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THE COLBIANA

WINTER 1931

Y. Russell

THE COLBIANA

COLBY COLLEGE

Waterville, Maine

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Co-ordinate Divisions for Men and Women

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Mower House Gallop



~Friends~



Eleanor Wheelright, Mildred K.



Louise G., Arlene Woodman
Jo Connors, Louise Murray



Nancy Nivison '35



Lois Crowell, Barbara White, Miss Van Norman
Eleanor W. Ruth Bennet '34



Foster House Flappers

THE COLBIANA

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

REGARDING A MOOT QUESTION.

When those of us who are now seniors were (unbelievable) freshmen, we just naturally took sororities for granted as a part of the curriculum. When we became sophomores we thought that the rushing system was a bit silly, but we had no serious objections to offer. Then in our junior year we occasionally heard serious complaints. But this year—oh my! oh my! Maybe some one warned the freshman class before they arrived or they may have learned quickly. At any rate they were soon certain that sororities were a positive evil—robbing Colby of all that was beautiful and good. Some preferred to join and do their cleansing from the interior, while others

stated their firm intention of staying outside!

Well, that has, for the most part, passed by. And every Wednesday we journey down to the frat rooms. The freshmen are becoming resigned to the evil—and some of them even seem to like it. Yet we still hear, almost every election, “sorority politics” spoken in the stern, accusing voice formerly reserved for “gerrymandering,” or “Tammany hall.” We still hear of the narrowness of the sororities’ view-point in choosing their freshmen. President Johnson tells us that the only thing that could be worse than the girl’s rushing at Colby is the system employed by the Colby

men. The forlorn non-sorority girl is often pointed out—and the “clique” as well.

There is much to be said on both sides. Those of us who strongly favor sororities have to admit that there are just criticisms. But, as in everything else, the defects are more widely advertised than the virtues. It seems to me the greatest argument in favor of sororities is that they do to some extent, add to the social element in college life. And I don't think even the most biased would say that we have any too much of that at Colby. Also, sororities do have ideals and standards—and there is always the opportunity to live up to them. Maybe you won't but there is always a chance

that you will sort of absorb some of them, accidentally. As for cliques—well, wouldn't we have them anyhow? And wouldn't cliques lead to a duplicate of “sorority politics?”

Yes, indeed—there are two sides to the question. Now it is always agreeable to state one's opinion on any subject of interest. So if you think there is much the matter with sororities at Colby, just write an editorial for the next issue of the Colbiana. Maybe something constructive can be done about it. Here's your chance—speak now or forever hold your peace—and let the virtues and vices of sororities continue.

A PREVIOUSLY HEARD THOUGHT— IN OTHER WORDS.

Now I don't want to scold you, girls, but I do want to ask you what you do with your spare time. You haven't any? Why, Mabel, you know very well that is a gross exaggeration! Ruby, only the other day I was down by the telephone booth, and you—but I promised to keep everything personal out of this.

Well, let us assume that there are twenty-four hours in the ordinary day. Now I'll allow that you sleep eight of it—Oh, I know you don't; don't I room right below you? But you should. That leaves you sixteen. Now on your hardest day, we'll say: classes, three hours; going to and from, one-half; meals, one and a half; studying (two hours to a class) six hours,—which makes a total of eleven.

Well, what about those other five hours? Of course, I forgot to allow for little incidentals, like dressing, powdering, rouging, etc., which I've known some of you to accomplish in less than ten minutes, under pressure—but I'll allow an hour a day to cover everything.

Of course I'm willing to admit that all of you don't waste four hours daily. You study longer, or do outside work, or mend your room-mate's stockings. But, in spite of all allowances, I think you all have something to account for. If you'd only take a

little honest recreation in the midst of your daily toil, like going for a good brisk walk, or playing a set of tennis, you would have everything to gain. But what earthly good will it ever do your brain, your excess avoirdupois, or your progeny, to sit in a stuffy library half of the afternoon, pretending to manifest interest in Pillsbury's Elements of Psychology, when you are peeping up every time masculine heels come gallup, galluping through the door, or concentrating on that little blond freshman at the corner table, to see how often you can make him look up at you? None of that wide-eyed innocence now, I know you do it, you might as well hang your heads.

Or standing in a telephone booth, a half or three quarters of an hour, murmuring sweet nothings into the transmitter as, “Honest, I've got a date,” and “Why listen, I don't even know your name,” or “Now, that's just a line.” Why, that's even dangerous. Didn't anyone ever tell you that you could get T. B. from standing in an airless two-by-four space for an undue length of time? Look to your lungs, my dears.

Or wasting two hours and a half two or three times a week—looking at Maurice Chevalier's vocal organs on the screen, or studying Nancy Carroll's charm from third

row balcony. Don't tell me that I'm misjudging you—I can get statistics to prove it!

And I'm letting you off easy—I'm not even mentioning the hours you wander

around, blissfully unconscious, gazing at the stars from the banks of the Messalonskee. Now don't you dare deny it! I know whereof I speak.

? ? ?

WHAT ABOUT THE Y. W. C. A.?

Shall I support the Y. W. C. A.? Well, what do you mean by "support?"—pay my three-dollar-dues?—sign the pledge card?—or get in and work? If you want me to work why don't you give me a position on the Cabinet? And why don't you have such a vital "Y" that I shall feel inspired to work?

I am just an average Colby student. I don't see the value of anything until I see its actual result. O yes, I go to "Y" meetings occasionally—when I want to hear my sorority sister give a report or want to hear the Coburn Orchestra. But I don't go as a regular matter—like a little kid to Sunday School. But I like the meetings when I do go, and would probably like them all if I felt the urge to attend. But they tell me that meetings aren't the whole of "Y." Though they say, of course, that the meetings are very important and that I will miss something of value if I don't attend—but they don't say I "ought" to go—they call it an "offer" instead of an "ought."

Well, what is "Y" if it isn't just the essence behind the meetings? To begin with,

they tell me that the "Y" is carrying on an industrial study of the conditions of working women in the factories. In fact, they say that one of the functions of "Y" is to study social and economic questions in the light of Christian teaching. And they tell me that the "Y" tries to investigate the Christian philosophy of life in terms of modern-life-situations and tries to provide human relations and situations in which students at Colby can learn how to relate their Christian insights and experiences to real life. They say they try to develop leadership for the later problems of community life, and try to be of service in locating needed employment for students.

That all sounds high-flown and theoretical, doesn't it? Do they really do all those things at Colby? No, they readily admit they are merely making an earnest attempt—working gradually but steadily toward the goal. But gee! I didn't even know they had a goal or were even working hard! Guess I'll keep my eyes on the Cabinet girls and ask them some questions about "Y"—I'm really getting interested!

COLBY WOMEN AND DEBATING.

A common conception of argumentation and debating, held by some college teachers, is that it is a form of bombast, an exhibition of what one pretends to know. But the work required in gaining a comprehensive knowledge of the theory of argumentation and of debating is equal to that devoted to the acquiring of a knowledge of any subject in the college curriculum; and it is not impossible to name many other subjects in the college curriculum requiring far less effort to master and to teach. One might well wish that the critic of de-

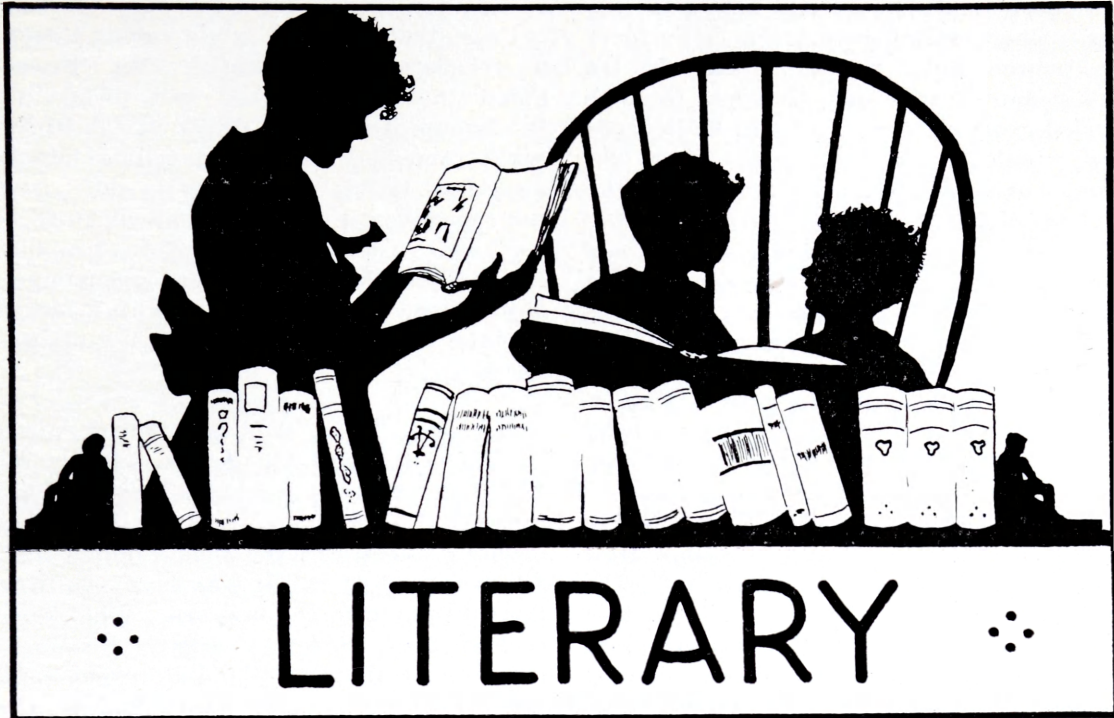
bating might be privileged to hear himself as he presents his ideas to a critical world. Teachers who thus inveigh against debating and public speaking rest down heavily upon their peculiar right to exercise authority, and so, for the nonce, escape the vengeance of those who observe their endless faults.

What are the requirements in mastering debating? First, the ability to analyze, to think through a maze of ideas to right conclusions. Is this habitual with the common run of folk? Far from it, gentle reader. And the reason is that most people are

too lazy to go to such pains. A second requirement is ability and intelligence to search until supporting-matter can be found. This means the amassing of facts, the gathering of authorities, and the use of logical forms of reasoning. Again, habitual generally? Not at all. For why go to such trouble when *ipse dixit*, when naive assertion, when quips and gibes that tickle the fancy but convince no one, will get you by? And the third requirement is the ability to face people and speak thoughts before them effectively. And this means something more than looking sweet, talking glibly, gesticulating wildly; it means the discriminating use of knowledge and of culture. Verily, "An empty barrel has a sound peculiarly its own." If these are three requirements, then debating assumes a position as high and as worthy as that of any other college subject.

Opinions may differ about the question as to whether women—our Colby women—can compete successfully with men on the debater's platform. But evidence in the affirmative is constantly increasing. To say that women cannot reason well, cannot analyze, cannot think through to right conclusions is to say what is sheer nonsense. That theory is but a relic of the time of man's claim to superiority and to woman's supineness. So long as the one browbeated and discounted, the other took for granted and remained submerged. That condition never offered encouragement to

mastery. But now that men and women are playing roles of equal importance, dignity and poise and daring have come for women. She dares think for herself, and she dares express what she thinks. As for her power to express the opinions which she has shown patience and discrimination to amass, there are those who claim, and with justice, that not only does she collect her facts more expeditiously and purposefully than do her brothers, but also that she masters them, as a memoriter task, much more quickly, and presents them much more persuasively and convincingly. This latter may be due in large measure to the better diction that women employ and the better speaker's form they show. The male neophyte on the platform is apt to be a sorry spectacle. He literally and figuratively murders the King's English; his posture and manner are too often those of the third-grader—eyes upraised, hands in pockets, feet wide apart, and with a do-or-die expression that begs sympathy through alarm. Women, on the contrary, possess the finer instincts, are more rigorous in the discipline of themselves, have greater intuitive powers, and when they seek to express their thought have less concern for the mechanics of ordinary speech. Whether women are superior to men on the debater's platform may be a moot question, but that they are the equal of their brothers on the debater's platform is an assertion that may well go unchallenged.



THE VOICE.

Annie sat—not because she had nothing to do but because it was necessary to nurse the baby. Cute little devil—Jimmy—what a life she'd brought him into. Annie worried—already there were five, Veronica, six, Francis, five, Mary, four, Paul, two, and her precious Jimmy. Annie was twenty-two.

She tossed the hair from her eyes, wiped her damp forehead on her white cotton shirt sleeve, and sighed. She must go and get some wood. Vaguely she wondered if Tom would get a job today. Not much hope—Tom didn't care for work. If he got a job he'd get drunk and lose it. God! what had she ever seen in Tom? But with the thought came the answer—home had never been much better. She'd like to get drunk, or anything to make her forget that the children needed food and clothes, and winter coming on. Well she'd bake the apples for the children. Three apples for four children! Suddenly Annie laughed—a laugh that would have made her good priest

cross himself. She remembered that one day before she had left school old Mr. Berry had said that all men are created equal. Equal! and some people had enough to eat!

But it wasn't God's fault that she had four children and three apples. If Tom didn't bring some money tonight what would they do? Too bad both of them couldn't die. Some orphan homes were swell. Jimmy stirred—poor little kid. The past was over, the present would soon be past—and then, O God! how many more Jimmies were there, crying out not to be born?

She put the baby on the bed, and walked slowly out to get the wood. Veronica helped her—poor, pale Veronica—who told her mother that Mrs. Joseph wore a blouse over her white shirt. Grimly, Annie wiped her face again on her cotton shirt sleeve. Something cried within her, "Mrs. Joseph has a blouse; she doesn't have to listen to little Jimmies who don't want to be born."

After she had collected enough wood, she went back to the house and baked the apples. They looked good. For her supper she poured some water in the old tea leaves, and scraped out the apple tin with a dried crust of bread. She'd like to know how it felt to eat too much. That was funny—she—Annie Sloski, eat too much!

Carefully she divided the apples into four portions. She divided a half of the quart of milk into four cups, and put the other half back in the cupboard for breakfast. Unless Tom brought something, that would be all they would have for the next day. Then she called the children. Francis always looked sad. Paul was only a baby—but that little bruised face showed that he had already learned that the only way to get anything was to fight for it. Jimmy would soon learn the same lesson. How many future Jimmies would have to? The voice was getting louder.

A few muttered oaths outside—the lord and master of the basement was coming home. He was drunk, as usual. Annie knew that he brought neither food nor money. All the future Jimmies would see

their father coming home—drunk. What would they eat tomorrow?

From that time on Annie couldn't seem to recall anything clearly. She remembered that her husband had picked up Paul's cup of milk and drank it. Then she could remember something telling her to do—what was it telling her to do? And she remembered finding the bread knife in her hand. Then Tom's throat was bleeding—awfully. The children were screaming—Mrs. Joseph was at the door, with a blouse on—the Voice was cheering—then all was black.

* * * * *

It seemed funny to Annie that they had a trial. She had killed him. She must have killed him; they said she had. And the knife **was** in her hand. And his throat **was** bleeding. Yes, she must have killed him. She was glad of it. It was funny—sitting there listening to the lawyers. What were they saying? She was **insane**. Insane to listen to the Jimmies, who didn't want to be born! Annie laughed again, and in the shrill wildness of that laugh there was more peace than there had been for years.

Gertrude Snowden.

IN THE NAME OF ART.

Cast.

Mr. Butterby—Retired from Butterby's Beautiful Linoleums.

Mrs. Butterby—Also retired.

Holworthy—Art dealer and critic.

Angelo—Guide for exceptional tourists.
Countess Respiglieri—Her villa speaks for her.

Bell boy.

Act I.

Evening in New York. Mr. Butterby and Mr. Holworthy are seated in Mr. Butterby's private art gallery. Several fine paintings, old and modern, are in evidence.

Holworthy: There's no object in your getting so disturbed. I've tried my best, and Holworthy's best is not to be sneezed at. I've searched all over the country, but nowhere, **nowhere** can I find an example of the old Italian school. And anyway, what

do you want of one? You have enough. That Vermeer is excellent; and let me tell you, Butterby, that Rembrandt is a choice piece. It took more strategy than money to get that. Look at your French master; and your Turner can't be beaten. Why aren't you satisfied? Never mind an Italian master. Enjoy these treasures. Not every man can do that.

Butterby (through his teeth): No! I'll have that Italian master if I have to go to Italy and lift it myself.

Hol. (gaping): But, but, Butterby—

But. (resolved): That's just it! I'll do it! Butterby has never been beaten yet. No, not since I first started to pile up my millions in Butterby's Beautiful Linoleums. I kept at it, and today, Holworthy, sixty per cent of the kitchens of America are laid with my linoleums. Do you think that

a man with such a reputation could let himself be beaten by a little Italian masterpiece? Not much! I'll go to Italy, and when I come back, I'll bring what I went after.

Hol: You can't do it. There's no such thing as getting Italian paintings. I've tried, and I know. (Enter Mrs. Butterby. Holworthy quickly jumps to his feet; Butterby finally gets there). Good evening, Mrs. Butterby. I hope you are going to help me persuade your husband that this Italian project is impossible.

But.: Mama, we're going to Italy.

Mrs. B.: Wh-what?

But.: Yes, mama, Italy. To get my painting. I'll make arrangements now. Good night, Holworthy. I'm going to have that picture. (Exit Butterby.)

Hol. (resigned): Mrs. Butterby, I hope you have a fine voyage over. But you'll never get what you're going after. Good night. (Exit Holworthy.)

Mrs. B.: Now, isn't that just like papa? And he'll get it, too. I just know he will. You never can depend on other folks to do your business for you. If you want a thing done right, do it yourself, I always say.

Curtain.

Act II. Scene 1.

One month later. A suite in a hotel at Florence, Italy. Mr. and Mrs. Butterby are talking.

But.: A whole week we've been here, and have we got that picture? We have not! And every Italian is in a conspiracy not to let us get it. It's outrageous,—that what it is, outrageous!

Mrs. B.: Yes, papa, I think so, too. The very idea of it!

But.: Me — Butterby of Butterby's Beautiful Linoleums, and a United States citizen—how do they dare refuse? Don't they know how much money Italy owes the United States? They ought to give me a picture.

Mrs. B.: Yes, papa, they surely ought.

But. (viciously ringing a bell): Hurry up, hurry up! I can't wait all day for these lazy Italians to answer. Where would I be now if I'd been that slow when—

(enter bell boy) Ah! here you are at last! I want a guide, and I want him quick!

Bell boy: Yes, sir. He'll be right here, sir. (Exit.)

But.: We'll probably have to wait a half-hour for him now. These Italians! You can't buy their pictures, you can't hire their guides.

Mrs. B.: Yes, papa, I'll be glad when we get back home.

But.: Never! We aren't going back until we get what we came after.

Enter Angelo.

But.: Are you the guide?

Ang.: Si, signor.

But.: Can't you talk English? If you can't I don't want you.

Ang.: Yes, sir.

But.: Better, much better. Now, what's your name?

Ang.: Angelo.

But.: Angelo, I'm looking for an Italian painting, you know, a real masterpiece, an old one. I've got plenty of money and I'll spend it if I can find that picture. Where can I get one?

Ang.: Well, I don't know, sir, exactly, but I can look around. I'll keep it in mind, and go look it up for you if you desire it.

But.: There, that's something like it! I wish you'd do that. And remember, it has to be something good. Now go, why don't you? Hurry up! (Exit Angelo) There's an Italian that's really worth something. We might not have wasted a whole week if we had known him before.

Curtain.

Act II. Scene 2.

Mr. Butterby, Mrs. Butterby, Angelo and the Countess in the Countess' villa at Lucca, Angelo has been explaining to the Countess why they are there.

Countess: How sad! I have always had so much sympathy for tourists who meet with inconveniences. And surely having your car stop so suddenly and so stubbornly is one of the greatest disadvantages. My home is yours until you are ready to go on. Now, my dear Mrs. Butterby, come with me. I know you are upset, and besides, I have some rare old laces which you will

enjoy. Angelo, er-er- if I may call you that? Will you and Mr. Butterby entertain yourselves? I will have someone called to repair your car. Until then, consider my house your home. (Exit Countess with Mrs. Butterby.)

Mr. B.: Now isn't that real Italian hospitality? Nothing like it, I always said. Pretty nice place she has here. Let's look around a bit. I wonder what's behind this curtain? (draws curtain to one side) Oh! a picture! See this, Angelo? (He looks at Angelo, who is staring at the picture. He speaks again. Angelo continues to stare.)

But.: Angelo, what is it? Hey? What is it? You don't mean that—Angelo!!

Ang.: It can't be, but it is! Oh, Mr. Butterby! Here is your treasure, here is the end of your search, here is your Italian master, here is a genuine Botticelli painting! The lost Botticelli, it must be. Art students have searched and given up hope of ever finding it. Found at last!! Now, Mr. Butterby, I know that the Countess is in distress financially. She must know the value of this work or she would not have hidden it so carefully. I suggest that you offer her a good price and I think she'll take it. Suppose we say twenty-five thousand dollars?

But.: All right. Anything to get that painting. (Enter Countess and Mrs. Butterby.)

But.: Er-Countess, see what we've found! (Countess looks amazed, then frightened.) But don't worry, we're not going to tell anything. We want to buy it of you. I want that picture more than anything else! I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars for it.

Countess (gasping): Oh, no!

Ang. (nudging Countess): Why not? We want the painting and we'll pay for it.

Countess: All right, but I do dislike to sell it. However, as matters stand I feel that I have no choice. Take the picture, but guard it carefully as I have done for so long. When you let it become known to the world you will receive congratulations from all sides for having obtained such a precious thing.

Mrs. B.: But papa, how can we get it

through the Italian customs? They're terrible, they say.

Countess: Why, Angelo paints—er, that is, well, he must paint. You do, don't you, Angelo? (Angelo nods). I knew it by his fingers. He can paint a new scene over this Mother and Child, and no one will know that the painting is valuable.

Ang. Certainly, Mr. Butterby, I shall be glad to be of service to you. I can paint a large flower pot over the picture, and you can have your Mr. Holworthy remove it when it reaches America, and he will find underneath what he said you could not procure.

Mr. B.: Good. We'll do it!

Mrs. B.: There, papa! I knew we'd do it. If you want a thing done right, you have to do it yourself.

Curtain.

Act III.

Two months later. The Butterbys and Angelo are talking in the Butterby suite in Florence.

Mr. B.: It's time I'm hearing from Holworthy. (Chuckling). I wonder what he's going to say. Couldn't be done, eh? Couldn't be done! Well, Butterby did it. Butterby has always done it. He won't be beaten!

Ang.: I hope Holworthy appreciates it. He will, if he knows art, real art.

Mrs. But.: Oh, yes! He'll appreciate it all right. He knows everything there is to know about art.

Mr. B.: Well, he didn't know that I could get a Botticelli when I came over, did he? He didn't know that! I guess he'll recognize me now. I wouldn't be surprised if he put me on his difficult cases, to hunt down rare pictures. No, sir, not a bit surprised. I bet he'll come down off his high horse now, eh what?

(Enter Bell boy.)

Bell boy: Mr. Butterby? Cable, sir.

But.: Th-thank you. Where is it? Give it to me! Hurry up! Well, why—oh! thank you. (Exit bellboy.) Here it is, mama, here it is! Now we'll see! Now we'll see!

Mrs. B.: Open it, papa.

Mr. B.: Sure, give me time. (With

trembling hands he opens the cable and unfolds it carefully on a table before them. Angelo slips out unnoticed.)

Mr. B. (reading): Removed flower pot,

found Mother and Child. Removed Mother and Child. Found Napoleon crossing Alps. Shall we continue?—Holworthy.

Margaret Choate.

LETTER OF LUCIANA TO HER FRIEND JULIA.

My Dearest Julia:

I write to tell thee of the many things since last we met at Ephesus. Thou wilt recall we then did speak of marriage, and the future that awaits us in it. Thou told'st me of thy lover, and we blushed together at how he writ "love-wounded Prateus." Oh, dearest Julia, I, too, have lent mine ears to words of love, and know the sweetness of the sound. His name is Antipholus, brother to the husband of Adriana. I haste to tell thee the romantic way it came to pass.

Only yesterday—so little time has passed!—my sister Adriana was fretting for her husband when he did not return at dinner time. I comforted her until Dromio should return. The servant told a sorry tale of boxings on the ears, telling to us his master's words: "Out on thy mistress!" Then jealousy settled in my sister's mind and heart. I pled with her to seek Antipholus, whom indeed we found upon the village mart. There he did deny his wife, and behaved in strange wise, as did his servant. (Couldn't thou have seen Dromio, Julia, as he prated to himself of "fairy-land and sprites!") Albeit we went to dine, and soon Antipholus and I did stroll along the garden paths. Then spake he strangely to me, and I did love to listen.

Such words from lips of Adriana's spouse! I thought he must have quite forgot his husband's office, and they so shortly wed! While he did whisper love to me, praising my beauty, I spoke to him of husband's duty, beseeching that he speak fair to Adriana, muffling false love. (I know the frailty of our sex, that asks but for pretense of love to be in paradise!) I thought of Adriana's happiness, until at length I fled away to seek her.

Which when I told Adriana, she reviled her husband. Once again I begged her to

have patience, when Dromio burst in, babbling that Antipholus was arrested. We sent much gold to him, setting out to find the cause of trouble. We found him, very pale and wan, protesting that he was locked out of his home—(thou knowest I said he dined with us, Julia!) Then Adriana forced him to be taken home. There was some to do about a chain he bought nor paid for it.

As I was walking with my sister by the Priory, we met the faithless one again! Adriana feared him, but the Abbess (whom we saw one day by the harbor, Julia) spake for his protection. As we were then, came the Duke and soldiers with a Syracusian merchant to behead him. My sister told her woes, and I swore truth to them.

Suddenly Antipholus and Dromio rushed upon us, crying for justice. The Abbess followed, and when she saw the condemned Syracusian, embraced him as a husband long lost because of shipwreck. Then—such a wonder!—the Abbess went within, and brought out another Antipholus, another Dromio! I scarce believed my eyes, dear friend.

The two Antipholuses are brothers like the twin Drominoes, separated, as were the Abbess and the Syracusian, by shipwreck. The latter are mother and father to the Antipholuses. Did you ever know such excitement, Julia? Now thou see'st I can love my Antipholus, and Adriana hers. I am in great excitement, and hardly calm enough to write.

It is growing late, and I must retire to my chamber to dream of my Antipholus—how he said: "Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life." Sweet dreams, dearest Julia.

Your friend,

Luciana.

P. S.—Write me thy thoughts about this.

L.

BURIED TREASURE.

The little boy was sitting in a patch of sunlight on the kitchen floor when the two ladies came to call. One of them, curious, bent to him and said, "Vot you got, little Max? A little Spielzeig—a new toy?"

He looked up, puzzled that anyone should misunderstand this most pleasant of occupations. "I am carfing, Mrs. Brumbaugh," he said gravely. "Dis iss papa," and he held up a crude but recognizable figure.

"Oi! Vy, dot iss noding but soap," said the woman. "Papa Ruppert doss look like dot ven he chase de little black hen."

"You shoul't not vaste soap like dot," the other grunted. "You shoul't look out or you cut yourself mit dot knife, Max. I nefer let my Chennie haf a goot kitchen knife to play mit. Iss your mamma home, Max?"

And the two ladies walked in with the informality common in Pennsylvania Dutch country homes. A few moments later Max heard a trickle of laughter, and a shrill phrase caught his ear.

"Dey vill make fun off him all over de country yet, Mrs. Ruppert. A good liffing mit art he cannot make. You shoul't make him stop it yet. Und my Chennie, she say he do not get fery goot marks in school."

"It iss no vunder, if his mind iss always on soap faces yet. Not so, Mrs. Dupps?"

"Vell, school iss not so much, if a boy iss strong und handy around a farm; but you vould not want him to be called a dummkopf in several years."

A murmur of assent, and then his mother's patient voice implied that he did her no harm in his playing. "Vell, I know it iss no goot," she admitted; "but he does not vurf fery goot, either. Und he hurts nobody's feelings—" another gurgle of laughter—"for nobody vould look like himself ven he iss made in soap."

Very quietly Max put away his knife and then, rather savagely, crumbled the tiny carved head in his hand. And when he heard his mother's tirade against the schoolmaster he hated, he did not notice that she gave him credit for having in his classes

"no nonsense mit art und soap or votefer." Art was not a word that little Max knew. But laughter—especially his mother's laughter—was unmistakable. Rather solemnly he trudged out to the barn. And no one realized that the first phase of his small life had closed on a note as heart-rending to a child as tragedy—gentle amusement.

At eighteen Max went into the navy. It was, perhaps, as much a result of a desire to see strange, mysterious ports in foreign oceans as of the eternal drabness of life in Lancaster county.

His childhood had not been unhappy, for the good Herr Rupert had a stolid sort of affection for his only son; and as the children grew up, it was the girls who chased the little black hen and her numerous offspring. Max had been permitted as much schooling as was possible without the payment of tuition. It had somewhat straightened the clumsy Dutch twist of his tongue. He had, nevertheless, grown above his environment only sufficiently to realize that it must become the habitat of his mind unless he made a definite break from it.

It was a teacher with a prudently concealed admiration for Conrad and McFee who first suggested the navy to Max. The average native of Pennsylvania Germany knows, in a vague way, that continents are surrounded by oceans; but the idea of the sea and its trade is far too nebulous to prove profitable in his thrifty Dutch opinion. Max, however, with the shrewdness which was his birthright, emphasized the practical side of going to sea for some time before he announced his intention. His parents, therefore, gave a rather reluctant consent.

After several years of life at sea, Max had lost everything Dutch except a shy sentiment which made him thrill to the familiar accents heard in Hamburg. He had gained, however, a new love for the quaint beauties which he found all over the world and, in sharp contrast, the practical, hardy manliness which was necessary to success, almost to existence, in that profession.

It was in Hamburg that he broke his leg and remained in a hospital for a number of restless weeks. His only amusement was sketching the various patients who were within his range of vision. But he soon became so critical of his work that the old doctor said gravely:

"My boy, you must give it up. You see how it excites you and delays your recovery."

"But, doctor—"

"It is not so great a sacrifice I ask you to make."

"Oh, but it is," he protested desperately. "All my life I've wanted to do this. No one ever encouraged me. I've been contented—my parents were as kind as they knew how to be—but I've never really been satisfied. I don't believe I can ever be happy without it."

"Your work is clever," the doctor admitted slowly, "but it does no one any service. Nothing is real, nothing is great, except what aids humanity."

"But I believe I can aid humanity with this—can teach them to know and love beauty."

"You can create images; but I deal with life itself, and I must guard the welfare of my patients," replied the doctor firmly.

"It is hard to give up, even temporarily, the only thing one can do, doctor. Suppose someone took away your scalpel because you were sympathizing with your patients. Don't you think you'd miss it?" said the boy wistfully.

"Certainly I'd miss it. But a man who is unhealthy can't do good work. Health is an obligation to society. For you to continue what retards your recovery is a social sin. And if it happened in my work, it would be still more necessary to give it up, because I should endanger my patients' health as well as my own if I continued."

"You almost reverence your profession, don't you, doctor?"

"Indeed I do," said the old man earnestly. "I can aid humanity directly. I can be a great philanthropist; and, at the same time, I can create. I don't deny that art like yours has its appeal. But that sort of work is selfish. My cases require just as

much art, as great skill, as arduous training and practice as do painting or sculpture. A physician's work is the art of life."

And the medical enthusiast left his patient to ponder his theory.

* * * * *

When Max returned home with the announcement that he wanted to be a doctor, the Rupperts concealed their dismay with tolerant smiles.

"Just because you are never sick," pleaded Max, "doesn't say no one ever needs a doctor. I can succeed if you'll only start me."

"Vot Dummheit de boy hass in him yet," his father murmured. "You end in de poorhouse, you Max, if you be so stubborn."

But eventually, with a capitulation quite uncharacteristic of the Dutch, they yielded; and Max was installed at the University of Pennsylvania.

After his graduation from a strenuous medical course which left little leisure for such an avocation as art, Max established his practice in a small Jersey town. Here Lillian Adams became his patient and later his wife.

The young Rupperts lived not unhappily, in spite of Lillian's pale invalidism, which affected her emotions as well as her physical ability. Max loved her in a gentle way and tried to please her. She was discontented with country life and constantly taunted the young doctor with his obscurity.

"You can accomplish nothing in this toy village," she would complain. "I have no pleasure and no congenial friends. And you care little enough for a sick woman. Whenever you have no work to do, you play with children's modeling clay. Do you think because you are a failure as a doctor that you will become a great sculptor? You haven't ambition enough to succeed. Why don't you move to a city large enough to have some sick people?"

After a number of painful reconciliations, the move to Philadelphia was accomplished; and Max continued his work with the enthusiasm which the German idealist had implanted in him. Enthusiasm, however, does not guarantee success; and it

sometimes seemed that all the doctors Philadelphia had need of were already there.

Lillian's health did not improve in the confinement of the city; and her petulance with Max's figurines increased. At last the young doctor gave up his artistic efforts entirely and became grimly absorbed in his work. And if he felt that the drudgery of a small practice was an inglorious end for all his gallant dreams, it only made him cleave more closely to the work whose possibilities he still hoped were as great as those of his art had been.

The war, for Max, came as a blessed release from monotony. His dreamer's soul found in it, even in all its sordid brutality, the fulfillment of an almost unconscious longing. He suffered a great deal, with his German sympathies and generous humanitarianism and his American loyalty; but suffering seemed to bring its own benediction. And some times the glorious lust of battle would come upon him and overwhelm his hidden aspirations, his daunted dreaming, and despairing restlessness.

Once, after such an orgy, he talked with a dying German in his own tongue. The man proved to be from Hamburg; and, grateful for a point of contact, he gave his own pitiful example of a dying speech and a philosophy of life.

"It isn't what you believe that matters; it's believing with your whole heart in something—your religion or your country or yourself. It's living up to belief that makes you a man. You love Germany, yet you fight against her because you believe your country right. I have a family in America; but Gott sei dank, I die for the Fatherland. It does not matter. Man without belief is worthless. I am glad to die nobly—it is one thing I can do well."

In 1919, Max returned home with a resolve to believe wholeheartedly in medicine. His lack of encouragement had convinced him that to believe in art was futile. He could trust to the profession he knew well to fill the vacuum which peace had brought.

"Better quiet hard work than fruitless dreams," he thought a little bitterly.

Lillian's death did not come as a shock. He grieved for her in a tender but uncertain way, and then devoted himself still more passionately to his chosen work. Everything he loved had failed him. His profession alone was stable, concrete, the only thing he could believe in. This, he tried to persuade himself, was the better kind of art; and his progressive success seemed to confirm his theory.

Margaret Simon was not an unusual woman. She was an art teacher, but the brand of her profession had not yet become indelible. She did not consult a doctor often; and it was a relief to Max to cure her physical ailments, without having a neurotic case to puzzle over. She was stimulating in a well-bred way, gently enthusiastic about his work, interested in his advanced ideas. It was not surprising that, several years after his wife's death, they were married.

Although absorbed in his work, Max encouraged Margaret's constant visits to art museums and galleries. Indeed, when he was able to accompany her, he soon came to enjoy the Rodin Museum and the Academy of Fine Arts. He would wander about measuring statues with his eye, testing them for correct proportions. He did not admire art because it was art, but because it was real, vivid, moving. He had no cold classical ideals; his appreciation of sculpture was essentially red-blooded.

One day, after an afternoon spent, by Margaret at least, in image-worship, she said gently, "Max, why don't you take up your modeling again? Some of the little figures you kept are really good; and as a mature man, and especially a doctor with a knowledge of anatomy, you would probably do much better work now."

"Well, my dear," he answered almost wistfully, "I think highly of your judgment; but everyone else has discouraged me. I guess if it had been in me, it would have come out before this. I'll stick to the trade I know."

"Well, it wouldn't do any harm to try it now and then when you have time," she said soothingly.

"If it will please you, I suppose I can.

And I always did like to mess around clay."

A pen-knife and orange sticks at first were Max's only tools, soap and children's clay his material. With these he made dainty little cameo heads and occasionally a graceful figure. He made a few sketches, too; but since Margaret seemed to prefer the rounded figures, he gradually came to confine himself to sculpture.

"That piece of wood would make a good relief head, wouldn't it?" remarked Margaret idly one day.

"It's just the right size for a portrait head," Max answered, turning it thoughtfully. "Will you sit for it?"

The portrait was far from perfect, but its subject insisted that it was excellent work for an amateur. Almost roused by her enthusiasm, Max bought new clay, this time from an art supply shop, and added to his tools several medical instruments. He began to copy famous groups and at last attempted to carve from memory and photographs a bust of his father. It required long hours, and the patience of a doctor was a great aid to Max. When at last it was finished, even his parents ad-

mitted that it was a good likeness.

"There is going to be an exhibition of amateurs' work at the Academy next month," said Margaret casually about a year after Max had done his first portrait bust.

"Is there? Do you want to go?"

"I do if you have something there."

"My dear," he expostulated, "surely you know that I'll never be good enough for the Academy. Those fellows are the real thing."

"So are you, if you'd only believe in yourself," she said indignantly. "Please try, anyway, Max."

When he came home one day to announce that the Academy had accepted two figures for the amateur exhibition, she refused to be surprised. "I always knew the Academy had good judgment," she said calmly.

"I never thought I could do anything with it," Max admitted.

"Well, you see, some people have it buried so deep that it has to be dug out," laughed Margaret, "and I love to dig."

Carola Loos.

GERRY.

It was the hour of "taps" at Camp Maramak. Every girl felt drawn to God and nature as she joined the group about the evening fire. What brought this feeling, it is hard to tell. Perhaps it was the sound of the waves against the rocky shore, or the whisper of the wind through the pines, or the black nearness of the forest. Or perhaps it was the clear notes of the bugle as they sounded taps from the neighboring promontory. While the notes died away, fifty girls stood silent, hand clasped in hand. Then the notes sounded anew, and fifty voices softly joined:

"Day is done
Gone the sun
From the hills, from the lake, from the sky;
All is well
Safely sleep
God is nigh."

And the group of tired, happy campers

trooped slowly to nearby tents.

Across the lake a loon called. Only a loon, but Marion Weatherfield turned as she stepped into her tent. She glanced across the water toward a small black shadow far out in the lake—a shadow that could have been recognized in the light of day as an island. Only an island, yet Marion knew that over there the same good-night was soon to be sung by fifty masculine voices. She paused for a few moments, knowing that on that island there was some one who was thinking of her.

Soon silence settled over Camp Maramak. The moon disappeared and returned. Marion lay in her cot—not sleeping—only thinking of that some one on the island—thinking and waiting.

An hour passed. At last a small figure emerged from Marion's tent. Silently it disappeared into the darkness under the

trees. Not a sound was heard, but presently a canoe stole out and Marion was riding the waves. With infinite skill she paddled, her blade never leaving the water. Soon the canoe rounded a bend in the shore-line, and just as the moon began to hide again behind a cloud the craft was guided into a small cove. The occupant stepped out and walked forward to meet a manly figure that approached her from the shadow of a huge tree.

It was much later that Marion again rode the waves in her canoe, this time in the direction of camp. Her thoughts were filled with the previous hours, when suddenly a dark shape took form on the water in front of her. Muscles contracted in her throat, but she saw that it was only an empty canoe of the same color and kind as her own. A Camp Maramak canoe. What could it mean? A sudden fear seized her, but she thrust it away. Yet with deep misgivings she peered about her—all was blackness except for feeble penetrations by the moon. At length she continued on her way, landed stealthily on the camp shore, and crept to her tent.

It was six weeks since Marion had come to Camp Maramak—an aristocratic girl to an aristocratic camp. Yes, aristocratic—for Camp Maramak was infinitely more than the usual rich girl's camps. Were this not true it would never have existed; for Miss Sutherland, the sturdy director, had had a vision and dreamed a dream long before the camp was founded. The vision had been of a camp where sincerity, honesty, and true sportsmanship were to become a living reality in the life of every camper; and the dream had been that such a camp would attract the daughters of America's most discriminating families. After twenty years of supreme endeavor that vision had been realized and the dream had come true. Equipment, counsellors, and campers were of the highest type obtainable. Miss Sutherland herself held the intimate love and respect of every girl. Camp Maramak had become an aristocrat among camps.

So this was the place to which Marion had come. No wonder she had given her

tom-boy bob a happy toss! She liked Camp Maramak from the first—its rugged shore-line, the view across the lake, and the beautiful sunsets with their reflection on the water. But best of all, she liked the girls; and she knew that the girls liked her. How soon they came to look to her as their leader. Gay but not frivolous, small, pretty, vivacious—Marion had won her way into their hearts and after six weeks still held their devotion. She seemed the fulfillment of the Camp Maramak ideal—complete sincerity, honesty, and true sportsmanship.

Tonight Marion returned to her cot. She lay in the darkness, listening tensely. Not a sound but the voices of the woods. She called softly to her tent-mate. "Gerry, Gerry!" No answer. Suddenly her face grew white. Her thoughts darted back: "Gerry had scolded her—had pleaded with her not to go again—had said she would follow. The canoe—"

"Gerry! Gerry!" Her voice was panicky. Like a flash she was at Gerry's cot. It was empty. Not a sound—not a noise—only an eternity as she sank to the bedside.

Minutes later Marion awoke Miss Sutherland; told her Gerry was gone—in the canoe—had not come back. Marion herself ran down to the wharf. With desperate composure she reported that one canoe was missing.

Two hours later twelve weary girls returned to their cots. The search had been in vain. Only the canoe had been found, and Gerry's favorite paddle. Now the men had come to drag the lake, and they could rest. Rest? They could only talk, huddled in little groups in the tents. Always they repeated the same things over and over—Gerry's loveliness, her frail body and independent spirit. They spoke no blame, but they did not excuse her. Why had she gone? It was defying the strictest regulation. It was not like Gerry—yet she had done it.

All morning and all day the girls talked. After the body was found the conjectures grew. Perhaps she had been going out to meet a camper from the island in the lake. They tried to defend her from such

thoughts, but with the need of defending her their imaginations grew to greater heat.

All day Marion Weathersfield listened. She even added a remark here and there. She loved Gerry, but she couldn't come to her defense.

Late in the afternoon, Marion followed a little path through the woods along the shore—alone with herself and her conscience. Her shoulders sagged. Her tomboy bob was rumped. With a shudder she flung herself upon a log—with elbows on knees, head in hands. Not a tear came to her eyes, but her bitter self-reproach was worse than tears.

For an hour she struggled. Should she go to Miss Sutherland, confess the truth, and stop this hideous talk? Gerry had been noble—the girls should realize it. But it would mean losing her own reputation. The girls looked up to her so. And her parents—what would they say if she confessed all? No! no! she could not tell! At last the struggle ended. Her decision to remain silent came with a sudden, overpowering force. And having once decided, she was confident that she would not waver.

That evening an assembly was held at Camp Maramak lodge. Every girl was present. Marion sat near one corner, feeling that all eyes were on her. Knowing this to come from her imagination and over-taut nerves did not help. The subdued hush stifled her. At last Miss Sutherland arose, faced the semi-circle, and spoke with a strained, unsteady voice:

"Girls, you know why you are here. A great misfortune has come to our camp. Gerry has been lost—Camp Maramak must answer to a mother and father who are filled with grief for their only child."

Marion's gaze pierced a blurred trinket on the wall: she dared not lower her eyes.

"For twenty years Camp Maramak has had an ideal. We have placed honesty and sincerity above all else. Last night one girl betrayed that ideal."

Marion felt her heart thump: Miss Sutherland had looked at her.

"We will only think of the price that was paid by Gerry—and her family. That

Camp Maramak is responsible—has suffered with Gerry—is of less importance. Twenty years of striving for an ideal is not a life—a new beginning remains. Not so with Gerry—she is gone.

"I have called you here to make a request: be kind to Gerry. Pity her that she lost sight of our ideal, but do not wrong her with heated talk. Judge not. Nor let your minds grow disillusioned because one girl broke faith with our standard."

"One girl—." The words ate into Marion's heart. Over and over they sounded. "—broke faith with our ideal." She hardly knew how she managed to stumble out of the lodge with the rest. All she could see was Miss Sutherland's burning eyes turned upon her in that last sentence. Only the pain of a great disappointment in those eyes—eyes that were turned to her in trust, seeking an understanding heart in Gerry's tent-mate, Gerry's closest chum.

Marion stumbled along the path to her log. The woods were growing dark. Even the log seemed a stranger. Years seemed to have passed since her struggle there in the afternoon. As she again flung herself on the log she felt crushed by the shrouding night. The woods about her seemed hostile. She was alone in every sense of meaning. Remorse burst through her heart and drained her strength from every sinew. Weak and trembling, she sank to her knees. Gerry was dead—. She ached with pity for her chum. Finally with a last drop of strength she raised her eyes to heaven.

Just then a cloud parted in the sky above her, and from the rift there shone down a solitary beam of light. It was only the moon, but to Marion's desperate spirit it seemed a beacon from God. Loudly the waves washed the stony shore, beating the rocks with a steady rhythm. Everything else was so tensely silent that she could feel the stillness against her body. Somehow her eyes followed the beam across the water: a silvery pathway stretched away toward the shadow of the distant mountains. Marion stared long and hard. The pathway seemed to grow brighter and brighter as a rapt expression came into her

eyes. The distant mountains seemed to grow bigger and bigger. The sky seemed to grow larger, closer, and more friendly. The trees above her seemed to bend their heads.

Strength returned. Swiftly Marion arose. Deliberately she drew herself to her full height, for the lake had spoken to her—and she knew her answer. The world seemed vast in that moment. All pettiness

dropped away, and with an impetuous gesture she stretched her arms toward the shining water:

“All right, old lake; I’ll be as big as you. I’ll take my medicine—standing up.”

And with a heart that was almost happy she turned her steps toward camp; while softly the bugle call of “taps” floated out to the distant mountains.

Ruth Pineo, '31.

ON TRYING TO SLEEP.

I can think of nothing more exasperating than going to bed knowing that you need sleep, and not being able even to keep your eyes closed after you are in bed. It's torture, mental and physical—that is, for the general run of people like myself who naps at the least provocation. I suppose if one has insomnia continually, he becomes accustomed to staying awake nights designing ways and means of getting to sleep.

A few nights past I said to myself, “Well, old girl, you must get a good night's rest. You've been keeping late hours for the last week.” Yes, that was the idea I had as I retired—just the worst kind of idea to induce sleep. (I took psychology a whole year; yet I can't apply it to myself. But the theory is: you tell yourself you have to do a thing, it's much less likely to be done than if you were to take it for granted that you'd get around to it some time anyway.) Now the idea I wish I had clamped upon is this: “My, the bed feels good! Good bye, world.” There is no mention of sleep; it's taken for granted.

Well, I lay there for a while and then started in on my own version of “Strange Interlude” for the rest of the night.

It's a bit close here. The windows are wide open. I'd better not throw off the covers for by midnight it will be cold. Well, I must get to sleep. . . . It won't harm to roll down one blanket. If it gets cold later I'll probably awaken and pull it back up. I could open the transom and make a draught across the room. But it's such a nuisance to get out of bed and have to get fixed all over again. I'll roll down

the blanket—there. Now for a little sleep.

. . . It's funny sleep doesn't come. No, I didn't drink any coffee. No, I'm sure I didn't. That's all a foolish notion anyway. It's generally believed that coffee drinking causes insomnia, so when you drink any and remember that you drank it, of course you don't sleep. That's psychology, mental suggestion. That was a funny course. I liked the professor and probably got much more out of it than I thought for. It was education anyway. “Education is what you have after you've forgotten all you learned.” I don't know why I took that dean's education. I hate to think about it. Well, I must go to sleep. . . . I wonder what it would be like to count sheep. They say it works. Humph! Wasn't Joe Brown funny in “Top Speed,” counting sheep right through until sunrise? One million, two thousand, and something he'd gotten to and then decided he'd begun to feel sleepy. Oh—the last of the week “Follow Through” is at the Haines. I want to see that. I'd have to stay up late to get my studying done. We have a quiz in history Friday. I can't stay up late any more this week. Gee! I just have to go to sleep. Why do I keep thinking? I'll make my mind a perfect blank as in playing Ouija. . . . Say, this is a hard thing to do. Now I'm not thinking of anything. Yes I am too. I'm thinking of how hard it is to keep my mind blank. There's no thought now. Of course there is. Saying something to yourself is a thought. If I'm going to think, I ought to think of something worthwhile. But, I need to sleep. I'll

start all over again to try to doze off. I guess I'll want another cover off—there! Now I'll turn on my left side for a while. They say you shouldn't sleep on your left side, bad for the heart. That's bunk! What is this gritty stuff in the bed? Funny I didn't feel it before. It's like crumbs. No, I got up for breakfast yesterday. It's better to feel whatever it is than to get up and make the bed all over. Perhaps it's salt. My room-mate might have—I wish she was here tonight. What time can it be? Land, I wish this watch had a radium dial. Are both those hands on twelve or is one on eleven? It makes no difference. I have to sleep. "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care—" That's Shakespeare's. It's not Hamlet. That goes, "To die, to sleep. To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub; for in that sleep—" "For in that sleep—" What's the rest of that? We'll have to learn it this year. What did that first quotation come from? Seems as though it's Macbeth. I'll look it up for the fun of it tomorrow. I suppose it would be a good idea to look it up now like Emerson and—and—Oh—some other big men. They must have been big men to bother to get up and look up some things and write down others. For advanced "comp" we're supposed to write ideas down as they come. If one had a pad, pencil, and flashlight beside his bed it would be all right. But who is going to

remember to put those things there every night? Those genuises used to get up and study when they couldn't sleep. I have plenty to do. It's getting cool here now, though. I'll pull back one of those covers. Good land, they're falling off. It's terrible to wake-up with your feet out to the cold. That'll do until morning. It must be pretty near morning now. I wonder whether I'll get up for breakfast or not. I suppose we'll have bacon again. It's not so bad but the dining room gets so smoky. I'll wear the old dress and then change for classes. I detest sitting next to one whose clothes smell of bacon fat. What'll I wear to class? I guess the blouse to my suit is clean enough to wear one more day. I must buy some stockings tomorrow. I'll have to charge them. I owe Mitchell's for pinks, too. I wonder why the people who live in back of the tennis courts are painting their house pink. It may be just a basic coat. Pink is such a childish, characterless color, diluted red—nice for blondes, though—pink—baby carriages—pink—

I think I must have gone to sleep a few minutes before the rising bell. A whole night, I wasted. I couldn't have slept more than a half hour at the most. I discovered in class the next day that several of my friends had insomnia, too. We can't remember eating anything which would have caused it. Maybe it was the weather.

Marjorie Dearborn.

AN EGYPTIAN APPLIQUE.

I like Egyptian appliques. The kind the men make out of multi-colored pieces of cotton cloth. The kind that picture absurd little men, with infinitesimal waists, driving plodding water buffalo—and other men building pyramids that are only equalled in size by the camels that stand idly by and chew their cuds. Sometimes they picture men planting trees that are heavy with great crimson fruit. You see these absurd little men often do very absurd things. That's why I like appliques—they are so much like life—little people doing little things.

That is my favorite above the desk. Notice the intelligent expression on the face of the man who is prodding the buffalo who turns the water wheel. Off in the other corner is a young man offering a prayer to the sun god—it is quite evident that he prefers praying to prodding a buffalo. But best of all I like the task-master in the lower right hand corner. What poise—what lordly bearing—what a look of smug self-complacency. He has nothing to do but hold his long black whip and feel self-satisfied.

Do you remember, dear, the day I bought

that appliqué? It was our first day in the bazaars—there we were like two children who had run away from school to see the circus, more than a little nervous after all the tales of thieving dragomen and drugged tea that we had heard. Very proud of ourselves to think we had dared to come without a guide, after having been warned against it by all the powers that be. Will you ever forget those streets, narrow, winding, half roofed with worm-eaten planks, half open to the hot Egyptian sun? And the wonderful wares, silks, rugs, velvet slippers, coats-of-many-colors that had overflowed the tiny shops and were all along the streets in heaps and piles? You said you were almost sorry you had brought me, but I saw your eyes glisten as you looked at the great brass bowls in Omar's shop.

You never liked Omar, did you, dear? And you never gave any reason except that you thought he was dishonest, and that after all, you know, is no reason for disliking an Egyptian merchant. After all, he was very human. Do you remember how he invited us in and gave us benches of hand-carved teakwood for seats? What delicious tea he served, red as blood, and almost as sweet as honey. You asked him how business was and he sighed sadly. "It grows worse and worse," he answered. "They come with their pockets full of gold and go away with their pockets empty and their hands full of brass." How I wanted to laugh when two of our countrymen came in and went out again a few minutes later with a two dollar tray for which they had paid six. Omar only sighed dolorously and said, "There you see how it is." Just why didn't you like Omar, dear?

And the perfume shop. Remember how we crept up to the door like flies drawn by a sweet smell? How disappointed we were at the interior. Nothing but a bare little room with an empty showcase and one wooden chair. Then Ali, the inscrutable Ali, motioned us toward a door in the rear. You looked at me and I looked at you. You took my hand and we went on, eyes fixed on that closed door as though death itself might lie beyond. What bated

breath, what pounding hearts—this was the mystery of the bazaars, this had all the fascination of the Arabian Nights. The door opened—do you remember how you crushed my hand in yours until it hurt? Then you gave a sigh of relief and straightened your necktie. Beyond lay another room, its walls hung with gorgeous tapestries, a bowl of incense making the air thick and a little intoxicating. Beyond that, another door with Ali still beckoning.

Surely you remember how you whispered to me, "We're not going any farther, this looks like a trap to me," but I persuaded you to go on—after all you needed so little persuasion. You had only been afraid for me, or so you said afterward. I have always wondered about that. Of course if it had been otherwise no one would expect you to admit it now that time and distance have put an end to any possibility of proof. And then the last room. A great divan, lighted candles, perfume. Ali on a tall stool in front of us waving the bottles of wonderful oil beneath our noses. When we were back once more in the street it all seemed like a dream. I looked at the tiny bottle of "Lotus" in my hand to be reassured.

Then I remembered the street of amber, a street of steps, not quite even, but worn into hollows by the tread of many feet. The street of amber with the fellaheens coming down and the veiled women going up. The street of amber where you became more enthusiastic about the bazaar than I had ever been. Remember the first moment you saw the great heart-shaped, golden lump of pure amber, looking, so you said, as though it might "fade and dissolve into a dream" at any moment. From that first moment I knew that you would never leave the bazaar without it. And the shopkeeper, I can see him now, fawning over you, opening the case and giving you the amber to hold in your hands. But when you asked him the price and he told you, you laughed a little bitterly and handed it back to him.

"Absurd," you said, but there was a world of regret in your voice. Will you ever forget the way he looked at you, like

a friend who has been betrayed. Then he asked us into the shop, such a dim little place, you said it was like a dream when one is half awake. He brought us coffee in little porcelain cups with hammered brass holders, and we drank it, not much caring what potion lay therein, only dreading the moment when we must leave this place of dim quietness. When we rose to go he followed us to the door. "You do not like the pendant?" he asked tearfully. "It is lovely," I answered, for I too had fallen under the spell of the amber, "but we cannot pay so much." And you, hardening your heart, answered, "It is not worth so much." He looked at us sorrowfully and went on to tell us of his sick wife and the six children who had nothing to eat. "What will you give for the pendant?" he said at last. "My children must be fed." You offered him half what he had asked and he looked at you with eyes that had in them all the sorrow of the world. "It is yours," he said. You hurried to pay him and be off. You said you felt like a thief. But I, like Lot's wife, looked back. He was chuckling as he slipped the money into his pocket. You never quite believed that, did you, dear? No man likes to feel that he has

gotten the worst of the bargain. I think, also, that you hated to lose the sense of the tragic.

And the last shop where I found my appliqué with the self-satisfied little taskmaster. How hard I bargained and how you scolded afterwards because I had paid so much. Perhaps I did get the worst part of the bargain, but after all I got the appliqué, and that was the most important thing.

Do you remember how the dusk was filling the narrow little streets with lengthening shadows as we left the last shop? You said it was an unreal dusk, the dreams of others who had walked those streets before us, fellaheens who dreamed of silken robes and fine blue coats, veiled women who dreamed of lovers and perhaps of freedom. It was the hour of sunset, when past and present meet and there is no time. The brass workers were laying down their hammers and the slipper makers their awls. Night was creeping around in velvet shoes, snuffing out the last thin flames of daylight. Do you remember?

See the little taskmaster, dear, how complacently he looks down from his little square of red cambric.

Barbara Hamlin.

JUST ONE OPINION.

I am a peaceful body; no one has more regard for the rights of the next person than I. But in spite of this fact, today I'd like to quietly drive from the face of this most glorious earth a vast number of people—namely those who delight in being realists. They are always with us, those mortals with superior intelligence and no blessed imagination.

I was enjoying myself this morning. The history professor was at his best in telling us about the coronation service of the king of England. In the seat of the throne, a stone is encased, he told us, and on this same stone the patriarch Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel. Then it was carried to Egypt by the sons of Jacob, from there to Spain, then to Ireland and placed on Tara Hill. From this hill it was taken and car-

ried to Scotland and placed in the Abbey of Scone. When Edward the Confessor conquered Scotland he brought the stone to England and placed it in the throne—and it has been there ever since. Is it not beautiful, this story of the old stone that has known so many changes, has seen so much sorrow and glamour and romance? Jacob, his sons, the gallant Spaniards, the care-free Irish, the sturdy Scots, all possessed it and now it graces the throne of the king of England. Oh, I was enjoying myself—then a voice from the back of the room, "Er-geologists have proven that no stone of this kind could ever have—er—come out of any geological formation in Palestine—ahem." I hope I never find out who said it!

The world is filled with revelations,

revelations that are forced upon us. A kind friend recently informed me Amy Lowell was a big fat woman, who smoked long, black cigars. Cigarettes, or even a swanky pipe—but—. You like that, don't you, you worshippers of truth, an unattractive Amy Lowell with a long black cigar drooping from one corner of her mouth writing "The Tulip Garden."

Guarded within the old red wall's embrace
Marshalled like soldiers in gay company.

I guess there isn't anyone left to be humanized for me now. You've humanized everyone from Washington to Jesus. One by one you've torn the swathings of idealism from my pet heroes and left them exposed in the straight ugly garment of truth. Truth! What do I care about truth when it takes away something that I'd like to keep? You professors, too, you who delight in clearing the mind of traditional trash, what do you put in the cleared space so superior to what was there before? Facts! colorless, cold, lifeless, uninteresting facts—and the much desired power of analysis. I think many beautiful things will not bear analysis.

And that reminds me, isn't a class in botany wonderful? Can anyone imagine fully appreciating the beauty of—say mountain laurel, without knowing that it really is *kalmia latifolia*, and that the anthers are held in the pockets in the corol-

la, so that a light disturbance of the flower will release the stamens so quickly that pollen is thrown out. Of course we couldn't; so we tear the flowers to pieces to discover these essential facts. I have great respect for the professor but I always think of him as a gay gust, not because of any personal characteristics, but because of the way he uses flowers. You remember the poem to the yellow pansy,

And whenever a gay gust passes
It trembles as if in pain,
For the butterfly soul within it
Longs for the winds again.

Well, I guess there is one thing more that you realists can do to fully complete my education. Do you recall that poem by Byron?

Oh speak not to me of a name great in
story,
The days of our youth are the days of our
glory.

I know when Byron wrote this. He was standing in the fields in October and his hair was blowing about. He was young, happy—the air was sharp, like old cider—and Byron wrote this poem. Now you worldly people tell me that after a night of vicarious pleasures, Byron felt his rheumatism badly, and while still inebriated, he rhabbled it off, and one of his many women wrote it down. Do it—if you want to be thoroughly and heartily hated!

PLAIN JANE.

She wasn't at all good-looking. In fact, she was downright plain, and she didn't have any redeeming quality of personality or voice that most girls in stories must have—haven't you often read, "Eloise was not a pretty girl, but you forgot her discrepancies when you looked into her eyes?" Well, this wasn't that kind of girl. She was darned ugly, if you must have it. Her hair was straight and most distressingly hair-color; her eyes were just a plain light blue, with nondescript brows and lashes. Her complexion was bad, her figure was bad (though not so bad as her face), her

nails were bad—you couldn't find a thing about her to like. And her name was Jane Jones!

Jane got up from her bed one morning filled with the determination to be popular—and it was high time! She was twenty years old and a junior in college, and she just didn't fit—she didn't belong to "our set" as it were.

Well, as has before been intimated, Jane Jones arose from her far from downy couch one crisp winter's morning at five o'clock, systematically put down the window, turned on the heat (merely a gesture—vain

hope to expect heat at that hour in the morning) and returned shivering to bed, but not, alas, to sleep. No, Jane, although she rested more or less comfortably under some fifteen pounds of blankets, was unable to resume her slumbers. To put it plainly, she was bothered—why, oh why didn't something happen to her!

[On this note: Yes, something is going to happen to her. What remarkable intelligence is shown by the "gentle reader!"]

Poor Jane! But all you females, beautiful or otherwise, needn't start pitying her, for men (I mean discriminating men, of course, like a few of us) can sometimes see beauty where women fail—and guess what happened to Jane! Yes, sir, little Janey got a break.

While she was disconsolately gazing out into the blackness of her room, the mind of Jane was busy, the old wheels were buzzing like bees—but Jane was trying to figure out why she deserved such unpopularity.

"I know I'm funny-looking," she mused, "but Heaven knows it's not my fault if my father's lantern-jawed and my mother just can't help it. What I've got to do is overcome these difficulties. My intelligence may not be so hot, but I can at least add two and two and get six, and little Jane has work to do."

With these few well-chosen words Jane Jones, firm purpose in every move, threw back her covers, doffed her long sleeved flannel night gown (fellow-citizens, I blush to admit it, she did wear flannel nightgowns,) donned her unmentionables (which I won't mention, since no gentleman brought up as my mother brought me up could possibly mention unmentionables—you can figure them out for yourselves, and may the flannel nightgown be your guide!) and a good sensible woolen dress, woolen stockings, approved shoes (fifteen dollar Plastics, oh yes, the folks at home were giving their Jane the best kind of education, with all the frills) and Janey took her check-book and her pen and a suitcase (for effect) and sallied forth.

Now believe it or not, poor Jane Jones waited for—er—hours in front of the big building in which was the Dean's office.

Hours, on cold stone steps, beginning at six A. M., are not (or, if you are susceptible to colds in the head, are) to be sneezed at, and many, many times Jane almost turned back to her warm bed, but no! Our heroine was made of sterner stuff, and at last her dogged determination was rewarded.

The Dean of Women, wearing her best good-morning smile as she tore briskly up the steps [Editor's note: as briskly as her 200 pounds would allow], found Jane at the top, a worried expression on her usually expressionless face.

"Why, Jane, what can be the matter? Do come in and let me help you—you know that's what I'm here for, dear," and this lady so well known to all "her children," drew the poor shivering girl into the warm office.

"Oh Miss Hunniwell," quoth Jane (heroines always quote when they get excited, you may depend upon it,) with a little sob, "I got a telephone call last night that my father was very ill, and I must go to him—"

"You poor dear child, of course you must," replied that kindly and sympathetic dean. "How fortunate that the Christmas vacation begins in a week! Have you made your travelling arrangements, dear? Montana is so far away. I hate to let you go alone, and in such unhappiness."

"Oh, I'll be all right," came the brave answer from our plucky Jane, and after a few parting words of advice from Miss Hunniwell, Jane left Court University in great haste, to attend her dying father in Kannickawa, Montana.

Now before you learn any more about Janey, you ought to know something about the college from which she was so suddenly obliged to depart. Court University is one of the oldest co-ed colleges in New York, and it has established a name for itself as being a conservative college, but there was nothing conservative about it on the second day of the second semester of this year when Jane's father's imminent decease compelled her to leave the sacred halls—nothing conservative, this second day of the second semester, that is, except the Dean



Norma Fuller '33



Room-mates



Martha H. Evelyn Platt ~



Mural M. Lois Crowell, Mildred K. "Freddie" H. ~



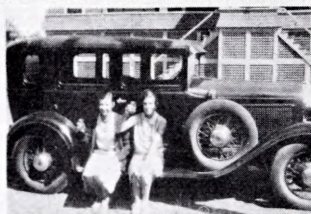
~Dorcas Paul, Estelle Taylor, Babe Hamlin ~



Bertha L., Maxine F., Anita V. ~



Anita Viles '33



~"Steve" Beane, Viola Rowe ~



Budge Chase '31

of Women—she saw only a new girl—nothing to get excited about.

The rest of the college, particularly the masculine element, saw a new girl, too—and what a girl! She was entered in the junior class, and had come in at this semester with a bunch of girls from Boston. They were all attractice—but Jacqueline! She was the cream of the lot. Jacqueline Jarrard (accent on the last syllable of the last name, please, thank you) was a beauty. All the girls rushed her frantically for A. P. W., U. Beta Phis or Alpha Omega Omicron, or something else classically Greek—all the men rushed her frantically, too; so Jack was pretty busy here and there.

She deserved it, too. If there ever was a good looking girl, a girl with personality, Elinor Glyn-ity, it was Jack. She was tall and beautifully made—her hair was black as the raven's wing (black hair always is). Her eyes, half hidden by long curling black lashes, were a heavenly blue under bold black brows, her complexion was exquisite. And as for tact and wit and all those things, Jack was there and then some. Of course her clothes were beautiful, but I can't be expected to dwell on them—they suited her, that's all.

Well, Jack had the room that poor unfortunate Jane had had, and she heard often and much about the difference between herself and the former occupant of the room. She lived there a week, and then the U. Beta Phi's seized her and transferred her with much joy to the classic, if somewhat shabby U. Beta Phi house on University Drive.

To shorten a dull story, Jack was everything that semester, from class president to editor of the "Kollitch Komicks"—and she had ten fraternity pins in the course of three months. And besides that, everybody liked her, even her sorority sisters, sure proof of angelic qualities.

One day in April a couple of these dear sisters asked her what the secret of her beauty and charm was, and Jacqueline asked the president to call a sorority meeting.

"I have a confession to make to you girls," announced Jack in pure clear tones, looking at the friends she had made. "Do you remember plain Jane Jones, who was here at Court the first semester of this year?"

"Yes—," answered all the dear sisters, with wondering looks, "but what about her?"

"Look me over, girls—I'm Jane Jones!"

Her audience was electrified. "Why Jack, you're crazy." "She was messy." "This is too much."

"Yes, girls [Author's note: this is not an advertisement. No monetary returns reward my efforts]. You see before you a living example of what determination and modern science can accomplish."

"But how under the sun did you do it, Jack—or shall we call you Jane?"

"Oh, I'm still Jack. You know Jane left just before Christmas. Well I spent those six weeks to good advantage. Of course, my father wasn't ill, and I went to Boston, where I had my hair dyed. My face was cared for by expert facialists, I used a vibrating machine and exercised a lot—and girls, it's wonderful what a good foundation garment can do for you. I took dancing lessons and voice culture for grace and a pleasant speaking voice, but best of all, my dears, was the correspondence course in personality development—after ten easy lessons. . . [Oh, isn't this enough? My pin was the sixth that she had—and the story of my disillusionment is too painful. I learned all about Jack, or Jane, from a sorority sister of hers, (who now has my pin.)]

THE MIDDLE STEP.

The steps go up and the steps go down. They go up to "The Way of the Cross," and down to the "Wailing Wall." Steps are such curious things—they can go either

way and still not move—it all depends on where you sit. I like to sit on the middle step, then I can look either way. I should not like to look just up or just down, my

mind would get very stale. All day long I sit on the middle step and beg. I used to hold out my right hand. I don't any more. There isn't any right hand now, soon there won't be any wrist. Leprosy? A word to be whispered behind closed doors at midnight. If they knew—if the men and the women going up the stairs and going down the stairs knew, they would take me away. But they won't know—I'll fool them. My left hand can still reach out for baksheesh, what need have I of a right hand?

It's not a bad thing to be a beggar. Then you can imagine you are anything, and it is sure to be better than what you are. If I were a priest—if I were that fat priest going down to the Wailing Wall for my morning prayer I could never imagine myself a beggar, but now—

Sometimes I think I would like to be that priest—just for one morning. I'd wear a tall black hat and my sash would be rounded out by a good breakfast. I'd stalk down the stairs and kick the dirty beggars out of my way. Then I would go on with my testament in my clasped hands and my eyes devoutly turned to heaven. I wonder if it is hard to look devout. Devout? The other day a young man in rich garments came down the stairs and dropped a coin into my hand. He looked at me for a long time—I was glad my right hand

was tucked well inside my cloak.

"Why are you so happy?" he asked.

"Because of this, blessed of God," I answered, holding out the coin.

"I'd give you a thousand such if I could have on my face the look of peace I see on yours."

I was going to tell him where I found my peace, but I knew he would never believe me. And so he went away.

Peace came easily—perhaps with a little practice I could be devout.

Here comes the woman of the sad eyes. Every morning for years on end she has gone down the steps to pray. She must be mad, I think, or very stupid. She knows it will do no good. Every night he beats her. He will always beat her. The priest gets fat on prayers—his voice drowns out the others.

What is that coming down the stairs—it shines like the sun? I know—it is the cloth of gold turban of the rich merchant. He is going down to pray for wisdom—he used, I think, to pray for shrewdness—that was before his mouth had set in a thin and bloodless line. He looks almost happy today—I wonder if he would throw me a coin.

Baksheesh—in the name of the Holy One—baksheesh for a crust of bread.

B. Hamlin.

ME 'N' DAD.

He burrowed deeper under the covers to get away from the freezing chill; slowly waking, he realized that there was a light reflected from the kitchen into the bedroom. Oh, that meant mother and dad were up. Wonder if dad's gone yet, nope, hear the sausage sizzle and sputter, gee, what a good smell! and he jumped out of his little cot there beside mother and dad's big bed and ran in his Dentons from the cold darkness of the bedroom out to the warm kitchen, dimly lighted by the bracket kerosene lamp. Mother was moving around the stove, turning the sausage with a long fork. Dad was sitting on the woodbox

there back of the stove putting on his felts and rubbers.

John ran up to the stove and as hastily retreated from the spattering hot sausage fat. Pretty soon, with no visible shadow of a doubt, and in a deep manly voice (he hoped) he said, "I'm going with you today, aren't I, dad?" He anxiously awaited the reply, which came only after the last buckle was fastened.

"Pretty cold, son—the oxen had a hard trip yesterday. You know, thirty slow miles on a load of bark isn't much fun."

"Well, gee, when can I go with you? You said I could go sometime!" Do what

he could, John's eyes would fill with unmanly tears, his voice quavered a little.

"'Long towards spring, dear, when it gets warmer. Dad has a hard time himself to keep from freezing—why, you'd have to be wrapped in all the shawls mother's got." John had to laugh at that. The idea of a big boy like him—why, he was almost eight years old (only lacked ten months of it)—wrapped up in shawls! Oh well—

"Can I honest go sometime when it gets warmer, dad?" and he crawled, by means of sundry lines and hooks, to a precarious position over the woodbox where he could put his arms around dad's neck from behind and hold him so's he couldn't get away—there! "Can I, dad? Can I?" emphasized by great tugs at his father's rather long hair.

"Ouch, you scalawag, leggo! Sure you can—. Here, mother's had breakfast ready a week," and twisting 'round, dad caught him by the ankles and carried the squirming, dangling bag o' meal to the breakfast table.

Breakfast eaten, John rushed into the bedroom to get dressed. "Bring your clothes out here where it's warm," called his father. "I'll help you with 'em, Jackibus." So he brought out his clothes.

"Gee, where's my pants? Hey, mamma, where's my pants?"

"On the sewing machine, dear," replied his mother, turning from the dish pan full of soapy water. "I had to mend that hole in the seat you—"

"Oh, yup, here they are. All right, don't bother to come, I got 'em, ma," and finally, after many unbuttonings, rebuttonings, and buttonings over, John was dressed.

"Are the oxen yoked up yet, dad?"

"No, want to help?"

"Sure." They went out to the barn, John importantly carrying the lantern and dad's dinner pail (that new one with a thermos bottle strapped in the top). Once in the barn, though, he dropped both and ran into the linter to bring out the oxen.

"You get the yoke ready, dad. Whoa, Bright! Shove over there (grunt, push), for gosh sakes, get over, you big nut! There! Here we go, Star." The two heavy

footed oxen plunked out into the barn floor, rolling their saucer-like eyes at John the ever-present. They lowered their heads, lifting their upper lips, searching for a stray grain of oats here and there.

"No time for that, you slackers," yelled John, running back and forth in a vain search for the yoke. "Hey, dad, where's the—oh!" his father had the oxen all yoked by that time, and was just putting in the pin.

"Let me take 'em out, pop?" John seized the goadstick and swung it importantly, "Whoa hish, there, Bright!" and they all went out of the dark shadowed barn to the yard where the sleds, a dark shape against the white of the snow, were outlined. The oxen plodded over and placed themselves on their accustomed side of the tongue, and John, with many puffings and gruntings, hoisted the heavy shaft up and fastened it to the yoke.

"There! Whoa hish, Bright! Don't let 'em break through the ice, dad," and he watched his dad start off, walking about a rod ahead of the oxen and swinging his goadstick briskly, looking back over his right shoulder now and then to be sure the oxen were following. Gone for the long day—and it was a long day of hauling bark from his timber land to Cash York's, where the narrow-gauge railroad ended, a good twelve miles across lake and field.

John turned rather disconsolately back to the barn. No school, darn it! Lessons weren't much fun, but gee, you could usually find sumpin' to do. Funny they closed school in the winter when it was cold—course it was hard to get there, but better'n stayin' home, with no kids for two or three miles 'round. But gee, Buck 'n' Beauty were worth all the kids in the world.

The two steers were John's pride and delight. One had been born on his birthday, and his dad had bought Beauty of a man over in Freedom—he was two weeks younger, but what a match! John just knew there wasn't a prettier or a better matched pair of steers in the state, yes, prob'ly in the whole country. They were dark red with white spots in their foreheads, and

just alike except that Buck had one white front foot and part of Beauty's tail was white.

They lowed to him as he went down through the linter, way down to the farther end where they were. "Hi, Buck, 'lo, Beauty! C'mon, let's get a drink." He let down the stanchions, and the steers capered up to the pump at the end of the linter nearest the door. John pumped manfully—gee, were they going to drink two pails apiece? "You've had enough, you pigs," and he stopped pumping to push Buck's nose way into the pail. Buck's head came up and he blew violently. "You dirty bum, now I'm all wet." Seizing Buck's lower lip, he led him back to the stall, while Beauty followed docilely.

"Now I'll rub you down." Followed a busy half hour with brushes, carders and so on, until the steers' hides gleamed. "Gosh, you're pretty. I wish—do you s'pose dad would ever let me—oh, what's the use! I'm not old enough. But I'll bet when you're a couple of years older, you'll be the best pair of steers anywhere 'round. 'Least, you're prettier now'n any I ever saw, 'n' I've been three times to the fair with dad when he had exhibits. Gee whiz, Buck, why don't I ever grow up?"

After John had polished their hides as brightly as he could, he left the steers and went back into the house. Seemed though the time wouldn't ever come for dad to get back, but the long day finally passed, and long 'bout seven o'clock, when he'd been watching for hours (well, the clock was one hand on six and one on nine, he never could bother to figure out time, anyway) he saw the lantern bobbing up by Will Light's.

"There he is, mom," and grabbing his sheepskin, John ran out 'cross the fields to meet dad. "Hi, pop, are you tired? We got ham for supper 'n' custard pie. Got anythin' in your dinner pail?"

"Yup, hon, here it is. Want to go up?" Dad lifted him upon Star's back (Bright was a little mite frisky sometimes) and gave him the dinner pail. Yes, there was the sandwich, a cold roll and half-frozen

sausage cake. Gorry, nothing ever tasted so good.

"Gee, don't you ever want to eat the last sandwich, dad? You never have but four."

"No, son," looking proudly up at the small boy seated so nobly on Star's broad back and rolling with the motion of the ox. "I'd rather see you eat it. Good?"

"M'hm. Haw there, Star. Whyn't you turn in the driveway, don't you know when you're home?" And he patted the broad expanse of neck, watching the tired ox's head weave from side to side with every plodding placement of his splay feet. "Hurry, Star, home to your supper, 'n' 'en you can go to bed!"

Bed time came sooner than he thought could be right, but then, he'd had to help dad do the chores, well, he s'posed everybody in the world, 'cept the man in the moon, had to sleep sometime. That night John dreamed his steers took the prize at Windsor Fair.

Time passes very quickly—two years went by almost before John realized it, and he was nine, going on ten! And his steers! They were beauties. He just knew they were the grandest pair in the world—and dad admitted they were a dandy-looking pair of steers. So one hot August evening when dad was sitting on the piazza resting, he'd mowed the eighty acre lot that day, had to speed up, rain had made haying late, John tackled him.

"Dad, Windsor Fair's the thirteenth of September."

"So? Well, fall's coming, isn't it?" Dad smiled up at the eager face.

"Dad, d' you s'pose?—well—well, what I want to say is, can I take my steers to the fair?" he blurted out finally. Gee, would he, couldn't he say yes?

"H'm—! How old are you, John?"

(Oh dear, why wouldn't he say—) "Almost ten,—well, nine and ten months."

Dad smiled a little. "How much do your steers girt?"

"Buck eight foot one and Beauty eight foot one and a half."

"Well!—well, yes, I don't see any rea-

son why you can't take 'em. They probably wouldn't take a prize, but 't wouldn't do any harm to enter 'em."

"Oh boy, dad! Glory, that's—that's corkin'. Thank you," he just had to hug dad and bury his head on the big shoulder so nobody could see the tears. 'Twas awful sissy to cry, but what could a feller do!

From that day on John watched, fed, watered, cleaned, and brushed Buck and Beauty within an inch of their lives. By gorry, they'd get the blue ribbon or he'd bust! Their sleek sides shone, their horns were polished—they had a new yoke 'specially hewn of seasoned ash, and a goadstick wound with silver with a silver brad at the end (not that it was ever used!)

At last the thirteenth of September came! John had a new suit, but he rejoiced not so much in his splendor as in that of his steers. He grew six inches as he led his own steers out of the stalls there at the fair grounds (he and dad had come up with the steers the night before, to be sure to be on hand and not tire the lordly beasts). The cattle men crowded 'round. "Well, George, got an entry for the show? Mighty good-looking." To every question dad would answer, "They're my son's steers. He's entering 'em. They do look pretty good, don't they?"

All morning John stayed with his dar-

ings in the pens of the exhibit, and many were the people who came to survey the shining beauty of the almost perfectly matched pair. The first of the afternoon, right after dinner and just before the horse races, was the time for the judging of the cattle show. John had not even been to see any of the exhibits, even any of the other entries in the cattle show. He knew his steers were perfect—gosh, they just had to win—and yet—Buck was a little smaller—a little different. The judges, big, fat men with badges and pads came along. They stopped in front of John's pen! He looked around frantically for dad. There he was, way over there in the crowd. He was looking. Oh yes, dad knew the men and that they might give him the prize if they knew who his dad was—well! And John straightened up, patted Buck, and looked those judges square in the face. His dad wanted him to win and he wasn't going to disappoint his dad!

Then the biggest, fattest one of the three judges came up and tied a blue ribbon 'round Buck's horn, and the badge underneath said First Prize!

John said "Thank you, sir," then looked for dad. Yup, there he was, over there in the crowd. Why—gee whiz, it wasn't sissy to cry—dad wasn't any sissy!

Martha Johnson.

"OUT OF THE DEAD ASHES, LIFE AGAIN."

It was a newspaper article that began it all, an article entitled "Where Chivalry Didn't Count." This is the essence of it. In the recent infantile paralysis epidemic the Drinker machine has been found very valuable. As a result of the paralysis the lung collapses, then the patient is placed in this hugh machine, which by creating a vacuum, pulls the lung up, thus causing artificial respiration. These machines are very expensive and a Chicago hospital had but one machine.

A young girl was brought in and placed in the machine. She had had the treatment a week and recovery seemed almost certain, when another patient was rushed

in. This time it was a man who had a wife and three children. The doctors knew that the girl had not fully recovered, but the man was dying.

They had a consultation and for fifteen minutes four doctors took the place of God. They decided that the married man was more worthy of life than the unmarried girl. She was taken from the machine to give place to the man. He lived; she died. Who can say that **The Doctor's Dilemma** is not true to life?

I know nothing of either of them; this is all I can tell. But can you not see the girl? She is pale, thin and tall, not beautiful (had she been beautiful she might have

lived) and her eyes are dark and questioning. She is speaking in a husky voice. "I have a father and mother, who love me, as those doctors love their children. Give me my chance—I can do as much as that man can. I won't be a failure." Then like the immortal Jean Valjean she murmurs, "We have some money, enough, we'll pay." Poor child, there is no good bishop to hear you, the Powers have decided.

She had only a few minutes now—her breath comes in short gasps. Don't speak, child, you'll go all the sooner. But then what difference does a few minutes make when an uncompleted life stands behind and eternity ahead? She speaks again, "What right have they—those doctors—." Her voice breaks, she is very weak. "I'm afraid—afraid." Her eyes grow dull, glassy—they are staring.

She is dead. A light that could have been sheltered, blown out that another might light the place where it stood. You men who sat in judgment, have you considered?

"You gave her life away; poured out the
red

Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to
be

Of work and joy, and that un hoped serene,
That men call age; and those that might
have been

Her sons you gave, her immortality."

And the man who lives, lives because of her death, does he realize his task? He has two lives to live. I wonder if he believes in God and Heaven; and if he does, what records of achievements will he have to offer her in payment for her life—the life that he is leading?

G. Snowden, '31.

FACES.

Faces interest me. There are an infinite variety of faces: young faces and old faces; good-natured faces and sour faces; happy faces and gloomy faces; dog faces and horse faces—and so the list continues.

Some folks are blessed with pretty pink and white faces with blue eyes and gleaming teeth that the ads in the magazines tell us about. In fact, I imagine that they are the people who follow the ads assiduously and therefore know the proper treatment for beauty. But, although pretty faces are pleasing to the eye, I instantly distrust them. Usually there is too much coquetry, too much of bending others to their desires, too much dependence on beauty. Tell me it is jealousy which prompts me to say this, and I shall probably agree with you.

I know a man with wrinkles in his forehead, lines about his mouth, and eyes that seem somehow to be forever looking downward. One may easily see that that man thinks he is very abused by fortune; he has lost his sense of humor, and anyway, he

thinks, the world isn't what it used to be. This is an unfortunate face—a face to be avoided or your day will be spoiled.

There are bland faces, sinister faces, intelligent faces, and full-blown, pasty faces. There is one thing that I have found over and over again to be true. People belie their looks very often. I have seen people with a keen eye and a penetrating look who turned out to be no more intelligent than I am—in other words they were not geniuses. The opposite, of course, is also often the case.

Nevertheless, the kind of face in which I delight in the broad, open, wholesome face with frank gray eyes and a slow wide smile that is not too ready to fade on the slightest provocation, a mouth with a little quirk at the corners to show that the owner appreciates humor. A few freckles sprinkled around and almost any kind of a nose (so that it is not too classic) will induce me to like the owner of such a face.

Flora Trussell.

JOHN.

It was spring. It was dusk. It was very still. Somewhere on a hill that looked away to the west a man and a woman were standing.

"Look John," the woman said, "this is the hour when the fairies ride on the wind and scatter black and white and gold magic over the earth. See! the trees down there are changing to men—Robin Hood's men. See their green cloaks and their pointed caps. They are creeping nearer. They are going to storm the hill and take us away to a revel in the greenwood."

The man smiled tolerantly. "Green cloaks and pointed caps—I think I am beginning to understand a little, Helen. You know it's not so easy just at first. They have never been anything but trees before. I didn't even know until you told me that the fairies met on this hill at sunset and then rode away on the wind."

It was growing darker. The moon shone like a new minted penny. A few fireflies flitted about like lost candle flames. The silence deepened.

"It's going to be lonesome dreaming without you this summer, Helen. You see, I'm not quite sure of myself yet. Somehow I feel that without you here the dreams will slip through my fingers—that the fairies will forget to come to the hill."

"Don't say that, dear. It will be such a little while. June, July, August, September, and then I shall be back—and the fairies will be waiting for us. Oh! John, life can be so glorious if we only remember there is a side to it that we can't see—or hold in our hands. A dream side that can tease us out of humdrum life into a fairyland where people drink soup out of acorns and have nothing to do but amuse themselves."

* * * * *

It was autumn. Late afternoon. Somewhere on a hill a man was standing. Below him lay miles of unbroken forest gay in red and gold and brown. It seemed to him like a paisley shawl dropped from the hands of a frightened lady. He liked to think she was fleeing from a too ardent

lover. He remembered the night Helen had said the trees looked like Robin Hood's men. He liked to remember that night. He had been happy then when his mind had been too full of other things to think of happiness. It puzzled him. Sometimes he wondered if Helen herself had been a dream.

In the little farmhouse on the other side of the hill Lona would be getting his supper. She would be putting two plates on the coarse red table cloth and lighting the lamp. If he delayed too long she would be watching for him—peering through the window.

Lona laughed often. She had a trick of making other people laugh—except John. There had been a time when he had laughed, but that was before the night she told him there was to be a child—a child of their love. "Their love"—how those words had hurt. In that moment he hated her—could have choked out her life. He had raised his hand to strike her—then had turned away.

They had been married the next week—had come to live on the little farm. Lona had tried to make him happy.

It was getting late. The man on the hill knew it would be foolish to wait any longer; the fairies would not come tonight. He had best be going. He wanted to get home before Lona came to the window to watch for him. With her nose flattened against the pane she always reminded him of an evil fairy shut away from the rest of the world—and doomed to watch life go by on the other side of the pane.

As he went down the hill he could see smoke rising from the chimney of the little house. There was a light in the kitchen. But he was too late. There was Lona peering through the window, waving her hand as she caught sight of him. He went in.

"Oh, I thought you were going to be late for supper. Where have you been so long?"

Robin Hood's men? Paisley shawls? "Oh, out on the hill watching the sunset. It was beautiful tonight."

Lona laughed. "If I couldn't find anything better to do with my time! I've made

some of your favorite biscuits for supper."

"Thanks."

He sat down at the table and she put on the food. He noticed the roughness of her hands. Her face looked red and hot.

"I've been reading the swellest book this afternoon," she said, "about a gold prospector—"

"Don't bother to tell me about it. It seems to me that you might find something better to do with your time than reading filthy stories."

There was a strange twist to Lona's mouth, but she said nothing. The silence grew bolder. It crept out from the corners of the room, peering curiously at the two at the table.

When the dishes had been put away Lona started to go into the other room. John called her back. He was regretting his unkind words.

"I think I will go into the village tomorrow. Would you like to go? You could get the cloth for that dress you have been talking about."

Lona laughed. "That will be great!" she said. "You are awful good to me." She bent her head and dropped a light kiss on his cheek. He did not move. She stood looking down at him for a moment and then went into the other room. John picked up the evening paper.

Next day they drove to town. The trees along the road were like great flowers.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" John asked. "Wouldn't you like to go on to the end of the world on a day like this, Lona?"

"Oh, I don't think so," she answered. "I'd rather go into town and buy my dress and see what is going on."

On the way home Lona undid the new dress and held it up for his approval. It was blue and yellow checks in a pattern that made John dizzy. He turned away quickly to the browns and reds and gold along the roadway. Helen had always worn plain colors—soft blues and greens and browns.

"Don't you like it?" Lona asked anxiously. "I thought it would be bright and pretty for winter."

"Bright enough for hell itself, I should

think," John answered.

* * * * *

It was spring again. John was standing on the hill looking away to the sunset. Two years had gone since Lona had bought the blue and yellow dress. John knew that back in the farmhouse she would be getting his supper—would be peering through the window if he delayed too long. But there was something else now—the child—his son, who somehow was strangely different from Lona. John decided not to wait for the fairies tonight. They came often these days, but tonight he was anxious to go home.

He opened the door and the child crawled across the floor to meet him—holding out his arms to be taken. John swung him up to his shoulder and did a mad gallop around the kitchen.

"Gee, isn't he great, John?" Lona asked, looking at the child with hungry eyes.

"He's wonderful, Lona," he answered. Lona turned away quickly, but he saw her draw her hand across her eyes. He felt strangely tender toward her tonight. There was a feeling almost of peace in the little kitchen.

* * * * *

It was winter. John stood on the hill watching the shadows creep across the miles of leafless trees. These must be the skeletons of Robin Hood's men, he thought a little wearily. He was not waiting for the fairies tonight. They never came to the hill any more. He was dreading the moment when he must go home. The shadows crept up the hill until they lay at his feet. When it had grown quite dark and there was no longer any excuse for staying, he went home.

He opened the door slowly and went in. Lona was busy about the stove. The child was sitting in the middle of the floor, swaying back and forth—back and forth—in a terrible monotony. His eyes were half closed. His mouth hung open. His thick, soft hands were fumbling with a colored ball. He laughed as he swayed.

At sight of his father he dropped the ball and crawled across the floor. His laugh had changed to a pleading moan. John

drew back.

"Pick him up," Lona begged. "He has been terrible uneasy today. Just hold him for a few minutes."

The muscles in the man's face tightened. He stooped and picked up the child, who had stopped his terrible swaying. John had never understood why this limp, lolling form that had been his son could find peace only in such an unwilling haven as his arms. He would never go to sleep at night unless his father rocked him.

For seven years now he had been like this—ever since the night Lona had slipped while carrying him downstairs. John had never forgiven her for it.

* * * * *

It was autumn. John was standing on the hill looking down at the miles of forest gay in red and yellow and brown. He could remember that a long time ago someone had said the trees looked like a paisley shawl, thrown down by some frightened lady as she fled from too ardent a lover. How silly! Nothing but trees. Whose idea had it been anyway? Why, come to think of it, it had been his own—but that had been in the days before he had forgotten all the dreams Helen had taught him. Dreams? He laughed to remember. What a fool he had been! Dreams were for happy people—happy moments. They

slipped away just when one needed them most.

There would be no need to hurry home tonight. Lona would not be waiting for him—would not be peering through the window if he delayed too long. She was lying very quietly in the parlor and the shades were drawn. There would be no child crawling across the floor to meet him—the child had been dead for years.

John was a little puzzled. Perhaps Lona had been right to laugh at little things. It might have done no harm if he had laughed a little. It was going to be very still—too still—in the little house. Not a dish, or a book moved unless he moved it. No lamp lighted in the kitchen at night—no plates on the coarse, red table cloth. He had always hated monotony. Yet he was tired—much too tired—to create a new world for himself.

The shadows were creeping up the hill. He decided he had better go home and talk to Lona. She wouldn't be there tomorrow night.

Funny how cold the night wind was getting—he had never noticed it before. There was no light in the little house tonight—no smoke coming from the chimney. He turned and went down the hill rather slowly.

Barbara O. Hamlin.

SOLITAIRE.

God was playing solitaire. He was bored with making men and worlds. He was idly shuffling the cards and letting them drop with a soft click into the pile, when suddenly He stopped, smiling. "I will do that thing, it will be interesting." So He created three babies exactly alike. They had the same inherent characteristics, the same outward features, but they were born in utterly different circumstances. "I'll give them each twenty-five years of life and watch them develop. That will be better than solitaire."

* * * * *

The faces of the man and woman were wide-eyed with that undying wonder of

birth. The wee pink bundle was theirs, the consummation of their love. But before the night was out there was only one to call the bundle his own. The baby, he called her Mary when he noticed her at all, grew into a toddling child full of insatiable curiosity of this world where she found herself. She was too young to know that it hurt her father to see her, that the sound of her voice, so like her mother's, made him stiffen with hatred against the fate that would wreck his happiness and leave a helpless child in place of the only one he loved. The day that he rudely pushed her off his lap and left her crying on the floor marked the beginning of the idea that

eventually made itself dominant in her consciousness. Her father did not love her, but other fathers loved their children. She brooded.

From a happy, loving little girl she grew into a quiet self-contained child surrounding herself with a wall of reserve that no one could pierce. In school she was quick to learn but slow to make friends among the other children. Her nurses let her go her own way for they had learned that to pit their will against her's was to cause a scene, and scenes made John Turner angry. But Mary was not a difficult child to control as a rule. As Nancy, her maid, said to Bridget, the cook, "Mary is kind of queer, and I declare when she stares at me with those great round eyes, I feel as though I wanted to turn around and hide. I'm sure I don't know what's the matter with her."

"Well, if you don't, Nance Connor, it's because you can't look any further than the end of your nose. The poor youngster hasn't a soul to love her, and if it weren't that that crusty father of her's had given strict orders that she is not to come near the kitchen, I'd be the one to love the wee one."

There was that day when she was ten, that John Turner found her in the garden sticking pins in a toad. He was angry, but she remained immovable even when he spanked her soundly. For once, as he sat alone in his den that night, he wondered what ailed the child. When he was a boy and his mother administered the hair brush, he had never failed to yell lustily and long. But thinking of Mary meant thinking of that other Mary, and that he couldn't endure. Time went on and Mary grew increasingly beautiful, but her eyes were dark, with a hunted look that turned all men away from her. Other girls had their little affairs and their serious affairs. Mary was always alone. Even her girl friends couldn't understand her and so were a little uneasy in her company.

But the day came when she realized that she was falling in love with a young associate of her father's who occasionally came to dinner. The man was struck with her

tragic beauty, and her eyes haunted him. He realized he loved her. That love was an exquisite thing that turned the girl radiant, for it was an unknown joy. Living was a glorious adventure. Her father had watched her lover and even his eyes grew dim with unshed tears. It was no longer hell to remember.

A week before her wedding day she received the telegram—a railroad accident—he was dead. That night they found her coat by the bank where the falis crashed fifty feet on the rocks below.

* * * * *

Frances and Robert Clarkson spent most of their time those first months gazing into the bassinette in wonder on small Frances, who smiled her toothless grin, and cried her toothless cry, indiscriminately. Of course she was the most beautiful and intelligent baby that ever had arrived on the earth, and really she was lovely—even strangers agreed to that.

One glorious spring day when Frances went to bring the baby in for her adoring father to see, she found a huge black cat lying across her face. The baby's lips were blue; she was almost dead, specialists were rushed to the house. They shook their heads but set to work pumping oxygen into the tiny lungs. Frances and Robert sat by the crib tortured with the agony of helplessness. But the baby lived—grew rosy and strong again. Six months went by. She could not hold up her head. She made no sound except to cry. Her eyes were vacant. Doctors came, great specialists were summoned, whispered consultations went on behind closed doors. At last the day came when they could keep the news no longer from Frances and Robert. Small Frances would go through life an incurable idiot. That awful vacant stare would never leave her eyes. Physically she would develop as a normal child but mentally she must always be six months old.

Father and mother steeled themselves as best they could to watch the years of living death. Months went by, years. Other normal healthy children came, went through babyhood, grew up, and started to school. Frances still lay on her back playing with

a rattle. When she was twenty years old, she had the breath taking beauty of a veiled madonna (if you didn't look at her eyes). They were beautiful but uncanny—almost terrifying. In summer they would take her to the hammock where she would lie for hours perfectly happy to watch the moving leaves of the trees. She loved to have you play with her, but she seemed equally contented to stay alone for hours.

It was on her twenty-fifth birthday while she was gazing delightedly at the sputtering candles on the cake, that she turned abruptly to her mother and looked keenly at her. The vacant look left her eyes and she smiled happily. In that brief instant she was a perfect thing. She opened her lips as if to speak, but before any words came she dropped limply to the floor—dead.

* * * * *

The wind was tearing at the boards of the flimsy shack, sending wedges of snow under the rattly doors, blowing the acrid smoke back down the chimney. Inside the shack there was mingled with the whispering of women, and the strained voice of the man, the whimpering cry of a baby, which, wrapped in an old blanket, lay on the chair by the stove. The room was drafty and dismal and the glowing cook-stove could do little against the rampant cold. So it was that Felice Brown came into the world. Her dark-eyed, weary mother had insisted on the name Felice, for as she once remarked it would probably be the only happy thing she could ever give the child. Jo Brown, the father, could not understand why his usually docile wife would not give in to having the baby named Sarah. That name was practical and appropriate to coarse gingham and corn meal mush which was all the tenth member of the Brown family could logically expect in the way of food and clothing. The nine who had preceded Felice were then old-looking children; but small Felice was a veritable fairy child.

Her great black-lashed eyes were blue as corn flowers and her curls were a riot of sunlight on her bobbing head. No account of corn mush and stiff blue gingham could dampen Felice's great joy in discovering

this wonderful thing called life. Her dark-eyed mother fairly adored her, and even Jo, who usually came home at night too weary from digging ditches and tearing up roads to do more than eat his supper and go to bed, would take Felice in his arms and tell her wonderful stories of fairies and elves. The other children, instead of being jealous, could never do enough for this exquisite baby sister.

Travellers passing along the road by the Brown's ill-made house would stop their machines to look at the picture book child who played happily in the squalid yard, romping gleefully with the other unattractive, even pitiful children. If Felice had been a royal princess, she could have held her small head no higher, nor ruled over her subjects more benignly than she reigned over her brothers and sisters in the backyard court. It happened more than once that the Browns received an ominous legal envelope asking them to give up all rights to the child that she might be adopted into a home of wealth and culture. These letters always meant sleepless night for Jo and Ruth. It was becoming increasingly hard to feed the family, for Jo was often out of work and prices were high. Many a night they spent wide-eyed trying to decide if they were right in depriving Felice of material comfort which might be her's, but by morning they always came to a blank wall. They could not give the child up. It would be taking all the joy and sunlight out of their already dismal lives.

Felice grew from girlhood into young womanhood, her beauty not in the least dimmed from hard work and poor food. Only she was transparently thin—but still that enhanced her fairylike loveliness. Several of the older children left home to work in factories or become lost in the black horror of the city slums. Only three remained at home, coarse stupid creatures who squeezed a scanty living from a few unwilling acres of sterile ground.

Then came the awful day when neighbors would not go near the Brown's. Smallpox, said the card on the door. They carried Felice from the house in a rough pine box and buried her. The others lived

on—wretched beings, stupid and weary of living—but they lived.

* * * * *

Twenty-five years had gone by. God was

weary of experiments. He shuffled the cards idly and let them drop with a soft click into the pile. God was playing solitaire.



LIFE IS GOOD.

The tree beyond my window stood,
Its top communing with the sky—
And yet that selfsame tree
Looked in to where I lie
And stretched its branches out to me!

CAMEO.

(Told by the lady in the Cameo.)
The water flows beneath the bridge
The windless air is softly still.
There is no creak of crying hinge
No noise, no stir within the mill.
All's silent in the distant town,
Nor step nor voice is ever heard—
Across the hushed and flushing sky
No dusky wing of homing bird.

Upon the walk with poised foot
I stand throughout the years—
Some call it all futility—
And yet—my eyes are free from tears.
For in this mad and cynic world
Where men quest naught except for gain
I stand for beauty swift and sure,
The beauty that is seared like pain
Upon the artist soul of him
Whose grimy fingers fondly trace—
And lightly too—the mill, the bridge,
And all the tiny trees that lace
Their froned tops across the sky.
Ah—this cannot then be all futility
That I was born of artist heart
Which made the very soul of me.

E. R.

SOME DAY.

Some days are long and dreary,
 Some days are bright as song;
 How can I but be weary
 When 'tis for you I long?

The landscape's dark with storm clouds
 The rain falls quick and fast,
 Blue mist the little hills shrouds,
 My darling, must it last?

'Midst storm and cloud I search you,
 'Neath skies with thunder hung,
 Heard you the song I sent you
 To tune of crashing, sung?

Some day the rain be ended,
 Some day the clouds be sun,
 Yes, e'en the rifts be mended,
 'Til then, 'tis hard, dear one!
 Louise Williams.

O, fickle love I cherished so,
CAPRICIOUS.
 I wonder, now that you have fled,
 If you did really have to go,
 Like leaves once brilliant that are dead.

I wonder if that same old tree
 That nurtured you—till you took wing—
 Will bring forth other leaves for me,
 When I have eyes to see—next Spring!
 Vivian Russell.

IDOLATRY.

I made for you a throne of gold
 And placed it in my heart.
 You were to me a bronze god—
 From the world—so far apart.

Thoughts that you never thought
 I moulded in this idol of love;
 The beauty of a soul that was not
 Made you seem aloof—above
 All else. And high on your throne
 You stood, and seemed to be
 A thing made for worship alone,
 A spirit too lovely for me.

One day, as I watched, you fell—
 Fell in a formless heap.

Oh God! There's not a single piece
 Worth picking up to keep.
 G. L. S.

GODS OF A COLLEGE LIBRARY.

We have no gods of learning here,
 Only of prowess and power.
 What have the arts to do with us
 Even in study hour?
 Athene'd laugh at our pretense,
 Apollo turn away;
 But jealous Juno finds in us
 Another, newer prey.

In all our petty envies
 She vents celestial spite,
 And does not notice that our spleen
 Comes forth in accents trite.
 D'iana urges to pursuit
 Of fame in fields athletic;
 And heroes, hunters, and their kind
 Abandon paths ascetic.

And Zeus, behind his majesty,
 Reveals a tolerant twinkle,
 And deigns upon our earnest paths
 His ponderous jests to sprinkle.
 But Venus is the goddess
 Whom we must most revere,
 Though caustic critics may remark,
 "Aren't college students queer!"

LAMENTATIONS.

When you spoke low—
 I haven't much to offer you
 Except a love that's strong and true,
 Then I said, no.

If you'd say this—
 I'll build you a castle of moonbeams
 In the "Fairiest" spot in the land.
 Through moss-strewn halls will the sun
 beam
 On your lake mirrors, framed in sand.
 Your windows will be of the white wave's
 foam
 And your curtains green satin sea,
 And I'll hang on the door of our castle
 home
 A four leaf clover key.
 An elfin will come to your door each dawn,

And his little bluebell he will ring—
 And as you awake, and the elfin goes on,
 Then a choir of fairies will sing.
 Your jewels will be of the sunset's gold
 And your clothes from the cloth of dreams;
 We'll live and we'll love—and we'll ne'er
 grow old
 In our castle of silver moonbeams—
 Then I'd say—yes.

But you spoke low,
 I haven't much to offer you
 Except a love that's strong and true.
 And I said—No.

G. L. S.

LOST.

We walked up a hill in early spring,
 And the sweetness, so poignant, closed in
 all around.
 The earth, moist and fragrant, seemed to
 sing
 In a whisper-soft, hushed—but the sound
 Was not heard, for you seemed lonely and
 sad
 To me, as we walked up the hill side by
 side,
 And I wished you might have all that others
 had.—
 And earth's sweet soft whisper grew
 lower and died.

We stood in the autumn by a fairy wood
 Where, gay in their Joseph's coats, each
 tree
 Waved a slow welcome. And you only
 stood
 Planning a way to earn money—for me;
 I watched your dear face and I was so
 proud!—
 And a fairy, all dressed as a black bird,
 high
 In a tree, looked down and cried aloud—
 But we both planned on and didn't hear
 the cry.

We sat in the starlight, by a silver stream.
 I looked at you and I thought—how clear
 The moon shows the lines on his face—they
 seem
 So deep—And I swallowed and blinked
 back a tear.

The earth twinkled back at the skies up
 above,
 Stardust made the stream bright, and
 gay.
 But we worried and planned on a night
 made for love—
 And the stardust soon faded away.

G. L. S.

A GIFT.

Ah, blessed laughter, and the healing joy
 of youth—
 We do not know the pain of children
 ignorant
 The future will bring happiness—utterly
 abandoned,
 Without philosophy, sunk in an abyss of
 sorrow.
 We do not sense, with wisdom of old age,
 The horrible futility of life.
 We suffer—yes—God knows, we suffer—
 But know that some time joy will come—
 We love and trust and love again,
 Are hurt, but never quite despair,
 Go down into the darkness, but return
 With faith renewed, and smiles to glow
 afresh.
 We weep, but smile with tender fullness of
 compassion.
 We understand, we feel, we thrill to life,
 Know tragedy, become a little cynical—
 And yet—thank God, we still can laugh!

RESURRECTION.

Poetry flows from my lips, and life re-
 awakened
 Throbs in my veins in most glorious song;
 That which was dead is alive once more—
 God, death was strong!
 Thoughts are unlocked which once clam-
 ored, beating
 The walls of my coffin in ceaseless defeat.
 Love rushes back, not a moment is wasted,
 For life is fleet.
 I am alive again, even though briefly;
 Friends have come back, and new pleasures
 now throng;
 Life is my joy, and thank God I know now
 Eternity's long.

CHANGE.

The new moon is a fragrant, friendly girl
 With laughter in her eyes, and yet with
 tears,
 Entrancing, well-portending, but of pearl
 For sorrow. Still she gently mocks our
 fears.

The old moon is unfortunate for men,
 Hostile and grim and eager to destroy
 The fragmentary dreams we've built
 again—
 Unlucky moon, jealous of human joy.

We saw the moon, and smiled, and wept for
 love
 Which, lost so long, is yet forever ours.
 Sorrow we've known, and joy, the moon to
 prove
 Which first is kind, at last lusting de-
 vours—
 A wisp of cloud came drifting from on
 high—
 The old moon was a new moon in the
 sky!

DUSK BEFORE SNOW.

My heart is still; in the gray cold
 Before the fall of snow
 I stand alone, quiet and old;
 I'm glad to have it so.

My heart is still as the black trees,
 Still as the bare, brown lawn;
 Will snow, that brings white peace to these,
 Heal hearts whence love is gone?

My heart is still in the waiting hush;
 I know that in the white
 That comes to veil each leafless bush
 I shall find peace tonight.

BRIDE'S CHRISTMAS.

Far off keen sleigh-bells cut the night,
 Low in the west a star
 Hangs. How gloriously bright
 Our Christmas candles are!

This holiest night of all the year
 What is there that can show
 Our gladness half so well, my dear,
 As warm red candle-glow?

TANTALUS.

The moon spilled silver discs on the water,
 Like miniature flagstones, they paved a
 road
 Where fairies steer their chariots:—but
 Where man must row a boat.

M. H. D.

WINTER.

Three birds huddled on a broken black
 bough—
 Snow beyond.
 A cold steel lake and a steel-gray sky,
 With dreary snowflakes floating by,
 And three tiny birds snared in Winter's
 bond.

M. J.

REMEMBRANCE.

'Twas just last night you looked up at the
 sky.
 "Poor moon," you said, "how pitiful he
 looks!
 A pale weak remnant, so disconsolate.
 Perhaps his lady jilted him," you sighed.
 And then you kissed your hand to him.
 "Poor moon,"
 Yet richer far than I, who burned with love,
 'Though daring not to whisper it to you—
 You must have known, my hand was tremb-
 ling so—
 My tongue—it could not say the words it
 would;
 Tonight the fickle moon laughed at me
 here
 Alone, unhappy; while to someone else
 You sigh, "Poor moon, how pitiful he
 looks!"

M. J.

RELEASE.

To myself I have fancied what death might
 be,
 The last gasping breath and the agony
 That comes with the end of Life's tragic
 play,
 When the black curtain falls on the mortal
 day.
 What is it like to drown in the sea?
 To sink down into eternity?

There's a struggle, perhaps, to stay above,
 But futile, as it is to regain lost love;
 A surging, a rushing, a deafening roar,
 A pounding in ears that will hear no more;
 Then specks will be dancing before the
 eyes—

A few painful breaths and—then one dies.
 I've thought of what burning to death
 might be,

With flames consuming avidly;
 The crackling, roaring, searing hot fire,
 Ravishing, crumbling, what men desire;
 Stifling, groping, stumbling in smoke,
 That hangs thickly impenetrable like a
 black cloak;

One's body is drying, and sobbing from
 pain;

Breaths come like daggers to drive one in-
 sane—

Then blackness envelopes the crazed wild
 mind,

And death at last comes for what it may
 find.

A poison may take one from Life's frenzied

days,
 As it seeps through the body in hot, burn-
 ing ways;

With writhing and twisting from exquisite
 pain

Once more a soul goes to King Death again.
 There's a death that comes softly and
 stands by the bed

With huge bony fingers and gaunt, horrid
 head

To claim for the grave one who is ill,
 Who, weary from anguish, is soon to lie
 still.

There are thousands of ways in which
 death can be found:

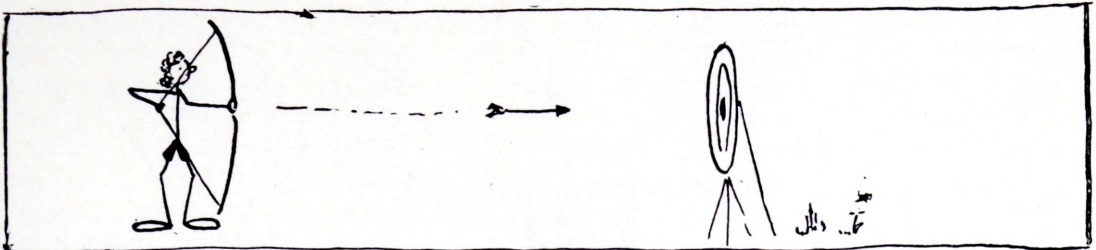
In the sky, on the earth, and under the
 ground;

There's pain that goes with it, and a great
 fearing, too;

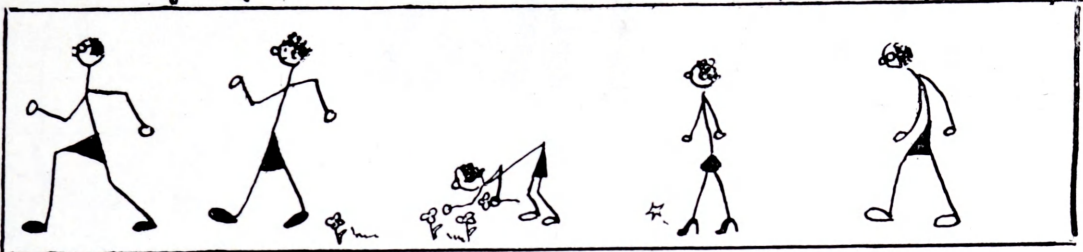
It racks and it tears before it is through—
 But though death be not followed by etern-
 al bliss,

I'm still wanting death—and not life like
 this.

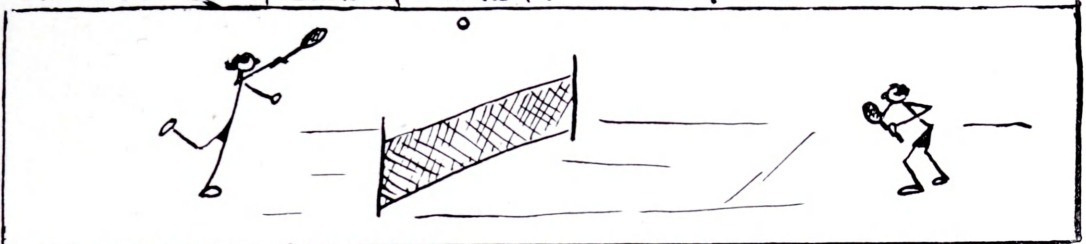
F. T., '31.



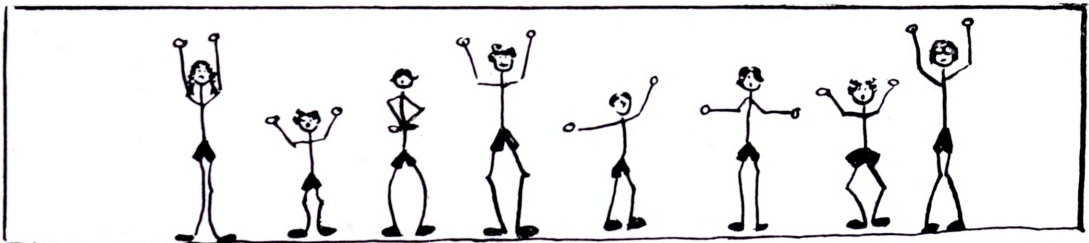
Co-eds requiring freedom for large feet take up archery —



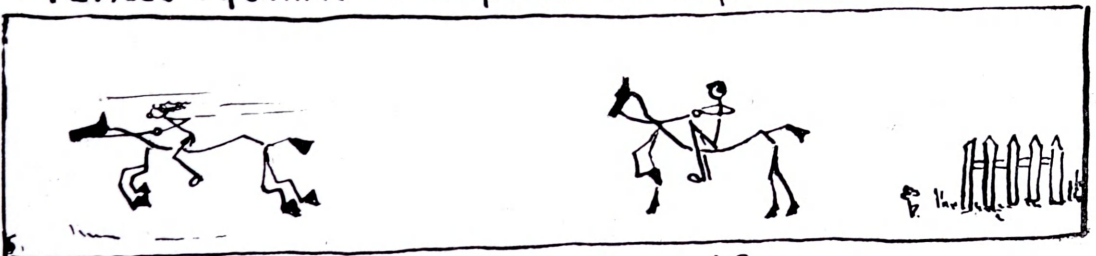
Those not taking evening strolls, hike during the afternoon ♂



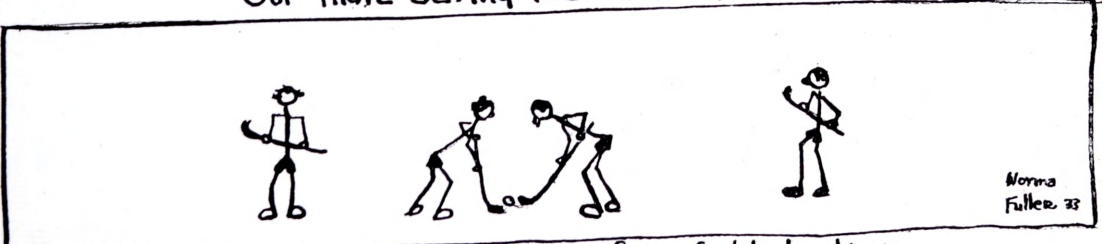
Maidens from the seashore avoid "that future shadow" in the old net game.



~ Perfect rhythm is acquired in Gym classes ~



Our more daring maidens !?



Golfers invariably go-out for field-hockey.

Norma Fuller '33

ATHLETICS



Last fall, as is the custom, the women's division went out for outdoor athletics with great enthusiasm. These sports consisted of field hockey, tennis, archery, and horse-back riding.

Hockey.

Field hockey is really the most popular fall sport for women. It is a very interesting game both for those playing and for those looking on. Hockey is more than an individual contest as it is played by twenty-two players. It affords such strenuous exercise that it keeps one warm even in chilly weather. Its team work is especially important and it insures good sportsmanship. Hockey also furnishes much competition among the classes.

The women's hockey tournament was held during the first week of November. This consisted of three games: juniors versus freshmen; senior versus sophomores; and the finals, senior versus juniors. All of these games were well attended as was shown by the gallery of rooters on the back piazza and lawn of Foss Hall.

In the junior-freshman game the upper class gained the winning point in the last two minutes of the game; so the score was 4 to 3 in their favor. The seniors were victorious over the sophomores by a score of 1 to 0. This was a fast and hard fought game on both sides. The women's hockey championship was finally won by the junior

class when their team defeated the senior team in the finals with a score of 8 to 3.

Such great interest was shown in these class games that second teams were chosen from the freshman and sophomore classes. The game then played between these two teams was proudly won by the freshmen with the large score of 7 to 1.

Tennis.

Tennis is really not adapted to fall be-

cause there is not a very long season in which the courts are in a condition suitable for playing. In spite of this, however, many girls went out for it. Each class had a tennis manager whose work it was to keep up the interest and practice. Thus, every day girls were seen on the three fine tennis courts by the Alumnae Building hitting little red balls back and forth over the nets in preparation for the tournaments which take place in the spring.

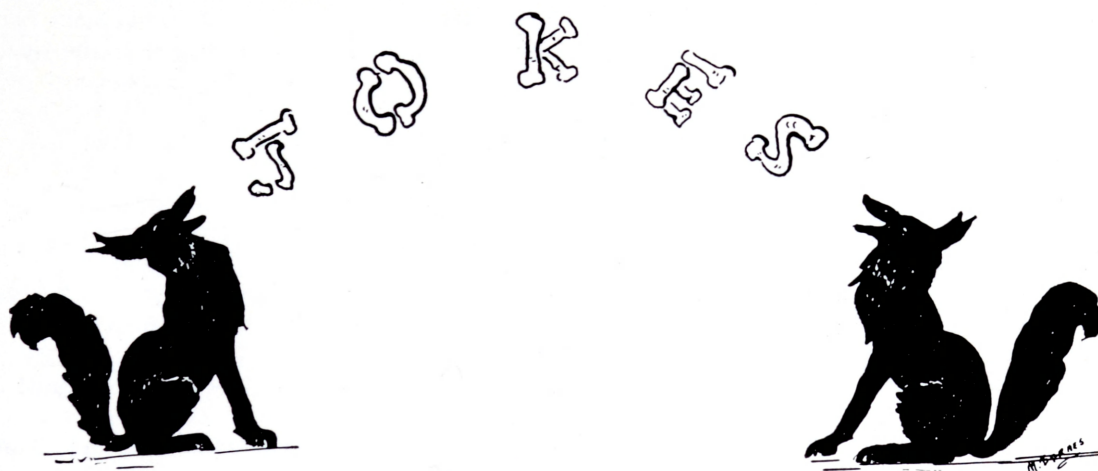
Archery.

For the girls who were physically unable to participate in the more active sports, there was archery. More interest was shown in the activity this year than ever before at Colby. This is easily accounted for by the acquisition of new equipment which included a new gaily colored target, bows and arrows, arm guards, and a book

on archery. The girls learned to keep score and may become quite expert with the constant practice.

Horseback Riding.

The newest sport at Colby this fall was horseback riding. On fine autumn afternoons groups of ten or more riders were seen starting off from the driveway in back of Foss Hall for an hour's canter. For juniors and seniors this could take the place of their regular gymnasium work; but for freshmen and sophomores it could be substituted only for hikes and gave them extra points on the health chart. Even women members of the faculty are known to have indulged in the healthful recreation early in the morning. It is hoped that horseback riding will keep a permanent place in the women's physical education department.



Professor Haynes, in Education: "He struck his fist with the table."

We gather that someone was either a glutton for punishment, or merely one of those religious martyrs.

Professor Chester, in Genetics: "The assignment for Tuesday—Popanoe's 'The Child's Heredity.'" But isn't this generally assumed? Who else but poppa would know?

Professor (taking up examination paper): "Why the quotation marks all over the paper?"

Student: "Courtesy to the man on my right, professor."

A lot of girls wouldn't be dancing with tears in their eyes if they had shoes to fit.

One of the world's tragedies was the case of the man who stuttered, and, when he fell

out of an aeroplane, had to count ten before he pulled the string of the parachute.

But perhaps sadder than that is the case of the Scotchman who's still looking for the woman that pays and pays.

An educator says that American schools are hampered by the students' too frequent inclination to drop out. This is particularly true, we suppose, of aviation schools.

Patient's wife, rushing into the operating room: "What do you mean, opening my male?"

"What is home without a mother?"—
"An incubator."

We understand that some of the colleges are offering "miniature courses" in education this fall.

Several of our football men were injured this season when players stepped on them. This lends force to many current warnings against athlete's foot.

Prospective bridesmaid: "Why couldn't the seamstress finish your veil today?"

Prospective bride: "Oh, she said she was sorry, but she had to make a train."

Vera: I see here where a man married a woman for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you?

Victor: Why, certainly not, my dear; I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world.

Then there was Professor Haynes, who took up a collection in psychology and lectured in Sunday School class on Freud.

Scientists are trying to split the atom. They should send it through the post, marked "fragile," or sew it on a shirt as a button and send it to the laundry.

"Waiter, there's a chicken in this egg."

"Well, what did you expect, a bicycle?"

"Did Joe get excited when the producer

asked him to write a theme song?"

"No, he was calm and composed."

Nowadays, when a wife is found sewing on tiny goods, they are just linen covers for the Baby Austin.

The old-fashioned girl, who disappeared several years ago, was sighted recently. She entered a cigar store, and said to the clerk: "I want a package of cigarettes. They are for my brother."

"Didn't you go down to the osteopath's today?"

"No, I was kneaded at home."

"Mother, when did the stork bring me to you?"

"On the fifteenth of May."

"How funny! On my birthday."

The Phi Delts sent a letter to President Hoover the other night, begging him to permit the manufacture of light beers and wine. Betty Co-Ed says they must be tired of using ginger ale as a chaser.

Flirtatious one, I'm doomed to love—

Never heart-whole or fancy free,
Inconstant as the clouds above

Is your sweet favor shown to me.

Flirtatious one, I'll never know

How many others you have won;

But we will let the matter go

If you'll not question what I've done!

Miss Lewis to freshman: You are from Paris?

Freshman: Yes—from Paris.

Miss Lewis: My grandmother used to live there.

Freshman: Do you remember her name?

Professor Rollins: Would Shakespeare use near rhymes, Miss Page?

Fran: As near as he could, probably.

Heard in French 13:

Student reciting on "Marriage" comes forth bravely with the following:

“Et la voiture porte le mari et la femme
a la guerre.”

Professor: “Sans doute, Monsieur, mais
peut-etre it serait mieux a dire: ‘a la
gare.’”

Professor Wheeler: What kind of a ra-
dium active subject is that, Porter?

Porter: Polonium—but that doesn’t mean
much to me.

Professor: Well, what is it like?

Porter: Like my girl.

He: Do we have sociology tomorrow?

She: No, Breckenridge.

To An Ideal.

You were our standard of perfection then
Our girlish idol—for a little while—

The rule by which we measured other
men—

You scholar, with your humorous young
smile.

Was it your breadth of shoulder, or of
brain,

Or the quick laughter shining in your
eyes?

I wonder, as I think of it again,

Was it, perhaps, your perfect taste in
ties?

R. N.

Prof. Marriner was angry. Why anyone
would pass in a paper, not a word of which
was readable, he couldn’t see. Furiously
he dashed at the top “**buy a typewriter**” and
passed it back. After class the student
came up and said, “Prof. Marriner, what is
this you want me to buy?”

All of Gaul is divided into three parts,
say the seniors, namely, the freshmen,
sophomores and the juniors.

Betty Co-Ed’s Cemetery.

Here lies Sarah Poast,
Fatally burned
On Foss Hall toast.

Here lies the proctor
Who last her breath,
Poor girl! She shushed
Herself to death.

Under this rock
Lies Aurelia Block.
(She had a date on a Foss Hall “late”)
And died of shock
When she had to walk.

Beneath this stone lies Amy Waite,
Slain by a look from Reggie Swell;
He took her on a “blind date,”
And found her dumb as well.

Here lie the bones of Sally McBride,
She borrowed a pen, fell on the point, and
died.
The moral from this tale is plain to see:
Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

Under this mound
Head and feet are found—
The rest of Marilla, they say,
Blew away on a windy day.

Shed a tear for Mary Billows—
She had the nerve to go to the Willows.
On the slope of this campus fair
They planted her tombstone there—
Because her sentence, my dears,
Was,—“campussed for ninety years.”

Here lies poor Mabel Fauze
True martyr to a noble cause,
She suffered, limped, and died—
All for a horse-back ride.

Beneath lies Stephanie Bean.
She went out with one man,
And by the others was seen.

Here lies the bones of Colby’s men,
Far from turmoil and strife,
Noble and grand they lie
In death, as they lied in life.

Alumnae Notes

Lillian Morse, '29, is teaching in Clinton.
Helen Brigham, '30, is teaching in Bar Harbor.

Elizabeth Libbey, '29, is employed in the Augusta State Library.

Muriel Farnum, '30, is teaching in Dixfield.

Harriet Johnston, '30, is continuing her studies at Simmons.

Barbara Taylor, '30, is acting as a governess with a private family in New York City.

Helen Chase, '30, is teaching in Washburn.

Pauline Smith is studying at Columbia University.

Mrs. Philip Lafferty, who was Miss Marian Ginn, '29, is spending the winter in California.

Mary Wasgatt is at home in Rockland.

Margaret Hale, '30, is teaching in Caribou.

Edith Woodward, '30, is taking a library course in Brooklyn.

Mildred Pond, '30, is teaching in Bridgewater.

Miriam Thomas, '29, is studying at Columbia University.

Ruth McEvoy, '28, is a teacher at Claremont, N. H.

Beatrice Mullen, '30, is teaching at Mars Hill.

Jessie Alexander, '29, holds a position as teacher in Colebrook, N. H.

Eleanor King, '30, is teaching at Rumford.

Louise Cone, '29, is also teaching at Rumford.

Miriam Saunders, '31, is attending Domestic Science School, Boston.

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