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COLBIANA**

**SPRING, 1931**

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# Table of Contents

## EDITORIAL :

College Traditions .....	6
Of Colored Pencils .....	6
Future Colby Women .....	7
Shoes .....	8

## LITERARY :

Woman As She Is, <i>Martha Johnston</i> .....	9
Understanding, <i>Barbara Hamlin</i> .....	10
Pan, <i>Marjory H. Dearborn</i> .....	12
Theatres and Their Effects Upon Plays Prepared for Them, <i>Gertrude Sykes</i> .....	13
The Buttercup and the Fairy, <i>Martha Johnston</i> .....	16
Shadows, <i>Barbara Hamlin</i> .....	17
A Catty Bit, <i>Flora Trussell</i> .....	20
Hands, <i>Vivian Russell</i> .....	21
Reminiscence, <i>Gertrude L. Snowden</i> .....	22
Glancing Back, <i>Elinor H. Rogers</i> .....	23
Midnight and Grey Morning, <i>Martha Johnston</i> .....	25
Moon, <i>Gertrude L. Snowden</i> .....	25
Peter MacKaye, <i>Myrtle Paine</i> .....	26
The Night, <i>Elinor H. Rogers</i> .....	28
Those Who Have Lost, <i>Barbara Hamlin</i> .....	29
On Fairy Tales, <i>Vivian Russell</i> .....	33

POETRY .....	35
Y. W. C. A. ....	41
JOKES .....	43
ALUMNAE .....	45
ATHLETICS .....	46

1



# Oh Girls



# THE COLBIANA

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## COLLEGE TRADITIONS.

Many of the Colby students feel that there is a little something wrong, a little something lacking in our college. None of our students seem to have that feeling of "Die-for-Alma-Mater;" and the sentiment which is always associated with college life is perhaps a little lacking. Naturally we do not wish to bring back the old collegiate, rah-rah type of college student, but the majority of Colby students seem to be at the other extreme. A "golden mede" should be met.

It is necessary for the students of a college to have a unified, wholehearted feeling about some phase of their college life if they are to be happy together as a whole. Traditions seem to be the best way by which to imbue such a feeling in the hearts of the students. We hear so much of the Army-Navy Game, of college "step sings," of the junior Ivy Chain, of "freshman rush" and the many other factors which are almost as dear to the student as the name of his college. A college without such a sentiment (for this is really all it amounts to) is like an individual without a soul.

Colby has attempted to institute traditions, but the heart of the student body has

not been with the college. The fault may be with the students, or it may be with the whole college, itself. There are such college institutions as "Colby Day," the Shakespearean play given by the Junior girls, and Bloody Monday Night. The only one of these which can claim being a tradition, honored, and regularly observed, is the last mentioned. And this, we are afraid, will soon be a thing of the past. It has not, however, that element of beauty which we want in a tradition.

The students today are too afraid of showing any feelings, or admitting any love for their college. They prefer to seem cynical and hard. But in after years perhaps they would be thankful for some beautiful memory of a college custom, and they would be glad to think that this custom still existed and others would feel what they had felt.

Thus it seems that some attempt should be made to introduce a custom which would be regularly observed each year, which would appeal to men and girls alike, and which would be honored and revered, among students and faculty.

## OF COLORED PENCILS.

Colored pencils have a certain fascination for me, particularly when they are in a man's vest pocket. I don't count those mechanical pencils, "Eversharps," "Ready-points," and the like. They are not indicative of character. Whether they be a man's taste or not, he must carry them, for love's sake, if given to him by his lady friend,—for financial reasons, if by his wife. It is with the good, old wooden pencil that I am concerned.

One man of my acquaintance usually carries pencils of three colors, yellow, green and blue. The blue one has a blue lead. Each is of a different make, this very fact indicating, I should say, that he merely chooses his pencils from those lying about his home. Probably the yellow one was used by his wife to jot down notes by the

telephone. I know he only took it absent-mindedly, although the observance that he uses the green pencil when he wears a green tie sometimes makes me wonder whether his pencil habits are as absent-minded as I think.

Another man carries, besides his greyish black fountain pen, two pencils, one a purplish pink one adorned with advertising matter, three words of which may be read above the vest pocket, "Friendly Five Shoes;" the other, red white, and blue with the words, "Oil Burners," on it and some other letters that are visible but which I don't recall. That man must be over-frugal. I can imagine that those pencils were some his children bothered to ask for in some store. My impression may be entirely wrong but he should be censured in



some manner, even though merely for carrying colors so inharmonious.

A third man I always admire. He is not a bank teller so his pencils can't be given him by the bank. In fact, he has no affiliations which would enable him to collect good pencils gratis. He buys his own, then, neat, dark green with red rubbers, always of the same make. There are three in his pocket every day, with leads of varying hardness I gather from the manner in which he selects one—hardness I say, because he

is too well groomed to use pencils with soft leads.

As for myself, I like the mottled green Dixon pencils for which one buys his own cap erasers. At present there are two, unsharpened, hidden in my desk awaiting the end of the tooth-marked one I now use. Would that I had a vest pocket from which I might allow all three to protrude so that each could be fingered in showy admiration!

Now that dear old Colby has contracted the customary spring fever and is actually going to move out of these grimy environs which have made it home, we begin to ponder over our present advantages, and wonder how our successors can ever get along without them. For although the Messalonskee will still be within strolling distance, of a long spring evening, what will they do without our Kennebec? How will they know what to wear when the fumes from across the river no longer can predict the weather? Why, many a two-ninety-eight dress will shrink to torture its owner in a deadly grip because of an unexpected shower! What will the daughters of Colby do without Scrib's and Turcotte's of a morning when they have no eight o'clock and don't get up till quarter of nine? They'll die of slow starvation before they get within smell of food, even taking into account the inevitable velocipede which all prospective inmates in the future will list with required equipment. Even the Haines will lose its charm, then—and the Opera House must of necessity rot and decay, for who could retain a movie mood through three miles of bad road, be the attending "ord" ever so fascinating? In the brand new

buildings, where they will have no struggles with plumbing to make sinks really hold water, and bath tub plugs really plug, with no doors to keep shut with a wad of paper, and no windows that go neither up nor down—our girls will lose even their ingenuity.

In fact, I predict that the future race of Colby women will be of entirely different shape and composition—they will be more rangy with "long lines built for speed" from the sprinting they will have to do to get a toasted cheese-and-olive, or to buy a bit of toothpaste; and they'll grow uninteresting without our stimulation of electric cars and freight trains which try our nerves and take our sleep, and without our College avenue street-crossing with its six ways of dodging Death. And as for those among us who may live to see the Trailing Arbutus Colby, how can they ever learn to adapt themselves to the marathon from Messalonskee bridge or North Street Grammar School without getting "in nights," to making a train in two minutes and a half, not allowing for breakages, and to the Sunday afternoon hikes on a bicycle-built-for-two? We wish them luck and hope they survive!

## SHOES.

Here I sit—note sit—at the weekly dance of the Island Country Club. It is difficult to achieve nonchalance under these circumstances. What can be done? I can't sit here and smirk gleefully, furthermore do

my hands look naive or just plain foolish, clasped thus? Ah! Mental reactions are oft reflected on the face; I'll generalize, that ought to give me one full face of completely nonchalant appearance.

How much people's shoes indicate their outstanding characteristics. There's a good looking shoe, very tasty, but see how it matches her stockings. Too sharp a contrast. She lets little things ruin her personal appearance.

Look at that! A number five foot stuffed into a number four shoe. You're a vain person, my dear, but not necessarily silly. Now that bright red shoe covers a silly foot.

Yes indeed—silly and shallow, that perky little bow tells me that.

Ah ha! I'll bet even money, young lady, no, odds four to one, that I can tell what your fingernails are by your shoes. A blunt toed, high-heeled (too high, my dear) highly perforated, (too highly, my dear) elaborate shoe means elaborately polished, ill kept but sharply pointed fingernails. I win. It used to be linen you told a man by. The old order changeth.

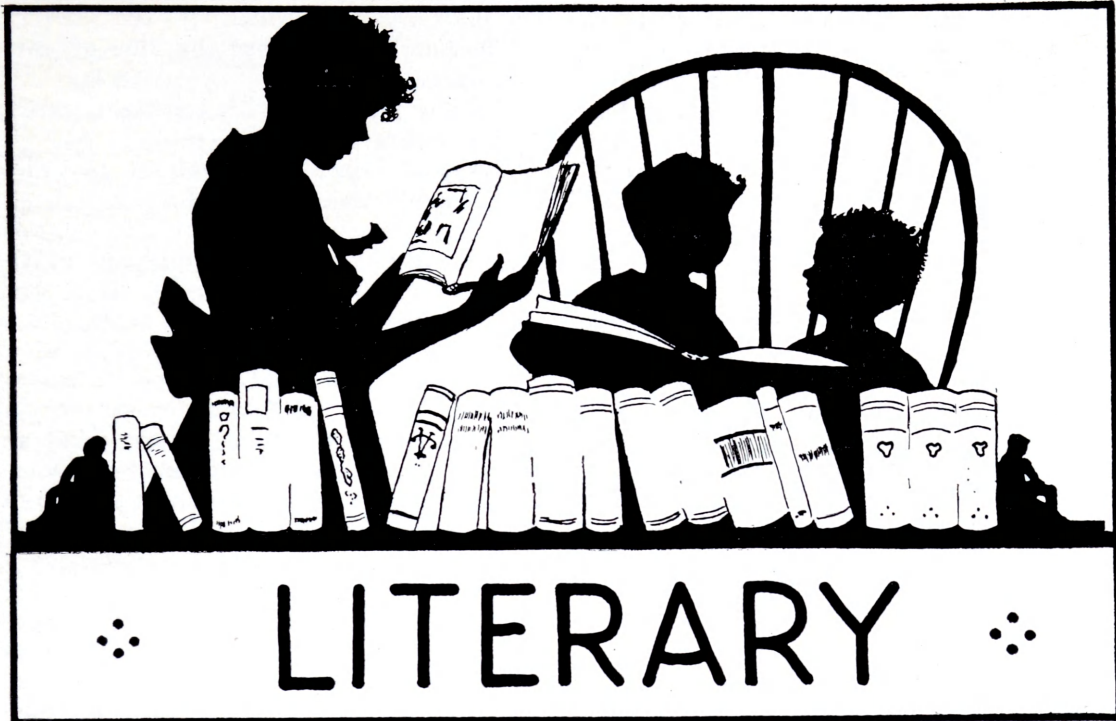
That shoe would be very good taste elsewhere, but it's poor taste at the Island Country Club, where many lads are clad in knickers and many lasses is sport togs. No.

Silver slippers with rhinestone heels are not the thing, here. Your husband must get rather bored of your keeping ahead of the Joneses. No. You're not "to the manner born," my dear.

There, there's a real shoe; it has every required quality, good vamp, straight lines, blends with dress and stockings—a "tasty" shoe. I won't even insult you by looking at your nails. I know.

Merciful Heavens, what have I done to be punished thus? The old family friend; it must be endured. Certainly, certainly—at least he's not the worse dancer here—bump—I had the last dance with the worse one. We can't be getting much of anywhere. Maybe he means to go the other way. Guess we're still at that old high school riddle, his feet being the irresistible force—bump—and mine—bump, apparently, the immovable objects.

Heigh-ho, anyhow—ow—noon will recognize—Lord—any characteristic in my shoes—ouch!—after this dance.



## WOMAN AS SHE IS.

Mary Jane was her name, and she looked it, but oh my! If you could ever have looked below the smoothly creamed exterior and seen the broiling turbulence below, as she sat, this beautiful May morning, before the dressing-table and complexioned herself for the day!

In all her eighteen years, Mary Jane had never been denied anything that she wanted very badly. And she hadn't screamed or kicked for it; she had been a deep student of parent psychology ever since her early youth, and was a success in it. She talked, logically and sensibly, to mother, and mother always capitulated. If mother referred her to father—well, a few well-directed tears on father's shirt-bosom melted him like the starched linen. Of course, she had never (yet) wanted anything unreasonable, like a Rembrandt or an Hispano-Suisa, so why shouldn't she have what she wanted?

She went to college, a co-educational college, and there—! She got what she wanted there, too. Quiet and unobtrusive, but you

certainly had to hand it to her. The Northwest Mounted had nothing on Mary Jane; she got her man, and not only her's but everybody else's. Girls came to her in tears, because Dick had asked for his pin, so that he'd have a chance with Mary Jane; or Joe hadn't called up for a week, and was Mary Jane in love with him; they couldn't compete with her.

Yet Mary Jane was far from complacent this morning, as her quick fingers did their duty by her face. She had only ten minutes to think the darn thing out, too. But facts had to be faced: she was fighting a losing fight for Aaron Coffin. His name was so terrible it had fascinated her, and she had met him; immediately she knew that she could never be happy without Aaron Coffin.

That had been two weeks ago, and had he fallen? Oh yes, at first—but when he had seen Lu, that dumb freshman who answered the doorbell at the sorority house, he had completely lost interest. And to

Mary Jane the unconquerable, the omnipotent, it was a vital blow. What made it worse was the sorority dance next week.

Of course Mary Jane hadn't asked him yet; no self-respecting girl would, but Lu, that dumb thing with the cowy eyes, had probably blatted out an invitation, and Aaron couldn't help accepting. It played the devil with your plans. And of course he didn't want to go with Lu; probably she couldn't even dance, and everybody knew that Aaron was the best dancer in the best fraternity on the campus. Plainly, it was her duty (Mary Jane's) to rescue him from this horrible predicament.

At that moment the chapel bell began to ring, and Mary Jane stood not upon the order of her going; Aaron, Lu, and the dance were sidetracked, while Mary Jane tore to class.

\* \* \* \* \*

The night of the dance came; Mary Jane had been so sweet to Lu that the child was nuts about her, had even asked her to help her dress. Mary Jane was delighted to help, of course.

Now Lu was blonde. So was Mary Jane but Lu was blonder, and her hair was curly. Mary Jane's was straight, but she had a permanent, which makes all the difference in the world.

Lu was in a dreadful hurry. "The dance begins at eight-thirty, and I told Aaron to come at eight. We want to be sure to be on time, don't we?" She worried as Mary Jane powdered her (Lu's) back.

"Yes indeed," said Mary Jane, who knew the advantages of being early—having your man bored for half an hour unless you exerted your very best self. She smiled at Lu.

Lu smiled back. "Oh, you're so sweet to do this for me, Mary Jane."

"I'm glad to, dear. I probably won't do much dancing since I'm chairman of the dance committee, and—you're so pretty it's fun to help you get all slicked up." She

adjusted and pinned the shoulder straps of Lu's pink organdy dress.

"This dress brings out the blue of your eyes, dear."

"Oh, but I'm afraid it's too tight, across the hips. I'm so fat."

"Why, of course you're not fat, just nice and plump," replied Mary Jane.

Just then the girl who didn't dance, and consequently was doing doorbell duty, yelled up the stairs "Doorbell, Lu," and with a quick "Thanks ever so much, Mary Jane," Lu was gone.

Mary Jane sauntered into the bathroom, kicked a couple of freshmen out of the bath tub and ran a tub. "Gosh, what an infant! But I bet she's just like a tub when it comes to pushing her around the floor—. And that frizzy hair! Well, it's too bad," with which comment she lowered herself into the tub and relaxed.

At nine, when the music had stopped after the first dance, Mary Jane and the rather meek adoring youth whom she had chosen to honor appeared through the door at the end of the room. Mary Jane's hair lay in smooth waves close to her head. Mary Jane's dress brought out the whiteness of her skin and the beauty of her shoulders. Mary Jane, with a pretty air of humility, looked around as though begging everyone's pardon for having so long deprived them of her presence.

At once couples surrounded her (when you have a man that's Mary Jane crazy, **go with him!**); Aaron whispered, "Our dance, Mary Jane," eager relief in his voice.

"Oh, is this the second?" Mary Jane asked innocently. "So it is! How nice we got here for this!" She smiled at Lu and gazed up into Aaron's eyes; and Lu and the meek youth entertained each other for the rest of the evening. Lu saw Mary Jane and Aaron disappearing during the second dance, and she knew she had been outplayed. Mary Jane, as usual had got what she wanted.

## UNDERSTANDING.

Scene: The east shore of a small lake, with evergreen trees along the shore.

Time: Late afternoon. A storm is brewing over the lake. Marianne and Herbert

are sitting on a great rock close to the water.

Herbert: How still it is. It is always this way before a storm. Look at the ripples on the lake. They seem not to be moving. Marianne, have you ever seen a dead person with a smile of his face? There is something terrifying to me in a frozen smile and in those frozen ripples. Why should a dead person smile when there is only darkness and decay ahead? Why should there be gay little ripples on a lake just before a storm?

Marianne: You **are** in a frivolous mood this afternoon. Is that the pleasantest thing you can think of? Look, Herbert, one little ray of sunlight through the clouds—and it is shining right on us. Looks like a golden road, doesn't it?

Herbert: A pretty narrow one. Makes everything else around here look blacker. Have you ever noticed how somber trees look before a storm?

Marianne: I think it is good luck for the sun to shine on us like that.

Herbert: Mere matter of chance, my dear.

Marianne: Herbert, what is the matter with you? You talk like a pessimistic old prophet.

Herbert: I don't mean to. That isn't pessimism. You can see for yourself that if we moved just a little we would be off the golden road, as you call it. Or—

Marianne: Oh don't—

Herbert: Just a minute, listen to me. If the clouds close up there won't be any golden road, or if we just sit here and wait the golden road will move on and leave us.

Marianne: Who cares about all that? We are on the golden road now, aren't we? Isn't that enough?

Herbert: I wonder if it is. There is still yesterday and tomorrow, you know. We can't ignore them entirely.

Marianne: Oh, can't we? Well, I can and I do.

Herbert: I wish I could, but somehow I'm afraid. You see I knew a person once who found that he couldn't keep today just by itself. Did I ever tell, Marianne, about Bob Emery?

Marianne: No, and if he was as pessimistic as you are today I don't think I want to hear about him.

Herbert: Just as you like.

Marianne: I didn't mean that. Tell me about him. Did you know him in China?

Herbert: Yes, we were in China together for three years. Bob was a pretty decent sort of a fellow too, but he got mixed up with a native woman. When he tired of her she got ugly. One night she saw him in a cafe with another woman and when he got home she was waiting for him. Had a knife. She threw it at him and hit him in the throat. Missed the vein by the fraction of an inch. The wound left a scar like a crescent moon on Bob's throat. Well, when the knife hit him, he went crazy—he got her by the throat and choked her life out.

Marianne: He killed her?

Herbert: Yes, when he came to his senses she was dead. It was a nasty mess. They didn't arrest Bob—everyone knew what the woman had been—and they look at these things differently in China. Then, too, Bob was on the consul's staff. They advised him to get out of the country though—because the woman had relatives. He came back here and after a while he fell in love with a girl of his own sort. They were going to be married and then Bob's conscience

Marianne: Did her tell her? began to trouble him.

Herbert: Yes, he told her everything. And this is the point of the whole story, Marianne. The girl found that just today wasn't enough for her. She refused to see Bob again.

Marianne: What a fool she must have been! He was still the same man she had loved, wasn't she? Why should something that had happened years before make any difference in their present happiness?

Herbert: Of course it shouldn't, but she couldn't understand.

Marianne: Some people make understanding such a hard thing, don't they? If you really love a person, it isn't hard.

Herbert: Do you really believe that, Marianne?

Marianne: Of course.

Herbert loosens his tie and collar. A scar like the thin crescent of a moon is visible on his throat.

Marianne screams. She looks at him for a moment and then flees. Herbert does not move.

Herbert: How still it is. Like the smile on the face of a dead person. I wonder what a dead person expects that he should smile?

B. Hamlin.

## PAN.

Kathleen was a "new girl," an epithet which classed a newcomer to the children's home as one entitled to special consideration in play and work for a period of two months, if she were popular, or for two weeks if otherwise.

But no one knew how long Kathleen would be a "new girl." She was beautiful. Only a glance at her would print on one's mind a pictured flash of violently red lips, black eyes with a wistful luster, and a wealth of closely cut black curls. The pity of it all was the wan pinkness of her cheeks and the under-nourished fragility of her. It would take a long time to build up this nine-year-old mentality to a nine-year-old body—and longer to make those eyes merry. At the end of a month, now, she was as great a puzzle to the members of the staff as to the children, perhaps even more so since they knew her history. Here was a girl who would be interesting to watch—an illegitimate child of a fairly well-to-do Russian Jew and an actress who, after her child was born, swindled her lover out of his money and ran away leaving him with the baby.

All Kathleen knew of her past life was a round of unhappy visits with different families. A social worker had found her one night as she was crumpled in sleep in a doorway with a package in her arms. That happened in her fourth year and ended the stay with the poor old scrub woman who had cared for Kathleen ever since her father had first entrusted her to the woman. She was put with a family in the country and after two years was returned to the state in "run-down condition due to overwork." Kathleen was taken away from the last family who had her. They had kept her home to work instead of sending her to school with their own children. How would a child who had endured all this in families

which considered her only after their own children, react in this institution of twenty girls and twenty boys ranging from the ages of six to sixteen? This was a well-regulated family in which all shared fairly, so different from what she had seen.

She seemed happy. She learned to perform her duties readily. Her popularity was won among the children because she liked to cut paper dolls nicely, not with fringes of paper around them. She could even follow around every finger without amputating any. But she never entered games nor joined protestations against going to bed—not one of the gang, but no one tried to make her or dislike her for not being. Kathleen always went directly to bed when once in the dormitory. The other children were puzzled that she didn't like to skate across the hardwood floor on the rug until caught by the nurse. Kathleen's bed was nearest the window where two steps led up to the sill and thence to the fire escape. She would lie there and look out of the window; no one worried about her going up the steps, for the screen was on and only the fire proctor was allowed to unhook it. When she didn't look out the window, her eyes wandered to the west wall.

Now, for a whole week, it had been noticed every morning that the top blue blanket of Kathleen's bed was always untucked. "Just the top one; so it couldn't have been kicked out," was the observation that the dormitory proctor, one of the high school girls, reported to the superintendent.

"Suppose you watch to see what Kathleen does tonight and report it to me in the morning and I'll see what I'll do about it. I wouldn't say anything to the rest of the dormitory about it," was the reply to the situation.

The rug sliding went on as usual that night and the scrambling climb to a squeaking settling down on the high white cots when steps and the regular, "More quiet, please, girls!" was heard. A silence in the dormitory—and then a buzzing followed when a door was heard to be shut quietly.

Kathleen lay quietly watching the moon trickle through the top branches of the hazel nut tree right outside the window. The last droning buzz died away. She lay for a long time and then looked at the west wall where the moon's light caught the picture of **Pandora and the Box**, a picture whose newness for most of the children had worn off long ago. Pandora's white shoulders gleamed in the light. Her black curls hung far down her back until they touched the black, gauzy dress which was gathered with one hand around the slender, kneeling body. The other hand gently opened the gold chest which was higher than she and thus made her tip her head far back to see what was to fly out. Pandora was in such a beautiful room, full of open windows that looked out at graceful trees and delicious looking lakes. So that was why she looked at the west wall! Well, the picture **was** pretty in the moonlight.

Kathleen stirred in her bed and stopped as she heard someone else move. Then she sat up and pulled the blue blanket out from the foot and gathered it into her arms. Quietly she slipped out of bed, took off her pajamas, and clutched the blue blanket about her whiteness. She tiptoed to the fire escape steps, knelt on the second one, put one hand on the window sill, still grasping the blue blanket with the other. Far back she tilted the black curls. The pink cheeks grewed, the eyes were happy, the lips were flaming. The dormitory was silent. For a long time Kathleen knelt and looked at the moon and then kissed her hand to it. She slid down from her position and went back to her bed. The blanket slid off, the pajamas were put on, and Kathleen climbed back into the cot and closed her eyes in sleep.

Kathleen noticed an unusual consternation among the girls in the playroom the next morning, and smiled wonderingly a little later when one of them said, "Hello, Pan!" to her, and laughed. She wondered more that evening at what the nurse said to her as she went to bed, "Kathleen, be sure to stay in bed. You might get cold if you walk around in your bare feet."

## THEATRES AND THEIR EFFECTS UPON PLAYS PREPARED FOR THEM.

After reading **The Theatres** by Sheldon Cheney, I can fully appreciate how futile would be any attempt to describe within the limit of two thousand words the great importance of the theatre in its effect on plays. In considering the subject from knowledge here and there, I had preconceived some plan of following the theatre down from its formal introduction in the Greek amphitheatre to its present-day form. Sheldon Cheney has shown me what months of travel and study, not to speak of some five hundred and more pages, are necessary to such a subject. How fascinating it can be, and how intricate its phases are, I have found from his book.

But to get on with my story. The Greek theatre was seemingly as unadorned and as splendid in its effect as is possible. Cheney

tells us to imagine hastening with the crowd **at dawn** to the great amphitheatre where thousands sat to watch the plays. Here we sit looking down at where the action is to take place.

"We gaze down curiously at this consecrated circle, with the altar of Dionysus at the very centre; and beyond to the low **skene**, the background building with its pillared lower story that might be a palace front or a temple, with its three doorways facing us from the main wall. . . ."

Such was the Greek theatre, open to sunlight and to rain; splendid and majestic. Its effect on plays? Where a play must be noble enough to carry on without scenery; where it must be dignified and beautiful

\*The Theatre, by Sheldon Cheney. Page 40.

enough to reach the last row of spectators far, far away from that charmed circle which showed the playing space; where actors must be big enough, both physically and, (what inward impulse is it that makes some actors, of all ages, great?) shall we say spiritually, to command the attention and the sympathy of those huge crowds; where physical action of the whole body and not facial gesture must convey meaning; there indeed must be the father of all theatres. These are the effects of the Greek theatre on the plays written for it. Great plays were demanded because the **theatre** was great in its very simplicity.

What happened to the play when it advanced to the Roman stage? It shrivelled up and nearly blew away, or rather it shrivelled up and became heaped over with coarseness and vulgarity. Why? Chiefly because the Romans built their theatres for show, not for plays. Imagine in the place of the low building which might have been any scene, the overwhelming architectural building of Roman theatres; solid fronts, two or three greatly decorated stories, the portrayal of two streets, one running in front of two houses which were divided by the other street. Here the play was dwarfed in consequence. Of course I do not mean that there were no great Roman plays, for we have Terence and Plautus to prove that they could be written, but the fact remains that drama was degenerating, falling down to please the tastes of the hordes of barbarians who were sweeping into Rome. However, just because they were barbarians does not signify, because we find the theatre degenerating to meet the tastes of nobles and kings in later centuries. The Roman theatre **did** affect its plays drastically. How could a play be sublime, how could any human character stand out and demand sympathy, how could any simple story demand attention, when overwhelmed by a stage that could not do less than belittle it?

Then Christianity came. Queer that it should strike an almost fatal blow to the theatre and then later administer the needed smelling salts, isn't it? After oblivion, for the most part at least, during sev-

eral centuries we finally find drama again reviving—and in the church itself, here finding an appropriate setting for its new subject matter. \*Here it becomes solemn, perhaps awe inspiring to see in such a holy place the stories of the Bible, always dramatic, portrayed by the priest-actors. But with the removal of the plays from the church itself to the church-yard, thence to the street corners and pageant wagons came a change in subject matter also. Again vulgar influence crept in. Hell with its yawning mouth and dancing devils becomes the most interesting spot on a stage which portrays “at one time (more or less literally) temples, palaces, houses, city gates, pavilions, altars, towers, dungeons, a fenced field, a sea with a ship, etc., flanked by Heaven and Hell.” \*\*On this sort of a stage the play must contain spectacle, killings, burnings, victims dragged off by the dancing devils to terrible torture. The more torture on a stage, the better. Such were medieval plays under the influence of the manifold stage.

In England especially there developed the pageant wagon. “Every company had its pageant or part, which pageant (wagon) was a high scaffold with two rooms, a higher and a lower, upon four wheels. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher room they played, being all open on the top, that all beholders might hear and see them.” \*\*\*They played from street to street and town to town, each wagon following the other in successive scenes of the cycle of plays. For such theatres plays must be written which lent to such treatment—perhaps the forerunner of the continued-in-our-next serials—Here the actor comes into prominence for again he must have the power to reach those on the outskirts of a crowd which encircled him, and closed him in. These people loved spectacles and on a stage open on all sides the play must of necessity be sufficient in itself without aid of scenery or artificial effects except for the splendor of the pag-

The Theatre \*p. 143.

Ibid. p. 160\*\*.

Ibid p. 165\*\*\*.



erant wagon itself and the costuming.

How far these box theatres have removed from the open sublimity of the Greek theatre! And yet they both carry on the great art!

Then comes the Renaissance and Humanism—first in Italy, then spreading over Europe and England. The plays of the Greeks and Romans are brought to light and assiduously copied. But the theatres! They blossom like roses. They become showy, ornate, display boxes.

“The drama that the princely theatres of these tyrants fostered, as we have seen, failed to come to world importance. What is it, then, that lends such lustre to the Renaissance stage? Chiefly the magnificence of the outward trappings; and then the perfect fitness of theatre activity to the life of the times. Rediscovery of old elements of theatrical art—in playhouse forms, in setting, in machinery—and new opulence of visual display; these are the gains perfectly in the spirit of the day. The regally decorated palace ballroom becomes a theatre; its stage takes on an appropriately wasteful decorative richness.”\*

No wonder drama written under such influence did not live. Nothing was necessary except some shell around which to wrap all this finery and show. Display, luxury, magnificence of a certain kind—do these measure up to the sublimity of the Greek theatre? Drama? Yes, but what drama!

England was backward in taking up the Renaissance splendor. Up to the time of Queen Elizabeth the other affairs of church and state had commanded the attention of royalty. However, now England enters into that glorious period called the Elizabethan in which “we are to see the flowering of a theatre surpassed by none other in the history of man as regards spirit and accomplishment.” Why should this period become so great in the history of the theatre? Were there elements within the stage or theatre itself which effected such a development? Was the English theatre any more effective than others that it should

bring forth such glorious results? Scenery? Stage setting? Decoration? What was it like? The answer is simplicity which demands all that a dramatist can put into a play. Most people are familiar with the Elizabethan stage,—the court yard which serves as the pit, the balconies on three sides of the inn which serve as the boxes, the large stage that spreads far out into the audience, allowing the actors to be seen from three sides and the fops and dandies to command seats on the stage itself in many cases, much to the disadvantage of the players. Or is that a disadvantage really? Is it not somewhat of a prod to the dramatist’s ingenuity and wit to keep those fops and courtiers from thinking of their own greatness, during the extent of the play? Those stage-sitters must be kept interested and amused or they will break up the show! Whatever the influence, there arose at that time those great names in drama—Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Jonson.

Again the church closes in on the theatre and leading preachers glory in the burst of abuses and indictments against it. Finally the Puritans closed all the theatres in 1642. From that time until the Restoration in 1660 there was little or no dramatic activity. With the Restoration the theatres changed in many ways. It became the amusement place for the king’s circle of friends and gallants. The stage was elaborate, with painted scenery and ornate decorations to suit the taste of courtiers. With this stage came women actors in place of boys. Along with everything else after a period of close confinement, the theatre broke all bounds—and got practically nowhere. It appeared like a modern Fourth of July;—fireworks, rockets, beautiful set pieces, bright lights, noise and confusion—then the next day nothing left but rocket sticks, broken firecrackers, ashes and perhaps some burned fingers. Again the display of the theatre had overwhelmed the dramatist.

Let us now turn to France and the interesting amateur theatres of the late eighteenth century. Where the courtesans found themselves losing power, they charm-

\*The Theatre \*p. 190.

ingly hit upon the idea of appearing before their kings on the stage,—and such a stage! Mme. de Pompadour used this as a means of diverting the attention of Louis XVI. She became the most charming and successful actress on her own private stage. Of course the theatre was small and fitted out for the intimates of the court. The scenery was wholly painted as was becoming the fashion of the theatrical world. On such a stage what could the plays be? Some chose the classics or revised Shakespeare, but for the most part the plays were written to magnify and illuminate the beauty of the courtesan leading lady. These amateur theatres did not produce great plays.

With Wagner in Germany we find a new influence creeping into the theatre which shall tend to transform it and the plays written for it. Up to this time the auditoriums have been in the form of tiers upon tiers of boxes of which only a few select ones commanded a full view of the stage, subject such as this. It all seems to sum the rest were "wholly unrelated to the place where the performers appeared."\* At Bayreuth however, Wagner instituted the more democratic form of having the seats almost all on a sharply sloping single floor. Where the play may be seen by all it must be of interest to all. Instead of catering to the tastes of a select few nobles who sit near the stage, the dramatist must make a play democratic and powerful enough to reach the pit and those back rows.

It is necessary to make a great jump now and get down to the practically modern stage. From the theatre of painted wings, lamps, unnatural background, and showy splendor we have developed to what is called realism. Cheney says: "The stage picture has become a photograph. This is no longer a painter's counterfeit (with the

stage itself sticking through the painting at a dozen points to give it the lie); this is the room."\* Again what effect can such a stage have on its plays? Where a play is made such a matter of every-day life, how can it give more than a moment's entertainment? Cheney again answers when he says: "There is a difference between the response here and that to the **Trojan Women** or to **Hamlet**:. There was the **glow** of the theatre in those days; now it's a downright disturbing emotional dislocation. After the shock there is no purging element—call it what you will, poetry, spiritual depth, beauty, Dionysian Experience."\*\*

From other study we have found that a play must be something or other than newspaper items of every-day life interest in order to remain through the ages.

We are tending in another direction now, to take away scenery of every kind, and to use instead all the effects which the electrician has at his command. What this will do to the plays written for such a theatre remains to be seen.

Now where am I, and what have I accomplished? Again I must ask how so few words can express all that can be said on a up to this: great plays to all appearances have sprung up where the theatres were simple, and mediocre plays where the theatre overwhelmed the dramatist. An elaborate theatre pushed the dramatist, except for a few men which would stand out under any conditions, in behind the "painty" setting and kept his play an insignificant thing. If there is such a thing as sublime simplicity, and I think there was with the Greeks and may be in our own theatres under the influence of Gordon Graig and others like him, that simplicity is what demands and permits the best, the everliving play.

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The Theatre p. 448\*.

Ibid. p. 449\*\*.

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The Theatres, p. 428\*.

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## THE BUTTERCUP AND THE FAIRY.

Once upon a time there was a little buttercup, and oh, how it wanted to open! It tried and tried with all its might; every day,

all day long, that little buttercup strained and strained to open its eyes and see the big world. And one day while it was try-

ing so hard, it felt a pressure on one of its leaves, and pretty soon a very small but very self-possessed voice remarked speculatively:

"Well, I guess you'll do."

"Do! What do you mean? Who are you, anyway?" asked the buttercup—a little angrily, it must be confessed, for not even a buttercup likes to be told that it isn't all it could be.

"Me?" repeated the voice. "Why, I'm your fairy. Mother Proserpine sent me down to help you. You're trying to open, aren't you?"

Now the buttercup didn't like the fairy's tone of voice, and besides, it didn't like to be told that it needed help, so it stood very still and preserved a dignified silence.

"Oh, you don't need to get cross about it," observed the fairy after a short time. "I've come to help you, but you're going to be just as much help to me, because you're going to be my home."

"My dear buttercup, don't you know that every flower has a fairy in it? It might be worse, you know. Wait till you see all the other flowers and the beautiful sun and everything! And besides," she added modestly, "maybe you'll like me when you get to know me better."

The buttercup thought it over for a while. She sounded like rather a decent sort, after all. And it **did** want to open and see the world. Finally—

"Well, then," it conceded, "If you want to help me, let's get busy," and he began to tug and pull, but the fairy just flew up and touched its head, and immediately—there was a bright wonderful world, and best of all—there was a dear beautiful little fairy. She hovered over the open flower a moment before she flew down to bury herself in its depths. And ever after that the fairy and the buttercup lived very happily.

"What! Are you going to live with me?" exclaimed the buttercup in deep disgust.

## SHADOWS.

Pierre Latour was finding life a little disappointing. There was his son Mario, twenty-one now, who was to have been his successor in the field of medicine, who was to have been the greatest surgeon the world had ever known. Ever since Mario was a baby, with tiny dimpled hands, Pierre had dreamed of the day when those hands would have become strong and shapely, and as steady as the mountain that Pierre could see from his study window.

Mario was twenty-one. His hands were strong and shapely, they were never quite steady. Mario found life very amusing. Quite early he had discovered that the world was but a background for countless beautiful women and that wine enhanced one's appreciation of them.

Pierre had remonstrated, had pleaded, Mario had laughed a little tolerantly.

"Oh, but, father—time for me to take up the knife when you have laid it down. There can't be two greatest surgeons at the same time, you know. First I will live; later if there is time I will work."

Pierre was sitting in his office watching

the shadows steal in through the windows to hide under the chairs and behind the doors. He was wondering if life were a little like that, if at the last deteriorating tissues would be like shadows creeping in to dull one's faculties and impair his reason. Sharp as one of his knives Pierre had kept his mind. It was not death he feared at the last, but a weakening of his indomitable will, an enfeebling of his mind.

Mario was ill. He had strange twitching spasms when his eyes would roll back in his head. Pierre was worried. Today he had called in his old friend Dr. Fisette. He had sent him in to Mario alone. There was a strange sense of foreboding in his mind, he felt the need of being alone for a time.

There came a rap on the door. At his "Come in!" Fisette entered, rubbing his bald head as though uncertain what to do next.

"Well?" Pierre queried.

"Pierre, my friend, I have bad news for you. To one of your philosophy of life I hope it will not be unbearable."

Pierre's face became tense. "Go on."

"Your son, Mario, is mad, hopelessly, incurably mad. It is only a matter of time and the time should not be long. Such a malignant disease works quickly."

Pierre was watching Dr. Fisette. "Mario? Mad?" His voice became shriller. "Not that! Oh God! Not that! Let me be mad. I think I might even come to enjoy being mad, but Mario, Mario."

His voice died away to a whisper and then rose again. "It can not be, it must not be! There must be some cure, there is a cure for everything. I will find it. I will find it for Mario. He is not mad, he has only lost his sense of values."

"Pierre, be reasonable. Such matters are in the hands of God. After all you know there is a universal justice."

"Justice! Bah! God? If there is one I'll prove that a keen mind can beat him at his own game. I'll teach Mario values again. I'll give him back his sense of balance."

When Dr. Fisette left a little later Pierre was calm, but still unshaken in his determination to cure Mario.

"Pierre, be careful," Dr. Fisette warned. "You are tired. Extra work or nervous strain just now might be extremely dangerous."

Pierre did not answer, but only looked at him with a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

The days that followed were strange ones for the Latour household. For the first time in his life Pierre was enjoying the companionship of his son. Mario, who had been so gay, so debonair, was curiously silent. His black eyes had a habit of staring a little vacantly at whatever came within their range. His hands were never still for a moment, but described meaningless movements in the air. He was afraid if his father left him even for a moment.

In the morning the two used to take long walks down by the sea. Sometimes they would sit down on the sand to rest. And all the time Pierre was watching, seeking for some way to help his son.

One day they were sitting on the beach and Mario was picking up handfuls of sand and letting it slide through his fingers. He

turned to his father, speaking sharply,

"Why are you always watching me? Don't look at me like that. I won't have it, I say. I don't like your eyes."

"There, there," Pierre soothed him. "It's nearly lunch time. Let's be going home."

"I'm going to take some of the sand with me. I'm going to fill my pockets with it."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do that. Here is a gold piece I will give you. Take that in place of the sand."

Mario took the gold piece in his hands and turned it over and over, then threw it far out to sea.

"A gold piece? Of what good is a gold piece? I want sand, sand that I can play with and pour through my hands. I like to watch the specks of gold sparkle in 't. What can one do with a poor gold piece but spend it or put it in a safe place."

Mario filled his pockets with sand and they went home.

That night Pierre was sitting in his study thinking of his son. He thought of little else these days. He remembered the incident of the sand and the gold. Suddenly he went up to Mario's room and came back with a handful of the sand which he put on one corner of the desk. Beside it he laid a gold piece. He looked at them for a long time. He picked up the sand and let it fall through his fingers. It sparkled like gold under the light. He decided to make a list of values, that would give him something to work on. He must know what he was trying to teach Mario. He found that he couldn't decide whether the gold or the sand should go first on the list. He sat until late into the night thinking.

Mrs. Latour was very unhappy. She couldn't understand why God was punishing her in this way. She attended mass, she always said her prayers and just last week the priest had praised her generosity. She had prayed long and earnestly for her son, but he only grew worse. This was partly due, she knew, to the fact that Pierre spent very little time with him these days. Without his father Mario was nothing but a mass of uncontrolled emotions. Pierre spent much of the time alone. He said that he had work to do—Mrs. Latour knew that

he was compiling a list of values.

She had pled with him to spend more time with the unhappy Mario.

"But why should I, my dear? I have work to do. I can never cure Mario until I have completed this list. I don't need to be in the same room with him. Mario is here with me all the time and I think I am beginning to understand a little."

Mrs. Latour felt that she understood nothing and so she left Pierre alone. She crept around the house like a little grey mouse and watched her son and her husband. That was the trouble with the family, she decided. Too much watching. Mario watched his father. Pierre watched Mario and she watched them both. She felt that she would go mad if it went on longer.

Mario was becoming definitely worse. All day long he huddled in a chair and whimpered. On the infrequent occasions when his father came to see him he would brighten, would seem quite like his old self, but it only lasted until his father had gone. Pierre was strangely impersonal in his treatment of his son. He shut himself up more and more in his study these days. He even refused to see Dr. Fisettes who came often to the house and tried to comfort Mrs. Latour. He used to visit Mario also, but there was very little satisfaction in calling on a shuddering, whimpering mass of flesh and bones.

Pierre, when he did come out of his study looked ill, but his eyes were bright. He was collecting all sorts of strange things. Mrs. Latour only knew that they had something to do with the list he was compiling.

Then one day when they went into Mario's room he had stopped his whimpering. He was dead—still huddled in his chair. Mrs. Latour went to tell Pierre. He looked up as she entered.

"Yes?" he asked a little absently.

"Pierre, Mario is dead."

"Dead?" There was only wonderment in his voice, but on his face was the strangest look Mrs. Latour had ever seen.

"Thank you, dear, for bringing me the news. And now if you don't mind, I have work to do."

Pierre did not go to the funeral. He

was still working on his list. He seemed to forget that Mario was dead. After the funeral Dr. Fisettes insisted on seeing his old friend. Pierre did not object to his coming into the office, but he had nothing to say to him. He was making figures on a sheet of paper.

"Pierre," Dr. Fisettes said, "I am going up into the hills to see a patient who is very ill. I shall be back in three days and I want to have a talk with you. This state of affairs can't go on any longer."

He waited for Pierre to answer but he only went on with his figures. At last Dr. Fisettes went away determined to return at the earliest possible moment.

Mrs. Latour was left alone with Pierre. He never left his study now, not even to come to his meals. She took food in to him, but he refused to touch it. He went on making figures and it seemed impossible to rouse him. Once he looked up and his eyes frightened her. She hurried out of the room.

She was hoping that Dr. Fisettes would return soon. On the third day he came back and hurried at once to Pierre's house.

Mrs. Latour met him at the door. "Oh, go in and talk to him," she said. "I am so frightened."

Pierre was still at his desk, but the pencil was moving more slowly across the paper now. He did not look up as Dr. Fisettes went in. His eyes were fixed on his work.

Dr. Fisettes took one look at the bent figure and rushed over to it. He took Pierre's wrist and felt for the pulse. A thrill of horror swept over him. The wrist was cold. Worse still it had the soft and spongy feel of long dead flesh. He let the hand fall back on the desk. Where his fingers had been there were a deep hollow in the greyish skin.

"Dead," Dr. Fisettes muttered half to himself, half to Mrs. Latour. "Dead for several days—five at least."

Mrs. Latour screamed. "Oh, but it can't be. That was the day Mario died. Pierre was alive this morning. I brought in some breakfast and he was making figures on the paper."

"Not really alive. It was his indomitable

will working on after his body had died. I have heard of one or two such cases. Pierre tried to beat God at his own game and found he could only go so far. He couldn't play quite long enough."

Mrs. Latour had fainted. Dr. Fisette picked her up and carried her from the room.

Pierre was left alone at his desk, but he was no longer tracing figures on a paper. The shadows were creeping through the window to hide under the chairs and behind

the doors. One by one they covered Pierre's valuables, the handful of sand, the gold coin, some colored stones, a bolt of silk. One last ray of sunlight appeared from nowhere at all and illumined the face of Pierre. It gave a strange glitter to his staring black eyes.

Shadows were everywhere. They swarmed about the ray of sunlight and swallowed it up inch by inch. Pierre could no longer be distinguished from the dusk—the night had fallen.

Barbara Hamlin.

## A CATTY BIT.

The city cat had come to visit the country cat and they were now basking together in the sun by the barn door. After yawning once or twice very widely and giving her tail a twitch, the city cat looked at her comrade and said:

"It's no use, Mandy. I can't stand this humdrum existence of yours any longer; it's beginning to get on my nerves. And I'm putting on weight, too; why, I used to have one of the slimmest figures in all of Williamsburg district. You wouldn't know me now for the same cat."

"No, you're better looking now," replied the fat yellow cat, blinking lazily at the other. "Your face has filled out and you've lost that hungry look. Better you should stay here and enjoy our Maine summer for awhile 'stead o' gallivantin' around them noisy streets all hours o' the night. No telling what—"

"But you don't understand, dearie. I gotta have noise; I'm lonesome when I don't have it. Besides, it's dangerous around here. Them animals that snort and shake the whole floor when they walk—they're terrible. I'd hate to be stepped on by one of 'em."

"Oh they won't step on you if you just keep out of their way."

"Yeah—'keep out of their way'—of

course. But tell me—What do you get out of a life like this? What do you ever see in this joint? Or hear? I saw the President of the United States once. And another time I saw a big fire, only when the men started putting water on it, I ducked around the corner. What can you see here, anyway? Say, what **are** all those white things over there?"

"That's the graveyard," sighed Mandy.

"Well, who wants to look at a graveyard day in and day out! I tell you, Mandy, you'd better come back to New York with me. I'll show you life what is life! You'll meet some swell cats. Say, I'm all pepped up 'bout going back already."

"I dunno but what you're right, Maisy. 'T would kind o' nice t' see some o' them things I've heard tell about. Only—"

"I know you'd want to get out of this rut sometime soon. Well, now that we've made up our minds, let's start tonight."

"I kind o' hate t' leave th' barn with all the hay and the mice in it. What do you eat down there?"

"Say, I've ate things you ain't never heard of. You'll have to taste 'em to appreciate 'em. C'mon; let's go."

"Well—I suppose you know what you're doing, Maisy."

Flora Trussell.

## HANDS.

They filed in slowly to the shaded room, little group by group. Every step was reverent, every whisper low, as they felt the awe of the unknown. I watched them with a disquieting feeling of passivity. But my name was spoken in a low, careful tone and I arose with those who remained. It was true, then, what they had told me. The tender words the pastor had spoken, the words of hope he had read were not idle. This really was the end. It was to be proven to me.

Light lay upon the smooth polished floor, light softened by the reflection of flowers, or so it seemed to me. The air was cool and sweet, infinitely still. She was there as they had said. But this was no proof—this quiet face that smiled. Her thick smooth hair, softened at the temples with gray, arranged as it had been since I could remember, gave no evidence of change. There were the dress of deep blue silk, with the bit of lace collar at the throat, and the little cameo brooch I had long associated with her.

Still there was a difference. The proof that one whom I had long loved was gone was in this change. My musing gaze moved slowly to her hands, and I could no longer avoid the truth. I had never seen her asleep. I suppose that is why they seemed so different. Her hands like this, so quiet, so relaxed and still, were unknown to me.

Now they were quiet. Strong hands, they were; not beautiful in shape or color, but in the beauty of use. I long had known the unflinching skill of the strong fingers, a bit misshapened now. No outward grace could charm as did the comfort of their ministrations. Her's were hands that gave and thought not of receiving.

For a last time I looked upon her strong sweet womanly face. For the last time I looked on her hands, her still hands, then I went past the flowers unseeing.

After all, most of the joy in life depends upon people. When we are young and surrounded by those who love us, death seems unspeakable. I am not without those to love as I sit by the fire tonight, in the home that was Aunt Mary's. But as I realize

the loss of one who has always been an important factor in my life and thought, I can understand that death may not be unwelcome to those who have been deprived of all their friends one by one.

This pleasant hearth is an empty place without her opposite me in her little chair. How often we have sat thus, she knitting as she chatted with me, or listening happily as I read aloud. The only sound tonight is the clock ticking on the mantel, and the occasional whimpering of the low fire. Everyone has departed, and I am left to my thoughts and memories.

Every object in the room brings back countless recollections of long boyhood visits. My aunt and uncle had extended the old-fashioned variety of hospitality and I had accepted it on all possible occasions. What a home of industry, peace, and generosity was this! Such are seldom seen today. We may have more varied and exciting interests but they cannot furnish the joy and pride that my aunt's flowers, her few books, her family and her handiwork did to her. Happiness exists only in contentment, and contentment was the ornament of this house.

Slowly I turn the leaves of an old-fashioned photograph album. On one of the first pages is the picture of a little girl six or eight years of age. Her sleek dark hair is drawn back smoothly to fall in a straight cascade behind her ears. The childish face is characterized by the fine directness of her eyes. She is wearing a low-cut dress of fine plaid. My eyes are arrested by her hands. Sturdy, practical little hands. In fancy I could picture them active in the make-believe work of childhood. They would be awkward at first, make blunders perhaps, but they would learn a fine skill. Always they would be doing.

A few pages beyond, I find a later picture. Today she would be a girl,—to her day, she was a young woman. Serenity and sweetness have found a place on her countenance. Her gown is not elaborate, but modestly feminine.

This time I look particularly for her hands. Only one is in sight, resting on the

back of the chair by which she is standing. I feel an indulgent smile on my lips as I note the pardonable display of the wedding ring on her finger. From her gentle dignity it is easy to picture the pride and trust with which she had extended this hand to receive the token. It was a capable hand, firm and straight. The random activity of childhood was past. It was mature—ready to accept the duties of home and family; to give unstintingly and still give more; to administer to feverish wants in the still

darkness of night; to make sacred the homely tasks of common day; to know earth and flowers, the heat of noon and the cool of dew when the many tasks are ended.

I thought of the coolness of the room with the flowers, the gray-silver light on the polished floor, the sweet-scented shade. All this was right, but Paradise for such as she could not be typified by these things. I find myself hoping that in that perfect Heaven there will be found work for her good hands to do.

Vivian Russell.

## REMINISCENCE.

Just a few lines in a newspaper—cold black words, saying that Miss Justine Coral died this morning at Mountview Hospital. I can't understand how it happened to catch my eye, Heaven knows I seldom look at Boston deaths here in my Maine corner—the name attracted my attention I guess.

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I shall never forget the first time I ever saw her. I was a college freshman and she a senior. The two thoughts that came simultaneously were "Simple and sweet" and "John Held!" I was only a freshman and did not realize that the two were antipodal. However I soon learned. Just as soon as I was safely bound with the sorority pledge bonds I was given the lowdown. "Just," as she was called was a bit fast but a darn good kid. There was something about her that fascinated me. Anyhow I chose her for my sorority mother.

She was unusually tall, and once remarked that her idea of hell was a dance where all the men were short. Her hair was naturally blond, and curly enough. Her eyes were deep blue when she wore blue, grey blue when she wore black, and blue green when she wore green. Her eyebrows and lashes were dark brown and her nose almost perfect. Her mouth was, perhaps, a bit too small and always too red. I can see her now, one eyebrow raised and her mouth a bit twisted, listening to someone she didn't like. Her clothes were always striking, she never wore anything usual.

Dresses were short then and she wore them shorter; she was one of the few who could. She was thin to the point of emaciation—as I have said a typical John Held, Jr., drawing.

Well, soon after, the secret leaked out (as such secrets always do to us pledges) that Just's pin had been taken away from her. We didn't hear why. That night she asked me to come to her room. I went up about nine and she said, "'Lo fresh, I just wanted to tell you before someone else did, you'd better get another sorority mother." I asked why and she said "Well, partly because I got drunk, but mostly because the dean saw me." As calmly as that, in a college where smoking and drinking, among the fairer are simply not. Glancing down at the table because I didn't know what to say, I saw the Bible open. My face was not as capable of hiding my thoughts then as it is now. Justine saw me, and laughed—it was the only time I ever saw her appear embarrassed.

"I read it every night," she said, "Do you suppose there are three people here, who would believe it?"

I didn't know what to say. I was rather shocked about the drinking, but I didn't want her to know. I tried to be matter of fact.

"How did the Dean know it?" I asked.

"Simple," she laughed—"I took straight alky and passed out. The gang got scared and called the doctor. He told **her**."



"Oh."

"She came up after I got in—he called her up right after he got me fixed. I was sitting here in what she termed as a condition of inebriation—I wasn't, **then**—reading the Bible."

I can't remember what we said after that. But I couldn't keep the "Bible" part out of my mind. I was thoroughly convinced that she was pretty bad, but I did believe her about the Bible. Why did she read it? Anyhow the next afternoon she came over to my room, and asked if I would like to go eat with my ex-sorority mother who probably wouldn't be here long. I went, and we got a booth in the restaurant.

We no sooner began eating than Justine began talking. She said I was only one she had ever told her "true story" to, and that she didn't know why she was telling me.

When Justine was eleven they moved from the country to the city. Her father, who had not been well for some time had nothing to do. In the following year he learned that he would never be well—consumption and cerebral meningitis. He had always been very religious and now he was more so than ever, and more uneasy. He read his Bible continually, and because it seemed to sooth him Justine often read it to him. He was sick in bed for a year and she read the Bible to him every day. In May he was able to go out and a few weeks afterwards Mrs. Coral found a bottle of poison in his room. She emptied it, filled it with tea, and put it back. A few days later she saw

it was empty. They watched him continually now—Mrs. Coral had told Justine.

One morning the last of June about five o'clock they heard a shot. Mr. Coral had taken his revolver, gone out to the garage, sat down in the car, and shot himself. His Bible was beside him. They never knew where he got the cartridge, he must have had it hidden for months. Justine found him first. She was ill for two months, then in August she went out for the first time. As she stood in the yard the not overbright boy from the next house came up to the gate and said, "Ya-a, your crazy old father shot himself!"

Her four years of high school were four years of agony. Everyone pitied her and showed it. She never went anywhere when she could help it. She lived across the road from the school and went home every noon and recess rather than face the girls and boys. It seemed an eternity but it finally ended and an opportunity offered to get away where nobody knew either her or her father—college.

That's all—she came. No one knew her, no one pitied her. But the change was too sudden. The only thing she wanted was to be normal, but normality came too quickly. The only thing she kept from her bitter experience was her Bible reading. I can't quite see why she kept that.

Well, they kicked her out, as she said they would. She said she wasn't going home. I wonder where she went and what she did. Queer—that I should notice her death.

G. L. S.

## GLANCING BACK.

Idly turning the leaves of an anthology of world poetry I chanced one day to read a translation from old Chinese dating back to the fifth century B. C. Truthfully I expected to be bored, for I am particularly fond of modern poetry and often disgusted with the verbiaged variety of our predecessors. Instead of being ennuied, I was deeply interested and found to my amazement that those ancient Chinese often out-moderned the moderns. It would

be interesting, I thought, to make a comparison between the works of these old writers and those of our contemporaries.

The friend who said he learned about women from advanced composition class would doubtless find a fraternal spirit in the disillusioned Chinese of centuries ago who remarked:

"A woman with a long tongue  
Is a flight of steps leading to calamity;  
For disorder does not come from heaven,

But is brought about by women."

There is infinite wisdom and homely understanding in Tso Ssu's lines.

Though one drinks at a river, one cannot  
drink more than a bellyful;

Enough is good, but there is no use in satiety,

The bird in a forest can perch on but one  
bough,

And this should be the wise man's pattern."

Men have been struggling for centuries to say that, yet it was perfectly said sixteen hundred years ago. There is that terseness of expression and clarity of phrase that the modern seeks in his poetical engravings. And were not Chan Fangsheng, the fourth century Chinese, and William Alexander Percy, the modern poet, moved by the same feeling and actuated by the same impulse when the one wrote:

"Trees that for twenty thousand years your  
vows have kept

You have suddenly healed the pain of a  
travelers heart,

And moved his brush to write a new song."

And the other,

"I heard a bird at break of day

Sing from the autumn trees

A song so mystical and calm,

So full of certainties,

No man I think could listen long

Except upon his knees."

And now I am going to ask you whether the following is old or new:

"Since I am convinced

That reality is in no way real,

How am I to admit

That dreams are dreams?"

I could go on giving one illustration after another. For a people who are expected to be flowery in their language the ancient Chinese have in their poetry, at least, succeeded in finding always the telling phrase, the shortest number of words. Victorian poetry (whose beauty I in no wise question) would take stanzas to express what the old Asiatic said in "Enough is good, there is no use in satiety." More and more modern poetry has been seeking to convey its beauty in the least possible space, to make

it strongly concentrated. Sara Teasdale come to mind as one who has succeeded especially well, notably in her exquisite love songs. I will quote only the last stanza of "Night Song at Amalfi:"

"Oh, I could give him weeping,

Or I could give him song—

But how can I give silence

My whole life long?"

But after all, have Sara Teasdale and Amy Lowell done anything really new? Isn't it rather a reversion to the very old? Some one remarked not long ago that modern poetry was not fit to be on the shelves of a library. Of course in this new movement as in any other there is the cross as well as the fire, but should the thing in its entirety be judged by the former alone? These old Chinese Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabian works have withstood the acid test of not years alone but of centuries and surely their modern brothers must have something commendable in order to be compared.

An Arabian of the thirteenth century said of death—

"Once he will miss, twice he will miss,

He only chooses one of many hours

For him nor deep nor hill there is,

But all's one level plain he hunts for  
flowers."

And Maxwell Bodenheim of the twentieth century described—

"How he has tiptoed after me down the  
road,

His heart made a dark whirlpool with long-  
ing for me.

There he will graze me with his hand."

And couldn't the following be attributed to Teasdale as well as to some long dead Arabian singer?

"Love was before the light began,

When light is over love shall be;"

After all, the poetic soul is the same throughout the centuries. It's not the thought but the form that changes. Who knows perhaps some long dead Chinese has been reincarnated into the soul of Teasdale or Millay.

E. Rogers.

## MIDNIGHT AND GREY MORNING.

Yes, I suppose you could call it a moon—but it was that kind of moon that peeks out every half-hour or so, to see if you're still looking for it. The whole night was like that. Sly, you know, almost tricky. It hung round, sort of waiting for a good chance to get a keen shaft of wind under your coat, and surprising you with sudden gusts of rain. All in all, you couldn't call it anything but a nasty night.

That's what Kirby said—only he said it in language that wasn't quite so polite. He was walking along the street (he had stood on the street corner fully two hours) and nobody could blame him for saying it was devilish bad weather. But then, weather didn't make much difference to him—he'd seen all kinds, he mused, as he strolled along, his coat-collar turned up and his hat (a sort of plastic hat, you might call it, once it had been nobby, but rain and carelessness—well, gray and a bit flapping as to brim) this hat, I say, pulled down way down over his eyes. In fact, it almost hid his fine gray eyes and drooped on his straight gray nose. Kirby Lancaster, there's no doubt about it, was a might-have-been, or even, possibly, a might be. The queer half-pallor of his face blended with the indistinguishable tone of him.

Bad weather, reflected Kirby, was what he might have expected, but even at that, Joan shouldn't be so late. Why she, the girl he had loved all through, kindergarten to college and beyond, should still care about a derelict like him—a desirable girl—what wouldn't he do for her! So sweet, so

damned unselfish, trying to make a better man of him—. She was late—were those old Furies keeping her from meeting him? If it hadn't been for the aunts (bless em!) she would have been married to him years ago—a square-shooter, was Joan.

Why had she promised to meet him to-night, anyway? He hadn't seen her for a month, and now this note, telling him where to find her.

Well, he'd go back and see if she was at the corner where she said she'd be. The weather must have kept her home, though, because Kirby waited a couple of hours longer on the street-corner, and no Joan. About midnight another rainy spell drove him home—quite a home; the pallet of straw—garret stuff, you know—but a shelter, anyway. He carefully removed the hat, trying to reshape it—pretty nearly impossible, for a hat like that—and lay down to sleep.

Morning brought a dull, pouring rain and a devilish headache. But Kirby was one of those never-say-die boys, and just as he was taking up his hat to start beating the pavement again, his semi-cheerful whistle was rewarded. A knock at the door—"A message for you, sir"—Joan of course. He opened it—"Darling, I came last night to run away with you—you weren't there—I can't do it now, but I'll never marry, and—I'll always love you, dear. Your Joan."

The plastic hat twisted—its carefully shaped brim tore beyond all hope of repair—then it dropped, forgotten, on the dusty floor.

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## MOON.

It was a beautiful night—a night for little white lies, a night when fairies might be hiding behind shadowy shrubbery, a night blessed with a moon that made you feel little, and useless—and almost holy. The characters aren't important—let us call them He and She.

She looked at the moon, and sighed.

"Sometimes, I think I'm different from

other people," she said, "I want to do so many things that I can't."

"Well, don't all of us?" He looked at the moon, too.

"Yes, I know—but I feel so small. I never do anything that really matters. I could do things, I know I could."

He was thoughtful, he answered slowly. "You **are** different so am I; neither of us

know just what we want. I hate this hustle here, hustle there, no time for doing the things you want to!"

She smiled at him, a sad smile; he was so understanding.

"We all do the same thing, go to the same places, wear the same kind of clothes, sing the same songs—no one ever does anything different."

"No," He answered, "Sometimes I think life isn't so much, after all. Just a few years, then we'll be forgotten."

"I know—such a short time. Sometimes I think I'm not a person at all. I'm just a machine that gets wound up while I sleep and runs until the next night."

He lighted a cigarette, and puffed before

he answered.

"That's all we are—machines, and if we stopped running, everything would go on just the same."

"Yes," She sighed, "Oh—I'd like to do things; so would you. But neither of us will. You know, I think the reason why we like each other is because we think so much alike. We—eh—I don't know. I guess we're different."

They both looked at the moon. The moon looked back and smiled—a rather cynical smile. For the moon was looking down on eight million couples who were all looking up at him—and thinking how "different" they were.

G. L. S.

## PERCY MACKAYE.

Percy MacKaye came to the theatre as a poet, and I suppose that it was for this reason that he was first attracted to purely literary subjects, such as **Sappho and Phaon**, **Canterbury Pilgrims**, and **Jeanne d' Arc**. Later he turned to prose, in form, but not in mind. His point of view, his handling of situations and characters were still of the poetic sort. He had broad social visions; his "ear and heart have always caught the broader social strain of human speech than mere realistic meaning. He catches murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." His work has been influenced by a desire to be of service. Moses has said, in his book on **American Dramatists**: "To his task, he has brought unflagging endeavor, high imagination, oftentimes beauty of lyric expression, a sedate irony, and an appreciation of deeper meanings and motives than mere surfaces might suggest."

Perhaps the **Scarecrow** might be classed as MacKaye's most significant contribution to the stage. This play is a poetic conception of fantasy, with Hawthorne's **Feathertop** as a background. He adds several persons to his play, who are not found in **Feathertop**. For instance, Dickson is made a real person, who plays the very vital role as Lord Ravensbane's tutor. Lord Ravensbane himself represents the most significant change of character. He be-

comes a more heroic, and, at the same time, a more tragic character; and, as MacKaye states in his preface, he has substituted the element of human sympathy for that of Hawthorne's irony.

There is a certain amount of realism, even in the **Scarecrow**. There is an attempt of the representation of the conditions of the Colonial Period. The feeling, mood, and spirit of the times is quite fully expressed in this "tragedy of the ludicrous." What makes the **Scarecrow** rise above the usual play of its period, however, is the employment of the fantastic as is seen in the conception of Lord Ravensbane, who woos Rachel Merton. When he finally sees himself in the mirror of truth, as he really is, his soul of a man is born within him and all his hopes are in desperation. In the end, he flings his pipe aside so as to rid the woman whom he loves of his presence. Rachel said of him that he died a man. MacKaye himself says of him, "Modern dismay begins in the thought that here is not the abnormality of an individual, but the ludicrousness of the soul in its own nature."

MacKaye constantly desires to conquer new fields. **This Fine Pretty World** was a result of his keen interest in the Kentucky mountains which he calls "Untamed America." This play might have succeeded better if MacKaye had not been so very faith-

ful to his work, for the dialectical lilt of the mountaineer is a bit straining to the unaccustomed ear. He holds to the opinion that the pioneer has as much to offer us as we have to offer him. We give him a new civilization; he gives us an ancient one. Beem Spratling, whom the neighbors call a lie-swearer, is best described by his own words, "I follies the oninvisible and the onbeheard-of." His chief characteristic is dreaming, combined with imagination, for which quality he has visited the jail seventeen times. When the eighteenth trial is over and he is defeated, he prefers to go to jail where he has plenty of leisure time for dreaming rather than to escape and face the responsibilities of life.

**A Thousand Years Ago** is a delightful oriental romantic fantasy. This, too, was a result of the urge to experiment in another field of drama. The old theory of the prince in disguise who guesses the three riddles and wins the princess for his wife is but the framework of this play. The suit of the Prince of Astrakhan, involved and threaded in and about the framework by Caponcomico and his motley band of vagabond players from Italy, is the real theme of interest. Caponcomico has expressed the idea of the comedy very well in these words to PUNCHINELLO:

"Here is China the world lies a-dream, like a thousand years ago, and the place of our dreams is eternal."

**Sappho and Phaon** is written with a prologue dealing with a modern excavation at Herculaneum, and an induction which shows Horace and Virgil as witnesses of the play. Though this seems entirely foreign to the tragedy proper, it is very interesting to read. On the stage, however, I am rather inclined to believe that it would not "take" so well. It seems to me that the tragedy would be sufficient in itself and perhaps more popular. The tragedy tells of the conflict between Sappho and Thalassa for the love of Phaon, and the whole play builds up to the climax—Sappho's ruin. In many ways, especially in its conception, does this live up to the Greek spirit. It is the love for a slave which ends in disaster

for Phaon and self-destruction for Sappho. All faith has been lost in Sappho's golden bracelet; Phaon slays his son, mistaken for his enemy; Thalassa brings her baby, dead, to the altar; all this—and no explanation! Not even for the great dense cloud of fog sweeping over the whole place! nothing but the anger of the gods. This may be inconceivable to some people and a little remote, but it simplifies the action of the play.

In **Gettysburg**, a very dramatic figure is seen. An old soldier with palsied legs walks again at the sound of martial music on Memorial Day. It struck me as odd, however, to have the old soldier speak in blank verse.

**Sam Average** has a much larger theme; one cut down much less easily, but much less adapted to the stage, it seems to me. MacKaye's conception in this play, it is very evident, was much better than the execution, the conception is really too large and abstract to be encompassed in a one-act play. In a scene during the war of 1812, where two soldiers were preparing to desert, in comes Sam Average, a muffled figure, representing the average American, who gives his best unflinchingly to his country without outward show or expression, but mere indomitable persistence.

MacKaye's field seems to be not the production of one-act plays, but of longer plays. It seems to be hard either for him to compress his work sufficiently or to choose a subject which is limited enough to be easily compressed. MacKaye has always looked upon the theatre as a large creation, the synthesis of all arts; drama must fit into its ideals. He has himself stated that "to all of his activities, which have involved plays, poems, communal dramas, operas, essays, lectures, traveling, organizing, directing, etc., varied though they have been, my own approach has been primarily that of a poet (in its ancient sense of maker or builder), seeking manifold yet exact forms of technique for the expression of the poet's individual vision in its relation to human society."

Myrtle Paine.

## THE NIGHT.

The stars were yellow roses strewn across the madonna blue of the sky. It was a night for adventure, for lovers and for love. But what good was all that to me, sitting in a hot room mending stockings? The travelling had been worse than usual that day, for all Italy well, at least half of Italy was packed into our train, making the air redolent of wine, of garlic, and of hot bodies. In fact the whole trip from beginning to end had been one of the instances of travel that you hope you will sometime forget but don't expect to. That terrible man—it gave me gooseflesh every time I thought of him chasing me down the platform! I have always prided myself on having a sense of humor, but even now I couldn't find anything to laugh over when I thought of the feel of his thick fingers on my bare arm. He accused me of not paying my bill, and when I insisted that I had, he grew angry—his face was blotched—the veins on his forehead stood out like cords.—Well, there was no need of getting worked up over some choleric Italian two hundred miles away.

I stuck the needle into my finger and the sight of the globule of blood that oozed out made me so angry I threw down my mending and began to get ready for bed. "Really," I chided myself, "there was no occasion for becoming so worked up that I lost my temper." The heat was making me jumpy—a good night's sleep would do me good.

Long after I had put out the light and squirmed under the canopy of mosquito netting, I lay awake listening to the cracking of whips and all the other sounds that were Florence at night. As the city gradually grew quieter and a cool wind sprung up from the hills, I dropped off to sleep, my mind a whirl of all the things I was going to do in the morning.

I must have slept very soundly, for I did not awake until the cold point touched my throat. Why I did not scream I never could make out. I lay there quietly looking into his eyes—I even noticed that they were brown and except for the reddened rims not bad-looking. It must have been my quietness that deterred him! I am sure

that had I made the tiniest movement, I would not be telling this now.

At any rate he stuck the dagger back into its sheath and drew a handkerchief from his pocket making a clumsy gag with it. I wished it might have been a little cleaner, but decided there was no use in being finicky about trifles. When I saw that he was evidently planning to pick me up bodily out of bed, I regretted that I had put on that commonplace pair of black and white check pajamas, for certainly the occasion called for something much more romantic.

Intuition told me that I would come out of this affair decidedly better if I could manage to stifle that ever-increasing desire to cry out, thrash around or make a nuisance of myself generally. The man had some difficulty in getting through the window with me in his arms, but he managed it somehow and the next thing I knew we were making our way cautiously down a ladder that was placed in an uncomfortably vertical position against the side of the building. As soon as we neared the ground, another pair of arms reached up and took me, someone threw a cloak over my face, and the next thing I realized a whip cracked over my head, and I could hear the scrunch of wheels over the stones. I was really uncomfortable now, for the night was still hot and I was suffocating under the coat.

On a guess I would say that we rode thus for some fifteen or twenty minutes, at which time our pace slowed considerably. All my resolutions about keeping calm nearly went by the board, for I began to be thoroughly frightened at all the horrible things my imagination was conjuring up. Would there be any chance of the girls missing me in time to send help? There was little hope in that thought because, muffled though I was, I knew that it was still dark, and so unless something unforeseen happened, it would be hours yet before I could reasonably expect them even to wake up—to say nothing of missing me.

Just at this point in my thought, the carriage came to an abrupt and jolting stop. The person by my side jumped out and I

was handed over to him. He picked me up as easily as though I were a child and began half running and half walking, growing careless as he went on, for the jolting movement caused a corner of the cloak to slip aside in such a way that I was enabled to see out a bit. We were in a formal garden, skirting along past a row of dusky cypresses, between which I had a glimpse of a low stucco villa. Certainly this could not belong to that greasy abductor; and yet it was certain that it was he who was carrying me away—who else?

The man stopped to sit down on a stone bench and then the unexpected happened, for instead of beating me, killing me, or in some other way venting his rage, he held me strained against him and murmured "Maria, Maria," followed by a flood of Italian that most decidedly was not angry. Even if I am an unattached lady of uncertain years, I was not so utterly dumb that I did not recognize what that tone of voice meant. I have not gone to the movies every week for three years to no avail. With a more impassioned "Maria" than before, the gentleman drew the covering away from my face, bending down as he did so to kiss me. I have always wished that he had got around to do that about a half hour before

when it was still dark. He looked at me as though I were the ghost of his ancestor, and then he sat me down somewhat firmly but very politely on the bench beside him. Well, I have seen folks embarrassed before, but I have never seen anyone suffer as acutely as that handsome young man did. He first apologized in Italian, then in Spanish, then in German both high and low, and seeing that I still did not know what he was talking about, he tried Norwegian, Dutch, and finally English. From the last I was able to gather that he had made a terrible and unforgivable mistake.

What happened is too long a story to tell here. I told him not to get so excited, but to hustle along and get me back to the hotel before it was bright daylight. I most assuredly did not want to be seen walking in in the middle of the morning in those black and white checked pajamas, and my hair done up on curl papers, for I was afraid if that should happen the parents of the select group of girls that I was chaperoning might question my fitness for the position.

As we rode back the stars were pale yellow roses strewn across the soft blue of the sky. It had been a night for adventure, for lovers, and for love.

E. Rogers.

## THOSE WHO HAVE LOST—

The air was grey in room 17. It smelled of old flesh and old books. Miss Wetherell was putting on her olive green dress. She noticed that the wart on her neck looked blue in the morning light. It peered out above the lace vestee like a baleful eye.

It was seven-twenty. At seven-twenty-four her shoes would be laced and tied. At seven-twenty-nine she would be putting the last pin into her thin white hair, which at this hour of the morning always looked a little yellow, as though it had begun to rust over night. Thirty seconds after the last pin was in she would leave room 17 and start down the red-carpeted hall. The second breakfast bell rang at seven-thirty.

Exactly on the second Miss Wetherell went out of room 17 and closed the door

behind her. Cat's Alley was deserted at this hour of the morning. Cat's Alley? She had often wondered if she, in room 17 at the end of the hall, was the cat. It was evident that there was activity behind the closed doors along both sides for she heard voices.

"Phoebe, have you seen my black shoes?"

"Who borrowed my blue sweater?"

"Will you please pass me the nail file?"

Miss Wetherell strode on, the panels of the olive green skirt billowing behind her. A waitress, knocker in hand, stood before the great Chinese dinner gong in the lower hall. Miss Wetherell nodded curtly to her and went on down another long hall into the sun-flooded dining room. As she took her place at the head of one of the long

tables the gong boomed forth. At the same time the dean, looking like a plump little pigeon, in a dress of some soft grey material, came into the room.

"Good-morning, my dear. I hope you rested well."

"Very well, thank you," Miss Wetherell answered.

At that moment the horde came, tumbling down the stairs like water over a dam. Some were pinning up their hair, others were re-adjusting their dresses, straightening their stockings. As eleven of them separated themselves from the rest and gathered around Miss Wetherell's table she nodded to them.

"Good-morning, Miss Wetherell," the word went around.

Their voices sounded sleepy, as they sang grace. "That we may feast with thee in Paradise." Miss Wetherell wondered just how much more than a warm bed Paradise meant to most of them just then. She ladled out oatmeal and cornflakes, three spoonfuls to the dish. She instructed the girl at the foot of the table to put a quarter of a cup of milk, no more and no less into her cup of coffee.

"Barbara, what word of four letters means the same as fish?" she suddenly asked the girl on her left.

"Why—I—I'm afraid I don't know."

"Of course you don't. No one would know who was trying as hard as you are to go to sleep."

She left them alone after that and when she had finished her coffee she excused herself and went upstairs. The eleven stood until she had gone.

Miss Wetherell went back to room 17. She made and closed up the folding bed, then set herself to quartering a pile of paper napkins. She never used handkerchiefs—a mere waste of money she always asserted.

At eight-thirty she opened the door into her classroom. Someone must have been there the evening before, because the long grey benches before the desk were slightly out of line. She put the paper napkins on a corner of the desk, straightened the benches and opened one of the windows ever so

little. Outside a forsythia bush gleamed like sun-lit honey. From the chapel came the sound of voices singing, "Let heaven and nature sing."

Miss Wetherell hummed softly to herself as she went to look at the assignment book.

"Hum, oh yes, Milne's essay 'A Word for Autumn.' Quite appropriate too, for a spring morning when spirits are apt to soar too high for efficiency. Ta-da-da-da."

There was the bell. Miss Wetherell took her place at the desk, her attendance book open before her, pencil poised above it. Four girls came in. Girls never came to Miss Wetherell's class singly.

"Miss Baumgart?" "Present."

"Miss Plummer?" "Present."

"Miss Curtis?" "Present."

"Miss Pryor? Does anyone know where Miss Pryor is?"

No one did.

"Miss Foss?" "Present."

The attendance book was closed. The door opened slowly and another girl came in.

"Miss Pryor, you are late. You will give me your excuse after class. Today we are to discuss the essay 'A Word for Autumn.' Please open your books to page 173. Miss Foss, what is the theme of the essay?"

"Autumn is the theme of the essay."

"Half a loaf is better than none. Can you give us the rest of it, Miss Pryor? What would you give as the theme?"

"I think celery is the theme."

"Miss Pryor, that is not a thought. That is a random surmise. Would you like to guess, Miss Baumgart?"

"It seems that celery as a sign of autumn is the theme."

"Good, Miss Baumgart, so it seems to anyone who stops to think. In these essays it is important to understand the mechanical features, but it is important also to apply the thoughts found therein to life. Miss Plummer, what do you think of this statement, 'I see quite clearly that all good things must come to an end.' Do you agree?"

Miss Plummer, perched like a bird on the edge of the old grey settee, smiled. She had a mouth that seemed made for laughter



and kisses.

"Yes, I do. Nothing can last very long, but it really doesn't matter if one good time does end, as long as there is another just ahead."

"But if there shouldn't be?"

"Oh, but there always will be. That's what life is for."

Miss Wetherell looked at the eager young face. It was useless to try and prepare them. Why did she go on trying? The loneliness when it came would find them unprepared, unprotected.

"I'd like to ask you that same question twenty-five years from now, Miss Plummer. By that time, I warrant, you will even be reconciled to the stupidity of George Augustus."

George Augustus, to Miss Wetherell, stood for the male half of humanity. It was one of her little jokes. She went back to the mechanics of the essay. They might learn those.

At the first whir of the bell they were out of the room. Miss Wetherell straightened the benches, closed the window and went back to room 17. For forty minutes she mended stockings. As soon as she had finished one pair she rolled it up and put it in the bureau draw. Now and again she glanced at a shelf near the bed. Once she got up to quiet the noise outside. She found Miss Plummer clogging before her enthusiastic roommates.

"This disturbance must be stopped at once. Miss Plummer you will go to your room and remain there until lunch. If I hear any more noise I shall be obliged to report you to the dean."

The door of room 17 closed quietly, but firmly. When the mending was done Miss Wetherell put away the darning floss and needle, gathered up her books and went back to the classroom.

This time there were seven girls in the class. They filed in solemnly.

"Today there is to be an examination, as you know. I want to remind you of a few important details. Keep a margin of an inch and a half to the left of the paper. Fill out each line at the right. Put your name and the date in the upper right hand

corner. Number each question. Put the number to the left of the margin line—to the right of the margin line put a period and a quarter inch dash after each number. Now we are ready to begin. Miss Dixmont, I shall have to ask you to stop chewing the end of your pencil."

She wrote the question painstakingly on the board and then went back to her desk. She busied herself making out her next day's assignments. When the bell rang she gathered up the papers, put a rubber band around them, and put them in the drawer. As soon as the class had gone she took them out and corrected them. This occupied her until lunch time. She wondered how it was possible for seven girls to make so many mistakes. The lines between her eyebrows deepened as she worked. The thoughts of that shelf in room 17 flashed into her mind.

Lunch was much the same as breakfast. After one or two attempts at conversation she let the girls discuss their plans for the week-end. It seemed that several of them were going to the Yale prom and clothes was the topic. She sat stiffly at the head of the table, giving brief orders to the waitress and chewing her food methodically.

A little after lunch the dean came to her, wringing her helpless little hands.

"Won't you please go and talk to Virginia Lymburner. We are sending her home for smoking and the child is hysterical. I thought that if—"

"I will see what I can do." Miss Wetherell did not stop to talk to the dean, but started off on her mission.

She knocked on the door of room 37 and then went in without waiting for an answer. Virginia was sitting on the edge of the bed. An empty trunk stood in the middle of the floor.

"I'm sorry to hear what has happened Virginia, but the harm is done and as it is nearly train time, you had best be packing."

"I'm not going to pack. I won't go home. I will kill myself first."

Miss Wetherell walked over to the window and threw it up. She peered down into the paved courtyard below.

"Very well, if you have made up your mind. I'll give you just five minutes to

jump out of this window. If you are still here at the end of that time I will throw you out."

Virginia looked at her, eyes wide with astonishment. Slowly her look changed to one of fear.

"No, don't, I didn't mean it. I don't want—" She threw herself face down on the bed and sobbed.

"There, there, child, don't cry. Come and gather up your things. One mistake isn't the end of the world and just now home is the best place for you."

She put out an awkward hand and patted the girl's shoulder. The sobs lessened and finally stopped. Virginia got up and began to pack.

"I'll tell the dean that you will be ready to leave on the 3.18 train," Miss Wetherell said and went away.

Every afternoon at four Miss Wetherell took tea with the dean. Just as the pink and white china clock on the mantle piece in the dean's parlor struck four, she knocked at the door. The dean, in a blue and gold mandarin coat that her grandfather had brought her years before from China, was by the tea table. She had curled the grey-brown locks about her face and put a dab of rouge on each cheek. She tipped her head back to see through her glasses which had slipped down on her nose and at the same time she smiled at Miss Wetherell.

"You poor dear, you look tired. Come in and sit down. Two lumps of sugar and a thick slice of lemon. Here you are, my dear."

Miss Wetherell took a straight back chair and waited for the tea to cool. She never sipped tea. The dean continued,

"What a beautiful day this has been, my dear. The forsythia—I never saw it so lovely."

"Lovely, yes, but a week from today it will be as bedraggled as a hen that has been caught out in the rain."

"Now, Mary dear, don't be pessimistic. There are so many splendid things in life."

"That isn't pessimism. That is merely facing facts. Isn't it strange how loathe most people are to do that? We were discussing Milne's essay today and I called the

attention of the class to his statement, 'That all good things must come to an end.' They pretend to know it, poor children, but they haven't lived long enough yet to realize it. Sometimes I think you are a little like a child yourself in that respect, Elsie."

"Then, my dear, I hope I never grow up."

"Curious, isn't it, that only good things end so quickly. It almost seems that God must be getting a little forgetful when he lets bitter things drag themselves out so interminably."

"Mary, there is something wrong with you. I knew when you came in that you weren't feeling well. Let me get my smelling salts."

"Please don't. That was only an expression of my warped outlook on life. You should be accustomed to it by now." Miss Wetherell laughed. "I think that if you will excuse me I will go and lie down for a few minutes before dinner."

Miss Potter fluttered around her like a frightened hen, but she hurried away. Miss Wetherell hated fluttering. Back in room 17, she did not lie down, but finished correcting some papers. When they were done she sorted them in neat piles on the table. She marched down to dinner like an old general, the panels of the olive-green skirt billowing behind her.

She served soup with a steady hand and confounded the eleven girls with questions on topics of the day. She found a strange pleasure in watching them trying to avoid her glances.

When dinner was over she hurried back to her room. It was a kind of hurry that hinted at anticipation. Once the door was closed she took down a well worn book and settled herself in a rocking chair. The book was "Pickwick Papers." It seemed to amuse her, because the lines between her eyebrows disappeared and she chuckled to herself several times.

At ten o'clock she put the book away. One by one she took the pins from her thin white hair and buttoned a flannel nightgown up over the wart on her neck. She opened the window ever so little, took the bed down from the wall and crept into it.

It was dark and still in room 17.

The flesh and blood Miss Wetherell lay very quietly on the bed, but her past slipped from her and fell to the floor like a grey ball of yarn. The night wind, heavy with the breath of spring, crept into room 17 and played with the grey ball. Slowly it unwound. Grey strands, miles of them, lay all about the room—they were heaped around the bed like sullen clouds. The ball was getting smaller. There near the center the grey blended into black, which in turn became a strand of crimson shot with gold. It burned like a flame in the sea of grey.

Room 17 had become the bank of a river on a night in May. Forsythia was in bloom and the earth smelled of fresh, green, living things. Mary and Jack were talking.

"I think we will have a desert island for vacations—a very special island with a white beach and palm trees and a spring of

cool, clear water."

"Yes, and I'll have shelves and shelves of abalone and mother-of-pearl plates. We might have rainbow fish for lunch."

"Yes, and striped fish for breakfast and spotted ones for dinner. If you are very good I will help you wash the pearl plates."

"Of course the islands will be only for vacations."

"Of course, most of the time we will work."

"Together," she said softly.

"Always—together."

The night wind was stirring the sea of grey. When at last Miss Wetherell's breathing had become regular and deep, it rewound the ball of grey over its heart of crimson and gold, and laid it by her side that it might be ready for her to take up again when next the dim morning light crept into room 17.

## ON FAIRY TALES.

Fairy tales may be delightful things and serve a good purpose. Lately I have come to believe that they may be also insidiously harmful. We do not realize it, but the good old fairy tale plays an important part in shaping the philosophy of the lives of most of us. It does it unobtrusively, because we do not choose our philosophy consciously, if it is a true philosophy and not an affected attitude. Therefore we do not analyze it and discover its real harm.

After all, life is seldom like fairy tales. It seems to me they must have been a means of escape by which the over-imaginative authors transported themselves from their own unpleasing environment into a world of pure fancy, where all their dreams and thwarted ambitions could at least come true. And they did it so completely and so convincingly that we have been tricked into hopeless idealism.

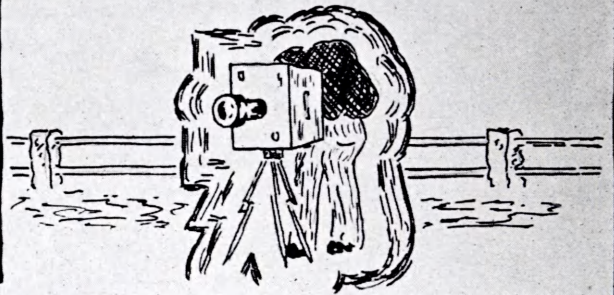
Idealism. It is a beautiful and a necessary thing, but in order to approximate our ideals we must live in this very real world with our eyes open. No fairy godmother is going to open the way for us, or erase

our blunders in the twinkling of an eye. No enchanted spell is going to put us into a sleep from which we will awake to find all our dreams reality. All this is fallacy.

"But," you say, "often people realize fame and fortune over-night!"

Who does not live in that hope? It is disillusioning but true, to learn that those same lucky individuals have to work in one way or another to keep these gratuities of Fate. And "work" is a word that is not stressed in fairy tales. It is a sad moment, when at last we accept it as a vital and much more obvious factor in our lives than the services of good fairies and the unalloyed happy endings!

When we observe a romance in which the participants have actually "lived happily ever after," we may feel called upon to say that it restores our faith in human nature. We do not realize that such success may cost conscious effort, and our remark is unhappily untrue. Such an affair restores our faith in fairy tales, not in man. When someone "gets a break" we envy him much more wholeheartedly than we would have



labored to qualify for such an opportunity. The fairies weren't on hand to wish him well at his birth; or later, to lay the coveted gift at his feet. If they had any part in the affair, it was to give him tenacity and a vision all along the way.

If we attribute our successes to ourselves,

we must take the responsibility for our failures, too, and yet we may be at fault in evaluating the fairness of the fairy tale. For, after all, we find that the beautiful maidens spun industriously, and the gallant princes kept their armor always shining!

Vivian Russell.



(Cameo by Eleanor Rogers, received the Mary Lowe Carver prize for 1931)

**CAMEO.**

(As told by the lady in the Cameo.)

No 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 keen 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 fronded 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.

Two things I dearly love are these,—  
Moonlight through crooked, leafless trees,

Mysterious, eerie trees that sway  
In splendor all unseen by day;

Trees with a living spirit blest  
When all the world is lapped in rest;

The other is—if you must know—  
Your footprints coming through the snow.

But what above all breaks my heart  
Are those you make when we must part:

When all that's left for me to see  
Are footprints on the snowy lea,

And trees with empty arms that sway  
Long after you have gone away.

V. R.

#### PORTRAIT.

Every bough is edged with silver  
And sheathed with dancing shadowings—  
White clouds are tangled in its branches,  
And the top is friendly with the sky.  
The cool, swift winds of evening  
Pause to whisper singing secrets,  
And stay to loose its organ note  
Of praise to earth, and sky, and sunlight.  
It spreads its shining fans to waft  
The crimsoned gold across the West;  
And then to call the twilight  
In silvered purple shadows.  
And now it stands in wond'ring silence  
To feel the moonlight shimmering  
Down its green and fragrant robe.

#### INTERLUDE.

Alone I walk the paths we used to know—  
'Tis winter and the warmth of summer  
fled—  
A sighing wind foretells the chill of death,  
A solitary bird wings o'er my head;  
One swallow, left like me, to face the cold  
And barren wastes of winter, who, too  
late,

Essayed to follow when his tardy wings  
Delayed too long behind his south-bound  
mate.

Among the gaunt, bare, willow boughs, the  
sun

In farewell splendor pours his cup of  
gold

As if by such a gift to recompense

A world now wrapped in bitter, dreary  
cold.

The tiny stream—but yesterday it seems  
Alive with joyous singing mirth—now  
bound

And silent lies as in the thrall of death,

Forth from its frozen throat there comes  
no sound.

Now like a swooping eagle, dark has come  
In one swift moment, stars appear pale  
light

Of twilight—brief as love, yields up its life  
To the long darkness of a winter night.

#### FICKLE.

I had two lovers once—yes, long ago,  
When love was all of living.  
And I lay ill in spring.

One lover stayed with me and laid his lips  
Softly and tenderly to mine, his hands  
Gentle and cool upon my brow. Ah, he was  
kind!

And when I could not sleep, he carried me,  
Snug in his arms, to rest my back,  
And turned my pillow, murmuring his love.  
He never asked for anything; I gave him  
naught,

And yet I knew we could be happy.

The other knew my taste for verse—  
He wrote to me from far away.

I touched his letters though I could not  
read.

And how I wanted him, although I knew  
He would not be so kind, would crush me  
with his love.

Instead of giving, he would take from me—  
Strength from my soul, and succor from  
my hand,

And sweetness from my breast,

Weak though I was.  
 And since I was a woman, I disdained  
 The gentle service of the other lover  
 And went to him who needed me.

The first one scorns me now;  
 And though I call him back, he will not  
 come,

But mocks my sorrow and says bitterly,  
 "What! You suffer? Surely not!

You gave yourself, your strength, nor  
 needed me.

Fickle you are. I will not come.  
 You shall have naught of me  
 For many years, till you have paid my price.  
 And even then I shall not want you,  
 Shall take you only out of courtesy."  
 The second lover, whom I loved,  
 When he had taken all, desired no more.

So I was left alone, as many women are  
 Who have not learned the wisdom of self-  
 seeking.

God! Send me the first one back again!

And surely you have guessed  
 The second was a man—  
 The first—was Death.

(Lines written on a consideration of the  
 prospects of certain college people being  
 married a short time after graduation.)  
 This poverty's a funny thing:—  
 "My dear, now when we're able,  
 Much comfort to us it will bring  
 To buy a kitchen table  
 'Whereoff' to eat; so we can dine  
 In comfort now unknown  
 Upon the floor;—this thought of mine  
 I know will be your own!  
 Our common bowl will more enjoy  
 And our tin spoons so shining,  
 With lofty thought our minds employ  
 At that more formal dining.  
 But until then we'll have to eat  
 In this our lowly status:—  
 Our appetite is hard to beat  
 And that comes to us gratis."

#### I WAS THINKING

Heaven's azure-lidded roof

Is very high above.  
 But heaven's blue in muddy pool,  
 Why—even I may love.

#### A GLIMPSE.

I had a dream. "Ah yes," you say,  
 "Interesting things, dreams are, but of  
 course

Of no account in the grave task of living."  
 —But this dream—I still refuse to cease  
 My tale, though you are but indifferent  
 And mocking—this dream was not like that.  
 Odd that I can remember it so clearly.

I dreamed I was awake and saw  
 That life is really dreaming, and you all—  
 You looked like figures in a dusty tapestry,  
 So grave, so solemn, and so stiff.  
 You held your heads so high, unnaturally,  
 You walked so straight.  
 And your clothes—you were so hideously  
 adorned

And could not see  
 Your real adornment lay in graceful bodies.  
 Some of you were good—ah, good!—  
 I laughed within me at your purity  
 Who could not see that only death is pure.  
 And some of you sought beauty, or you said  
 you did,

In vague, prismatic, fluttering things—  
 "Gossamer webs," you called them,  
 "Elfin fantasies and primrose dreams."  
 You worshipped images and could not see  
 Truth on its pedestal, and that your webs  
 Of dreams delightful were but flimsy rags.  
 And some of you were merely vulgar  
 And prated of yourselves; or good or bad  
 You boasted. Such was your company.  
 You said you journeyed to the Holy Land,  
 But I could see you were asleep and dusty.  
 Myself I saw there too, stretching for a bit  
 Of apple-blossom, much decayed—I thought  
 It was the moon! And the real moon  
 Lay quietly upon a hill behind me.  
 Then I woke up, and told you  
 Because I thought you'd like to laugh with  
 me.

What silly things one dreams!

#### LOTUS LAND.

(To Rolland Tapley and his violin.)  
 Your moving bow wafts us down silent

streams

In a warm land of effortless delight,  
The limpid Lethe of our smiling dreams  
That lead to no fulfilment and no night.  
Your magic fingers hold the song of birds  
That sing as never under any skies  
Less mystic and less misted—futile words—  
A song that never living never dies,  
Under the boughs of drooping, fringed trees  
Bending to kiss the fragrance of sweet  
earth  
That yields to asking hearts all that they  
please  
And gives this luscious plenty without  
dearth,  
We sing in passing, praises of this land  
That's ours a moment underneath your  
hand.

#### DEFINITION.

A sonnet's rhythm is a pulsing beat  
Of such a heart as mine, that sad  
And weary, but undaunted in defeat,  
Can see disaster wisely and be glad.  
A sonnet's rhyme is but the smothered cry  
Of lovers' anguish and the irony  
Of all the ways of life as we go by  
And all the jests of grim eternity.  
A sonnet's form is but a futile jail  
That chains a spirit, and the dark  
That covers sorry souls whose bitter wail  
Still shows in them a tiny heavenly spark.  
A sonnet's couplet is the gallant soul  
That, vanquished, sees the glory of the  
whole.

I've found God in the garden  
When the night is cool.  
I've found His love abiding  
In tiny woodland pool.  
I've heard Him softly calling  
Throughout a summer breeze—  
But, oh, I've found Him oftenest  
In star-entangled trees.

A cat may look at a king, they say—  
And so I look at you  
I see you, speak to you each day  
I know each thing you do.  
I dream—dear silly dreams  
That I know can never be  
I wonder if it hurts the cat

As much as it hurts me.

#### INEXPERIENCED.

We played at cards one rainy night—  
I didn't know just how to play—  
The red cards seemed so gay and bright  
I threw my clubs and spades away.  
He wasn't very patient—  
Even from the start—  
He said I should have kept a spade  
And thrown away my heart;—  
But—oh—hearts are such pretty things  
I couldn't bear to part!

We played at love one rainy night—  
I didn't quite know how to play—  
But with soft music and dim light  
One doesn't need a lot to say.  
And he was very serious—  
Even from the start—  
He said he'd give me all his life  
If I'd give him my heart.  
But—oh—hearts are such precious things  
I couldn't bear to part!

#### GYPSY FIRES.

A Lullaby.

Gypsy fires are flaming high—  
Gypsy fires. Hush, my child;—  
Flashing up to meet the sky.  
Gypsy fires. Hush, my child.  
Firelight has made a room  
In the midst of forest gloom.  
Branches green, a ceiling fine,  
Cover you, small child of mine.  
Hush, my child, hush, hush!

Gypsy fires burning low,—  
Gypsy fires. Hush, my child;—  
Dancers moving to and fro.  
Gypsy fires. Hush, my child.  
Wild, mad music, slowly soften,  
Agile dancers swing less often!  
Quiet now the camp is growing,  
Quieter warm eyes are glowing.  
Hush, my child, hush, hush!

Gypsy fires now but embers—  
Gypsy fires. Hush, my child;—  
Bring back days my heart remembers.  
Gypsy fires. Hush, my child.  
Darkness where the firelight played,



And the giddy dancers swayed;  
Rosy coals the only light  
In the stillness of the night.  
Hush, my child, hush, hush!

Gypsy fires in the heart,—  
Gypsy fires. Hush, my child;—  
Draw the dancers far apart.  
Gypsy fires. Hush, my child.  
Gypsy embers slowly dying,  
Gypsy lovers deeply sighing.  
Only I, beside your bed,  
See the soft stars overhead.  
Hush, my child, hush, hush!

O sing not songs for Harlequin,  
Sweet Harlequin who lies there dead.  
O do not mock his lips grown thin,  
The lowering of his gay head!

But bring some gift he could not give—  
Some small gift that he never knew—  
As I bring love that still must live  
To Harlequin,—who was not true!

#### AMBITION.

The one aim that I hold in life  
Above the struggles, noise, and strife  
Is not for quiet, calm, and peace,  
And not for misery to decrease;  
Not for fame or great renown—  
For upon this I may frown—  
It's not for love, though I expect  
I'll want somewhat in this respect.  
No, no—I'll gladly pass these by,  
For I have set my longing eye  
On something worldly, something old—  
The thing I want is glittering gold.

They say that love cannot be bought,  
And happiness, though always sought,  
Will not be purchased. This I doubt;  
With all my gold I'll seek it out.  
I see the heap of yellow light;  
I'll work all day and scheme all night  
Till I have reached my gleaming goal,  
And ease my yearning, aching soul.

#### MAINE SPRING.

Spring comes regally up here,  
In her train  
Robins, rain,—  
Happiness that sheds a tear,  
Then forgets the past again.

Spring comes in a princess' gown.  
Blue-white skies  
Match her eyes,  
Apple blossoms soft as down  
'Broideries from Paradise.

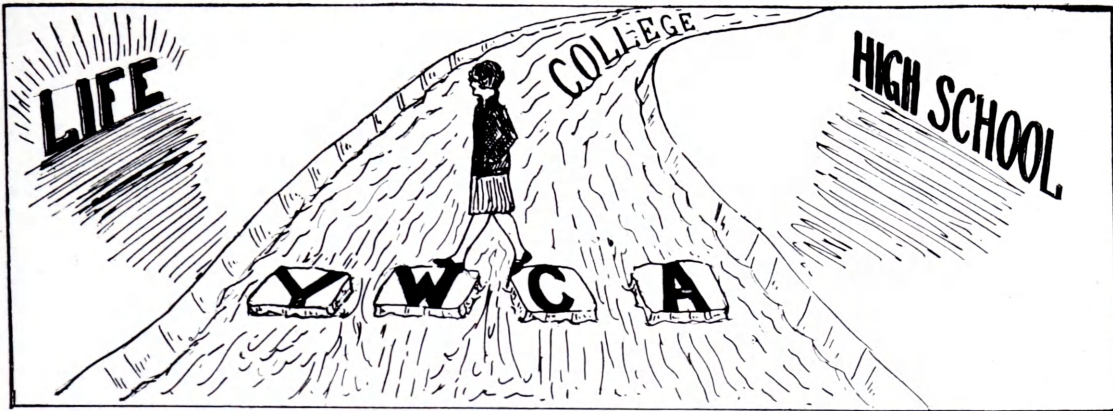
#### RESOLVED—

To die—to just lie there, forgetting  
Everything, and everyone;  
To be only dirt—not regretting  
The things you might have done.  
To never watch another heart be broken,  
Never have love turn to hate—  
Never regret another word you've spoken  
After it's too late.  
Not to watch some ugly person,  
Tearing your dreams in two—  
Lie still, and not be caring  
What people say or do.  
To die—not go on giving  
Smiles that hurt you so—  
But I shall keep right on living,  
To spite someone I know.



# Smile





## CAMP MAQUA.

"Deep in the heart of the birches so white  
There stands the camp of my dreams,  
Peacefully resting 'neath stars shining  
bright,

Bathed in the moon's silvery beams.

Breezes are wafted o'er yonder green hills,  
Over the lake so blue.

What is the camp they are whispering of?  
Dear Camp of the Birches, it's You."

Camp Maqua! That name should be a vivid picture to every Colby girl. And yet Camp Maqua is not for Colby alone—it is for every one of the twenty-two colleges and training schools in our New England district. It is a camp where delegates from those schools meet every June for a week of joyous friendship and interchange of ideas. Camp Maqua is a name that rings strong in New England. Does it ring strong with you? Have you ever been there? Are you interested in meeting girls from other schools? Are you interested in spending a week in camp clothes with the sky above and the lake beside you? In short, wouldn't you like to attend Camp Maqua this June?

**What is Camp Maqua?** It is the Summer Conference of the student Y. W. C. A.'s in the New England schools. It is open to every woman student in these schools, whether she be a member of the Y. W. C. A. or not.

**When is Camp Maqua?** It is from June 20 to 27.

**Where is Camp Maqua?** It is at Thomp-

son Lake, Poland, Maine—just a few miles from Poland Spring.

**How much does it cost to go?** The expenses are twenty-five dollars and fifty cents, plus transportation. (A group of girls might arrange for transportation rather cheaply by going together in a car.)

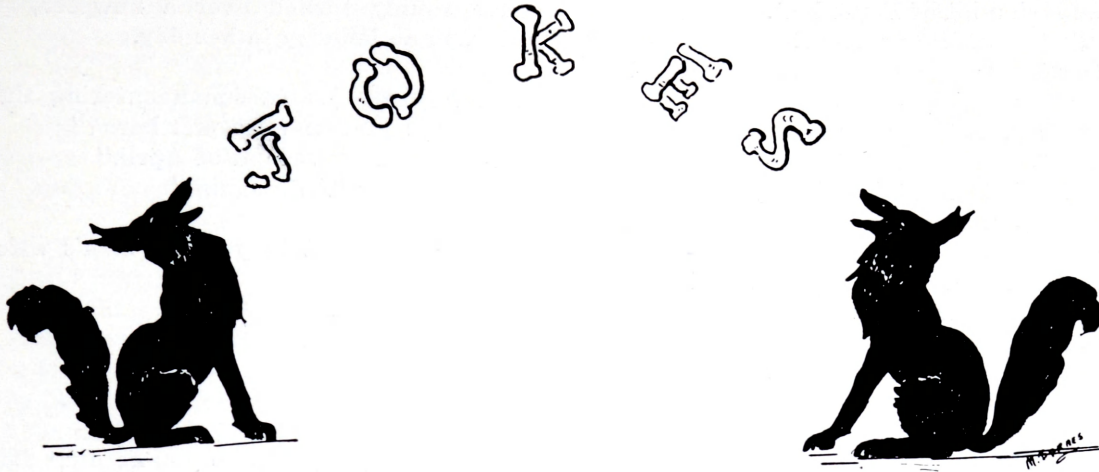
**What is going to happen this year at Camp Maqua?** This year there will be the same adventuring that there always is: adventures in new friendships and in meeting new ideas. There will be close contact with students from other colleges and with Maqua leaders. Every leader at Maqua is chosen because he has shown that he possesses the power of stimulating college students. This year Roy Chamberlain of Dartmouth College is to be main leader. He's an old hand at Conferences, and has plenty of pep. There will be other leaders for "interest groups" on personality development, on the problems of Negro students, on hearing about the "hot spots" of the world where trouble is existing or brewing, on the social problems that every girl is bound to meet, and on any other subject that the camp wishes to choose. The afternoons at Camp Maqua are free for all kinds of sports: swimming, taking life-saving tests, diving, sun-bathing, boating, tennis, hiking, etc. Boating and tennis usually fill the early evenings, then a large bon-fire is built which is the crowning event of the day.

**Why it is worthwhile to go to Camp**

**Maqua?** Maqua is not "just another conference." It is a week when we try to come into contact with the big issues of life. This year our Maqua theme deals with "The Place of Jesus in the Twentieth Century." We'll be asking if the ideals lived and taught by Jesus **are** the consummation of all that life may be; what part may emotions play in our lives, and on what shall we base our ideals? Maqua will be worthwhile because of the joy of discussion and of life lived with greater abandon and more meaning. Shall we get excited about Maqua? Of course we shall—and beginning right now. Let's think about Maqua: let our imagination run loose on the theme we have chosen—"The Place of Jesus in the Twentieth Century." Let's think of **going** to Camp Maqua. If you are searching for the joyous, creative life, if you want new realms of thought, new friend-

ships, and if you want to break old barriers and fears, to find a new **purpose**, Camp Maqua more than bids you welcome—she will strive to give you every bit of help and fun that is possible in a whole week of life in the great out-of-doors. The program that has been arranged for this year is a real challenge in its possibilities. Camp Maqua ought to mean more than it has ever meant before.

**What to do if you'd like to go to Camp Maqua:** If you want to go to Camp Maqua, talk with the president of the Y. W. C. A. She can tell you all about it—what to wear, who else is going, additional facts about this year's program, or anything you wish to inquire about. Save your money for Maqua if you'd like to attend—it's a real investment with a great return! It's a part of your education, too—for it's true that "Education is a flowering of memories."



An absent-minded professor once met an old friend in the street and stopped to talk with him. When about to separate the professor's face wore a puzzled look.

"Tom," he said, "when I met you which way was I walking, up or down?"

"Down," replied Tom.

The professor's face cleared: "It's all right, then. I had been home to lunch."

A maid entered a suburban bus,

And firmly grasped a strap,

And every time they hit a hole

She sat in a different lap.

The holes grew deeper, the jerking worse,

Till at last she gasped with a smile,—

"Will someone kindly tell me, please,

How many laps to a mile?"

#### Just a Country Maid.

Our girl saw a picture of the Leaning Tower of Pisa the other day. "Well, the fellow was drunk who built that silo," she said.

Wife: Anything you tell a man goes in one ear and out of the other.

Husband: Anything you tell a woman goes in both ears and out of her mouth.

A little girl returning from a visit to the barber's and referring to his use of the electric clippers, remarked to her mother, "I know my neck was dirty, 'cause he used the vacuum cleaner on it."

The other day Gwen dashed into the Maine Central Station with just one minute to catch the Flying Yankee. She made the ticket window in two jerks.

"Quick! Give me a round-trip ticket!" she gasped.

"Where to?"

"B-b-back here, wherdjaspose?"

First Freshman: "Something is preying on Dick's mind."

Second Ditto: "Don't worry; it will die of starvation."

He: "Who lives here?"

Little girl: Maw.

He: So's your old man.

Swimming was invented when a Scotsman came to the first toll bridge.

And then there was the Scotsman who went to the Black Sea to fill his fountain pen. That was the same Scotsman who thought the quarterback in football was a refund.

Donnell: I've got a date for "You and I."

Haight: Who am I going with?

#### Epitaphs.

Here lies a young lady named Booze

One we hated much to lose.

She put the shoe cream on her teeth

Instead of on her shoes.

Into Steve's room she went

To filch a bit of Pepsodent.  
O' what a curdling scream!  
And spouting of neutral shoe cream!

Here lies Professor Parr  
Who ranked us as we are—  
No A's that might be phoney  
He died a la Capone.

Here lies Mae from Mayflower Hill  
Went cycling with her Bill  
Full speed into a bicycle jam  
Put her right where she am.

Under here is little Louie  
Alice knocked her flooey.  
An inglorious death she died  
Eating onions by the 'Sonskee side.

'Neath this stone lies Jennie Dare  
Whose one expression was "Oh, yeah!"  
Her pal knows why she died.  
They called it "roomie-cide."

#### The Classical Tradition.

(An ode of Horace after he had read the  
advertising pages of an American maga-  
zine.)

Lux sapolio tonsillitic duplex  
Iodent congoleum taxi speedex  
Camera tuxedo erysipelas rex  
Delco castoria.

Bakelite rem filmo sansco,  
Paintex oleo pyorrhoea ansco  
Caviar pax auditorium dentro  
Phantasmagoria.

Halitosis simplex vacuum asco  
Requia texaco luxor tobacco  
Phoenix curio pepsodent duce  
Stucco tomato.

Cleanex electro Pontiac fatima  
Radio domino cantilever asthma  
Piano prophylactic coco cola  
Felix mulatto.

Professor: "Pray how would you discover  
a fool?"

Dull Student: "By the questions he would  
ask."

Eve simply turned over a new leaf—  
there was no laundry in her day.

Mr. Bridges (to freshman entering the  
class late): "When were you born?"

Frosh: "On the second of April."

Mr. Bridges: "Late again."

Billy: "Pa, don't they call a man's wife  
his better half?"

Pa: "Yes, son."

Billy: "Then if a man marries twice,  
there isn't anything left of him, is there,  
Pa?"

"Mister Cleaver, how do you account for  
the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire  
is one of the sausages I bought here last  
week?"

"My dear madam, that only goes to show  
that the automobile is replacing the horse  
everywhere."

A few days after a farmer had placed  
his two children in a school, a book agent  
called on him and said: "Now that your  
children go to school you ought to buy  
them an encyclopedia."

"Buy them an encyclopedia? Hanged  
if I do," was his reply. "Let them walk like  
I did."

#### More Truth Than Poetry.

"In what manner was George Washington  
different from other men?"

"Please, Ma'am," answered Willie "He  
didn't lie."

A lady entered a large department store:  
"I want to purchase a petticoat," she re-  
marked. The floor walker looked puzzled  
for a moment. Then his face brightened.  
"Petticoat? Yes Ma'am, Antique Depart-  
ment. Fourth floor."

Prof. Griffiths (after discussion of Foss  
Hall food): "I'm behind Foss Hall all the  
time."

#### Caricature.

Mr. Colgan had a cat  
He taught his cat to walk

He taught him all the S-R bonds  
And took him out to walk.

He taught the cat to read and write  
And placed him in a maze—  
The cat sneaked "Dewey" in with him  
And stayed for forty days.

And Eddie Jo he loved his cat,  
And proudly he would say—  
"That cat knows more psychology  
Than any man alive today."

One day Eddie Jo came home  
And his cat he could not find.  
Then he saw a typewritten note  
Which his little cat had signed.

And Eddie Jo he read the note  
And his heart felt like a void—

It said I've gone with Alley Tom,  
Give my regards to Freud!  
Ann Noneemus.

#### He Deserved One Hundred.

A boy in school was asked to write a composition on a goose, and here is the result: "The goose is a low, heavy-set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. His head sets on one end and he sets on the other. He cannot sing much on account of the moisture in which he lives. He carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. A goose has two legs, and they set so far back on his running-gear that they come pretty near missing his body. Some geese, when they get big are called ganders. Ganders don't have to set and hatch, but just loaf, eat, and go swimming. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

## Alumnae Notes

Elizabeth Bottomley, '30, has joined the ranks of illustrious teachers. This she is doing in the city of Brownville, Me.

Margaret Hale, '30, and Mina Higgins, '30, are also teaching, one at Caribou, Me., and the other at Dover-Foxcroft.

Carol Hill, '30, is being trained, not for Barnum and Bailey, but for nursing at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Marjorie McLaughlin Esty is receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Lucile Whitcomb, '30, is carrying on her good work by doing graduate work at Radcliffe College.

Alberta Brown, '30, whose sweet voice we still remember, is now at Boston University College of Music. It seems to us that there is no good reason why she should not succeed successfully.

It appears that Mildred MacCarn, '27, has decided to become a bit flightly and has re-

cently announced her engagement to an aviator.

Pauline Bakeman, '30, who always did like to use big words anyway, is now doing occupational therapy work in a State Hospital in Massachusetts instead of a monosyllabic word like "teach."

Sangerville, Me.  
April 30, 1931.

Dear Colby Girls:

Greetings from the little town of Sangerville to you all. The teaching profession has claimed another from your number, and I am infinitely glad that it has.

My days are full just as they were in Colby, but they are such different days, girls. Instead of reading vociferously in some of those beloved education books, I am now trying to put into practice some of the noble theories which they contain.

I think, however, that my happiest hours

are those spent in earnest conversation with boys and girls eager to learn more than their textbooks offer—these are, indeed, hours of inspiration.

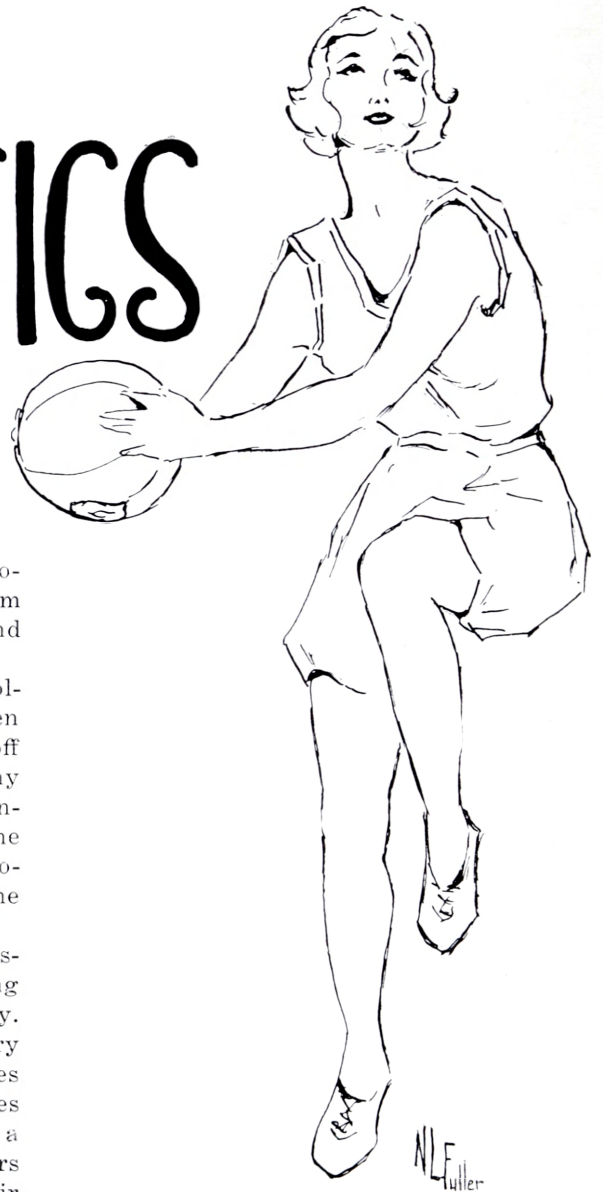
In spite of the pleasure which I derive from teaching, in spite of the feeling of satisfaction at the end of a day's work well done, there are times when a wee little longing comes creeping unbidden into my

heart—a longing for Colby and all that the name suggests.

I am entering on my career; Colby is entering upon hers, and I am fervently hoping that my future will be as successful as I feel sure that of Colby College will be.

Sincerely,  
Verna M. Green.

# ATHLETICS



During the cold winter months the women's division used their fine gymnasium again for the regular gymnastic classes and for volleyball and basketball games.

The freshmen and sophomores played volleyball one day a week in class and then there was an extra hour each week set off for volleyball practice for the girls of any class who were interested in this sport. Interclass games were played in which the freshmen won over the juniors; the sophomores over the seniors; and, in the end, the freshmen over the sophomores.

Basketball practice was held for the basketball enthusiasts twice a week during January and the first part of February. Then, during the latter part of February and the first of March a series of games were played, each class playing two games with each of the other classes, making a total of twenty-four games. The juniors won first place with all six games to their



credit, while the freshmen came next with three victories and three defeats.

During the ice-skating season the rink was to a large extent substituted for the gymnasium. Many girls also went skiing, snowshoeing and tobogganing instead of going indoors for the regular gymnastic classes. An interesting ice carnival was held which included races, games, and fancy skating. After this, doughnuts and hot coffee were served.

The next important event was the woman's annual gymnasium meet which was held in the Alumnae Building, Saturday afternoon, April 11. This exhibition was very interesting and also well attended. The program included such numbers as folk dancing, clogging, pyramid building, Danish gymnastics, and marching in unusual and

intricate formations. The installation of the new Health League officers took place and C. H. L.'s and class numerals were awarded to members of each class. This meet marked the close of the indoor gymnastic classes.

Now that warmer weather has arrived everyone goes out of doors again for the two major spring sports—speed ball and tennis. Each class hopes to have sufficient material to build up a first and second team in speed ball so that there may be some fast and exciting interclass games and a championship team. The three tennis courts are now in fine condition and a large number have turned out for this sport. The class tennis managers will therefore undoubtedly be able to choose excellent teams for the annual tournament.

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