

6-1914

## The Colbiana vol. 2 no. 4 (June, 1914)

Colby College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana>

 Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Colby College, "The Colbiana vol. 2 no. 4 (June, 1914)" (1914). *The Colbiana*. 10.  
<https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana/10>

This Journal is brought to you for free and open access by the College Archives: Colbiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Colbiana by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby. For more information, please contact [mfkelly@colby.edu](mailto:mfkelly@colby.edu).

*THE  
COLBIANA*

*JUNE  
1914*



# THE COLBIANA

Volume 2

JUNE, 1914

Number 4

---

## Contents

---

Public Health and the Public School, Prize Essay on Social Service, CLARA COLLINS, 1914.....	3
Neighbor, DOROTHY TUBBS, 1914.....	6
Americanitis, HELEN HANSON, 1915.....	10
Along the Shore, ALICE MATHER, 1916.....	12
Gentlemen and Clothespins, ADELAIDE KLEIN, 1914.....	13
Y. W. C. A.....	16
Athletics .....	17
The Geology Trip to Bar Harbor, ESTHER FRENCH, 1916.....	17
Board of Editors .....	20
Editorials .....	20
Jokes .....	21
Class Items .....	22
Ivy Day .....	24
Alumnae Notes.....	24
Directory .....	26

Press of FAIRFIELD PUBLISHING CO., Fairfield, Me.

# THE COLBIANA

VOLUME 2

JUNE, 1914

NUMBER 4

---

## PUBLIC HEALTH AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Within the last decade a new spirit has awakened in the world. Such words as "conservation" and "efficiency" have gained new meaning and have become the watchwords of a keener civilization. First came the cry "Save our national resources!" and men gave heed and took prompt and effective action. But progress has brought the knowledge that the public health is as great a national asset as we possess and its conservation has become one of our modern problems. A growing consciousness of the preventableness of disease has given rise to such humanitarian movements as societies for the prevention of tuberculosis, infant mortality, and social diseases; institutions such as hospitals, sanatoriums, and dispensaries; and agitations for purer supplies of food, milk, and meat. The world at large has discovered that there is such a thing as physical efficiency, the results of which will be an abler and happier race of men.

There are four great agencies which have played an important part in the promotion of this public health movement and the indications are that their influence, already powerful, is to increase enormously. They are the public press, the insurance companies, the national government, and the public schools.

The public school is the fourth agency to which the public health movement looks for its propagation. That it can be made the greatest, who can deny? By its means, not the enlightened few will be working against the ignorant many, but, in the next generation, all alike, educated in the truth, will work hand in hand for a common good. Over twenty-five per cent. of the population in the United States are children under fourteen years of age. These first years constitute the most plastic age of life during which are generally formed the health foundation, personal habits, and modes of thought characteristic of a man as long as he lives. How vital it is that these early influences should be wholesome and elevating! It is for the teacher, that great force toward physical efficiency, to instill in her charges these new ideals of healthy, clean manhood and womanhood.

There are three lines of progress on which the reform of the present school system should be based if it is to be conducive to the best development of the child. They are (1) reform of

school environment, (2) health supervision and (3) teaching of personal hygiene.

The charges against school environment are inadequate ventilation, unsanitary conditions, harmful lighting, poorly fitting furniture, and homely surroundings. The little red school house, along with many other things dear to the heart of a poet, has been pronounced barbarous by modern scientific judgment. Nowadays, they claim to build a schoolhouse, first of all, in a healthful location. It is equipped with the best of fire protection. The style of architecture is simple and practical, an up-to-date system of ventilation keeps the rooms at an even and moderate temperature. Sanitary sewerage is provided. The light falls on the pupil's book from just the right direction, and he sits in a seat and before a desk which are fitted to him. He drinks at a sanitary drinking fountain from an individual drinking cup, and his surroundings are calculated to arouse and develop the aesthetic in his nature. Such is the ideal schoolhouse. Yet how many of them would you find in the towns of your own state?

Medical inspection is a proven success in the larger cities, in which it has been tried, yet it spreads slowly. It has been found in almost every case that the backward child is the defective child. For instance, there is the case of Lillian Murney, a schoolgirl in Cleveland, Ohio, whose teeth were crossed and her mental development very impacted. Her eyes also were crossed and her mental development very low. The removal of the teeth was followed by the disappearance of the eye crossing and by rapid progress in school work. Such a transition from backwardness to competency more than repays the outlay of medical inspection. There should be a physical and mental examination once every year, and special schools provided for the unfit. It is not fair to the normal or the abnormal child to associate them on equal grounds in the same work.

The matter of personal habits is declared by Professor Irving Fisher, America's leading prophet of personal hygiene, to be the great problem of the public health movement. In its solution the United States is far behind many of the other countries. Sweden stands at the head of progress in this line. Over there they dared to attack the problem of personal habits, and they have begun at the right point, namely, with the child. They have undertaken the supervision of his eating, drinking, bathing, hours of work, and hours of play. They have studied carefully the effects of alcohol and tobacco and from the most intemperate, Sweden has become the most temperate of nations. We may well learn a lesson from this progressive country. Where can the average child learn to eat, breath and walk if not in the public school? It is one's daily habits that make or mar one's physical well-being, and if a nation would have healthy men and women, it must teach its girls and boys how to live from day to day. Thus not only is premature death prevented, but the sickness that sucks the vitality and makes life scarcely worth the living, is eliminated.

The part of the teacher in this great movement cannot be overestimated. It is her task to reduce theory to practice. She must be the general in the battle against unhygienic personal habits. To this end the teacher of hygiene must be revolutionized. More time must be given to the lessons—they must be made more scientific, but more concrete and more practical.

Astonishing facts have been discovered as to the connection between defective teeth and tuberculosis. When one considers that there is more tubercular trouble in the teaching profession than in any other and statistics show that in France one teacher in every thirty is consumptive, he realizes the imperative necessity of teaching the child the care of the teeth. Cleveland is one of our progressive cities in the teaching of personal hygiene. In that city a class of forty children was found to have defective teeth. They were given a mental test. Then their teeth were put in order, they were provided with brushes, pledged to use them three times a day, and taught how to eat. At the end of the year they were again tested and showed a total gain of 99.8 per cent. William H. Allen says that it is more essential for the child to understand the anatomy of the tooth brush than the tooth. With this in view, instruction as to the value of a clean mouth may be combined with tooth brush drills to the lasting good of the next generation.

Money can well be expended on high school laboratories that the study of physiology, biology and chemistry should have a more direct bearing on everyday life. School lunches offer a means of teaching food values and giving instruction as to how to eat and drink, but often are not at all feasible, and different methods must be substituted. The bad effects of alcohol and tobacco are emphasized in most of the modern schools, and athletics serve to impress these lessons on the average boy. In fact organized play furnishes a valuable method of establishing many good habits, such as the correct manner of breathing and walking. The gymnasium and the swimming pool are especially valuable, when available. The problem of the rural teacher is a difficult one, for she must accomplish her results with little or no equipment. However there has been great recent advance in rural education and the teacher can take to her work the stimulating consciousness that it is more than ever "up to" her.

This public health movement means the establishment of higher standards of health. We are working back to the Grecian ideal of physical perfection, realizing the mental and moral effect of the bodily condition. If we are to have an active intellectual life and a healthy moral perception, we need the foundation of a vigorous physique—a sound mind in a sound body. Our health ideals, like our moral ideals, must be of the highest type, and when these ideals become the property of every boy and girl, every man and woman, we will enter upon a higher level of life.



## NEIGHBOR

The deputy sheriff had come. Cautiously he opened the wooden gate as though he wanted to take someone by surprise. He did not allow the latch to click, but all the same, the rusted hinges creaked a dismal warning.

The officer would find no one at home; twice before this day his calls had been fruitless, and now, as formerly, a funereal silence wrapped the little weather-beaten house which seemed utterly deserted. And yet the existence which was hiding there could not wholly conceal itself. From the stub of brick chimney, above sagging roof patched with tin and tar paper, bluish vapor was rising, very thin wisps of vapor as though the smoke were also trying to be invisible that it might not betray the master of the house into having a summons from the court of equity served upon him.

The visitor knocked, politely at first, then louder, then louder still, and his blows on the door resounded from the echoing emptiness within. At the back door the result was the same; no answer. But the deputy sheriff did not go away; he examined the hoe, rake, and other garden tools, leaning against the house wall, saw that fresh dirt adhered to the spade, and then began to look in at the windows. Green house plants on the sill with white lawn curtains behind them; geraniums red and pink glowing in the sunlight, and between the flower-pots, a gray cat asleep, with paws tucked lazily under his bewhiskered nose.

Surely some one must be at home. Again the man rapped, but still the house remained both deaf and dumb. Very well, he would wait. Utilizing the bottomside of a bushel basket for a seat, he resignedly began his watch, refilling his pipe as often as he smoked it out. A long, long time he sat there, and finally concluding that it might be well to see whether anyone were hiding in the coal shed, he started away, striding through the garden where row on row of broad leaved rhubarb spread its wealth of green to the brilliant sunshine. He was not careful how he went, and as he plodded diagonally through the rich verdant growths, his feet were beating down many a tender stalk, when suddenly he was commanded to halt. An excited voice, quavering and shrill, had penetrated the deep, prevailing hush.

"Hey, you, stop! You're trampin' down my rhubarb!"

The kitchen door had been pushed open, and a spare old man under a great straw hat, had come charging out into the garden, his thin, quivering face all one pucker of brown wrinkles, his sleeves rolled up above the elbows and his slim arms gesticulating like an automatic scarecrow.

So it came about that the deputy sheriff found opportunity at last to serve an order of the court upon Old Man Brown.

The following day the veteran gardener called at the office of the Martin Realty Company. Nearly every morning since they first refused to accept the lease money he offered for his plot of ground, he had been coming here. Obstinate and patient,

he had been repeatedly offering the sum of eight dollars, unfastening the dirty bit of string from about the squeezed mouth of a grimy shot-bag, counting out the change, coin by coin, sighing because no one would pay any more attention to him, but still unwilling to believe that the acre patch where he lived had been sold and that he would no longer be permitted to stay there.

Sell the land? How could they do that, when he had been having the use of it these thirty years and more? It seemed almost to belong to him; he had lived there so long and always he had been punctual with his money. They could not find fault with him for that; he knew it.

Twice the situation had been explained to him. The city had been growing, spreading out, crowding in upon him. Formerly his acre plot of ground was almost waste land; now it was valuable. On one side of it a fashionable apartment, the home of the wealthy Mrs. Wilfred. Surely Old Man Brown could not expect to live there in such a neighborhood, in that crazy, sag-roofed shanty of his.

"I could—maybe—fix it up a little," he faltered.

But no, that would not do. The land had been sold. He would have to go somewhere else to raise the rhubarb for the market. He did not believe it; he thought there was merely a question of wanting him to pay more money for the land, and he offered more, but the lease was not renewed.

Then he was seized with alarm. Perhaps, after all—the law was going to drive him out, and finally, when he realized this, he was ill of it all night long.

The next day he was scarcely able to do the least bit of work in the garden. The bundles of rhubarb he had gathered early in the morning were only withering in the sun, and realizing that he could not go to market, he lowered them in their basket deep into the well to keep them fresh.

Afterwards he went into the house, locked himself in, and when some one knocked repeatedly and insistently at his doors he did not show himself. And yet, in the end, the notice of eviction had been served, and now that the old man saw how utterly impossible it was to get his lease renewed, there remained nothing for him to do but employ a lawyer and then show in court that they had no right to drive him off his land.

But they did have a right; that was the trouble. The lawyer said so. He advised his client to move; that was it—get out! The old man stammered with choking protests.

Get out? He? Why, why, he would do nothing of the sort, never! Thirty years, more than thirty years he had been living there and now get out! Well, say, how could he do that? Where could he go? How would it be possible to earn a living, that single acre of rhubarb was all he had?

He sought counsel with other people, and their recommendation was the same as that of the lawyer: he must give up the land.

Well, then maybe he could find some other place. But where? How, in his brittle old age, could he have the courage and the strength to begin anew? The thought of it frightened him, shook him with a dread of his incompetency, assailed him with a sense of tremendous obstacles, and most of all, filled his mind with that grim and haunting spectre—the poorhouse!

Always he had shuddered to think of that, but now that it seemed the inevitable; now that he would no longer have opportunity of supporting himself with the labor of his hands he felt how dangerously near to him was that institution for the destitute, and he tried to resign himself to the notion of being a pauper,—a bitter thought, but perhaps, in the end, he might get used to it.

As he went scuffling homeward that day, lurching sadly along with the twisted handle of the large, earth-stained wicker basket hooked upon his arm, it seemed to him that he would never be able to reach the house, he was so strangely enfeebled, stiff, heavy and crippled in every muscle, as though his heart as well as his body had at last grown old, old, ever and ever so old.

Finally, at the end of his long walk, he reached the wooden gate and dejectedly dragged it open. As he did so his big gray cat came bounding toward him, came bounding with his usual ease over the green and even ridges of the broad-leafed rhubarb. With arching back the animal rubbed himself against his master's leg, purred continuous content, and with tail waved a cordial welcome.

"What a big, nice cat you have there!" These words, spoken by a well-modulated contralto voice, were unexpectedly addressed to him by a woman in a faune-colored gown.

"A nice cat? Well, yes—yes, he is," stammered the old man, taken by surprise.

What should this woman be doing here? Some neighbor, perhaps, who had come for a bundle of rhubarb. The old man waited for her to state her errand, and then, as she began to stroke the soft fur of the animal, which had leaped to her shoulder, he said to her:

"You would like a cat?—such a cat as this?" Well, you can have him." This last statement was made as the woman nodded her head.

The woman quickly withdrew her hand from the back of the purring animal.

"Yes," he added, "you take him. And see here, now, what tricks he will do."

The woman twice cleared her voice before she continued to say:

"Of course I should like the cat, but—"

The old man thought it was out of pity for him that she hesitated, and he made haste to add:

"That's all right; take him; you musn't think about me." He was speaking with husky gentleness, and his hand went on stroking the animal's back. "I have to get along without him. Of course it's going to be hard, a little bit hard at first, but I

will get used to it. For now, you see, now that I have found a good place for my cat, I won't have to worry about him."

"But why should you give him up?" the woman inquired, and the old man grew red, very red.

"They are driving me—I mean, I am going away, that's it; I'm moving out. It isn't good to live so long in one place."

He swaggeringly spat aside to show that he did not mind it much, this moving out. But now, of a sudden, his expression changed, for the front gate had creaked open, and a person with a derby hat, a pudgy little man, was coming in.

Then two thin shoulders gave a shrug of contempt, and a thin old voice abruptly exclaimed:

"That Dutchman again!"

"A landscape gardener he calls himself; he says the soil needs a chemical fertilizer, but did you ever see such soil? Only look how everything grows! I make it that way."

A brown hand was proudly waved toward the green lines of rhubarb drowsing in the sunlight, the white sunlight which was all a quiver there. The garden was so slumberously hushed that with the slightest whiff of air the leaves gave forth a papery whisper.

"Are you well acquainted with him, this landscape gardener?"

"He works up yonder. The old man pointed his thumb in the direction of a steep green terrace surmounted by a modern residence with wide pillared veranda garlanded with honeysuckle. It was a red tiled house with several gables and a conservatory on one side whose arching roof of glass flamed in the sunlight like polished metal. "A widder lives there, alone, all alone in that great big place."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and they tell me that she's bought this place, too, that old widder.

"Has she indeed?" the woman questioned, with a self-conscious smile. "And is she so old?"

"I dunno; I guess so," he answered hastily scrutinizing the new arrival who had bared his head and was ceremoniously bowing.

With a slight nod, the woman greeted the pudgy gardener, and then said to him:

"Some other time will do for us to talk about the rose arbor. I shan't need you today."

Her words somewhat abashed the visitor, who quickly consulted his watch.

"Am I late?" he asked.

"No, I think not, but that will be all for today."

The round, placid face of the heavy little man grinned with perplexity. He stammered a "good afternoon," and withdrew.

Meanwhile the old man was staring at the woman. He wiped his face on his sleeve, knocked off his hat and picked it up again.

"Well, well, to think of that!" he gasped. "You are the widder, you!"

"The old widder," said the woman, and in truth her hair was turning gray, but her face, the sad, calm face of one who rarely smiles, was unmarked by even a trace of a wrinkle.

"I was coming to see you," the old man added, "to see you about—to talk about the lilac bush yonder, and those trees I set them out. In the big one over there, that's where the children used to have their swing. Nobody must cut down those trees. You will see to that won't you?"

"Children?" said the woman. "You have had children?" There was a certain wistfulness in her tone, and she spoke softly as though her voice were an echo from that great house up there on the terrace, that beautiful residence which was so full of fine things—and loneliness.

Then the old man babbled garrulously of all the years he had been raising rhubarb, of how he had built this house with his own hands, and the joys and sorrows of his family.

Suddenly she interrupted him almost harshly:

"Stay here. I don't want you to go away."

"Don't go 'way? But I got to go. They say I must get out."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody." The old man, with a sweep of the hand, seemed to indicate the whole world.

"The land is mine—No, yours—as long as you live it's yours," said the woman with quiet emphasis.

The old man had a confused notion that he had not heard correctly, and he bent forward; with hand scooped about his ear, but of a sudden he recalled that the woman, and not the Martin Realty Company, was now the owner of that garden plot. Then, in his bewilderment of joy, he began to stammer:

"Sure nuff; it's your land, yes, that's so. Only think of that! I plum forgot. You say I'm to stay here?"

The woman paused as she turned to go, surprised by the white splendor of sunshine asleep out there in the garden where drowsed the fresh-faced green of all the well-kept rhubarb rows. She looked at them and then turned to look once more at the old man. "I want you for my neighbor," she said.

---

## AMERICANITIS

The American people, as a whole, are affected by one national disease, "Americanitis". In other words, we are worshippers of the god of getting-on", as Ruskin aptly expressed it. To be sure progress is an overwhelming instinct with us, and our indomitable will-power is our most prominent characteristic. We have ever had this germ of development, and of freedom within us, illustrated first in our war of the Revolution, in which

our forefathers realized the importance of a "square deal"; and later, in our Civil War, which proved that "all men are equal", and that God is, and man should be, "no respecter of persons."

This spirit of progress is present in our business world. Competition is the cry. Consequently, if a man wishes to succeed, he must compete with his calculating rivals, put every ounce of his strength, and every dollar he possesses into his business, or be crushed ruthlessly. Trusts, corporations, and railroads are mighty, and we admit that often their systems are not just. However, we can look to such men as Ford, when we become discouraged with "wickedness in high places", and see a rich, modern business man sharing his profits with his employees.

Truly, this is an age of unrest, and of change, yet, we may look to its outcome with composure, for history shows us that when a people is in an era of dissatisfaction, that old customs and ideas are discarded for broader, newer ones. In the realm of the political world, we have experienced continual turmoil in the last ten years. As a result of this unrest, or—better as the cause of it—a man with a big idea came forward, and founded a new party, the Progressive. He is the cynosure of all eyes, when one considers "Americanitis". Subsequently, there came a calmer, deeper man, on whose sound, masterly judgment, and clear understanding we confidently place our hopes to guide us through our disturbing epoch of growth.

Closely allied to the political situation is the so-called feminist movement. What it is, and what it involves is extremely inclusive: it is woman asserting herself. A parallel is found almost anywhere in history, in which a force long held in subjection finally breaks its bounds. At present, women are only claiming the just recognition in the political world, that has been accorded them in the fields of business, religion, education, and the arts. Women are only claiming the outward sign of a well-grounded fact, which man of sound reasoning and of broad sympathy admit and sanction. Moreover, if we do not approve of all the methods used to obtain this recognition, we can be in sympathy with the motive, and realize that from now on the constituency of womankind is to be reckoned with. Also we can try to be impartial, and not judge the pros and cons of male and female suffrage unless we do so proportionately, remembering that man has ever had suffrage, and that woman has had it only in recent years. Hence, the results of the former should not be weighed against the results of the latter.

Tennyson saw deeply when he wrote:

"The woman's cause is man's, . . .  
Yet in the long years liker they must grow,  
The man be more of woman, she of man.  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in household care."

This malady has spread in another direction. Artists have

wearied of the simple, lovely portraits of Raphael, and in a vain attempt to out-do them, have resorted to the cubist art. This may be proficiency, but the ordinary mind fails to grasp it. One bourgeois said, "Cubist art? Why, 'The Nude Descending the Stairs,' looks like an explosion of a shingle factory!" One critic has said that there is nothing in it, and that it is only a sham. Hence, in their striving to be different, the cubists impress us as being so enterprising that, in reality, they are prehistoric.

Art's sister, music, has been changing too. We notice with enthusiasm and pride that there is an attempt being made to collect the old native folk songs of our American Negroes. Again, we are glad that the ruling musical class is trying to have opera in English, and to make prices that will make the common people able to hear the world's musical classics. However, the Futurist Music is gaining prevalence. It is a grand, minor blending of chords in such profusion, that the result is wholly discordant to a sensitive ear, and mere noise to a person of mediocre knowledge of music. Yet, this new harmony has a great following. Furthermore, if the Futurists are successful, the music of tomorrow will be voluminous and tempestuous.

Therefore, we are everywhere surrounded in the business world, political world, and art world with this all-possessing passion of "getting-on." All of us admit that progress is advantageous; but should we not ask ourselves at this stage: are we progressing at the expense of well-founded, inborn traits peculiar to our Nation? Is not the simple life better in the long run? Do we want coming generations to be free from, or infected with, the "Americanitis" germ? Will not the principalities of the world say, we are building our civilization upon the sand?

---

## ALONG THE SHORE

The quiet hush of evening comes stealing noiselessly along the misty shore; the little sandpipers who all day have trotted in and out after the retiring waves, are nowhere to be seen; the graceful seagulls who skim the wave crests or soar high above the wide expanse of ocean, have ceased their piercing calls and gone to rest. The long line of the beach stretches away into the gathering darkness, flanked by low hills and the dusky forest—not a movement, nor a sign of life along its great expanse. Yet pervading, haunting, enveloping all is the ceaseless, incessant roar of the ocean. The mighty waves pound the shore with unremitting energy. Slowly they come, vast and powerful, curve their foaming crests and burst with a deafening roar, that, waxing and waning, up and down the resounding shore. The foam, rushing and seething, mounts the beach, swiftly flees back again, is met and buried by the next incoming breaker.

The thundering surges echo and re-echo far into the woodland and through the inland canons. By night their voice is sad and melancholy, persistent, incessant, a very presence that haunts the shore.

---

## GENTLEMEN AND CLOTHESPINS

"Son, don't marry a woman that ain't practical—it don't pay—and are you sure that Sedley girl is?"

The speaker turned abruptly in his revolving chair, and looked squarely and keenly at the tall, red-haired, freckle-be-decked fellow who stood beside the door. The older man was Thomas Barrows owner of the big Barrows clothespin factory in Crane, Pennsylvania. So immense was this industry that some one had dubbed the village in which it was situated, "the clothespin centre of the universe." A self-made man, he had all the scorn for style and display, and all the faith in himself, that a man can possess and still be endured by his fellow creatures. He was wont to say, "I'm a practical man in a practical business, and I find it pays."

Just now his deepset brown eyes twinkled with a grave, sweet humor inherited from some Quaker ancestor, his square jaw seemed to relax in its position of vigilant aggressiveness, and even his protruding, sharp nose seemed less desirous of asserting its owner's practical sagacity. He rose and walked over to the young man, who had squared his shoulders impulsively, and had returned his chief's question with a glance that savored of defiant resentment.

"Well, Merrington, it's not my affair, of course," and he extended his hand so affably that the young man flushed as he took it.

"Why, sir, that's all right, all right."

"Good luck to you, Merrington—remember that in two weeks we want you at the director's meeting, and we want suggestions for novelties in our line."

"Yes, sir, Goodbye," and Barrows's youngest salesman breathed a sigh of relief to hear the office door closing behind him.

"That's over," he murmured to himself, "and now for Eunice."

Despite his freckles and fiery hair, "Sam" Merrington was good to see. His eyes were cheerfully blue, and his grin fairly illuminated a gloomy room. It was easy to see just why his chief was fond of him.

Seated in the drawing room of the Sedley mansion half an hour later, Sam found himself telling a little dark-haired girl whom his chief had thought unpractical, of his "bid" to the director's meeting, for it was an honor.

"Now Eunice,"—his whole-hearted Irish grin sent the dimples chasing themselves around her mouth—"What can you



suggest as a novelty in clothespins?" Then, because they were young and very happy, they laughed at this absurd question; and Sam found himself more interested in Eunice than in clothespins. Her black eyes danced with fun, and her saucy, round face certainly was pleasing. "Old Barrows would forget that word 'practical' if he could see her now," he thought.

"Why don't they make 'em square instead of round," she queried in her soft, lazy little drawl—and of course they both laughed again.

Oddly enough, though, when Merrington packed his grip late that evening preparatory to two weeks on the road with clothespins, his mind wandered persistently back to the question she had asked in fun—"Why don't they make 'em square instead of round?"

"Well, how's clothespins? Got anything new in your line?" was the invariable formula which seemed to greet him in town after town. The business, of itself monotonous, began to grow distasteful. Everything else that could be sold, from hosiery to thimbles, seemed to change, to improve—but the round wooden clothespin remained at a standstill.

Now no man in the country knew as much about clothespins as did Barrows. No man in the East could boast of a greater yearly output of this "meek and lowly" article. "Everybody he made thirty-four miles of clothespins, end to end." He had been doing it four years, and so had other manufacturers from Vermont to Missouri. They all produced clothespins identically like the clothespins of the previous generation. To be sure, some few factories made them with a metal spring, but they were used only occasionally—the women must have the good old orthodox clothespin.

"Of course it's a good business," Sam mused. "But why in thunder can't there be some variety to it?" He was staring out the car window on his journey back to Crane. "It's time I had a raise—I don't want to keep Eunice waiting forever—and why does the chief think she's not practical?" Suddenly there occurred to him the girl's laughing question on an evening two weeks' before "Why don't they make 'em square instead of round?"

The practicability of the idea began to impress him forcibly. Not so bad after all! Besides, it would do away with the process of turning, and the whole procedure of making would be quickened. It would do no harm to suggest it. Something new in that line must be started. The chief himself felt dissatisfied. It meant promotion to the man who could think of something new.

His enthusiastic confidence appealed to the older men. They accepted his statements, proven with Irish foresight, and they voted to install the new machine within a week. Even Barrows, long sighted, slow of decision was moved to enthusiasm. He clapped Sam on the back with a heavy whack, a demonstration which startled the oldest director into a fit of coughing and

which so staggered the recipient physically and mentally that he walked to his lodgings in a daze.

Two weeks and a day later at the Sedley home, in the midst of a crucially important discussion as to the suitability of English "rep" for hall curtains, Sam stopped short, and whistled.

"Say, Eunice, do you know I told the directors about your idea of square clothespins and we've been schucking them out for a week now. Every dealer I've seen has ordered from one to four carloads. It's a 'cinch' on the market, little girl, and it started with you."

"Square clothespins, Sam!" "Why"—she faltered and turned quite pale. Her eyes had an almost tragic expression.

"What is it Eunice?" "Why Sam, I was joking. You couldn't hold a square clothespin in you mouth, and women always put them in their mouths." Sam sat puzzled, and a little alarmed.

So they did! He remembered seeing his mother tucking them into her mouth as she hung out the Monday wash. "Perhaps I'd better suggest that to the chief before we go any further," he reflected.

Old Barrows looked up at the young man before him with a grim smile. "Say boy, who put that idea into your head? Miss Sedley?" Merrington flushed.

"Sam, she's been brought up in the lap of luxury—never used a clothespin in all her life—never did anything practical. I know those square clothespins will take care of themselves all right."

"But Mr. Barrows, you're mistaken," Sam began hotly—"She's more practical than either of us. She's right!" "What!"—the old man roared. "You young whippersnapper, do you mean to tell me that a chit of a girl knows more than I do? You get through with me tonight, young man. Do you understand?"

Sam's "Irish" began to tinge even his freckles but he turned, and walked back up the hill to the Sedley home.

Twenty-four hours later a messenger summoned him to Barrows's private office. The old man silently handed him a bunch of telegrams. They read, "Call off square clothespins. Women can't hold them in mouths," or "Cancel order—women dislike square pins," and so on. They were signed by the various salesmen of the Barrows's clothespin factory.

"She was right, Sam,—practical after all. More practical than I be. Will you come back and sell round ones?"

And Sam said he would.

## Y. W. C. A.

On the evening of June sixth, the Junior class gave its annual Y. W. C. A. party. The committee on arrangements, Ethel Chamberlain, Dorothy Webb, and Hazel Ross, introduced a novel idea, and had a lawn party on the Hockey Field. The Field was prettily decorated with gay Japanese lanterns; while music and songs helped to make the evening and its games enjoyable. Home-made candy was on sale at a sparkling Japanese booth, and ice cream was served under an arch resplendent with the 1915 class banner, outlined with green and gold chysanthemums.

The annual Silver Bay Banquet was held at Bates this year at Rand Hall, May fifteenth, at six o'clock. Delegates from Maine, Colby, Ricker, Hebron, Farmington, Castine, and from Maine Central Institute were present. After the appetizing dinner was served, Miss Esther Wadsworth, President of Bates Y. W. C. A., extended a cordial welcome to the guests in a charming manner. Miss King, as toast-mistress, filled her position with witty, interesting introductions. The rest of the toast list is as follows:

"What Silver Bay Means to the College Girl,".....  
 .....Helen Hanson, Colby, '15  
 "Good Times at Silver Bay,".....Helen Humiston, Bates, '14  
 "The Girls We Met at Silver Bay,".....Castine  
 "Silver Bay and the Preparatory School Girl,".....  
 .....Maine Central Institute  
 "Memories of Silver Bay,".....Edna Pierce, Bates, '14  
 "The Benefits We Derive from Silver Bay,".University of Maine  
 "The Association Girl,".....Dean Buswell

The toasts were all entertaining, and enthusiastically received. All, who were there then felt again the grip, and the inspiration of Silver Bay spirit. Colby sent six delegates to the dinner: Ethel Chamberlain, '15, Esther French, '16, Helen Hanson, '15, Katharine Moses, '16, Lois Osgood, '16, and Edith Pratt, '16.

Besides gaining a more comprehensive idea of Silver Bay, and its rich opportunities for the broadening of a college girl, all the delegates became acquainted with the Bates girls, who proved royal hostesses. Again, such a convening of girls from all over the State makes one feel that association work is a big movement, one that although we pledge our loyalty to our respective Alma Maters, we are all one in Y. W. C. A.

June 19th! All aboard for Silver Bay! It is a priceless experience in a girl's life to be at the Y. W. C. A. summer conference. Colby is keeping up her good record and is sending six delegates this year: the President, Helen Hanson; three cabinet members, Ina McCausland, Ethel Chamberlain, and Vivian Skinner; and two sophomore girls, Marion Wyman and Alice Mather. The delegation is planning on a busy, helpful, happy ten days on Lake George, and is determined to bring back to the other Colby

girls, a sample of every good address, class, and of every good time at Silver Bay.

This is an era of Thrift and Efficiency. Colby girls, why not begin now and learn to be business-like, and economical? The Y. W. C. A. has purchased one hundred Personal Account Books for the use of Colby girls. Procure one, keep an account for a month, and see whether or not you are living as modestly and as systematically as befits a college woman; for the college women must combine their forces to lessen the extravagance and waste in modern living.

Colby friends may be interested to know that by a vote of the association, it was decided that a vote in favor of the Personal Membership Basis should be cast at Silver Bay this month.

"Y. W. C. A. Week," was such a success this year, that the Colby association has decided to reinstate it for the first week in September. This week is set aside for the freshmen, and during this time fraternity badges of every sort are not worn, but Y. W. C. A. streamers only. It is the purpose of the association, in this way, to give the new girls of the class of 1918, a hearty welcome to Colby and to Y. W. C. A. meetings.

---

## ATHLETICS

Tennis, as usual, is chief of the spring sports. The courts have been put in excellent condition, and with the stimulus of new balls and nets, the demand for them has been great. At present there is strenuous practicing for the tournament to be held in the immediate future.

The Freshmen, energetic as usual, organized a baseball team, captained by Flora Norton, and challenged any nine in college.

Not to be daunted, the rest of the woman's division formed a team under the management of Ethel Chamberlain, '15, and in a five-inning battle administered so efficacious a beating that nothing more has been heard of baseball from '17. To be sure the Phi Deltas stole the bases.

---

## THE GEOLOGY TRIP TO BAR HARBOR

It was a jolly party of forty-one boys and girls, Colby's amateur geologists, who left on the early train, May twenty-second, for Bar Harbor, under the care and guidance of Dr. and Mrs. Little assisted by Professor Carter.

Bar Harbor was reached shortly after noon. Accommodations obtained, we were soon started for the climb up Mt. Green.

Not until we reached the gorge did we know what real climbing was. Then up the irregular stairs of rocks we went single file, aided now and then by a friendly pull or shove.

Was it strenuous work?—Ask one of our heavy foot-ball men!

After stopping once or twice for a breathing space and lectures, geologically speaking, (“of course you all have your notebooks and pencils”) we finally reached the top, where the splendid view more than repaid us for our exertions.

Mt. Green, standing seventeen hundred and sixty feet above the sea-level, is the highest mountain so near the sea between Mexico and Labrador. The Mainland and many small islands dotting Frenchman’s Bay could be seen through the half-mist; at the foot of the mountain nestled Bar Harbor and, near at hand, was the widening gorge which we had just ascended.

The crowd gathered around the pile of stones and pole marking the top where we had a handout of light refreshments, (“What has become of my ‘choclet’”) while the “snap-shooters” plied their trade.

Due consideration given to rest, discussion, and admiration, we started to descend by the carriage road. But *where*, oh, *where* was that road! All attempt to locate it were in vain. Several scouting parties were sent out and it was finally spied far across on the opposite side of the ravine.

So down one slope, through tangled bushes, over tree-stumps and fallen logs, across a brook, up the other slope, led by Dr. Little, encouraged and cheered by Professor Carter’s lusty voice in song, we forced our way through this African jungle to the welcomed roadway.

“Geologically speaking, as a matter of fact,” it offered a beautiful example of what might well be called a “natural obstruction.”

After this, the descent was easy. We reached town about half past seven. After a good supper, and one can imagine what a fourteen-mile tramp can do for one’s appetite, the crowd was ready for the concert or movies.

The girls with Mrs. Little had splendid quarters at the Y. W. C. A. and it was rumored that the boys were highly entertained at their down-town boarding house.

Getting an early start the next morning, laden with lunch baskets and a large coffee pot we started along the Ocean Walk.

Many interesting natural phenomena were observed along the shore, then crossing one of the large estates we followed the road for about five miles until we came to the ocean again on the high cliffs, where from all points of vantage we watched with fascination the Spouting Horn. This was a great crevice where the waves, roaring and seething, rushed in through a great wave-cut arch, dashing spray high into the air.

We all gathered around the fire which had been built in a protected crevice of the cliff, and saw that the coffee was put to boil and all due preparations made for lunch. How we enjoyed it, in spite of the collapsible coffee cups and lack of all proper utensils.

An hour afterward, all who declared themselves good sprint-

ers started out bravely for a nine mile tramp along Ocean Drive, which wound around Dry Mountain.

Natural phenomena which received most attention were the frequent springs by the roadside. However, Colby has sprinters and "sprintresses" to be proud of, and though one of our heavy-weights and his fair companion hailed into town first, (How about that "lift" anyway was it the traction engine or a truck wagon?) the rest arrived on record time.

The steamer left at four o'clock with the entire party on board, both to leave Bar Harbor and yet feeling that they had profited much, "geologically speaking," and in addition had had a mighty good time.

# THE COLBIANA

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

## BOARD OF EDITORS

ETHEL G. CHAMBERLAIN, 1915 . . . . . Editor-in-Chief  
 ALICE C. MATHEW, 1916 . . . . . Assistant Editor

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARION O. STEWARD, 1915 . . . . .	}	Literary Editors
VIVIEN L. SKINNER, 1916 . . . . .		
HELEN N. HANSON, 1915 . . . . .		Y. W. C. A.
MARJORIE L. BARKER, 1916, . . . . .		Jokes
ESTHER D. FRENCH, 1916 . . . . .		Exchanges
RUTH GOODWIN, 1915 . . . . .		Alumnae
KATHERINE SINGER, 1916 . . . . .		Athletics
DOROTHY WEBB, 1915 . . . . .		News Editor

---

MILDRED HOLMES, 1915 . . . . . Business Manager  
 ELLA ROBINSON, 1916 . . . . . Assistant Manager

---

TERMS: Subscriptions, 50 cents per year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.  
 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

---

June has come, and with it, Commencement. The COLBIANA extends heartiest good wishes to the members of the graduating class. We shall miss the Senior girls, those literary geniuses to whom we look with awe, but we must work all the harder to keep our magazine up to the standard. The publication is not yet all that it might be, but it is gaining power and influence and is now one of the really strong factors of our college life. We appreciate the loyal support of the alumnae and the cooperation of all the students.

---

Girls of Colby! This is the last number of the COLBIANA for the year 1913-1914. We want the magazine to be bigger and better next year. There is a chance for every one of us to work for the good of the COLBIANA this summer. We will have plenty of time to write articles and poems; we can do some soliciting among the alumnae in our home towns, show them the COLBIANA, and see how delighted they will be to have it. Let us come back in the fall brimming over with ideas for a big boom in COLBIANA stock!

All thinking people are today recognizing the flaw in the modern system of education which allows the student to drift on and on without learning the lesson of self-control and, more specifically, of concentration. The student can get along all right without working, so he or she, does not work. Professor Briggs of harvard treats this subject in his essays on "College Life." He says that the only way the student can combat with this tendency to let things go and not do anything unless driven to it, is to work by schedule. Not that we ought to have an exact moment to do everything, but simply to know in the morning just what one has to do during the day, and do it. Supposing you have a class from ten to eleven; you come from class at eleven and think you will either write a theme or translate your German. But you cannot decide just which to do, so you sit wearily on the verandah until the gong rings for luncheon. If you came from class with the settled conviction that you were going to write that theme before lunch, and went right to your room and put up a busy sign, you would be more than likely to get it done.

---

## JOKES

Mr. Weeks, '15, (just in from a call at Foss Hall, in answer to a question from a brother D. U.): "What did you say, Ethel?"

## PROBLEMS.

Yes, we're all of us familiar with the common banyan tree,  
 An with spirogyra's habitat and its morphology;  
 Now, if corn has ears, potatoes eyes, and lily has a nose,  
 Why, O, WHY, is pumpkin pie exactly like a rose:

### CHORUS:

Problems such as this have we. . . . .

But we love our Botany. . . . .

Do not let your work pile up, do it every day!

Then, perhaps, when you grow up, you'll get your B. A.

O from Maxfield's class we sped to send our manuscript away,  
 And we shyly asked the postmaster how much we'd have to pay,  
 For we knew that it was weighty, and that we'd be rich some  
 day.

The postmaster said "It's *first-class* stuff!" but Maxfield, "Its  
 risqué!"

### CHORUS:

Problems such as this have we. . . . .

We are highbrows don't you see. . . . . etc.

How can we be expected to prepare, these balmy days,  
 A lesson we can't penetrate except by Roentgen Rays?  
 And if we have a telescope to gage our density,  
 O Motty, Teddy, Freddy, say, what will the answer be?



## CHORUS:

Problems such as this have we. . . . .  
 We are *Physicists* don't you see. . . . . etc.

We always thought that Rhetoric meant force, mass, unity.  
 Instead we find it only means faith, hope and charity.  
 When we got through Freshman Reading and with dear  
 Phidippides,  
 We thought we'd said a long farewell to all such things as these.

## CHORUS:

Problems such as this have we. . . . .  
 (Hush)

He'll call the roll and we will say our names à lui,  
 And when he reads the list each day, we'll answer with "Ici."  
 Nous esperons que nous savons ce que cela vent dire.  
 We all will teach in *segundary* schools. That is the right idea!

## CHORUS:

Problems such as this have we. . . . .  
 Nous sommes françaises, don't you see? etc.

We flock to Prexy's classes, Ethics and Philosophy,  
 Anglo-Saxon, William Shakespeare, Lit., Psychology,  
 And then we learn what Bacon said, *and just what Browning*  
*meant*,  
 And we get a thousand-dollar prize if we know where hamlet  
 went.

## CHORUS:

Problems such as this have we. . . . .  
 We are linguists, don't you see. . . . . etc.

Miss C— '14 (hearing the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding  
 March) "O, I just love those patriotic hymns!"

"Work is work, and play is play,"  
 We have heard our mother's say,  
 Yet, for all, 'round Ivy Day,  
 Work is work, and so is play.  
 So in this, our Joke Department,  
 Editors beg a holiday.

---

 CLASS ITEMS

1914.

The Senior girls will go to Belgrade Lake, June thirteenth,  
 to spend the week end at Drummond's cottage.

The prizes offered by the Chi Omega fraternity for the best  
 articles on some phase of social service were won by Clara  
 Collins, first prize, and Ethel Chamberlain, second.

The following Seniors had their articles chosen for Com-  
 mencement exercises: Ethel Merriam, Edith Washburn, Abbie  
 Sanderson.

Ida Collins of Caribou is visiting her sister, Clara Collins.

1915.

Gladys Goodrich of Fort Fairfield visited Ethel Chamberlain over the Bowdoin game.

Dorothy Webb spent two weeks the first of June, coaching the Seniors at Oxford High school.

The bids for Kappa Alpha came out the last of May. The initiates are: Evelyn Whitney, May Sargent, Odette Pollard, Dorothy Webb, Mary Tobey, Ruth Trefethen, Vivian Ellsworth and Mildred Bedford.

On the evening of June 4th the Juniors presented Tennyson's dramatic poem "The Princess." Full preparations were made to give the play out-of-doors, but Thursday morning it began to rain and the downpour continued all day. The resourceful Juniors were not daunted however, but improvised a stage in the dining room and caused "a forest to grow in a single night." All the parts were admirably taken and from first to last the play ran smoothly. Following is the cast of characters:

Gama—Father of the Princess.....	May Sargent
Arac—Son of Gama.....	Ina McCausland
The King—Father of Prince.....	Aldine Gilman
The Prince—Lover of the Princess.....	Helen Hanson
Florian, } Friends of the Prince.....	{ Myrtle Everett
Cyrii, }	{ Mary Washburn
Ida—Princess and Head of the College of Maidens.....	Lena Blanchard
Psyche { Ladies of court and }	Jennie Farnum
Blanche { tutors in the College }	Ruth Goodwin
Melissa—Daughter of Lady Blanche.....	Ethel Chamberlain
Maid.....	Marguerite Robinson, Hazel Ross, Mildred Holmes
Proctors.....	Marguerite Chamberlain, Evelyn Whitney
Students..	Vivian Ellsworth, Mary Tobey, Marguerite Chamberlain, Evelyn Whitney, Odette Pollard

1916.

"Here, carry my pillow for me!"

"Are we all here?"

"Who has my book?"

"Be careful of those pies!"

Such were the cries that one might hear in Foss Hall about four o'clock on that lovely afternoon of May 25th. At first many were in doubt as to the cause of the commotion, but it proved to be only our Sophomore Mission Study class starting for the stream with books and suppers. We were accompanied by Dean Carll. After moving several times on account of cows and showers, we finally found a safe spot where we had our lesson and then our supper. We returned to Foss Hall soon after seven-thirty feeling that it had been an afternoon well spent.

1917.

The Hamlin Prize Reading took place in the college chapel on the evening of May twenty-fifth. The prizes were won by Mildred Green and Flora Norton. The college and especially the class of 1917 extend congratulations.

The past few weeks have been very interesting to some of the freshmen. Phi Chi Gamma Theta girls have been training their freshmen and preparing them for loyal "Chi Gams" next year. They have certainly done their work faithfully and we have all appreciated it. The freshmen chosen are as follows: Hazel Robinson, Hazel Durgin, Helen Clark, Violet French, Phoebe Vincent, Mildred Green, Mildred Barton, Katherine Clarkin, Marion White, Marian Daggett, Edna Peabody, Cecile Morrisette.

---

### IVY DAY

Saturday, June 6, was celebrated by Colby girls as Ivy Day. The traditional Ivy exercises came first, including the presenting of the trowel by Ethel Merriam, president of the Senior class, to Odette Pollard, president of the Junior class.

Following this, came a pageant, written by Emily Hanson, '14, called, "In Mother Nature's Garden." It was a spring festival and was supposed to ensue during a year and a day. The Prologue consisted of four dances, one by each class. The Seniors represented Spring Maidens, the Juniors, Summer Nymphs, the Sophomores, Autumn Leaves, and the Freshmen, Snow Babies. First prize was given to the Freshman because their dance was the most original. Second prize was given to the Sophomores.

Then followed the Processional and the crowning of the May Queen, Dorothy Tubbs, 1915. Antoinette Ware, as the Spirit of Spring, gave a very pretty and graceful dance. Various episodes followed and the audience was kept entertained and amused until late in the afternoon. Refreshments were served by the freshmen.

---

### ALUMNAE NOTES

Elaborate plans are being made for the Colby alumni luncheon to be held on Tuesday, June 23, at 12.30 P. M., in the gymnasium. Owing to the inadequate facilities for serving the luncheon in Memorial Hall, it has been thought best to hold it this year in the gymnasium. The building will be especially decorated for the occasion and should make a most attractive dining hall.

Letters have already been sent to all former students, so far as their addresses are known, calling their attention to the luncheon and inviting them to be present. It is especially de-

sired that all former students of Colby, whether graduates or not, who now reside in Waterville and the immediate vicinity, will make a special effort to be present.

A representative has been appointed from each class to encourage the attendance of classmates and the class of 1906 cup offered by the President of the association will be awarded to the class which has the largest percentage of its living members present.

The engagement of Mary Helen Caswell, '04, to Professor Benjamin Edward Carter of the faculty was announced June fourth.

Amy J. Tilden, ex-'15, is training at the Augusta General Hospital.

Dora M. Libby, '13, of Winthrop was a guest at Foss Hall, recently.

Meroe F. Morse, '13, is teaching at Waterville High school.

Ida Phoebe Keen, '08, has been elected to teach French at a Private school in New Jersey.

Mildred Tilden and Claire McIntyre, ex-'16, visited friends at Foss Hall recently.

Frances Wheet, ex-'17, was the guest of Ina McCausland for the Ivy Day exercises.

Clara Martin Southworth, '00, of Portland was at Colby for the May Pageant.

Mattie Windell, '13, has announced her engagement to Samuel Leone Allen, Bates, 1912, now principal of Clinton High School.

Mrs. Alice Cole Kleene of Hartford, Connecticut, of the class of '98, is the author of a play recently published by Sherman, French and Company of Boston. The title of the play is Kirstin, and the following announcement has been made of this theme of the play:

The story by Hans Christian Andersen on which this play is based has a deep significance. It is one of those legends appearing in various languages which give expression to the old haunting belief in a sea-creature whose destiny was linked with that of humankind.

But Kirstin, child of the sea, whose name sounds the pure northern note of this drama, is not the sinister siren of Celtic mythology; her desire is to be made human and thus attain a life beyond life. In spite of the spell of the sea and the toil and care of the earthly lot, she sets out on her quest to gain the love of a human being and share his immortality. The growth of her yearning for a soul, the courage with which she confronts the obstacles to its attainment, and the events of her life in the world above, make a subject peculiarly adapted to dramatic development. Throughout the play one is conscious of two minor motives, that of the sea and of immortality, forming a background, as it were, for the main theme—the struggle of a being on a lower plane of existence to one beyond reach. The numerous lyrical passages suggest themes for sea music.

In these days of stagecraft when atmosphere counts for more than ever before, strangely enough we have not yet had on the

stage a drama of this milieu, and the present play is, therefore, unique. The author's name is already favorably known to magazine readers. This latest and largest work ably fulfills the promise of earlier writings.

---

## DIRECTORY

1914—President, Ethel Merriam; Vice-President, Gladys Paul; Secretary-Treasurer, Blanch Farrington.

1915—President, Odette M. Pollard; Vice-President, Dorothy N. Webb; Secretary-Treasurer, Ruth Goodwin.

1916—President, Ella Robinson; Vice-President, Antoinette Ware; Secretary-Treasurer, Vesta McCurda.

1917—President, Ethel Duff; Vice-President, Marion Daggett; Secretary-Treasurer, Marion Greene.

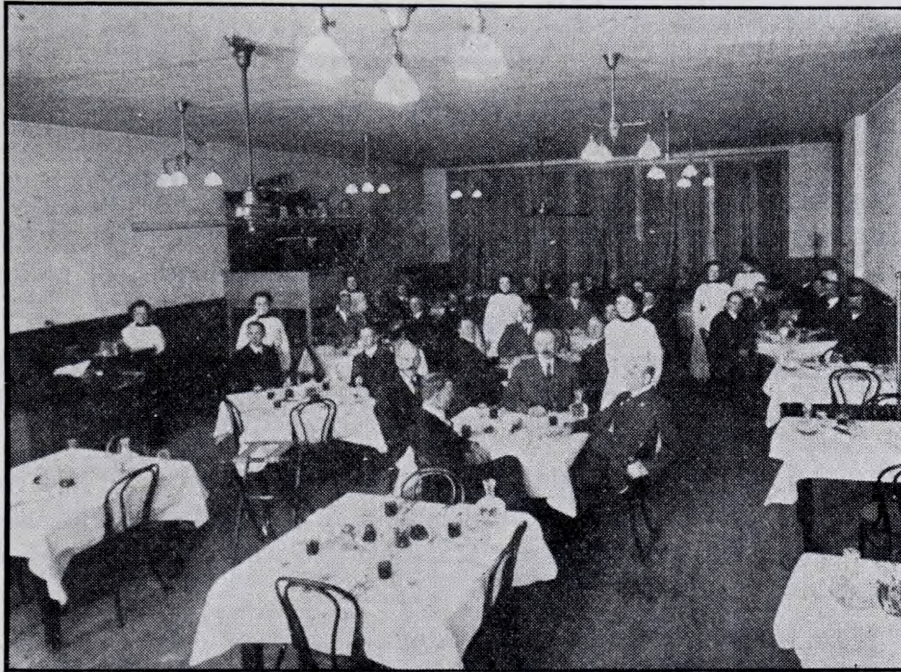
Y. W. C. A.—President, Helen Hanson; Vice-President, Edith Pratt; Secretary, Vivian Skinner; Treasurer, Margaret Forbes.

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE—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, Katharine Singer; 1917, Ethel Armstrong.

GLEE CLUB—President, Marion Wyman; Manager, Mildred Holmes.



ROYAL CAFE, Robinson & Davison, Props.

**DOMESTIC BAKERY**

Homemade Bread, Cake and Pastry

64 Temple St. Tel. 397

Buy Your Drug Store Goods at

**Dunbar's Drug Store**

118 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

Ice Cream and Confectionery

**PARENT'S**

Silver Street

**P** HIGH GRADE  
**PRINTING** **G**

THE MAIL PUBLISHING CO.  
120 Main Street, Waterville, Maine  
School Papers a Specialty

When you want a good lunch or meal  
go to **BUZZELL'S CHOP HOUSE**,  
63 Temple Street.

**"TAILOR ED"**

Makes and Repairs

Ladies' Suits

MOVING PICTURES and  
VAUDEVILLE

CITY OPERA HOUSE

TRY

**McCallum's**

Preferred Stock Coffee

# COBURN CLASSICAL INSTITUTE

## WATERVILLE, MAINE

Coburn is an excellent preparatory school for boys and girls. Its standards of scholarship and character are high. The courses of study are arranged to give a thorough preparation for college and for life.

Coburn is well located, is easy of access and is well equipped; splendid locations for science work, a good gymnasium, a library with four thousand volumes.

The new Libbey Athletic Field of twelve acres with quarter mile cinder track, football and baseball field gives first class opportunities for athletic sports which are under competent directors.

For information or for catalogue, address

The Principal, DREW T. HAWTHORN.

P. L. CAMPBELL, '14

MILROY WARREN, '14

## *The Colby College Supply Store*



Text Books    Pencils    Fountain Pens  
Post Cards    Note Books    Banners

A general student supply

The  
Specialty  
Store

COATS, SUITS, MILLINERY  
CORSETS, GLOVES  
WAISTS AND  
UNDERWEAR

Cloutier Brothers

EMERY-BROWN COMPANY

Department  
Store

*Millinery, Garments  
Dry Goods  
Fancy China  
Cut Glass  
Etc.*

*Ladies' Custom Tailoring  
a Specialty.*

W. A. Hager Co.

FOR

Confectionery and Ice Cream

Main Street

Hersom & Bonsall

GROCERIES, MEATS and PROVISIONS  
Junction of Main St. and College Ave.  
Telephones, 154 and 155

ALSO

The Main St. Cash Grocery

170 Main St. Opp. Savings Bank  
Tel. 188J

Don't forget the first two stores on  
your way down from the College.

W. L. CORSON

FILMS DEVELOPED AND  
PRINTED

Photographic Views

Fine Work

DR. J. F. HILL

111 Main St. Waterville, Maine

Practice limited to the Eye, Ear  
Nose and Throat



Everything in

GLOVES  
HOSIERY  
UNDERWEAR  
TOILET ARTICLES  
ETC.



**Wardwell Dry Goods Company**  
"WOMEN'S SHOP"  
76 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

S. L. PREBLE



College  
Photographer



68 MAIN ST., WATERVILLE

DR. E. H. KIDDER  
Dentist  
148 Main Street  
WATERVILLE, MAINE

C. H. Pulsifer    F. A. Tibbetts    J. B. Palmer

The Waterville Steam Laundry

145 Main Street

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Work called for and delivered without extra charge

Telephone 145

The Home of Good Shoes

SMITH-LOUD COMPANY

72 Main Street

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Dress Goods

Underwear

L. H. SOPER COMPANY

DEPARTMENT

DRY GOODS STORE

Garments

Millinery

**FINEST FOOTWEAR**

**HOLMES'  
SHOE  
STORE**

**Evening Slippers**

**Everything Electrical**

For the Home

We have an Electric Grill that provides college girls and boys and the hostesses of fudge parties and similar gatherings with the most up-to-date electric cooking device on the market.

ATTACH TO ANY SOCKET

**CENTRAL MAINE POWER CO.**

**H. L. Kelley & Co.**

Books, Stationery, Wall Papers  
AND FINE ART GOODS

Cor. Main and Temple Sts., Waterville

**O. A. MEADER**

Wholesale Dealer in

FRUIT AND PRODUCE  
CONFECTIONERY

BUTTER, EGGS  
PAPER, PAPER BAGS

9 Chaplin Street, Waterville, Maine  
Telephones: 50 and 51-2

**SWEATERS**

For Ladies and Gents  
In all the Popular Shades and Styles

**\$5.00 to \$10.00**

**The H. R. DUNHAM CO.**  
64 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

Whitman, Foss and Marie  
Saunders CHOCOLATES

**J. H. De ORSAY, Druggist**

(Successor to William C. Hawker & Co.)

70 Main St. Waterville, Maine

Kodaks and Camera Supplies

# THE COLBY ECHO

By reading the Echo you are kept in touch with Colby and her activities. The ECHO prints thirty-six weeks of College and Alumni news for one dollar. Every graduate and friend of Colby should subscribe.

---

Address subscriptions to  
**MANAGER COLBY ECHO**  
Waterville, Maine

## The Rexall Store



Everything an up-to-date  
Drug Store should have.

Special attention is called  
to our Candy and Toilet  
Articles.

Kodak and Camera Sup-  
plies



**William C. Hawker**  
Druggist 55 Main St.

## The Finest Line of Diamond Rings

in the City

**J. H. Harriman**  
Jeweler and Optician

HAVE YOU TRIED

# HAYDEN'S

HOME MADE CANDIES

## Mitchell & Company

### Florists

144 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

Hours, 8 to 12, 1 to 5 Telephone

**Dr. Gordon B. Hatfield**  
DENTIST

173 Main Street, Waterville Maine  
Gold Work a Specialty Savings Bank Building