—"

"We can't live forever," he told Mary gently. "and then we'll **meet** everyone who's gone before." He fingered his white carnation contemplatively.

"Your—your wife?" Mary asked timidly and then remembered she was the wife of **someone**.

"No, not in this life anyway," the gentle little man went on. "Say what is your name?" He suddenly looked at Mary as if for the first time he were speaking to **her** and not the carnation. Mary was not surprised at the question. She realized her pertinence had induced such straightforwardness.

"It's Mary An—"

He broke in, "Mary. I thought so. Seemed to take such an interest in my Mary." The little man was speaking now with an eagerness that almost frightened Mary.

"And—white carnation?"

He went on. "She had a garden with lots of flowers, primrose, and hollyhocks, nasturtiums, and gentians."

"And—white carnations?" Mary was almost ashamed, because of the reverent look that again transfigured his face as he fingered the dusty little flower in his lapel.

"She was sick a long time." Again he was speaking to the flower more than to Mary. "She used to lie in bed propped up on a pillow in her garden. On good days, that is. She was blonde, and her hair fluffed out 'round her face—like a little carnation. A little white carnation. I told her I'd always wear it. A new one every day. And that was nigh on fifty years ago now. Fifty years." He looked up from the carnation. In his eyes, Mary knew, was not a brown-haired pink-cheeked rain-swept girl, but a dainty miss with flaxen hair; a girl with a flowered muslin frock and a cameo at her throat, perhaps.

She couldn't speak. She leaned over to pat his hand. A long tin-ny scream pierced the sides of the station. The train was coming! Mary's train to take her from her husband!

The train puffed in, dripping black perspiration. Conductors swung down from its

sides and ran along the platform to catch their balance. The train creaked and groaned, and stopped.

The Conductor-with-the-Carnation-in-his-Buttonhole, smiled at Mary, put on his gold-braided hat and went out to his train. He said, "Good bye Mary." She waved at him till the carnation, a living thing, bobbed inside the train and was gone.

\* \* \* \*

She was home when He got there. The dogs bounced in with him nearly knocking Mary over as they pawed her dress. Before he could apologize for not checking

them, she had told him it was perfectly all right. The dress was old. Was he tired? She felt it would be an age before she could touch his rough coat. Fifty years—fifty years.

"Silly little girl," he said as she pulled his head down to kiss his face.

An awful racket rent the air. Mary's amazed husband stood as one shot, as he heard, in sonorous tones coming from the direction, "Sonneberg has just hurled the **Mighty Mauler** into the air." A pause, in which Mary's voice came with sweet concern: "I hope his neck is not broken."

P. S., '30.

## The Book Shelf

(REVIEW OF RECENT BOOKS.)

### MOTHER INDIA.

You who expect a tale of India—the India of the whirling, maddened, God-blessed Ganges; India of the Mongolia-scattered roads to Mandalay; India of the dusky natives who speak in husky, drawling patois; India of the elephants, swinging along, majestic, tail to nose, nose to tail, down the matted trails of the jungle; India of the moons—Moons that make Her a fantasy in the supple sway of palm trees; India of gorgeous incense, breathing aweing idols; India of deserts, camels and tribesmen, and India at sunset when all the air is blue, and the only breath is the tang of smoke rising threadlike from all the hearth-fires in all the midget mudded villages: You then, you had best keep on with **Kim** and **Jungle Tales**.

Not for you but for those who seek informational India this book is written; the India of indescribable poverty, filth, and degradation; India of child-wives and low-lived mentality; India of age-old superstitions and thirsty idols offering disease and death as an only salvation; an India that treats her child-women with less reverence than the lowest beast. It is a horrible tale

of a dirty, cringing down-trodden people—oversexed and short-lived. The author tells us that at the age of thirty the Indians have become old men. Is it greatly to be wondered at that the Indian government is the tottering body it is today if such statements are true?

Katharine Mayo, its author, knew when she wrote this book, that bitter controversies would be the result. In view of this fact there are notes and detailed references at the bottom of every page that carries questionable statements. She has proof for everything she says.

One of the most bitter oppositions to her work was the book of Dhan Gopal Mukerji, an Indian. In it he openly flays Miss Mayo as a misguided soul who has made sweeping, general statements concerning isolated places which are not typical of whole of India. He believes she must hate India to so desecrate the name of mother as she has done page after page—and so on and on he goes till he has a small volume of rather unconvincing denunciations.

Yet to my mind, Miss Mayo has not tried to write a sensational book, rather

she has endeavored to print those things which will arouse sentiment for the purpose of bettering India. And despite the expression of the Indian that she hates India it doesn't seem that it can be so. For

she has seen, as no Indian has had the power to visualize, the glory of pagan, exotic India with its lazy, dreamy days, and blue-grey nights as opposed to all its human degradation.

P. S., '30.

## THE KING'S HENCHMAN.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's is that rare gift that marks the true artist, and the work to which she sets her hand bears the stamp of great talent if not genius. **The King's Henchman** is in every way a big piece of work and like all such things, brings its full share of criticism, both favorable and adverse. Of Miss Millay's treatment of such a rough-hewn subject, we can have nothing but favorable criticism. The rugged life of the early Saxon to be fully appreciated must be handled in a rugged way. From stage setting to marching song, every detail smacks of a man's touch rather than that of the woman who wrote **An Afternoon on a Hill**.

Merely to visualize and create such a picture as we are first shown in Eadgar's hall, necessitates a mind far beyond the ordinary; to sustain interest through three acts requires a command of language and mature comprehension that few possess. The play is the work of a fruitful mind, a mind that can treat a great theme with sim-

plicity, that can add a touch of lyric loveliness to a scene of rough manhood and yet leave not a trace of insipidness.

In some ways the plot of the story is disappointing, for we are ever loathe to have a hero fail to come up to the standard we set him, or a heroine grow less beautiful than we first believed her. When we meet Aelfrida in the misty moonlight, we feel we have at last found a woman whose soul is as lovely as her face. The Aelfrida we leave in that tragic hall is lovely of face still but in soul small and weak. Aethelwold, too, commands less and less of our admiration as the play goes on. But is it not a convincing proof of the greatness of Miss Millay's work, that in spite of our acute dislike for much of the plot, we still accord it its due of praise?

Many books are written, but few out-live the censure of the years. Although **The King's Henchman** is too modern to be truly judged, it has the tang of greatness that promises well.

E. R., '32.

## The Poet's Corner

### TRAINS.

Trains are such impersonal, disinterested  
beasts.  
They hurry blindly by, seeing nothing of  
these common things—  
Wayside stands and little houses drearily  
alike,  
Big barns with tiny windows for cows  
(I wonder if cows wouldn't like big win-

dows),  
Squares with cannons and black balls  
Ignobly planted for children to sit on,  
Old friendly-looking houses for sale;  
Slim daughter birches standing in deep  
gullies,  
Beautiful juniper eating its way through  
the fields,  
Stone walls with cavities that need a den-

tist's care,  
 Trees everywhere—beeches in gray tail-  
 ored suits,  
 Oaks that keep their leaves a soft, rustling  
 tan,  
 Baby firs up to their necks in the snow that  
 the sun did not see;  
 Little deserted schoolhouses with closed  
 eyes,  
 Sudden loud billboards that glare at coun-  
 try things,  
 Plowed pieces of land like patches on over-  
 alls,  
 Haycocks ludicrous in bonnets of dirty  
 white,  
 The river with its soap bubble curls hurry-  
 ing toward the sea,  
 And always, you cannot escape them, tele-  
 phone poles,  
 Cold, naked things, mere slaves to hold up  
 singing wires,  
 But trains love not these things. They were  
 made by man,  
 And when man made them he forgot to  
 give them souls.

P. B., '30.

#### BOWL OF GOLD.

A strangeness seems upon the wind tonight,  
 Perhaps because it holds too many mem-  
 ories  
 Of moments when a dream became alive.  
 There was that night of two short years  
 ago  
 When I knew your heart was mine, and  
 mine was yours,  
 And love hung low—a silver cloud above  
 us.  
 Ha! Now you tell a dark-haired maiden  
 that you love her,  
 And I have kissed a hundred times and  
 more,  
 But there will never be another night like  
 that one,  
 Nor another moon so smiling.

Love is no longer shy and half-afraid,  
 But flames in glorious fire across the heart.  
 Still, there is something more we would  
 have back,  
 Something that is young and new—and  
 gone.

Wendy.

#### THE LESSON.

I tilt my head up, you bend yours down,  
 Don't laugh! No, no—oh please! Don't  
 frown.  
 Now place your arms around me—so,  
 I've seen it in the movies that is how I  
 know.

Now kiss me, Jack. Not on my nose!  
 That's not the way. Now try.  
 Look in my eyes and hold me—Oh-h-h!—  
 I kn-know I—should not cry.

But, Jackie dear, I didn't think—  
 I've practiced—on the cat,  
 But don't you see!—I never guessed  
 A kiss could be like that.

E. B., '29.

#### SONNET TO SPRING.

When boys are playing marbles in the  
 street,  
 When puddles mirror blue and white of  
 sky,  
 When coarse grey snow creeps off on sheep-  
 ish feet  
 And leaves the bare, brown earth at last  
 to dry  
 Beneath the clean, true wind that's  
 sweeping by,  
 When tiny buds appear on every limb.  
 Where in the trunk the nimble sap runs  
 high;  
 When robin comes and sings an early  
 hymn,  
 And the tumbling brook in joy o'er-  
 flows his brim,  
 And all the prison walls of gleaming  
 snow  
 Beneath the sun are falling frail and  
 dim  
 And, weary, mingle with the water's  
 flow,  
 Then all the busy streets with laughter  
 ring,  
 And man knows in his heart that it is  
 spring.

A. L. B., '30.

#### A RIVER SKETCH.

I

There is a shady place on the river  
 Where a lacy willow



Stretches out over the water.  
 I sit and watch the sun dance through the  
 shadows  
 And lie below the dark brown of the water  
 As though a gold-scaled dragon  
 Were sprawled there on the mud.

## II

The willow has a small joke with the river  
 About a young and awkward star  
 That tumbled from the sky the other night.  
 The river giggles and shakes to think of it;  
 And even a stern grackle hears  
 And sits on a branch of the willow  
 And laughs a big, hoarse laugh.

Wendy.

## MENDED.

The wind tore a hole in the sky,  
 But God pinned it back with gold stars.  
 Just so, He made a broken life  
 More beautiful for scars.

P. S., '30.

## CIRCUS.

"This world is but a stage," and Life the  
 clown.  
 He mocks and teases all; his jokes abound  
 Deep hidd'n in pranks that are so subtly  
 played  
 That only he who feels the prick can know  
 That he has been the target of the knave:  
 And so, this Life. The jester's paid to  
 make  
 His jest so witty and so keen that all  
 May laugh together, tho a truth lies deep  
 Beneath his joke and we may take or leave  
 it.  
 Oh, there are times galore this fool will act  
 For me alone! He does a set of hand-  
 springs:  
 Runs quickly back and forth to show his  
 speed,  
 And entertains me in most regal style,  
 Until he's tired, and then when he lies  
 down  
 Life's flat for me.—This silly clown, with  
 whom  
 I play for laughter and for tears, long  
 hours,  
 Knows me much better than I know myself,  
 And with his wit and foolery lures me on.  
 Oft-times I do rebel, but he's the stronger

man;  
 His mirthful thoughts go deeper far than  
 mine,  
 His knowledge's wide, his judgment's sure.  
 And so  
 He tricks me into thinking things his way,  
 Tho I would not. And thus I find myself  
 At disadvantage placed and plead his  
 mercy.  
 "Hoop-la!" he cries—and jumping thru  
 the hoop  
 He smashes all the fabric of my dreams!  
 "Well done, Sir Fool!" The tears are chok-  
 ing me—  
 But I will laugh. He's meant for this I see.  
 Evelyn Morrison, '31.

## PHILOSOPHY.

The way that lies in front of me  
 Is all unknown. It looks so dark!—  
 I'm sure 'tis but a shadow placed  
 "Just so" with care, concealing well  
 The promise of the days that I  
 Approach with caution and with dread.  
 I know there's One who plans these things;  
 For other days I have beheld  
 Like shadows, and have feared to tread  
 The road so dimly seen—until,  
 When I had reached the place I feared  
 To pass, I stopped and looked—  
 And found no thing but loveliness!

E. M., '31.

## CHAPERONES.

With apologies to John MacCrae.  
 Out there the girls sway to and fro  
 With their partners, they come and go  
 Past where we stand; and as if mad  
 The drums beat—so wild and sad  
 That we are moved, here is our row.  
 We are the chaperones. Long years ago  
 We danced, were gay—when lights burned  
 low  
 We lived and were loved. And now we sit  
 And watch your throbbing feet.  
 We laughed, knew joy; there were no cares  
 Ere heavy age had claimed these hairs  
 And hearts were broken and troths were  
 mended  
 All in one night—But that is ended—  
 And now—we are the chaperones.

Oh let us to the dance and toy  
 With love again! Just one more night,  
 Be mad! What's that you tell?—  
 Little Mary did not say "Good Night"—  
 Well

She is so young, and that's her way—  
 'Tis not the way of chaperones!

P. S., '30.

### GULLS' WINGS.

#### I

Away, long waste of snow!  
 And turn aside,  
 Low hills that shut me in!  
 The leaping madness of a winter moon—  
 A red moon just above those long, black  
 trees—  
 Has given me the silver wings of gulls  
 With which to tear the stillness of the  
 night.

#### II

At last! The slow, deep breathing of the  
 sea—  
 The black sea—through whose slumbering  
 breast  
 The red moon plunges jagged knives of  
 light.

#### III

. . . Gulls' wings? No!

Four narrow, stubborn walls  
 Have hemmed me in again,  
 And brown hills wait in silence all around.  
 Mary Allen, '31.

### RIDING.

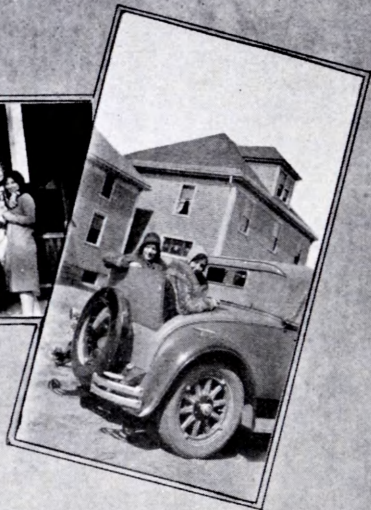
We'll skirt the distant mountains  
 And know the valley's mist  
 We'll cleave the carmined sunset  
 And leap the hills all twilight kissed  
 And shadow-hung.  
 We're away—away—  
 We're racing with the day!

The flash of your hoof sends sunlight  
 Shining on shadowed plains,  
 And the breath from your quiv'ring  
 nostrils  
 Rushes through drowsy lanes,  
 We're thundering by  
 We're away—away—  
 We're racing with the day!

I can feel your taughtened muscles  
 Under your flying mane,  
 While my heart is leaping—leaping—  
 And burns like a singing flame.  
 We're away—away—  
 We'll spurn the earth—  
 I'm riding the wind today!

E. R., '32.

# LESS-LUCID-HOURS



# THE COLBIANA

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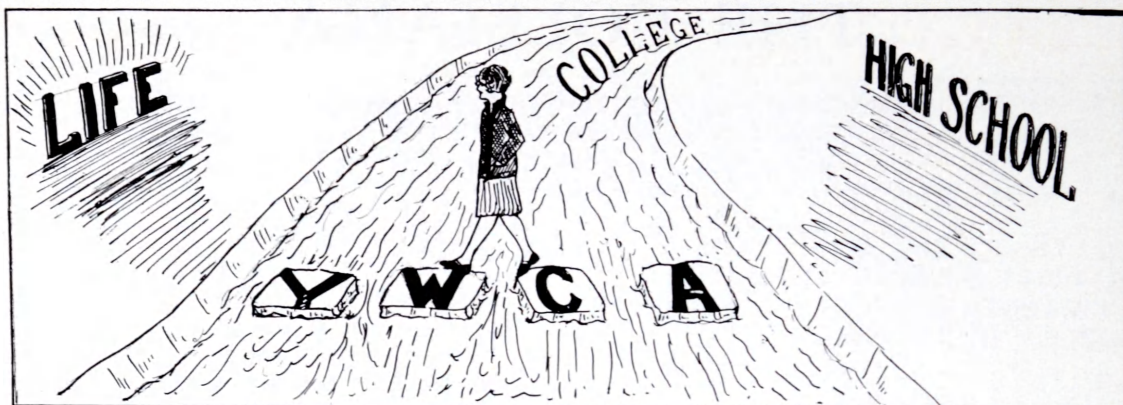
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All Alumnae news and other items of interest to the Women's Division will be gladly received by the Editors.



A memorial service for Edna Huff was held in Y. W. C. A. meeting Tuesday evening, November 21. Ruth Ramsdell, '32, played a violin solo as the girls were passing into the assembly room. The speakers were: Virginia Dudley, Helen Chase, Harriet Kimball, Rosaline Mosher, and Miss Runnals. The latter said of Edna: "We can all learn a lesson from her faithfulness, dependability, and constancy." The meeting closed with a prayer and another violin selection.

On November 27, Mrs. Maude Andrews Lincoln of Augusta, gave a number of interesting readings. She first read from Robert Sherwood's "The Road to Rome," a historical play dealing with Hannibal's campaign. She read two scenes from "Chicago" by Maurine Watkins. Her program was enjoyable.

The Y. W. meeting held December 11, was appropriate to the Christmas season. The following program was enjoyed:

"Christmas Everywhere," (reading), Agnes Ginn.

Vocal solo, Ruth Daggett.

"Christ and the Spirit of Giving," Mrs. Frank C. Foster.

In addition Christmas carols were sung by all present.

January 8, Mrs. Lois Hoxie Smith gave an interesting talk on "Budgeting Yourself," comparing the apportioning of personal resources to the budgeting of financial means.

January 15, Paul Alden, candidate for Secretary of the Northern Baptist Convention, addressed the Y. W. girls. He spoke

of mission work and the pressing need of workers in its field. He showed us the glory of carrying the needed message to other lands.

February 12, Mrs. Robert Owen delivered an instructive as well as delightful address on the League of Nations, a study of which she had made at Geneva. After telling a brief history of the League, she explained its organization with clarity and conciseness. She pointed out that the work of the League is not solely to make treaties, but that it has a very wide scope, being interested in anything that will benefit the world at large.

The first meeting to be held in the Alumnae Hall occurred February 20. At this time a three act play, "Susanna of the Parsonage," was given by members of the freshman class. The cast was composed of Marjorie Van Horn, Martha Hamilton, Martha Johnston, Jean Wellington, Doris Campbell, Phyllis Hamlin, Barbara Works, Estelle Taylor, Florence Marble, Ruth Andrews, Winnifred Hammett, and Evelyn Johnson. The parts were well taken and the play was enjoyed.

The next meeting consisted of a musical program with the following numbers:

Vocal solo, Ruth Daggett.

String quartet, Ruth Ramsdell, violin; Pauline Bakeman, violin; Winona Berrie, cello; Gertrude Sykes, piano.

Piano solo, Verna Green.

Vocal duet, Harriet Johnson, Muriel Farnum.

Piano duet, Harriet Kimball, Ruth Ramsdell.

The program closed with the singing of some familiar songs and the Alma Mater.

March 1, 2 and 3, Alice Paul, Helen Chase, and Eleanor Butler as representatives of Colby's Y. W. C. A. attended the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. conference at Poland Springs. The conference was attended by nearly two hundred delegates from all Maine colleges, as well as from Harvard, Yale, Brown, New Hampshire, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, and Wheaton.

March 11 those who had been to Maqua gave a glimpse of life there to those who had not. Seated before the fire in the Y. W. room, and dressed in camp attire, the girls gave an apt presentation of camp life. They sang songs and read poetry as they had done at Maqua. Some of the songs were: All Hail Maqua, Little Sir Echo, 1-9-2-8 at Maqua, and New Lamps for Old. Harriet Kimball and Lucy Chapin read some poetry in keeping with the occasion. The meeting was concluded by the singing of "Down Where the Birches Sway."

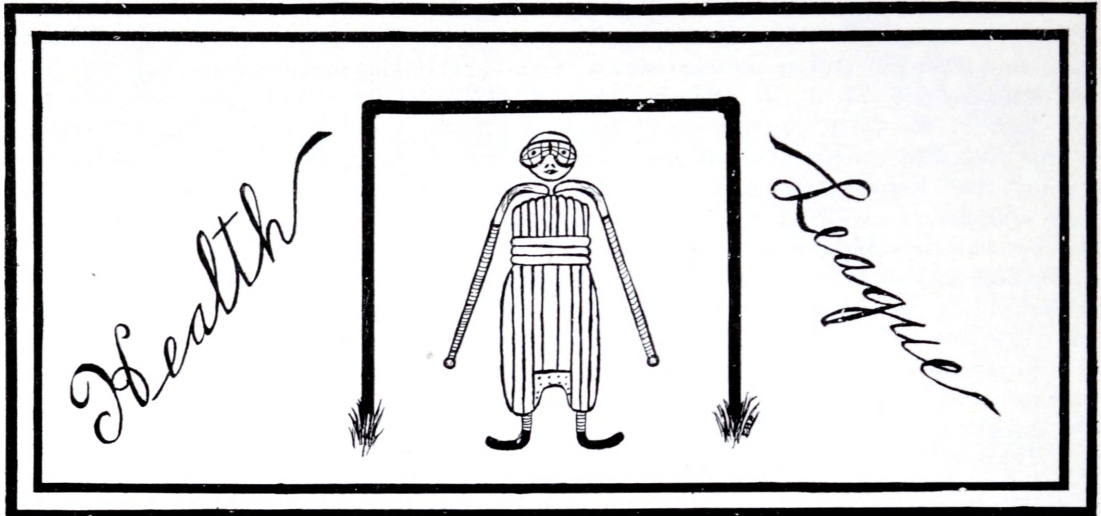
On the afternoon of March 18, the Y. W. cabinet gave a reception to Mrs. Huntington in the Social Room of the Alumnae Building. There were twenty-five cabinet members present beside the guests, Mrs. Huntington, Dean Runnals, and Miss Mil-

dred Butler. Mrs. Huntington gave a vivid account of Y. W. work in the Near East, tracing its development from its founding in 1916 to the present time.

On April 30 a lecture, accompanied by stereopticon slides, was presented by Helen Chase and Ruth Pineo. It dealt with work in the misison fields of the Philippine Islands.

The following Tuesday evening Professor Everett Strong gave the group an entertaining piano program. He played "Romance," by Schuman; "Cradle Song," by Brahms (arranged by Percy Grainger); "Prelude in D Flat," by Chopin; the "Prophet Bird," "Lotus Land," by Cyril Scott; and "Spring Song," by Grieg.

The last Y. W. C. A. meeting on May 7, was addressed by Mrs. Leopold H. R. Hass. Her subject was "Building Up Waste Places," which she illustrated by citing some of the waste places of the world, such as deserts and oceans, and by telling how they had been built up so that they might become useful to man. She spoke of experiences of her own, and of people with whom she had been acquainted, to show the true value of "Building Up Waste Places," that is, making life worth while by whole-hearted altruism.



#### GYM MEET.

The gym meet of 1929 was bigger and better than ever before. And for good reasons! We were the first group to hold our annual meet in Alumnae Hall. In spite of inclement weather a large number of guests attended.

The dances, marches, and gymnastics were well done, and showed careful preparation. Stunts of various sorts were performed by members of all the classes.

Special mention should be made of the clog dancing done in costume by six senior girls,—Nellie Simonds, Muriel Sanborn, Elizabeth Marshall, Ethel Henderson, Mary Vose, and Eleanor Lunn. They responded to two encores.

At the close of the meet, class songs were sung and awards made.

The judges were Janet Chase, Helen Springfield, Muriel Lewis, Mary Warren, and Doris Hardy.

"Beam ball—two more tries, ceiling ball—one more try!" Such were the cries that resounded in the dark, dingy dungeon of the old gym, but they are no more! The gym is there, to be sure, but no longer does its low ceilings ring with the shouts of the black-clad girls. The new gym is now the center of the volley ball activities. Try as they will the girls can find no beams or ceiling to hinder the progress of the ball. It is a joy to play on the two well-

lighted courts with a floor that does not roll like the ocean waves, and with the knowledge that no fanciful tricks will be played by beams, light baskets, and other such obstacles.

This year the volley ball season was very successfully carried out under the following managers: Seniors, Miriam Thomas; juniors, Ruth Young; sophomores, Isabel Clark; and freshmen, Justina Harding. All the classes were good but the sophomores were the best, and after closely contested games, managed to walk away with the championship. The girls on the sophomore team were: Isabel Clark, Barbara Heath, Pauline Gay, Joe Connors, Maxine Foster, Muriel MacDougal, Winona Berry, and Gertrude Sykes.

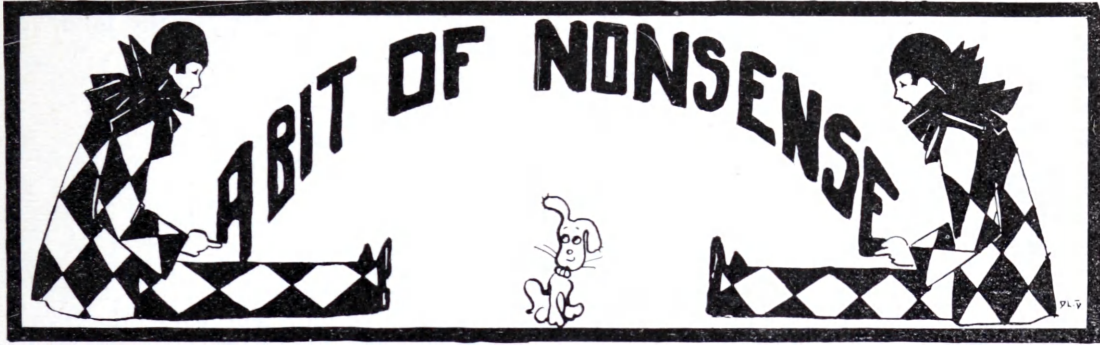
#### BASKETBALL.

Basketball has at last come into its own. In the old gym with its low ceiling it was useless to attempt the game, but the new building offers excellent conditions for playing. Once more the ball flies back and forth from the hands of the players to end in a basket for the lucky side, though once in a while, of course, the basket fails to be completed.

The spirit this winter was very good, and, though the playing had to be done outside of regular hours the attendance was excellent. The playing of the seniors and juniors was at first a little rusty for

they had not practiced for several years, but they were soon into the swing again and played very creditably. The games of the sophomores and freshmen, especially the freshmen, were a joy to watch, for, lately from prep schools, they showed their more recent training. As this was the first

year for basketball there was no playing for championship, though by next year there will probably be. The captains were: Seniors, Grace Stone; juniors, Barbara Libby; sophomores, Joe Connors and Maxine Foster; freshmen, Martha Hamilton and Kathryn Hilton.



Dr. Libby: "What are you laughing at?"

Student: "Just a little private joke."

Dr. Libby: "I should think you'd be laughing all the time."

Kind Senior: Will you join me in a bowl of soup?

Dumb Frosh: Do you think there would be room for both of us?

Liz: "I'll have a toasted cheese sandwich."

Dumb Waitress: "On toast?"

Liz: "No, bring it in on horseback."

#### To My Alarm Clock.

(Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to my heart is my faithful alarm clock

That ticks along gaily up there on the shelf!

I love to sit list'ning to its clamorous tick-tock

As its black laboring hands go around its sweet self.

With its cute way of gaining,

And the right time it's feigning,

It makes me remember the way it can run.

When it wakes me up early,

I'm sullen and surly,

But still I do love it, the sun-of-a-gun.

F. T., '31.

Senior course cribber: Prof. Weber, what would you advise me to read after graduation?

Prof. Weber: The "Help Wanted" column.

#### The Modern Co-Ed's Prayer.

Make me worthy of my pals

Who wander daily in these halls.

Make me strong and good and pure.

Of my meals let me be sure.

Let me find in life no shams,

And may I pass these next exams.

But most of all, dear Lord above,

Permit me, please, to fall in love.

—Anonymous.

Frosh: Why does a stork stand on one leg?

Soph: Because if he lifted it, he'd fall down.

Justina: I want a pair of silk stockings for my roommate.

Salesgirl: Sheer?

Justina: Dumb! If she were she'd get them herself.

Miss Van Norman: Maxine Foster! Why are you wearing those shin guards off the field?

Max: I'm going to play bridge with my roommate this afternoon.



Barb: Louise, can you lend me two dollars?

Louise: I'm sorry, Barb, I only have a dollar and seventy-five cents.

Barb: That's all right. I'll take that and you'll owe me a quarter.

Student reading Latin: "Nec mihi—"

Voice: "O noho!"

Student: "O ah ha!"

Oh, you cut your hair!

No. Nothing like that. I only washed it and it shrunk.

First Co-ed: Well Lulu is certainly a dumb bunny; but no wonder, look at her parents!

Second Co-ed: What's the matter with her old folks?

First Co-ed: Well, the dean wrote them telling them that their daughter had sixteen cuts, and in the next mail Lulu got a roll of gauze and a can of adhesive tape.

Father (over long distance): Hello, Mary. How did it happen that you didn't pass that trig course?

Mary: I'm sorry, father, I can't hear you.

Father: I say, Mary, couldn't you pass trig?

Mary: I really can't hear you, father.

Father: I say, Mary, do you need any money?

Mary: Yes, father, send me ten dollars.

A Scotchman, while travelling in the country for a firm in Aberdeen, was snowed in and forced to remain at a cer-

tain town. Thereupon, he despatched a telegram to his firm, telling of his plight. Straightway, he received a telegram saying, "Your vacation begins today."—Selected.

Dr. Libby: "Have you ever seen the ocean?"

Mary Allen: "Yes."

Dr. Libby: "Where did you see it?"

M. A.: "From the edge of the land."

### Spring.

Spring is here and  
The Seniors are  
Let loose and  
No one could  
Sleep if she wanted to.  
"Flat tires" and  
"Out of gas" and  
"Lakewood" are all  
They talk about. They  
Think they are  
Privileged characters but  
The underclassmen would rather  
Mail their letters before  
Ten, anyway.

### Springin'.

Birds a-yellin'—buds a-swellin'—  
Things jus' Springin' 'round;  
Grass a-stretchin'—Gee! it's ketchin'  
Sweetes' smell an' sound.

Mind's jus' hazy—sun's so lazy—  
Got no job that's shovin'—  
Kiss me honey—Gee, it's funny!  
Spring jus' sets me lovin'.

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Dear Aunt Clara:

I am a young lady twenty-one years old and I resemble Sue Carol very much and have recently inherited a fortune, but I can't seem to get a man. What is the matter?

Little Maudie.

Dear Little Maudie:

Do not worry. Things will come out all right. I knew a girl like that once. Doubtless you have a wooden leg too.

Aunt Clara.

Dear Aunt Clara:

I have a boy friend whom I love very dearly but he says he likes old fashioned girls. I am all of a twitter.

Ophelia Pulse.

Dear Ophelia:

How's for wearing a bustle?

Aunt Clara.

Dear Aunt Clara:

What can I do? The Dean doesn't like to see Mike and me petting on the piazza

and since daylight saving came on it doesn't get dark until almost ten.

Wee Wilhelmina.

Dear Wilhelmina:

You are indeed in a predicament. You

might use a smoke screen, which is something Colby co-ords don't do? Or you might get dark glasses and blinders for the Dean. Remember, teachers pet, so get your diploma in a hurry.

Aunt Clara.

1820

1928

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