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The Colbiana vol. 18 no. 2 (June, 1930)

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SUMMER 1930
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Colbiana reserves right to print all material offered.
Send to The Colbiana, Foss Hall. Remit key names in sealed envelope.
THE COLBiana

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

Vol. XVII JUNE, 1930 Number 2

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All Alumnae news and other items of interest to the Women's Division will be gladly received by the Editors.
Some of Us Say What We Think

THE BREEDING OF GENIUS

Carola Loos

The possibility of breeding geniuses has long been a popular topic of discussion. Novels have been based on it, dramas built around it. The recent success of Bert Lytell in "Brothers" was partly due to the intriguing theme of the lives of twins raised in opposite surroundings. While the plot, even if it were an actual case, would prove nothing, the popularity of the play indicates a general public interest in the old question of heredity and environment and in the breeding of genius. Once considered a wild dream of scientists whose labors had enfeebled their intellect, it is now regarded as a very probable possibility because of indisputable discoveries.

Such a subject is likely to have had its real significance obscured by a mass of cautious talk which conceals profound ignorance. In order that the question may be discussed intelligently, the loose phrase must have a specific meaning. The meaning of "the breeding of genius," then, is the mating of two people of such qualities and characteristics that their offspring will be the highest type of human being, both in general and in some predetermined field of achievement.

Scientists have unquestionably proved that physical traits can be bred and are more or less predictable. Mendel's Law as to characteristics of animals and the proportion in which they will be transmitted to offspring is now an established fact. For some time, scientists have been experimenting with the application of Mendel's Law to the physical qualities of human beings. They have now succeeded in showing that height, weight, and coloring are due to heredity and can be correctly predicted in a majority of cases. Without reflection, anyone would be likely to say that a child of blue-eyed parents would have blue eyes. A scientist, by investigating the eye coloring of several generations, can say in general whether all the children of such parents will have blue eyes; and if not, what proportion will have brown. This is simply one example of Mendel's Law as applied to the pigmentation of human beings.

Since it is now generally believed that the brain is a mechanism, it would seem reasonable to suppose that mental traits are due to heredity in the same way as are physical characteristics. So revolutionary a statement, however, requires proof in addition to an apparently reasonable assumption. The work that has been done in this field is briefly outlined in "The Fruit of the Family Tree" by Albert Edward Wiggam, a well-known scientist and psychologist. Two facts seem to confirm our reasonable assumption—first, that the predictions of scientists in regard to the children of certain parents have been fulfilled; and second, that careful studies of the heredity of generally accepted men of genius have shown adequate factors to produce such genius.

For scientific reasons, then, as well as because of the appeal of analogy, it does not seem rash to say that the breeding of genius is at least partially possible.

During recent years, great progress has been made in the science of eugenics. It can now be asserted without possibility of successful opposition that a genius has certain characteristic traits, such as will power, courage, persistence, and initiative, which help to determine the quality of his work, when linked with high intellect and ability in a particular field. Many people of high intellect do not become geniuses;
and almost everyone has some particular talent or excellence. These traits of character, then, seem to be the controlling factors which determine genius, provided that the other qualifications are also present. Contrary to popular opinion, a genius is not narrow and skilled only in his own field, but has general high intelligence, versatility, and adaptability. Professor Adams of the University of Michigan has succeeded in accurately measuring these governing traits as well as the whole personality. Since these traits can be measured in parents and since applications of Mendel’s Law are becoming ever more scientifically exact, it will be possible to tell with reasonable accuracy what amount of each quality the child will inherit.

Professor Thorndike of Columbia University further supports the belief in the breeding of genius by declaring that “quality of intellect depends upon quantity of connections in the nervous system.” Professor Thorndike, when interviewed by Wiggam, stated that an idiot, who, with the greatest difficulty can be taught to spell cat, has essentially the same kind of mind as Shakespeare or any other genius and thinks by the same kind of psychological mechanics. “The only difference is that the higher forms of thinking merely have a great many more of these physiological connections than the lower forms, these connections being different only in number and not in nature.” If mental qualities are so closely related to the physical structure of the brain, the whole problem of the breeding of genius reduces merely to a higher application of Mendel’s Law. Since Professor Thorndike’s statement is as yet only a strongly probable hypothesis, however, it cannot be used as final proof, and is simply very important evidence because of the psychologist’s eminence and experience and the numerous experiments which have contributed to his conclusion.

Professor Terman’s investigations of one thousand gifted California children are studies of possible geniuses. They help to refute the popular belief that it is chiefly environment that determines genius, for Professor Terman found that there were numerous cases of gifted children of poor environment but good parentage. There were, however, no instances of gifted children with very poor heredity, whether or not their environment had been conducive to the development of genius. Talented children are the result primarily of good heredity. In looking up the heredity of these children, Professor Terman discovered that one in twenty-five of these brilliant boys and girls is related to the immortals in America’s Hall of Fame, while scarcely one in ten thousand of the average American people has a relative in the Hall of Fame. Moreover, a great number of these children are related to other distinguished Americans who have had a large part in making the most glorious history of the country.

Professor Muller, of the University of Texas, has studied by new mathematical methods identical twins who have been reared apart. Such twins, born from the same germ cells and consequently having the same heredity, but by a trick of chance having different environment, nevertheless are amazingly alike. Many other investigators of families have discovered conclusive facts which point to heredity as the more important factor.

Doctor Kelley, of Stanford University, has found that some traits are more influenced by environment or more subject to heredity than others. But the traits which determine genius are among those governed by heredity.

It is a rather difficult matter to discover conclusive facts about the heredity and environment of geniuses of past ages. This is partly because many of them lived so long ago that material for study in the light of modern knowledge of eugenics is now unavailable and partly, of course, because during their childhood no one regarded them as potential geniuses.

If it could be shown, however, that these great men were influenced more by heredity than by environment, it would have a very vital bearing on the whole question of the possibility of breeding geniuses. For if geniuses owed their talent chiefly to environment, it would be a relatively simple matter to create a beneficial environment and then comfortably sit back and watch
genius blossom, without any need whatsoever for considering conditions before the birth of the child. A recent investigation, however, proves almost without question that this happy thought has not been borne out by the lives of the world's great, and that heredity has been the controlling factor.

Doctor Catharine Cox Miles, a well-known psychologist and Professor Terman's colleague, recently made a most exhaustive study of the childhood of three hundred geniuses. She discovered many facts hitherto unknown or unnoticed; and her data, correlated with Professor Terman’s discoveries, have made a most important contribution to eugenics as well as to psychology.

Doctor Cox revealed many instances of the most lowly environment during the formative period of a child's life, and of an overwhelming natural superiority which defied adverse conditions and almost seemed to thrive on discouragement and disaster. This talent is very evidently inborn, as in so large a number of cases there was nothing in the environment to produce it. Environment unquestionably has some effect on natural development, although it is not in direct proportion to the resulting genius, as there are no facts to show that the man with good heredity and good environment became greater than the man with good heredity and poor environment. There was discovered in every case some trait either in the parents or in more remote ancestors which seems to be directly responsible for the child's genius.

Doctor Cox also found that certain traits were present in all the geniuses she studied. Since so wide and searching an investigation was made and since the greatest men of all time were studied and the facts most painstakingly tested for any possible errors, we may safely conclude that these traits are characteristics of all men worthy to be ranked as geniuses. Most prominent among the traits were the following: "Obstacles brought out the fighting powers of these geniuses they were steadily persistent in their undertakings and motives; they carried important tasks through on their own initiative; and their wish to excel amounted almost to a passion.”

These traits were manifested by the children when they were so young as to have been wholly uninfluenced by environment. Moreover, these traits, which, some might claim, are brought out by adverse conditions, were evidenced also by children brought up in the most sheltered homes. There can be no doubt, therefore, that these characteristics and others similar to them are born in all geniuses and influence their success to some degree.

There are many illustrations of the tremendous effect of heredity on genius. Doctor Cox's book, “Early Mental Traits of Three Hundred Geniuses,” discusses them most completely. We may mention in passing the well-known cases of Dickens, who became great in spite of lack of opportunity, and of Goethe, whose talent was so evidently due to the combination of the fine qualities of both his parents. The brothers Alexander and William von Humboldt are a striking example of the queer twists of heredity. True, they were both brought up in splendid surroundings, but they were the same surroundings. Yet in early childhood William took to literature and Alexander to science. They also had the same parentage, of course; yet a study of biology and eugenics shows that the children of the same parents may be very different because of a different combination of qualities. But if all the qualities are fine, whatever the combination of chromosomes which determines the child's character, only fine children, however different, can result.

Doctor Cox's study has shown, then, that genius in the past has been due primarily to good heredity; and we may therefore conclude that with equally good heredity, equally great men will be produced in the future.

Since we have demonstrated that genius does depend on heredity, we come next to a consideration of the means by which it may be consciously produced. If scientists are able to predict with fair accuracy the kind of children certain parents will have and if the qualities which make for genius are known, it should be a fairly simple matter to discover such qualities in combination in certain people. It is not necessary
that two geniuses mate in order to create a genius, but simply that each one of the characteristics of genius, both mental and moral, be present in at least one of the parents and not neutralized in the other. The combination of these qualities is the important point, since on it may depend the difference between talent and genius. Everyone is familiar with the clever person who, nevertheless, will "never set the world on fire." The even balance between the parents produces a world-firing genius. We can say with every assurance that from a certain union, scientifically made, a clever child, even a brilliant one, will result. With certain combinations we can feel sure that at least one child will be a genius. Other unions are likely to have more doubtful results. On such a question the opinion of an expert is invaluable. Dr. Ernst Kretschmer, of the Psychiatry department of the University of Warburg, makes the following statement: "Undoubtedly the mating of two persons with any marked talent will produce offspring endowed with the same talent. But such clan-bred talent tends to produce experts with a lack of understanding of things outside their own sphere. Such progeny are likely to be dull and stupid, cherishing rigid forms and traditions. Genius, on the other hand, results from the crossing of dissimilar high mental traits, resulting in a complicated psychological structure in which the components of two strongly opposing germ plasms remain in polar tension throughout life. This tension exerts a driving force and produces that instability of temperament, emotional pressure, and restive impulsiveness which are the earmarks of genius."

Genius can be successfully bred in a large majority of cases. In those cases in which some factors have been overlooked, it is at least certain that the children will be far above the average. By a persistent sane and scientific application of this principle, the achievements and qualities of human beings can be so vastly improved as to raise the standards of existence, almost completely destroy the base and weak elements of character by constantly breeding them out and neutralizing them, and make all civilized life a survival of the finest of which mankind is capable.

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FANCY
Margaret Choate

By fanciful, I do not mean a flighty, unreliable person, whose temperament one never dares trust, but one who, with feet on solid earth, knows how to indulge in delightful fancies and thoughts which lift him high above the sordid life.

The practical person cares not for such diversion, and deems it all a waste of time. He is concerned with realizing material gain, and having realized it, to aim at something higher.

The practical person is occupied with attaining ends. Given a fast horse to ride, and a good road, his only desire is to reach his destination, blind to the beauties of the way—the blueness of the sky, the whispering of the young leaves, the encouraging songs of the feathered tribe. His mind is full of thoughts of what he can do to the greatest advantage when he arrives. He is concerned with being there, not with getting there.

There is the story that a Hindoo, a Chinese, and an American stood looking at Niagara Falls. The Hindu said, "How wonderful! I will search until I have found the one who can create such a miracle." The Chinese said, "How beautiful! I will bring my friends, and we will dwell together in this loveliness." The American said, "I wonder how many horsepower that would produce if harnessed by a dynamo?" For the American is a practical man. He is happiest when he sees something ahead, unattained, and has the means to attain it.

The fanciful person is not so much interested in attaining ends, as in receiving impressions. If he were given the fast horse and good road, he would give no thought to the end of his journey, but would de-
significant, but he is not content with folded hands, and idle mind. Indeed I think his mind is never idle. It is ever occupied with pondering on problems, puzzling over intricate designs for the future. I knew a man of the practical race, who was much interested in machinery. One day something went wrong in a factory, and he was asked to repair it. He found the trouble, but could not fix it. Night came, and he had not found the solution of his puzzle. All night he twisted and turned in his sleep, because his mind could not free itself from that obsession. Morning came, and he saw in the new day only light, necessary to work out his problem. He eventually found the means of repairing the difficulty; then, and then only, did he rest. Perhaps this is an extreme case, but, in general, it is a good example of the practical mind. It has its advantages. It realizes the necessity of nature's laws—that all must run in regularity and order if the world is to continue. The man possessing such a mind is bound to arrive in the world, and he is sure to command the respect of his fellowmen. He realizes every opportunity, and takes advantage. This is the class from which our scientists and mechanics spring—men great in their fields of learning and of great aid in the advance of civilization. But with all their active minds and great store of knowledge, do they enjoy life as much as the persons who can live in one world in the flesh, and in another in the spirit? They are happy, because they have satisfied the craving to do something—to reach a goal. But do they get the "kick" out of the life that the other class of people do?

The fanciful person is happy wherever he is. He adapts himself to circumstances, or if they do not please him, he makes the best of it, and thinks pleasant thoughts. He realizes that the mind does not have to stay with the body, and while he is working at something drab and dull, he may be sailing the boundless deep in search of his ideal. He is idealistic. He sees the best in everyone, and he trusts all humanity. Complete confidence, and complete trust—until it is shattered—help him to the highest of ideals, that of being perfect him-light in the glories of the wayside. He would softly answer the whispers of the leaves; he would call to the birds with notes so like theirs that, in a short time, he would have them all around him, unafraid. He would loiter, no doubt, until it grew late, but then, touching up his horse, he would revel in its speed, thinking swift thoughts, beautiful as the wind. The practical one would have only scorn for anything that might delay the journey. He would have no interest in "vain imaginings," as he would call them, for they would be of no use to him in realizing his ambition. But the other, who had lived with nature as he rode, who had risen to who knows what heights at the sight of a little bud, perfect in its freshness, what would be answer to the disdainful remarks? He would not answer, I think, because he would know in his heart that one who has never felt the spring, one who has never talked with the birds; one who has never seen heaven in the depth of a rose, could not understand the urge that had prompted him to loiter and drink his fill of that free universe. He would never know that somehow, away from men's loud shouts and jeers, all had seemed futile compared with that happy place, Nature's homeland.

Men would not recognize his purpose; they would not understand his longing, because he was not accomplishing anything tangible.

He would be set down as a dreamer, a ne'er-do-well, perhaps, because he took time to satisfy his soul. The practical person satisfies himself by doing and enjoying things which are beautiful in their precision. He may visit an art gallery, or hear soft strains of music almost ethereal, but his main thought is how much it has cost, and how he could use the money and time.

Put the practical man in a situation and he will at once begin to scheme how he may use his surroundings to further his ambition.

From the above statements about the practical man, one would infer that he is a selfish mortal, but he need not be, and usually is not. He is ready to help anyone; in fact, he is willing to do anything
self, as he sees other people. Of course he does not see people perfect always, for human nature is not that way, but he does not look for evil, and so does not find it until it is thrust on him. He is happy in living, sheer living, and he throws himself wholeheartedly into the mystery called today. He will not be satisfied with promises for the future; he must live in the glowing now. And he does, so freely, so happily, that, as he passes, the throng turn to see who it is that looks so radiantly care-free in a world of changing fortune.

There is no doubt that we need both classes to make a world; the practical to achieve those things which the fanciful accept as matter-of-fact; and the fanciful to keep up one's faith in mankind, to increase one's courage. And there is no doubt that though the practical person is happy, life does not bring him the same measure of pure enjoyment as is meted to the fanciful.

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LIGHTS AND HIGHLIGHTS OF A CITY

Carola Loos

The city of a million lights at night blazes like a welcoming beacon, and its radiance illumines not only the country near it but the lives of all who love it. It has its dark places,—great black canyons of streets, tawdry shops, dim homes, and dusky dwellings of crime. But there are few spots where a great cleansing light is not sometimes shed.

I love it most from the water, the curving rivers embracing it, the ocean jealously guarding it. From the Jersey shore it gleams like a jewel against the darkness. The ferry boats on the river, gliding along like fairy palaces afloat, the occasional liners, gracefully helpless as they are guided out to sea, the tugs scurrying busily about, proudly conscious of their importance, even the stars above the rugged Palisades—they all serve simply to enhance the loveliness of the city. She is like a princess, so regally exquisite that she dares to have the very fairest for her handmaids.

Some of the great buildings around the Battery are huge shapeless masses of darkness—they have clutched the purse-strings of a nation all through the day, but at night their stern grip relaxes. Others with towering domes and pinnacles gleam goldly against a purple sky—some in majestic dignity, others as daintily ethereal as the court of the fairies. A great clock makes even Time beautiful, and the glittering signs glorify commerce.

The piers are dankly dark, the streets around them supernaturally silent. The great markets, where during the day exotic fruits shine in a riot of color and dark-eyed men chatter in strange tongues, at night are grim; seldom does even a tired watchman disturb their slumbers. From the dimness of store windows flashes a crucifix or the image of a virgin, perhaps in hideous colors, yet lovely in her divine sincerity. But the elevated trains roar by in the quiet, and stop with clanging crash. How dismal their stations are; even the cars of the trains are gloomy and uninviting. And yet from their windows I have caught fleeting glimpses of beauty even in the slums, of splendor in squalor, of triumphant tears.

The night life of the city is a favorite theme for jesting contempt. Even the transients no longer look with awe at the night club, reputed haunt of gangsters and the black sheep of the four hundred. In this enlightened age the pilgrim from the Mississippi enters what he considers a sanctuary with the most jovial attitude, beaming with democracy and ready to confab gloriously with the most abandoned of criminals and the most expensive of chorus girls. A jaded reporter writes it up caustically for a Sunday supplement. Most of us laugh and turn away; and a few of us marvel that no one sees the beauty of the streets, and pray in our hearts—if heaven has granted them to us and with them a blessed moment of thought—for a prophet of the new world.
The Times building has always seemed to me the very heart of the city. Its moving lighted headlines unroll as if one might be seeing the pulsing life of a nation imprisoned in the inevitable words so dear to a journalist. Here and there groups stand talking, occasionally commenting on the latest news. The stock market—destinies changed; families broken up; hearts, even those that put not their trust in vanity, broken and crying out; suicide and murder, and the long agony of life, its bitter disillusionment, its cruel irony and grinding monotony of struggle broken only by disaster—truly the first are made last and the last first. Yet there are a few—always so pitifully few in comparison with the multitude left destitute in a day—who rejoice at the flashing figures and vision a glorious future. Finance is not the only interest of the gaping idlers, however; they gasp and gossip as a captain of industry dies, a society queen is wedded, a new prince is born. Life moves before them; their comments are feeble, inadequate, colorless; yet a few respond to its throbbing vitality, its quickening drama.

At this square, too, are the most delightfully vivacious newsboys, raucously shouting, eagerly thrusting a paper before you and withdrawing it just when you have half read one tantalizing headline. And here are the "papers from other cities" in all languages, telling all tales. How many homesick exiles must have found solace at this grim stand, reading with yearning eyes of home events that once might have seemed so trivial!

Here is a chief portal to the realm of the B. M. T., that subterranean kingdom where all is noise and bustle and joyous confusion. Is there a commuter so subway-wise that he has never gotten twisted in the Times Square station? Then he has missed one glinting experience—the sinking sensation of being lost in one's own home, the blessed relief of the grinning dusky porter who points the way to familiar ground. From here the downtown trains rumble off to Penn Station; there the suburbanite, weary after an evening's dissipation, hurries through a gleaming white tunnel, glancing surreptitiously perhaps at the fascinations of Gimbel's basement store—thence to the more homelike uproar of the 33rd Street station, with its shining foods, sweet-smelling lavender booth, and dewy roses (which cost fully twice as much as those anywhere else in the city—but aren't they tempting?) Then he is on his homeward way—under the river, a dash for the Hoboken train, and he rides contentedly across the meadows to his small-town home.

Below Times Square are the shops in which the thrifty yet tasteful housewife delights. Even at night, pleasure-bound, she can scarcely resist the lure of their window displays, which combine art, psychology, and science. And the forlorn male who accompanies her wonders yet once again at the ways of women.

Below the Square, too, is the Opera House, staid and dignified. Here at certain hours one may see the elite, exquisitely gowned, about to enjoy the music of the gods. Here at times one may enter reverently as a house of prayer and almost reach divinity in appreciation. Elsewhere one finds the shrines of art and literature, and worships silently.

But the glorious playground of the city is above Times Square. In side streets are quaint restaurants and dainty shops, but along Broadway glow the lights of fairyland itself. Here, in the most artistic temples, may the beauty-loving worship the highest perfection, and here may the sorrowful find joy. In imagination they see the tragedy and comedy, the glinting, prismatic beauty, the sordidness and vice, the tenderness and faith, the naked ugliness and spiritual sublimity of other lives; and in them forget the bitterness of their own. And there are still a few who can brave the truth and see in the city's theaters as in the city's lights a faithful reflection, not only of their own lives, but of the thrilling flow of Life of a city-lover.
PARIS OR HOLLYWOOD?

Amy Phinney

In the Spring and Fall people who can afford it (and there are not a great number of these in America) flock to gay Paree to assemble ultra smart wardrobes for the coming season. Nice, isn’t it? I’d like to go myself—because I’d like to know the real Paris. That is why. But—

Every day and every night people flock to the moving-picture theaters in the United States and are overcome with admiration for the beauty seen there. Women sigh with envy as Norma Shearer walks in at a very select afternoon tea, gowned in an exquisite creation of Howard Greer’s. Society matrons endeavor to impress each unique style upon their minds in order to impart to their dressmakers the next day the type of gown they want. Stenographers and flappers chew their gum incessantly and begin to calculate the amount that a cheap reproduction would cost. The movies are at it—setting America’s style!

Paris designers splash their names across a fashion page and sit back to enjoy themselves. They are counting upon the few American women who have the cool, sophisticated bank accounts and the fat millionaires for husbands. The rest of America—the real America—goes to the movies and then searches the shops for similar models. It’s cheaper; it’s wiser—they’re just as chic.

Captain Molyneux, one of the leading Parisian designers, pays Ina Claire and Gloria Swanson his tribute for being two of the best dressed women in the world. They’re also two of the best-gowned women in the motion picture world. Millions of people go to their starring pictures in order to see their beautiful clothes. The greater part of these creations are the work of such Hollywood designers as Howard Greer, Sophie Wachner, David Cox, and Jean Swartz.

Let us take our own city for instance. Here, too, Hollywood resigns supreme. Recently I had the good fortune to listen in on a conversation between two “co-eds.” The theme of the highly punctuated discussion was Mary Brian. The first “co-ed” gave an encouraging pat to her wind-blown bob, a la Sue Carol, and remarked, “I wouldn’t miss that on a bet. Mary Brian wears the cutest clothes. I’m simply crazy about her. She had on a dress almost like my blue one in her last movie. I hunted all over town for it. Of course, I know I’m no Mary Brian, but—”

“Yes, that’s it,” responded her blonde sorority sister, “you certainly do get some tips from the movies. Say, did you ever see such a sweet rig as Nancy Carroll wore in ‘Sweetie?’ And that song—I composed a love song, really rather neat—’ Oh, gosh, I could love that man to death. No, will you go tonite?”

“Can’t. I’ve gotta date. We’ll cut Public Speaking and go tomorrow afternoon.”

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me—! Is it not a very prevalent disease—this movie madness? And did you ever see such style as Lilian Tashman paraded in “The Gold Diggers of Broadway?” Didn’t you almost faint with awe, girls, when she walked in with that perfectly gorgeous black outfit? Really, I wanted to scream with admiration.

Of course you know that the clothes artists of Paris long ago acknowledged that the American women are the best-dressed in the world. They have all agreed that the American women are young, vivacious, smart, and original. They are ideal for wearing clothes—the answer to the designer’s prayer. The models which are created in Paris are created in consideration of the style of the American customer. America is the clothes world and the smart world; Paris merely echoes.

Hollywood has always been more or less of an attraction to the average American. The famous “Eighteen Day Diet” originated in Hollywood; now it is equally famous throughout the world. The Valentino haircut—what wonders it did for preening young males. Valentino has long since gone, but walk along a city pavement any day and you can see them jostling you on all sides—dapper young Valentinoes. Who brought long hair back into popular demand? Gloria Swanson. Hundreds of hair-
dressers envy her stunning coiffures and practice for hours before mirrors seeking to find the secret of her skill.

May I, for a few moments, quote from the fashion section of a current magazine? “Knees are as scarce in Hollywood as silent movies. Figures are figures this year. For four years Clara Bow has been tugging her dresses in at the waist and pulling them tight around the hips. For four years designers have screamed with rage when Clara passed by. But now she’s showing Paris what the well-dressed woman wears.”

We are wearing photographic clothes, whether we know it or not, because Hollywood tells us what to wear. Alice White, another horrible example in the matter of dress, has always pushed her little hats off her forehead. A cameraman hates a brim as De Mille hates a tin bath tub. The electricians can’t do anything with a face half-concealed by a drooping chapeau.

Well, look at the smartest hats this year. They’re right back off the face, with the noble brow as conspicuous as the candidate for mayor the day before election. And, if you let a wisp of hair show, nobody will speak to you.

Paris calls the fitted figure line and the brimless hat new and original, and the best houses include them in all their collections. Hollywood can laugh up its fur cuff. It’s been wearing them for years. And the Paris designers who have scorned the Hollywood mode are gnashing their teeth and rounding in their seams.

The screen is the broadcasting medium for fashion. The new lines, the new modes, the new note is on the screen. Hollywood has the last word. You take your fashion orders from the films, young lady—and like it!

THE COLLEGIATE FUSSER

Ruth Hellinger

Spasmodically somebody breaks out with a vehement article reviling the average students in general, and the collegiate “fusser” in particular. It is at those of the latter group that most of the fitful personages direct their tirade. They say that the gadabouts miss the main issues and educational high-lights of college life—because they can’t spend any time on studies and regular scholastic activities, as social obligations are too heavy.

It is a tenable position, this being a social light in college, that is, of course, if he thoroughly understands his business and is good at it.

In the first place the “fussers” know what they want and go after it. In the end they will have gotten as much out of their training as the conscientious student of Mathematics, Ancient Languages and Sciences.

To some persons the value of a college education means more than the cultural training they obtain. To them it gives the ability to make more of that all-necessary staff of life—money.

There is, then, with this view in mind, the field of selling, in which there is more money than any other field. For, in anything, no matter whether it is peddling pencils or selling insurance and bonds, everyone must first sell himself. Therefore, everyone should be a good salesman.

Salesmanship consists of the ability to get to right man and make the right impression. “Fussing” at college is good preparation for this. What social “light” couldn’t get to the right man for his fraternity banquet, dance or other social functions?

Then, he must appear comfortable and happy with all people of all grades of intelligence. The “fusser” has innumerable chances to meet the odd types of mortality that every college town holds. It is his constant rushing from a fraternity card game to a Faculty tea; from a college class dance to the Town’s common dance hall that gives him the adaptability, the power of changing chameleon-like to be in color with his surroundings. In this way he can be at ease with all classes under all cir-
cumstances, for the above-mentioned are only a few examples of how accomplished a quick-change artist the gadabout really is. These are all good qualities for a first-rate salesman.

The perfect salesman should know how to entertain lavishly and appropriately on a small expenditure. The “fusser” has had opportunity to master this feat. Perhaps the weekly allowance was delayed and there had to be a small dinner arranged for faculty members and visiting “brothers” from a distant college. The well-known “fusser” is never dismayed; past experiences have told him how, and when, and where. It is usually the duty of the social “light” to prepare class entertainments and head fraternity functions. A conscientious student would be all “at sea” if he had to seat tempermental, personable visitors and aggressive faculty members. To the “fusser” being diplomatic in trying conditions is all in a day’s work. He may not be able to give Hooke’s Law and to deliver in great detail the Hundred Years War, but he would know how to listen attentively to Professor Blah’s wife tell about her aunt in Boston who had the most marvelous antiques! Of course his knowledge about the Louis Quatorze and Seize would be more valuable than attending three Chemistry lectures. His discreet flattery to the Dean, his efficient small talk all help to improve his salesman’s fine points, for being diplomatic in trying conditions and efficient at small talk are necessary to a good salesman. All of these arts the “fusser” has mastered.

Diplomacy is another field for these socially inclined “fussers.” The person may be a lazy student and irregular verbs as foreign to him as the American French is to the Frenchman, but still he knows how to keep up an hour’s conversation with a visiting celebrity and at the same time balance a thimble-like tea cup on his knee. The politician is sure to find these as important as committee haggling and wood sawing in the House.

The always popular field of marriage is open wide to the top-notch “fusser.” He invariably has the chance to marry a million dollars and be comfortable for life.

I have proved that in a practical way the collegiate “fusser” will get as much out of his training as the more conscientious student, there being at least three fields open to him, selling or salesmanship, diplomatic service, and marriage. In each of these it has been shown that the well-informed and experienced “fusser” can make his mark in a notable way and be as comfortable and happy as any mortal can be—and also have his share in the best of worldly goods.

It is admitted that money is not the chief aim in coming away to college or going to any institution of higher learning. The American ideal of education is to give cultural training to all youths. The “fusser” does not miss the educational refinement of college. Whether or not a full-grown man has studied much or not at all is relatively unimportant. What is more important is the fact that he knows that about life which can never be taught by books. This fascinating business of living life itself is one of the main issues of the “fusser.” He should not be blamed for daring to devote a little of his time to living.
While Haywire Bryson slobbered his beans, Pierre, red-faced from the fire, slammed burnt biscuit on the table. "Better see to No. 3 today," he insinuated.

"Oh, yeah?" The other glanced up suspiciously, while one hand smeared bean juice from his lips. "You nor no gill-poke like yuh's gonna git me to No. 3 today."

He slumped in his chair, and the feeding went on.

Pierre's fastidious nerves hovered at the breaking point. "Saay! you stop that noise, and straighten up, eh?"

Haywire regarded the biscuit with a jaundiced eye. "D'yuh think I'd let that stuff drop straight down into my stomach?" he inquired.

"You say dat to me? De best cook on Musquash Lake! Me dat boils de tea for you to sssip! sssip! sssip! I guess I go crazy wid dis man!"

Haywire reached a languid hand for his mackinaw, and rose slowly, with a grunt: "Aw, shut up, yuh little frog!"

Pierre turned a light shade of purple. His eyes were glittering stones. "I do all dis for you, and you say, 'Pierre, your biscuits, dey give me charcoal on de stomach.' You! Mon Dieu, 'Meester Bryson and Gagnon will watch the camps dis summer.' So say de beeg boss. Oui, but it is only I, Pierre Gagnon, who watch the camps!"

Bryson made easy progress to the door. There he turned, executing an awkward bow and a solemn wink. "All right, 'Meester Gagnon,' I'll see to No. 3." He ambled off, grinning.

Pierre caught his breath. "You get fat and lazy in winter, I keep you fat and lazy in summer. You go to hell, I say!" His voice sputtered out like a burnt fuse. With an expression of deepest melancholy he cast the biscuits into the fire, then watched the lazy Haywire make his leisurely departure. Shortly after, he, too, set off into the sunrise.

It was many hours later when weary Pierre came trudging back. Moonlight sitting through the trees showed the camp in sombre blackness. No smoke from the smokehole. Haywire had not returned.

Pierre felt lonesome. He showed his 45-90 Winchester into a corner, and stumbled over the "deacon seat" to his bunk. Boot followed boot to the floor, and he lay back, wide-eyed, in the darkness. His conscience gnawed at the thought of Haywire who tired easily. At length, screwing his eyes tightly together, he fell into a restless sleep.

A steady scratching aroused him. It came from overhead, vaguely in the direction of the smokehole. Pierre lifted himself on one elbow. Claws scratching on the corrugated iron roof! A shaft of moonlight streaming through the smokehole outlined the head of a panther. The shivering man saw its fiery eyes search the gloom, and realized that it was about to descend into the room.

He cowered in his bunk as the swift body landed softly on the floor. Fingers in his ears, he could still hear the pad of velvet feet always coming nearer to where he lay defenseless. Now he could not hear the padding sounds, only the hiss of breathing which came from below his bunk. The heart that had catapulted all over his stricken frame seemed to stop beating. He waited, hoping that death would come quickly.

Nothing happened. The moments passed, and still he lived. He began to breathe again. Gradually his fear changed to cur-
iosity. Something was happening down below—something that had mercifully spared him. A steady crunching broke the stillness, that of an animal tearing and chewing his food. Pierre's head was in a jumble. One of his legs went to sleep, but he lay stiff and motionless until finally he heard the panther moving away from the bunks. Rolling his eyes, he caught sight of a sinuous tail waving contentedly, and then the lithe body disappeared as quietly as it had come. There was some scratching of claws on the roof, then silence.

A sudden apprehension followed the weakness of relief. Dread clutched at Pierre's heart, as, slowly, inch by inch, he crept to the side of the bunk. Swinging himself over, he scuffed along in his socks to find a lamp. He lit it with an ease that was unreal, hurrying almost as if he were afraid of being stopped.

He knew now what he would see on that lower bunk, and he shrunk from it in agony. All that remained of Haywire Bryson showed bleakly in the lamplight; carefully licked bones, shoes, and the rags of his old gunning suit.

He knew what it meant. Haywire had returned before him after all, had fallen asleep and been killed by the panther, who had come back at night to eat his victim. Pierre, overcome by remorse and the sight of that bloody litter, sobbed aloud.

Then somebody was shaking him violently, somebody who had snatched the lamp from his trembling fingers. He opened his eyes wonderingly, and looked around. He was standing before Haywire's bunk, fully dressed except for his shoes, and there stood Haywire in the flesh. Not even a whisker was gone.

Pierre sat down weakly, as an expression of great joy illuminated his face. He caught at Haywire's jacket. "I have a dream—but you are here! I walk in my sleep, but you stop me just as I want to keel myself!"

Haywire snorted. "You're balmy, you Frenchman. Git off'n that bunk. I've been to No. 3 and back, and I sure need sleep."

The joy of life flooded Pierre's whole being. He stood upon his feet, and declared in a strong voice: "You rest, my man, while I, Pierre Gagnon, will beat for you a pan of biscuit!"

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RESCUE
Barbara Taylor

Dull, gray clouds overcast the sky, hiding from sight all of its blue, threatening both wind and rain, concealing the sun so that none of its warmth could penetrate the woods, the flowers, the lake. The trees had swayed all night; but now, with the morning, they trembled, they shook, they hurled themselves at each other, tearing limbs from one another. Massive pines were moved to their very foundation. Refined birches could not retain their graceful poise but tugged at their roots, many of the weaker ones falling to the ground.

The fury of the wind was soon spent and the rain came pelting down. Finding that nothing was frightened, it, like the wind, soon lost its fierceness and became but delightful splashes on the lake, musical drippings through the leaves, and rhythmical tappings on the roofs of the roughly constructed cabins along the shore line.

In one of these cabins, with the noise of the first outburst of rain, an old man waked—waked and directed his look out of the window. What met his gaze was not agreeable to him. He frowned, looked at the clock and closed his eyes. But sleep would not come and he soon rose, bathed and dressed. His knicker suit was of dark gray, much darker gray than his hair and vandyke. This morning he searched his trunk until he found a pair of gray golf socks with navy-blue stripes in the cuffs, and a navy-blue necktie to match. This was quite different from the ordinary stripes in his cuffs, and his necktie was usually red; but this was only the first of the out-of-the-ordinary things he was to do this day.

At seven the old man went to the hotel
for breakfast, and his guide returned with
him to the cabin.

"Want to take a little heavier boat today,
Professor? The wind ain't s' bad now,
but she's apt to blow up again way she did
early this mornin'."

"Well, Osborne, I guess we won't fish this
morning."

For the first time in years the face of the
big guide registered surprise. He had
guided the professor for twenty-two years
during the summer season in this lake
country and not a day, unless the storm
was so violent that it was impossible to go
out had the professor failed to fish his six
hours. But Osborne asked no questions.
Instead he walked to the side of the cabin
where the fish poles were strung up and
began examining them.

"I had a letter from my lawyer last night.
They've tangled my affairs considerably
since I left for my vacation. The only
thing for me to do is to go back home and
untangle them. I should have remained a
professor and never entered the real estate
business. I'd be happier now," growled the
professor in a disheartened voice.

"Yeh, probably you would. This fly",
said Osborne, pointing to a bright yellow
one with red-and-silver tipped wings which
the professor had cleverly made and named
after himself, "is just the one to use to­
day when it is so dark. Maybe those fish
hain't goin' to jump for a mouthful like
that!"

"I've too much to worry about. I can't
think of fishing," the professor grumbled.

"'Course not. Wal, guess if you don't
need me, I'll be goin' out myself." Os­
borne started out of the door. The pro­
fessor looked at the fly.

"Osborne," called the Professor, still
gruffly, "on second thought, I can't get
packed to go today. I might fish for a short
time this morning."

The guide turned back and gathered up
the fishing-tackle without comment and
waited for the Professor. He stood by the
fireplace and watched the firelight throw
shadows across the profile picture of a
beautiful Chinese girl. He wondered who
she was, what her connection with the Pro­
fessor was. Every summer she came with
the old man and occupied the same position.

Beyond the cove and out in the open lake
it became rougher and rougher. The wa­
ter lapped hungrily at the side of the boat.
The guide showed signs of great exertion
in keeping the boat headed up the lake.
He rowed close to shore as much as he
could. As they neared the head of the
lake, it was necessary to go into the rougher
waters because of treacherous rocks
along the shore. Great waves reached like
fingers over the edge of the boat as if to
pull it down, down. But neither of the men
noticed the fingered waves. The Professor
cast his pet fly gracefully from one side to
the other. Not till they had nearly reached
the upper end of the lake was he success­
ful. A trout bit the gorgeous fly but he
was such a tiny fellow that the Professor
tossed him tenderly back. In the next half­
hour he caught two half-pound ones, but
he showed no interest in either.

"Osborne, I have to have that big trout
that stays over by the rocks before I go
home. Spiers saw him up here yesterday.
He's an elusive old devil—been here all the
season but he has to be caught. He'll be
jumping today. Row a little nearer the
rocks," growled the Professor again, parti­
ally to himself and partially to Osborne.

It was an hour before they saw him—a
great, beautifully-speckled trout. He came
up on the crest of a wave, dove clear out
of the water and was out of sight in a mo­
moment. Osborne guided the boat closer and
the Professor cast his fly twenty feet
farther out in the direction in which the fish
was headed. He let the waves carry it
along for a moment—no results. He cast
again and dangled the fly over the top of
the water. As he snapped his pole to cast
the third time, his hook came out of the
water with a great, shiny wet body follow­
ing it. The trout jumped clear again and
bit at the fly when it was nearly two feet
from the water—but missed it. It had
been all too swift for the Professor to stop
the swing of the line. They stayed near
the spot a while longer but saw nothing
more of the fish.

"He was beautiful! Seven pounds
easily." This time the Professor barked.
"I'm ready to go home, Osborne, I've a lot of packing to do."

The wind carried the boat swiftly down the lake and with only a slight amount of energy expended, they came back to the edge of the cove. Just as Osborne turned the boat in toward the cabin the Professor pointed at something down the lake.

"Looks like a canoe with a girl in. She can't paddle out there. For God's sake, Osborne, row! She'll go over any minute."

The Professor watched the canoe and directed Osborne. Long before they reached it, the canoe overturned. They found the girl clinging to the end of the capsized canoe, lifted her into the boat and moved quickly toward shore. The girl lost consciousness before she could speak and did not come to until after Osborne had carried her into the cabin. When she finally gained strength enough to stand, Osborne went after more wood for the fireplace and the Professor heated her something to drink, while the girl put on the Professor's dressing-gown and spread her clothes out to dry. The Professor brought the color back to the girl's cheeks.

"Quite a joy ride you were taking, young lady," commented the Professor.

"How can I thank you? You've saved my life?" The girl choked and started sobbing.

The Professor patted the back of her head. "Don't talk about it if you don't want to."

As Osborne came to put some wood on the fire, the girl finally lifted her head from her knees and gazed at the sepia picture of the Chinese girl on the mantelpiece. The Professor followed her gaze and thought of the Chinese girl, T'si Yang, and of the little American girl near him; he compared them and an interest in human nature surged through him. For the first time that day he spoke without growling.

"You are wondering about her?" he asked.

"She is beautiful," was all the girl answered.

"You bring back memories of her. Maybe you would be bored if I should tell you about her."

"Oh, no! I am really interested," she smiled at the old man.

He related to her (and Osborne listened in) the story of a trip which he had made to foreign lands. He had spent the greater part of the summer in China and here, while walking in the streets of a small village, he had found on the steps of a Chinese home a girl of fourteen trying to read English. He learned that she had been taught a bit of English by an American missionary and had also learned enough of American customs and America itself to want to become educated there. Her people were very poor and she could not even get the benefit of what China had to offer her. He had brought her back to America and put her in a private school. Nine years later she had graduated from college.

As the Professor finished, he seemed not aware of his audience. He might have been alone as he told of her commencement.

"T'si was sailing for China the day after her commencement and when I said goodbye to her she cried and said, 'How can I thank you? You have saved my life. I'm going back now and try to save others.' And then she kissed me on the cheek and went away."

The room was hushed for a moment and then the girl said slowly,

"How can I remind you of her? She was trying to save her life, and you helped her. You saved mine when I was throwing it away. But now I am glad!"

"You were throwing it away?" asked the Professor seriously.

"Yes." She evaded the hint to tell her story. "I think my clothes are dry. I'll go back to the hotel now."

While they were waiting for her to dress, the Professor spoke to Osborne, "You escort the young lady to the hotel. By the way, Osborne, maybe I could catch that big one tomorrow. I don't think I'll be going back just yet. Perhaps those money matters will straighten themselves out somehow."

And outside the sun was shining once more. The dark clouds had cleared away and in their place were scattered white ones. The sky resembled a sheet of blue on which an artist had cleaned his white
paint brush when he had finished with it. The air was quiet and not enough wind was stirring to move the shining wet leaves or make a ripple on the clear surface of the lake. But up at the upper end where the rocks were, a great, shiny, speckled fish jumped joyously from the depths at a large living fly and where he sank back there was an enormous dimple and bubbles and then quiet again.

SIR BETSY—A PLAY

Barbara Sherman

(An adaptation of Sir Betsy, a story by Lois Seyster Montross.)

Characters: Betsy Jane Callender: a swimming instructor.
   Gladys Lane: a wealthy young woman.
   Tom Jordan: a civil engineer on vacation.
   Georgie, Harry, Bimbo: three “gangly young ones.”

Time: The present. Early evening.
Setting: The living room at Tom Jordan’s cottage on Lake Sewan. There is a large Victrola on the left beside which is an easy chair. A large mirror, a table, a lounge covered with bright pillows, and a few pictures complete the furnishings. Two windows at the back disclose a view of distant mountains. At the right a door opens into another room. Near the door is a telephone on a small stand.

As the curtain goes up the room is empty. Suddenly a slim girl of about twenty comes in quickly and looks around. She is dressed in a brief white sweater suit and wears a white beret. For a second she looks perplexed, then placing two fingers in her mouth, whistles shrilly. A loud voice calls from the adjacent room.

Tom: Hey, you! Cut out the racket!
Betsy: So that’s where you are. Shaving, darling?
Tom: No—I’m blacking the stove!

A pause while Betsy pulls off her beret, showing a head of short blonde curls. A muttered imprecation is heard from behind the doorway.

Betsy: Be calm, Tommy, be calm.
Tom: No wonder I cut myself with you bursting in here with that confounded whistle!
Betsy: (mockingly) You appear to be nervous. Why not come out and greet your charming guest? I so seldom drop in, you know.

Tom: (impatiently, still from the other room) You’re worse than the itch, Betsy. Sit down till I can dress.

Betsy: (puts down her beret, does a few quick steps toward the Victrola and picks up a record, always stopping to listen when Tom speaks.) Got a new record? (reading) “Here Comes Melinda Now!” That’s a fast one. Georgie does that on his one-string uke.

She hums the melody as she puts the record on the Victrola and winds it up. As soon as the jazz sounds she gyrates madly over the floor in a series of erratic steps.

Tom: (loudly from the next room) Stop that thing!
Betsy: (jumping to take it off, laughingly) My mistake, brother, but why have it around?

Tom: Miss Lane was over this morning. She says it amuses her.
Betsy: (her face falling, but speaking as cheerfully as before, as she sinks into an easy chair) Things sometimes amuse her, then?

Tom: (after a brief silence) That’s not like you, Betsy Jane.

Coatless, he appears in the doorway, making a bow knot in his tie. He is a tall, tanned, good-looking young man, perhaps twenty-eight, with a strong, determined face, and slender, wiry build.

Betsy: (looking up with a bright smile) Excuse it. I’m a little off form this afternoon. Been seeing too much of Georgie, Harry, and Bimbo, I guess.

Tom: (looking in the mirror to adjust his tie) Why don’t you cut that gang, Betsy? They wear me out just to watch them and anyway, how you stand all this
mad dashing about is more than I see—
after you work hard all day long. You're
too good for those crazy kids. Gangly
young ones, that's all they are. They drive
me crazy. All they know is the Varsity
Drag—how to syncopate that crazy song
you were just playing, and how to sit up
all night and keep the whole neighborhood
awake. They drive me crazy.

Betsy: (wearily) Don't repeat yourself
so. Besides I like the gangly young ones,
as you call them.

Tom: Yes—you like them. I'll say you
like them! Every time I stick my head out
you're over there on your piazza with the
whole damn bunch of them.

Betsy, (looking thoughtfully at the ceil­
ing) And I suppose I drive you crazy, too.
But Tom, dear, every time I look out you're
motoring, riding, sailing, with the
goddess. By the way, I suppose—when are you
seeing her again?

Tom: Probably this evening. (Coming
toward Betsy suddenly,) I've made up my
mind to something, Betsy.

Betsy: Yes, Tom? (She is quiet and
watches him intently.)

Tom: You've been a real pal, and I'm
going to tell you first. I'm going to ask
Gladys Lane to marry me!

Betsy: (very quietly) Of course, Tom.

Tom: (sitting on the edge of the table,
talking with frequent gestures. Betsy toys
with her beret, sunk deep into the arm­
chair) Ever since that night in South
America when I saw her for the first time,
I have looked forward to this. I have al­
ways known that some day I should ask
her. She was divine that night, dressed in
a shimmery white thing. And I never saw
her again until this vacation when I fol­
lowed here here.

Betsy: You were very sure of her then.
Are you as sure after seeing her every day
for almost two weeks?

Tom: Yes. She is the woman I only
imagined for so long. But knowing her has
made her seem even more unobtainable
than she did in South America.

Betsy: Sometimes she is very distant.

Tom: You don't understand her, Betsy.

You're—

The telephone rings sharply. Tom goes
to answer it. Betsy is smiling as he talks.

Tom: Hello. Yes. Oh, hello, Miss Lane!
(Betsy's smile is more pronounced) Yes.
Fine. You'll be right over then? Good­
bye. (Turning around to Betsy) That's—

Betsy: (interrupting) Yes, it was Gladys
Lane.

Tom: (hardly noticing as he goes into
the next room for his coat, calling back
over his shoulder) She's calling for me and
we are going to drive out to Indian Heights.
It will be a perfect night.

Betsy: (with a queer expression on her
face but with her voice cheerful) It will be
a perfect night. (Looking toward the door)
Why don't you ask her tonight, Tom?

Tom: (from the next room) It will have
to be tonight. Vacation's almost up. Only
three more days left.

Betsy: There'll be a moon, I think. Guess
I'll get the gangly young ones to take me
swimming.

Tom: (appearing in the doorway, perfect­
ly dressed) Swimming tonight again? You
love it, kid, don't you?

Betsy: Yes—love it. (listens) Here
comes Gladys Lane. Take that thread off
your coat, Tom. O. K. now.

Gladys Lane, a tall, aristocratic, finished
young woman with a graceful carriage,
comes in. She smiles and shakes hands
with Tom.

Gladys: Came right in, you see, Mr. Jor­
dan, without any ceremony.

Tom: And why not, Miss Lane?? May I
present Miss Betsy Jane Callender?

Betsy rises, and reaches out her hand;
but Gladys Lane stands motionless, mak­
ing her appear a trifle gauche.

Betsy: How do you do, Miss Lane?

Gladys Lane: How do you do?

Tom: Won't you sit down?

Gladys: Thank you. (glances around
quickly, then sits down gracefully in an
armchair near one of the windows) What a
gorgeous view of the mountains! And how
stately they are tonight! They have a dig­
nity which makes one feel quite small.

Betsy: How do you do, Miss Lane?

Gladys Lane: How do you do?

Tom: Won't you sit down?

Gladys: Thank you. (glances around
quickly, then sits down gracefully in an
armchair near one of the windows) What a
gorgeous view of the mountains! And how
stately they are tonight! They have a dig­
nity which makes one feel quite small.

Betsy: (seriously) I often think they are
a little hippy for the styles just now.

Gladys: (with a quick look at her)
Yes—of course.
Tom: (speaking sharply) Miss Callender is the swimming instructor at the camp across the lake. She has taken care of me too, lately. I find I have forgotten many of the old strokes. South America is a bad place for the swimmer.

Betsy: But you swim awfully well, Tom dear.

Gladys L.: (noticing the "dear") Oh, do you swim, Mr. Jordan?

Tom: Oh, I just bat around in the water, but Betsy is a regular fish. Honestly, she's wonderful. You should see her Australian Crawl!

Betsy: Do you swim, Miss Lane?

Gladys L.: Yes, a great deal. I particularly enjoy diving, however. Do you dive, Mr. Jordan?

Tom: A little. But I tumble into the water more than I dive.

Gladys L.: Do you do the swim dive?

Tom: No—really, I'm not any good at all.

Gladys L.: I'll take you in hand tomorrow morning. You must see her Australian Crawl.

Betsy: Do you swim, Miss Lane?

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Tom: No—really, I'm not any good at all.

Gladys L.: I'll take you in hand tomorrow morning. You must see her Australian Crawl.

Betsy: With spirit) Tom Jordan, you know very well you swim and dive all right. He really doesn't need to be taken in hand.

Gladys L.: Yes, quite. (she looks out of the window again as if bored, then turns back to ask rudely) Will you be ready soon now? We should be starting.

Tom glances at Betsy, slightly bewildered.

Betsy: Was just leaving, anyway, Tom. well, (goes toward door) pajamas! pajamas!

As Betsy is about to leave the room, several loud shouts and halloos are heard outside, also the horn of a Ford.

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As Betsy is about to leave the room, several loud shouts and halloos are heard outside, also the horn of a Ford.

Betsy: It's the gangly young ones, Tom. I think. Too late to keep them out; so let's brace ourselves.

With varied whooping sounds three youths apparently of money, leisure, and carefree disposition bounce in. They all talk at once.

Georgie: Old horse face told us where you were.

Harry: Bimbo's got a new step, kid.

Bimbo: C'mon home, Betsy, where we can be athletic.

Betsy: (laughing) Less noise, infants.

This is Tom Jordan—Georgie, Harry and Bimbo.

Georgie: Respectively.

Harry: And respectfully.

Bimbo: We apologize for the intrusion. The men all shake hands.

Betsy: Miss Lane, this is Mr. Green, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Leonard.

Gladys L.: How do you do?

The three: (impressed) How d'yu do?

Tom: Miss Lane and I were just leaving; so perhaps you four would like to stay here, Betsy. You can dance and old horse face, as Georgie appropriately calls her, won't be around.

Betsy: All for it, gentlemen?

The three boys signify their enthusiastic approval in characteristic manner, with such remarks as "You're the doctor," "O. K.,” “By me,” etc.

Betsy: Thanks. We won't break anything, and be gone by three o'clock in the morning.

Tom: (gazing intently at her, smiling) That's a promise. Ready, Miss Lane?

Betsy: (as they go out) Good luck, Tom.

Goodbye, Miss Lane.

Gladys L.: Goodbye everyone.

Tom: See you all later. Enjoy yourselves. Cigarettes in the drawer here, fellows.

They go out.

Betsy: (imitating G. L.'s manner and voice) And now, Mr. Morgan, I shall put on the victrola "Here Comes Melinda Now." I do so want to see you do it in your inimitable manner.

Georgie: (stares a minute before breaking into laughter) Say, who is the grande dame, anyway?

Betsy: (walks to victrola and stands winding it up) The usual interest a female takes in seeing a red-blooded man intrigued by a human codfish!
Georgie: Speech! Speech!
Harry: (who has been quiet for a long time) Did you say something about a snappy little number called "Here Comes Melinda Now?" (He sings the opening bars. He has a fine voice.)

The record begins to play. They all sing and clap their hands as Betsy dances madly. She is very quick, very graceful, but suddenly stops, turning off the victrola, sits down a little wearily. Georgie is on the lounge; Harry is leaning against the victrola; Bimbo is rummaging around for the promised cigarettes.

Betsy: (her eyes staring straight ahead of her) It will be a lovely night tonight; a night for things to happen in.
The three boys, serious now, are watching her, surprised to see her moody.
Georgie: (nervously) Gosh, Betsy, you give me the heebies! What's eatin' you?
Betsy: (laughing) Your eyes would goggle half out of your head if I should tell you.
Georgie: (his eyes goggling half out of his head) Tell me!
Betsy: (laughing harder now, and not quite naturally) No, I shan't tell you. You'd better all be running along now, too.

Groans of remonstrance from the three, as, protestingly, they get up and go toward the door.
Georgie: Aw, say! Betsy. Let us stay.
Bimbo: It's a lulu of a night, kid, and we could go swimming.
Betsy: Take your toys, and go home, all three of you. Time out tonight. See you in the morning.
All three: 'Night.

They go out dolefully, and as they climb into the Ford outside there drifts back the sound of someone singing:

And I said "Boys!"
And they said "Kid!"
Here comes Melinda Now!

Betsy gets up, herself humming a snatch of "Here Comes Melinda Now," and picks up the record. She stands a second looking at it, then hurls it to the floor, where it breaks into small pieces. Throwing herself into an easy chair, with her head on her hands, she sits sobbing quietly. Then Tom Jordan is seen entering silently from the door. Tiptoeing across the room, he kneels beside her chair, putting his arms around her. She jumps up and away from him.

Betsy: Tom!
Tom: (laughing happily) In the flesh, Betsy, and some glad to be here!
Betsy: (looking at him as though growing accustomed to a new idea) Where is Gladys Lane?
Tom: (exuberantly) I don't know and I don't care! Thank the Lord I'm here! I thought those crazy kids would never go!
Betsy: (slowly) The crazy kids, Tom? Oh, yes, you mean Georgie, Harry, and Bimbo. I suppose they do seem crazy to you.

Tom: Why, Betsy, what's the matter? Aren't you glad I came back? Why, I almost asked that woman to marry me!
Betsy: And why didn't you, Tom?
Tom: I had never seen you two together before, and it was just what I needed to see what a real person you are, Betsy. Then when I had to go out with her, I knew all at once desperately that I didn't want to leave you. So I watched until I saw them leave, then hurried back. I guess Gladys Lane thinks I'm crazy, but I was in love with an ideal. You're that ideal, Betsy, even though it took me so long to realize it.

Betsy: (in her best Gladys Lane manner) Look at the mountains, Mr. Jordan. They have dignity all their own. They make one feel quite small, do they not?
Tom: (perplexed) Don't be mean, Betsy.
Betsy: (smiling) Mean, Tom, dear?
Tom: (quickly and earnestly) Forget Gladys Lane, and say that you and I will go back to South America together.
Betsy: (with a smile that is a little bitter) Yes—let's forget Gladys Lane, and go back to South America together.

As she speaks, she pushes away with her toe the broken pieces of the record, and he puts his arms around her as the curtain falls.
LOUISE

The court was crowded. Harvey, only three rows from the front, turned and scanned the motley crowd disparagingly. The back rows were lined with shabby, pale-faced men seeking shelter from the cold—men who had stood more than once in the prisoner’s box themselves and who now watched proceedings with an air of complacency and quiet amusement. There were young people looking for a thrill, something different, who seemed to be highly amused by it all. There were middle-aged men driven from home by fretful nagging wives, who had come to enjoy the discomforts of others. There were spinsters in black hats and long skirts, with open notebooks in their hands—intent on their statistics. There was an old lady with holes in her shoes, who drew her shawl closer about her and furtively wiped her eyes. And there was Harvey, thirsty, well-dressed, very bored, drawn to the night court in hope of finding amusement for an hour. Only he did not call it amusement—he called it human interest.

Having finished his inspection of the crowd, Harvey turned around and found in front of him still other types of people. There were three lawyers in striped suits and gay ties, whose hawklike eyes darted from one corner of the room to the other. They leered pleasantly at the prisoners as they appeared, hoping to gain a client. And there was the judge, old and weary, tired of it all. Justice he intended to deal out, but mercy—his aching shoulders and tired brain forbade all thought of that. Therefore it was with a feeling of irritation that he heard footsteps in the corridor—another case! All eyes turned towards the door.

First came a detective with the air of one who had done his duty. He nodded to the judge, whispered a few words to the clerk, then beckoned in the direction of the door. A lovely woman of about twenty-three appeared. Her face was very pale and her eyes were filled with tears. Unlike the usual type of prisoner, she was well-dressed in a quiet sort of way. Her coat had undoubtedly seen long service, but it was still presentable. In fact everything about her bore the stamp of respectability. What was she doing in the night court?

Harvey leaned forward with a glint of interest in his eyes and listened eagerly as the charge was read against her.

“Stealing, Judge, first offence—brought in by Officer Patrick O’Connell.”

“Have you anything to say for yourself?”

She shook her head and said in a low voice which trembled ever so little: “I’ll never do it again. I’ll never do it again.”

“You have committed an offence punishable in this state by a jail sentence, but as this is a first offense you may go with a warning. Remember the next time the court will not be so lenient.”

With a sigh of relief the girl left the prisoner’s box and walked with bowed head up the aisle. When she had reached the door Harvey left his seat and followed her. He felt that she was innocent, perhaps shielding someone else. He must know more about the case.

She stood inside the door, wiping her eyes, before going out into the street. He could see that she was trembling.

“Pardon me, I don’t mean to bother you, but I wondered if you would let me take you home. You must be tired.”

She looked at him steadily for a moment.

“Yes,” she said, “I think that I can trust you.”

They stepped outside and Harvey hailed a passing cab.

“And where do you live?” he asked.

“Leave me at the corner of Maplewood street,” she said, “Father mustn’t see you. I’ll walk from there. It is only a little way.”

He directed the driver and they got in. For a moment neither said anything, then she spoke timidly.

“You are very kind. Why were you—to a thief?”

“It’s nothing really. Your case interested me. Why did you do it—steal, I mean?”

For a moment she did not answer.
“Perhaps I shouldn't have asked,” he added. “Forgive me.”

“Oh, I don't mind,” she said, “But it is hard to explain. It all seems like a dream. The rings were so lovely, so sparkling. I loved them and before I knew it I had taken three. I don't know why I did it. I'd never been in court before and I was so frightened. I shall never do it again though, never.”

“No, I'm sure you won't. You're not that sort. But couldn't you have bought a ring?”

“That was the trouble,” she said, “I couldn't. I work in an office and earn quite a bit, too, but it always has to go for something for the family. You see father doesn't work all the time. That is what makes it so hard.”

“I see,” Harvey answered quickly. The cab stopped suddenly. “I get out here,” she said.

“May I see you again sometime soon?” he asked. “You interest me.”

“Why, I don't know. I don't go out much. I'm always tired at night. Perhaps—”

“Tomorrow night?” he interrupted.

“Why, yes, I think perhaps I could arrange it. I'll meet you here at seven o'clock. No,” she added as she noticed his questioning look, “you mustn't call at the house. I will meet you here.”

“At least tell me your name,” he begged. “Louise,” she said with a smile and disappeared into the night.

“Tomorrow at seven,” he thought as the cab started back down town toward the club. Tomorrow at seven. Harvey felt a new interest in life, an eagerness for the morrow quite unusual for him.

With a happy smile on his face he step- per from the cab and reached for his money. He swore softly—then felt for his watch. Money and watch were gone.

He sighed deeply and swore again. “You win, Louise. Life seems to be like that.”

EDWARD, the “baby,” was a homely creature, ten years old, with long arms and legs, plus a long neck, all of which made him appear just like an angly old starfish. Edward was just wasting his time stripping the petals from a flower-bush behind the house. The flower bush looked like a waste-basket, anyhow; all scraps of dried-up, white blossoms that rasped when you snipped at them with your fingers. There! that was the last time Edward would say “Puh”—at least, in Edith's presence.

“I'm going to tell Mamma on you! That makes fifty-three “Puh’s!” and fifteen petals you've picked off. Do you he-ear-r me?”

She ran into the house while meek, little Edward scuttled behind the garage. He was glad he did because he found a lot of oily angleworms and a minute, black but- ton of a bug that he could keep under his pillow that night—in a bottle. On later consideration he guessed he'd better not, because Edith would probably discover them and tell on him. So, to spare them the agony of being squashed—undoubtedly that would have been their fate—he piled some branches over them, grinned and said: “Huh! a bug-house! Pretty good, my boy.” And so far forgot himself as to step into the open, thus giving himself over entirely into his sister's power. He had to run around the house to escape her. In front of the house a horse was pawing with one foot and whinnying “Hu-yeh-heh-ye-h,” at an invisible driver. A little boy watching the horse bumped into a tree. Edward clapped his ears rhymically, so that when the inevitable words of reproach came from a lady passer-by, they sounded as follows: “Tha's-w'a-sha-get-fer-no'l-lookin-war-ya-goin'!” Edward grinned again: “Another hoss laff!” he soliloquized.

He started running down the street, fell down, got up again unconcernedly. Then he had a startling idea. The next two corners he took in one breath arriving in front of the church just as the minister was coming out. “He would!” remarked Edward cynically, as he bent over to tie an imagi-
nary shoestring. The reverend gentleman overlooked him, much to his relief.

Edward ran on, finally arriving at a dairy. He banged the screen door and shouted “Hey!” The milkman did want some help that morning as he had been considerably harassed with housewives’ tales of milk curdled with the heat. Edward thought of a funny expression but only said: “That’s too bad,” and offered to help the milkman—for a small remuneration! The wage finally decided upon was fifteen cents per day. Edward didn’t make a very favorable impression on the woman at the first house where milk was to be delivered. “Kind of a homely kid that brought the milk,” he heard her say to persons unseen. Edward agreed but took a sudden dislike to the lady. He left the rest of the milk bottles on back doorsteps.

“Pling-plung!” sang Edward on his way home to dinner. His father and older brother greeted him on the front steps with the everlasting refrain: “Wash your hands and hurry-up.” Edith kept screeching at him that a band was going by. He said, where? He’d like to know—and Edith giggled that it was around a woman’s hat. “Red and black! See!” “The devil,” Edward answered patiently but of course Edith couldn’t be expected to get that joke; so he had to hide again, while Edith told Mamma that Edward was swearing. It was getting to be too exasperating.

After dinner his brother showed him how Rudy Vallee sang and said that he could do as good an imitation as that of anyone that Edward wanted him to—but Edward didn’t want him to; so now, everyone was down on him except his father, who was taking a nap. Edward decided to call on one of his friends. He crept out of the house noiselessly, not exactly out of thoughtfulness for his sleeping father but for fear his mother would ask him to do something.

Francis was Edward’s soul comforter—and sole comforter—since Edward’s appealing countenance was scarcely prepossessing. Francis was similarly afflicted. They were boon companions and well-mated, Francis’ rotundity and short stature counterbalancing Edward’s infirmities.

“The family is at me again,” said Edward in a matter-of-fact tone.

Francis remarked that it was a hard life and how about playing horseshoe, but Edward didn’t want to, so they went out for a hike around a couple of blocks and back, Edward silently admiring his companion’s overalls all the way. The rag-man picked them up near the school and they rode with him all the afternoon, plying him with questions as to the possibility of ever really gaining opulence in his manner of making a living which, they said, must be rather tough, especially in winter. He left them on Francis’ doorstep. Then it was time to go home and Edward would have to “scamp¬er,” as Francis’ mother neatly put it, in order to get home before the six o’clock bell stopped ringing.

Edward had a good excuse made up by the time he reached home, so he had nothing to fear until bedtime, when he would have to brave the dark as usual. (He never spoke to anyone of this ordeal.) Just to be obliging, he played Giant Steps with Edith, magnanimously letting her “steal home.”

“Good night,” said Edward to nobody in particular as he opened his window at bedtime.
essence of spring—the wind, the robin, the sun—all were there. I went on and saw a clump of Indian pipes—white and fragile. I did not pick them for I knew that at one touch of my heavy hand their loveliness would fade.

I knew there was a brook a little way beyond and I wanted to see it once more. Deeper I went into the woods and there came the glint of water through the trees. Then I stopped. On a stump by the side of the brook sat a man, his head bent low, his eyes on the swiftly running water. He heard me coming and looked up.

“Oh, it’s you, is it?” he said, “I’m glad you’ve come.”

The stranger’s words surprised me, but I went closer. He was silent again, watching the eddying waters as they hurried on with their load of dead leaves and twigs. Suddenly he raised his head.

“Do you know why I am here?” he asked.

“I’m afraid I don’t,” I answered, “won’t you tell me?”

For a moment he did not answer, then in a lower voice he went on: “I’m looking for time, a place and a lovely lady. I lost them forty years ago. It was a day like this and the lady and I were walking in the woods. She had on a blue dress the color of her eyes.”

I waited for him to continue, but he seemed to have forgotten and was watching the water.

“Who was the lady?” I asked at last.

“I can’t quite remember,” he said, “but I know we used to take long walks together every day. She always wore a blue dress. One day I told her that I loved her and—”

“Yes?” I prompted.

“She laughed,” he said, “a lovely, tinkling laugh like the water there. It was cold like the water too—cold and silvery. Then she ran away and left me.”

“ Didn’t you ever see her again?” I persisted.

“Not to speak to her,” he went on, “Not to speak to her. But I’ve looked for her ever since. Sometimes I see her in the deep woods where we used to walk, but she always runs away. Today I almost caught her. She was very near and I could see how blue her eyes were. She had on a blue dress too. I just sat down here to rest a moment before following her. But it’s getting late and I am tired. I’ll wait and find her tomorrow.”

He paused. “Her laugh was like the water and her eyes were blue. I should have forgotten and done something worthwhile with my life, but I loved her too much. Tomorrow I’ll surely find her.”

His head drooped, and although I waited a long time he said nothing more.

The shadows were lengthening between the trees and I could hear the night wind. At last I crept quietly away. He did not hear me go. Once I looked back. He had not moved—only his head had sunk a little lower and one hand hung limply from his knee.

“EVER” WINNING

“Well if—”

“Sure, two ifs. Sit down, old boy and pour out that which oppresses your conscriptive soul. You have that ‘lecture look’ on your countenance. Have a ginger ale—nothing like ginger ale for a New Yorker in July.”

“Thanks—I will. I generally drop in here about one. How’s God’s gift to Drama, anyhow—working on anything?”

“Well—I’m working with something—trying to catch up with it. It’s going to be my best, Cole old boy, and ‘River Francis’ wasn’t so bad.”

“No. I guess it was good. I never quite understood what it was about. But I saw it three times in memoriam of the old Harvard days—as they say in books, but in all seriousness, Winning, what have you been doing? You were the chief morsel at Mrs. Dering’s dinner party last night. I was coming to see you this afternoon.”

“Oh Boy! I’ll have my name in the paper next. Honest Injun, I haven’t been
doing one thing except emerge from work after a prolonged period of submersion. I have a play nearly finished. For the last two months my one relaxation has been eating.”

“Sorry, Ever, you lie. What about the beautiful blonde—”

“My landlady!”

— who is in love with you, who told your friend, Paula Renore, when she called and you were out, that she worshipped you, and—”

“Now look here, Cole, can I help it if my hair curled, and I have long eyelashes and a baby face and a tongue that tells every girl I meet I crave her? Can I help it if she believes me?”

“But, Ever, one doesn’t tell ladies who possess husbands, even if one is a dramatist. Besides, isn’t her husband a bit off?”

“Yes—on religion—she has the devil of a time. I hate to let her down—she’s had a rotten deal all through life. Parents died and this husband of hers picked her up from the street and married her. She hates him, but she can’t leave him—sort of gratitude. Anyhow I tell you I’m working, working—nothing but working.”

“What are you doing this time, Ever?”

“‘After Death.’ Wait a minute. I’m not showing the celestial gates of Heaven, neither will I bother my audience by a picture of fiery hell. I simply show that there is nothing. I take a loving couple, show their courtship, with much drama. Then I show their life together, their happiness, their quarrels, the good they are doing. Then comes the big scene, she watches him cross the street; she sees a man totter across, apparently drunk—her husband dashes out, pushes the drunkard to safety—but a car hits him. They bring him in, he is dying. She begs him to let her know, in some way, if there is a hereafter. He promises and dies. Get it, so far?”

“Sounds great, a howling success, if you’ll excuse the age of the remark.”

“Um—then the last scene—moonlight—she goes to his grave, she prays for God to she her truth. Is there something? She begs to be shown—a silence. Then she laughs, laughs at what she has been through. Then she delivers her masterpiece, and if it goes as good as it sounds Thornton Wilder will have to write five Bridges of San Luiz Rey to unto all it will do!”

“Yes—well, stick to your work, Ever, and don’t make love to a blonde wife, nay, though they be as blonde as yon peroxided waitress, whose countenance conveys the fact that it is time to go.”

“Don’t worry, Ancient Sock, I haven’t been named Ever Winning for naught.”

“Your name is Everett, my boy, your luck to date has named you ‘Ever.’ Any day she may change it to ‘Never.’”

“When she does, I’ll change my last name to Losing. So long.”

And Everett Winning, nick-named “Ever,” went on his way. People always looked at Ever as he went by. There was something about his face that attracted one, perhaps it was the nonchalance and discontent imprinted there. His eyes were dreamer’s eyes. Yet his mouth seemed to belie the fact. No matter what the time, place or temperature, Winning always looked as if he had just emerged from a shower, the fittest of the fit.

Now as he strode towards his rooms the discontent made his face look petulant and cruel. He hated gossip. Now people gossiped about him and Paula. He didn’t give an extremely small damn about her; he pitied her. What a miserable ten years she must have spent with Joe, about as near a maniac as he could be and keep outside the bars! His maniacal craving for religion was the reason for his hatred for Ever. He didn’t care if his wife loved Ever. He himself was above things of the flesh, and love was of the flesh.

Ever pushed open the door and Paula rushed to meet him. Her eyes bore evidence of weeping, but—her face was deathly pale.

“Ever,” she said quietly, “Joe went into your room this afternoon and read the outline of your play. He swears he’s going to kill you rather than allow that insult to God to be made public. We’ll have to have him taken—away.”

“I should say not, old dear; the only time
I ever enjoy living is when someone wants to kill me. He’s a coward, he wouldn’t dare to hurt a June bug.”

She looked so thin and pale and tired standing there that involuntarily he leaned and kissed her.

“I love you,” he said, and hated himself for it.

Then he went on up to his room. Sitting in his most comfortable chair he lighted his pipe and thought. Funny—he had always been successful in everything he did, yet he was never happy. The best thing he ever did was to tell Paula that he loved her, give her one beautiful thing in her squalid life, and people—well, he’d have to give that up. Oh, well, if one has work, one always has something.

He picked up the play now to finish it with the great ending he had in mind—to show there was nothing after death. He wrote, “Last Scene, After Death.” Then, as he began to write, he felt someone in the room.

Before he stood up, he knew—Joe, Joe, gone crazy and gaining courage by his mania. His eyes were blood-shot, his face livid; the revolver in his hand trembled. Even knew he was going to die and he didn’t feel either scared or surprised—merely saddened by the futility of it all.

Then Paula appeared in the door.

“Stay there or I’ll shoot,” screamed Joe, and she stayed. “I’m not going to let you write one other word blaspheming God Almighty. I have a message to kill you.”

“Ever,” moaned Paula—“Yes, ‘Ever’ Winning,” was the ironical reply—then softly—“I love you.” He would at least do one beautiful thing.

The revolver spoke. Winning clutched his throat, staggered, fell, his arm striking the table as he did so; his troubles were over. Joe shook with laughter, then as his eyes saw the papers in the table, he screamed horribly, and ran from the room.

Paula looked at the man; he had loved her, he had told her so as he was about to die. Then she glanced at the table. As Winning had fallen, his arm had struck the ink-container. The ink was all over the table and papers. Then she saw what made Joe run. On the paper was written, “Last Scene, After Death,” and all that was under it was a great black blot.

Even in death “Ever” Winning had won.
Some of Us Work for Y. W.

In case most of you are wondering why in the world I am speaking here about my summer's work, I want to mention two reasons why the subject might be of interest. First, perhaps some of you are planning to do similar work during the coming summer and if so there is ample opportunity for such service in New York City; for the Northern Baptist Convention alone supports fifty vacation church schools in Greater New York, these forming but one co-operating unit in the Metropolitan Federation of Daily Vacation Bible Schools. Financial reward for the work is too small to cover expenses unless one is a college graduate or has acquired a considerable degree of experience, but the work in itself is so interesting that student workers feel well repaid.

The second reason why I presume at all to speak is that my subject, the tenement children of a great city, makes an appeal to the imagination and sympathy of nearly everyone; and it is of the children themselves that I wish to speak after giving a brief survey of the purpose and type of work involved in conducting a vacation church school.

The chief aim of any vacation school is to give training in Christian character. It is a "school" and its method of procedure is according to best discovered principles and processes of religious education. It is something infinitely more than a recreation center, free nursery, or school of manual arts: these elements may enter in, but they are of minor importance.

The Baptist vacation school at which I worked was located in the tenement district of Yonkers, just above New York City. Seventy somewhat grimmy children attended between the ages of three and sixteen, most of whom were of foreign born parentage and quite a few of whom had parents who had not yet learned to speak or understand English. These children were Catholics, even though the school was supported by Baptists.

On our teaching staff were three college students, including a girl from Chicago, a young minister from the University of Kansas, and myself. The director of the school was a graduate of Boston University.

A typical day's program included a half-hour worship service, with singing, Bible lesson, and character story; next a half-hour song period, and then two hours of class work in which the children were divided into groups according to age, with a room and teacher for each group. The kindergarten was entirely separate and had its opening exercises alone.

The class work was suited to the desires and ability of each group. My own work was with the group of older girls and we chose for our project the study of Japan and China. Later we broadened the project to include the discussion of friendship between nations and in this way managed to lessen the rivalry between the six nationalities in the class.

In working out our project the girls made several large posters about each country, bringing pictures for the purpose; they also used stories which they dramatized in class or at the closing exercises of the school. I brought them as much information as I could and in our later study of Russia I found that the mothers of the six Russian girls were a willing and limitless source of information, stories, and traditions of this country from which they had come. Occasionally the girls would bring foreign costumes to class and these costumes found use in the play which the group gave at the close of the school.

In addition to this type of work, the girls sewed by hand and by machine, and also
painted many vases, dress hangers, candle sticks and book-ends. If you could have visited our class during the handwork period you would have found five girls in the kitchen painting, four or five making posters in the front part of the auditorium, two or three making paper roses in the pulpit, and the remaining five or six in the classroom, sewing; while I was in all four places as general helper. Such spreading of activities was necessary, for our class room was so small that twenty such energetic and eager girls couldn't all work within it at once in peace and harmony. It would have been asking too much of them.

So much for the work itself. The remainder will be in the form of a character sketch of these twenty tenement girls with whom I came into such intimate contact and friendship. I say friendship, because even though they were in every sense what is commonly called "slum children," they possessed beneath their outer layer of coarseness many qualities which I wish I had myself. Each one of them had the capacity for developing into a fine and noble character. The chances are that they won't all develop their capacity, but some of them are going to go a good ways toward it.

There are of course many ways in which these girls differ widely from our Mainie girls.

In the first place, the girls seemed several years older in alertness and ability and constructive curiosity than they did in mere years. They ranged in age from 11 to 16 years, but most of them were thirteen and fourteen. The reason for this maturity was that everyone came from a large, closely-packed family where they had the responsibility over their numerous younger brothers and sisters and where they had to do a woman's share of housework. It wasn't long before I realized that I was not merely dealing with girls but with little women who had done several hours of hard work before coming to our chapel at nine o'clock. And none of them went to bed before eleven o'clock at night on account of the intense heat in the tenement rooms until the coolness of midnight brought relief. Their homes were bare and crowded; some of the fathers drank and one father was serving a jail sentence at the time. The mothers had so many children that the confusion made them irritable and cross. Such a home environment as this would make the girls either extremely meek or extremely self-assertive. And evidently the meek ones didn't enjoy vacation church schools for we only had the active type in our school. And yet poverty had compensated in part for making them so old, for it had brought out in them whatever creative ability they possessed.

And before we leave this subject of maturity, there is another aspect of it. For in their knowledge of and contact with the more lurid aspects of life, they were so old and wise that I felt just like a little child beside them sometimes. Hardly a day passed at first but one of them would come to me with some tale of neighborhood news, and the news they chose to tell wasn't worth listening to. The problem grew and soon I decided to begin reading the low-class type of newspaper which I knew must be entering their homes. So I read such tabloid sheets as the "Daily News" and "Daily Mirror," and afterwards when Rose or Andrika came to me with some choice bit of information, I could say, "Now I know all about that so just don't bother to tell me about it." At first they made me prove my knowledge, but soon they lost all interest in trying to see if they could shock me with their news.

In a second outstanding way they differed from Maine children: we simply couldn't put anything over on them. In the first meeting with my class I knew within five minutes that they intended to test me to see just how much noise and confusion I would stand for and whether or not I would cater to their wishes. And none of them would look up to a teacher unless she won their respect by being what they considered a "regular sport."

Following are two examples which show that tenement children have within them the capacity for appreciating the best.

The first example is of some street boys who lived on the East side of lower New York and who were the toughest boys in the neighborhood. They belonged to the type of gang which enters into the annual
fall bottle fights in the tenement streets. All summer the boys collect bottles, and on a certain day in the fall two enemy gangs bring out their bottles and hurl them at every member of the other gang who shows his head. And woe be to any passerby, for his safety is not taken into consideration. This particular gang of which I speak was induced to join a church vacation school, by first persuading the leader to come. In a few weeks those boys had become organized into a Shubert Club and every boy was learning to play a musical instrument. They not only made furnishings for their club room but presented their leader with a small bust of Shubert which they bought with their own earnings.

The other example is of two boys whom I observed at a public dance on one of the piers in the East River at lower New York. A Y. M. C. A. director had taken six of us there to study the people and I heard two eighteen year old boys have the following conversation: "I'd like to be like those folks. They're different," and he pointed to us. The other replied, "Yes, but you have to learn things to be like them." "Well, everyone can go to school if he has the will to, and I am a going to." I hope he kept his resolution and feel that he at least made an effort to do so.

It might not be amiss to say here that I was greatly surprised when I visited the so-called "slum" districts and found how much better they were than what I had expected. For some reason I had imagined that they would consist of narrow alleys with tall grey wooden houses built one against the other on either side; that one could always smell garlic and cabbage along the streets, and that washings would hang out from the front windows. I found, however, that the buildings were mostly of brick, that the roads were wide, that the air was as good as average, and that the babies were not sprawling on the streets in too great numbers. In fact, I think we should no longer attach the name of "slum" to the districts, even though it cannot be denied that there is still a big chance for improvement in the conditions among the tenement people.

In summary, children of the tenements differ from Maine children in the following ways: they are more energetic, more alert for their age, have greater creative ability, are keener to sense deception if one tries to put something over on them, are coarser in speech, dress, and deportment due to environment, but are so eager and responsive that they just open their hearts for the least bit of help and understanding from anyone whom they can trust and who will go halfway with them.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

During the college year now coming to a close, the work of the Y. W. C. A. has been both broad and helpful. Indirectly, the Association reaches almost every girl; and directly, it reaches a weekly group of about thirty girls. A brief survey of activities will express the general policy under which the Association has been conducted.

The first noteworthy event during the term of the 1929-1930 officers was the sending of six delegates to the ten day conference at Camp Maqua, during June of 1929. These delegates were the following: Alberta Brown, '30; Helen Chase, '30; Barbara Libby, '30; Mary Rollins, '30; Marjory Dearborn, '31; and Jennie Dunn, '31.

Just before the opening of the fall term, the Cabinet held a retreat at East Pond, where plans were discussed for the coming year. Upon returning from this retreat, the Cabinet took charge of the program for welcoming the freshmen.

Throughout the year there have been short weekly meetings of the Y. W. C. A. on Tuesday evenings, with varied entertainments which have included speakers, music, playlettes, and social gatherings. In addition to these regular meetings, a series of weekly "interest groups" was held during eight weeks of the winter term. These groups were conducted by the following leaders: Understanding Ourselves, by Dean Runnals; Music Appreciation, by Mrs. C. H. White; Life of Christ, by Mrs.
L. H. R. Hass; Current Literature, by Miss Katherine Boutelle; Home Nursing, by Miss Anna Dunn; and Social Service, by Miss Muriel MacDougall. The combined average of attendance at all these groups was about fifty.

Delegates were sent to the conferences held during the winter at Poland Springs and Portland.

As a foreign project the Association sent a gift of fifty dollars toward the work of Mr. and Mrs. Marlin D. Farnum, recent graduates of Colby who are doing educational and evangelical work at Himeji, Japan. In announcing this project, a play written by Miss Lucile Whitcomb, '30, was presented, which showed glimpses of the home life of the Farnums in Japan and also showed the type of work which they are doing there.

Perhaps one of the greatest achievements of the year has been the sending of Miss Muriel MacDougall, '31, to the National Biennial Convention of the Y. W. C. A. which was held in Detroit, Michigan, during the period of April 22 to May 4.

As the incoming president of the Colby association, Miss MacDougall will be in a position to pass on the inspiration of this convention during the coming year.

It might be well to note that the budget of four hundred dollars was completely pledged and has been almost completely raised through the co-operation of the students and the supervision of Miss Hope Pullen, '31. At a meeting of the Cabinet held in April, it was voted that the dues for this Y. W. C. A. budget should not be included in the blanket tax which is to be inaugurated next year.

On the evening of May 27th, a farewell service was held for the members of the graduating class. This took the form of a candle-light program and consisted of three short talks, individual recognition of the service of each senior, presentation of a white carnation to each senior as a symbol of the Association, and refreshments. At this time a corsage of roses was given to Dean Runnals in appreciation of her services to the Cabinet.
Some of Us Work for Health

Where is my soap? Boy, that was some game, Marge! Are you going to the dance tonight? Next on the hair-drier. Wait for me, will you, I have to go to Coburn. Will the last one out please turn out the lights?

No, the depths of the gym is not always the quietest place in the world but the more or less lusty attempts at singing, the laughter, and the happy fooling are good to hear. A girl misses a great deal when she does not appreciate the thrill of teamwork or of some healthy sport. The newness and some of the awe and wonder of the gym have worn away, but it is more homelike and useful looking now—one is not so afraid of marring the paint. Only the dry swimming pool and the funny long room that may some day be a bowling alley bear mute witness to the fact that all is not yet as it should be.

Despite these discrepancies, however, the gym is a fine place to be when the sooty snow of this immediate vicinity is covering the skating rink or when muddy little pools of water have possession of the hockey field and tennis courts. During the winter, strenuous if not always successful basketball games were held at stated intervals with the result that the determined Juniors finally won the championship from the faster but less determined Sophomores. The Freshmen improved a great deal during the season, while the dignified Seniors, realizing that the old must make way for the new, devoted themselves to amusing the spectators with unusual and erratic shooting.

On a fine day in the spring the back yard of Foss Hall presents a scene of many activities. Near the gym we see the modern cupids with their bows and arrows shooting at a gay target, said target often being hit in more or less (mostly less) vital spots. At times the dog, Missouri, or a male from the campus aid in picking up the far flung arrows but usually the female Robin Hoods do their own hunting.

On the grassy sward can often be seen blankets of various hues on which recline maidens whose pale cheeks are being tanned by the rays of the sun. The tennis courts are always occupied and the little red pellets can be seen hurrying in various parts of country—nearly to the net, over the net, under the net, under the fence or over the fence—according to the strength of the players. It has been suggested (especially by the neighbor with the garden) that a wire fencing be put over the top of the courts, but these kind friends do not realize that half the sport of playing tennis is found in climbing the tiny holes of the fence with one's broad-toed gym shoes.

On the main field even more energetic exercise is being carried on. Blue or black clad figures, decorated with green, red, blue or yellow ribbons can be seen dashing around kicking the balls or each other according to which one happens to be within range. This speedball is no game to play before a dance for one never knows what part of the anatomy may be missing or bruised at the end of the hour. It is a good game, however, and even though it is seldom played by those over seventy-five years of age, those under that age appreciate its qualities. Taking it all in all, we feel that gym is really worthwhile though some think that they could employ their time more advantageously. When we are old, but still healthy and strong, we will look back and with grateful hearts give thanks to the Colby Health League for our state of well-being.
Some of Us Clown and Clown

LADIES OF ’01

Marjorie Dearborn

Act I.

Scene: The parlor of Ladies Hall on a Friday afternoon in 1901. Flontie, Gertie, Maud, and Delia are sitting with their dogs on the fender of a Franklin Stove. Several other co-ords are parked around the room playing checkers, mending hosiery, and circulating hot air.

Flontie: Hot darn! Delia. This spring weather is cold enough to freeze the oil the Dean spreads around about the conspicuousness of curled bangs. Good Lord! Last year we were sneaking off to go wading in the Messalonskee at this time.

Delia: And how! But didn’t we have a swell time last year, girls? We’d have gotten heck if the old birds had found it out. Weren’t we the little cut-ups?

Maud: Would you look at that Sadie Blaisdell out in the hammock! The way she’s sitting you can actually see her boot tops. Good grief! She may have a mean ankle but there’s no need of her showing it to the whole men’s division. The way these athletic girls straddle in the hammock is simply awful.

Gussie: You’re darned tootin’! And this morning when Ezra Stover came into her room to clean the ashes out of her stove, she deliberately left her corset cover on the chair where he could see it. Imagine my embarassment!

Emma: (looking up from her Greek) So that’s the way she’s vamping him, the old reprobate. She has a date with him this evening and she had the nerve to ask me for my new scenes of the Boston Public Library and Niagara Falls to use in her stereoscope.

Mamie: Yes, and that Percival Salsman is giving her a lot of time, too. He’s taking her to the Sunday School picnic tomorrow on his tandem and he’s the worst necker going.

Hannah: Oh yeah! Says you! Well listen to me, old bean. I jazzed around with him all last spring in a buggy and he didn’t as much as wink at me.

Delia: O, can the blash! We’ve got to get going on the Banjo Club rehearsal. You know we do our stuff at the faculty party next week.

Mamie: And how! I almost forgot. Here’s when I show them what the modern co-ord is wearing when I appear in my new dress with the ham sleeves. But I bet that darned Sadie Blaisdell tries to outdo me by wearing that terrible lace shirtwaist that you can see right through.

Flontie: Remember, Mamie. You’ve promised to cut my bangs before then.

Mamie: O. K. baby! Come on, kids.

Act II.

Scene: Evening of the same day in Gussie’s room.

Gussie: Pile in, women. I have some eats from home. We’ll have a spread. Woopee! After that vile fish we’ll need it.

Flontie: And just think, kids, we can raise the roof because there are no classes tomorrow.

(Mamie, Gussie, and Flontie get in a huddle.)

All of the class of 1901; Come on, the rest of you. Hurry up, Gladys. Are we all ready?

Hio, Kio, Yah, Yah, Yah,
Colby, Colby, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Alo, phalo, dumini, nun,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Naughty one!

Hannah: Boy! That was the nuts! Gee!
We're going to miss you kids next year.

Seniors: (with one accord) Thank you for them kind words. Let's hoe into Gussie's food.

The End.

"TO MARGUERITE"
Helen Silferberg

See that fountain pen lying there? How calm it looks, how prosaic, as though all it had ever done, was to write polite "thank you" letters and business letters to people of little consequence. See how the clasp is all askew? See how the end is chewed? Someone must have been thinking hard when that was done, you say? Oh no, you're wrong, for I know how that happened. One night the pen came to me when it was talkative and told me its life. You want me to tell it? I'm afraid I can't very well but tonight I'll have the pen come to you after all is quiet and tell you itself.

* * * * * * *

Well, here I am. I understand that you want to hear about my life. Where shall I start? From the beginning? Very well. I can remember quite clearly the day that I was born. I came out of a big machine that had just given me my last polish, and was packed in a box with some relatives of mine. We all looked exactly alike, except that I felt a little shinier and a little larger than the rest. However, we'll let that pass.

The box was dark and I couldn't tell where we were going, but someone soon took the lid off the box and took us all out. We were put on a plush cushion and set in a window where everyone passing could see us. If I do say so, we were worth looking at and especially—umph—well, soon someone took us out of the window and showed us to a pleasant-looking man. Of course he picked me out first and asked to try me. I suited him so well that he paid for me immediately and put me in his pocket.

I knew from the start that we were going to get along famously, and I was right. He carried me around all afternoon and showed me the sights of the world and then we went to dinner in a restaurant. We dined in great style, ending with coffee and a big black cigar, which we enjoyed immensely.

After dinner we went to a hotel and up to a room. The room was sparsely furnished, the most important part being a table with a lamp on it and papers scattered over it everywhere. Tom, for that I found his name to be, sat down on a chair near the table, picked up a magazine and began to read. All this time I had been in his pocket but as he read, he took me out and laid me on the table near a bottle of ink.

Tom soon tired of reading and threw the magazine down. Then he picked me up and began to draw meaningless scrawls on a piece of paper. Suddenly I found myself in the midst of a fight on board a pirate's ship. I was a bit frightened at first but then I realized that Tom was writing a story. The fight lasted almost all night and towards dawn, Tom threw me down with a lot of force, which hurt my feelings and particularly my clasp, and went to bed.

We slept until after noon when we woke up and went out for breakfast at the same restaurant we had visited before. After breakfast we took a walk in the park where we met a young girl who seemed to know Tom. The three of us chatted for a while and then Tom suggested that we go to a show. I thought it was a great idea. The girl didn't agree at first but Tom finally persuaded her and we were off.

After the show, the three of us went to dinner and then we took the young girl, whose name was Marguerite, home. When we left Marguerite, Tom seemed to be in great spirits, and we took a long walk to-
gether until it began to rain.

Back at the hotel, Tom sat down at the table and pulled me out of his pocket. At once I found myself writing, “To Marguerite: Your eyes are like—” but there we stopped. Tom sat for a while then tore the paper up, and began again “To Marguerite: You are like—.” Again we were stuck and the paper torn up. A fresh piece and we were off again “To Marguerite.” Really now, I was getting sick of Marguerite and wished for a good old battle among a lot of blood thirsty pirates, but I wished in vain. All night we wrote “To Marguerite” and love. By morning I could have written the words alone. Finally Tom got angry and threw me across the room and went out. I was shaken a bit but anything was relief from Marguerite.

When Tom came back he had a puppy with him which he put on the floor. Of course, the nosey thing found me, right away and began to chew my head. I called for help but Tom thought I was on the table and began to look for me under the papers. At last he heard me and rescued me from the jaws of that horrible beast. Without preamble we went to the rescue of a Spanish Galleon on the high seas and for the rest of the morning we had one fight after another with lots of blood spilled.

That afternoon we took that horrible dog to the park with us where we met Marguerite. Tom gave the nasty thing to her and she made such a fuss over it and was so pleased that I was quite put out.

Well, Tom and I lived this way for some time. We wrote about pirates and Marguerite. I liked the pirates better of course, but when Tom showed Marguerite what he had written about her, she seemed to like that better. Some people are funny.

I guess I'll go back to the desk where Marguerite keeps me, for it's getting late and I'm too old to be talking all night. Marguerite seems particularly fond of me and says that Tom did his best work when I wrote for him. Well, I don't doubt it. Good-night!

JUST DOGS

Scrub was decidedly complacent, even pompous perhaps, but why not? Not every wire-haired terrier had four puppies, each a bit uglier than the next. It was a satisfactory old world, after all. But wait a minute—and in that minute Scrub's body grew taunt; primitive, maternal anger sang within that warning growl. No consideration was taken of the fact that the intruder was a German police dog, who could slash her throat with one gash of his teeth. Scrub stood tense, waiting, determined to kill or be killed—her puppies were at stake. The big wolf-dog looked, he was curious about the contents of that box—but that dog looked dangerous. Life was too high a price to pay for curiosity—besides he suspected her maternal protection and he turned and walked off. The female of the species was again the victor.

But she was still worried—she didn't like what was happening in the house. In the first place that young man came altogether too much while her master was out. He was there right now with his car. Scrub trotted over to the doorstep and listened. “Must we go over that, again?” came the deep voice. “Do you want to sacrifice yourself for your children?”

“You know I don't Jesse, but I brought them into the world—Oh, if I could only know what would happen to them!”

“Well, I'm not urging you. You have your choice—your children and husband with no love—or me. You can't have both. Decide now—you know I love you—I doubt if you do love me.”

“Love you—I love you so much that I don't care what happens to me, what people say about me, I will break a man's heart, probably ruin two children's lives—I don't want to—I have to. I need you. I must have you.”

“Kath—”

“Don't—Look, Ann dear, Mother's going out. Brother will be home in an hour. Tell him Mother says not to ride his bike in the street. Now kiss Mother. Oh, Scrubby will
take care of you until Brother gets home. Here's a note for Daddy on the table."

The car drove off. Ann sat beside Scrub and Scrub's ugly face seemed to grow most human. Tenderly, she picked up her choice bone and laid it at her feet. Now she had five children—her cares were many—five children to watch over and fight for. And yet they say that we have souls—that dogs have not.
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