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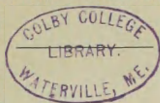
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THE COLBIANA

Volume 3

December, 1914

Number 1



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IN MEMORIAM

Edna Louise Stevens was a young woman whose loving nature and thoughtfulness for others endeared her to all who knew her. She was ever ready to serve her college and her friends. We remember her, not merely as a remarkable student, but more, as a girl of sterling character and high ideals. We remember her as a girl who was ever faithful, loyal, and true.

THE COLBIANA

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HENRY DAVID THOREAU

One of the most remarkable of the transcendental thinkers of the Concord group, in American literature, was Henry David Thoreau.

He was born the son of a pencil maker in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817. As a boy he "drove his mother's cows to pasture and became a lover of certain aspects of nature and of certain delights of solitude."

The father, though in rather poor circumstances, managed to give his son a college education at Harvard from which he was graduated in 1837. Thoreau was an intelligently receptive student, though not distinguished. He was more interested in learning of nature than in that of man.

After graduation from college, he taught school for a while and spent a little time at his father's business, but his profession, if one might say he had one, was surveying. He worked just enough with his hands to keep himself in food and clothing.

From a boy, Thoreau loved solitude. He preferred to live a life of contemplation and to demonstrate how simply and agreeably a man may live. As a unique experiment, in 1845, he built a cabin on the shore of Walden Pond, on the outskirts of Concord. In his own words, he said, "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

The famous recluse lived alone in his little hut, built by his own hands, on nine cents a day for two years and two months. He did not shut himself away from civilization. He went to town every two or three days to observe the doings of men and he always enjoyed having his friends visit him at his hut. Here, by himself, he enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of the Pond which he describes: "It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three-quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres; a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation.

During these years, Thoreau "read considerably, wrote abundantly, thought actively, if not widely, and came to know beasts and birds." "Walden," published in 1854, gives an account of his life and thoughts of that period.

By reading his works, one marks his keen observation and his appreciation and understanding of nature. He had not much sympathy with anatomists. He loved to study the living animals and their life. He noticed every new bud or a bush and any new movement of a bird.

The birds and beasts were his friends, and the fishes would swim into his hands unafraid. In his diary he remarks, "It has come to this, that the lover of art is one and the lover of nature another, though true art is but the expression of our love of nature. It is monstrous when one cares little about trees and much about Corinthian columns, yet this is exceedingly common."

Thoreau loved his friends and was loved by them, yet he lived to himself a good deal. He always pitied the poor fellows born to an inheritance. He delighted in the freedom of pursuing his own way, yet his constant admonition is to be content with one's lot. "However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. The faultfinder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is."

This simple naturalist, by unostensibly pointing out to us our privileges and opportunities, makes us ashamed that we are ever despondent and angry at our fate. His journals are not a record of his manual labor, but of his thoughts and of his descriptions of what he sees in nature from day to day, to marvel at and enjoy.

All could certainly not live as the Concord recluse and yet have a progress of civilization. It may seem that he was a little selfish and narrow-minded. He enjoyed his comparative ease because of the toil of his fathers; he had a peaceful country for a home because his fathers had gone to war. We all could not live as he and would not, but if more of us had his contented mind, if more of us found our enjoyment in our life, the world would be happier. He wanted to get out of life all that there was worth while in it. He said: "I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live and could not spare any more time for that one."

Thoreau is a delight to the reader; he is so simple and sincere, so soothing and bright. Who can read him and not love our beautiful world, regardless of our human cares? In his "Autumn," the record of Oct. 14, 1857, is typical of the entire volume. He glories in the beauty and gladness of nature and then he compares the anxious financier, whose funds are in a failing bank, with himself, whose funds of health and enjoyment are invested in the country banks of sand, "solid and warm and streaked with blackberry vines."

Thoreau is called the poet-naturalist, yet his poetic genius is principally evident in his prose. He uses exquisite language, abundant with expressive adjectives, and he has a sweet, flowing style. One never wearies of him. His gems of thought and description go straight to the heart and one never puts down a volume without a kinder feeling for his fellowman, a greater yearning for the worth while, and a deeper love for the art by God's own hand.

Thoreau was a worshipper of the God of the open air. He had no creed but he devoutly worshipped the God who made him and his world. The only weakness in his philosophy of life is "his tendency to base the laws of the universe on the experience born and thought produced convictions of one man, himself."

The chief friendship of his life was with Emerson and from him "he gained more than from any man alive or dead." According to his friend, Thoreau "was bred to no profession; he never married; he

lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the state; he ate no flesh; he drank no wine; he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun."

The man was never understood nor appreciated during his lifetime except by friends and the inner side of the transcendentalists, but he has recently come into his own. Professor Trent summarizes his more recent popularity in these words: "The years have favored him more than they have any of his friends in the Dial group. Mankind has returned more and more to nature, and at the same time has shown a preference for the minute, semi-scientific, semi-poetic treatment of her which Thoreau was supereminently qualified to give, over the rhapsodical, pantheistic treatment illustrated in the writings of Emerson and other transcendentalists, American and British.

Thoreau died at the age of forty-five after a life of purity and simplicity, devoted to the love of his friends and the worship of God and nature, after a life of thought, meditation, and keen observation. He was a simple man in love with life.

JIMMY'S REVENGE

Jimmy Haldon sat on his back steps and dug his square little heels into the dirt disconsolately. His elbows rested on his knees and his long, gloomy face rested upon the grimy left palm. What was the use of living, anyhow.

"Hey, Jimmy," called his very best chum as he ran by, "come on up and play scrub. We can have the field all the forenoon."

"Naw," said Jimmy in a tone which showed no interest in the matter.

"Aw, come on," urged the enthusiast. "Naw," still more disinterestedly. The chum was utterly nonplussed, as he was swept on by a crowd of bat-and-ball-laden cronies.

Mrs. Haldon appeared in the door. "Jimmy," she began pleadingly, "will you take some fresh eggs down ter Mrs. Royals. She said she wanted 'em this forenoon and I forgot to tell yo' pa when he went."

She stopped uncertainly.

"Yep, I'll go, Ma. Where's the pail?" His mother had expected a refusal and she regarded him closely, as she handed him the eggs in a shiny lard pail.

"Feel all right, Jimmy?" she asked.

"I guess I'll mix up some sulphur and molasses. It's getting 'long toward spring and I don't want you to be sick."

Jimmy took the pail in silence and walked slowly from the yard.

Here was another disquieting sign. If by bribe or threat, Mrs. Haldon could persuade her son to run errands, he usually shot from the yard like a catapult-charge, with antics that threatened the matter in hand, be it sour cream she was returning to Mrs. Green, or fresh eggs for market. She therefore wondered, as she watched Jimmy's calm progress down the road, and his careful handling of the pail.

"I do hope he ain't sick," she mused, "but there, I shan't worry—mebbe all these times I've told him to be careful is jes' sinkin' in. Well, anyway, I'll mix up some spring medicine."

Meantime Jimmy was making his way down the rain-washed road. A bluejay called loudly from the rail-fence, but Jimmy did not hear him; the bright eyes of a woodchuck peeped from his hole, unnoticed; even a red and blue striped marble, lost from the pocket of some hurrying schoolmate lay in his path, and lay there after he had passed,

The eggs were delivered and Jimmy on the homeward way, gave himself up to still deeper reflection. He lived over again the afternoon before, when he started from the schoolhouse with Carrie Green, carrying her books in his strap, and swinging his dinnerpail in the other. Carrie's hair was just the color of beechnuts, he mused. And then, before he knew how it happened Tom Hardy had taken the books, strap and all, and said tauntingly,

"You ain't big enough to walk home with a girl."

"I am big enough and I will," the dethroned one had answered. "You just fight me and see."

"Fight you?" the conqueror had sneered. "I'd jes' as soon lick a baby," and Jimmy had gone his way with sullen face, knowing in his heart, it was true. And Carrie hadn't said a word. Maybe she'd rather walk home with Tom—all right—"but I'll fight him, I ain't no baby," he finished.

The resolve seemed to cheer Jimmy's drooping spirits, and he hailed his chum, returning from the scrub game, with something of the old gusto.

"Le's go down to the pond. It's cloudy an' I bet the fish'll bite awful."

Chum was very red and hot from his combined exertions as pitcher and umpire, but the thankfulness of having Jimmy himself again, sought expression in another tramp.

Mrs. Haldon looked up from her doughnut frying, as Jimmy dashed by the kitchen door into the shed for his pole and a tin can for worms.

"Can I hev' a doughnut, Ma?" he queried, on the return trip, and before she could answer, he had seized three plump ones from the nearest end of the pan, and dashed off.

"I guess he ain't very sick, if he can eat three o' them hot doughnuts. But I'll mix up the sulphur and molasses for fear there was somethin' ailing him. He acted awful still," she ended reflectively.

As Jimmy stood by the murky pond, calmly awaiting a jerk on his bamboo, he was apparently absorbed in the seducing of a fish, but his mind was very far from fish at even the first bite. A plan was formulating in his brain and beneath his buoyant spirit ran the refrain "I will fight him. I ain't no baby."

As the days passed, Jimmy was seen no more in familiar haunts. Every morning, when he arrived breathless at school chum would say "Where was you, Jim? I hollared when I went by and I didn't see nothin' of ye."

And Jimmy would reply non-committally, "Oh I was busy."

And then after school, when urged to stay for marbles or scrub, he would hurry away saying, "I can't, I got sometin' to do."

The wonder of his cronies passed unheeded over Jimmy's head. His energy was all spent in preparation for "the day." Every day found him in the attic, with a pair of boxing gloves—dilapidated but still gloves,—a punching bag and a dummy contrived from a bed quilt and

sawdust. He practised all the upper cuts and down strokes he had ever seen or heard of, and every day grew more thirsty for revenge.

The day came, blue sky and warm, one of those glorious days of early spring. Jimmy started for school calmly, but he felt something was going to happen.

Sure enough it did. Just before reaching the school yard he met one of the little boys, snivelling and bemoaning the loss of a marble which Jimmy's rival had confiscated. Haldon, Jr. did not stop for words but hastened on, his heart beating fast.

School had begun, and as Jimmy walked firmly up the aisle, he cast a look, which he meant to be a glare, at unsuspecting Tom. During the afternoon he was unwontedly quiet, but he felt borne up on wings, as he wrote his challenge.

"I dare ye to fight me—at recess. I know what ye done to Bill Jenkins and I'll lick ye for it."

He kicked the note along the aisle and waited a reply.

It came, short, and to the point.

"When I fight, I take someone my size."

Jimmy winced and whispered sharply "Squealer!"

The Haldon blood was up and he could hardly wait for recess. He waited on the rough stone step and as Tom passed, called out, "Squealer."

"What's he a squealer for," asked chum, and gasped as Jimmy calmly replied,

"He won't fight me—he's afraid of a licking—squealer Tom!"

The mob spirit rose with Jimmy's reply, and the crowd echoed it "Squealer!"

Tom's face flushed angrily. After a moment's hesitation, he threw off his coat and shouted,

"All right, Baby, sail in."

And Jimmy, mindful of dummy and gloves, "sailed." * * *

Ten minutes later, the hero was borne in the midst of the crowd to the schoolroom. To be sure, one eye was suspiciously closing, and a slight limp indicated more serious trouble, but Jimmy's heart was very warm and comfortable with the joy of conquest.

After school, Carrie of the nutbrown curls lingered at the steps.

"You can carry my books to-night," she said sweetly.

But Jimmy smiled and pointed to Tom's figure fast disappearing around the bend in the road.

"Ask *him*," he said, "I'm going to play scrub."

THE TRUE WOMAN

[Dedicated to those who strive for Woman Suffrage]

Fair friends, were mine the golden pen
 With worthy phrase and word
 To speak to all the sons of men
 Till all true men have heard,
 What joy to know your noble cause,
 Equality before the laws,
 Such power might thus derive
 That all the hearts which now are cold,
 Should flame and none would dare withhold
 The right for which you strive.

THE COLBIANA

The world has praise for many things,
 The sacred and profane,
 The welkin rings of priests and kings
 An ever stout refrain;
 But what of all the world's affairs
 For which the world's heart really cares,
 Should win a worthier grace,
 Than that which claims for all mankind
 The right to will the truth the mind
 Declares has rightful place.

Was ever human cause more clear,
 Or any right more just?
 How trivial here all things appear
 Beside this selfhood trust!
 The right for which your banner stands
 To join with men with equal hands
 To smite the hosts of ill;
 The strength that makes all equal lords,
 The truth that cuts more keen than swords,
 The power to work and will!

'Tis strange to hear your cause decried;
 As though 'twere unrefined
 For lovely woman to decide
 She has a leading mind;
 As though the nobler woman's sphere
 Were that of old for woman here
 Who put upon the shelf
 The right to think, the right to say
 That she knew aught but to obey,
 Too meek to own herself.

Is independence then a fraud?
 Are things so badly planned
 That noble woman needs a lord
 To lead her and command?
 Is all her reason's power so weak
 That with strong men she dare speak
 Where judgment must devise?
 Does all her learning naught avail?
 Is she forever doomed to fail
 To be accounted wise?

We thought not so. Yet some will say
 That woman has no part
 In those high things that help to sway
 The great commercial mart;
 That only man's vast intellect
 Is proudly fashioned to direct
 The schemes that states promote;
 That woman here may not aspire
 To reach that goal of man's desire
 The sacred right to vote.

She may as teacher guide to things
 That fashion human fates;
 She may as ruler rank with kings,
 A queenly head of states;
 She may do aught that man has done
 May scale all heights that man has won
 And never know defeat;
 But in the lofty suffrage realm
 Strong man alone must guide the helm,
 She may not here compete.

Away with such frail sophistry
 That arms the timid heart!
 How nobler she who would be free
 and do her honest part;
 Who would be true in every act
 Daring to deal with naked fact
 As man with man in life;
 Scorning all devious woman's ways
 And keeping faith for all her days,
 Howbeit maid or wife.

The world has seen too much I ween
 Of cunning, wheedling lives,
 That false and froward course between
 Good men and goodly wives;
 The future will belong to those
 Who each to each will dare disclose
 The thoughts they really feel;
 Who daily on so square a plain
 Will dwell that falsehood will be vain
 And truth to all appeal.

The "Doll's House" woman with her powers,
 The clinging, coaxing bride,
 The pastime of man's idle hours,
 His plaything not his pride,
 Will less and less hold love's high place,
 Home's queen because of form and face,
 To meet the future's need;
 Man now will boast not woman owned,
 But strength with beauty home-enthroned
 With him to plan and lead.

Such is the cause for which you work
 With triumph fair in view;
 You leave the outworn past where lurk
 Bad ways that fear the true;
 Faith turns to-day her lovelier page
 Writ large with our new golden age
 That crowns the great and good,
 The wiser day that wide hearts dream,
 Whose lights on all your banners gleam,
 The day of womanhood.

EDWARD J. COLCORD, Colby 1875.

THE CHILDREN OF THE STREET

Walking down a street in the tenement district of a large city, you ask, "Where are all the little street arabs?" At this question, the pessimist looks around and says, with a sigh, "Oh, they are up to some mischief." But the optimist smiles and gaily leads you down some poor street to a vacant lot. Here you see all the children of the neighborhood, running and shouting, as happy and care-free as any child in the world.

Truly, it is a pathetic sight to see ragged little boys and girls trying to play in the streets. "Trying" is the only word that can be applied to the process. First they are pushed aside by hucksters and teamsters, then driven away by policemen, until finally they give it up and wander aimlessly around, looking for trouble.

The playground movement is comparatively new. People are beginning to realize the danger of allowing these children to run wild. Children have got to play, not to rid themselves of superfluous energy, but because play is a fundamental instinct, and must have a chance to assert itself. In play is found the beginning of human interests and needs. This fact is today noticed and recognized. The men who lead and the men who see, know that the progress of coming generations, and the very future of our country depends largely upon the millions of children who fill the tenements of our large cities. As our country grows, so grows the necessity that every one of these little ones be educated and trained in the fundamentals of honest, helpful living. These children need sane, healthful games; they need to learn the meaning of team work and loyalty; they must be shown how much better it is to plant flowers of your own than to steal them from the flower-vendor. All this is included in the new, broad meaning of the word "playground."

To us, here in Maine, where there is still enough air to breathe while we are alive and enough earth to be buried in when we are dead, the word "playground" conjures up visions of stretches of cool, green grass and rows of luxuriant shade trees. This is not the city playground. It is found on any available spot in the heart of the city. It may be in the gravel yard of the schoolhouse or it may be in a forty foot court surrounded by the brick walls of tenements. To the children, it is a very fairyland. It is their own playground and means to them all that the meadows, forests, and running brooks mean to the children in the country. Truly, "things are judged only by comparison" and "and what we have never had we never miss." A little girl in a Boston playground came to the teacher one day and announced proudly that she was going to the country on a vacation. Further questioning revealed the fact that she was going to Roxbury to spend the day.

The success of the playground does not depend upon its size. There is a small courtyard playground in Boston's West End where there are so many children it is hard to play running games. And up on the Common there is a big public playground which the small boys will not go near, because the big boys monopolize the baseball diamond.

The first test of a successful playground is whether or not the children are there, and they will not come unless there is something worth

while for them to do. There must be well selected apparatus. Children like rope swings better than chair swings, so have more rope swings. They prefer toboggan slides to teeters—have more of these long, slippery, shiny pine boards. There must be a great variety of attractive games, games for all ages of childhood. For the tiny tots, there are the dramatic games, the acting of various stories familiar to the children like "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" and "The Little Red Hen." For older children the spirit of competition may enter more into the games, the spirit of competition and of team play.

In the playground, everything depends upon the instructors. They must be enthusiastic, tireless workers, giving their very best to the children. It has been said that "personality and playgrounds go together." It requires a personality to direct and control a large group of children who are, by birth and by breeding, lawless and destructive. The director who has complete control over his boys is regarded by them as almost divine. They are ready to play for him, to work for him, to fight for him if anyone dares to say a word against their hero. And when a gentle slip of a girl can control a crop of young Irish-Americans, who would rather fight than play any day, every boy among them is ready to lay down his life for her. A little Jewish boy in a Boston playground was heard to say, "I am going to marry teacher. Don't care if she is a Credige madel." [Christian girl]. A playground without a guiding spirit is like Mexico without a ruler. Everything goes to smash. The boys break all the available windows and the girls run wild. The art of playing, really playing, in a wholesome, harmless way, is a new experience to these children and they have to be taught. They learn very rapidly and the toughest street gamin soon becomes influenced by the public opinion of the playground and learns the "rules of the game."

And so the playground keeps on doing its work and quietly spreading its influence. From May until October, it is open every day to the little children of the street, who love to run and shout and play in the sunshine quite as much as their brothers and sisters in the country. You will hear the same shouts of glee when Rosie Mascari, in her swing in the playground, swings high enough to kick the brick wall of the tenement, as when pink-cheeked Marjorie Daw, in her swing in the orchard, rises in the air and touches with the tip of her toe the blossom-laden branches of the old crab tree.

To-day, we cannot even estimate the deep, permanent good which is being accomplished by the playgrounds. But the next generation will consist of these very boys and girls who are, for the first time, getting their share of God's fresh air and sunlight, who are learning the laws of team work and of fair play, who are being taught the principles of loyalty and law. Those children of the street are going to grow up and take their part in the life of the great city. Then will be felt the lasting influence of the great playground movement.

COLBY DAY

For the past few years, Colby Day has been growing in importance as a day of festivity in the Women's Division; this year the celebration was one of the most elaborate in the history of events. The morning

was spent in rehearsals, picture taking, and welcoming guests, among whom were many alumnae. The basketball game in the afternoon was interesting, despite the slippery field and Captain Moulton's team won by a slight score.

After the game, everybody adjourned to the dining-room of Foss Hall which had been cleared for the occasion, and here after a spontaneous celebration by the Sophomores, the following program was enjoyed:

Piano Solo, Hazel Robinson, '17; Whistling Solo, Louise Merrill, '18; Vocal Solo, Hazel Whitney '18; Reading, Flora Norton, '17; Vocal Solo, Mildred Green '17.

Then, as Alma Mater was played, the entire Sophomore and Freshman classes marched into the room, making two circles, while Marion Daggett, president of 1917, observed the time-honored custom of crowning the Freshman president, Marian Buzzell. The afternoon closed with light refreshments and Colby songs.

At eight o'clock, the dining room was again filled with guests, and after an opening number by Miss Robinson, the curtains of the stage were parted for the Colby Day Pageant. Following is the program in full.

PROLOGUE

The Purpose of the Pageant

Colby Day is an institution that has become dear to every alumna and every undergraduate. It is a day when old friendships are renewed—a day filled with loyalty from every loving heart. For the moment class ties and fraternity bonds are forgotten, as we gather in perfect accord, to honor our Alma Mater.

Our celebration of Coby Day night has taken the form of a pageant, in the hope that we may realize to a fuller degree the part that Colby has played in the lives of so many girls, and so express our great thankfulness for the opportunities she has given us.

The pageant has ever been a "festival of thanksgiving for the past and a prophecy for the future." Its origin was religious, and the monks who used it to interpret the Bible for an ignorant multitude, were unconsciously laying the foundation for a lasting phase of art, which has been revived with a new and deeper significance.

The dance has been no less important in the history of religious and festive rites.

Even as it has interpreted in the past, primeval passion, deep religious emotion, or love of life itself, so it is to express our gratitude and love to Alma Mater.

And as we think of our opportunities, we are filled with pride for womanhood and glory of the fact that we are *American girls, College girls and Colby girls*. We rejoice that the world is holding out to us problems of social, moral and industrial life, which we alone, by virtue of our training, can solve.

Other ages and other lands are less fortunate than we, and it is this that we hope to express in our pageant—not with boast and vainglory, but with deep, sincere thankfulness.

We do not attempt to portray but merely to suggest the change that has taken place so slowly in the social position of woman from the life of the Oriental seclusion to our own college activities. We have

chosen representative groups of women from ancient, mediaeval and modern history, hoping that they may, in part, bring the life of college girls a little nearer, and a little dearer, and make our love for Alma Mater something to be shared by every friend of Colby. We bid you hearty welcome.

I.—Ancient

Period I.—The Life of the East.

A scene from the harem of the Rajah.

Dance—Bride of the Orient—

Antoinette Ware

Harem Girls

Odette Pollard

Vivienne Wright

Vivian Skinner

Carolyn Stevens

Period II.—The Girls of Sparta.

The Race of Atalanta. A contest in quoit-throwing. Practice of archery. The victor crowned with laurel.

Atalanta

Ethel Chamberlain

The Contestants

Hazel Ross

Margaret Forbes

Mildred Holmes

Iris Crosby

Lucy Montgomery

Period III.—Greek and Roman Religions.

[a]—The Adoration of Aphrodite.

The Greek girls dance before their goddess.

The dance of Aphrodite

Katharine Singer

[b]—Vestal Virgins of Rome.

Worship of the Sacred Fire.

The Maidens

Vivian Ellsworth

Evelyn Whitney

Mildred Bedford

Marion Harmon

Lucile Foster

Louise McCurdy

INTERLUDE I

With the fall of the Roman empire and the coming of the Dark Ages, the slight advance in woman's social position was retarded, and she became again the toy of man.

The Teutonic women were coming into the period of recognition as important in the survival of the race, and it is our purpose in the next few scenes to present the women of mediaeval Europe, and the later women of England.

INTERLUDE

II.

MEDIAEVAL

Period I.—A glimpse of Bohemia.

The cave of Mother Alde.

Gypsy girls welcome their Queen.

Dance of the Gypsy Queen

Marjorie Barker

Mother Alde

Aldine Gilman

Girls

Berle Cram

Flossie Seekins

Mina Titus

Katharine Moses

Period II.—French Peasant's Life.

Peasant girls of Normandy.

Joan of Arc at prayer.

The spirit of France appears summoning Joan to the service of her country.

Joan of Arc Ruth Goodwin
Spirit of France Elizabeth Hodgkins

Peasant Girls

Ruth Trefethen Margaret Chamberlain
Vesta McCurda Edith Robinson

Period III.—The Court of Queen Elizabeth.

An Afternoon party. Queen Bess and Lady Clare dance the gavotte.
Queen Elizabeth Lena Blanchard
Lady Clare Yvette Clair

Ladies-in-Waiting

Ina McCausland Marion Steward
Emily Cunningham Jennie Farnum

Myrtle Everett

INTERLUDE II

And now we turn from the history of Europe to our own American women. Europe had given its all to women. It remained for America to grant the supreme boon and lift woman from the sphere of domestic activity to the broader freer life. For Mary Lyon dreamed dreams that came true and fulfilled the vision of the new women, thus opening the way for girls of America to come into their own.

INTERLUDE
III.—AMERICA

Period I.—The First American Women.

Indian girls return from the hunt and celebrate the corn festival.
Dance of Laughing Water Mary Washburn

Indian Girls

May Sargent Ida Brown
Esther French Clara Hinckley

Period II.—Early American History.

[a] Colonial Days.

Puritan Maidens

[b] The Making of the First Flag.

Betsy Ross Marion Miller

The Dames

Ruth Morgan Marguerite Robinson
Alice Clarkin Hazel Moore
Lois Osgood Edith Pratt

Period III.—The Era of Education.

[a] Mary Lyon's Girlhood.

The Spirit of Education inspires the vision of Mary Lyon.

[b] The founding of Mt. Holyoke.

The vision realized.

Mary Lyon Ella Robinson
Spirit of Education Helen Hanson

Her Schoolmates

Mary Tobey Alice Hunton
Hazel Lane Alice Boynton

INTERLUDE IV.
WOMEN OF TO-DAY

The Spirit of Education summons her followers.
They pay homage to her and to their Alma Mater.
Song—"Come, Girls, and cheer for old Colby."

Pageant Committee, 1915: Dorothy Newman Webb, Lena Potter Blanchard, Helen Nelson Hanson, Myrtle Ardene Everett, Odette Montgomery Pollard, Hazel Dell Ross. 1916—Marjorie Louise Barker, Berle Cram, Katharine Singer, Lois Osgood. Reader, Dorothy Newman Webb; pianist, Hazel Louise Robinson, '17. Pages, Effie May Hannon, Frances Esther Trefethen.

COLBY CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Y. W. C. A. takes this opportunity to extend a cordial greeting to all freshman girls, and to heartily welcome again the upper-class girls. We are confident that this is to be a successful year for our association, and to assure its success the loyal support of each member is necessary. This year our motto is to be, "Always Loyal."

On Friday evening, September 25th, the Y. W. C. A. held its annual reception for the entering class, and for the ladies of the faculty at Foss Hall. In the receiving line which formed in the parlor were Helen Hanson, president of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Florence Carll, Dean of the Woman's Division, Mrs. Arthur J. Roberts, Mrs. Clarence White, Mrs. F. E. Wolfe, and Mrs. E. K. Maxfield.

All the Colby girls were present, and each enjoyed introducing the 1918 girls to the faculty ladies. After the reception, a program was rendered: a piano solo by Hazel Robinson; vocal solo by Marjorie Barker; and readings by Flora Norton and Phoebe Vincent. Following the entertaining program, all the girls joined in their rousing college songs. Refreshments of ice-cream and fancy crackers were served, after which all sang, "Come, girls, and sing for old Colby," and "*Alma Mater*."

For such an evening's entertainment, thanks is due to the Social Committee, consisting of Esther French, Chairman, Mary Washburn, Violet French, and Marian Daggett.

Colby girls will be interested to know that Miss Mary J. Corbett, formerly our Student Secretary, has been transferred from the Eastern Field to the Middle West. During the entire five years which Miss Corbett has visited us, the Colby Association has grown in strength, in numbers, and in influence. Our present good standing, we feel, is in a great measure due to her, and it is with a feeling of deep regret that we wish her success in her new territory.

One of the red-letter afternoons of October was Saturday, the tenth, when Mrs. Ezra K. Maxfield delightfully entertained the Cabinet girls at her home in the city. The afternoon was quickly spent and dainty refreshments were served. At six the girls went home, all declaring that Mrs. Maxfield is a charming hostess, and that it is a good idea for the Cabinet members to see more of each other socially.

Our new Student Secretary, Miss Margaret Flenniken visited Colby from October 19th to the 21st. Miss Flenniken has long been interested in Association work, and has spent two years in Cairo, Egypt. During her visit Miss Flenniken talked to the committee chairmen and to many more of the girls. Tuesday evening Miss Flenniken talked to the girls on the National Aspect of the Y. W. C. A.; after her interesting address an informal reception was held. We were very glad to have many of the faculty ladies with us for the evening. Colby girls will be glad to welcome Miss Flenniken back again next year!

Are we helping in Red-Cross Work? Bates College has sent its box off for the European soldiers, and now Maine and Colby are co-operating in preparing a joint box to send before the Christmas holidays begin.

Colby made a good showing at the Simmon's Conference on November the Fourteenth at Boston, 300 the Fenway. Five seniors were elected to go: Aldine Gilman, Dorothy Webb, Ethel Chamberlain, Marion Stewart, and Helen Hanson. Then the girls were re-inforced by the arrival of Abbie Sanderson, '14, Helen Clark, Ex.-'17, Marie Chase, '11, Mollie Hanson Ex.-'11, and Alice Pierce '08. An enthusiastic Colby re-union followed! After devotional exercises the morning was given over to discussion of the subject, "The Call of the Girl." Addresses were as follows:

- 10:15. The Undergraduate, Miss Pauline Saye, Executive Secretary
- 10:35. The Immigrant Girl, Miss Aimee Sears, Immigration Sect.,
Lawrence, Mass.
- 10:55. The City Girl, Miss Loraine Willits, Extension Secretary,
Boston, Mass.
- 11:20. The Making of a Secretary, [Lantern Slides] Miss Dow
- 11:50. Address by Miss Evelyn Walker, Acting Dean Simmons Col.
- 12:00. Recess and Luncheon.

Afternoon Session

- 2:00. Entering the Work as an Employed Officer, Miss Stanton
- 2:30. What Shall I Do with my Education? Dr. Van Allen

Delegates from almost all the New England College Associations were present, but not one had as large a delegation in proportion to its student enrollment as Colby had. The girls returned enthusiastic over the Conference and the trip, and prouder than ever that Colby is their *Alma Mater*.

Our Association is beginning another piece of Social Service work in the extension line. At Augusta there is no city Y. W. C. A., but there is a flourishing Y. M. C. A., which owns a modernly equipped building. The young men have generously given the use of the building, with its gymnasium and swimming pool to the young women of Augusta to use on Tuesday evenings. Colby girls have consented to take charge of the meetings on each Tuesday evening to interest the Augusta women in Y. W. C. A. work. Subjects of religious content, health talks, and questions which affect American women will be discussed subsequently. The first informal talks were given November 17th when Dorothy Webb and Lena Blanchard and Helen Hanson gave a general survey of Y. W. C. A. work.

The Bible Study Classes were organized the first of November with an enrollment of over one hundred girls. The Seniors are studying "The Mind of the Messiah" under Mrs. Maxfield. The Juniors are studying "The Manhood of the Master" under Mrs. Crowell's instruction. Sophomores and Freshmen are taking up "Student Standards of Action." The Sophomores are very fortunate in having Dean Carll as teacher. The Freshmen are in two divisions under student leaders, Dorothy Webb and Ina McCausland.

ATHLETICS

Tennis and basketball are the chief sports participated in by the girls of Foss Hall. Tennis has been very popular this fall, and as usual, the Dekes and Phi Deltas have tested the excellency of our courts.

The greatest interest, however, has been centered in basketball. Each class has organized a team and the following captains elected: Emily Cunningham '15, Marion Harmon '16, Jeanne Moulton '17, and Helene Buker '18. Vigorous practice began early in the fall in anticipation of the Championship games. Since the arrival of Miss Florence Hastings, our new physical director, exceptional interest has been shown in basketball. Under her careful coaching, the teams have been greatly strengthened.

The first of the series was played between the Seniors and Sophomores. From the start, the game was very exciting, as both classes have developed strong teams. The Sophomores, however, won by a narrow margin, the final score being 13-10. The line-up was as follows:

Seniors		Sophomores
Washburn	r.f.	J. Moulton [Captain]
Forbes	l.f.	Brackett
Chamberlain	r.g.	Vincent
Steward	l.g.	White
Cunningham [Captain]	c.	Taylor
Ross	s.c.	Greene

The next game played on the basketball field was an exhibition game between the Sophomores and Freshmen. This is a customary feature of the Colby Day Exercises and always excites much rivalry between the two classes. Although the weather was more or less cloudy and the ground correspondingly muddy, the game was none the less interesting to the spectators. Both teams were well supported by enthusiastic classmen, while many parents and friends were also assembled to witness the sport. Miss Bass, formerly Dean of the Women's Division of Colby, was present and refereed the game. Much to the joy of the Sophomores, the final score resulted 7-4 in their favor. The Championship game between the Sophomores and Freshmen was equally exciting. Miss Shepherd, 1918, played an excellent game, getting several baskets for the Freshmen. Both sides

displayed excellent team work, but the swift passing and the splendid work of the forwards, Moulton and Brackett, 1917, again brought victory to the Sophomores. The score was 15-8.

Following is the line-up of the two teams:

Sophomores		Freshmen	
J. Moulton [Captain]	r.f.		Turner
Brackett	l.f.	Lewis—Shepherd	
Vincent	r.g.		Craft
White	c.g.	Buker [Captain]	
Taylor	c.		Chase
Greene	s.c.		Cobb

The Junior and Freshman game came the next in the series. The players were very evenly matched; nevertheless, the Freshmen outdid the Juniors by one score. The game resulted 5-4.

The line-up was as follows:

Juniors		Freshmen	
Singer	r.f.		Turner
Clair	l.f.		Lewis
Miller	r.g.		Craft
French	l.g.	Buker [Captain]	
Harmon [Captain]	c.		Chase
Moses—Crosby	s.c.		Cobb

The final wind-up of the Championship series was in the Junior-Sophomore game played at Coburn gym. Both teams were more or less at a disadvantage owing to the fact that the game was played indoors. This handicap, however, did not please the plucky Sophomores, who outdid the Juniors at every turn. Basket after basket was made by Captain Moulton and Miss Brackett until the final score stood 26-0. Coburn gym. resounded with the cheers of enthusiastic supporters at the overwhelming victory for 1917.

Since the series closed, the Sophomores have played a game with Coburn. Without any question this was the snappiest game of the season. In the first period Coburn had the advantage but Colby 1917 came back with redoubled vigor and the final basket shot by Captain Moulton defeated their opponents. The score was 8-7.

Much credit and praise is due to Jeanne Moulton, 1917, whose untiring efforts in behalf of the team not only awarded the Sophomores the championship, but brought them victory in every game played, as well.

Che He! Che Ha! Che Ha, Ha, Ha!
 1917 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 17, 17 is our cry
 C—O—L—B—Y!

Directly after Thanksgiving, gymnasium work began. The physical director is Miss Florence Hastings, of Auburn, a graduate of Wellesley and Sargent, and last year physical director at Salem Normal School. The gym classes are very popular, especially the Junior class in aesthetic dancing.

THE COLBIANA

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

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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

THE COLBIANA extends to all her readers best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year. With this issue, our magazine begins the third year of its existence. May COLBIANA'S success be proportionate to the other successes of Colby in this gala year.

No, we are not tired of talking about that championship football team. We will talk about it for the rest of our days. Fifty years from now, as gentle old ladies in lace caps and black silk, we will thrill our admiring grandchildren with memories of the fall of 1914, of the days when "old Colby bucked the Maine line," and we will illustrate, with rows of dominoes, the way Bowdoin, Bates, and Maine lines fell down before Colby's Ginger Team. Then our dim eyes will glow, our bent forms straighten, and we will say, in the words of our brother, the *Echo* editor, "Why shouldn't we crow?"

For the benefit of the Freshmen and those who may have forgotten, we are going to give here a brief "history" of the founding of COLBIANA. The idea was originated with the girls of 1913, in their Senior year. One afternoon, in the early fall of 1912, a mass-meeting was called in the Assembly Room on third floor of Foss Hall. There the matter was presented to the entire Women's Division. Great interest was shown and it was unanimously voted that a quarterly magazine should be published by the Colby girls. A document was

presented and every girl signed her name, pledging herself to subscribe to the publication and to do everything in her power to make the paper worth while, by handing in literary material and news of interest to Colby girls past and present. The responsibility of making the COLBIANA a successful college publication does not rest only upon a few overworked editors but upon each girl in college. Are you *shirking your responsibility?*

Mrs. F. E. Wolfe has been elected to take Mrs. John Hedman's place on the board of judges for THE COLBIANA'S literary material. The other judges are Miss Florence Dunn and Mrs. R. W. Crowell. All literary material is submitted without names to these judges who select the required amount for each issue. All the reading and re-reading necessary in making the selections occasions a great deal of extra work on the part of our judges. We are grateful for their efforts and we appreciate their willingness to assist us at all times.

We are glad to present to our readers the new By-Laws of our local Pan-Hellenic organization. We consider this change—from rules restricting intercourse with freshmen to living a natural community life with them—a step toward the growing spirit of democracy of our college. Also, as a result of this Honor System, a better atmosphere has prevailed—an atmosphere conducive to good-fellowship and better scholarship. It is gratifying to note that this new basis has been favorably commented upon by representatives of many of our sister colleges.

PAN-HELLENIC ANNOUNCEMENTS 1914-1915

Women's Division, Colby College

There are four sororities in Colby College: Sigma Kappa founded in 1874, having twelve chapters and a triangular-shaped pin with the Greek letters Sigma and Kappa inscribed; Chi Omega, founded in 1895, having thirty-one chapters and a pin with a monogram composed of the Greek letters Chi and Omega; Delta Delta Delta, founded in 1888, having forty-seven chapters and a crescent pin enclosing three stars and bearing three raised Deltas; and Alpha Phi Alpha, local, founded in 1910, having a nine-cornered pin bearing the letters Alpha Phi Alpha. Each sorority has its own secret organization, yet all are working together for the best interests of the college and of the individual.

Election to membership in a sorority is an honor, yet not to be elected is no discredit to a student, since the membership of each sorority is limited. Each sorority is bound by certain rules prescribed by Pan-Hellenic, which is an association for regulating matters of inter-sorority interest.

This Pan-Hellenic Association is working on a strictly honor basis.

By-Laws concerning the Class of 1918

Article I.—It shall be considered dishonorable to discuss sororities with the Freshmen, and to speak disparagingly of another sorority or of one of its members to them.

Article II.—The sorority question shall be open for discussion from Wednesday, November eleventh, until Friday, November twentieth.

Article III.—All invitations to membership shall be issued on Saturday, November twenty-first. Answers shall be required on Monday November twenty-third, mailed at the Post Office before noon of that day.

LAUGHS

Prof. Cook—"What do you need to pronounce the nasals?"

Freshman—"A nose."

Prex: He who teaches the same old thing year after year, even though he hasn't had a new idea for ten years, retains his interest,—why? Because he has a new group of victims every year.

There is a rumor:

That Dr. Craigin is spending the winter in Farmington. [This information was gained in the Psychology class.]

That when in New York Joe Deasy learned to smoke.

That performances at the Opera House are to be discontinued by reason of the withdrawal of college students' patronage.

That several have thus early graduated from Senior to Junior Literature.

As Apollo is to knowledge,
So is Prex to Colby College.
As the water is to steam,
So is "Ginger" to the team.

The inquisitive little girl is examining the jewelry of her aunt, who is a Bates graduate:

I. L. G.—"What is this, aunty?"

Aunty—"That is my Bates pin, dear."

I. L. G.—"What is Bates, aunty—oh, I know what it is—it's worms in summer and smelts in winter."

"What do you intend to do after you leave college?"

"Well, I haven't decided on anything definite for the first year, except to come back for the class reunion."

CLASS NEWS

1915

1915 was fortunate enough to be entertained at a debut this fall, Mrs. George Stetson presenting her daughter Shirley. The affair took the form of an informal reception in the suite occupied by Misses Holmes and Bedford, '15. The entire class was present and was very enthusiastic over the debutante. Tea and wafers were served, after which Miss Shirley was presented with a silver spoon, engraved with her initials and her class numerals, '15.

The Maine girls, attending the Colby-Maine game Nov. 1, were entertained at Foss Hall, after the game. Dean Carll and Miss Lena Blanchard, president of 1915, received, after which cocoa and sandwiches were served by the members of 1918. The supporters of both colleges agreed that the occasion was a very pleasant one.

"BLOODY MONDAY"

"Bloody Monday" dawned cold and cheerless for the poor, trembling little Freshmen. Ever since they had arrived, less than a week before, they had heard of nothing but the terrors of "Bloody Monday," what the terrible Sophomores had done in previous years, and how the Freshmen had scarcely survived.

It was after chapel that they first knew what was to be their fate. The Sophomore president gave her commands in terrible tones. The Freshmen were to give the Sophomores a circus in the Foss Hall gymnasium at half past seven. Great was the consternation among the children. "But we just can't squeal out of it," they said. "Let's just show them that we can do something."

So they planned all day, and, when the dreaded time came, all trailed downstairs. Here they were met with open arms by the loving Sophomores, who pushed them into the gym and locked the anxious Juniors outdoors. When the persecutors had had enough of amateur acting, they called for speeches. Fortunately for some, the class was large, and not all were called upon to speak in public.

Then followed a very trying time, when the Freshmen were commanded to trample under foot the banner of the Junior class, groaning most piteously, and to kiss the 1917 banner.

After this the Freshmen were invited to adjourn to the reception room, where they were treated with lollipops, gum, and lemonade, at the expense of the Sophomores. Then, at a late hour, they all went noisily upstairs, the Freshmen with their proclamations, to "Pusillanimous Freshies," which the Sophomores had handed them. They were thinking, "Why, it wasn't so bad after all, and how we did dread it!"

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

Following the custom of many preceding classes the class of 1918 held their annual reception Oct. 12, in Augusta. At all times that afternoon groups of Freshmen were seen stealing mysteriously away and taking to the back streets and alleys. They all landed finally at the station in Winslow. A few belated Sophomores followed, but they soon learned that they might better have stayed at home. The Freshmen had a special car in which they were packed like sardines. The ride to Augusta was more or less exciting, mostly more, since at every station there was a grand rush and scramble to put off three or four Sophomores who had managed to board the train.

Arrived in Augusta they marched up to the Augusta House in grand array. One might have thought the German army had invaded the city. The Freshmen spent a very pleasant evening there and had an excellent banquet which everybody enjoyed.

The banquet was interrupted now and then by the sight of angry, starved Sophomore faces at the windows, but this didn't affect the appetites of the Freshmen to any great extent.

The ride back to Waterville was not so exciting, as everybody was feeling rather sleepy. At half-past twelve they arrived again in their beloved city, Waterville, tired but exultant.

SORORITY NOTES

Beta Chapter of the Chi Omega Fraternity entertained at an informal party in the Taconnet Club House, November ninth. A delicious supper was served, after which dancing and a track-meet were enjoyed. Among the guests were Mrs. Ashcraft and Mrs. Emery, patronesses of the Chapter, Dean Carll, many alumnae, and about thirty members of the freshman class.

The members of Alpha Phi Alpha entertained some of the freshmen and their alumnae at an informal reception at the home of Alice Hunton in Oakland, November second. The following program was presented: Reading, Ella Robinson; solo, Miss Nora Greeley; piano duet, the Misses Small. The receiving line consisted of Dean Carll, Miss Hastings, and Aldine Gilman '15.

Alpha Chapter of Sigma Kappa Sorority held a reception on the evening of October twenty-third, at the home of Miss Jennie Smith on College avenue. The entire freshman class and sorority alumnae were the invited guests. In the receiving line were Ethel Chamberlain '15, Mrs. H. C. Libby, Miss Jennie Smith, the hostess, Miss Addie Lakin and Dean Carll.

During the evening, the following program was enjoyed: Miss Esther Robinson, vocal solo; Miss Marion Daggett, cello solo; Miss Helen Hanson, vocal solo; Miss Lois Osgood, piano solo. After the program, refreshments were served by Miss Phyllis St. Clair and Miss Eleanor Welch.

Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Delta Delta Delta, held an informal reception for the members of the freshman class, Saturday evening, October seventeenth, at Pomerleau Hall. The guests were received by Marion Steward, '16, Mrs. Carl R. Green, a Patroness of the chapter, and Dean Florence Carll. In the course of the evening, there was a short program consisting of: piano solo, Attalena Atkins; reading, Flora A. Norton; vocal solo, Mildred Greene; reading, Emily A. Cunningham.

Monday evening, November 23, the sororities pledged the following girls:—

Sigma Kappa—Helene Buker, Marion Buzzell, Hazel Cobb, Gladys Craft, Norma Goodhue, Hortense Lambert, Hazel Loane, Dorothy Roberts, Ruby Robinson, Leila Washburn, Gladys Welch, Hazel Whitney, Margaret Wilkins.

Chi Omega—Florence Eaton, Charlotte Gilman, Cornelia Kelley, Louise Merrill, Isabel Snodgrass, Marion Starbird, Kathryn Sturtevant, Madge Tooker.

Delta Delta Delta—Iris Crosby '16, Ruth Murdock '17, Anne Caswell, Eunice Chase, Alta Davis, Alice Dyer, Helen Kimball, Lenna Prescott, Zadie Reynolds, Zella Reynolds, Bertha Terry, Mollie Treat.

Alpha Phi Alpha—Hazel Barney, Marion Horne, Daisy Murray, Margaret Perkins.

ALUMNAE NEWS

1912. Ruth Eleanor Goodwin of Saco, has accepted a position on the teaching force at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. She will be located at Hampton Hall, the teachers' dormitory.

1905. Ida Phoebe Keen has a fine position in the High School department of the Friends' School at Wilmington, Del.

1901. Delia Hiscock Hedman is spending the winter with her sister in Dorchester, Mass.

1894. Clara P. Morrill is a member of the faculty at Coburn this year.

1910. Mary E. Woodman is teaching at Charlemont, Mass.

1907. Inez Bowler is teaching in Conn.

1911. Leta Young is taking a course in English at Yale.

1913. Bessie Dutton is teaching French and Latin at Leavitt Institute, Turner, Me.

1913. Sarah Pennell is a teacher in Deering High. She is instructor in the French and German departments.

1913. Meroe Morse studied at Simmons during the summer. This fall she is teaching Latin at Parsonfield Seminary.

1913. Mattie Windell is teaching in Clinton High School.

1913. Dora Libby is teaching at Lisbon Falls.

1912. Florence Carll is Dean of Women at Colby this year.

1912. Eva Reynolds is head of the German department at Cony High School, Augusta, Me.

Ex-'11. Esther Robinson is taking a special course at Colby.

1913. Eva Macomber is teaching at Jay, Maine.

1914

Alice Beckett is teaching in Presque Isle.

Mabel Bynon is teaching in Fryeburg Academy.

Madeline Clough is teaching Latin and History at North Conway, New Hampshire.

Florence Cole is a member of the faculty at M. C. I., Pittsfield.

Clara Collins is teaching at Livermore Falls.

Lena Cushing is an instructor at Framingham Normal School, Framingham, Mass.

Lora Danforth is teaching in her home town, LaGrange, Me.

Marion Dodge is a teacher in the Vanceboro High School.

Anne Dudley is spending the winter at her home in Waterford.

Idella Farnum is travelling this fall.

Blanche Farrington is teaching in Caribou, Maine.

Lillian Fogg is instructor of English and History in the High School at Whitman, Mass.

Grace Hamilton is at Freedom Academy.

Emily Hanson is staying at her home in Calais during the winter.

Mabelle Hunt is teaching at Kennebunk, Me.

Ethel Merriam is teaching English and Latin at Woodland, Me.

Cora Patterson is teaching at Easton High, Easton, Me.

Gladys Paul is teaching Mathematics at Bluehill.

Annie Lois Peacock is at home.

Erma Reynolds is teaching English in Fort Fairfield High School.

Abbie Sanderson is teaching in Charlton, Mass.

Marjorie Scribner is teaching German in South Portland High School.

Nan Soule is preceptress of the girls' dormitory at Ricker.

Helen Thomas is science teacher at Kennebunk.

Dorothy Tubbs is spending the winter at her home in Norway, Me.

Edith Washburn is principal of the high school at China, Me.

Grace Weston is taking a course at the Bridgewater Normal School in Bridgewater, Mass.

Christine Whittemore is at her home in Livermore Falls.

Hazel Young is studying for her Ph. D. at the Yale Graduate School of Chemistry. She received a scholarship in the school.

Ex-'14. Alice Hunton has returned to college as a member of 1916.

Ex-'15. Amy Tilden is studying at the Augusta General Hospital.

Ernestine Porter has returned to college after teaching for two years. She is a member of 1917.

Fossie Seekins has returned to college.

Leonora Knight is teaching in Albion High School.

Nellie Lightbody is teaching at the Grove Street Primary School.

Ruth Manson is teaching in Solon.

Annie McKenzie is teaching at Bingham.

Gladys Warren was a visitor at Foss Hall recently. She is teaching this year in the High School at Weld, Me.

Marion Whipple is assistant in the Athens High School.

Ruth Whitman is at her home in Bangor.

Ruth Young is a senior at Barnard College, Columbia.

Ex-'16. Florence Stobie spent the summer travelling in Scotland.

Eleanor Bradlee is at her home in Malden.

Ruth Dresser is teaching at Millbridge, Me.

Esther Gilman is teaching in Hallowell.

Marion Wyman is at her home in Damariscotta.

Marion Towne is in Boston studying at a dressmaking school.

Marion Green is at Wellesley.

Helen Cole and Ruth Brackett have returned to college.

Ex-'17. Ruth Hussey is attending N. H. State University.

Cecile Morrisette is a Sophomore at Middlebury College, Vermont.

Marriages—

1914. Adelaide Klein and Ernest Jackman were married at the bride's home, No. Vassalboro, Me., in Augusta. Alice Beckett, 1914, was maid of honor.

1909. Ella McBurnie and Edward Stacey '07, were married at the home of Miss MacBurnie's sister, in Fort Fairfield, on June 24, 1914. Mr. and Mrs. Stacey are living in Columbus, Ohio.

Ex-'15. Grace Wells and Arthur Thompson were married June 30, 1914, and are now at home on College Avenue, Waterville. Mr. Thompson is a Colby '06 man, D. K. E.

Births—

Ex-1915. A daughter, Shirley Stetson, to Mr. and Mrs. George Stetson, June 16, 1914.

Ex-1915. A son, Glenwood Marshall, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Waldron [Lizzie Howland] of Farmington, November 23, 1914.

1912. A son to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walden [Bessie Cummings] June 6.

1908. A daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Waldo Kidder, in July.

1908. A daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy B. Gould of Manchester, N. H., July 30, 1914. Mrs. Gould was Florence King.

Deaths—

'15. Edna Louise Stevens passed away at her home in Woodfords in June after a short illness from typhoid fever. Edna was a girl of splendid character and remarkable abilities, and it was with great sorrow that we learned of her death.

'78. Emily Peace Meader died at her home in Waterville in August.

EXCHANGES

Since our last issue the following Exchanges have been received. We wish to express our thanks and appreciation for them and we hope that next time our list will be greatly increased.

The Coburn Clarion, Coburn Classical Institute; *Washingtonia*, Washington State Normal School; *Salmagundi*, Aroostook State Normal School; *Smith College Monthly*, *Wellesley College News*.

From the Washingtonia in Geometry class—

Mr. P—"Define a polygon."

Miss M—"A poly-gon is a dead parrot."

The two college monthlies which we receive bring us much that is of interest. From the papers of larger colleges we gain new ideas and broader views.

DIRECTORY

Class Officers

1915—President, Lena Blanchard; Vice-President, Ethel Chamberlain; Secretary-Treasurer, Myrtle Everett.

1916—President, Marjorie Barker; Vice-President, Lucy Montgomery; Treasurer, Katherine Moses; Secretary, Elizabeth Hodgkins.

1917—President, Marian Daggett; Vice-President, Grace Farnum; Secretary-Treasurer, Hazel Robinson.

1918—President, Marion Buzzell; Vice-President, Hortense Lambert; Secretary-Treasurer, Norma Goodhue.

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

Basketball Captains—1915, Emily Cunningham; 1916, Marion Harmon; 1917, Jeanne Moulton; 1918, Helene Buker.