

4-1913

The Colbiana vol. 1 no. 3 (April, 1913)

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THE COLBIANA

Colby
78
97
Vol. 1
no. 3
cop. 2

APRIL, 1913

THE COLBIANA

Volume 1

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Number 3

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Press of FAIRFIELD PUBLISHING CO., Fairfield, Me.

THE COLBIANA

VOLUME 1

APRIL, 1913

NUMBER 3

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN PEPPER

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF DR. PEPPER.

My acquaintance with Dr. Pepper began on the day on which I entered college. He was at that time president of Colby. The hymn which he selected for that first chapel service was "Jerusalem the Golden." That hymn struck exactly the right keynote on which to build the theme of a college course. It offered a fine interpretation of life in the light of its eternal values. From that day to this, that hymn has seemed to me an expression of Dr. Pepper's own life in its radiance, its triumph over evil and sorrow and its power to lay hold of the glories of eternity.

It is impossible to describe in words the influence of Dr. Pepper's personality upon his students. While he was firm and strong in discipline, his attitude in the face of insubordination was, "Come now and let us reason together." Near the close of my freshman year, our class (This was in the days of co-education) had the temerity to "boycott" all college exercises because of the suspension of one of our members. Dr. Pepper called to his house two of the older members of the class, and in conference with them and with the class president, he explained: "By agreeing to absent yourselves from all college exercises, you have made it impossible for us to act. Return to college: present your grievance in the form of a petition, and it shall receive due consideration." So reasonable a suggestion led to the prompt settlement of the difficulty.

Dr. Pepper never governed his students by an appeal to their prejudices. His appeal was always to the highest that was in them. The silently ennobling influence of such an attitude can hardly be overestimated. The real test of a teacher's merit is found in the attitude of his students towards him after the years have taught them discrimination. It is significant that the respect and affection which Dr. Pepper inspired in his students when he was president of Colby deepened into reverence, as time revealed more clearly the profound effectiveness of his goodness.

To many of us, Dr. Pepper seemed not only the best man in the world, but also the wisest and the wittiest. His sparkling wit and quickness of repartee, unspoiled by the slightest trace of egotism, cynicism or unkindness, made the Commencement dinners at which he presided as toast-master memorable for their brilliancy. His old students delight to recall such of his brilliant retorts as the following:—

When asked if he did not find it embarrassing to write testimonials for unworthy students, Dr. Pepper replied: "Not at all. If Colby finds it necessary to expel a man, and later he asks for a testimonial, we can write, 'This is the kind of man Colby turns out.'"

Once when Mrs. Pepper, in allusion to his profession as minister, jestingly exclaimed, "He preaches and I practice," he retorted: "Yes, I preach total depravity and she practices it."

When, about ten years ago, he was about to undergo a surgical operation at the hands of a former student, he remarked just before the ether was administered: "I always knew the students liked to cut the professors."

Dr. Pepper served Colby for seven years as its president: for eight years as professor of Biblical Literature and as a member of the Board of Trustees. For several years, he and Mrs. Pepper were absent from Waterville. When it was rumored that they were to return, to make Waterville their home, universal was the rejoicing. It is safe to say that never were two persons more greatly beloved by all classes of their fellow-townsmen. During Dr. Pepper's illness with pneumonia, about seven years ago, his attending physician was constantly stopped on the street by day laborers, clerks from the stores, and little children with anxious inquiries as to the beloved patient's condition. When he was out of danger, Dr. Pepper said mischievously to his physician, who was prescribing a change of medicine, "I am in your hands, doctor. Do with me what you will. You may even kill me if you choose." "No, Dr. Pepper, I shouldn't dare to do that," the physician replied, "for I have to go down street afterwards."

To all ages, as to all class of persons, Dr. Pepper was the beloved friend. He was the especial friend of little children. A Sunday school teacher was trying to explain to a class of small boys the necessity of a loving spirit in administering rebuke. Finally, she gave to the boys slips of paper, asking each to write the name of some person, who, he thought, could criticize another without giving offense. When the papers were examined, every one was found to bear the name of Dr. Pepper.

A former dean of the Woman's Division of Colby once said: "I suppose Dr. Pepper must have some faults: for he is human and we are accustomed to think that no human being is faultless: but I have known him since my childhood, and never yet have I seen in him a single fault." But it was when he was "going towards the sunset," as Mrs. Pepper liked to express it, that the light of the spirit shone brightest. Or perhaps to us

who watched him, the brightness seemed greater because of the deepening gloom of circumstances which would have darkened the spirit of a less Christ-like man. After a life of broad, intense usefulness, his failing health compelled him to retire from his active profession of preacher and teacher. Then he was shut out, by failing eyesight, from the companionship of the books he loved. The progress of his disease occasionally clouded his mind; so that he could not always be sure of the power to think clearly. And finally, after the critical illness of last September, there were times when he found it difficult to articulate correctly. He was perfectly conscious of the failure of his powers, a consciousness made more painful because thereby he seemed to himself to fail in that expression of courtesy and friendliness which was the habit of his life. But herein was enacted a wonderful miracle before our eyes. He never seemed a broken, decrepit creature, but a kingly soul, lending his strength and his wisdom to us weaker souls, who depended upon him as in the days of the fullness of his strength. A wonderful power radiated from him. What was the secret of that power? Again and again I was reminded of the Proverb: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." All his life, Dr. Pepper had been cultivating the power to rule his spirit, and, when one physical force after another was withdrawn, there stood forth the real man, strong in the power of the spirit.

When he could no longer do great things, he put the greatness of his power into doing faithfully the little things that came to his hand to do. One day Mrs. Pepper had charged him with the task of seeing that a basket of fruit for a sick person be given to a messenger. Because of his failing memory, Dr. Pepper was almost painfully solicitous, until the messenger was dispatched, "You are as anxious about sending that basket as if it were a matter of great importance," I remarked. He replied gently, "The commitment is as great as if the thing committed were greater."

I once heard a sermon on the text, "In your patience ye shall win your souls." Dr. Pepper's whole life and especially his last months were the exposition of that text. It was his wonderful patience that made those last days victorious; and patience not as a passive virtue, but as a virtue, the winning of which demanded the active strength of all the heroism of the soul. It was such patience as Christ exhibited in the garden and on the cross; and it was won as the result of a long life of active devotion to the Christ whom Dr. Pepper loved and whom he served.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. PEPPER

GIVEN AT THE BOSTON COLBY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, APRIL 12, 1913.

You have conferred an honor upon me, in granting me this privilege of speaking of our dearly-loved Dr. Pepper.

You all did know the man. Many of you, much more intimately than I. Yet what daughter of Colby has not been granted the intimacy of friendship with this great soul? You will excuse me, then, if I make this tribute a very personal one.

Well do I remember when, a girl in my earliest teens, I used to muse over the Colby catalogue. What fascination there was in that long name at the head of a rather short list of Faculty Members! How I loved to roll it off to my associates, "The Reverend George Dana Boardman Pepper, D.D., LL.D., The President of Colby Universitee."

Later, when the long-dreamed of college course was about to become a reality, a letter came to me from this same Dr. Pepper and I was a proud maiden indeed. The more so, because it came so unexpectedly and in answer to one that a friend had written concerning scholarship aid for me. From that day, the long name stood for a personality.

It was with a feeling of disappointment, then, and of personal loss, that I learned of Dr. Pepper's resignation from the Colby presidency just before I was to enter college.

Not until I was well launched in my college life, did I meet the idol of my youth, after his return from foreign shores. The memory of the occasion lingers yet, as, with his rare smile, he said, "Well, your brother John was my boy, and if he was my boy, then you must be my girl." And I had been admitted into his family of friends.

May not experience have been in common with many of you? First, awe at the dignified name and exalted position of the man. Then, wonder at his finding you in your own small corner. And finally, joy at being taken into his great heart.

Surely the talent of friendship was his.

And then the home-life he enjoyed, with its atmosphere, too subtle to be described, yet so pervading that all of us have felt its charm, and each of us has taken from it some ideal to be worked out in her own home-making.

Not long ago a party of college girls were entertained in that home and as they were about to leave after the usual sing around the piano, Dr. Pepper asked for one more, "Annie Laurie." Then putting his hand on the shoulder of one of the girls, he said, "I used to sing that song this way,

'And for bonnie Annie Grassey,
I'd stand me up and live.'"

How nobly he lived, none knows better than that same bonnie Annie.

How congenial they were, those two kindred spirits. To think of one is to think of the other. Mrs. Pepper once gave me this snap-shot of an evening in their early home. The doctor, at his desk, was deeply absorbed in his manuscript, while his wife was burning to talk. After several remarks to her beloved spouse, which had been answered with only a nod of the head, she continued, "George, dear, dont you love me any more?" and the reply came, "Yes, Annie, I love you—still."

Of Dr. Pepper's all-pervading humor, none of you are ignorant. Each of you could tell some story of his which you have cherished and passed on to another. Even a pun with him was no mean thing. Have you all heard his punniest, I wonder? "If I should be punished for every pun I shed, I should not have a puny shed, in which to hide my punished head."

It was while he was pastor of the church in Saco that his rare simplicity in diction was manifest to us. As one member of that church has said, "He was a great man, but he could adapt himself to the humblest people, so that none ever stood in awe of his learning." A treasured leaf in my Bible is a page of notes on his masterly exposition of the Beatitudes, which he calls "a wonderful cluster of grapes from the vineyard of God. A little cluster, only seven, but they will fill our lives."

It was in my senior year that Dr. Pepper returned to Colby to fill the newly established chair of Biblical Literature. With him, the familiar Bible stories took on new beauty and the sanctity of the morning recitation was marred only by the presence of one or two loafers who dropped into it, looking for a "Snap course."

I shall always remember two articles of mine in that department. The one came due when the spirit of the Messalonskee called and the essay was scarcely more than a series of quotations from some Biblical authority. Dr Pepper's attitude while it was being read and his lack of comment afterward, was punishment well merited and I knew that this was the shabbiest bit of work in my whole course.

The second was a thirty-two-page story of "The Life of Christ," and as it was returned, these words of approval came with it, "That was done just as I wanted it to be done." A reward well worth the midnight labor spent upon it and cherished almost as much as the college diploma.

We, daughters of Colby, rejoice in the memory of Dr. Pepper. We rejoice, too, in the son and daughters whom he has given to our Alma Mater. Once he said of one who was being praised for her good works, "Well, that girl had a good father and mother, good brothers and sisters, and if she is good it is because she has not originality enough to be anything different."

Original though they are, we know that Dr. Pepper's children are not original enough to be different from their noble father and their talented mother, for they, like him, have the wonderful gift of friendship. So shall he live in succeeding generations, while his monument shall be that living memorial—a kindly spirit in the lives of all whom his life has touched.

THE LOVE OF MONEY

Gerald Taylor had been given twenty-five bright silver dollars with which to do as he pleased. There was no doubt in his mind as to their disposal, for already he could see them in his little leather box, to be counted over every night, and under his

pillow to inspire dreams, till he should wake in the morning to hold them again. Even, now, playing with the beautiful pieces of money, his mind took a wild flight of fancy, and worlds without end were at his command. Yet even for them, he would not part with the precious treasure, because it must always be with him, so that he might gaze at the brilliancy of it, and feel the cool touch, the almost responsiveness of his dear money. And in ecstasy, he climbed up the long years ahead, and piled up heaps of money as steps to his approach of the mighty and lofty summit—a million dollars!

His mother, looking through the open door, smiled at her boy's happiness, then sighed, for the grasp of his eager hands on the silver, seemed to foretell a life of hoarding—the life of a miser! Would the child keep the money? Would he be selfish enough to keep it for the mere sake of having it? She said to herself that she would be the last person in the world to urge him to spend it wastefully, yet if only he would use it, how thankful she would be! She sighed again at the thought of the father's meanness living again in his son.

Her anxiety seemed to have been transmitted to the boy, for he got up restlessly, and strode to the open window. Across the field, he saw their neighbor's house—a mere hovel, with its dry grass at which scrawny hens were pecking, its garden stunted and full of weeds, and the two dirty children playing in a puddle of water by the leaky drain pipe. "What a horrid place," he said to himself. Yet it was all they had, and he had heard it was to be theirs no longer, for in default of payment, tomorrow, they must go.

"A heartless and cruel world," he said. "Why doesn't some rich man help them out? Surely it would be as charitable a thing to do as paying twenty-five dollars to the poor farm."

Twenty-five dollars! He looked down at the money in his hand. Why, that was exactly what he had, but there,—he tried to push away the idea. He was not rich, it was not for him to do. But a little voice within seemed to reproach him, and try as he might, he could not get rid of it.

"What good will this money do you, if you keep it put away? You do not need it, give it to some one who does."

Long he argued with the inner voice, called conscience, and he found it unconquerable. At last he gave in. And, suddenly, there came to him a verse he had learned at Sunday school, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and it answered this questioning and doubting.

He called to a stranger who was going past, and asked him to leave an envelope at the next house, and to say nothing of its source. And having done the irretrievable thing, into his heart came a peaceful consciousness of having acted in the right way. Turning he saw his mother standing in the doorway, with outstretched hands as triumphant banners, praising his victory.

THE TALE OF A CUP

The pride and the fear of the Colonel's regiment was "Gid," the Colonel's horse. Like Gideon of old, he inspired the Colonel's Midianites with terror, and they fled before his neigh and snort in helpless fright. When the Colonel stepped into the stall and spoke, "Gid" was as gentle and as docile as an old army pack horse. But at the approach of another, "Gid's" ears lay back, his eyes rolled white, and four prancing hoofs were ready for the intruder.

Time and again Colonel Anerton had ridden "Gid" up to the broad veranda of his bungalow, so that Alice, his wife might stroke the shining black mane. But Gideon persistently threw up his head and danced, which ended every attempt.

To Alice this scene was repugnant, a bore, and worst of all, a "hair-raiser." Frightened as she was at the great black beast, she felt, strangely enough, a malicious contempt for her emanating from "Gid's" look. Perhaps she imagined it; she may have deserved it,—but of that you can judge for yourself. She was a soft, clinging creature, with the traditional pink-and-whiteness of the French doll; and fluffy,—wonderfully like her own fluffy coon cat. Major Irving's wife, who prided herself on being intellectual, said that Mrs. Anerton was "inane, foolish, and a wicked flirt." When his wife pronounced this verdict, the Major scoffed, and said, "Tut, Tut! Eleanor! She's pretty and a harmless little thing:" at which the lady glanced doubtfully at the ceiling, elevated what was once eyebrows, and said nothing.

That "Gid" should not care for Alice was something the Colonel could not understand. And since, next to Alice, he cared most for this creature of fire and the devil, it caused the Colonel some grief. Colonel Anerton was tall, middle-aged, kindly and jovial, with so much color as to nearly approach turkey red, and so little hair, except for his tiny black goatee, as actually to reveal bald spots. His strict discipline of the regiment was proverbial.

But he was notorious for his adoration and unswerving approval of the fluffy innocence, and very real prettiness, of his wife. His leniency in regard to her innumerable flirtations was the talk at every afternoon-tea table, until she herself entered! Then a hush that cried out, "How shocking!" settled over the company until the cause herself broke the stillness with a characteristically fluffy remark—"Such an adorable afternoon, Mrs. Irving!" The smile which accompanied the remark was so flattering in the appeal that even the lady addressed must thaw and reply. Invariably some young subaltern would pass and repass the veranda, waiting for the object of his admiration, until, with a few more fluffy remarks she would join him before the scandalized company with its again loosened tongue.

In the meantime, Mrs. Anerton and the faithful worshipper would strole innocently and aimlessly through the Fort Henry

Park, returning just as the Colonel on "Gid" rode down the Parade Row.

When June came, the Colonel secured "summer leave;" and putting the regiment in the hands of his "first," he took his wife north to the lake region, away from the blinding heat of the Fort. Now it so happened that with him he took his second sergeant, who had been on the sick list, and was only now convalescing. The Major's wife whispered to the kind-hearted Mrs. McGuire that she "understood that Sergeant Kelvin was going with the Colonel because that flirt wished it. And Mrs. McGuire, though privately disapproving, still privately passed the word along, until it was common property of the regiment ladies. Moreover, Kelvin had been permitted of late to accompany Mrs. Anerton on her afternoon strolls. And it is a truth the world over, as expressed in that lady's vernacular, "People will talk,"—when "the people" are ladies.

When they had reached the lakes, and had set up camp, the Colonel found that he must have "Gid," for golf would not last forever, and the lake country promises fine rides. So "Gid" was sent for; and the Colonel on Gid's back resumed his rides, while his wife resumed her walks. And since the Sergeant was the only "interesting" man in camp, he became her faithful companion.

One day, as the Colonel rode slowly up the wood path to camp, he found his wife and Kelvin on the camp veranda,—he reading, while she listened from her hammock. Compunction seized the good old soul that he should have left his wife with that stupid Kelvin. He said as much to her when "that stupid Kelvin" had swung off down the road to the post-office, with a rather embarrassed flush on his thin face. But Alice shrugged her shoulders. "Don't bother about me, Hubby," she replied. "I want you to enjoy your golf and "Gid" while you can." Then she called him some pretty pet names, and the pleased old Colonel thought no more of it.

So, day after day, when he thought she was taking her nap, and he was riding on "Gid," she and the Sergeant were strolling in the pine grove. Often they fished from the edge of the lake where they were nicely screened from view by the undergrowth; meanwhile their fish lines dangled in the water, and they gazed into each other's eyes and murmured things not worth recording. When the Colonel had finished his ride, he found her at home always rested, so she said, from her nap.

Now the Sergeant hated "Gid" with a cruel, evil hate, and feared him with unreasoning fear, as the beautiful creature danced and curvetted under the superior officer. For down at Fort Henry, two months ago, "Gid" had snapped at the Sergeant's arm as the darky groom was leading the Colonel's horse. Furthermore, the horse had brought the ridicule of half the regiment upon Kelvin. One morning when "Gid" had broken loose and trotted over to the Colonel's lawn for some tender grass, the Sergeant was just sauntering down the walk after

bidding "Her Fluffiness" adieu. At sight of the horse Kelvin turned and jumped up the veranda steps, his face white with fear. And news of his "bolting" spread like fire. Kelvin was already unpopular with his own company and he knew it; and his cowardly heart found vengeance upon "the black devil" that had caused all the trouble.

Consequently, an unpleasant light glistened in Kelvin's grey eyes and a queer tight smile wrinkled the corners of his mouth as one sultry August day he watched the Colonel depart on his afternoon ride. But a few minutes later this expression changed to something most agreeable as he pressed the hand of the Colonel's wife in the grove below. She blushed and looked worlds into his eyes, while she adjusted an imaginary curl with a fluffy pat. The afternoon was uncomfortably warm. So they sat down on their rug beneath the pines, and spent two hours or more in talking.

Meanwhile the Colonel had circled the lake. Riding homeward, he was attracted by a particularly pleasant shady spot at the foot of the grove, and he yielded to a desire for a good nap. He picketed "Gid" nearby and was soon fast asleep.

"It is time for my 'hubby' to be home," the Colonel's wife remarked, and pouted in what she knew to be her most enchanting manner. The Sergeant leaned nearer, and whispered something in her ear, at which they both laughed.

On their way back to the camp, they were accustomed to drink at a cool, clear spring half a rod down the hillside, and they now started in that direction. He filled her cup—the one the Colonel had given her with "Alice" fancifully engraved inside, and held it aloft, smiling at her with a smile too complex for words. She returned the gaze with a secretive "thee and me" nod, and held out her hand for the cup.

Just then the soft loam on the "drop" side of the spring, loosened by the heavy summer rains, gave way, and a deep crack appeared between the two. Still clutching the cup, his smile became agonizingly intent. She could not speak. She snatched at his hand to save him. But now the loam and a mass of gravel with it, began to sink, and swiftly rolled over the hillside.

The man, cup raised stiffly aloft, went with it, gazing while he could at the horror-frozen face of "Her Fluffiness." The ground about him seemed to thunder over the barren, rocky slope. Then a horse snorted angrily. Through the dirt about him, the Sergeant recognized, looming giant-like, the Colonel's horse. With a scream the creature rose in the air and with a grim thud and crack landed upon the man beneath him. Again and again "Gid" rose and fell upon a limp mass of dirt, gravel, and something else.

The Colonel, roused from his nap by the rattling stones and the screams of "Gid," led away his trembling horse. Then, from among the heap at the foot of the hill, he drew out the

limp form of what used to be his Sergeant. And in the stiff, bloody hand, held in a death grip, was the cup he had given his wife long ago.

IF SHAKESPEAREAN WOMEN LIVED TO-DAY

In dress, in manners, in appearance, women have changed since the day of Shakespeare; in character they are essentially the same. This is one reason why we of the twentieth century enjoy and appreciate dramas written to amuse a sixteenth century audience. To be sure, the plot is interesting and other characters are cleverly drawn; but it is invariably the heroine who holds our sympathy and leaves the deepest impression upon our minds. Again and again we go to see the same Shakespearean play, each time with increased enthusiasm. Why is this? Merely because the heroine, skilfully portrayed as she invariably is, seems familiar to us all. In every community of any age, Shakespearean types of women exist. The coquette, the domineering wife, the trusting bride, the suffragette,—these and the rest of Shakespeare's heroines represent the typical women of today. With this idea in view, let us consider a few of them separately to see what they would be like if they lived at the present time.

Cleopatra is the coquette of all times. She is the kind of woman that men love and that women both hate and admire. A combination of contrasting passions is her make-up. Her royal pride is offset by her tenderness; her bursts of temper by her childish love of flattery; her falsehood by her truth. How well she understands the effect of her wiles on the nature of men, is shown when she wishes to bring Antony to her,—

“If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick; quick and return.”

While she possesses the characteristics that we most hate, at the same time she is the embodiment of those that we must admire. Like Enobarbus, who thoroughly understood Cleopatra, we believe—

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety:
 for vilest things
Become themselves in her.”

Arrogance, caprice, charm, grace,—these are the coquette's weapons which she uses to ensnare the hearts of men. If she were not so alluring we should loath her; but as it is, we smile wisely and call her the spirit of all that is enchanting, just as they did hundreds of years ago in ancient Egypt.

Another woman of scheming and treachery, but of a kind far

different from that of Cleopatra, is Lady Macbeth whose one aim is to gain an exalted position. Ambitious as she is for her husband, she is far more so for herself. She typifies the domineering wife who, stronger-minded than her husband, not only plans his work for him, but aids him in accomplishing what she determines to have done. When Macbeth's conscience troubles him at the banquet and he thinks he sees the ghost of the murdered Banquo, his wife quickly explains his actions to the company by saying that he is often thus. Later, she chides him and tries to make him feel ashamed. Again when her husband has murdered the king, he lacks the strength of will to enter the dreaded room again. It is Lady Macbeth who walks boldly into the presence of death, and who, by placing the bloody daggers in the hands of the grooms, lays the crimes on them. Thus, she not only schemes but oversees the whole undertaking, now encouraging her husband, now goading him on when he is weak. How similar in ambition and motive if not in method, is Lady Macbeth to those women of today who strive so persistently after social position and fame!

A far different type of heroine is portrayed in Desdemona, the sweet, loving bride of Othello. How different are the characteristics of Lady Macbeth from hers! Where the one is bold, aspiring, independent, the other is gentle, meek, submissive. Desdemona's love for the Moor is so overpowering that she sacrifices all,—position, friends, family, in order to marry him. So great is her love that even when she knows she is dying without just cause at the hands of her jealous husband, she answers her maid's query as to who did the deed by saying,—

"I myself. Farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord."

Is Desdemona not quite like the girls of the present who, if they cannot obtain their parents' consent to marry, take affairs into their own hands, and elope?

The enterprising Portia must next be considered. Here is a character composed of hopefulness and strength. In the casket-scene she fears the issue of the choice on which her whole future depends. Yet, her hope is stronger than her fear and fate favors her. In Portia we see Shakespeare's most intellectual heroine. She is the kind of woman that wishes to be in the midst of affairs. She sees the chance to right a wrong and eagerly snatches the opportunity. Not content to remain at home when the life of her husband's friend is at stake, she disguises herself as a learned doctor, and even dares to conduct the trial. It is in this scene that her honorable principles, her executive ability, her wisdom, are displayed to advantage. How carefully she leads up to the end of the trial where she makes her wonderful plea beginning,—

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

However, Portia is not merely an intelligent woman; she is a womanly woman as well, capable of deep emotion and a pure love. While she is efficient and self-possessed, she is at the same time the very essence of loveliness. If Portia lived today, would she not be one of our leading suffragettes, that progressive class of women who are so deeply interested in the public welfare?

Thus, each of these heroines is a perfect representation of some type of woman. In but one way are they alike,—they all love devotedly. Otherwise, there is unlimited variety and contrast between them. As long as the world endures, the daughters of Eve will continue to be alike and yet vastly different, just as Shakespeare's heroines would be if they lived today.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

On Friday evening, February twenty-eighth, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Abbie Sanderson, '14, President; Helen Hanson, '15, Vice President; Edna Stevens, '15, Secretary; Alice Beckett, '14, Treasurer. The rest of the cabinet was chosen later and consists of the following as chairmen of committees:—Religious Meetings, Idella K. Farnum, '14; Missionary, Aldine Gilman, '15; Bible Study, Madeline Clough, '14; Social, Adelaide Klein, '14; Association News, Mabelle Hunt, '14. Two new members have also been elected for the advisory board of the Y. W. C. A. They are Mrs. I. B. Mower and Mrs. H. W. Brown who take the places of the two outgoing members, Mrs. F. B. Philbrick and Mrs. Hall. On Tuesday evening, March eighteenth most of the members of the advisory board took dinner at Foss Hall with the old and new cabinets and stayed for the evening meeting. At this meeting was held a service for installation of the new officers where reports were read by the outgoing officers and policies presented by the new committees. The installation service was a new feature in the annual meeting and added much to the dignity of the occasion. All parts were well carried out and the reports and policies evidenced much accomplished and well laid plans for future work.

Y. W. C. A. MEETINGS.

Besides the meeting at which the annual reports of the association were given there have been several very helpful and enthusiastic "regular" meetings. First was the meeting in charge of the Missionary Committee at which Mrs. Foster spoke on "Ancestor Worship." She spoke from her own observations and intimate knowledge and aroused a great deal of interest in her subject. The next meeting on February twenty-fifth was led by Alice Beckett, '14. On the following week Ethel Merriam,, was leader and had for her subject, "The Women of

Long Ago." On March eleventh Merle Bowler, '15, was leader and the meeting was both missionary and memorial in nature, taking up, as it did, the "Life of David Livingstone." March twenty-fifth Rev. G. B. Nicholson spoke to us on "Easter Triumph." This meeting was in charge of Marion Ingalls, '13. The first meeting of the spring term was led by the president, Abbie Sanderson, '14, with the topic "The Mountains of Daily Life."

LECTURE RECITAL.

On Monday evening, February twenty-fourth, there was given in the Congregational church a "Lecture-recital" by Mrs. Nellie Bakeman Donovan, '92. This was given under the auspices of the senior class for the benefit of the Silver Bay fund.

It was successful in point of numbers present and funds received, but far more successful in respect to the enjoyable evening given by Mrs. Donovan. The subject was "Childhood in Poem and Song." The arrangement showed careful thought and study, and the interpretation by Mrs. Donovan was delightful. Her tracing of the development of childlife as portrayed by poets and song-writers from early days to the present time was charming and her songs were very pleasing.

Sunday, February twenty-third was observed as the Day of Prayer for Colleges and a union service arranged by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was held in the Baptist Church in the evening. The speaker of the evening was Rev. George A. Martin of Bangor, a graduate of the college in the class of '99, and his subject was, "Can a man know God?"

Besides contributing forty-five dollars towards the support of Miss Baker, our secretary in Japan, the association has also sent gifts to Home Mission work. Since sending the sum of money at Christmas time to a negro institution in the South, we have contributed ten dollars to the Tuberculosis Fund of Waterville, thus aiming to put our money to good use in a manner of helpfulness.

ATHLETICS

On March twenty-fourth an open lesson in Gymnastics was held at Coburn Gymnasium. Each class went through its regular work as usual, the only difference being the presence of a small audience. There was a competition in Swedish gymnastics between the sophomore and freshman classes, first place being given to the class doing best as a whole and individually. The judges for the contest were Marian Ingalls, '13, Eva Macomber, '13, and Gladys Paul, '14.

PROGRAM.

- I. Freshman-Sophomore Competition.
 1. 1915—Marching and Floor Work.

2. 1916—Marching and Floor Work.
 II. 1915—Club Swinging.
 III. 1916—Shoemaker's Dance.
 Oxdansen.
 IV. 1915—Irish Jig.
 V. 1914—The Board Walk.
 The Spanish Waltz.
 Benita Caprice.
 Polka Series.

At the close of the contest the judges, whose decision was based on the unity of the whole, and on individual form, announced a decision in favor of the freshmen.

Congratulations—1916!

Tennis has begun in earnest.

SIGNS OF SPRING

Spring has come, did some one say?
 You can't help seeing it, look where you may,
 The Phi Delt's are frisking on the grass,
 And blinding Foss Hall with an old looking glass;
 The board walks have gone; warm is the sun;
 And Dr. Cook his tours up stream has begun.

Two little rubbers so neat and small,
 Protecting the shoes of a girl in Foss Hall.
 One little rubber, and one muddy shoe;
 Now doesn't that seem rather funny to you?
 Where is the other?—No witness can show,
 But maybe the people in Sydney will know.
 Ask Lois.

There once was a prof named J. Bill
 Who made himself seriously ill.
 He wandered from home,
 In his travels in Rome,
 And contracted a cold
 In a ruin old.
 In the moonlight he sat,—
 For he couldn't leaver her—
 'Til at last he caught the Roman fever.
 Then he had a chill,
 And became quite ill,
 This same old prof. named J. Bill.

THE COLBIANA

Published quarterly by the Women's Division of Colby College.

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All remittances by mail should be made to the Business Manager.

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

EDITORIALS

What did the mother tongue ever do to us that we abuse it as we college girls do? We must admit that the criticisms made concerning our English are just. Let us consider the matter a moment. How would the slang we use in every-day speech look in print? How much of our vocabulary do we take out for an airing every day? It must be confessed the majority of us confine ourselves to overworked adjectives and mannerisms. If a thing is pleasant we call it "grand;" if humorous, "killing." We shamelessly ask our friends, "what do you know?"—a pertinent question, surely, as well as an impertinent one. We talk in "high lights;" use the superlative degree whenever possible and are handicapped, in short, by our unruly "artillery of words." The remedy for this state is to improve our "fine volley of words," and to try to speak in as correct a manner as we would like to write.

"Spring has really come," we hear on all sides, and the warm, pleasant days seem to corroborate the statement. But how many of us are taking advantage of the wonderfully invigorating spring days? Of course we must study, for that is primarily the reason for our being here, but how much better we can do the same work if we have had a brisk walk, a game of tennis, or a gallop on horseback than we could if we had sat in the house and pored over our books. Dr. Wiley has told us, if we did not know it before, that our health is our most valuable possession, so why should we not guard this gift as we would

one of a different sort? Take time each day to get out into the sunshine and fresh air, and you will grow, both in body and soul.

Hamilton Wright Mabie has said, "Repose is the soul of growth;" but how many college students plan even a few minutes each day for repose? How often are all our waking hours spent in hurrying from one task to another, with our pleasures crammed in between. "Haste is fatal to perfect work," but how many students realize the limits of their ability so that they do not undertake more than they can execute? Many a person who goes on a hurried search for culture reaps only a crop of shattered nerves; for culture is not a fruit to be plucked in a hurry. Repose is, according to Dr. Mabie, "adjustment to the conditions of nature." A simple thing it appears, and yet how seldom do we meet it in our every day life. If students fail to adjust themselves to their surroundings during four years of a college course, how much greater friction they will have to encounter when they have to adjust themselves to life in earnest.

Wherever we look, the successful people are those who possess this subtle quality. A nervous, emotional person may suffice at an unimportant occasion, but it is always the advice of the quiet clear headed man we seek in time of crisis.

Perhaps the American Colleges can serve their country in no better way than to graduate students with a well developed sense of responsibility for the common welfare. The child early in life begins to learn that his happiness is dependent upon that of his family, and soon after, he comes to understand that the happiness of his family is in a measure dependent upon some contribution from him. Church and school relationships tend to enlarge the circle of people upon whom he depends and to whom he is, therefore, responsible. But usually he does not identify himself very closely with the life of the larger group until he goes to college. Then he becomes dependent upon the consideration of a large number of people for the health and comfort of his daily living, as well as for the definite hours in which he goes to class for instruction, or to church for worship and inspiration.

To recognize one's dependence upon the consideration of other people is to declare one's responsibility toward whatever things are necessary for mutual welfare. Appreciation of this common dependence and responsibility is the essential characteristic of a right attitude toward all law and order. The person who in his serious moments feels this, may sometimes carelessly break the law, but he will not do so in his thoughtful moments; nor will he ever descend to the level of the person who considers that he is playing a game with the officers in charge, and that if he is keen enough to win it is something of which to be proud. It is among the latter that the law-breakers of every age are found. On the other hand it is from the ranks

of those who recognize a common responsibility toward a common good that our social workers are recruited; men and women heeding this call are giving the best efforts of their lives toward some form of work with an unselfish object in view. Conservation of natural resources and of human life, wise and just laws regulating the relations of capital and labor, are demanding the time and energy of our most patriotic men and women today. Every college graduate cannot serve directly in the framing or the execution of these measures, but if he recognizes a social ideal he cannot fail to keep himself informed as to pending measures, and to use his influence in favor of what he believes to be the best in any given case, and for the execution of any measure when once it becomes the law of the land. Is there any greater need in our country at present than that the number of citizens recognizing such an ideal and living by it should be increased? If there is not, it is the plain duty of the American college to foster in every possible way such a spirit among its students. It is true that the time of any student seriously trying to secure more than a passing knowledge of the facts of History, Literature, Art, and Science is reasonably full and he does not stop to measure every act of his daily life by the standard of public service, but he unconsciously responds to his environment and grows constantly more public spirited or more selfish in his outlook. These are the days of spring house-cleaning—would it not be wise to take an account of our mental stock in trade and see which characteristics tend to develop the selfish attitude and which are likely to promote a more general recognition of public well-being. Shall we not encourage and nurture every tendency that makes for the latter, so that incoming classes may feel the force of the social ideal and the life of a Colby student may mean four years of training in regulating one's life to the needs of a common welfare?

IN MEMORIAM

The *Colby Bauble* has passed away,
 Its varied existence is o'er,
 Its Sotherns and Booths and Marlowes
 Shall entertain no more.
 Its Soule long since departed,
 And then it became so Small
 It contracted probationitis—
 Swift death—sad end and no recall.

Our Prexie's a wonderful man—
 He gives good advice when he can.
 Says he, "Now, don't scold;
 It will make you grow old.
 Now, children, adopt my good plan!
 Be pleasant and cheerful

From morning to night;
 Don't make fun, and don't scold,
 And you'll come out all right."

'14.

Have you heard of the new "Colby Bauble,"
 Which got in a whole lot of trouble?
 With advertisements out
 The play went up the spout,
 And that was the end of the "Bauble."

'13.

There's a flaxen-haired senior named Polly,
 Who is bright and winsome and jolly.
 She spends her vacations
 In making orations,
 And we're all proud of her, by golly!

At Colby, our Prexie, named Rob
 Is always right onto his job.
 In his last "Lit" exam
 None felt called on to cram —
 12 was the aggregate rank of the mob

There's a peach of a girl called B. T.
 Poet, actress, and linguist, U. C.
 Can be stiff as P. K.
 But she's surely O. K.
 Is this Belle of Class '13 A. D.

The Prof. of Eccy I, Pete,
 Is indeed a wonder to meet,
 Your remarks he don't heed,
 Only—"Let us proceed"—
 Is all he knows how to repeat.

There is a young lady named Abby,
 Who acted most awfully shabby.
 She scared all Foss Hall,
 And imagine the gall!
 For—not the measles—had Abby!

H, '15.

There was once a Prexie named Rob,
 Had P. S., of schools the nabob,
 A lecture deliver,
 "And now I'll 'disciver'
 If they write in their notebooks!" cried Rob.
 Smith emptied his mind's deep recess.
 Uprose Prexie Rob, to confess

When Wednesday I meet all,
 "I will not be cordial,
 If you don't to your notes add 'P. S.'"

GENERAL NEWS

The Registrar of Colby College recently posted this notice:

The following members of the Sophomore class have received the highest marks in the first semester's work in Rhetoric, and are entitled to take part in the annual Sophomore Prize Declaration:—Ethel G. Chamberlain, Helen N. Hanson, Ruth Morgan, Edna L. Stevens, Marion O. Steward.

The Junior girls have decided to present the play "As You Like It" this year, and Miss Flood has assigned the parts as follows:

Duke	Abbie Sanderson
Frederick, usurping duke.....	Emily Cunningham
Amiens, a Lord	Marjorie Scribner
Jaques, a Lord.....	Dorothy Tubbs
Oliver, son to the Duke.....	Cora Patterson
Jaques, son to the Duke.....	Erma Reynolds
Orlando, son to the Duke.....	Adelaide Klein
Adam	Idella K. Farnum
Touchstone	Edith Washburn
Corin	Florence Cole
Silvius	Helen Thomas
William	Grace Weston
Rosalind	Emily Hanson
Celia	Anne Dudley
Phebe	Grace Hamilton.
Audrey	Lillian Fogg
Music for the play.....	Marjorie Scribner

A recent gift to Colby is a valuable art collection, presented by Charles Hovey Pepper, L.H.D., a graduate of the college. Most of the seventy-nine pictures were imported from London and Paris, and consist of prints, carbon photographs, and engravings.

Dr. Parmenter's lecture on "The White Mountains of New Hampshire," ended the series of lectures given for the benefit of the College Library. It proved both interesting and instructive. He told of his journey through the foothills of those beautiful mountains, of the superb and magnificent view from the top of Mt. Washington, and of the exhilarating atmospheric conditions at such a height. He described with vivid picturesqueness his visit to Tuckerman's ravine, the lofty Cascades, the water of Glen Ellis Falls and the famous "Old Man of the Mountains." The lecture closed with a vivid and impressive view of a sunset on Lake Winnepesaukee.

It was certainly a great pleasure and rare privilege to listen to such a finished speaker as Dr. Howard Griggs. His two lectures, the first "Some Historical Sources of Modern Civilization," and the second, "The Social Ideal in Modern Civilization," were rendered in the most effective and impressive manner. He presented the ideals of the past and present with fascinating contrast. He impressed strongly upon the minds of his listeners the value of present day interest in the industrial and

social conditions of modern civilization, and the part which these all absorbing questions will play in the advancement and efficiency of the coming generations. His eloquent and impressive style added deep conviction to the truth of his statements.

Members of Senior Latin X gave an informal party at Taconet Club House, March first. A delightful evening was spent in games and music. Dainty refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. Mrs. Thompson was chaperon.

On the afternoon of Washington's Birthday Vernelle Dyer entertained a few of his friends at his home in Oakland. An oyster stew supper was served and Foss Hall hours seemed altogether too early for the guests to depart.

On the evening of Friday, April 18, Dr. Wiley, famous as a national fighter in the interests of pure food, delivered a lecture on "Public Health, Our Greatest National Asset."

According to Dr. Wiley, good birth, with the right sort of parents behind it, and a good environment around and before it, are the rights of every child. Why should not the American be "hochwohlgeboren," as well as his brother on the Rhine? More than twelve per cent of infant mortality is caused either by inherited weaknesses, or by improper food. Dr. Wiley called this decimation of infants murder pure and simple; and he laid it at the door of the parents who are ignorant of what constitutes proper nourishment for their babies.

He continued to say that grown people cannot secure the food that they should. At an inn in the heart of Idaho apple orchards the only fruits were California oranges, Delaware grapes and Florida grape fruit. Even in Maine he had so far been unable to secure pure maple syrup.

In no other country are there such poor cooks as in our own United States. Instead of letting your daughter become a drudge at the piano, for hours pounding white ivory, let her perform over the cook-stove and enjoy herself.

Finally, public sanitation must be secured. As an instance of what can be done he cited the Panama Zone. Street and steam cars should be disinfected, not once in every six months, but daily. Schools must be kept clean, and supplied with an abundant of fresh air.

Though Dr. Wiley may have been, in times past, "a prophet without honor in his own country," he is speedily being recognized as one of the greatest friends of humanity, a nation's teacher in the art of right living.

Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Ashcraft entertained the Seniors at an informal sewing party given at the home of Mrs. Grover on Dalton Street. A delightful afternoon was passed in sewing and conversation. Light refreshments were served and the time for departure came all too soon.

Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston, National Superintendent of the Franchise Department of the W. C. T. U., addressed the Woman's Division of Colby and the ladies of the faculty, Wednesday afternoon on the subject of Woman Suffrage.

An informal reception was held in the parlor at 3.30, after which all gathered in the Hall to hear the address. Chairs were arranged to accommodate those present and a platform raised at the foot of the stairs for the speaker. A keen interest was felt in all that she said and her method of presentation convinced the doubtful ones that one may be a suffragette and yet be a refined and charming woman.

After the address ice cream and cake were served and the girls gathered about Mrs. Livingston asking the questions which perplex everyone on this subject. Each girl has found food for thought. This is a progressive movement and one must study into it to keep up with the rapid progress of the politics of today.

The All-Out-of-Door club celebrated Washington's Birthday with an all day tramp. The members embarked on the nine o'clock car for Oakland, and there the real walk began. Over the snow-covered surface of Snow Pond the party went, resembling a long train of Eskimos. Several of the girls dragged the sled on which the bundles that bespoke what was to follow, were securely tied. After a walk of about two miles, the wanderers came to a cosy cottage which they learned was their destination. Here they made themselves at home before the welcome open fire and soon the cottage was jubilant with music of laughter and the organ. Meanwhile the executive committee prepared a sumptuous repast to which we soon sat down. After the cottage was once more cleared up Dean Bass brought in a surprise—peanuts! For about an hour the party settled down to the mysteries of Progressive Whist. Then a very interesting report of the last meeting was read. The party broke up with the singing of college songs, and once again the wanderers set out on the snowy lake. This time a sleety snow added to the real pleasure of the tramp, and almost before they knew it Oakland was reached. At five o'clock they reached Foss Hall a happy and a very rosy group of girls.

On the Thursday afternoon before Easter Sunday, Vespers were held at the College Chapel, for the women students of Colby. Singing that grand old hymn, "Crown Him with many Crowns," the choir, in caps and gowns, marched to their places, and after the Invocation sang the Anthem, "The Hour of Prayer." Miss Mary Abbott sang a beautiful Easter song after which Dr. Mower gave an inspiring address which was appropriate to the season of the year.

Directly after the address "The Story of the Cross" was sung by students and choir with Marjorie Scribner as soloist. This song was a supposed conversation between Christ and His followers, and both words and music were beautifully adapted.

Prayers were read by Dean Bass, the choir chanting "Amen." "Softly now the Light of Day" was sung as the Recessional, and the Benediction offered by Dr. Mower, closed the Vesper service.

The following Junior Class Day parts have been assigned:

Historian, Marjorie Scribner; Poet, Hazel Young; Ode Committee, Florence Cole, Clara Collins, Adelaide Klein.

A meeting of the Senior class was held recently for the purpose of assigning Senior parts. The result of the election was as follows: Historian, Eva Macomber; Prophet, Avis Thompson; Poet, Belle Smith; Address to Undergraduates, Pauline Hanson; Ode Committee, Frances Pollard, Diana Wall, Margaret Adams.

The annual festivity dignified by the title of Junior Promenade has again receded in to the dim vistas of past pleasures, leaving the usual brilliant glow of remembrance in its wake. The affair was held on April the 18th, 1913, at Assembly Hall under the auspices of the class of 1914. The hall was artistically and ingeniously decorated in the class colors, securing the happy result of lending the charm of a soft and most becoming light to the many smart and exquisite gowns. At the left of the hall stood the reception committee consisting of Prof. H. C. Libby, Mrs. H. C. Libby, Dr. J. W. Black, Miss Edith A. Washburn and Mr. A. Harvey Knight. Mrs. John E. Hedman, Mrs. Herbert C. Libby, Mrs. George A. Washburn, Mrs. Webster Chester and Mrs. George A. Parmenter graciously consented to serve as patronesses of the occasion and six young ladies of the Junior class were delegated to preside over the refreshment table.

After the reception an order of twenty-eight dances was enjoyed, excellent music for which was furnished by Fred A. Pullen of Oakland. Altogether it was a most delightful affair and the committee in charge should feel gratified at the successful outcome of their efforts.

ALUMNAE

Miss Pauline Herring, '10, is spending the spring months in the South. Among the places she will visit are St. Augustine, Fla., and Porto Rico.

Helen Cochrane, '08, is acting as private secretary to Laura E. Richards, and is compiling the diaries of Julia Ward Howe for publication.

Mrs. Eunice Mower Beale, '04, of Eastport has been spending two weeks with her father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. I. B. Mower of Waterville.

Miss Jennie Cochrane, '04, is at present cataloguer of the State Library, Augusta. This position was formerly filled by Mrs. Mary Low Carver, '75.

Miss Louise Buzzell, '11 spent a short time visiting friends in Waterville, as she was passing through, en route for Boston.

Miss Pearl Davis, '09, has recently spent a few days with Miss Louise Springfield, ex-'11. Miss Davis is a very successful teacher in Stonington, Conn.

Miss Carrie E. Gile, ex-'12, is teaching in Alfred High school, Alfred, Maine.

Alice J. Buzzell, '05, is teaching in Sanford High school, Sanford, Maine.

Miss Clio Chilcott is teaching in the Washington Irving High school for girls. The school is located in New York city.

Among the alumnae who have visited Colby recently are Helen Cochrane, '04, Emma Leighton, '12, Gail Taggart, '12, Amy Tilden, ex-'15, Janet Winchester, ex-'12, Florence Carll, '12, Hazel Cole, '11, and Margaret Buswell, '12.

Lucy Treat, '08, is teaching in Kingston, Mass.

Chisie Young, ex-'14, is teaching at Potter Academy, Sebago, Maine.

Mildred Lane, ex-'14, is a teacher in New Sharon, Maine.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement of Miss Laura Day, '11, and Gardner Cole has been announced.

We hear that there was a reason for the domestic science course which Bessie Cummings, '12, has been taking this year at Simmons, and that this course is to be put to practical application. Miss Cummings' engagement to Mr. Harold Waldron has been announced.

The engagement of Miss Bertha Whittemore, '05, to Mr. Clyde Whittier was announced on April sixteenth. Mr. Whittier is instructor in Mathematics at the University of Maine.

MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Miss Edith L. Klein, ex-'14, to Mr. George Wilson took place February 19, at the home of the bride's parents in Mt. Vernon. They are to live in Lynn, Massachusetts.

BIRTHS.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Condon, a son. Mrs. Condon was Miss Esther Weeks of the class of 1909.

Mr. and Mrs. Gehring have a little daughter, Mary Elizabeth. Mrs. Gehring was Angie Corbett, '08.

EXCHANGES

Since the last issue of the COLBIANA, the exchange list is somewhat enlarged. We hope to receive still more exchanges.

The following were gladly welcomed:

The Kents Hill Breeze, Kents Hill Seminary.

Salmagundi, Aroostook State Normal School.

The Oracle, Edward Little High School.

The Olympian, Biddeford High School.

Washingtonian, Washington State Normal School.

The Tripod, Thornton Academy.

The Oracle, Bangor High School.

The Hebron Semester, Hebron Academy.
 The Racquet, Portland High School.
 The Lincolnian, Lincoln Academy.
 The Cony Cue, Cony High School.
 Academy Review, Foxcroft Academy.

DIRECTORY

1913—President, Marion E. Ingalls; Vice-President, Cynthia Knowles; Secretary-Treasurer, Clara E. Winslow.

1914—President, Edith Washburn; Vice-President, Clara Collins; Secretary-Treasurer, Madeline Clough.

1915—President, Aldine Gilman; Vice-President, Lena Dyer; Secretary-Treasurer, Odette Pollard.

1916—President, Eleanor Bradlee; Vice-President, Louise McCurdy; Secretary, Marion Wyman; Treasurer, Helen Cole.

Y. W. C. A.—President, Abbie G. Sanderson; Vice-President, Helen Hanson; Secretary, Edna Stevens; Treasurer, Alice Beckett.

DRAMATIC CLUB—President, Cynthia Knowles; Manager, Avis Thompson; Assistant Manager, Florence Cole.

READING ROOM ASSOCIATION—President, Edith Washburn; Secretary, Grace Hamilton; Treasurer, Dorothy Webb.

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE—1913, Eva Macomber; 1914, Dorothy Tubbs; 1915, Ethel Chamberlain; 1916, Katharine Singer.

HEAD OF BASKET BALL—Ethel Merriam.

BASKET BALL CAPTAINS—1914, Gladys Paul; 1915, Mary Washburn; 1916, Katherine Singer.

GLEE CLUB—Leader, Frances Pollard; Manager, Marion Wyman.

MANDOLIN CLUB—Leader, Frances Pollard, 1913; Manager, Grace Weston, 1914.

COLLEGE CHOIR—Leader, Marjorie Scribner.

ALL OUT-OF-DOOR CLUB—President, Dean Elisabeth Bass; Executive Committee, Gladys Paul, 1914, Ethel Merriam, 1914, Helen Hanson, 1915.

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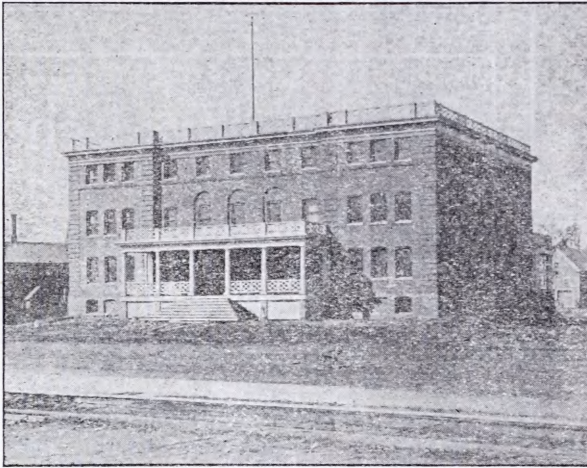
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