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THE COLBIANA

Volume 1

DECEMBER, 1912

Number 1

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THE COLBIANA

VOLUME 1

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THE SCHOLAR'S SYMPHONY

To seek knowledge wherever it may be found; to sacrifice time and pleasure in the zeal for learning; to observe with joy the birds, the stars, and the flowers; to care for the body as the temple of the spirit; to regard all men as fellow seekers with equal rights though with different attainments; to study hard and not grudge the pain; to work not for rank or honors, but for the joy of knowing; to be honest in thought and deed; to love truth, beauty and goodness in all their varied forms; to see the best in everybody and know that in the end that best must triumph over the worst; to use all knowledge, strength and talent in the service of others; finally to know God and that love which is the fulfilment of life; this is the scholar's symphony.

ROSE ADELLE GILPATRICK, 1892.

CAP'N ANDY'S WATCH

"Ship ahoy, b'ys!" thundered Cap'n Andy, as he puffed up the rocky path from the shore, and entered the fishermen's camp. "They's a storm abroodin' outside in th' bay, an' skipper John 'd better heave to an' come in while he kin, cod 'r no cod!"

The boys nodded sagely at Cap'n Andy's oracular words, and smoked their corn-cobs in silence. They always assumed a respectful, aye-aye-s'r air when Cap'n Andy spoke, partly because he was the boss of their crew, and partly because, as Skipper John once remarked, "What Andy didn't know 'bout sailin' an' fishin' an' sich, ye c'd write on a snail's finger-nail!"

A group of tired men were gathered around the rough fireplace, talking over the day's haul. There was young Deb Lane, the best swimmer in Red Beach, "Parson" Scott, whose ruddy nose belied his nickname; Alec Harvell, the giant of the Harbor, and Fatty Matthews, the cook. Skipper John, the other member of the crew, had gone deep-sea-fishing early in the morning, and was expected back at camp any moment, with his usual big catch. This lusty crew had been picked by Cap'n Andy the year before, when he gave up sailing his schooner, the "Hetty Nason," and now they owned the water-rights for five miles on both sides of the river, and sold all the herring they could seine at the nearest sardine factory. They were as jolly a bunch of fisher-

men as ever broke hard-tack together. Their business was prosperous, and their health and spirits good. What more could they wish? Besides, Fatty was a miraculous cook, and Andy the best-loved Captain that ever hoisted sail. Thus the boys were happier than kings in their cosy camp beneath the pines.

Just as Fatty put the last dash of salt into the chowder, the door opened, letting in a spicy whiff from the wind-swept bay, and disclosing Skipper John, in sou'wester and oilskins. He blew into the room like a fresh breeze on a sultry night. Deb helped him out of his rubber-boots, while the "Parson" hung up his wet clothes to dry.

"Hey! Fat, bail out an ocean o' yer bloomin' stoo fer me. I'm that empty I c'd chew clam-shells," Skipper John bellowed good-naturedly, and with the laughter that comes easily to fisher-folk, the boys began to stow away hot chowder and pilot-bread, pickles that would have put Lot's wife to shame, steaming coffee, and Fatty's prize doughnuts.

Andy was the first to anchor. "Well b'ys, I've reached th' high-water mark! Even this ballast weighs on me." And he took off his big gold watch—his only vanity—and laid it caressingly on a clean spot of the white oil-cloth. "D'ye want ter hear th' story uv this watch?" he began fingering the chain lovingly.

"You bet ye!" chorused the boys, pushing aside their coffee-cups, and resting their hairy, sunburned arms on the table. As soon as the pipes were lighted, and the noise of shuffling feet stilled, Andy launched off:

"Back in the days when Red Beach wuz aboomin' an at th' flood-tide uv her ship-buildin', me an' Ross Andrews, the one who sails up th' river ev'ry Summer in his steam yacht and puts up here with me a spell for ol' time's sake—we wuz great frien's. We wuz alluz tergether frum th' time we uster run away frum school ter go trout-fishin'. We wuz sich good pals that we agreed 'bout ev'rything! Now, I aint asayin' 's how thet ain't Christian; but twan't th' right tack fer us! Becuz when we begun ter care 'bout gettin' a hair cut ev'ry other spell 'o weather, an' wearin' a neck-tie ter the pie-socials, we both decided that Hetty Nason, th' blacksmith's gal, was 'bout th' trimmest craft in the Harbor, and thet we'd gut ter own her 'r give up sailin' fer good!

"Now Ross wuz good-lookin', owned a fair-sized farm, kep' th' store an run th' post-office. What chance hed I in th' boat race agin him—me with one share in a schooner s' small yer couldn' see her acrost th' river, with a telescope! But come ter think, I wuzn't bad lookin', and I c'd earn money 'f I tried, an' wuzn't half s' near with m' money ('f I hed any) 's Ross wuz.

"One day all th' young fry went acrost ter Wilson's Beach ter a clambake, an' I tuk Hetty in m' new sail-boat, thet I'd jes' anamed fer her. She wuz 's purty a gal 's ever steered a boat. I remember how the wind blowed her yeller hair 'round her dimples, as she sat in the stern uv m' new boat thet afternoon! But by clam! she wuz 's fickle 's the wind thet afternoon!

the roses ter her cheeks!. Talk about yer mermaids afetchin' sailors onter crule rocks! They wuz yer mermaids afetchin' anchored on them days! But somehow, asailin' on th' river thet afternoon, her eyes looked different than I'd ever seen 'em b'fore, an'—well b'ys, I never handled a boat purtier in m' life! I c'd uv sailed a seven-master all alone thet day, an' caught whales frum the mast-head! I guess she thought I c'd sail a boat purty fair, cuz jes' after I'd made a clean sweep inter th' wind, she caught her breath an' called out ter me, 'Why Andy! I never knowed b'fore what a fine pilot yer wuz!'

"Say, did any uv you fellers ever guess how a parson feels when he gits a call? . . . Well, s'r, I let the Hetty N. take her own course fer a few knots, while I went stern. An' I didnt come forwards agin till I'd proved ter Hetty thet even 'f I wuz a good pilot, I could be a first-class mate! . . . Then we signed th' papers satisfactory to both parties concerned. . . . Happy! B'ys, I wuz the proudest man top th' earth. I kep' the folks awake fer weeks, awhistlin in m' sleep! a real revival couldn' a made me more righteous. I wuz thet religious I wouldn' pull short lobsters, and fer a'most a week I didn't smoke only five pipes a day!

"But it wuzn' sich a fish-story 's it soun's; cuz I guess no one aint never puffickly happy. They's sure ter be one squid in yer catch! I felt 's guilty 's 'f I wuz hidin' from th' warden, th' next time I see Ross, cuz they's alluz a diff'runce when one man gets what another man wants. . . . An' yit I alluz forgit Ross 's soon 's I cast anchor at the little red cottage on th' hill!

"Things went on this way, till one mornin' when I went fer m' mail an' groceries, I found Ross acussin' cuz he'd dropped his watch in th' well, an' couldn' leave ter fish her out. Thet wuz my chance ter put in m' oar, an' show Ross I wuz still his frien', even 'f I'd gut th' race 'stead uv him; so I put on m' long-legged boots, an' took a dive inter th' well. It wuz one o' them open ones, with a high curb, and wuz 'bout five foot deep. I thought I might 's well do a good job while I wuz adoin' it, so I bailed her out and cleaned her up 's nice 's yer mother's kitchen.

"Way down in the bottom uv th' well, covered with mud 's black's yer hat, wuz th' watch. I put it in my pocket, an' clumb up ter th' crusty surface uv th' earth agin. Wet's a sponge, I set down on a rock an' begun ter overhaul her riggins, ter see 'f they wuz sound. I broke five finger-nails agittin' th' case open an' sat there anussin' m' thumb like a two-year-old, an' astarin' ahead o' me like a blitherin' idiot. Fer there in the back of that watch, asmilin' out at me with them wicked, teasin' eyes o' hern, wuz—my—Hetty!

"If they wuz any corner uv blazin' Hades thet I didn't direct my frien' ter, 'r anything good I'd ever said uv him thet I wouldn' take back quicker'n greased lightnin', I wanted someone to tell me 'bout it double quick 'r git killed! Yes, s'r! I set there 's mad 's a wet hen—'n' wetter! I riz up like sody and run plum overboard!" Andy's eyes blazed even now at the memory of

his rage. Then the old twinkle came back, and he continued drolly:

"But I settled down agin, mild 's new cider when the funny side come over me, an' then I laughed till th' farmers 'long the road thought I wuz loony. I didn't even wait ter git inter dry cloes, but driv right up ter th' post-office an' tol' Ross I hed ter see him reel private! He took me inter th' store-room, and we set down on a Naphthy soap box.

"'Ross,' sez I, slow an' calculatin', 'here's yer watch,' sez I, 'an since I went ter all th' trouble ter clean out yer well fer ye, I'm akeepin' this-here fer ter pay fer m' col' bath!' and I held up the pictur uv Hetty.

"Ross looked 'bout as knowin' 's a dead herrin', then blushed th' color uv boiled lobsters. He give me a sideways look 't made me feel 's 'f I'd licked him. I felt salt water acomin' ter m' lamps; so I took a trip over ter th' cracker-box an' tried ter swaller a bit uv pilot-bread. When I turned 'round, I run up agin Ross like a punt agin a break-water. An' by chowder no crab ever giv' my han' sich a wrench!

"'Andy,' sez he, 'yer're th' bes' frien' a man ever hed,' sez he. 'I can't even say 'Thankee', the tides' arisin' so! But I wan yer ter know they's no hard feelin's. . . . Your're more uv a man 'n I am, an' I know it! Yer deserve Hetty, an I'm awishin' yer a fair voyage! . . . An'—an' mate! I've alluz awanted ter give yer a present. You gutta keep this! . . . Yes, th' hul thing, ter remember me by—watch, chain, 'n'—her pictur!'"

Andy's voice died away slowly, like the gliding of a light boat upon the sand after the oars are taken from the water. A reminiscent smile, saddened by the memory of those lost, happy years spent in the red cottage, played upon his weather-beaten face. Feeling the sacredness of Andy's mood, the boys gazed into the heart of the glowing coals, and left the old man to his dreams.

E. L. H., '14.

POEM

Oh, the world is joy of a summer dawn
 When the sun rises o'er the lea,
 And the sky is blue, in sapphire hue
 Of a golden haze the sea.
 When the birds sing out with gladsome note,
 There is joy in the thought of thee.

At the noonday hour, when life's tide is full,
 Ere it ebbs, and the day is through,
 Though my heart's bowed down, 'neath a world of care
 Still it sings in its love for you.

And at twilight hush when I pause apace,
 When my fretting and worries cease,
 As the sunset dies, as the stars shine out,
 In the thought of you there is peace

A. M. B., 1914.

A SURE CURE

My little brother, Peter, has the habit, natural to all small boys, of always wanting the "biggest piece." One day when I was making candy, there occurred to me a scheme to cure him of that habit.

I made some chocolate creams—Peter's favorites. Into one, the largest of them, I mixed a little of the worst tasting things I could find in the pantry, mustard, ginger, pepper, and cream of tartar. When this was covered with chocolate it made a most delicious looking dainty.

That evening when the family were assembled, I produced my chocolates and offered them first to Peter. With a cry of delight, he eagerly scanned the plate. Then, with no hesitation, he grabbed the big one and popped it into his mouth.

Before many seconds Peter realized that, in this case at least, the most of the pleasure was in the anticipation, and he retired from the room rather suddenly.

The next night, at supper, I passed Peter the cake with the smallest piece toward him—and he took that piece!

E. G. C., 1915.

DAY DREAMS

By the side of a cool, shady brook my steps are prone to wander when I am lonely and depressed, and the rippling tinkle of the water cheers my spirit and refreshes my soul. On the bank in one bend of the tiny stream is a graceful willow, whose drooping limbs almost touch the shining surface. Now the water under the willow boughs is smooth and calm, and clear as a mirror, then a small pebble rolling from its place, or a leaf dropping from the tree, disturbs it and sends out widening circles of wavelets and little ripples. Here I can dream to my heart's content,—overshaded by the bending branches, with pictures all around me such as none can paint save the Master Artist Himself. Here in solitude I dream, and my dreams are many and varied.

I think on things that are past, I ponder on things of the present, and the mystery of future days seems like a bright light, seen faintly and dimly, as if through half-veiled curtains.

Fair memories come back,— of long-forgotten pleasures, of fleeting thrills of joy, of some great happiness, too sacred, even, for lips to utter. With these, too, comes the remembrance of sadder things,—thoughts which stain the cheek with a blush of shame,—thoughts which make the very heart throbs ache with a dull, reminding pain. With half-closed eyes I lie back on the grassy spot beneath the willow, and let the rush of memories go flooding through my brain in a whirl that well-nigh overwhelms me.

The gentle breezes seem to whisper in my ear mysterious beckonings of things that are yet to come, and my mind is filled with a great wonder. How would it be if my dreams should come true? Would I be satisfied,—or would I see with a different, clearer vision?—And how will it really be? Will my lot be happy and peaceful, as it is in my dreams, or will the stern finger of fate point out to me a hard path, beset with many a trial and danger, from which I fain would turn aside?

Thus I dream on, drinking in the beauty of brook, trees, sky, and all Nature around me. I gaze at the sunset,—flashes of wondrous color, now brightening, now fading—the clouds, the sun, the hills, may all be the same now as before, but we no longer see the glory which has so lately passed. Such is a dream,—one moment a vague, mysterious wonder,—the next, a sad or a beautiful memory. We may dream again the same dream, but now it is written nowhere save on the Book of Memory, the record of the past.

ABBIE SANDERSON, 1914.

AS I CAME TO CLASS

Whew! Two minutes of nine? I suppose I ought to break that habit of sitting up until the gray of dawn, studying rhetoric. No wonder I am loath to obey duty's call. But if I scamper, I guess I can reach there on time. Let me see—yes, I am all ready. My, how tempting that cocoa smells, to one who has not breakfasted! These stairs seem rather slippery this morning. Oh pardon me, I am always stepping on somebody. No indeed, Miss Butman, of course I didn't bang the door intentionally. Do I know where my roommate is? No, I can't keep track of her, but excuse my haste, please. It is rather muddy crossing the street here; but I haven't had a shine since yesterday morning. Why, I am in such a hurry that I can't buy any soap this morning, dear. Yes, I know that it was made for the purpose of removing dirt. Of course I use it, you rascal. If you don't leave me alone, I'll— Well, then, run along and sell it to him. Thank goodness, I am rid of that youngster.

What a shame it is that somebody can't have those big, red, juicy apples on yonder tree behind Prof. Taylor's house. My own physical being would be bettered if I stopped to eat some of that delicious fruit. Merciful deliverance! here comes "Prexie," with that expression on his face which seems to say, "Tarry not, little one:" so I'll just quicken my pace. Ouch! Oh, ow! Well, I was kind of angry when that freshman asked me how fur I was goin, but I didn't hurt myself any, oh no-o! not at all! When I skin my knee and break my glasses, or do anything of that kind, I am always helped and inspired by that indispensable song which Prof. Brown advocates, "Everybody's doin' it now." It isn't good for me to get so out of breath, and I have a few seconds to spare anyway.

R. M. Y., 1915.

GRAND MANAN

It seems as if when the genii of nature were creating New England along with the rest of the world, that there must have been a few left-overs—a stretch of rock-bound coast from York Harbor perhaps, a bit of sand beach and surf from Old Orchard, a wooded New Hampshire slope or two. Then the nature god clapped them all together into a sample package of New England scenery, and flung the jumble off the coast of Maine a bit—out into the fog and tides of the Bay of Fundy. There it lay unknown, until an inquisitive French explorer happened that way and by reason of its great rocks and headlands, dubbed it Grand Manan.

Grand Manan—it is a name with which to conjure. Grand Manan—and you espy looming up through fog banks a long narrow stretch of rocky land, not unlike a great brown swallow alight upon the waves, with its tail sweeping away to the north. Three hundred feet of cliff, mostly bare and bleak, with an occasional scraggly growth of fir, towers above the tide line.

Grand Manan—and on some fair summer day you drive swiftly down the road which follows hard by the ocean. With the salt tang-y breeze in your face, bearing just a hint of fog outside in the bay, to you life is exhilaration. On your left, the sparkling, white capped water rolls on to a dull blue misty horizon, bending to meet it in the infinite distance. On your right, grassy fields with wooded hills in the back ground, and occasional neat clusters of houses with their smoke-sheds and fishing nets just across the road, for this is the home of island fisherfolk. And the sea-weedy salt of the ocean breeze mingles deliciously with the fragrance of new-mown hay.

Grand Manan—and out over the black mass of sea, gleams the steady yellow eye of the harbor light through the darkness, and from the fog outside comes the dreary monotony of fog-bells warning ships and men of lurking danger in the waves. Or it is a still morning when the fog has lowered a white curtain over the landscape. You gaze off into a sea of mist, and hear the waves swish over the rocks, or a keel grate on the sand, and a fisherman's song sound out over the water. On that day it is an Isle of Dreams and a land of mystery.

Go to Deep Cove, and listen to the sullen roar of the surf as the flood tide creeps up the hard floor of sand beach, or at Southern Head watch the sea gulls sweep and circle about the cliffs, purple and gold in the sunset; or on some black night see the lights of Eastport, twenty miles away, gleam faintly out over the dark sea. In every mood, it is a land of wonderful beauty, with an undertone of mystery and wildness, like the undertone of a smiling ocean when a storm is brewing.

Such is the Grand Manan of to-day, and such must it have been in the early eighties when our story begins. Yet where to-day are plowed fields and peaceful hamlets, were then pathless forests, and rude huts huddled back a little from the shore.

Even to-day, its peaceful harbors give hints of hidden caves and stone-houses, for Grand Manan, lying as it does mid-way between Maine and Nova Scotia was the retreat of smugglers, and along its rocky shores, and mid its hills were laid the scenes of a great battle between the law-breakers and the agents of Justice.

A. M. B., 1914.

COLBY DAY

We all opened our eyes on that first gray morning in November with a vague, intangible feeling that something pleasant was going to happen. As soon as we were wide enough awake, we realized that the "something" was Colby Day. All the morning the house was abuzz with a happy expectant murmur, and a bustle of preparation, running up and down stairs, arranging flowers, a last dress rehearsal of the play, putting of the finishing touches on costumes, and cleaning the dining-room for the stage.

The first event of the day, the basket-ball games, was called for half past three, but about three, just as our guests were arriving, one of those dreary downpours of cold rain set in, all regardless of the fact that the teams were all ready in gym suits, and that chairs had been carried to the basket ball field. So everybody assembled in the dining-room to see the Freshman and Sophomore class drills. The Sophomores dressed in white, and carrying their class colors in green and gold streamers, gave a very pretty dance drill. The Freshmen in white Grecian costumes, went through a courtly minuet, at the end of which the Freshman president, Eleanor Bradley, was crowned by the Sophomore president, Aldine Gilman. The games were postponed until the next week, when the Seniors defeated the Juniors 5-0, and the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 16-4.

After the drills, everybody gathered around the piano and sang Colby songs. The Junior part of the programme consisted in collecting and having printed in an attractive blue and grey book, all of our old songs and several new ones written for the occasion. Luncheon was served at five, and a general good time enjoyed until evening.

According to the rhyme "the last was best." In spite of the rain, which had now settled into a heavy down-pour, a great many alumnae and towns-people came to see the Senior play. "The Rivals" by Sheridan was presented. It was very well done too, thanks to Miss Flood's efficient training, and the hard work put into it by the Senior girls themselves. Mrs. Malaprop amused us with her "nice derangements of epitaphs" and her struggles with the obstinate Lydia, whom she pronounced "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." Courageous Bob Acres was very good too, and we were quite terrified when he claimed "to kill a man a day," and manage a private graveyard. In all, the whole play was a splendid success. Between the acts the girls sang college songs and cheered.

After the play when all our guests had been bidden "good-by", and everybody had betaken themselves off to bed pronouncing "This Colby Day the best ever," the music of the strains of Heidleburg still seemed to echo around the halls and perchance in people's hearts—

"Oh! Colby, Alma Mater dear, our souls pour forth in praise
Of thy loved name, and spotless fame, of happy student days,
And as we part each loving heart o'erflows with ecstasy,
And though life's tide may part us wide our thoughts shall meet in thee."

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION.

The first social function of the year was the annual reception given by the Y. W. C. A. to the members of the women's division. This occurred Friday evening, September twentieth.

As is customary, the names of all the freshmen had been distributed on slips of paper among the sophomores and upperclass girls, and the girl whose name appeared on the slip was piloted about by the girl who drew the name. The "piloting" was through the receiving line, which consisted of Pauline Hanson, '13, President of the Association, Mrs. Grover, wife of Dr. Grover of the faculty, and Dean Bass; then around the parlor, hall and library for introductions to everybody, young and old, dignified and gay. Everybody was young, of course, and judging from the sounds of chattering, everybody was gay, while the Seniors had their first opportunity to air their dignity. Some of them succeeded, but others are still striving for that quality which they feel those of their class should attain. As for introductions nobody minded if she was introduced more than twice to the same girl, and if she was not introduced at all, she ignored the fact altogether and proceeded to get acquainted. There were pleasing solos by Marjorie Scribner, '13, and Frances Pollard, '13, and instrumental music by Sadie Pennell, '13, Frances Pollard, '13 and Emily Hanson, '13.

Sherbet and fancy crackers were served by Cynthia Knowles, '13, assisted by Marion Stewart, '15, Mabelle Hunt, '14, and Margaret Forbes, Helen Hanson, Mildred Holmes, Ruth Manson and Ruth Young, all of the Sophomore class.

Besides the girls present, there were also several faculty ladies and alumnae from town, and members of the Advisory Board of the Association.

Y. W. C. A. SOCIAL.

On Saturday evening, November twenty-fourth, Foss Hall was the scene of a very charming social for the benefit of the college Y. W. C. A., given under the auspices of the Sophomore class. Contrary to the usual custom at such socials, a brief reception was held. The receiving line, consisting of Dean Bass, Pauline Hanson, President of Y. W. C. A., and Aldine Gilman, Sophomore class president, was stationed in the parlor, where the guests were conducted as soon as they arrived. The men's division, as well as the faculty, was well represented.

After passing down the receiving line, the guests spent some time in meeting the new-comers and renewing old acquaintances. Then the strains of a rollicking duet called the attention of the guests to the piano, and signalled the beginning of what proved to be a very delightful entertainment, which consisted of the following:

Piano Duet	Lois Osgood, '16, Elizabeth Hodgkins, '16
Reading	Marion Stewart, '15
Vocal Solo	Marion Wyman, '16
Reading	Merle Bowler, '15
Flute Solo	Claire McIntire, '16
Piano Solo	Frances Pollard, '13

Reading Eleanor Bradlee, '16
 Vocal Solo Marjorie Scribner, '14

Each number was long and loudly applauded but no encores were allowed.

Then all the roads seemed to lead to the dining-room where ice cream was on sale; then back to a certain corner in the main hall. In this corner, tastefully decorated in green and gold, the Sophomore class colors, and the Y. W. C. A. banner, was an attractive table in charge of Evelyn Whitney and Merle Bowler, where delicious home-made candies might be obtained.

After refreshments, all gathered round the piano and sang Colby songs, Phi Chi sounding forth with all its ear-splitting utterances of the different class numerals. Besides the time-honored Colby songs, were some new ones composed by some of the girls for Colby Day. All too soon sounded the quarter-of-ten bell giving warning that the pleasant evening must come to a close.

THE SILVER BAY MEETING.

The Colby Y. W. C. A. was represented by four delegates, at the Eastern Student Conference held at Silver Bay, New York, from June twenty-first to July first. At the regular Tuesday evening meeting, on October twenty-ninth, these delegates tried to give those who had not had the privilege of attending, some little idea of what such a gathering of six hundred women, all interested in the same thing, the Christian religion, means. In the limited time allowed, it was, of course, only possible to give a bit here and there from the experiences and inspirations of those wonderful days spent in one of the most beautiful spots which nature has prepared for us. After short devotional exercises, during which the girls sang with spirit, that splendid conference hymn, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," Pauline Hanson, '13, explained the program of a day at Silver Bay, and outlined briefly the Bible course on the "Earlier Prophets," given by President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College. Meroe F. Morse, '13, spoke of the course on "The Parables," conducted by Rev. George Hodges, D.D., and of "The Faiths of Asia" led by Rev. Stephen Van R. Trowbridge. She also gave a thrilling story from his personal experience which he related to the girls one night, down under the orchard trees. The evening meetings at Silver Bay were held in the large auditorium, where eminent speakers addressed the conference. Among these were, Rev. John McDowell, Rev. Ernest Graham Guthrie, Rev. Henry Sloam Coffin, D.D., John R. Mott, Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick and Professor David Cairns of Aberdeen, Scotland. Diana J. Wall, '13, and Phyllis St. Clair, '13, presented some of the striking thoughts and ideas which these men made so forceful and impressive. The meeting was closed with the choral benediction which was always used at Silver Bay, and seems so characteristic of the spirit of the place:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Miss Mary J. Corbett, Student Secretary of the Northeastern Territorial Committee, visited us during the week of the thirteenth of October, arriving Monday night and remaining until Thursday morning. Within that time she met each one of the Committees to talk over plans for the work of the year and to give the valuable suggestions she is always ready to make. Tuesday afternoon she met the Cabinet and talked of the work as a whole, uniting that of the Committees, and told of the National organization and its accomplishments and aims. In the evening she spoke at the regular association meeting, setting forth qualities of everyday Christian life, taking examples from the life of Christ. At chapel she spoke again and held our attention with her earnest straightforward words of helpfulness.

Realizing the fact that a secretary is a human being, and a college girl herself, and as much interested in activities as any girls are, some of our thoughtful members who are interested in riding, suggested a trip for Miss Corbett. This met with her approval and the first ride proved so delightful that she had another and pronounced it fine.

On Wednesday afternoon a tea was given by the Social Committee. Tea was poured by Dora Libby, '13, Alice Beckett, '14, and Christine Whittemore, '14, who were assisted by Clara Hinckley, '16, Ruth Dresser, '16, and Lois Osgood, '16.

During her stay here, Miss Corbett also visited the Coburn Association and helped them to reorganize. Her visit with us was so interesting and helpful and inspiring, that everybody felt better for her having been here and regretted that she could not stay longer.

Mr. Philip A. Schwartz, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement of the Y. M. C. A., held a conference with the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. during his visit at Colby. He spoke in the interests of foreign missions. As requisites for leadership he named:

I. Courage. II. Common Sense. III. Character. IV. Consecration.

Bible Study Classes have begun with good attendance. The leader of the Senior class is Rev. Cyrus F. Stimson, who is giving a lecture course. Miss Bass teaches the Junior class, which meets in her room Monday evenings. The Sophomores have Prof. H. W. Brown as teacher and the two divisions of Freshmen are taught by Abbie Sanderson, '14, and Idella Farnum, '14.

The following Colby girls attended the Y. W. C. A. Conference which was held at Bates, November nine and tenth: Bessie Dutton, Pauline Hanson, Phyllis St. Clair, Diana Wall of 1913; Idella Farnum and Abbie Sanderson of 1914; Aldine Gilman and Ina McCausland of 1915; Edith Pratt, Mina Titus and Marion Wyman of 1916.

They reported a very successful conference with much of helpfulness and inspiration in the meetings.

Program:

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 10.15 A. M. Bible Hour: The Value of the Church,, Rev. Calvin M. Clark, Theological Seminary, Bangor.
 11.00 A. M. The Place of the Association in Student Life, Miss Helen Farquhar, Student Secretary. Association Members' Council.
 11.20 A. M. The Religious Work: Aim and Method, Miss Farquhar; Business Methods: Publications, Miss Mary J. Corbett, Student Secretary.
 12.00 M. Adjournment and Registration.
 12.10 P. M. Luncheon.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

- 2.00 P. M. Bible Hour: The Assurance of Immortality, Rev. Calvin M. Clark.
 2.45 P. M. Plan of Auxiliary Members, Miss Corbett.
 3.00 P. M. The Importance of the Church as an Organization, Miss Caroline Colvin, Member Faculty, University of Maine.
 3.30 P. M. Committee Group Conferences.
 4.00 P. M. Tea.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 7.30 P. M. Devotional Service.
 8.00 P. M. Address: Phases of Association Work and Rural Work, Miss Holmquist.

SUNDAY MORNING.

- 1.15 A. M. Prayer Service, Miss Corbett.
 10.30 A. M. Church Services.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

- 4.00 P. M. Vesper Service, Miss Katy Boyd George, Secretary for Student Committee, Boston, Mass.

The first regular Y. W. C. A. meeting of the year was led by the president, Pauline Hanson, '13, when she spoke of the object of the association and its aim towards the attainment of symmetrical Christian woman-

hood. At this same meeting cards for application for membership were given out by the vice-president, Abbie Sanderson, '14.

October first, the topic was "Keeping Sunday" and the leader, Phyllis St. Clair, '13. The next meeting was led by Lucy Clough, '13, and the subject was "Juvenile Probation." The meeting of October twenty-second was in charge of the treasurer, Diana Wall, '13, who presented the budget and explained the methods of income and expenditure. At the close of the meeting the chairman of the Missionary Committee distributed systematic giving cards, and pledges were made for the support of Miss Mary Baker, our missionary in Japan. Other leaders have been Clara Winslow, '13, whose subject was "The Handing Down of Influence," and Mattie Windell who had the topic "Words, Words, Words." All the meetings have been well attended.

The World's Week of Prayer was observed November tenth to seventeenth. The main subject of the week was "Thy Kingdom Come" and the scripture reading each day was one of the parables. The week started with prayer for all the world, then for special countries each day during the week until all countries had been prayed for, and closed with prayer for them all. The meetings on Sundays were held in the parlor, and those during the week were in the Assembly Room immediately after dinner.

The first meeting, on Sunday, was led by Eva Macomber, '13, with the reading of the Parable of the Mustard Seed; Monday's meeting was led by Diana Wall, '13, with the reading of Parable of the Sower; Tuesday's meeting was longer, owing to its being the regular weekly meeting, and it was in charge of Abbie Sanderson, '14, who read the Parable of the Tares; Wednesday night Phyllis St. Clair was leader and read the Parable of the Treasurer; Pauline Hanson, '13, led Thursday night and gave the Parable of Treasure; Pauline Hanson, '13, led Thursday night and gave the Parable of the Seed and the Sower. Friday night Lizzie Howland, '15, was leader, and the Saturday meeting was led by Mabelle Hunt, '14, who read the Parable of the marriage of the King's Son. The last meeting, on Sunday, was led by Mattie Windell, '13.

ATHLETICS

GENERAL COMMITTEE—Dean Bass, Eva Macomber, '13, Dorothy Tubbs, '14, Ethel Chamberlain, '15, Katherine Singer, '16.

BASKET BALL.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL—Dean Bass, physical director and coach; Margaret Adams, '13, Head of basket ball. Captains, Phyllis St. Clair, '13, Edith Washburn, '14, Ethel Chamberlain, '15, Marion Wyman, '16.

The Athletics of the Women's Division are of necessity interclass. Rivalry runs high during the year, and each class does its best to develop teams and players which shall win for it the interclass trophy, a silver cup awarded to the class obtaining the greatest number of points in the various interclass athletic contests. In the fall the interest centers around basket ball. Class teams are organized, and interclass games played off. The class winning the championship, in addition to the points won toward the trophy, has its numerals placed on the championship banner. First place in basket ball counts seven, and second five points toward the trophy. With spring come May Day stunts and the tennis tournament. On May Day, one of our gala days, coming sometime in the latter part of May, in addition to the regular Ivy Exercises, each class gives some sort of a folk or fancy dance. The winner of first place is decided upon by judges chosen for the occasion. Each class tries to excell the others, for first place in the May Day stunts counts fifteen, and second twelve. The latter part of the spring term a tennis tournament is held. The members of each class play off, and after them the class champions play off. The champion of the whole division has her name and class numerals engraved on the tennis cup. First place in tennis counts five, and second, three.

The points for the trophy, then, are reckoned as follows: Basket ball, First place, 7; Second place, 5. Tennis, First place, 5; Second place, 3. May Day stunts, First place, 15; Second place, 12.

The basket ball season this fall may from every standpoint be termed a successful one. Only one team, of course, could win the championship. Yet the ultimate aim of any athletics should be, not the winning of a game, or of a championship, but rather good, clean, interesting games, and the development of skill, alertness, and a better spirit. With this idea in view, then, we may term the season a success in every way.

Besides the regular interclass games, we plan to have each fall an Interclass Teamwork Competition, the winner of which shall be awarded the Teamwork Championship banner. The object of the contest is the making of as many baskets as possible in two minutes. The ball starts from out of bounds at one end, and passes down the field through every player's hands, each forward having a try at the basket. The ball is then passed back, and the process repeated. The competition emphasizes quick, clean handling of the ball, good throws, and alertness on the part of each individual player.

The following schedule was planned for the fall: October 19, 1915-1916; October 21, 1913-1916; October 23, 1913-1915, 1914-1916; October 30, 1915-1915; November 1, Teamwork Competition, 1915-1916, 1913-1914.

Owing to rain it was necessary to make some changes in this schedule. Moreover, at a later meeting of the Athletic Council, it was voted to do away with one of the Sophomore-Freshman games, and to make the Colby Day game count toward the championship. The schedule as it was carried out is:

October 21, 1913-1916; October 23, 1913-1915, 1914-1916; October 30, 1914-1915; November 6, Teamwork Competition; 1915-1916, 1913-1914.

SENIOR-FRESHMAN GAME.

The first game of the year, between the Seniors and the Freshmen, was a fast one from start to finish. The Freshman team proved to be a strong one, a distinguishing feature of which was their splendid team work. Their work, not only in this game, but throughout the fall, was a credit to Miss Bass's coaching, and their own faithfulness and spirit. Throughout, the game was an exciting one, the Freshmen holding the Seniors to a tie—3-3—until time was called for the close of the second half. In accordance with the rules, the game was continued until one team should make a basket. Thompson, '13, threw the deciding goal, thus winning the game for the Seniors.

Line-up:

1913	1916
Thompson, f.	Towne, g.
Wall, f.	Harrington, g.
Adams, c.	Wyman, capt., c.
Windell, s. c.	Moses, s. c.
St. Clair, capt., g.	Clair, f.
Macomber, g.	Brackett, f.

Referee, Miss Bass. Goals—From field, 1913, Thompson, 1, Wall, 1; From foul line, Thompson, 1. 1916—From field, Brackett, 1. From foul line, Clair, 1. Final score, 5-3.

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE GAME.

The games of October twenty-third were in a class with the first game—clean, fast, exciting. This day the upper classes were fortunate, the Seniors winning from the Sophomores with the score 5-1, and the Juniors from the Freshmen, 4-0.

Line-up:

1913	1915
Thompson, f.	Steward, g.
Wall, f.	Chamberlain, capt., c.
Adams, c.	Dyer, c.
Dutton, s. c.	Howland, s. c.
Windell, g.	Washburn, f.
St. Clair, capt. c.	Warren, f.

Referee, Miss Bass. Goals. From field—1913, Thompson, 1, Wall, 1;

1915, 0. From foul line—1913, Thompson, 1; 1914, Washburn, 1. Final score, 5-1.

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN GAME.

Line-up:

1914
Soule, f.
Cunningham, f
Weston, c
Paul, s. c.
Washburn, capt., c.
Tubbs, g.

1916
McIntyre, g
Towne, g.
Wyman, capt., c.
Moses, s. c.
Montgomery, f.
Clair, f.
Harrington, g. (took McIntyre's place last half.)

Referee, Miss Bass. Goals—From field, 1914, Soule, 1, Cunningham, 1; 1916, 0. From foul line—1914, 0; 1916, 0. Final score, 4-0.

JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE GAME.

On October thirtieth the Juniors and Sophomores, each bent on victory, met in one of the best and closest games of the season—a game in which the excitement and spirit reached a pitch not gained at any other time except during the Colby Day games. The result was victory for 1914, with the score 5-4.

Line-up:

1914
Cunningham, f.
Soule, f.
Weston, c.
Paul, s. c.
Tubbs, g.
Washburn, capt. g.

1915
Ross, g.
Chamberlain, capt. g.
Everett, c.
Steward, s. c.
Warren, f.
Forbes, f.

Referee, Miss Bass. Goals—From field, 1914, Cunningham, 2; 1915, Forbes, 1. From foul line, 1914, Soule, 1; 1915, Forbes, 1, Warren 1. Final score, 5-4.

Owing to an inopportune rainstorm, a veritable flood, on Colby Day, the games scheduled for that time were postponed until November sixth. The Interclass Team work competition preceded the games. The work of each class showed the skilful handling of the ball, and the alertness and decision which are always the result of faithful practice. 1915 were the happy—and deserving—winners of the Teamwork championship banner.

Class.	No. of times down field.	Baskets made.	Total.
1913	10	Thompson, 8 Wall, 6	14
1914	13	Cunningham, 8 Soule, 9	17
1915	11	Washburn, 11 Forbes, 8	19
1916	11	Brackett, 7 Clair, 6	13

The two games played on this date were without question the most interesting of the season. The Sophomore-Freshman game is always attended with much interest. For the Freshmen, with victory comes the much-longed-for right to sing "Phi Chi." To the Sophomores, with defeat comes the sting of being beaten by Freshmen! So each went at it resolved to win. Though the game was not so close as some played this fall, yet it was watched with the intensest interest, and at the close it was felt that each team had been a credit to its class, and that, while the Sophomores were rejoicing in a well won victory, the Freshmen need not feel ashamed at having met defeat with true sportsman-like spirit.

Line-up:

1915
Washburn, f.
Forbes, f.
Dyer, c.

1916
McIntyre, g
French, g.
Singer, c.

Howland, s. c.

Moses, s. c.

Ross, g.

Clair, f.

Steward, g

Brackett, f.

Referee, Miss Bass. Goals—From field, 1915, Washburn, 5, Forbes, 2; 1916, Brackett, 1, Clair, 1. From foul line, 1915, Forbes, 2; 1916, 0. Final score, 16-4.

The Senior-Junior game was the deciding game of the championship series. Neither class had met defeat. Victory meant the championship. It was the fourth year that 1913 had striven for the goal and now that it seemed in sight, it was the earnest hope, not only of the whole team, but of each member of the class, that finally their efforts were to be rewarded, that at last the championship was to be theirs. The team went out with the resolve, collectively and individually, to do the best that was in them for "old '13." 1914 was equally eager and equally determined. To snatch the championship from their old rivals would mean so much! So each went into the game, with no bitterness in her heart for her opponent, but all hoping for victory for her colors. But the fates were kind to the Orange and White, and for the first and last time in its college history, 1913 won what for four years they had sought—the Basket Ball Championship.

Line-up:

1913

1914

Thompson, f.

Tubbs, g.

Wall, f.

Washburn, capt. g.

Adams, c.

Weston, c

Dutton, s. c. (first half)

Paul, s. c.

Windell, s. c. (last half)

Macomber, g.

Cunningham, f

St. Clair, capt. g.

Soule, f.

Referee, Miss Bass. Goals—From field, 1913, Thompson, 2; 1914, 0. From foul line, 1913, Thompson, 1; 1914, 0. Final score, 5-0.

Class	Place	Points
1913	First	7
1914	Second	5

HOCKEY.

In addition to the basket ball, Hockey was introduced this year as one of our fall sports. It was planned to play the odds against the evens, 1913 and 1915 uniting against 1914 and 1916. The two teams were organized, and captains elected. Diana Wall, '13, was chosen captain of the Odds, and Grace Weston, '14, of the Evens. Regular practice, with Miss Bass as coach, was held three times a week. As hockey was unfamiliar to most of the girls, little more than organization and practice was accomplished this fall, but it is expected that by next fall, if not in the spring, our new field will be the scene of the hockey games as exciting and attended with as much interest as our basket ball games.

The tennis courts have been much in use this fall, and if the practice seen there is any indication of what is to follow, the tennis tournament next spring will be a good one.

Riding, too, under the instruction of Mr. Pollard, has become a most popular sport, and there seem to be developing among us some expert horsewomen, who accept a fall, and with it, barked noses, black eyes, and all sorts of bruises with an equanimity befitting those long versed in the art of equestrianism.

THE COLBIANA

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EDITORIALS

The object in starting THE COLBIANA was two-fold,—to develop among the girls greater Colby pride and loyalty, and to give to people outside of the college a complete representation of the activities of the Women's Division. Many events take place during the year which seem to us worthy of comment, and by means of this publication we hope that the interest in the college may be increased.

The Alumnae will, we are sure, welcome THE COLBIANA as another link to bind them to Colby, and, by acquainting themselves with our various duties and pleasures, will feel a deeper loyalty for their Alma Mater.

Besides Alumnae and friends, it is our purpose to appeal to those who are not at present connected with Colby. We hope that the girl in high school may, through this paper, become interested in our college and make it her choice.

To the girl in college THE COLBIANA cannot fail to be of value. Her business ability and literary talent are soon recognized and an opportunity given for their development. As she reads the publication, pride in the achievements of the college will prompt her to greater effort, and inspire a deeper spirit of faithfulness and devotion to duty.

Those who were fortunate enough to attend the lecture-recital by Mr. Perry recall with pleasure both the clear interpretation of his selections and his skilful rendering of them. Thanks to the efficient training the music class receives from Mrs. White, we were able to appreciate this clever work in a greater degree than as if we were merely exposed to the music like a rock to the waves.

Mr. Perry told the interesting associations of each number so that in listening one might visualize the melody. Sometimes it is more pleasurable just to enjoy the cadence so subtle is its

meaning; but oftener the music distinctly suggests pictures to us. Such is the case in the Boccherini Minuet.

This is what might be styled an audible picture. It represents the acme of descriptive music, because it suggests motion and color so vividly. With the opening notes, a scene brilliant with opalescent light is spread upon the curtain of our fancy: a spacious ball-room in maroon and gold, with a floor of ivory mosaics; a group of lords and ladies dressed in the fashion of a by-gone century, the ladies courtesying low, the lords bending in dignified salutation. The gowns are a rainbow of tints: silver, ruby, sapphire, coral, garnet, azure, and rose. The glistening satin of the lord's attire shines out in deeper shades: emerald, purple, flaxen, russet, and cloth of gold. After the stately bows, the couples glide through the figures of the graceful minuet. The music is now flippant, coy, and artful; now delicate, tender, hushed, and low. Following the majestic rhythm of a slow movement, comes a light, airy strain, as exquisite and illusive as the lace on my lady's dress. It seems as if the musicians were playfully tickling the strings to make them burst into rippling ecstasy. Philomel could scarcely trill the sweetness of those notes! Then the melody resumes its sober mood, while the bowing lords and ladies leave the stage of our imagination, and only the magic echo of the closing measure is left to charm us.

One way to increase and strengthen our loyalty to Colby is by having college songs written and sung in her praise. This idea was advanced at the first senior class-meeting this fall, and a committee was chosen to compose some Colby songs. The result was two or three songs, written to familiar tunes, and these were sung enthusiastically by the girls.

A great surprise came to us, however, on Colby Day, when the Junior class passed around neat little song-books with blue and gray covers. These contained the new songs together with the old favorites, and make up a collection which every Colby student should own.

Thus, with mingled loyalty and pride, we now join heartily in singing of

"Old Colby, Our Glory."

LAUGH-Y-ETTES

In the words of Professor Wolfe: "Let us proceed."

English VII the other day revealed the fact that Colby is entertaining unawares some very poetic souls. The following are some examples of the same.

"It's too bad to waste this time,
I can never write a rhyme." —D. J. W., 13.

"Come with me to English seven,
It is never like a heaven."

"The day is bright, the sky is clear,
My wife is home, and I am here."

"If you would not ask a rhyme,
This would be a pleasant time." —C. E. W., '13

"If I ever were a poet,
This would be the time to show it." —A. C. T., '13.

"Colby College once was new,
Now it has a dirty hue."

Rob. (in Eng. VII.)—"To whom does *her* refer, Mr.——?"
"Queen Elizabeth."

"No, no, no, no! Look at it again."
(After reflection) "Jove!"

FACTS ABOUT COLBY.

There are in Colby College:

- 145 girls and—
144 middy blouses.
- 145 girls and—
3 copies of Milton's poems.
- 145 girls and—
24 at breakfast Sunday morning.
- 145 girls and—
2 entertaining in the parlor Saturday night.
- 145 girls and—
14 at chapel, Oct. 26, 1912.
- 145 girls and—
89 at pictures.
- 35 Sophomore girls, and—
5 at Freshman Reception.
- 49 Freshmen, and—
Only one who is not fresh. (She left.)
- 756 meals served during the year at Foss Hall—
Number of times beefsteak is served,—1.
Number of times hash is served, 650.

I WONDER—

How far the letters went that the Freshmen mailed in the excuse box.

Who was so patriotic to the football team that they flavored the beans with ginger.

What became of the 1913 banner.

Why the Freshmen don't wait for the upper classmen to pass out of the dining-room.

How long Miss A. L. P., '14, could stay in the telephone booth without smothering.

Why Miss G. E. W., '14, falls all over herself to get into the dining-room Sunday night. Nobody else does.

If Miss S. E. P., '13, still "leans on her wavering reed."

Why it takes Miss E. E. M., '14, weeks to catch on to a joke.

Why the pleasant little village of Fairfield proves so alluring to Miss A. L. P., '14, on Sundays.

Why Miss Butman doesn't get some non-squeaking shoes before she starts out on her radiator-valve raids. Said raids might prove more satisfactory.

If many people were hurt when the wind blew up College Avenue.

KITCHEN SMALL TALK.

One of the boys was helping himself to a dessert.

D. J. W., '13—"That's right. The Lord helps those that help themselves."

Yes, but the Lord help those that get caught at it, though!"

After the Colby-Maine game—M. M. W., '13, discoursing—"I don't see what they mean by slugging." Mr. Y—— endeavors to explain. M——,—“Well, what would you call it if a fellow came up and put his arm right around your neck. Would that be slugging?” Mr. Y——, “No I should call that fussing.”

M. H. H., '14, wishes to announce that her favorite dish is soft soap, served hot on potato.

HERE'S TO

The Alumnae—May the hinges of your generosity never grow rusty.

The Seniors—May scarcity always be a days march behind you.

The Juniors—May misfortune follow you all the days of your life—and never catch up with you.

The Sophomores—May you live as long as you like, and have what you like as long as you live.

The Freshmen—May each one of you be what you think yourself to be.

THE FRESHMEN.

How green those little Freshmen were
 When first we let them in;
 As green as ever Freshmen were
 That ever yet have been.
 We've watched to see their greenness fade,
 Their freshness pass away,
 But yet, alas, I do declare,
 They're just as fresh today!

Dr. Black, in European History.—Then you think you're all right, do you, Miss B——?"

M. B., '15—"I know I am."

Dr. Black, in European—"Who were the sons of Noah?"

Bright Student.—“Sham, Ham, and Jeffrey.”

Another B. S.—“David, Jacob, and Ham.”

In German, student translating, Vater, vater, schütze mich"—Father, dear father, shoot me."

D. J. W., '13, walking up College Avenue, muttering, so that all passers-by stop and gaze, "a-e-o-e-a-u-etc." Don't mind her. She's not crazy, only practising her French lesson.

President Roberts, in Psychology—"What does Professor James liken the three divisions of the nervous system to Mr. Miller?" No response.

"Come, come, Mr. Miller, what does he liken them to?"

Silence—Finally, glancing at the book, "Er—well, I see he doesn't liken them to anything, but what could you liken them to?"

M. E. I., '13, (presiding at Senior class meeting.)—Is there any more business to come before this august body?"

In Psychology, President Roberts calls on Mr. Hunt, and for some unknown reason, everybody laughs.

Pres. Roberts—"Well, I don't see anything funny about your not having your lesson, Mr. Hunt. Have you looked this over, or did you overlook it this morning?"

BLOODY MONDAY NIGHT

On September twenty-third, the members of the class of 1916, were initiated into the mysteries of the much-dreaded Bloody Monday Night. As they came from chapel on the preceding Friday, each one was presented by a haughty Sophomore, with a slip which told her what she should represent.

It had previously been decided that half of the class should give a political rally with speeches from Wilson, Taft, and Roosevelt; and the other half a minstrel show with endmen, interlocutor, cake-walker, etc.

On the fatal Monday night all met in the Gym at seven o'clock, and such a sight as met our eyes there! Crowds of darkies in the most brilliant array with occasionally an aristocratic gentleman in full evening dress. All about, on every side, stood the stern Sophomores with bar-bells for keeping order. At every noise or outbreak from the terrible band, which tried to furnish music for the occasion, all rushed forward, thumping and rapping about the feet of the poor Freshman.

This class was especially turbulent and restless, and a plentiful supply of soap was necessary in order to get them to answer "1915" to the roll-call. Suddenly, in spite of the vigilance of the Sophomores, there was a quick rush from the Freshmen for the 1915 class banner. Everyone caught hold and for a few moments there was a veritable tug-of-war, which would have resulted disastrously for the banner as the Sophomores realized, so released their hold. After a few minutes of deliberation how-

ever it was rather shamefacedly handed back. There were no more serious outbreaks, and the rest of the evening passed very quietly. The speeches were bright and the darkies performed to the best of their ability. After entertaining sufficiently, each one was given a sucker and all the peanuts she could eat. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing, and as each Freshman passed out, she was given her rules and regulations, by which she should abide until Colby Day.

BLOODY MONDAY FROM A FRESHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

From the moment of our arrival at Colby we heard mysterious whisperings of Bloody Monday, the first Monday evening of the college year, and wondered vaguely what it was all about. We didn't have to wait very long, for one noon a meeting of the Freshmen was called which was presided over by the Sophomore President. We now felt that the time had come for all mysteries to be put aside, for although we were Freshmen, we knew that Sophomores were not our best friends and therefore that our fate was in all probability in their hands as regarded Bloody Monday Night.

We were informed in a business-like way that on the following Monday night we were to entertain the Sophomores in the gymnasium. Slips of paper were distributed to every Freshman indicating what her part was to be in the entertainment. The entertainment was to consist of two parts, A Minstrel Show and A Political Rally, and to the minds of the unknowing Freshmen this seemed a jolly way to spend the evening. The Freshmen showed their spirit of pure fun by doing as they were told in almost every particular, until it came to kissing the 1915 banner. Then they rebelled, and for this first small misdemeanor the mouths of a few were dabbed with soap and water by a little curly-headed Sophomore who seemed to enjoy this duty of hers as she would a pleasure. For this indignity heaped upon their innocent mouths the Freshmen in a body seized the 1915 banner and carried it to the farthest corner of the gym. After this slight revenge had been taken, the evening passed pleasantly enough until the time came for going home. As the Freshmen passed out, each one was given a green poster with ten commandments printed on it to be strictly obeyed for the next two weeks. Among the most important commandments were those which insisted upon the wearing of green bows and bibs by every Freshman girl. Every girl cheerfully did as she was told for the first week after Bloody Monday, but after the newness had worn off, several became negligent and the poor Sophomores were kept pretty busy, for naturally they wanted their orders carried out. Taking it all together, Bloody Monday wasn't nearly so terrifying as its name implied and the Freshmen went on their way rejoicing.

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

It is a time-honored tradition that the Freshman boys and girls give a reception some time before Colby Day, and the tradition also is that the Sophomores do all in their power to break it up. For several years past the Sophomores have gained the upper hand and the Freshmen have been deprived of their rightful enjoyment. But this year the tide turned. The Freshmen gained the upper hand, and this is how they did it. They hired a special train to take them to Skowhegan, where they were to have a dinner and afterwards an informal reception in which to get acquainted. But the train, instead of starting from the Waterville Station, backed to the station at Winslow where the Freshmen met it. A few of the Sophomore boys managed to meet the train also, but they were quickly disposed of by being tied to posts.

At the time appointed, the train pulled out and went through Waterville whistling triumphantly as it passed the station platform filled with frantic Sophomores. After reaching the Grange Hall in Skowhegan, it was discovered that a small number of Sophomore boys had succeeded in smuggling themselves in among the Freshmen. In order to make them examples for any other intruders, they were tied to chairs and set up on tables. They were decked with autumn leaves, tin cans, brooms, etc., and really made interesting pictures for the Freshmen to look upon as they ate their feast of good things. Other Sophomores, both boys and girls, kept coming during the dinner and excitement and confusion reigned supreme.

After dinner, every one, Sophomores and Freshmen alike, went up-stairs, where they had a jolly time dancing and getting acquainted until the time came for their train to start for Waterville. Their final victory over the Sophomores was won when their special pulled out of the Skowhegan station just as a train from Waterville, filled with revengeful Sophomores, pulled in.

After getting home to Foss Hall the girls marched proudly through the corridors singing Phi Chi and cheering and the day ended happily for all, because the Sophomores were-big-hearted enough to rejoice with the Freshmen in their well-earned victory.

BURNING OF FRESHMAN BOWS AND BIBS

On Tuesday evening, October fifteenth, a strangely weird thing happened at Foss Hall. At about 9.15 a solemn slow procession of ghosts came out of assembly hall on the third floor and marched, moaning and groaning, through all the corridors. Girls rushed from their rooms to see what it was all about, and then, recognizing some of the ghosts as Freshmen, followed closely in the rear of the procession.

As they reached the top of the first flight of stairs, the ghosts

began to sing to the tune of the hymn, "Day is Dying in the West:"

"The Freshmen march slowly down,
For the open fire-place bound,
Their designs are dark and deep,
For in a big pile they'll steep
And it will make a big heap."

CHORUS.

"B—o—b—o—w—s.
Bows and Bibs
Fire burns bright to-night for thee
Fire burns bright to-night for thee
O Bows and Bibs."

As they sang they filed into the dining room and formed in a big circle about the fire-place. Then the class president, Eleanor Bradlee, stepped forward and made a touching funeral oration, a parody on Mark Antony's speech at the funeral of Caesar. At a given signal the ghosts slowly marched by the fire-place, throwing their bows and bibs on the burning embers. As they did so they sang to the same tune,

"White and still these halls we roam
Calling Foss our rightful home
Here we are and here we stay,
Though the Sophs won't say we may.
Now Sophs just hist !!!"

CHORUS.

"Oh! Ah! Oh!
Now to burn our bibs
Bows and Bibs we burn to-night
As sure, as sure as fate is right.
Oh, fire now burn."

Still singing the girls went quietly to their own rooms and the day of the Sophomores' supremacy was over.

GENERAL NEWS

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

A pianoforte lecture-recital was given by the blind pianist, Edward Baxter Perry, at the Congregational church on October twenty-fifth. As Mr. Perry is a musician of unusual ability, the music class was glad of the opportunity to hear him. The music was especially enjoyable and interesting for the reason that, before each selection, he explained when and under what circumstances it was written, besides something of the nature of the piece itself.

DR. GUNSAULUS.

On November twelfth, Dr. Gunsaulus, the well known orator, spoke at the Baptist church. He took for his topic, "Gladstone," and spoke quite in detail of the life of Gladstone, and told many interesting and amusing anecdotes concerning him and his acquaintances.

LATIN V PARTY.

On the evening of November eighteenth, the Sophomore Latin class held a chafing-dish supper and social at Taconnet Club House. Dr. and Mrs. Ashcraft chaperoned the party. Two delegates from each class and a few other guests were invited. Supper was served at six in the dining-room and the evening was passed pleasantly in playing old-fashioned games and square dances. The favors were dainty and novel and were tied with the Sophomore colors.

On Thursday evening, November twenty-first, the girls of the Junior class held a party at the Taconnet Club House. This was the idea of the officers of the class and there was no doubt in the minds of those present but that the idea was heartily approved. On this occasion we were together as a class for the first time since college opened, and missed several who have been with us until this year. We were glad to welcome into our class a new girl from Boston University. The entertainment consisted in dancing, the music for which was furnished by the ever-accommodating pianola. Dean Bass chaperoned. We hope to have more of such parties this year, as they tend to bind us closer together as a class and seem to develop more of that class spirit which has made our college career thus far so happy.

Mr. Don Morrison, the eminent violinist, assisted by Miss Effie Pooler, soprano, and Mrs. Clarence White, pianist, gave a concert recital in the Assembly Room at Foss Hall, Tuesday evening, October first.

Mr. Morrison and Miss Pooler responded to several encores. Mr. Morrison played several of his own compositions accompanied by Mrs. White who played from the original manuscripts. At the close of the recital Mr. Morrison played "A Prayer" in a novel manner, by loosening the bow strings, placing the bow under the violin and playing with the loose bow strings over the four violin strings. The recital was certainly an exceptional treat.

The Senior class had supper Sunday evening, October thirteenth, in Mattie Windell's room. Fifteen were present and a quiet, social time was enjoyed.

The Senior class repeated their play, "The Rivals," before the Woman's Club at Library Hall, November fourth. The play was exceptionally good this year, for extra time has been spent on it under the efficient training of Miss Flood.

Mr. Dunn with his automobile is still a welcome sight to all the college girls. Winter is in the distance yet.

The dance given at Foss Hall, November eighth, for the Palmer House piano was a great success. Only the women's division was invited. The halls and reception room were cleared for dancing, ice cream was sold, and over \$12 netted.

Several of the college girls took part in the Operetta "O Hanu San" given in the Opera House, Tuesday evening, November nineteenth, by the Universalist church. Frances Pollard, '13, taking one of the leading parts as "O Kitu San," and Marion Wyman, '16, as "Miss Knowall."

The Library committee of the Woman's club entertained Miss Flood and the cast of the Senior Play at the home of Miss Jennie Smith, Monday evening, November eleventh. A chicken supper was served, some impromptu toasts were given, and then the girls sang Colby songs. A delightful evening was reported.

The play "The Rivals," given on the evening of Colby Day by the Senior Class, was pronounced a great success by everybody present. A stage was built in the dining-room for the purpose and the room was filled by an enthusiastic audience of undergraduates, alumnae and friends.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Marion Ingalls
Capt. Jack Absolute.....	Cynthia Knowles
Faulkland	Eva Macomber
Bob Acres	Belle Smith
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Sarah Pennell
Fag	Bessie Dutton
David	Margaret Adams
Boy	Clara Winslow
Mrs. Malaprop	Avis Thompson
Lydia Languish	Frances Pollard
Lucy	Phyllis St. Clair

Marion Ingalls as Sir Anthony Absolute made a striking character with his "perfectly cool" rages at his son. Cynthia Knowles as Capt. Jack Absolute played well the part of successful lover and true friend. While Belle Smith, as Bob Acres, and Avis Thompson, as Mrs. Malaprop, convulsed the audience with their unexpected sallies of wit.

Everybody feels that praise is due to the girls and to Miss Flood for the splendid rendering of the play, showing that much time and work has been spent upon it.

On Friday, after the opening of college, the first Senior class-meeting was held. The President, Marion Ingalls, presided, and an enthusiastic spirit pervaded the meeting. Plans were presented and approved for the publication of a quarterly for the women's division. A committee was appointed to write some new songs for Colby Day, and it was decided that the class offer a prize for the best Colby song published in the quarterly during the year. Arrangements were made for holding Senior suppers at various times during the year. Several college activities were discussed, and as the meeting broke up, each girl left with a firmer resolve to make this last year at Colby one that shall count for the college and the increase of Colby spirit.

ALUMNAE NOTES

PERSONALS.

We were very glad to have so many of our alumnae with us for Colby Day. It is always a pleasure for us to welcome the old girls back again. Their loyalty and love for the college gives a new impulse to our own Colby spirit. Among those back were: Nellie Winslow, '07; Pauline Herring, '10; Gene Bennett, ex-'10; Mollie Hanson, ex-'11; Smith, '11; Margaret Holbrook, '12; Ruth Goodwin, '12; Florence Carll, '12; Mildred Ralph, '12; Adelaide Klein, ex-'13; Florence Ingersoll, ex-'13; Lynnette Philbrick, ex-'14; and Amy Tilden, ex-'15.

Other alumnae who have visited us during the fall are Beatrice Caldwell, '06; Eva Reynolds, '12; Lillian Carll, '12; Marian Brown, '12; Jennie Reed, '12; Lena Blanchard, ex-'14; Lucy Barrows, ex-'14; Maude Collins, ex-'12; Miriam Emory, '09; Harriet Lawler, ex-'12; and Ruth Brickett, ex-'15.

Helen Nichols, ex-'12, Smith, '12, is teaching at Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

Edith Priest, '07, is teaching in Coburn, Waterville.

Among the Colby alumnae who spent the summer abroad are Mary Abbott, '08, and Olive Greene, '09.

Sinia King is teaching at Sabattus, Me.

Ellen Peterson, '07, gave up her position at Coburn to enter the Gordon Training School.

Alice Tyler, '07, who has been in Franklin High School since her graduation, is this year teaching in her home town, De Wittville, N. Y.

Mrs. Annie Pepper Varney, '97, addressed the college Sunday School class, November 24, giving an interesting account of her class in Newton Centre, Mass. The class numbers about sixty.

Lucy M. Whenman, '07, has resigned her position as preceptress at Tilton Seminary, Tilton, N. H., to enter the Y. W. C. A. training school.

Mrs. Nina Holmes Dunn, '08, is now living in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Verena Chaney, '10, is teaching in Verona, N. J.

Agnes Stetson, '99, is at her home in Waterville, Me.

Eleanor Creech, '10, is teaching at Hebron Academy.

Harriet Holmes, '97, who has been dean of women, Grand Island College, Neb., is now at her home in Eastport.

Jeannette Sturtevant, ex-'09, is teaching in Fairfield.

The engagement of Mabel Dunn, '03, to Herbert C. Libby, was announced on November sixth.

Ellen Pillsbury, '11, is teaching in Oakland High School.

Mrs. Grace Warren Atchley, '03, has returned from the West and has again taken up her residence in Waterville.

Sara B. Matthews has been appointed assistant executive secretary of the northeastern territorial committee of the Y. W. C. A. Her headquarters are in New York City.

Dr. Mary S. Crowell, '96, is at her home in Farmington Falls, Me.

At the last Teachers' Convention held in Portland, Me., the Colby alumni and alumnae were very pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Constant Southworth, at her home in that city. A cordial invitation had been extended to all Colby graduates and faculty, and this was widely accepted. The time passed quickly and delightfully in renewing old associations and acquaintances. Music and refreshments occupied the rest of the time.

1912.

Marion Brown is teaching at Hallowell, Me.

Margaret Buswell is taking post graduate work at Radcliffe.

Florence Carll is spending the winter at her home in South China, Me.

Lillian Carll is teaching at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

Louise Clark is at Poland Springs.

Etta Creech is at her uncle's home in Wells, Me.

Florence Cross is at her home in Colebrook, N. H.

Bessie Cummings is taking a course in domestic science at Simmons in Boston.

Elsie Gardner is teaching at Damariscotta, Me.

Ethel Gilpatrick is teaching in Bridgton.

Ethel Haines is at home in Sebago, Me.

Mary Hall is teaching in Rockport High school.

Ruth Hamilton is teaching in Winslow.

Margaret Holbrook is teaching in Vanceboro, Me.

Helen Hunt is teaching in Jay.

Emma Leighton is teaching in Danville, N. H.

Pearl Mitton is teaching at her home in Caribou.

Leora Prentiss is teaching in Freedom Academy, Freedom, Me.

Mildred Ralph is teaching in Bath High School, Bath, Me.

Jennie Reed is teaching in Topsham, Me.

Eva Reynolds is teaching in Augusta, Me.

Rita Robinson is teaching in Milbridge, Me.

Jessie Ross is with her brother in Portland, Oregon.

Margaret Skinner is teaching in Limington, Me.

Sarah Snow is teaching in Calais, Me.

Ethel Stevens is at home in Newburyport, Mass.

Mary Strickland is teaching in Rockland, Me.

Gail Taggart is teaching in Kennebunkport.

Grace Vose is teaching at Kingfield, Me.

Ethel Ward is teaching at Abbott School, Farmington, Me.

Susan Wentworth is teaching in New Boston, N. H.

Bertha Wilson is teaching in Caribou, Me.

Laurel Wyman is at Filene's, Boston.

MARRIAGES.

Late last spring, the announcement was received of the marriage of Vella E. Barrett and Emmons W. Stacy, both formerly of 1912. They are making their home in Shirley, Me.

The marriage of Caroline Noyes, '08, to Robert Ervin, '11, took place June 5. They are residing in Waterville.

Harriet M. Drake, ex-06, and Harry Kidder, '11, were married at the home of the bride's parents in Waterville, June twenty-fifth.

Cora Kennison and Ralph Nash, both of the class of 1911, were married at the home of the bride's parents in Waterville, July 2. They are residing in New York City, where Mr. Nash is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work.

Gertrude H. Coombs, '11, and Francis H. Rose, '09, were united in marriage, September 2, at the Immanuel Baptist church, Lowell, Mass., by the father of the bride. Miss Margaret Fielden and Miss Sinia King, classmates of the bride, were bridesmaids. After a short wedding trip, Rev. and Mrs. Rose sailed for the Philippines where Mr. Rose has a position in the industrial school at Jaro.

The marriage of Esther Weeks, '09, to Ralph Condon took place in Portland, May 30. They reside in N. Y. City.

Alice L. Thomas and Ralph N. Good were married June 26th at the home of the bride's parents in Livermore Falls. They are living in Malden, Mass., where Mr. Good is physical director in Malden High School.

Virginia Noyes, '07, and Leslie Getchell were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents in Waterville. The groom is in the employment of the Central Maine Power Co. On their return from an automobile trip, they are to make their home in Waterville.

DEATH.

The many friends of Marion Hall Mitchell, '02, were saddened to learn of her death which occurred at her home in Billerica, Mass., on September 25. She was the daughter of the late Dr. Edward Hall, for many years librarian at Colby College. She is survived by a husband and two children.

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