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THE COLBIANA

WINTER 1930
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SOME OF US SAY WHAT WE THINK

SOME OF US TELL A TALE:

The Necklace, by Lucile Whitcomb

The Reason Why, by Ruth Pineo

Woman's Winning Way, by Sarah Toabe

The Two Windows, by Mary Simpson

The Comedy of Beauty and the Beast, by Alberta Brown

The Contents of a Bag, by Rena Mills

The Jones at Breakfast, by Alberta Brown

The Deserters, by Pauline Bakeman

SOME OF US SING AND DREAM

SOME OF US CLOWN AND CLOWN

SOME OF OUR OLD FRIENDS WRITE BACK

SOME OF US WORK FOR Y. W.
The Colbiana Announces

TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES

$5.00 Prize for Short Story
$5.00 Prize for Essay

open to all
Women of Colby College

Judges
Professor Rollins
Professor Dunn
Mrs. Annie Goodwin

Material due May 1; typewritten.
Colbiana reserves right to print all material offered.
Send to The Colbiana, Foss Hall. Remit key names in sealed envelope.
Some of Us Say What We Think

AN EARLY DECISION.

We all of us have our dreams. There is about those dreams an elusive vagueness. They are incoherent masses made up of the necessities for making a living, the desire for social approval and success, the yearning for human happiness, and, though we often disdain to admit it, a wish somehow to make the world just a little better place in which to live.

The conversion of these wishful attitudes into desired actions and situations is the difficult task. In all directions we grope for means, hampered by our conventions, our sex, our economic necessity, and our feelings of inability. We have so little
guidance, and we wait so long, that our movements are random and purposeless.

Too many of us decide at the last hour to be teachers. It seems the only feasible way to satisfy our dreams. It is not a decision arrived at after we have logically thought the matter through, analyzed our own strengths and weaknesses, and decided that society will benefit most from our services from the young. It is a last resort decision, seeming to offer us the maximum economic returns and social approval from the least effort on our own part. Yet we hoist ourselves with our own petar, for by our very flooding to the teacher market we curtail the price of our labor.

It is unquestionably the greatest service one can render mankind, to aid in the advancement of knowledge. But we cannot all be teachers—the demand does not warrant it; some of us are admirably unsuited for the profession. There are many other pursuits in which qualities of mind and personality are at as great premium, but we have not studied those professions, have not thought about them, and are not willing at so late a date to begin an extended service of training. It is so easy to fall into the rut; a few courses in education and we are ready—ready to serve mankind!

There is one way to remedy to some extent this most deplorable situation. That is an early vocational decision. Decisions are always difficult to make, and are peculiarly subject to the human failing of procrastination. But if these fourth-year choices are to be made so thoughtlessly, the case can not be much worse if first-year decisions were to be made; in the latter case there is at least a possibility of a change of plans. But a senior is so definitely committed to a plan of action, however ill advised it may be, by the necessity of earning a living.

A vocation chosen early serves as a unifying element, even though a liberalizing course is being pursued. It gives purpose to what otherwise might be our aimless life. Few of us are suited to one thing alone, and, though few of us could be trained to a part, most of us could learn to be good teachers, librarians, or dress makers. We need training and a narrowed and more intensified thought. We can color our whole college existence by our vocations. Though the color may be wrong, yet that were better than no color at all.

Make up your minds now! Admit, if you will, that you'll teach, and let that thought permeate every phase of your life. Let educational journals train you; let your conversation inspire you. Get purpose and perspective and the pettiness of marks will pass you by. Everything will be subservive to one increasing purpose, you are fortified against the years.

Rena Mills.

IN DEFENSE OF SAILBOATS.

We occasionally hear derogatory remarks about sailboats—their general futility and lack of self-direction as compared with the more efficient steamboat. This arouses in us a righteousness indignation, and to that we wish to give voice.

A sailboat does drift sometimes, but why not? What is more fascinating than to let chance blow us at its sweet will? How smug and generally abhorrent is the human steamboat who always knows just where he is going and has no power of doing anything for the fun of it. He is the sort of person who walks to develop his leg muscles.

What more beautiful than a distant white sail against the horizon, and what more ugly than a sooty curl of smoke in the same place?

The sailboat is always graceful and young and pleases everything in us which demands symmetry and romance. It moves quietly, mysteriously, with none of the ear-splitting snorts of the steamboat.

So we do not envy the gray, lumbering steamboat with its unctious puffs and grunts, and have a small wish, way down deep, to be like a sailboat.

Mary Allen.
THE ALUMNAE BUILDING.
The coming classes will not appreciate this building as we do. They will not realize the contrast between what is and what was. They cannot feel the needs that we have felt. We, who remember dreary days spent in the old, low, poorly ventilated gym, can realize the importance of this gift. We remember meetings of the Y. W. C. A. in the small social room at Foss Hall, a room too small and not equipped for the purpose. We recall class dances, when we were forced to hire a hall at great expense, and at whatever date the owner chose. The coming classes will not know this—we wish we could make them see it.

Never before have we been able to have a tea and not worry about chairs, dishes and most of all—space. Never have we had a social room that we were proud to show to visitors from other colleges, knowing that we have one of the best. One hour spent in that reception room repays us fully for all the time we spent in the old regime.

No, the coming classes will not know all this. They will not have watched a dream promise become a stalwart framework, then a beautiful building. They did not daily defy the frowns of the workmen (and sometimes more than frowns) to see if more was finished than the day before. They will never have the fears that we have had lest it should not be called the Alumnae Building. Then came that day—and those to come cannot know of this—when we stood half scared to pinch ourselves, afraid it would vanish, our myth building which was at last a reality.

We will not try to tell you, our Alumnae, how we appreciate your gift. You have felt the needs that we felt and you know what it means to us. To many of you, your share in the gift means a great sacrifice. We realize this and it makes the gift seem dearer. You have given us more than a social room, a theater, a concert hall, a gymnasium, a Y. W. C. A. room—you have given us more than a building. You have shown us by your sacrifice that you are still a dominant part of Colby. You have shown us that we have more than our Colby to deal with, we have your Colby, your faith and your ambition to work for. May we be equal to the task, and here's to our Alumnae who have set us the example!

Gertrude Snowden.
Some of Us Tell a Tale

THE NECKLACE.

By Lucile Whitcomb.

A one-act play suggested by the short-story, "The Necklace," by De Maupassant.

The characters are:

Henry Higgins, a clerk in the shipping office of a wholesale grocer.

Maizie Higgins, his wife, who takes in mending.

Mrs. Kirby, a patroness of Maizie.

Police Officer.

Agnes Dilloway, an old friend of Maizie's.

Jimmy Murphy, Irish Street urchin.

The scene is laid in the living-room of the table, are shabby. The door opening to staircase is right, front, and a cupboard, right, back. The door to the bedroom is back, right, the stove back, center, and the sink back, right. Between two windows, left, is a mirror. A few calendars are the only pictures on the walls and the rugs are colorless and threadbare. The curtains are very dingy with several noticeable holes.

As the scene opens, Henry is seated in the chair on the right, reading a newspaper. He is small, almost bald, and possessing a large Adam's apple. His coat is too large and his pants are too small. His knees are crossed and his foot bobs up and down methodically. Maizie is seated on the left of the table and is trying to sew, in particular, she is mending a dress. She has wispy gray hair that refuses to stay in the pug, she is stooped, and her clothes are carelessly put on. She is slightly larger
than her husband.

The time is the present, a Saturday afternoon, Henry's half-holiday.

Maizie: If I had Mrs. Kirby's money, take my word for it, I wouldn't be having my old dresses patched and mended 'till there wasn't anything left of them—worn so thin you can put your finger clean through it, —said she wanted this today, but I can't mend the places as fast as they break.

Henry: Mm-mm-mm (Foot still bobbing rythmically.)

Maizie: Where's my needle? Henry, did you see where I put my needle? (She feels around the table, dress, and floor). Here it is, right under my nose.

Henry: What's that?

Maizie: You'll have a blind wife one of these days, Henry Higgins. What's the matter with the light anyway? Guess I better turn on the gas.

Henry: Why, the sun's shining.

Maizie: O I'll see somehow, I'll see—to save the meter. Got your pay, I suppose?

Henry: (Reaching automatically into his pocket) Never failed yet, Maizie. (He hands her envelope, and she strains her eyes trying to read the check). Eighteen dollars, as usual.

(A knock at the door is heard. Maizie renew her sewing.)

Maizie: It's her; open the door, Henry.

(Henry folds the paper neatly, lays it on the table, and goes to open the door. The door, by the way, opens inward toward the front of the stage. Mrs. Kirby enters, an overdressed woman with a particularly commanding manner. She is overbearing and efficient; her speech is very cool and clear cut.)

Mrs. Kirby: Is Mrs. Higgins—0 there you are. O isn't it done? You remember that you promised me last Wednesday, Mrs. Higgins, that you would finish it without fail.

(Henry offers her his chair and moves to the back of the table. Mrs. Kirby sits down rigidly on the edge of the chair and talks at Maizie, who apparently does not want Mrs. Kirby to see the dress, she almost clutches it.)

Maizie: My eyes ain't been very good, Mrs. Kirby, I can't do so much as I used to, guess I need some glasses, I—

Mrs. Kirby: I have noticed, Mrs. Higgins, that your work, of late, has not been up to your former standard. May I see the dress? (Maizie hands the dress to her reluctantly. Henry, meanwhile, has been trying to finish his newspaper article lying on the table. Such a process involves squinting and twisting, craning.) Why Mrs. Higgins! I am sure this hole was not here before, I cannot understand your carelessness, this dress was of excellent material. Unless this dress is mended very suitably, I am afraid I shall have to look elsewhere for a seamstress.

(She rises and hands the dress back to Maizie, who takes it sullenly. It is plain to be seen that she would lose her temper if she dared. As Mrs. Kirby rises, she drops her bag. Henry seizes the opportunity to be gallant and springs to pick it up. Mrs. Kirby acknowledges his service with a frigid smile and turns to go. Henry holds open the door and she fairly sweeps through. Her left hand is nearest the door and is holding the bag. This hand hits the door-knob slightly and a bracelet falls. As a rug is there it makes no sound and neither she nor Henry notice the loss. Maizie's eye has caught the glitter and she checks an almost involuntary movement, to cry out or to run towards it. As she does not see very well, perhaps it reminds her fatefully of a necklace. As soon as the door is closed, Henry notices the bracelet, picks it up, and starts to open the door again. Before he can do so, Maizie rushes over and grabs it, returns to center, inspecting it. Henry follows her.

Henry: She dropped it Maizie, I'll—

Maizie: Sh-sh you fool! She didn't drop it here, she dropped it somewhere else.

Henry: You don't mean—why Maizie, that's stealing!

Maizie: It isn't stealing! She got it by cheating somebody out of what they earned, a little here and a little there. She's nothing but a thief. I hate her! How much is it worth?

Henry: Why Maizie, it's valuable, you can't—

Maizie: A hundred dollars?

Henry: Probably. (Maizie goes into the
bedroom and Henry starts to follow her.) You're crazy! You know what you've said all these years about being honest. (He stops in front of the door and watches her put on her things.)

Maizie: (From the bedroom) Honesty! There's no such thing as honesty! We were honest—and look at us. A thief would dare to kick us we are so little.

Henry: I can't get you.

(Maizie re-enters with hat and coat, the bracelet in a bag.)

Maizie: I'm going to take this to Goldstein and tell him my aunt died and left it to me. He won't ask any questions, he has been waiting too long for the money.

Henry: My—my goodness! How can you!

Maizie: (Pointing to window) Go stand there and watch me, you'll see how I can do it. (By this time she is near the door and ready to go, when a knock startles them. Henry seems rooted to the spot, but Maizie quickly hides behind the door as it opens. Henry is standing center back. Mrs. Kirby enters and stands at the right.)

Mrs. Kirby: Mr. Higgins, I left here not five minutes ago, and when I reached my car I discovered that my bracelet was gone. It was a valuable piece of amethysts and diamonds. I remember distinctly that I had it on when I was sitting in that chair. Have you found it? (Henry looks helplessly in Maizie's direction then glances quickly away.)

Henry: No ma'am, I haven't—(with sudden inspiration) it may be here, we'll look. (He comes front and looks around the papers on the table. Mrs. Kirby feels around the cushions in the chair where she had sat.) I guess you must have lost it on the stairs going down ma'am, I—may I help you look?

Mrs. Kirby: No Mr. Higgins, I think I shall find it very nicely. (She turns and leaves very uncompromisingly. As soon as the door is closed, Maizie rushes to the window to watch her depart. Henry does the same.)

Henry: There she goes. Did she think—did she guess—? Will she come back?

Maizie: Well, she won't find it if she does come back.

(Maizie goes out right. Henry remains at the window until he has watched Maizie leave. He returns to his chair, right, and picks up his newspaper again. His foot does not bob as methodically as it did before, but jerks uneasily. His hands are rather shaky and he jumps at any noise. He finally throws down the newspaper and goes to put a stick of wood in the stove. A knock at the door startles him and he slams down the cover. Mrs. Kirby enters, followed by a policeman. She points to Henry.)

Mrs. Kirby: That's the man. Officer. She walks to the table, picks up the dress Maizie has thrown down, shakes it, and replaces it in the chair. Then she walks on toward the left, looking around suspiciously. Henry tries to look bold and comes center front. The policeman stands between him and the door.)

Henry: What do you mean, ma'am?

Officer: Where is it Higgins? This lady tells me she had a bracelet when she came in here and did not have it when she went out.

Henry: I haven't seen it. How can you—

Mrs. Kirby: I think he took it, Officer, when he picked up my bag. He had an excellent opportunity, and for an experienced man it would be very simple.

Officer: I'll search him.

Mrs. Kirby: O, it's probably hidden. Perhaps his wife—where is your wife? (To Henry.)

Henry: She—she isn't here.

Mrs. Kirby: So I observed, Mr. Higgins. Where is she? She probably has it. Officer, she must be his accomplice. I would not be surprised, she rather looked the type.

Henry: Don't blame Maizie, she didn't take it—I took it.

(Mrs. Kirby smiles and the policeman takes a step toward him with handcuffs.) You don't understand! I never took anything before, I did it for Maizie. She's growing blind, she has had to work so hard, let me tell you.

Officer: Tell it to the Judge.

Mrs. Kirby: Ah—but we haven't the bracelet, Officer. I have very little time, Mr. Higgins, if you will be brief.

Henry: It began twenty years ago, we
were doing pretty well for those days. Maizie had just married me, and I thought everything was all right. But I guess Maizie wanted things—things like you see in shop windows. She was pretty—red cheeks—you wouldn't know her—

Mrs. Kirby: That is hardly the point Mr. Higgins.

Henry: We were going to a party one night, a big party that meant everything to Maizie. Her dress didn't suit her and she borrowed a necklace of diamonds—real diamonds from an old friend of her's who had married well. Let me see—she married a stock-broker on West 18th—

Officer: Well, what of it? (Both the officer and Mrs. Kirby manifest a great deal of impatience during his recital.)

Henry: She lost it—my wife did, the necklace I mean. Maizie was sort of scared of the stock-broker husband, she knew it would go hard with her friend if he found out. It was a wedding present you see.

Mrs. Kirby: Yes, yes, very interesting!

Henry: So we went to Mr. — a jeweler, and got a duplicate on credit—

Mrs. Kirby: Your credit? Your honest appearance I suppose.

Henry: My employer guaranteed it. (Very proudly.) We had it all paid back but a hundred dollars, but it has taken twenty years of working and saving and scrimping. And we couldn't save as much lately, it costs a lot to live. Maizie did housework for a while, and sews. She isn't much like she used to be, but you can't blame her. It has been hardest on her; I don't mind very much living like this, you see, I am away all day.

Mrs. Kirby: We aren't getting anywhere, Officer.

Officer: (Taking another step toward Henry.) All right ma'am.

(Henry by this time has lost all assumed boldness and is frankly pleading. The handcuffs of the officer terrify him.)

Henry: O, ma'am I'll pay it back, I'll work nights—anything. Just as long as Maizie won't have to worry about the necklace any more. I'll work! I'm not a thief!

Mrs. Kirby: All right, Officer. Perhaps after a night in jail he will be more amenable.

(The officer put the hand-cuffs on Henry who apparently gives up all hope. He slouches down in despair and does not even look back as he goes out. Mrs. Kirby goes first, then Henry followed by the officer. The door is left open. As their footsteps are heard descending the stairs, Maizie's voice is heard to cry, "Henry!" She has met them on the stairs.)

Mrs. Kirby: (Also off stage.) That is Mrs. Higgins!

Officer: O, it is? Report at nine at the Police Court, Mrs. Higgins. (Maizie stumbles into the room holding her eyes as if she had been seeing something unpleasant. The first thing that she sees is the sewing in her chair. Her voice is harsher and almost at the breaking point.)

Maizie: Thought she had dropped you for good, did she? Well, she'll pick you up again and sew and sew and sew! She'll use you to buy bread this time (she sits down and picks up sewing) not diamonds! They are paid for, yes, they are paid for all right. (She drops sewing as police whistle is heard and runs to the window. She draws back slightly as Henry is being put into a police wagon. The siren is heard. Her voice is more gentle now.) Henry—I never thought of Henry being put in a police wagon. I might as well have stolen the necklace! Well, Mr. Goldstein has his money now, he can't send me any more of his threats. I can stare him in the face the next time I meet him on the street, instead of hiding in Munfree's doorway, waiting for him to go by. Now I could look Agnes in the face and not think, "your necklace, lady, isn't paid for." What would Agnes say in her snug little apartment, wearing her shiny little necklace, if she should see Maizie! "Why Maizie, my deah, what has happened?" Bah! It is their fault—what do they have diamonds for? (She has been walking about during this speech and is now standing by the table. Suddenly she goes to the door, opens it, and calls as if up-stairs) Jimmy, Jimmy Murphy!

(A dirty little Irishman about ten years old enters.)

Jimmy: What d'yer want?

Maizie: Here's a quarter, I want you to
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deliver a note for me. Wait a minute. (She goes into the bedroom and returns
with a note which she gives to Jimmy with
the quarter.)

Jimmy: 246 Park Avenue—whew! Say
Mis' Higgins, where's the old man, my maw
said she see—

Maizie: Hurry up for the love of heaven,
and tell the lady to hurry! (Maizie walks
to the table, sits down and takes up her
sewing again. She is smiling as if she had
accomplished something consoling. She
still speaks tensely and bitingly.) I sup­
pose twelve good men and true would say:
"You sent your husband to jail! You stole
a bracelet!" Well! He's better off than I
am. What if I did steal the bracelet? I
couldn't stand it any longer, I tell you.
(She drops her sewing and stands looking
at the door as if she were addressing a
jury.) If I had to count those bills, those
quarters, those dimes and those nickels
again, I tell you it would drive me mad!
I'm not a human being gentlemen, I haven't
lived for forty years. I've just existed to
work and count the change. I starved my­
self—I've worn rags, (I even sold my hair,
five times in the last twenty years, gentle­
men, and each time a little grayer and thin­
ner.) I used to be a human being, O yes—.
If I had stood here twenty years ago, you
wouldn't have frowned on me, had I stolen
a thousand bracelets. Your
hands would have trembled, not mine. I didn't mean
any harm when I borrowed the necklace,
but my throat was as beautiful as any
other woman. She offered it to me, but I
couldn't tell her that I had lost it. I was
honest, gentlemen,—you smile—I was
honest. It wouldn't have been hard, would
it, to replace those jewels with paste? But
they were real—real as bread.

(The sun is going down and slants across
the ceiling. Maizie becomes aware of the
chill in the room and puts a stick of wood
in the stove. She looks out of the window
again.)

Came in her big limousine, did she?
Thinks I'm dying probably—well, I'm not
—I died twenty years ago.

(She is still standing by the window
when Jimmy's voice is heard outside—
"Right in there Miss—") Enter Agnes Dil-

loway, a plump, prosperous-looking woman
who has kept very young for her years.
She is about to speak, then looks incred­
uously at the silhouette by the window.
She moves to the table.)

Agnes: Why, Maizie, my dear, what has
happened?

Maizie: So you knew me, Agnes, I was
hoping—

Agnes: Your note surprised me so, I
thought you were living in Cleveland. You
said you were going years ago. I never
heard.

Maizie: Cleveland was it? I had forgotten.

Agnes: What do mean? How long have
you been here?

(Maizie comes to the table and stands
facing Agnes.)

Where is Henry? Is he living?

Maizie: For twenty years we have been
living here in this room.

Agnes: Why, my dear! I had no idea,
what happened? You told me Henry had
a good job promised and you were going to
Cleveland to live. You told me that one
day when you came to return a necklace.

Maizie: The necklace. (She stares at
Agnes' necklace at her throat.)

Agnes: Yes, the necklace, why do you
stare at me so, what do you want?

Maizie: I want you see what necklaces
do! I want you to see me! You can't see
Henry, he's in jail! I think Henry would
like to see you wearing that necklace he
is paying for.

Agnes: I can't understand it, Maizie.
You aren't yourself.

Maizie: Twenty years ago, I borrowed a
necklace from you to wear to a dinner
party. When I reached home that night,
I had lost the necklace. We couldn't find
it.

Agnes: Why didn't you tell me?

Maizie: Henry finally persuaded his em­
ployer to give Goldstein the jeweler a bond
for a necklace to replace it. We saved
every cent for twenty years. I have been
taking in sewing by the day. This morn­
ing I realized that I was losing my eye­
sight and I still needed a hundred dollars.
I stole a bracelet and Henry has gone to
jail, but your necklace, my lady, is paid for.
Twenty diamonds!

Agnes: (After quite a silence, during which she is apparently trying to say something.) My God, Maizie!—I—How can I tell you? Twenty years for a necklace of paste!

Maizie: Paste?

Agnes: The real necklace was in the safe, that night. You had a—a—reproduction—of paste. O my dear—

(Agnes starts to put her arm around Maizie but Maizie pushes her away and drops into the chair.)

Why didn’t you tell me? What can I do?

Henry—let me help release—

Maizie: I think it would be just as well if Henry never knew that the necklace was—paste.

(Agnes is apparently dismissed because Maizie doesn’t look at her or speak. She turns to go. She unclasps the diamond necklace from her throat and places it on the table where the stones catch the last gleam of sun-light. Maizie is left alone.)

Curtain.

THE REASON WHY.

By Ruth Pineo.

“I don’t believe such a thing as happiness ever existed,” declared Jo as she stood by the window of her room with hands clenched at her side. “No one ever lived who was really happy. Oh yes, people often seem happy for a wild ecstatic moment but it never lasts. It is but some merging agony dressed in buoyant robes which comes to raise the victim higher for a harder fall.”

With level eyes the speaker gazed at her room-mate, then suddenly turned back to the window where she could look down upon the freshmen playing hockey.

“Life is just like that game,” she continued. “I am the ball, and everywhere I go something meets me with a whack to send me in the opposite direction. Every truth I ever knew has been disproved. Where shall I turn next?”

Her room-mate settled slowly into the easy chair and retorted with just a tinge of sympathy in her careless voice. “Aw, snap out of it, Jo. You’ll never find happiness till you quit being moody. Maybe you’re happier than you think. Look at me—I’m happy.”

“But your life would never satisfy me. I yearn for things you never dreamed of. Tonight I saw a sunset through the limbs of a bare tree. It filled me with an ache to think of the emptiness of our lives in comparison with it. I tried to pray for help but there was no answer—only a deeper choking in my throat. Everything we build our life on fails us in the end. If there be happiness at all, it can come only through material things. Only the rich have a chance to be happy—and how seldom they realize it!”

Finishing with a defiant strug, Jo sank upon her cot.

“I’m ashamed of you, Jo,” retorted that carelessly emphatic voice of her room-mate. “What you need is to be more interested in people, for things will never make you happy. You ought to have more friendships with the girls, but you’re so absorbed in that Jim White that you never take time for being with us girls. College love-affairs make people too selfish.”

“But I say people don’t interest me. I never had a friend in whom I wasn’t disillusioned. Women are too jealous of each other for true friendship to exist between them. You and all other women are too sentimental. You do not face reality. You love friendship; so you imagine you have friends. You love happiness; so you imagine you are happy. You love the thought of prayer; so you imagine you can be sustained by an inner power. But you have no friends, you can never know the meaning of happiness, and your inner power is but a delusion. You are living a substitute, not a real life. You do not see beneath the mask of the world. Reality to you is but a name.”
"Not so fast, Jo. You are a greater hypocrite than we whom you condemn. You think it a sign of superior insight to take a hopeless viewpoint, to be unhappy. Just because a few great men have found reasons for being unhappy, you think you must follow in their path, and in so doing you hope to seem great and clever also. You are but a copy-cat."

"I am not copying, and you don’t understand at all. But if you must know the reason why I feel this way, I’ll tell you: last night I saw my Jim at the movies with another girl, and he hasn’t called me up since day before yesterday."

**WOMAN’S WINNING WAY**

By Sarah Toabe.

Mariette was blonde; one thing against her, or perhaps it wasn’t. It all depends on one’s opinion. She had great round baby-blue eyes! another fault. She had at times, that fragile Dresden-china appearance that makes a man want to take care of her, protect her. One man had already undertaken that task, for life, or as long as she would let him.

It was this protector who was valiantly trying to withstand an attack from the baby-blue eyes on a warm spring evening in May. They were sitting on her verandah, Mariette and her tall brown fiance, whom, the gossips said she had captured with just one glance of those “come-here-and-take-care-of-me” eyes. From the agonized expression on his face, you could tell that, whatever she wanted, she was very near to getting.

"But Waite, dear," she fluttered, "it is so lovely, that bracelet, and please, can’t I have it?"

"Now listen, honey," he began uncomfortably, "I told you before—"

"But downtown there, when I showed it to you in Crofton’s window, you almost said yes. Say it now!"

A dim idea had entered Waite’s mind. Now if ever, was the time to put his foot down and show her who was going to be "boss."

"No, Mariette," he said, trying to look stern and determined, "You can’t have it, and besides, I don’t like jade on a blonde." He ended lamely.

"Oh, Waite," she cried, "How cruel of you, and only a month to our wedding!"

Those eyes looked up at him reproachfully. How disappointed and forlorn she looked. He wavered, but just for a second. No, he mustn’t give in.

This wouldn’t do at all; he was too stubborn. The inevitable bit of linen and lace came out and a little white hand dabbed daintily at a blue eye.

"Oh, my holy aunt," thought Waite, "she’s going to cry." He had the normal healthy man’s dislike of a woman’s tears. "Mustn’t give in though," he steered himself, "I’ve got to show her."

Mariette glanced furtively at Waite through her tears and decided that it was time for drastic measures. She sobbed on for a few moments longer and then stood up resolutely.

"Waite," she said brokenly, "We can’t go on." A sob and more tears. "I could never marry a man as cruel and selfish as you."

He couldn’t grasp, at the moment, just what she was saying. Even when she placed the beautiful diamond ring in his hand, he didn’t realize what she meant. Mariette turned and slowly walked toward the house, sobbing broken-heartedy. Only then did the dawn break. Waite jumped up and said uncertainly: "Mariette, honey girl, don’t do that! Why I didn’t mean anything! I—"

He started after her but was stopped by the slam of the front door. Waite stood there looking at the house for a long time and then walked dejectedly down the street, still holding the ring in his hand.

"What a fool I am," he said to himself, "and now I have lost her. But I’ll explain. Bracelet, why, I’d buy her a ton of them if
she'd only forgive me."

But Mariette intended this to be a permanent cure of any ideas he might have of being "boss." For a week he phoned, sent letters, flowers, and candy, only to have them returned. Waite could not eat or sleep. He was continually cursing himself for being all kinds of a fool. Just the thought of her pink and gold loveliness made him groan in agony.

Dictate to a woman! Was there ever a man who had done that and lived! He had loved her so—loved her now even more. If she would only let him talk to her!

An idea was taking form in Waite's brain. He would buy that bracelet, take it to her himself, and force her to let him explain.

The road to her house led past Crofton's. There in the window on a bed of black velvet lay the green jade bracelet. Waite rushed in—it was just before closing time—and demanded the bracelet of a startled clerk who was certain that this excited man must be some hold-up gangster.

"There are earrings too," murmured the clerk.

"Wrap those up with the bracelet and make it snappy," said Waite, fearful lest he should not find Mariette at home.

Hurriedly he wrote out a check, thrust it at the clerk, and dashed out to find a taxi. He arrived at her house in time to see Mariette coming down the walk toward a car parked near the curb.

"Mariette," he said, jumping out of the still-moving taxi. "Mariette"—he took her by the arm.

"Let me talk with you," he pleaded, "just for five minutes."

The girl did not say a word but allowed Waite to half carry her to the verandah and seat her in the swing hammock.

"Forgive me, honey girl," he begged, "I love you so. Here, take these," and he gave her the package from Crofton's.

"Say that you love me still, that you forgive me!"

Mariette slowly opened the little box while Waite searched her face anxiously. She gave a little cry of delight when she saw the earrings and the bracelet, and she put them on immediately.

"Oh, Waite, jade does become me, doesn't it?"

"You are beautiful in anything, darling," Waite said, "but," impatiently, "you still love me? You have forgiven me?"

"Waite, dear, I love you more than ever." And she lifted her soft little lips to be kissed, while her fingers lovingly smoothed the green jade bracelet.

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THE TWO WINDOWS.

By Mary Simpson.

We do not need more skyscrapers—God knows we have enough. We do not need more machinery, the fields are full of it. We do not need more happiness; it drugs the soul. As in the time of Apostles, as in the times when science was wrecking men's convictions, as in the times when war scarred the smooth face of the earth, our greatest necessity now is faith, not faith in God, not faith in eternity, but faith that the other man has motives as good as our own. Poor and rich, we need it.

It was a misty night in New York City. The lights were shaded, as if through a screen of gauze. The rain had brought an earthy scent, that slackened the pace of pedestrians and opened the windows of cars. There was a moon, shy behind hundreds of white gauze curtains, shaming the brazen and naked fat moon of only a night ago. Men loitered, and lovers thanked the mist for privacy.

That kindly mist had dressed the poorer sections of the city in beautiful pale gauze. Even the poorest, Blindman's Alley, under the scattered lamps shone dimly in its wetness. Here in Blindman's Alley crime flourished more healthily than law. Murderers and robbers slunk in hordes of lawlessness into the shaded street. Here was a struggle for honor in crime, as in greater life goes on a struggle for fame. Honored
was the man who skillfully brought home the goods unscathed. Blessed was the man who escaped the police, thrice blessed he who killed an officer of the law. The greatest in crime ruled king. It was Sherwood Forest transplanted to the slums.

At one end of Blindman's Alley a Salvation Army officer had taken his stand. He was not a prepossessing Salvation Army officer. He was thin. He wore glasses. Behind his glasses his eyes were round, very blue and unblinking. He was obsessed with enthusiasm, but he could not impart it to his listeners, for his voice was thin, his posture was stooping, his gestures were feeble and his expression frightened. But he beat his tambourine, pitiable in his earnestness:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

His voice, though it was childish, was not unbeautiful, but it lacked the vitality that gets a crowd. The few who idly heard him sing were unimpressed. He was failing his God.

It was just at the worst of moments. He was starting a new song—"Take time to be holy—", and the stragglers began to move on. He was losing souls, failing in the only mission in life worth while, and the consciousness of it weakened his power. With even lessening force he sang

"Take time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord,
Abide in him always,
And feed on his word."

The situation appealed to Sam Buchanan. He did not care about the souls. He had no dreams of heaven, but he hated to see a thing "flop." He thrilled to difficulty, to the difficulty of making the pancakes light, of mending a ruined car, of darning a worn stocking. It was not that Sam Buchanan was any better than a hundred other men who hung about Blindman's Alley. He had no set of ideals, but in his world of crime, he was honest; among faithlessness, he was loyal; among idlers, he worked. Not that he wanted to be honest, industrious, and true! It was just that his world flung a challenge, and he fought the fight against crime. Of course he was victorious, an honest, upright man.

It was this Sam Buchanan who saved the Salvation Army officer. He stepped up beside the failing fighter, and roared. It was not a religious roar. It might have come from the pompous lungs of a jungle lion. It was a warlike roar, but it turned the crowd. It was not a big crowd, twenty loiterers or so, but it turned about and wondered what the big man would do.

Sam was fighting their disinterest. "Now folks, we ain't dead yet. Let's sing! Hallelujah! Thine the glory!"

It got them, the song with the primitive movement, Big Sam roaring it as a fisherman might roar at sea. They sang lustily: "Hallelujah, thine the glory!" not once but three times. "That there hymn's a winner," someone vowed, and they clamored for more. Big Sam led them.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
His trumpet call obey,
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day."

They could not know the words, few of them knew the tune, but they kept up a rhythmic roaring and felt the beat of the drum.

There were a few of that very few who somehow couldn't roar. Sally Kane, girl intractable, shoplifter and seller of love, was one who could not roar. She saw the Salvation Army man, his face lighting up at the turn of the tide, somehow able to see salvation in all the roaring. She looked at Sam, bellowing triumphantly, and thought him wonderful. She looked at a few old wicked women, who were weeping unusual tears. And she walked to Big Sam's side.

"Let's see the hymn book, Big Boy. Be a generous Christian."

Her mockery was very thin; under it, a real feeling.

She sang:

"I am thine, O Lord,
I have heard Thy voice,
And I know thy love for me."

Sally and religion! They laughed until she grew palely serious. She was not laughing, they saw, and they wondered at her. They admired her cheap prettiness, they found amazement in her sudden ser-
iousness, and they roared for her lustily.

It was after the meeting broke up. It had been successful—even Blindman’s Alley could give money if they wished. Sam and Sally were left alone, save for an inconsequential Salvation Army officer.

“Listen, little one,” Sam condescended. “I like your chirping. Why not cooperate, you and I and Ambrose here? We’ll make a hell of a Salvation meeting.”

And Sally, impetuous to decide, shook his hand heartily, shook the officer’s hand, heartily. They all shook hands, and with great good fellowship, planned next night’s meeting.

Sally was doubtful next day. That Salvation meeting had bothered her—its songs ran through her head. She longed for night to come, when she and Big Sam would lead the religious roaring, but she feared he would not come. She knew what she’d do. She’d keep her word when she knew he’d kept his, and if he didn’t, if he’d been kidding after all, she’d not be made a fool of.

Sam, too, went home with doubts. Next day he pondered, as much as his cheerful nature would allow—pondered as he wheeled heavy boxes about the wharf. He’d never been afraid they’d get the best of him. Now here he’d gone and made a date with a frizzy little blonde, a date for a Salvation Army meeting. He liked the meeting, and he would have gone anyway. Perhaps together they could make them want to be saved. But the woman! Women always lied, anyway, didn’t they? This one had said she’d come. She’d acted pretty honest, but he’d let her get there first.

Sally, from a window in Blindman’s Alley, behind a curtain, watched for Sam. Sam behind another not so distant window, waited for Sally. The Salvation Army officer was on time with his instruments. He called together his flock, who straggled in, and stood apparently waiting. Perhaps they hoped the man and girl of the evening before would return. Sally waited. Sam waited. The crowd waited but less patiently. It grew late, an hour later than they planned to meet. Sally at her window, decided to go home. She sneaked out a back way, and went home to shoplifting and selling her love. Sam left his window not long afterwards and left the world of saving souls. Sally forgot; Sam, satisfied with his initial success, lost all desire. Neither of them was much surprised. They knew people did not keep their word. They were glad they did not go. Sam and Sally never knew of the other’s window.

THE COMEDY OF BEAUTY AND BEAST.

By Alberta Brown.

Cast of the Characters.

Beast—a large black bear, afterwards a prince.
Merchant—Who has lost his wealth.
Beauty—Loving daughter of the merchant.
Alicia, Frieda—Beauty’s jealous sisters.
Time—Late Spring.

Prologue.

We traverse now the land of fairy lore, Where witches hold foul wickedness in store;
And mirrors act in quite the strangest way.
Prepare your ears for roaring beasts of prey;
Your hearts for loving and your eyes for tears.
For on this stage both happiness and fears Shall meet, and jealousy defeated droop
And lofty love to lowest beasts shall stoop.
So now look patient in upon our stage
And let the actors all your cares engage.

Scene I. (We have as our setting an old, country farmhouse where Beauty’s father, once a wealthy merchant, has been obliged to go, having lost all his money. At the left end of the stage is a fireplace where burns a fire. Before it is a big armchair. At rear of stage is the outside door. Beauty’s spinning wheel is at the right end of the stage.)
When the curtain rises Beauty, a flaxen-haired blue-eyed maid, is seated at her spinning-wheel, singing.)

Beauty (Sings):
Oh there was a jolly minstrel, oh!
Who lived in a big green forest.
(Speaks): Father will be weary with his plowing. For even yet he has not grown accustomed to the rough brown labor of the field.

(Sings):
He sang to the trees and the daisies, oh!
That grew in the big, green forest.
(Stops to listen.)
If I am not mistaken, I hear his step.
Poor man, 'tis heavy and slow with weariness.
(Opens door and embraces her father.)
Father, dear.
Merch. Beauty, my darling child.
The thought of that smile of yours each night is all
That helps me home when, faint from the burning sun,
I make my way out of the stretching fields.
(Then Beauty kisses her father and leads him to the fireplace where he sits in a large armchair and she seats herself on a tuffet at his feet.)

Beauty.
I shall never marry, father dear,
For I cannot bear the thought of leaving you.
My dearest possession, that of perfect love,
Would all be lost were I to lose my father.
Hold my fingers in yours and tell me please
That you love to have me, instead of servants,
Stiff as dominoes, to wait on you.
Father.
Beauty, you are all the universe.
The stars, the sun, the moon, the meadowlands
Hold not the infinite beauty of your soul.
Would that your sisters too, had more of love
And less of hateful anger in their hearts!
But, I fear me, the loss of all our wealth
Is what has turned their hearts to bitterest gall.
Beauty.
To me it is the greatest joy of life—
This old farmhouse sprawling out its length

Amid the breasted hills and quiet streams
Where love may, unmolested, seek its course
And never, like the truant school boy, hide
For fear of interruption.

But hark, my sisters come.
(True enough Alicia and Frieda come in to break up the harmony of the scene between their father and Beauty.)

Alicia.
Well, little idle hands, where's supper tonight?
Is there to be none? Will you gossip there
Till all of us shall die from lack of food?
Frieda.
Get up at once and be about your work;
Your indolence is more than I can bear!
(Here a knocking comes at the door whereupon both older sisters glance expectantly at Beauty.)

Alicia. Well? (Pointedly at Beauty.)
Father. Go unlatch the door, Alicia, please.
(Frieda rises angrily and opens the door, a messenger gives her a letter whereupon she closes the door.)

Alicia. It is addressed to you, father.
(She gives it to him and he opens it slowly and then his features are filled with great joy as he reads.)

Father. Daughters! (Still reading to himself.)
Beauty. What is it, father dear, that your face so lightens at the reading? Tell us.
Alicia. Yes, read it.
Frieda.
My curiosity would snatch the letter From you!
Father.
Patience, I'll report the contents.
The ship which I believed was lost at sea,
Wrecked upon some treacherous, unbuoyed shoal,
The one most heavily laden with rich goods,
And that held my merchant wealth upon its decks,
Is found and safely guided into port!
Alicia. Oh most kind fates!
Frieda.
So now we're rich and I
May have fine clothes! May Jupiter be praised!
Beauty. Alas yes, now are we as rich
as ever.

Father.

Why Beauty, teardrops stand within your eyes;
Tell me, are you not happy at the news?
Alicia. Her tears witness the natural folly of her mind.

Frieda.

Come, laughed you at your mother's funeral,
That you weep at your father's good fortune?

Beauty.

These telltale tears that, sheepish, stand within
My eyes, come from a joy that is ashamed
To own a few, foolish and selfish regrets.

Frieda (with sarcasm).

Explain them if will to such as we
Who see no cause for tears from our low station.

Beauty.

'Tis that buxom servants now will wait
In blundering inattention on my father,
And then my love for him have no expression.

Still, 'tis only selfishness, for now,
My sisters, you may wear fine clothes again.

Father.

Beauty, the interchange of love between us
Need not, by this, be lessened in the least
Except upon this night, when I must go
Into the hiving city and the port
Where lies my ship hard-fretting at his anchor.

Beauty. Why must you go so soon?

Father. Because, dear Beauty,
It must be now, else the city's greedy thieves
Make way with all my new-recovered wealth.

Frieda. Such matters lie beyond her understanding.

Alicia. Oh father bring me back a dress of silk!

Frieda. For me an ermine wrap that's not too short.

Father. What would you that I bring you, Beauty dear?

Beauty. (Pauses a moment frowning
and then she smiles.)

Father, if it trouble you not too much,

Bring we a deep, red rose with dewy petals.
Alicia. Utter foolishness!
Frieda.

What will you wear when we return to the city,
Your rose alone, pinned to your calico apron?

Father. 'Tis well, 'tis well, chide not your youngest sister.

Come, Beauty, make me ready to depart.

(Exeunt Beauty and her father.)

Alicia. Our father is a fond and foolish dreamer.

Frieda.

Methinks that 'twould be well, were we the ones
To handle all the affairs of our estate.

Alicia. Let's ponder o'er this question yet awhile.

Frieda. But first, let's to the kitchen and to sup.

(Exeunt.)

Curtain.

Scene II.

Interior room of Beast's castle. Large fireplace, center back of stage. Outside door left end of stage. Table set for feast right end of stage. Merchant, Beauty's father enters left end—outside door, dressed as if coming in from a storm.

Merch. (Groaning to himself with the cold.)

I am faint with cold and hunger, yes, and lost.
Oh the storm is a raging tyrant. It drove me in
As the door was neither barred nor even latched.

And yet I see no occupant about.
Who may the owner of the castle be?
Yon fire blazes warm and sorely tempts my aching fingers. Come, I will to it.
(Warms himself by the blaze.)

Would to the gods I'd never left my home; For six days in the city leaves me poorer Than before. Now doubly will my daughters

Grieve their state, for once despair is lifted,
'Tis worse to have it set in place again.
But what's here? A table richly laid!
What savors tempt the cavity that is
My stomach! Alas, I see no one about.
Yet, how fragrant smells that roasted fowl!
I must be at it! Still 'tis not for me.
But, O ye gods, such food was meant to eat,
And not to cool untouched while humans
starve
Within the very sight and smell of it!

(He approaches the table and falls to
eating. Presently, however, he stops.)
I must not eat it all for when my host
Returns, as soon he must, there'll be no
food.
And now I'm weary, too, perhaps should I
Explore a bit I'll find a welcome bed.
I'll take this door. May gods protect me
now! (Exit.)

Scene III.

(Garden with exterior of castle in background. Enter the merchant from castle
and seats himself on a garden seat.)

Merch.
Indeed my host was kind, for though I saw
No trace of him on corridor or stair
I found my bed quite full of calm repose.
And here today, I find the snow quite gone.
But oh! my heart hangs heavy in my breast,
for how
To bear to homeward turn my lagging steps
And face my daughters with the doleful
news
That I have through an error false, once
more
Lost all our wealth and fortune to the
winds.
I cannot bring Alicia's dress of silk;
And Frieda's ermine wrap I could not buy,
But look! Here in the garden grow red
roses,—
'Tis Beauty's wish at least; I'll pick a few!
(He rises and goes to pick the roses
when suddenly a furious angry beast jumps
out from a hedge at his left.)

Beast.
Ungrateful wretch! Is this the way you pay
For all my kindness to you through the
night?
I saved your life and gave you food and
bed,
And here you steal my roses which I love
Beyond my very life. Now you shall pay
The forfeit by your death this night at sun-
down!

Merch. (Falls on his knees trembling.)

My lord, forgive, I pray, if I, unknowing
Have ought offended you. I only wished to
pluck
A rose for my dear daughter whom I love.

Beast. (Growls.)
I do not fill the office of your lord
And flattery incenses me the more.
But since you have a daughter, 'tis my wish
That she shall be the one to die instead.

Merch. Oh kind Mr. Beast!

Beast. I am not kind!

Merch. My life take instead, I beg!

Beast.
Be still,
Now go and send her back without delay.

Merch. My heart is almost breaking,
yet I go. (Exit.)

(Beast, growling to himself, enters the
castle.)

(Curtain.)

Scene IV.

(Room of the castle. Harpsichord left cen-
ter of stage, bureau right end, two win-
dows left and right center back. Between
windows, a couch, beside couch, lampstand
holding books. Enter Beauty.)

Beauty.
This room must be for me, for on the door
Were word's inscribed so plainly signifying.
But look about, a harpsichord and books;
A couch all richly spread and silken hang-
ings
Are at the windows. Can these pleasures be
But for one night provided? 'Twould seem
strange.
The beast has not appeared. His company,
Alas, though gruff and fierce it be, were
better
Than this suspense and terrifying silence.

(Picks up a book and glances at'its pages.)

How my poor father wept at my departure!
But my sisters—it grieves me to think how
like
The crocodiles they wept? Methinks I
smelt
An onion in the dampness of their eyes.

(A paper flutters from the pages of the
book at which she is looking.)

But what is this? A paper bearing writ-
ing! (Reads.)

"You are the queen of all which lies within
The portals of this room. Your slightest
wished, 
Once uttered shall be granted. Be at peace.”
These words themselves were irony for how
Can I, compelled within these castle walls,
Have granted that most dearest wish to me,
The sight of my dear father in our home?
(Closes book and lays it away then walks
toward a bureau at right on stage.)
But what unique behaviour has this mirror?
For surely mirrors, like the echo, are
Servants of response whose mission is
Only to repeat that dictated.
Wish this has a story of its own.
Indeed, there sits my wish, well crowned
with granting
For in it, ye gods of joy, do I behold
My love at evening meal as clear as though
I sat myself at table. Poor dear father,
Sickly dallying o’er his food in grief.
My sisters like two dog-irons stand aloof
Before the flame that is my father’s love
From which the smoke of sadness slowly
curls.
Alas, the picture fades and now again
The mirror does resume its normal station.
(All is quiet.)
Oh Heaven help me now, for yon hoarse
growl
Betokens the approach of my fierce host.
(Enter Beast.)
Ah, here you come! Come here to me at
once.
(Beast roars off stage.)
What can I say? I must not tell a lie.
(Out loud.)
Alas, to speak the truth, you seem to me
Most fierce to look upon but very kind.
Beast.
Beauty dear, though rough I am without
I love you tenderly within my heart.
Will you marry me?
(Eyes her fiercely and anxiously.)
Beauty. (Trembling still and greatly
surprised at this sudden request.)
Oh Beast, I cannot.
Whereupon the Beast utters a tremendous
sigh and departs, leaving Beauty
much relieved.)
Curtain.
Scene V.
Castle dining room, same that merchant
entered in Scene II.
Time: Three months later. Beauty and
the Beast seated at breakfast table.
Beast.
Again I beg you look beyond this coat
And know the fur enwraps a feeling heart.
Oh Beauty dear, I love you. Say you too
Love me and will tonight become my wife.
Beauty.
Alas, kind Beast, my fear of you is gone.
Three months with you have built a pyra-
mid
Of friendship, strong, which would entomb
some love;
But my small heart cannot encompass
round
Such fierce dimensions, poor, kind Beast,
as thine,
Besides, this morning heavy sadness rests
Upon it. In my mirror as I looked
I saw my father lying sick with grief.
For he, dear Beast, believes me to be dead,
So let me go to him before he dies
Or else I, too, shall die just with the want-
ing.
Beast.
I feared as much. Yet you may go, because
My love is truly deep; and though I perish
For lack of you, still may you follow out
The dictates of your heart.
Beauty.
Oh Beauty, ’tis strange
That now I have your kind permission
There’s something in me aching at the part-
ing,
But I’ll be absent only seven days.
This I promise, so grieve not now. Farewell.
Beast.
Yet a moment stay. I have a ring
Which is embued with powers strange and
sure.
For if your heart should truly long for me,
Once placed beneath the pillow when you
sleep,
'Twill bring you straight unto these castle walls,
And you shall wake upon your castle couch.
Beauty.
This ring shall on my finger stay secure
'Till on the seventh day from now to do Its promised business, is removed. And now,
Dear Beast I must make haste to go. Farewell.
(Exit.)

Scene VI. (Same as Scene I.)
(Merchant is sitting ill and weak in his chair, before the fire.)

Merch.
Each night she sat upon that little stool And gazed at me with eyes so tender sweet That sent my mind off to the mossy wood Where scarce the violets grow that match her eyes.
And now I sit alone. 'Tis only when The Master of Eternity shall end My aimless wanderings on this weary earth, That I, if so the pattern has been laid, Shall feel again the presence of my child.
But soon that time must come, for weak I grow;
As plants fall sick for want of gentle rain So thirst I for her fingers on the latch.
(He sits back in the chair and falls into a reverie. Lights low. Presently enters Beauty so softly that he does not hear her. She looks about, then spies him in his chair and thinks he sleeps.)

Beauty. (Softly to herself.)
He sleeps but can I wait 'till he awake? I'll make a kiss the intruder of his slumber! (She tiptoes over to him and kisses him lightly on the forehead.)

Merch. (Rising.)
Beauty! Be this a dream, then some kind god Guard mercifully my waking. Oh, my child!
Beauty.
Father, 'tis no dream, stare not at me But take me in your arms and see how real And warm my kisses are. (They embrace.)

Merch. (Mystified.)
Where have you been That you escaped the Beast who swore your death?

Beauty.
He is a gruff but tender-hearted Beast Who begs me every night to be his wife, It broke his heart, poor brute, to let me come.

Merch.
I feel my illness slipping quickly from me; Nourished is my frame at your small voice Sounding in my ears.

Beauty.
I dared not ask The Beast to let me come until my longing Outsized the bulk that was my cowardice. Each day I watched you in my magic mirror And sadly saw my sisters drift away And leave you all bereft of human kindness.

Merch.
'Twas seasoned right to save your father's life.
But tell me what 'twas charmed the savage Beast To mercy? For to me he viley swore Your certain death. How came you by these clothes So rich, and jewels dangling in the light Like streaks of fire? A princess you appear!

Beauty.
I never saw the Beast but wondrous kind Though rough and fierce appearance he may bear, Somehow there's in his mode and tone of speech That stirs a vein of sadness in my breast. And, too, there's grandeur and nobility All strangely hidden 'neath his furry coat. But father, tell me how my sisters fare?

Merch.
Tomorrow let us fetch them to this house, Tonight I'll keep for you and me alone, That sweetly in unbroken interview We may enjoy our reunited love, Let us to the garden make our way While moonlight garbs the roses, white in blue. And seated mid their dewy richness know Again, the warmth of parent love for child.

(Exeunt.)

Scene VII.
(Garden of the Beast's castle. Time:
late evening. Beast lies prostrate upon the ground beneath a secluding rosebush at the right end of the stage. Stage lit with a blue light. Enter Beauty weeping and unaware of his presence.)

Beauty.
Alas, where is my Beast, my poor dear Beast?
I've searched the castle o'er without avail And cannot find him.
(Seats herself on garden bench.)
So thus am I repaid,
For having far too long over-stayed my time
So eloquent my father pled. I dreamt
Last night that Beast lay dying sore with grief,
And now he must have perished. Too late
The sentiments I bore him grew and bloomed
Into a flower of love, for frost will come
And nip all blossoms that are slow in forming.
(Beast groans.)
What voice is that?
(Rises and looks about.)
My heart responds to it,
With strange and leaping joy! Methinks that it
Knows better than my mind that vocal sound.
(Discovers Beast and falls on her knees beside him.)
Oh sad and awful sight! Dear Beast, look up
And see your Beauty bending over you,
Oh Beast, I love you, can't you hear my words?
(Feels his heart.)
His heart still beats though slow and difficult.
Dear Beast, your Beauty wants to be your wife!
(Lights all go out, there is a roar. A few minutes of darkness, then lights appear in the castle windows and by their light Beauty is seen standing in semidarkness and at her feet is kneeling a young prince.)
Prince.
Look not amazed, dear Beauty, but be glad.
(Full footlights.)

For you did break the spell which held me fast.
'Tis unto you I owe great gratitude
For freeing me from horrid bestial form.
Beauty.
But where is my poor Beast? I want my Beast!
Prince.
Fairest little Beauty, I am he.
A witch once put me in that ugly form
To stay until some maid should say with truth
She loved me. You I thought had gone away
Never to return and love for you
Within me burned so hard that I'd resolved
That death would kinder be.
Beauty.
Dear Prince,
I came, my mind deep wondering at my heart
That it should cry so strangely for a beast. Just now I am so in amazement held
That I can say no more, save that I love.
Prince.
Come, life holds much of joy for you and me;
Sweet nights together 'neath a primrose moon,
And days when we may play and fulfill dreams.
Your father, too, will come to dwell with us,
So Beauty dear, our castle doors stand wide.
Beauty.
I am afeared this is a sweet, sweet dream, I dare not move for fear I may awake. Oh fairest stars, so cold and far away Confirm my joy and make me know 'twill last.
Prince. (Kissing her.)
How this sweet bewilderment becomes you! It makes me love you ever more and more.
(Kisses her once more.)
Soft music plays within the castle now;
Let's follow in its strains, for soon the dawn
Will silent steal across the garden flowers.
(Exeunt.)
Curtain.
Merton Bailey had met Leila Stone in an art gallery. The atmosphere of their first meeting had set the tone of their whole subsequent intercourse. There was about their love an intellectual tone, a mutual worship of beauty, not of primitive passionate beauty but of beauty restrained by culture and convention, of polished beauty. Merton had created that tone, Leila was his copyist as she was a copyist in everything. In that they were different.

It was in Merton's nature ineradicable as truth in a fact, to seek for finer things. He had not been brought up in an atmosphere of culture and appreciation. His father had been possessed of great honesty, great lovableness, an unselfish desire to give his son the benefit of an education. Not that he had any conception of a higher education where appreciation, aesthetic or intellectual, played any part, but he had eyes to see the practical value of a university training, and Merton had gone to college. And though he found at home financial sacrifice, encouragement and pride in his smallest accomplishment, he missed a sympathy without which intellectual life is sterile. His domestic, smiling mother, and even more his kind-hearted father, were irritated by his doubts, uninterested in his cravings, angered by his skepticism and rejection of their religion. Of course they were kind to him, he was their son. But they could not understand. They had rather expected of him some sort of success, if not academic or athletic, then economic success later. And Merton had failed them, just as they had failed him. His absorption in learning had lowered his scholastic grades. He had had no use for athletics. He had left college in worse condition than when he entered. His beliefs were shattered, his convictions unsteady. But his intellect had awakened to the teeming life about him. Four years had not sufficed to give him understanding. His delving into the depths of learning had still bewildered him. His mind was too keen not to be shaken to its foundation by the infinite wonder of life, but he was still too young and inexperienced a man to create for himself a system of things. He needed time, and the world thought he'd had enough. His father and mother thought so too. "Merton," they said, "has had four years of college. He should know enough by now to get along." It was just that—he knew too much to get along. He could not unwillingly and unwittingly be fitted into the scheme of things like so many of the bricks which are men. He needed adjustment to the right place and he seemed to be seeking in the dark.

It was inevitable that such a man should become a teacher. In this life of ours, such inquisitive, beauty-loving, yet non-creative natures find a place in no other profession. Never was a man more unsuited to teaching plastic minds. He was not sure of things, and his very broadness of vision narrowed his influence. Then, too, here in his teaching, as in everything, he drew the quickest conclusions. His was the intuitive mind which sees in the meanest act the significance of a momentous deed, and his reactions were in accordance. His rating of students was intuitive—from some insignificant action he judged their mental capacities. And, in a way, he was a genius. There were times when he discovered great mental disturbances and diseases. But he possessed the fallibility of all intuition—he erred as often as he succeeded, so his teaching by fits so brilliant, was often the meanest success. The conclusions he drew, sometimes wise and deeply truthful, were as often wildly imaginative and wrong.

But at least it gave him spare time to follow his yearnings. And as in college he had sought a mental perfection, he now sought for himself a cultural perfection no element of which he had found in his home. His suits wore shiny while he attended, lonesomely, the most expensive of high opera. He studied the manners of culture, and, because he was sincere he changed. He became a gentleman, an aesthete,
haunting libraries and art galleries, attending high theatre and lectures. And by his fineness of nature he became a truly cultured man, despising the vulgar and unbeautiful, and, in his honesty of nature, hating the intellectually untrue. As his personal perfection increased, he became increasingly snobbish. He demanded from others the discrimination, preception, imagination, refinement which he had in such abundance, and he scorned those who failed to measure the height of his standard.

He found, he thought, his standard in Leila. When he first saw her, she was standing before an oil painting in the Metropolitan Art Gallery. She was exquisitely dressed, perfect in total impression, perfect in minute detail, wearing a sort of a tan suit, with fur, hat and gloves in absolute rightness. She was alone, and on her face as she stood before the smudge of colors, was a look of admiring appreciation. Instinctively, as he knew all things, Merton knew that here was a person who would sympathize. They talked. Leila talked easily, in perfect command of phrases, perspective, tone, and the like, like a wise child who had learned her lesson well. Merton talked haltingly, struggling for expression, seeking blindly to find the exact word for his impression.

He knew, just as instinctively, that Leila loved him. Of course she told him so, always with her perfect command of feature and of language, while Merton found his love hard to say. It was such a vagrant thing, so hidden in his heart, so delicate and fine to stand the light of day.

Their courtship was to Merton a lovely thing. At last he had found companionship worthy of him, and he reveled in the sense of sympathy. Now he could talk his inmost conviction, and Leila seemed always to comprehend, always to assent, always to feel as he did. They were, he thought, literally one heart and one mind.

Outwardly, Leila was his perfect prototype. Her physical culture was highly perfected. Her poise could not be shattered. Her smallest movement bespoke a world of knowledge of what to do. She never offended. And with all this perfection, she had that interest in beauty and things of the mind which Merton himself possessed. And she knew where she stood. She knew, as Merton felt he never could know, just what she thought was beautiful. She was certain of the truth, and Merton was sure he could never be certain. When he wagged, Leila was steady, and he clung to her convictions.

Merton and Leila seemed suited to each other. But there was all the difference between them that there is between truth and falsehood. It was in Merton's nature to be fine, but Leila was so with a motive. She copied her fineness, as a seamstress may copy a gown from Paris. Outwardly, she was the real thing, and by her superior acting, she created a better impression than Merton, who could not act. But Leila was not like some actors—she could not pretend to herself. She knew her lower sensibility, and alone she was herself, her dress in her room was slovenly, her manners slovenly, and her actions slovenly. In reality, she was all that Merton abhorred—rude, indiscriminate, unlovely, coarse. But she played her part with such superior brilliance that Merton was fooled.

It was a little thing that set him right. Just as a sudden intuition had built for Merton a love on rotten timbers, so a sudden inspiration disclosed to him the truth. She was a criminal who had cleverly covered her traces, but in the flush of success carelessness lost her game.

She knew how Merton hated it. He had said as they watched the mouth gyrations of a gum-chewing girl, that there was no evidence of vulgarity so certain. It was to him circumstantial evidence, infallible and irrefutable proof of the unpardonable sin. So Leila had been wary. Of course she indulged. It was just that, her mediocre nature was content with this lower intelligence. He might have been able to bear a scented cigarette, but chewing gum was horror to his sensitive nature. So Leila had been careful. Since her imitation of fineness was so good Merton had accepted her credulously.

It happened on a shopping tour. They were buying things for their home. Within a week, they would be married. Their love, they felt, was purer than most love. Even
marriage would not have been a necessity—it would merely make companionship more easy and more constant. They were in a furniture store, buying the simplest of chairs, a green kitchen rocker, aesthetic Leila thought, but Merton wasn’t sure. They were buying with Leila’s money—in her economic wisdom she had insisted on helping expenses. And to save his sensi­tiveness, she had given him the bag. Like her, it was perfection, the softest of light tan suede, with a dull gold clasp, lined with finest silk, faintly scented.

Merton was buying the chair, reassured by Leila’s certainty of its beauty. He had taken the bag, feeling a sense of pleasure in its fitness, as he did in all things about her. With a confident sense of assurance he opened it, certain, he thought, to find a dainty square of silk, perhaps some lipstick, and a few clean, neatly folded bills. He found instead a monstrous disorder. Two or three soiled handkerchiefs were mingled with crumpel bills. Hairpins, a cheap nail file, and a corn plaster kept company with the change. A soft eyebrow pencil, care­lessly thrown in without its cover, had smudged the lining of the bag. There was a powder puff, as soiled as the handker­chiefs. And in the corner, inobstrusive in the depths of the roomy bag, was that which made his senses cringe. It was a package of gum, a green package of spear­mint gum, with two of the five sticks gone.

He came to a sudden decision, one of the most brilliant of his life. He shut the bag suddenly, quick to see that Leila had not observed what he did. Quietly he said to the clerk, “We will not buy it today,” and he took Leila’s arm. She glanced at him, and was surprised at his cool determination. She did not oppose him, though opposition surged within her. She was gracious in her concurrence with his wishes.

It took Merton a long time to convince Leila that he could not marry her. He would not lie to her, because deceit had been practiced on him. Yet his sensitiveness could not tell her the truth. He merely said, gently as was his wont, but with a determination surprising to her:

“Leila, I have found I do not love you. I want you to release me, to forget that we’ve ever loved. I can not tell you why, but we can never marry.”

Leila did not storm. She kept her com­posure to the end. She was, she gloried to herself, kind and gracious to him, as a lady should be. She said, ever glibly:

“Merton, you’re doing me a wrong. How can I know what I have done? I don’t des­erve this treatment. I love you now, and something within me says I always will. If you have ever loved me, you can tell me now.”

“Leila, I have never loved you. I loved, but the girl I loved is already mine. What you create is yours by right, isn’t it? What I have built from stuff of dreams is always mine. Leila, Leila, if you have ever known the feeling of following long a path which you believed would lead you home to happiness, and in the darkness having it lead you astray and take you headlong down a cliff of death, then you can know how I have felt. But leave me now, I want to be alone.”

So with a kindness seldom her’s, Leila left him alone. Perhaps she guessed that she had been detected. Perhaps she did not care. Her crime of life, deceptive as a lie, was never brought to justice.

She never married, fearing that the strain of constant acting would tax her histrionic powers too far. She avoided back-stage contacts, and her audience, from their distance, gave her hearty ap­plause.

Merton, too, lived all alone. He feared a second deception, and feeling he could not stand that, he lived alone. There were times when he missed her companionship, missed her steadiness, missed the constant conviction. But as his loneliness wore off, a sense of happiness grew stronger with the years. He taught, still at times bril­liantly but never with glaring success. He followed his craving for beauty, for cul­ture, and for wisdom, in his own excellent company, and periods of loneliness grew rarer. It might seem strange that he never wondered if perhaps he had misjudged Leila. Such a thought could never occur to him, reliant as he was on his intuition.
It was to his joy that here, in the most momentous decision of his life, his genius for instinct served him right. If the dice of chance had fallen differently, another story might be told.

THE JONES AT BREAKFAST.

By Alberta Brown.

Characters: Mother, Father, Johnny, Susie.

Scene: Any small dining room or kitchenette; table set for breakfast.

Action: Very swift.

Mother: (Shouting off stage) Breakfast.
Susie: (Shouting to mother) Stockings.
Mother: (Calling to Susie) Bathroom.

(Enter Mother on stage with coffeepot from the left door. Enter Father from right in shirt sleeves and hair uncombed.)

Mother: (Sweetly) Morning!
Father: (Gruffly) Morning!
Mother: (Expectantly) Kiss?
Father: (Gruffly) Unhhuh. (They give each other the morning peck.)

(Enter Johnny, hair on end, running.)

Johnny: Ma!
Mother: (Pouring out father's coffee as he sits down at the table, glances sidewise at her son.) Hair! (Horrified tone.)
Johnny: (Pointing at his father's rumpled hair) Dad's!
Mother: Sh!
Susie: (Off stage calling to mother)

Stockings!

Mother: Bathroom!
Father: (Eating) Eggs! (Disgusted.)
Mother: Well?
Father: (Attempting to look pleased, with foolish smile) Fine!
Mother: Father (Worriedly.)
Father: (Same expression) Fine!
Mother: Cheaper. (Petulantly.)

Johnny: Milk!
Mother: Please, (Correcting him.)
John: Please.
Susie: (Calling to mother) Stockings!!
Mother: Bathroom!!
Father: Time?
Mother: (Looks at clock in plain sight of father.) Eight.
Father: Late! (Rises hurriedly from table.)

Mother: Hair!
Father: Comb! (Mother produces it from apron pocket.)

Johnny: Banana!
Mother: Pantry.
Father: Hat! (Searching everywhere.)
Mother: Here. (Picks it up from chair right near father's elbow.)
Father: (Rushing to door.) Good bye!
Mother: (Expectantly) Kiss?
Father: (Gruffly) Late!
Mother: (Commandingly from center of stage) Kiss.

Father: (Rushes back and gives her the farewell peck, at the same time mumbling) Late! (Dashes out door!)
Mother: (Starting to weep) Good b-b-bye.

Father: (From distance off stage) Hell! Johnny: Oh-h-h!
Father: (From greater distance) Good-by!

Susie: Stockings!!!
Mother: Bathroom!!!

DESERTERS.

By Pauline Bakeman.

The wind gave quick little darts around the huge boulder, trying half-heartedly to reach the two men who sat in its shelter before a small pine fire. The country about them was desolate, the results of an angry glacier that had been forced to stop its course not far distant. The low hills were a mass of rocky ledges and solitary
boulders, making the land unpleasing save to scrub pine and oaks which did not mind the rocky soil. Below the foothills, some two miles distant on more fertile land, the flourishing little city of Salem spread, and beyond it lay the harbor, deep blue in the beginning twilight.

Back on the hill in the shelter of a boulder, called Ship Rock by the townspeople, the two men lazily poked at the fire and watched the last glow of the sun on the harbour waters, but most of all they watched the movements on board a small warship that lay at anchor a short way from the shore. As they gazed in silence into the night, a lantern was seen to rise slowly on the mast of the ship. "God be praised: it's only one," said the older of the two. "They have given up the search for us at last. That light means they'll set sail in the morning, and then we can leave this ghastly place for civilization," and he gazed fondly down at the twinkling lights below. John Appleton, deserter of the English navy and the Warship Cranston, liked a jolly time better than anything in the world and the week's wait in the lonely country had sorely tried him. The fire, well hidden from the sight of the villagers, playing over his handsome face, showed him to be a man of some bearing, though a dare-devil withal.

The smile which he threw his companion was charming. "Cheer up, Dick, my boy," he said, "we'll be in town tomorrow night, and Salem isn't such a bad little place either, though of course we'll go to New York as soon as we dare." Dick Prescott, also deserter of the English navy and the Warship Cranston, only sighed and gazed into the fire that lighted up his boyish features. He was very young, not more than eighteen, but life was beginning to have serious problems for him.

Several weeks before on board the Cranston, after a miserable voyage across the Atlantic, he had been a willing listener to the daring tales of John Appleton, his brother sailor. In the rough lot of men who comprised the crew of the Cranston, the latter had been the only one who was entirely congenial to the boy. They had both come from good families and were in the navy not merely for pleasure. John had been disowned by his family for his disgraceful ways and had joined his country's colors only long enough to earn his spending money, while Dick was serving a few years to please his grandfather who had himself been in the navy. The dull routine, the long weeks of rough passage (ships did not run so smoothly in 1800), and the harsh discipline had made life anything but pleasant for the boy, and when the charming John had singled him out as his companion and had divulged to him, alone, his plan for leaving the ship at Salem and hiding in the rocky country until the ship should depart, he had been fascinated. The glowing stories of the festive life in the States, of the beautiful women, and of plenteous wine, told in the dismal quarters of the ship, would have won an older man than Dick. Together the two had planned their escape. And now it seemed certain that it was assured, for, try as they might, they could see only one light on the mizenmast. The ship would weigh anchor with the early morning tide!

John was happy, Dick knew, as he watched the older man whittling a white pine stick and humming a gay little waltz to himself. His conscience was not bothering him; nothing seemed to disturb him unless it was the shabbiness of his coat or the unruly curl of his black hair. Why couldn't he, Dick Prescott, be like that? On board ship his plans had seemed all right, but he had had a week in which to ponder over his actions and somehow, now, they did not seem so aboveboard, nor did the gay plans give him such a glow as they had before. Was he becoming a coward and a sissy? He kept thinking of his mother and grandfather and their pride in him. That was no way for a grown man to think!

His silence attracted the attention of his comrade, who looked at him quizzically. "Aren't you happy, boy?" he said. "Don't you realize that we're free men? Tomorrow we'll be down again where there's wine, women and song."

"I suppose I ought to be glad, John, but to tell you the truth, I don't feel quite right about this deserting—it doesn't seem the way to treat the people who trust me," the
boy answered slowly, for he loved John Appleton and he hated to hurt him.

"Ah, poor lad, you don't know the world!" (Here was a new John, a bitter and cynical man.) "I forget you're so young. Life isn't what you think it is. It's cruel; it's selfish. Everyone is looking out for himself except a few poor fools who want to go to heaven, and some mothers, perhaps. I used to believe in people once—they're good to you until you go a little astray from the path, and then they stamp the very soul out of you. They're afraid you'll contaminate them. Of whom are they thinking? Themselves. You are done for as far as they're concerned, and they go living smugly with their little souls shriveling inside them. God, they can be hard! You've got to live for yourself, boy. Be as happy as you can and let the rest of the world look out for itself," he stopped and blushed. "I'm sorry, son, I didn't mean to get so excited, but, well—I've had some pretty hard experiences at one time or another. It kind of touches me to see you so loving and trustful."

His expression changed again and Dick once more looked into the carefree face of the gentleman-sailor. To such a person he knew he could not speak seriously, for he saw that his friend had steeled himself against another such outburst of feeling. Although he professed an epicurean philosophy, he was somewhat of a stoic too. For the rest of the evening conversation lagged, though there was a greater feeling of intimacy and understanding than before.

That night they lay rolled in their blankets gazing up at the millions of stars and watching the sea slowly give up its golden treasure, the moon. Jack fell asleep after a short time, but Dick lay thinking. This was his last chance to reach the ship—if he did not go tonight his name would go down in the record as a deserter! The word sounded hideous to him. If it weren't for his grandfather and mother he wouldn't mind—so much, but he was all they had left. Darn—he was a sissy, but he couldn't help it. That's the way he'd been brought up. With Jack it was different, his family had evidently been harsh. But his own people—they couldn't be like that, they'd just be terribly sorry and then forgive him. With tearless eyes he watched a shooting star as it sped across the sky, leaving a trail of fire behind it. It wouldn't be such an easy thing to go back to the ship now. His punishment would be severe, he knew, but at least, he was not a coward in that sense. He'd have to go. He couldn't stand it any longer. He was a weakling!

He did not dare look again at the handsome, gay fellow beside him, but he left all his possessions, even to his beloved watch, in a neat pile near his feet. "I hope he doesn't think I'm a coward," he breathed as he went silently down the hill.

He had no need of a lantern, the moon was enough. It showed clearly the narrow cobblestone streets of Salem, the aristocratic old houses, the town hall, old Derby street, the wharf, and finally the Warship Cranston, swaying gently in the harbour. He did not hesitate, but stripping off his clothes, and poising for a moment on the edge of the wharf, he made a light spring into the black water and disappeared in the direction of the Cranston.

Back on the hill a little later, sat a man, holding in his hand a heavy gold watch and following with his eyes the course of a tiny ship as it sailed to meet the rising sun. "Good boy," he sighed, "I wish I had your courage."

ANNIE, THE RESCUED ORPHAN.

Appreciation, quick and full and long, Ever receiving with a suddenness When now you think her thanks must be outworn. Or even you have quite forgot The gift, the source of such a stream of gratitude.

Kindness can never seem the usual mode of things, She in whom utter neglect bred a calmness of child-martyrdom. In this abundance of care is bewildered. She can't understand. I take appreciation from her surprised eyes With more delight than if a nation voted thanks. Mary Simpson.
Some of Us Sing and Dream

AT A DANCE.
A thousand, colored atoms scintillating
Through the illumined hall
With melody voluptuous, fascinating;
Bright streamers, long festoons,
A flurry of balloons
Obscures the softly iridescent lustre
Of faces petal-like in gleaming cluster.

A mist of voices charming, silver-throated,
Rises, demurs, then falls
Touching resistant walls,
Like thistledown that wandered as it
floated;
Vague rhythm, lasting beat
Of satin-slippered feet
Leaves wavering, irresolute, distraught,
The pulsing stream of once-unbroken
thought.

Priscilla Perkins.

THE MARBLE FAUN.
From sunlight, joy, and dance of nimble
grace;
From friendship, love, and pranks of faun-
ish haste—
To macabre depths of sin and murder base;
To passion, hate—each with its gallish
taste;
Then deep remorse, and life that came to
naught,
With brooding thoughts, and symbols of the
death;
And pious plans, and prayers with anguish
fraught;
And woman's love whose life hung on a
breath:
To this thy tale, oh Faun, do we owe much.
For thou hast taught us need for help
divine;
A power to temper joy and anger, such
Misleading and foul passions as were thine.
Yet we in joyous mood would sport till
dawn,

If we might once possess the joy of Faun.
    Rebecca M. Chester.

CIRCUS.
"This world is but a stage," and Life the
clown.
He mocks and teases all; his jokes abound
Deep hidd'n in hurtful 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 tir'd, 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.  Nyoda.

BOWL OF GOLD.
A strangeness seems upon the wind tonight,
Perhaps because it holds too many memories
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 night 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.

THE FARMER'S BOY IN SPRING.
Reluctant to hoe and dig and spade
He trudged across the lot,
For the winter things he liked to do,
Dad said, should be forgot.

He left his books and the treasures there
And dug in the scented earth;
He tugged at the roots of the stubborn weeds
And there he found new birth.

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,

SONNET TO CHANGE.
I look far back into the ancient past,
And see the days of festival that then
Were celebrated—Pagans all amassed
To sing and dance, to honor their brave men
And idol gods with great repast.
And then with nearer gaze I see the race
That introduced the strength-demanding games,
The gladiatorial contest, and the pace.
From these I go to days when newer aims
Have furnished music, poetry, and grace.
Until in present times, festivities
We solemnize with gifts, or garments fine.
Oh, where will next we place the emphasis—
On feasts, or games, or merchants' gain throughout the centuries?

IMPRESSION.
Every bough is tipped with silver
And sheathed with dancing shadowings.
White clouds are tangled in the branches,
And the tip is friendly with the sky.
The cool swift winds of evening
Pause to whisper singing secrets
And stay to lose its organ hymn
Of praise to earth, and sky, and springtime.
It spreads its shining fans to waft
The crimsoned gold across the west;
And then to call the twilight
In silvered purple shadows.
And now it stands in wondering silence
And feels the moonlight shimmering
Down its green and fragrant robe.

Suzanne Parker.

TO LIFE, A BEQUEST.
Give me a bright silver sixpence
Give me a love-colored look,
Give me a walk in the hills in the rain,
Give me a sunny-toned book.
Give me a redness, a grayness, a green,
Give me one terror, one love, and one hate,
Give me compassion, and life, that is all.
Hasten! I’ll weary of waiting. You’re late.

Mary Simpson.

DOMESTICITY.
I’m sweeping out my house this morning,
The sunshine’s lying bright upon the floor,
I’ve listened to the birdsongs since dawning
From fragrant lilac trees beside the door.

And when I’ve swept I’m going to make a dinner
To serve within the kitchen porch’s shade;
Where dishes thru cool shadow leaves will glimmer,
And bees will hum a noon time serenade.

And I will pick a bright wisteria flower
And put it on the table near your place
To make still sweeter yet this quiet hour,
You’ll kiss me and then bend to say the grace.

Anon.

DUSK.
The west is inked with purple shadows.
The little town lies hushed, before Night
Puts her wrapper on. The houses are clustered
Close together so Night will cover every one.

By the pebbled pond the silver birch trees sway—
Their brown-splotched gowns are stiffly bending,
As they murmur soft things that the sleepy birds
Have said. The breathless pond lies very still.
The shadows poke their dusky fingers
Down and tuck the little houses in,—
Slipping back and forth, they make the silver of the birchs
Grey and mist-splashed; fuse their smoky softness
All around the drowsy town, holding it safe,
Till Dawn shall come and steal away the shadows.

Pauline Smith.

THE MESSAGE OF DAWN.
In the singing silence of the dawn
I heard Thy voice
With such persuasive cadence
Urging me on,
I could but answer.
And my spirit talked with Thee!

No more I wonder
From whence the strength of soul
That speeds great lives in this our hazy sphere—
That seething inspiration has its source
Direct from Thee!

The dainty green and pink
Of springtime trees;
Confiding intonations of a child,
Or else his laugh of glee;
Remind me—that
In the singing silence of the dawn
I heard Thy voice!

Nyoda.

TO PAN, IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.
O, Pan, you cannot stay here long enough,
To stir and thrill each weary heart
To blind it to the sordid part
Of life that ebbs and flows around
Us here, far from the rugged ground,
The sounding cliff, the jagged bluff.
O, Pan, you will not stay here long enough.

Your reed ere long will shrill the sylvan call
To elf and fairy band.
And then this humdrum land
Will see no more. Thy tiny figure fleet,
No more the arching curve of winged feet,
O, Pan, let not that elfin finger fall,
Send not thy note to fair Titania’s hall.

E. H. R.
Mr. Strong: “Your wife looks terribly upset. What is the matter?”
Professor Colgan: “Why, she was assisting at an Alumnae Association rummage sale, took off her new hat, and somebody sold it for thirty-five cents.”

After Mid-Year Repairs.
“Get a new body and have your top repaired,” says an advertisement. Don’t you wish you might?

Mina: Does your friend’s baby brother cry much, Thea?
Thea: He cries when you stick pins in him or make faces at him or bounce him up and down. But what can you expect? He’s too little to swear.

Garage man (to Isa filling tire): Oil or gas?
Isa: No thanks; I am just taking the air.
Theora: May I speak to the captain?
Sailor: You’ll find him forward, Miss.
Theora: Oh, that’s all right. I’ve been out with college boys.

Our idea of optimism is trying to melt butter on Foss Hall vegetables.

Rowena: “My father is going to send my horse to the horse show this week.”
Cordelia: “Any chance of his winning?”
Rowena: “No, but he’ll meet some nice horses.”

On the Tennis Court.
“Bunny” Libby: “Well, we’ll have another game tomorrow unless Pluvius forbids.”
“Vi” Rowe: “But I thought that the college owned the courts.”

Something New in the Way of Learning.
Prof. Weber: Two years ago, if everyone hadn’t read “The Private Life of Helen of Troy,” his neglectation was being educated.

Jazzy Milo!
Dr. Perkins, speaking of earthquakes in chapel: “And Milo was up there shaking all by herself.”

Poor Homesick Boy!
Heard in American Lit. class: “I’d like to go back to ‘My Aunt.’”

Note: Please try to laugh. You wouldn’t want to hurt anyone’s feelings.

Wouldn’t It Be Funny If:
Agnes were Rye instead of Ginn?
“Polly” were Fryeman instead of Bake-man?
Mary were Neckke instead of Petke?
Stephanie were Pea instead of Bean?
Pauline were Sad instead of Gay?
Evelyn were Strawhen instead of Hay-cock?
Marian were Apes instead of Monks?
Martha were Porkilton instead of Hamilton?
(Added humor may be found by substituting pork in any name whose first syllable is ham.)
Theora were Buck instead of Doe?
Helen were Run instead of Chase?
Helen were Sheepsy instead of Ramsey?
Betty were Skipper instead of Walker?
Arlene were Coleman instead of Woodman?
Ada were Plug instead of Cram?
Ruth were Moveon instead of Park?
Marjorie were Van Bugle instead of Van Horn?
“Vi” were Paddle instead of Rowe?
Frances were Walkhome instead of Ride-out?
Corola were Tight instead of Loose?
P. S. Wasn’t this too funny for words? My deah!
Student in the library: “Gee! I’m cold.”
Bright One: “Wrap yourself in your studies.”

“What did Juliet say to Romeo when he met her in the balcony?”
“Couldn’t you get seats in the orchestra?”

Saleswoman: “That’s the smartest hat we have, my dear.”
“Jo” Conners: “It doesn’t have to be smart. I’ll put the brains in it myself.”

When it’s a cold winter morning
And the wind is howling outside
And your room is colder than ever
Because your room-mate forgot to turn on the heat again
And you drag yourself out of bed
So that you won’t be late to your 8 o’clock
And cringe as you step on the icy floor
And force yourself to put on clothes that have been cooling all night by the open window
And then, when you get all dressed,
You discover that ‘tis Saturday morning
And your geology class doesn’t meet
And you are up an hour ahead of time
Ain’t it a grand and glorious feeling?
Everyone has a right to his own opinion.

Cop: “Hey! You can’t park here!”
“Teddy” Doe: “You may know the traffic rules, old thing, but you don’t know this car.”

MISS ANNE SPEAKS.
It doesn’t matter that folks pity me;
Their pity cannot hurt me any more,
Now that I’m old. The little things before
That pierced me by their dull monotonity.
Are pleasant now: my cat for company,
Books, silver, rugs upon a polished floor,
Tall candles, hollyhocks beside the door,
And old friends dropping in for talk and tea.

They do not know, they cannot guess
That when they leave me by the fire alone,
I dream old dreams that never quite come true;
Counting my little store of happiness
For all the joy my heart has ever known,
I find it rich indeed, remembering you.

A SECRET.
I will whisper now a secret
If you’ll keep it to yourself,
It was told to me last evening.
By a funny, little elf.

“Baby’s smiles are made by fairies
In a magic sylvan ring
‘Neath the shadow of spring flowers
While the elves and dryads sing.
Just a bit of heaven’s sunshine
And a twinkle from the brook,
Then a gay and trilling birdnote
And a flower from a nook,
All these added to a dewdrop
And distilled for just a day
Make the smiles they bring to Baby
When the fairies come this way.”

Now I’ve told you all my secret,
You go prove it for yourself,
Watch to see the Baby’s smile come;
See if you can find the elf.

M. F., ’30.
Some Old Friends Write Back

The Colbiana has a twofold purpose in printing the following three articles. For the sake of old friendships, news from alumnae is always welcome. Hitherto, that news has always been limited to a line or two, suggestive of what they were doing, but hardly illuminating. The idea was hit upon to have certain of these alumnae write more informatively of their work, thus restricting the number about whom news could be written but giving us a more complete picture of the life of that restricted few. The three letters printed below are the material results of that idea.

The second motive behind this new action on the part of the Colbiana is the belief that such letters might be of vocational interest to those now in school. As elsewhere stated, it is the belief of the editor that the lack of vocational knowledge on the part of Colby women is rather appalling. Here we have firsthand knowledge from three of last year's seniors all engaged in vastly interesting and varied work. The first letter comes from Eleanor Butler, who is teaching in Porto Rico. The second comes from the field of journalism, Doris Groesbeck, who is employed on the "Evening Tribune" of Lawrence, Mass. And the third is from the field of religious education, from Florence Young, who is a minister's assistant in Salem, Mass.

Blanche Kellogg Institute
Avenida Ponce de Leon 226
Santurce, Puerto Rico
December 29, 1929.

Dear Colby Sisters:

As I date this letter I feel like giggling. It does seem so ridiculous to me, when I think that Christmas is over and New Year's is almost here, while I'm still playing tennis, swimming and being bitten by mosquitoes. How does it feel to be freezing? Any cold-blooded seniors are hereby cordially invited to teach in Porto Rico next year.

And why not? You'd all love it I know. Our girls are so proud of "our beautiful island" as they always call it, and they should be. Those of you who love the ocean, as you are accustomed to see it on the shores of Maine, or Massachusetts, would be enchanted by the tropical sea. The view we get as we ride into San Juan never fails to thrill me—an old white fort, dating back to the sixteenth century, and behind it, blue sea breaking into white foam on the coral reefs.

In the light of the full moon the waves turn to pure silver just before they break into crystal rainbows. Tropical moon-light transforms the whole landscape into fairyland. Nothing could be lovelier than the palm trees silhouetted against the path of brightness, or with the light filtering through their leaves making them gleam like sword blades. The faculty has exclaimed over the moon so frequently that the girls asked recently if we had a moon in the states.

I could go on for pages and pages trying to make you see "our beautiful island," but I could never do it justice. It is said that Columbus described the mountains of Porto Rico to the court of Spain by crumpling a piece of paper in his hand and throwing it on a table. That's about the way they do look—funny little crinkled ridges. Of course, all our flowers are very brilliant and beautiful. I fell in love with the flaming crimson hibiscus the first time I drove into the gate of Blanche Kellogg. The trailing purple, or red bougainvilla reminds me a little of rambler roses at home, but it possesses the usual tropical vividness and like many other tropical flowers isn't a flower at all but only a vine with some of its leaves colored. Lately we've been enjoying real poinsettias. They call them the
The school. Blanche Kellogg is a boarding school for Porto Rican girls run by the American Missionary Association and situated about five miles out of San Juan on the main thoroughfare. It comes under the head of home missions, but it is a good intermediate step for anyone who plans to go into foreign missions and the missionary aspect would never bother anyone who disliked the word missionary. We never think of ourselves as missionaries. We have six resident faculty members including the principal, Miss Lindsay. The teachers are all young, interesting, good-looking, and peppy. Miss McGee is the veteran to Porto Rico. She has taught here at Blanche Kellogg for six years and her mother was the former principal. The family has been in Porto Rico eleven years. The next in length of service is a girl from Hunter College, New York, who was here last year for her first year of teaching. The rest of us are new to Porto Rico and two of us new to teaching. The girl from Defiance College, Ohio, has had three years teaching experience in the states. My companion greenhorn was graduated from Smith last June. All our classes are taught in English except two Spanish classes conducted by men who come in from outside. Supposedly the girls have been taught in English since the fifth grade, but as it has oftentimes been by Porto Rican teachers, who knew little English themselves, the results are queer. I am continually being surprised by the small vocabularies which the girls have.

This year we have an enrollment of fifty or sixty girls. That is about two-thirds of the usual number. Porto Rico has not yet recovered from the terrible hurricane which swept the island last year. The poverty, sickness, and misery is appalling. Very few of our girls are full pay girls. Some of them pay a fraction of each month’s charge, while quite a number of them are scholarship girls, which means that we depend upon interested people in the states to keep them here. The school furnishes everything in the way of necessary clothing except shoes and stockings. Girls able to buy their own clothes are not required to wear the underclothes provided by the school but all must wear the school uniform. This consists of a black skirt, white middy, and tie of blue, black, or red. For Sundays and special occasions a white skirt is substituted for the black one. Several of the girls are too poor to buy shoes and stockings even with all else furnished them. They literally have nothing and if they were at home they would be sharing that nothing with many relatives. We use any extra gift money to help these girls.

Each girl whether she be a full pay girl or a scholarship girl has her regular daily duty to perform somewhere about the school. Some sweep, wipe dishes, take care of faculty rooms, etc.

The majority of the girls are Porto Ricans, that is they are all shades of brown, but we have some negroes. One little freshman has real blonde hair and her name is Blanca. She is much admired by the others as blondes are a novelty. I thought I should never be able to call some of them by name, but it is getting easier now. The girl who takes care of my room is a scholarship girl. Her name is Solesnir, which means “sunshine.” She’s bright and the cleverest mimic. I was nearly overcome with laughter one day in class when she told the story of “The Emperor’s New Clothes” with appropriate gestures and action. They all gesture a great deal, particularly when they are talking Spanish, and the gestures are so full of meaning that they are delightful. Some are bright and quick, some are dull and slow, they bluff, giggle, whisper, and play pranks just like any youngsters. Somehow they seem younger than girls their own ages in the states. Many of the freshmen are seventeen and some of the seniors are nearly as old as some members of the faculty. One thing I can’t get used to is their intensity of emotion. One never knows when someone may burst into tears in class and there are usually four or five who weep in sympathy. They love to write extravagant letters to a favorite teacher protesting their love and asking why the teacher does not like them, when the teacher may be utterly
unaware that she has shown any dislike. I got into difficulties the first of the year by calling a girl Carmencita. I thought that was her name, but it turned out that Carmencita is an affectionate diminutive for Carmen Luisa, the child's full name, and the rest of the class thought I was showing her particular affection.

Besides teaching the faculty has a few extra duties such as: chapel service every two weeks, daily inspection of assigned rooms, eating supper with the girls once a week, study-hall duty once a week, all day Sunday duty every five weeks, and Saturday evening duty every five weeks. Evening duty always means getting them to bed and quieted down.

Sunday mornings a Spanish minister comes in and conducts a Sunday School in Spanish. Sunday evenings we have guest ministers deliver a sermon in Spanish at the chapel service. Once a month a birthday party is given for the whole school, with the students and teachers having birthdays in that month as guests of honor. A Glee Club and a Dramatic Club furnishes outlets for some of the talented ones.

I like their idea of Christmas here better than I do ours. To them it is a religious festival, or was until they began to take over the American idea. We went to the "Mass of the Cock" at midnight in the old cathedral of San Juan, Christmas eve. The Spanish Catholic church is very high so there was a good deal of ceremony which I couldn't understand, but which was very interesting. The Governor and his wife were there. She wore a lovely Spanish mantilla of white lace over a high comb. Gift day is January sixth or "Three King's day," when the children fill boxes with straw for the camels of the three kings in hopes of receiving gifts in return. That corresponds to our hanging of stockings. Christmas trees are not native to Porto Rico, but are being imported from the states and sold at stupendous prices. My sister sent me a tiny one which I certainly enjoyed. It smelled so much like home.

I wish I had time to tell you of the interesting and amusing customs; of the fascination of San Juan, the Spanish-American, old-new city; of the teas given by Mrs. Roosevelt at Forteleza, the old palace which housed the first Spanish governors; of the gorgeous ball we attended at the palace only last night; of the marvellous trip some of us took a while ago to the Virgin Isles; and many, many other interesting things, but I must be coming to the end of my letter. I would be glad to try to find time to answer any questions I can if anyone wishes to write to me.

I believe there will be vacancies in the faculty of Blanche Kellogg next year. Miss Lucy Crain of the American Missionary Association, 287 4th Ave., New York, could furnish anyone interested with more information. There are also openings in the high schools under government supervision and in the University of Porto Rico.

I expect to be home by the last of June so come see me and I'll tell you all I can.

With love to all of Colby,
Eleanor G. Butler.
often subjected is to have a three column story on which you have spent your entire lunch hour cut to a few inches.

Even the theatre loses its attraction when attendance is forced upon you.

In an attempt at interviewing you are sometimes insulted—though more often you are compelled to listen politely to some publicity seeker who wastes both your time and his.

Oh—it's not all fun you may be sure—but there's something about a newspaper office that "gets" you. Something that makes you love it in spite of its faults—something that makes you jealous for fear another paper will beat yours to a story.

It's a great life—an interesting life—a life with a future—even if you have to start at twenty dollars a week. It really is worth it. Why not give it a try?

Doris Groesbeck.

And It Came To Pass—

that we found ourselves alumnae, and we were not returning to Foss Hall in September. Work is hard on the nerves and the demands on one's time are great.

How about newspaper work? There's a field into which more college people are entering each year. The salary, though small at first may rise to interesting amounts. If one has any ability at all in the line of writing why not try making it earn one a living? The majority of popular story writers and novelists started as cub reporters and while it may be a commendable thing to aspire to writing great things rather than popular ones yet the latter pay the best and food is, after all, a necessity.

The reporter's life is not all the cinema has given us to believe. Much of the work is routine, uninteresting and exacting. Marriages, deaths, and births. It is extremely discouraging to spend hours in the "morgue" or at your phone verifying a story only to overhear a conversation like this as you travel home in the subway:

"You know, the paper said such and such a thing—but of course it probably isn't true. These newspapers never tell the truth anyway!"

Another aggravation to which you are
and undertake all kinds of extra activity, one can readily see that this phase of the work in itself is quite important.

I must not forget to mention the Church office which is open all morning, and manages to make itself quite useful, giving information of various kinds, answering questions about the probability of Johnny having left his rubbers in Sunday School, and sorting the mail which is very heavy and which contains material of diverse nature, "How to Tune the Organ," came recently, and "The Cause of Famine in China." Afternoons are given over to committee meetings or to calling, both of which require a great deal of time and decidedly frequent.

We have two girls organizations which meet every two weeks and who do perfectly splendid work in a philanthropic way throughout the year. At present both groups are packing Christmas boxes and it is with a real feeling of joy that I watch these boxes fill up with toys and crayons, books and pictures, so common to our own children but a real treasure to the mountain child who will receive something from this box. We have various other fine organizations which do splendid work and meet regularly, but I mention these two because they are carried on by children.

Teachers meetings, we have regularly, carrying on a study and discussion group. In fact, as I look over the events to come in the near future, there are socials, a play, a Christmas vesper service, a young people's conference, several suppers, and numerous other things entailing considerable detail work.

I realize the inadequacy of what I have written. It would have been easier, strangely enough, to write you something about this quaint old town, the dignity of doorways, the faded glamour of the water-front and the thrill of old pewter and glass, but I was asked to write about my work. I hope it isn't heresy to say that the transition from college to the cruel world is not as painful as some would have us believe. Personally, I am finding life very full and interesting, and am happy to be sharing even in a small way, the responsibility of our social life together.

Florence Young.
As a part of the Y. W. C. A.'s welcome to the freshmen a children's party was given them in the Alumnae Building, Thursday evening, Sept. 19. The hostesses were dressed as eight year olds with hair ribbons and sashes. Lollypops were served as refreshments, and Alma Mater and "Follow the Gleam" were sung.

Helen Chase, '30, president, spoke at the meeting on Tuesday evening, Oct. 1. Her subject was "The Family Tree of the Y. W. C. A." in which she told of the various departments which make up the whole organization.

At the next meeting Mrs. Leopold Hass spoke to the group on "Daniel and His Fraternity." She emphasized the fact that Daniel was successful because he dared to risk everything for the sake of God and the right, thus showing that the perfect life starts and ends with God.

Music and poetry formed the program of the following Tuesday evening. The girls gathered around the fireplace and listened to the reading of several beautiful nature poems. The music consisted of a violin solo by Ruth Park and a vocal solo by Ruth Ramsdell.

Mr. Metzner gave an interesting talk on "Plays that Preach" on November 5. He declared that the stage is often as effective as the pulpit in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ; that the church should have more to do with drama, because they both aim to grip the soul; and that a sermon should be made as interesting as a play by constantly presenting pictures to the mind of the listener. He believes that if the true side of war were presented to the people, a revulsion of its ugliness would arise, and a hatred of war would result.

On November 12 the Y. W. audience traveled by proxy to Scotland, Egypt, and Italy through the persons of Nancy Nivison, Barbara Hamlin, and Eleanor Rogers. These girls related some of their experiences and described several beautiful spots which they had seen. The listeners were deeply impressed and highly interested by the recital.

Miss Van Doren, a well-known speaker and writer, addressed the organization at its next meeting. She has worked in India for twenty-six years with only occasional brief furloughs, and was lent by the Dutch Reformed Church to address the students of the northeastern colleges during November and December. She described the modern women in India, telling of her struggle for equality with men in all things, and of her rebellion against a marriage arranged by her parents. She realizes that education will help her to support herself comfortably, and hence she prefers a vocation to marriage unless she can marry for love. Miss Van Doren believes that India needs more Americans to "help."

On December 3, the Y. W. C. A. was entertained by the Coburn Classical Institute Orchestra, led by Mrs. Frederick Lobdell. The program was as follows: March, Distant Greeting; Dance of the Happy Spirits; March Romaine, the number which won first prize for the Coburn orchestra two years ago at the State Contest; Piano solo, Chopin's Prelude, 21, by Ruth Hendrickson; Intermezzo, which Coburn played last year at the contest, winning second prize; The Guardsman's Choice. The concert was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.
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