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C. P. Chipman

THE
COLBIANA

MARCH
1914

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Volume 2

MARCH, 1914

Number 2

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THE COBBLE

Press of FAIRFIELD PUBLISHING CO., Fairfield, Me.

THE COLBIANA

VOLUME 2

MARCH, 1914

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COLLEGE SPIRIT

The lights in one of the long, low study rooms of Sweet Briar college were burning low. Groups of girls sat at paper-strewn desks and tables industriously studying. The quiet atmosphere was disturbed only by the loud ticking of a clock, placed on a shelf in a position to be easily seen by all in the room. The fire burned cheerily on the hearth, invitingly seeking to seduce the busy workers into throwing aside their books and gathering around it.

The two hours of evening study ticked slowly by. The little clock and the fire kept a lonely watch together. Just as the clock's hands swung around to nine o'clock, a big gong sounded in the hall. Chairs were pushed back, books were slammed together, lights turned off, and a grand rush was made for easy chairs. These were drawn quickly around the fire. New logs were put on and the fire thus replenished, burned with renewed vigor. This was the hour set aside every day for talking, laughing, and discussing all the college problems which had come up during the day.

Tonight, the girls chatted as usual about the events of the day: the exciting basket ball game played and won that afternoon; the Senior class election of officers on the morrow; the last new edition of the college magazine; and so on until all topics seemed to have been exhausted. A pause then ensued, broken at length by Jean, a tall, dark haired girl who was leaning back luxuriously in a big arm-chair, half concealed in the shadows, at the right of the fireplace.

"Say, girls, how many of you noticed Sue Bittings at the game this afternoon?"

A chorus of voices answered together: "See her? I should think we did!" "Did you ever see anyone act so foolishly? Why, she actually made herself hoarse screaming. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that was the cause of Grace's almost losing that last basket!" It was probably college spirit, but what sense was there in making such a noise about it?"

Little Betty from the depths of the couch, where she and Helen were holding a whispered conversation, broke in at this point.

"Oh, Jean dear, don't be too hard on Sue. She likes to make a sensation and so do we all in our way. She just happened to choose a more conspicuous place. That was all."

"I know, Betty, but people call it college spirit and that is what I object to. Who couldn't go out and cheer? That certainly doesn't take any self-sacrifice. Now, I think if we are going to show true college spirit we have to sacrifice our own interests to those of the college. Isn't that just what Professor Small was trying to impress upon us yesterday in his lecture?"

A murmur of accent went around the little group. It was certainly pleasant to talk and theorize about loyalty to one's college.

This warm feeling of self satisfaction was disturbed presently by the tense quiet voice of Mary, the wary, little basket ball captain of the Senior class team. She had been sitting cross-legged and motionless on the rug before the fire, apparently too busy watching the frolic of the tiny flames to listen to the conversations about her.

"Girls, if you really want to know just what college spirit is, you want to try making girls come out for the games. If there is a little snow, or if it is just a bit too cold, or if there is something more exciting going on, that is enough to keep everyone away. What encouragement do you suppose the basket ball teams feel to play their best when their friends haven't even interest enough to come and cheer? You think Sue was foolish and ought to have stayed away if she couldn't have controlled her feelings better. Well, let me tell you, if she had stayed at home Welselyn would have won. It was her enthusiasm which stirred the underclass girls to do the splendid cheering they did today. We were all worn out and discouraged in the last half, and that cheering was the only thing that saved the game. It made us forget ourselves and play for the college. After that, of course we couldn't help making baskets and winning the game. We are too critical, girls. Only think of the time we waste criticising others when we ought to be showing our own college spirit."

A short silence followed the remark. The light from the fire played upon the thoughtful faces of the girls, softening all defects in its mellow glow. Jean's aquiline nose, high forehead and firm chin protrayed to the casual observer a resolute and determined character,—intolerant of anything which seemed to her a pretense or a deception. Mary's rosy cheeks and soft, curly hair and laughing eyes combined with her love for out-of-door sports and her openly frank ways made her the most popular and beloved captain in the college. It was not often that she entered into these fireside discussions, but when she did her arguments carried with them such firmness and common sense that few found any grounds for opposition.

A quiet knock on the study door aroused everyone. Betty called a cheery "Come in." She was glad to have an interruption of some kind. The conversation was not exactly to her liking.

The door opened quickly and Madelene Adams burst in.

"Oh my! girls, I was so afraid I shouldn't find you. Jessie said it was too late to come over but I couldn't wait to tell you the news. Who do suppose has been nominated with Florence for the class presidency?"

A chorus of voices answered, all guessing the most popular and brightest girls in the class.

"No use. You are all wrong and I knew you would be!"

"Well, then, tell us quick," exclaimed Helen, jumping up from the couch and running toward the new comer. "Can't you see that we are all perishing with curiosity?"

Madelene paused a minute, enjoying the sensation she had created and then impelled by the impatient eyes fixed upon her, she exclaimed "It's Sue Bittings!"

A tense silence of dumb surprise followed this announcement. Betty found her tongue first.

"Sue Bittings," she echoed. "How did they ever happen to nominate her?"

"Well,"—Madelene spoke slowly now. She felt the disapproval in the faces about her and wished to propitiate her hearers.—"I don't think the girls as a rule know Sue, or realize what a fine loyalty she has shown in all the college activities. Did you see her yesterday? There wasn't another girl who thought of such a thing as leading the cheering when everyone knew we were losing. The whole team say that it was really Sue who won. Then there was our School paper going to pieces as fast as it could. All of us were too busy to take charge of it and no one wanted to write articles, and there it was all ready to go out of existence. Sue saw what was going to happen and she gave up her place on the college dramatic board in order to take charge of the paper. You know what the result has been. We have all renewed our subscriptions and everyone considers it an honor to be asked to contribute articles. Instead of having no college paper, we have the best one in the state, and it's all through the efforts of Sue.

Those are only a few of the things she has done for the college. Only yesterday she promised to help solicit the money to pay the expenses of the delegates to the Atlanta City Convention after she had lost the election herself. I think that alone showed a fine spirit. What do you say? Let's put aside all personal feelings and fraternity interests and give Sue an unanimous vote."

Betty and Helen looked at each other uncertainly. Mary's eager eyes glistened in the soft light and struggling to her feet, she was about to speak, when Jean laid a restraining hand on her shoulder and slowly said.

"I for one, girls, second the motion. I have judged Sue solely from a personal point of view and I am sorry. As Madelene says, this is the opportunity we have been waiting for to show our college spirit and let's make the most of it. Sue has given us the example and from now on this college ought not to be wanting in spirit."

THE FROG AND THE POLLYWOG

Once there was a very little pollywog, who fell in love with the leading frog in the troupe of the Frog Grand Opera Company. He certainly was a very handsome fellow by moonlight, and no voice could thrill more the field-folk and brook-folk, who attended the famous frog concerts that season.

Every night she would listen at her window for his deep bass among the other voices of the male chorus. What heartache, what devotion, she wasted on that concert hero! How she longed, determined, to meet him! She sent him foolish little gifts and missives, and a meeting was arranged. He was all, and more, than she had expected. But when he saw her, he gave one scornful glance, exclaimed, "What an ugly pollywog!" and ker-plunk!—he was gone.

Pollywog had not known before that she was ugly. The devoted tadpole, that had carried her dinner-pail home from school, had thought her the most beautiful of pollywogs. How she wept!

That day the concert troupe went away on a short trip, and her tadpole friend also disappeared. Yet every night a comforting, beautiful tenor serenaded her in her grief—her, a mere ugly pollywog.

On the return of the troupe, pollywog was vaguely conscious of a change in herself. She had suddenly grown into the form of a fair, beautiful frog maiden. The concert hero now loved her,—indeed, with real emotion sought her hand. But, strange to say, by daylight, he appeared the worse for wear. His manly look seemed painted, and his noble face looked ugly and dissipated and old. "What an ugly frog!" she cried, and—ker-plunk!—she was gone.

That night a strangely sweet tenor broke the stillness among the rushes. She crept outside, and there before her, stood a handsome, strong, young frog, who said, low, yet in a strangely familiar voice, "May I carry your dinner-pail always?"

The frog concert began just then, so that he only caught the low-spoken answer.

 "AKER'S BUST OF MILTON"

The bust of Milton, in the College Library, is the work of the American Sculptor, Paul Benjamin Akers, born in Saccarappa, Maine, July 10, 1825. At an early age he studied sculpture, and in 1849 opened a studio in Portland. During the next two years he modelled busts of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and other illustrious men of our country. Akers travelled extensively, and upon his return to Portland produced "Benjamin in Egypt," which was on exhibition in the New York Crystal Palace in 1853. A few years later he again went to Europe, opened a

studio in Rome and there worked on his greatest achievements; "Una and the Lion," a statue of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, "The Dead Pearl Diver" and his "Head of Milton."

Hawthorne describes these last two works in "The Marble Faun." Kenyon's studio is Aker's own. Here the author tells us "there was a grand, calm head of Milton, not copied from any one bust or picture, yet more authentic than any of them, because all known representations of the poet had been profoundly studied, and solved in the author's mind. The bust over the tomb in Grey Friars Church, the original miniatures and pictures had mingled each its special truth in this one work; wherein, likewise, by long perusal and deep love of "Paradise Lost", "Comus", "Lycidas", and "L'Allegro", the sculptor had succeeded even better than he knew, in spiritualizing his marble with the poet's mighty genius."

Twenty-five years ago this famous production, the bust of Milton, was presented to Colby by the Portland Alumni. Mr. H. W. Richardson, of the Class of '53, was especially instrumental in obtaining subscriptions for the gift. Let us keep alive the spirit which prompted them to honor one of Maine's gifted sons. Let us duly appreciate this "poet's ideal of a poet," for as long as marble endures, Aker's bust of Milton will be considered a masterpiece.

E. L. H., '14.

ON A BUST OF MILTON

BY PAUL AKERS.

The morning sun a fleeting glory throws
 Upon its charte repose,
 To shame the sculptor, that he could not shed
 A halo 'round the head.

Yet did he clothe the marble with a mien
 Exalted and serene.
 Behold the lofty brow, the sightless eyes
 That looked on Paradise.

Does not some mighty melody unsung,
 Still tremble on the tongue?
 But all in vain the spirit yearns to hear—
 It just eludes the ear.

O jealous Time! Fixed far beyond the range
 Of all thy chance and change,
 Art, into this immortal shape, hath wrought
 The temple of high thought.

TWEEDSIDE

Are you tired of summers spent in the gay whirl of excitement at fashionable resorts? Does the sound of an orchestra playing dreamy waltzes in a dance pavillion of gilt and glittering lights bore you nearly to death? Then pack a few old clothes and a pair of low-heeled boots and I will tell you where to go for a good wholesome summer of rest and freedom from restraint.

There is a tiny village in New Brunswick nestling by the side of a lake, with high hills on each side. The inhabitants are descended from a band of hardy Scotchmen who came from the banks of the river Tweed. They landed on the north shore of New Brunswick in the fall of 1843. Looking for a good place to settle, they made their way slowly down through the dense, dangerous forests until they came to this beautiful spot. They built their log cabins and named the settlement Tweedside, expressing all their longing for home in that dear name.

The people have kept most of the characteristics of their ancestors, sturdy and persevering, they work their little farms, year after year, in exactly the same way their fathers did, living simply and happily, perfectly content to do without what they have never had. They have preserved fairly well their original Scotch language, with its wholesome, hearty words and expressions, and its peculiar rising inflection.

The first settlers must have been either very romantic or very tired, for except for the beauty of the place, the location is not a convenient one. Lying in a valley between hills, with no natural resources, no connection with the outside world except through the trains which, in the early morning, come shrieking around one hill, stop to take breath, and disappear around the other hill, Tweedside has not much chance to grow. Clustered around the little station, are a hotel, the general store and post office, and a blacksmith shop. On a summer morning this is a lively little business centre. Everyone comes down to the post office and waits for the mail. No farmer is so busy getting in his hay that he cannot come down to get the mail and see if anyone comes to the hotel. The tired traveller cannot help feeling a new interest in life at the sight of the kind, honest faces which greet him as he gets off the train, and the willingness with which the boys carry his bags to the hotel, smiling bashful thanks for the proffered coins.

The hotel is not to be classed with the usual "Depot House" of small villages. The proprietor is a plump little woman with rosy cheeks and smiling eyes. She keeps everything spotlessly clean, from the soft pine boards of the kitchen floor to the dainty cross-barred muslin curtains which flutter in the windows of the big, cool bedrooms. The only pretense to hotel style is the big bell which is rung loud and long from the front door to call the one guest to meals, regardless of the fact that that guest is sitting on the veranda, not six feet from the bell. But you can put your hands over your ears and run to the dining room and eat.

And such meals! Here you find, not tough steak, impossible salad, and muddy coffee, but spring lamb, vegetables picked in the garden behind the house, bowls of wild strawberries and thick yellow cream. The table cloth is red and your plate is of heavy crockery but the blue-bells in the quaint old vase in the middle of the table are real and fresh and fragrant with dew.

After the bustle caused by the morning's mail, absolute peace and quiet reigns over the village all day. The store-keeper dozes in a chair on his veranda, or front platform, as they call it. The station agent plays croquet with the store-keeper's pretty daughter. Only the blacksmith works steadily in his hot little shop, pumping his bellows and heating the metal red-hot; then hammering it on the anvil until sparks fly in every direction, and the little smithy reechoes with the sounds of the mighty blows.

In a hillside hayfield can be seen a farmer and his son cutting his hay. They tramp down the field swinging their scythes ruthlessly, their shoulders moving with a slow rhythmical sway. In another part of the field the wife and two girls in sunbonnets are raking the dry hay and heaping it up in soft round stacks.

Halfway up on the hill stands the school house, freshly painted white. Behind it are green, deep woods where the little girls wander at recess and noon hour, gathering bouquets of all sorts of forest flowers and making playhouses with velvet carpets of soft, deep moss and beds of fragrant ferns.

On the top of the hill, in a grove of white birches, stands the modest little Presbyterian church. This is the one meeting place of the people. Sunday morning the farmer puts on his good suit, that his wife got through a mail-order house, his celluloid collar, and already-tied necktie, and harnesses old "Don" into the buggy. His wife puts on her black silk dress she had when she was married, her black silk mitts, and her hat with the much pressed ribbons. At an early hour they start for church. They must go slow for poor old Don has been haying all the week and is tired. The road is dusty and the sun is hot, but the country folks do not notice it. They are going to church. They could not stay away from church any more than they could stay in bed after five o'clock in the morning. And here, on the hill-top, in their plain little church, they worship God with all the reverence of their pure earnest hearts.

The crowning glory of Tweedside is Oromocto Lake. Four miles long and two miles wide, it affords chance for enjoyment to everyone, from the small child who loves to wade in its cool waters, to the hunter who seeks big game in the black forests at the head of the lake. Deer and moose roam safely, all the year round, in the woods and along the shores, for the people here do not have the time or inclination to shoot them and the sporting world has not yet heard of such a place.

The cove on which the village lies is known as Sand Cove. Protected on both sides by hills, the water here is always calm, no matter how the white caps rise, out in the center of the cove.

Close beside Sand Cove rises Cherry Hill, the highest hill in

the neighborhood, almost worthy of being called a mountain. It is a steep, hard climb up the hill, but the view from the clearing at the top is well worth the climb. On a clear day, you can distinguish nine lakes breaking the monotony of the miles and miles of dense forests that extend as far as you can see on all sides.

After wandering over the distant scenery, your eyes will always return to the lovely pictures at your feet. Looking almost straight down the hill, over the tops of the swaying birches and poplars, you see our own beautiful Oromocto Lake, shimmering and sparkling in the sunlight. You can follow the outline of its shore placing the familiar spots, all around the lake, coming back to the dear little village of Tweedside, with its tiny white houses and the people looking like pigmies. And as you stand up there on the hill, close to the clouds, you cannot help feeling like a god in Olympus looking down protectingly on his people.

THE MESSALONSKEE

Winding in and out through the peaceful meadow, and gliding gently between wooded banks, there flows a narrow stream known as the Messalonskee. For several miles this little ribbon of water sparkles softly in the sunlight, like a mere child laughing at its play, but suddenly it darkens mid overhanging foliage, and its waters lie deep and cool, as if its heart were sleeping. Beyond this is a rustic bridge, and the posts supporting it are old and covered with moss. The leaves on the trees are turning red and gold, and one hears the black-birds chattering among the bushes. The fleecy clouds reflect in the waters below, and the rosy flush of an autumn day is upon all. Further on one comes to a second bridge, which reminds one of an old fort, and brings back the stories of the old Colonial days. Here the current runs swiftly and silently, and the sun smiles on the water that dimples and dances along beneath it. Beyond, one hears the rapid gurgle, now with a deep guttural menace, which sounds like the gruff voice of some hidden monster, and now babbling and sighing like a wood nymph.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

The "Senate" was in session. Jerry, the President had lighted his short, brown pipe and taken his wonted seat by the stove, shoving aside a plumbing light to make room for the chair. The Wabash Journal lay in his lap and Jerry's eyes were far away in thought. Even the big, yellow cat purred, neglected and unnoticed. "Evenin', Newell"—he said absently as the store door opened to admit the lank legs of the town constable—"quite a snow we're havin'."

"Yep", responded Newell,—taking off his worn overcoat and holding his thin hands to the blaze. "Is that today's paper?" he asked apologetically, as he took it from Jerry's profering hand.

At this point the man who had been reading by the light in the show window left his place among the scattered fixtures and came nearer the fire. He was stocky and bald with the jolliest face in the world. His eyes twinkled with mischief as he nudged Jerry and said: "Confound it, my pipe's out. Got a match, New'll?"

The constable hunted vest, coat and shiny trousers for the match, and finally stammered; "I—I guess I must 'a left the box ter hum."

"Never mind, New, we know she won't let ye carry 'em", chuckled Zib of the twinkly eyes. "Look out ye don't burn yer toes thar", he said, turning quickly to Jerry whose thoughts had so wandered that his shoes rested unnoticed on the stove. "What's the matter, Jerry? your'e turrible quiet—haint ye well?"

Before Jerry could answer, the store door again opened and Mac bustled in. He was rotund and well-groomed with a bullet head that betrayed his Celtic blood. Risen in a short time from poverty to wealth, he still sought old friends and old haunts, sincerely, if somewhat pompously.

"Evenin' boys", he called cheerily, carefully brushing the snow from his satin collared topcoat and laying it over Jerry's "pièce de resistance" in the window. "What's the discussion?"

"That's what we want ter know", answered Zib. "Jerry's glummer n' a cat and New don't smoke and I'm bout ready to die a waitin' for ye."

Mac swung a chair into the circle and stretched his gray trousered leg to the fire—then lighted a cigar and waited developments.

"I see by the paper that these Women's Clubs are all 'getherin' in Augusty for the Legislater", remarked Jerry measuredly. "They all want ter vote and if they get it, I dunno what we'll come to. Women is all right in their place, but I don't want 'em bossin' this town, an—"

"Well, thar's one sure thing,—said Zib slyly—you ain't got any wife to worry about."

"No." Jerry laid down his pipe and sat a little straighter. "No—for once I'm thankful for that."

"It isn't a question of bossin'" objected Mac. It's a question of women having some say in town affairs and I think they should. My wife don't care anything about voting but I'd be glad to see her if she wanted to; and she could do a mighty lot better 'n my dirty Polacks that vote for the man with most booze."

Newell quivered with excitement. "Your wife's all right whar she is, Mac, and don't you let her go ter votin'. I tell ye, women don't know enough about politics to vote. They'd—"

"Is that your sister going by, New'll", said Zib, peering

through the snow whitened window. "No, I guess t'want—she's turned into Mis' Green's" he added, and the constable continued settling back in relief:

"Now there Car'line—she couldn't tell a Democrat from a Socialist let alone knowin' which one to vote for." He paused expectantly and Mac resumed his own course of thought:

"If a woman's got property in her own name, I don't see why she shouldn't have a right to vote. Now if I should die, of course Mary would get all my property—"

"Provided your beloved brothers and sisters didn't haggle it away from her" interpolated Zib.

"—An it would seem a pity" continued Mac somewhat grandiloquently, "if she couldn't have something to say about the taxes on that great house, and our cottage up stream, besides all that land in Surfied."

"I dunno but you're right" assented Jerry unwillingly. "I never thought of that before. But it seems to me that if some of the women in this town was votin' there'd be one awful mess."

"There's another thing" interrupted Mac, "and that is the schools. Women have a good deal more to do with keepin' the kids in school than anybody else, an' why can't they help elect the supervisor, I'd like to know. They can tell the minute a teacher ain't up ter scratch and they ought to say about hirin' 'em."

As Mac paused, Newell caught up the topic excitedly.

"Hm! a lot these women folks know about the teachers! They rig the kids up and send 'em to school an' expect the teachers to take care of 'em all day long. If the kids don't behave and get sent home, they blame the teacher an' run to the supervisor with a long story of how they're abused. I know, I've been constable and truant officer long enough to know somethin' about this. As long as the kids behave, the teacher's all right, but when they go ter cuttin' up then the teachers hev to take it. Women-folks can't judge an' they ain't got the will—"

Zib was suddenly seized with an extended fit of coughing which caused him to retire to the window.

"Why a woman don't know when she's well off. There's my sister—got a good home an' a little money—no need of either of us doin' nothin' but she's always naggin' me to do somethin' or go somewhar and earn somethin'. Jes'tf I don't hev enough to do with this on my hands." Here he lovingly fingered the nickel insignia of office and stopped, lost in his visions of duties as constable.

"Do you spose, Mac" inquired Jerry with a worried frown, "that the bill will go through and we shall hev women votin' here?"

"I don't believe", replied Mac pompously plump thumbs thrust in the armsizes of his vest, "that the Legislature will give 'em the vote *this* winter but the time will come and not very far off either."

"I see by the Journal tonight that Mis' Dr. Foss has gone

down to speak for the club here." Jerry rescued the evening sheet from the dusty floor. "She's a good one to go, for if a man was ever henpecked, it's Gus' Foss. He ain't got the spunk of an owl, an' if 'twant for her money, his days would be purty poor pickin'."

"Yes, an' I say it's a shame for as good a man as Gus to be tied to her apron all his days." Newell rose and paced the dim store. "I tell ye, these women folks is gettin' so mighty independent, ye can't live with 'em. I think a good deal of my sister, but I've made up my mind that she ain't goin' to boss me any longer. I'm sick of it. She's at me from mornin' till night an' nothin' I do suits. Either my feet are muddy or I didn't shut the door or somethin'. It's bad enough now, but if she should get a chance to vote, she'd drive me to anarchy. Why, jes' the other day——"

The door opened quietly and a tall, sharp featured woman entered. "Newell Sawyer, here 'tis nine o'clock and I've been waitin' an hour for that yeast cake. Here's your overshoes—you'd go 'round without your head if I didn't look after ye. Come along now."

There was quiet in the Senate chamber as the door closed behind the sheepish face of the constable.

Then Zib rose and carefully knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Poor New'll", he murmured, as he shook himself into the short, brown reefer, "he don't believe in women's rights."

Y. W. C. A.

The first of the socials for raising the Silver Bay fund for 1914, occurred on the thirty-first of January. It was given by the sophomores, and consisted of a minstrel show, which was a great success, both socially and financially.

The regular Y. W. C. A. meeting of February 10th, was a strong appeal for foreign mission work. Different girls, in the bridal costumes of the countries they represented, described the condition of women in some of the great nations. The last one was the American bride, whose part was taken by Mrs. Robert Crowell. She told of the great contrast between the opportunities and privileges of American women and those of women in other lands and offered an earnest challenge to college girls to help those less fortunate than they.

Mission Study courses are beginning with the second semester, and a new plan, that of four classes instead of one, is being tried this year. The seniors and juniors are studying "The Renaissance in India," the leader being Rev. C. F. Robinson. Dean Carll is leading the sophomore class, with the subject, "The Challenge of the City." The two freshman divisions are led by Marion Wyman, '16, with the subject, "China's New Day", and Idella Farnum, '14, with the subject, "The Church of the Open Country."

The Colby women were glad to be able to send a delegate to the Student Volunteer Convention in Kansas City, Missouri, which was held December 31st to January 4th. At the second Association meeting after the Christmas holidays the delegate, Dorothy N. Webb, '15, gave her report. It helped to broaden the vision and bring a truer realization of the great demand there is in the world, and of the great need for strong Christian workers. A prayer circle was started at the close of this meeting, with its purpose, "More Student Volunteers."

During the week of meetings held for the college men in Memorial Chapel beginning February 12th, the leader Rev. E. C. Herrick, pastor of the First Baptist church in Charlestown, Massachusetts, conducted six short meetings for the women, in the Assembly room at Foss Hall. The influence of a man like Mr. Herrick is not to be felt for a few days or a few weeks only, but is lasting. The inspiration and help he brought cannot soon be forgotten.

There was an unusually large attendance at the Association meeting on February 24th, when Professor Libby spoke on the subject, "Decision." The message he brought was that of the three-fold effect of Jesus Christ upon the individual life; a real and lasting joy, a wonderful sense of power, and a strong sense of responsibility. The service was one of a rare devotional spirit.

ATHLETICS

The regular gymnasium classes have been resumed under the direction of Mrs. Josephine M. Crowell who takes charge of the Junior and Sophomores. The Freshmen are under the direction of Gladys Paul, 1914.

Snowshoeing has become the popular form of amusement and daily parties are in order.

Even the extreme coldness of the weather has not been sufficient to dampen the enthusiasm for horse-back-riding and only Spring is necessary for this sport to assume its former popularity.

THE COLBIANA

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

EDITORIALS

Since the last issue of our magazine the college has met with an unspeakable loss. We cannot express our sorrow at the death of Professor Hedman, or put into words the love and respect in which we held him. Fine though was the instruction in French which we received, it is not the French that we remember first. He gave us a glimpse of what it means to master every task, and of the satisfaction which comes from trying our hardest and giving our best to whatever we undertake. We who have been in his classes choose to remember above all, his philosophy of life—those bits of philosophy tucked away behind French authors and French verbs. We will remember him too, for his deep interest in our welfare, his ready sympathy, his quick appreciation of honest effort. Even though we have lost the dearly loved instructor, our lives have been made richer by knowing the man and his ideals of life and service.

When we, as the Woman's Division of Colby, decided to edit a magazine of our own every girl pledged her loyal support. I sometimes wonder just what each one of us is doing to make her college publication the best possible success. There is no reason why we cannot have a splendid paper. However, we need the whole-hearted coöperation of every girl in college. Do

not wait to be asked! Contribute something to the literary department—a short story, a poem, or an essay. You say, "It will never be chosen." Never mind, the mere fact that you are interested, helps us. Then you can never tell. Your contribution may be the very thing we need most. If you hear something interesting about the achievements of our Alumnae, tell the Alumnae editor. Has somebody cracked a good joke. I'm sure the joke editor would enjoy it. Tell her! Keep your eyes and ears open for news. We are always ready for suggestions, and want your help to make COLBIANA a success.

Spring is coming! Yes, we all know it, although to-day it feels as though the sun were making his journey south instead of north. What does it mean for us girls at Colby? Simply this, that not very many weeks hence the snow will be a minus quantity on the baseball diamond on the campus and that our baseball nine will be working with all the strength in them to develop a team capable of defeating any opposing team. Yes, they will do their part and do it well, as they always have in years past. Now, have we nothing to do, no part to play? We can't cheer as loudly as the boys perhaps, lacking the necessary lung-power, but we can fill those grand stand seats so that our visitors will not have even standing room. We can give our team a raising welcome as it comes onto the field ready for battle, and as it leaves, whether victorious or defeated. We can give them another Colby banner to carry in the "torch-light parades" when it shall be needed. Let us then do our part, small as it may be, to help our team bring the 1914 championship to Old Colby.

Mid-year examinations are a thing of the past and now we have begun again, with clean slates, as it were. Have we any regrets as to our past semester's work? Can we look back upon the work we have done with a feeling of satisfaction, knowing we have done the best of which we are capable? Happy is he who can! I believe the tendency among college students in general is to let the work slip and slide day after day, and just before exams, realizing too late that they are among the delinquents to try to plug and tutor and cram the work of the eighteen weeks into one week. This is no enviable state of affairs, to say the least. What is the best course to take? By studying each day's lessons thoroughly and mastering them, we are developing the power of the brain and are, besides, preparing ourselves gradually for those dreaded examinations. We have all heard the trite saying, "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well." I wonder how many of us realize that to-day we are laying the foundations and the corner-stone upon which we shall build during the years to come? To-day we are preparing ourselves for our life-work and it behooves us to lay those foundations so deep and to prepare ourselves so well that we may look back upon our college days with no regrets. We have another set of examinations to take before the year closes. Let us prepare for them now.

It is always interesting to know what other colleges are doing. One of the features worth noticing in the larger colleges and universities is the almost invariable presence of some organization which bands all women students together in a common interest and effort. In Illinois, there exists the Woman's League with its object stated as: "to further the spirit of unity among women of the University, to increase their sense of responsibility toward one another, and to be a medium by which the social standard of the University can be made and kept high." The Woman's League of the University declares its purpose "to create and promote good fellowship among, and to further the interests of the women of the University." At California, the Constitution of "The Associated Women Students" gives its object very definitely as being to "regulate and control all matters relating exclusively to the women students of the University of California." These organizations for women vary in different colleges. Some are interested in raising a scholarship fund. Some operate a loan system. Some exert a positive governing influence. Others are merely social in their nature. In all cases where they have been tried they have proved very successful in creating the right sentiment among college women and in stimulating that elusive something called college-spirit. Would it not be well if we too, as Colby women, were to come together once in a while to consider the needs of our College and what is demanded of us as college citizens?

GENERAL NEWS

Monday evening, February 11, the first of the series of lectures, to be held for the benefit of the College Library, was given at Chemical Hall. The speaker was Dr. Homer P. Little, Professor of Geology, and his subject was "Extinct Monsters." Typical forms of the reptiles and mammals of early days were shown on stereopticon slides, under the direction of Robert H. Bowen, '14. The lecture was very interesting. A large number of Colby students, Faculty members and towns-people attended.

Henry W. Brown, instructor in the English department of Colby, has been recently elected a member of the Maine chapter of Phi Kappa Phi, the honorary society of the University of Maine. This society in State Universities corresponds to Phi Beta Kappa in classical colleges. Professor Brown graduated from the University before the local chapter was organized.

The second lecture in the Library series, was delivered January 26, by Dr. Frederick M. Grover, of the physics department. His subject was "The Bureau of Standards, our National Measuring Laboratory." The speaker described the early history of the Bureau and the present equipment of the station, now established in Washington, D. C. He then gave an interesting description of the work that this Department does. Dr. Grover is

very well fitted to give a lecture on this subject, since he was for some years employed by the Department and is, consequently, well acquainted with its management.

This year there were two hundred and eighty-one contributors to the "Christmas Fund." This is a good number—but we hope it will be much larger next year. The interest thus expressed is of great value to the college and to the Alumnae themselves; for in this way, they keep in touch with their Alma Mater.

The third lecture of the Library Series was held in the College Chapel, Monday evening, February 9. There was a large attendance, for Dr. Marquardt is exceedingly popular among the student body. He was greeted with great applause. The theme of the lecture was "Goethe and Schiller." The speaker outlined the life of each of these two Masters of Literature, referring to their associates and principal works. Selections from both authors were given in German to show the rhythm and meter as well as the beauty of the German language. In closing, a summary of Goethe's Faust was given, which was not only very interesting, but also exceedingly helpful to the German students.

Monday evening, March second, the last lecture of the series was given by Professor Taylor. He took for his subject "Men and Maxims." Professor Taylor revealed a keen insight into the character of many of the leading men of today, financiers, politicians, and statesmen. His humor was delightful. The series as a whole has been very interesting. We have enjoyed meeting our faculty members outside the class room. We earnestly hope that next winter will bring another series of lectures.

SOPHOMORE MINSTREL SHOW

"Say, did you go to the Minstrel Show that the Sophomores gave for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.? No?—Oh, I remember, you were at home that week. Well, you ought to have been here to see it. It was great! That class is certainly smart! Want to hear about it?"

"Well, it was on Saturday evening, January thirty-first, I think. Let me see—Yes, I know it was on a Saturday because Butty gave us beans for dinner that night, and I'm pretty certain it was the thirty-first. Professor Black is getting me pretty well trained on remembering dates! I forgot only three hundred and forty-two out of the three hundred and sixty that he gave us in our last quiz!"

"Oh, yes! I *am* going to tell you about the minstrel show! Don't be so impatient. It will keep!"

"The entertainment was given in the Foss Hall dining-room. "Simmie" and "Freddie" put up the curtains and footlights and then forgot to tell the girls how to turn the lights on. There was some excitement behind the scenes when this was discovered, but "Simmie" bravely came to the rescue.

"The program opened with a chorus and then the troupe was

introduced by the interlocutor, Eleanor Bradlee. The soloists were Marion Wyman and the two "white headed coons," Marjorie Barker and Yvette Clair. The monologues by Lucy Montgomery and Ella Robinson caused much applause, while the jokes and local hits by the end ladies kept everyone laughing. There was a clog and a cakewalk by four of the girls in which "Tony" Ware carried off the cake. The choruses throughout the program were fine and showed that much work had been put on them.

After the entertainment a social was held and ice cream sold. All kinds of marches and games were played, and finally they all formed Indian file with hands on each others shoulders marching around the room to the inspiring strains of "Phi Chi." When the party broke up, all voted that they had had a perfectly splendid time. Now don't you wish you had been here?"

1917.

Freshman activities! Why the Freshmen are all activities. We are no longer the trembling unsophisticated creatures we were in the fall. Indeed we are entirely different beings. We have made our mark in basket-ball, have become quite presentable socially, and as to our ability in entertaining,—there is no doubt concerning the prestige we have gained in that line. Proof:—the Freshman entertainment given in Foss Hall, February 28, 1914. Wasn't it a grand success?

The farce given by six of our girls was right to the point and very appropriate, although we hope that none of the girls will try an escapade after that fashion. No one can deny that the Yama Yama girls were very catchy in their dance and song act. The other specialties came in for their share of praise and we feel that the whole affair was a credit to the committee and their helpers.

ALUMNAE

Instead of the regular Alumnae News this letter from Ellen Peterson, 1907, may prove interesting.

NANKING LANGUAGE SCHOOL,

Nanking, China, January 4, 1914.

Dear Colby Friends,

As you see, I am not yet in Kihwa, but your letters and gifts were forwarded to me and I found them all here when I returned from my Christmas vacation two days after Christmas, and with other gifts that had come, I had quite a Christmas tree. We spent our vacation in Hushow and had a fine time, only it was all too short, as we had just one week.

Most East and West China Missionaries are now sent here

to the language school for a year, and it certainly is a great help. This is only the second year that they have had this language school, and there is no doubt now that it will be a permanent institution. It is a part of the University of Nanking which is a union University. Now a Baptist woman has given thirty thousand dollars to build a dormitory for the language students, which is greatly needed. Now the missionaries living here have to open up their homes and take in boarders and it sometimes is somewhat of a burden.

We have school from eight-thirty to twelve and from two to four every day but Saturday. Three hours we spend in recitation with foreign (American) teachers, and three with personal Chinese teachers. We have fifteen minutes for morning prayers, led by the students in turn and fifteen minutes for recess both forenoon and afternoon. Then we play volley-ball or take a walk and the men play in-door baseball, though out-of-doors. It is very hard to study Chinese profitably more than two hours on the stretch so we have to have these breaks not only for bodily exercise, but for mental rest. Saturday morning we go over and study part or all of the morning with the Chinese teachers, but have no recitations. There are now fifty-one students in the language school and we are in two classes, while one class is reciting, the other is with the Chinese teachers and vice-versa. It seems a bit like going to college again, and old missionaries say that we are making much more rapid progress than they did studying with their one Chinese teacher, and perhaps not a good one at that. At first we learned thirty characters a week and now we have forty-five. We have to learn to recognize them and to write them and use them in sentences. The next week we have a pack of sentence cards, on one side of which is the English and on the other the Chinese, using the characters we have learned the week before. We have from sixty to a hundred such sentences a week. These are all printed for us. We also have a class just for conversation, common every-day expressions, given to us mostly in Romanization Chinese spelled out in our letters. The study of Chinese is very fascinating. I just *like* it and I am so glad to have this first year entirely free for study so I can get a good foundation. Next year I shall study with a Chinese teacher in Kihwa, but I hope to be able to do some work, too. I suppose you know that I am to have charge of a girls' school, and I am eager to get to work, but I can't do much until I get some of the language. The dialect is a little different there but the changes will not be hard to make and the characters are the same all over China, thank goodness!

We don't *plug* all the time. Twice Saturday afternoons we have gone on a "hike," once to the Ming Tomb, and once we climbed Purple Mountain, both places a short distance outside the city. There are dandy places to go for walks here. Once a month the Nanking Association, to which all foreigners can belong, meets and we have a musical or literary program with a

social time and refreshments following. Once in a while we get invited out for dinner or afternoon tea and sometimes a few of us get together and play a game of "Rook" and run the chafing dish. Chocolates are out of reach here so we have to make our own candy, and sugar, eggs, and nuts are cheap. We missionaries are just like other people, *still human*.

Sunday morning we attend a service all in Chinese, and while as yet we cannot understand very much of the sermon, yet we catch words and phrases and get good ear-training. Sunday afternoon we have a Bible class and then a service in English where we get "food for the soul." Our Bible class is led by Dr. Perkins, a language student, who is a self-supporting, independent missionary and a very bright and *good* man. He is to put up a hospital in Kinkiang with his own money. He also supports a missionary out here. There's a man who has consecrated his purse as well as himself. He can do almost anything. Today he preached such a fine sermon! Best of all, he is very modest. You would never know he was wealthy or that he ever did much. He surely is an inspiration to all of us.

Last Sunday some of us went to the little Sunday-school at the widow's home and helped to give out some little gifts. Such a scramble! The gifts were for the children who were regular attendants, but many more were there, and there were not enough things for all present, and old and young wanted a package. They almost overwhelmed us. They had cards enough for all the children and for a few of the grown-ups. After the Sunday school was over,—some of the children know the stories well and their verses—and the things were given out, the matron invited us to have tea, and we drank it and ate some rice with chop-sticks and hoped we were not getting any germs. Things looked clean and we have felt no ill effects. It all was a great experience.

We had hoped to go to Kinkiang for Christmas but as it takes five days each way and we had only one week, we could not manage it. So we went to Huchow instead. We went from here by train to Shanghai and there took a sort of a house-boat pulled by a tug up river. Four of us went, and we had two little cabins with two wooden bunks in each. The two rooms opened into each other. We had to bring all our bedding, wash-dish, etc., and lunch. The boat-trip took not quite twenty-four hours. We enjoyed it and when tired of the scenery we read "Laddie." Fortunately it was not cold. By the way, I have seen no snow as yet this year, though it is very cold sometimes.

In Huchow we had a chance to visit most of the mission work, both Baptist and Southern Methodist. I visited two girls' schools, and one was the finest I have seen in China. They hope soon to have a union hospital there.

For mission work this year, I have adopted a little girl, who has no father or mother, but was living with four big brothers, and put her in school here. They say she is very bright. She has been here about two weeks. We thought it wasn't safe to

leave her with her brothers. It probably will not cost more than fifteen dollars, Mexican, (seven dollars and a half, United States) to keep her here the rest of the year.

I really must stop now or you'll never want me to write again.

With love,

ELLEN J. PETERSON.

EXCHANGES

Our exchanges should be a real help to us, instead of a mere convention. We ought to read them carefully, observing in what way they excel or come short of our magazine. In this way may be cultivated a spirit of helpful criticism and an appreciation of our exchanges.

The *Smith College Monthly* for January was very attractive. Perhaps the first article was most notable, for aside from the pleasing style, the information and new point of view are especially interesting to Shaksperian students.

The Poet's corner of the *Salamagundi* from Aroostook is rather an ambitious idea.

In the light of the recent missionary awakening in American colleges, it is interesting to note the long list of Wellesley women, in foreign lands. This graduate department of the *Wellesley College News* serves as an admirable background for the undergraduate work. There are several clever stories in the latter and "Back Home" is the most appealing of New England, for we can only imagine the tragedy of a Thanksgiving in sunny Italy—without *pie*.

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