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THE
COLBIANA

FEBRUARY--APRIL
1916

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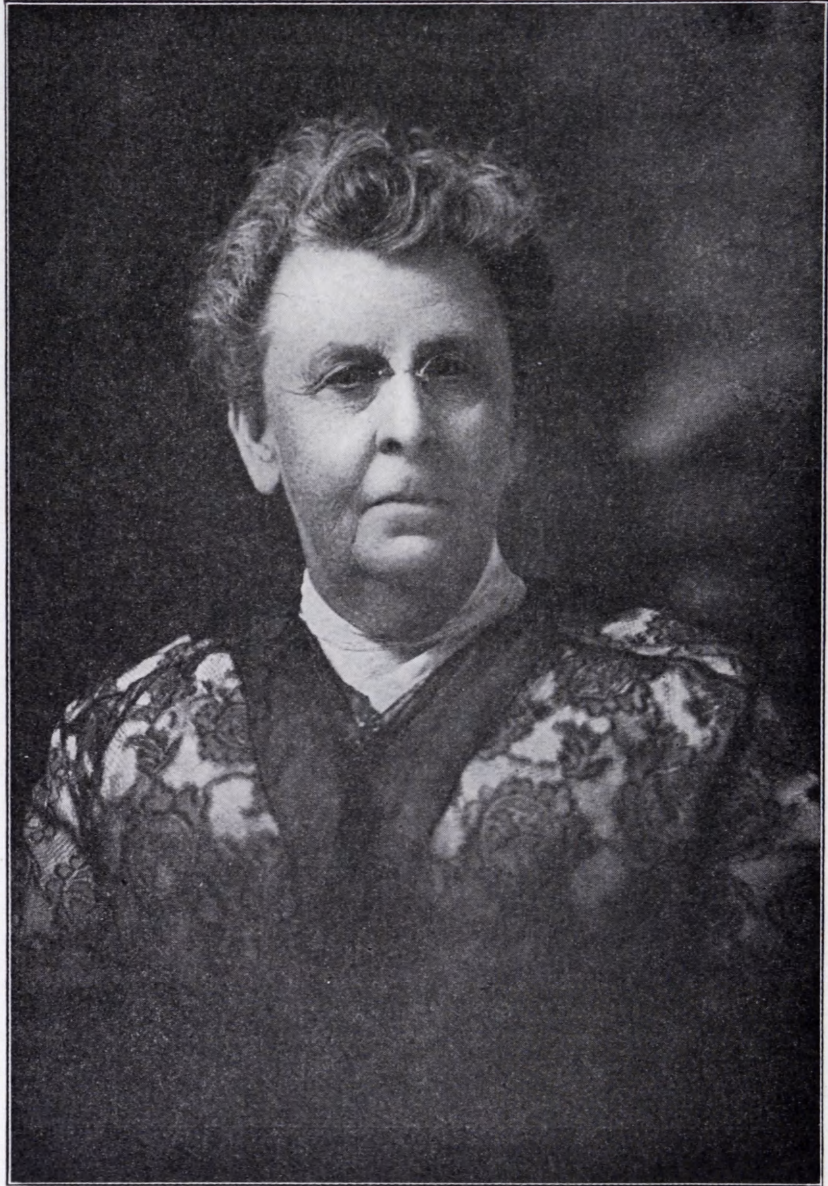
Volume 4

February—April, 1916

Number 2

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MISS ELLA F. BUTMAN
MATRON OF FOSS HALL

THE COLBIANA

Volume 4 FEBRUARY—APRIL, 1916 Number 2

GLIMPSES FROM AROOSTOOK

Potatoes are the "bread and butter" of Aroostook. What else could be the case when not enough of other products are grown with which to feed that vast multitude there? What else could be the case when the selling price of potatoes is down to twenty cents a barrel, and no profits come in with which to purchase other food-stuffs for that multitude? As one person remarked, in speaking of her idea of potatoes and Aroostook: "*There* they have fried potatoes for breakfast, baked or boiled potatoes for dinner, scalloped potatoes for supper; their bread is made out of potato-flour and potato-yeast; their desserts are made of potato-starch; a prospective bride stays at home one week from her school-teaching, or other outside work, and learns to cook—potatoes. The people there think potatoes, read potatoes, talk potatoes, study potatoes, raise potatoes, sell potatoes,—to say nothing of eating potatoes."

Such a delineation is an apt one, for it gives the characteristics and habits of the typical Aroostook potato farmer. Potatoes are never out of his thoughts. Hash or fried potatoes *is* a common breakfast dish. If there were such a thing as a daily paper reaching the homes in the morning, the potato-markets would be read at the breakfast table. The rural delivery wagon does not arrive until later in the day, so the news must wait until evening. If the season is that of spring, potatoes are planted during the day; if summer, they must be cultivated; if fall, harvested; and, if winter, marketed. "Old" potatoes are boiled and mashed for dinner, and, usually, though not always, potatoes are cooked in some form for supper. Every locality has such a staple dish—I wonder what the Aroostook settlers had to "fall back on" before potatoes were specialized in? I think it must have been buckwheat fritters, a common article of food among the Canadians just across the border.

The average potato-farmer is not literary. He subscribes for the newspapers which give him the daily and weekly news—the potato-news. He reads about Michigan, Long Island, Germany,—these places raise potatoes. What matters it what else is in the paper, or goes on in the world? In fact, the Aroostook farmer recognizes these three places and a few other potato-districts as the only really civilized sections on the globe,—about the rest of the world he reads carelessly. The average-educated farmer has never read Dickens nor Scott—he very likely could not tell who they are, if he were asked. He has read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Life of William McKinley"—he had to be patriotic enough to buy "Uncle Tom's Cabin" after the Civil war was over, and "Life of William McKinley," (out of the curiosity to learn "*how* he was *shot*"). The boys have been given Alger books,—he has read these,—this list, a few magazines and newspapers

would last him all his life. For, of all recreations, on a rainy day, (the only day the farmer enjoys recreations), reading is the last to be resorted to; checkers and card-games are enjoyed by all—but not “real cards”—the town clubs take care of them.

The typical Aroostook farmer is bored if, when the minister calls, that reverent man does not stay to hear in full detail the latest account of his potato-crop. The natives of Aroostook are *all* expected to know about and sympathize with any reference to that word “potato.” When neighbors call upon neighbors, there is only one main topic of discussion—potatoes. It is, “Well, how are your acres turning out?”—meaning how many barrels to the acre are being harvested;—or, “What’d you get for your load to-day?” If someone says: “The Germans are hangin’ her tough, ain’t they?” someone else says: “If she’ll hang her tough a little longer, we may get three dollars a barrel, yet.”

If the season is summer, and friends from a distance come to visit friends—which usually takes place on Sunday—no sooner is the horse taken care of, than the visitor must accompany his friend to the potato-field, to see how his crops look, and, perchance, to dig up a “hill,” here and there, of those “crops”—the potato crop. Otherwise, there would be nothing to talk about during the remainder of the day and the lack of conversation would become embarrassing.

The typical Aroostook farmer almost never goes to church. Not that he is, at heart, against religious duties,—not at all. It is that detested, stiff, white collar! If he could wear his checked flannel shirt, and so be comfortable,—but fashion cruelly decrees otherwise; so the farmer gets the horse ready and sends his family off to church, while he stays home on a pretense of keeping fires,—even though the Sunday be one in hot July. He has become so accustomed to hard, rough work, that he seldom, if ever, “dresses up,” unless it be to attend a funeral.

The Aroostook farmer is sure to take good care of his potatoes,—but the other duties, such as tending the vegetable garden, or hoeing the corn, are often neglected. So it is with the stock. The horses are kept sleek and fat,—they have work to do; but the cows are sadly neglected, being often fed on straw,—and a few potatoes,—all winter. Then the good head of the house begins to wonder why his wife has to buy butter during the winter months;—to pay for which wonderment,—the wife meekly goes to a church “rummage sale” and purchases an old-fashioned, black waist with “dipped sleeves,” instead of the new purple one she had picked out that last day in town.

Potatoes mean so much to the Aroostook farmer, and to his success or failure, that the very word is like a ghost haunting his mind, always urging him on. There is a certain fascination in the business, not only in the idea of being able to raise a good crop, but in the big returns when a good crop and good selling prices bring home fat rolls of bills. Each man is for himself only, and each has his individual reward,—if it does come only twice in twelve years,—of a state of satisfaction of the mind, which goads him on from year to year. “People must have potatoes to eat,” he reasons, “and I think they’ll be a good price next year.”

Great and many varied are the "signs" which are consulted before a crop is sold. "Hick's Almanac" is read and studied and studied and read. For, if it says rain in Michigan, aren't the potatoes liable to rot there? And if it says a dry summer in New Jersey, aren't potatoes liable to blight? And "Hick's" always knows. Besides this, there is an old "Si Green" in every section of the towns, who will tell all who consult him, free of charge, just how high potatoes are going for that winter; and probably for the next one, too, if anyone cared or thought to ask him. "Si" knows, for hasn't he been a politician in his day, and hasn't he "know'd" just how things 'd be after certain parties got in?

The typical farmer of Aroostook, is not in the least bit conscientious. What cares he about this "good quality" talk of Aroostook? His motto is, "They fool us on prices, but we'll get it back on 'em in sale potatoes." Should the inspector happen to find some rotten or scabby potatoes, great surprise, *to the farmer* (?), is the result of the discovery and the rejection of the barrrel, and the farmer returns home ostensibly with a barrel of potatoes for his pigs, but only to try the same game over again, and next time, to come out ahead. "That was only one barrel," he chuckles; "lucky he didn't see any more." If the farmer does not know how to keep his crops from rotting, he, at least, knows how to fool the buyers.

Yes, the potato-business in Aroostook has awakened a nature of "graft" in the farmer, for which we can scarcely blame him,—his prosperous years are few and far between. He does not mean harm in his lack of conscience, or in his rejoicing over the failure of some other country's potato-crop,—but he must have the dollar, or go under. A good year in Aroostook affects many people in about the same way as the "movies" do. We hear some one say: "Oh, yes, I can go to the "movies," again, tonight; it's only ten cents." The farmer says: "I bought a new coat to-day; also some new shoes. 'Mighty man! but it's great to get sixty dollars for a load of potatoes." He never goes to town, but that he brings home a wagon-full of new purchases,—potatoes are going up.

This customary extravagance is known to many people without the county—especially book-agents and peddlers. Such people always ascertain the potato market before they decide to spend the summer in Aroostook. If the year has been a profitable one for the farmer, all the book-agent need say is, "Well, I hear you had a fine crop of potatoes last season,—"the farmer straightens up, his whole body swells with pride, and—the book is sold. Every farmer's wife has, at least, one new summer hat after a good year in potatoes. Every farmer invests in a new pair of flannel shirts when a good year comes. Each child gets a doll for Christmas. Each girl, at Christmas, and, also, at the expense of the boys' pocket-books, gets what she has *always* wished for.

But, oh! the poverty of a bad year! The little girls get no big, golden-haired, waxen-faced dollies,—the golden hair is replaced by the sprouts of a potato, whose face can't be smashed, whose eyes won't wink but are ever durable. The farmer's wife spends a week making over her last year's hat. No book-agents bother Aroostook now,—they know they would only be wasting their time—that fertilizer bill must be paid first.

But, behind it all,—the graft, the prosperous and unprosperous years,—the Aroostook farmer has a genial, optimistic and usually contented character. If he were not so, he could never endure the strain of raising potatoes, year after year, for such small returns. The country life, in Aroostook, although quite lacking in those things cultural, satisfies the farmer; and if he can be entertained by potatoes in both social and industrial life,—well, let him enjoy it. The potato business, however poor at times, helps business in other sections of the country. While everyone who has been on an Aroostook farm cannot help being convinced that potatoes play an almost unbelievable part in the life of the Aroostook farmer.

COLBY COLLEGE

I was eight years old when I first saw Colby College. And my! how very grand and massive it appeared. It was a bright, sunshiny morning in early fall, and I was passing through Waterville on the train. The first thing of importance to impress itself upon my mind was the fact that the buildings were directly across from the station. Immediately, I began to wonder if all colleges were opposite railroad stations, and I decided that they must be—because then everybody who went through on the train could see just what sort of a thing and place a college really was. As for myself, I had had rather confused ideas on the subject, but now everything was plainly shown forth before me. All that I had to do was to look.

There, on my left as I first came into the city, was a large field with two grandstands on it facing each other, and between them, in the center of the field, was a great, scrambling mass of men dressed in suits such as my brother, who was in high school, wore when he played football. And sure enough, there was the ball itself spinning high, higher in the air, with a man running under it and his arms outstretched to catch it. The train was moving faster than he, however; so I didn't see if he caught it or not, but I hoped he did, for I was sure he was going to fall, his head was thrown so far forward as he ran, and I rather felt that if he fell with the ball in his arms, it would not hurt him so much as if he fell undignifiedly on the ground with his arms spread out empty before him. I did not worry long about this football man, however, because a cosy, red house in the lower corner of the field attracted my attention. It looked very warm and homelike, and I thought I should like to live there. But in a second, I was more sternly and intensely impressed by three tall, somber, red-brick buildings which stood in a row in the center of the campus, almost hidden by trees. It seemed to me, even then, that nature was doing her very best to offset the forbidding aspect of these buildings. And alas! she had failed, utterly failed, for clearly, distinctly came the unspoken message, "enter here, ye ignorant, unrighteous students. Here, in the gloom and dark, shall ye learn knowledge, and the foundations of all wisdom." Ug-gh! I shivered and turned away from the horrid old buildings. And I pitied the young men at Colby, and wondered if

they had recess more than once a week, in which to play football. Even the trees seemed to stand like sentinels on duty, pointing the way up the straight and narrow paths to learning.

As the train came to a stop in the station, the lower end of the campus came into view. Long, curling rolls of black smoke from our engine came surging down through the air, enveloping the students hurrying to class in its thickness and soot. Just as the sun was beginning to scatter one smoke-burst, again the engine would huff and pant, and down would come another cloud of smoke. It seemed just as though the train were a naughty child blowing soap bubbles of muddy water into the face of its awe-inspiring, old god-mother.

But for all this Colby College lost none of its dignity in my eyes. There were two buildings which I might have really liked except that on the top of one was a staid old clock marking "thirty minutes past three" much as I imagined a judge would pronounce the sentence "this man must die," and the other building seemed to have been pushed back, far back, probably by the snow-balls and threats of disgruntled youths, until now it hung half over the hill, almost ready to slip down and be washed forever away in the lowly murmuring, softly flowing current of the Kennebec. I wondered meekly in which one of these mighty buildings "Judy" stayed. I did not know what "Judy" was, yet I had a faint but persistent recollection of having heard my family talk of him in hushed and reverent tones. And, now, that I was seeing Colby College for myself, I was sure that in some mysterious way "Judy" was connected with the place. After deep thought and due consideration, I decided that the poor learned creature—or whatever he was—must live in the house with the clock. Yes, I liked the chapel best in those days.

Now, alas! the train was starting, and I had no more time to be imbued with the spirit of Colby. The last, fleeting glimpse that I had was of a large, long, brick building, down the street a way, out of which some girls were coming. I wondered if it were an insane asylum or just a sort of prison where the ones who didn't know their lessons were put. But I decided it couldn't be the latter, as there were no boys anywhere around.

Such was my first view of Colby College. My second was not like unto it, although the time and place were the same; that is, fall and Waterville. I had traveled two hundred and fifty miles that day, along with six other aspirants to college wisdom, the most of the way on a train which stopped at the same crossings and "potato sidings" that it had stopped at since time immemorial. The sign-boards, even, which so graciously bore the names of these worthy stationettes, were always in the same hang-dog position, as if uncertain whether to face the world in upright, unashamed honor, or to seek seclusion from the vulgar glance of the common passerby in down-east and lowly modesty. By the way, I think, in time, that modesty will win out.

However, at last here we were in Waterville station, and my! what a throng of laughing, pushing, pretty girls filled the platform. To be sure, there were a few college men there, too, but they were not half as cordial and jolly as the girls, I judged, for as we four girls were being joyfully started along the unknown way to Foss Hall I looked back and beheld three, poor, bewildered boys, also classmates of ours,

standing in a protecting circle around their suit-cases, and casting queer, frightened, yet cheerful glances in all directions. I suppose that, in time, they moved, for I have seen them in classes and elsewhere many times since, but I'll wager it was through the kindly advice of the station-master rather than through any joyous welcome to Colby given them by the upperclassmen—such as the upperclass girls, were giving us. We forgot we were freshmen; we forgot we were tired. That is, we forgot until we came to the steps of Foss Hall, but then, alas! we quickly remembered our youth and inexperience. It was worse than running the gauntlet (I should imagine) to walk up the steps, across the veranda, and into the hall with Oh! so many pairs of critical eyes fastened disapprovingly on one's best hat or new shoes, as it might happen—only in my case it seemed to happen both at once and all the time. After shaking hands with the dean and registering—though I might have signed a marriage certificate or a death-warrant so far as I, personally, was concerned—I was piloted through three or four blockades of girls, up some stairs, down a long corridor, and around a corner into a dark, narrow enclosure which I afterward learned was called "Pie Alley," though I still think that "Cabbage Patch" or "Goolash Lane" would be more appropriate.

Finally, I was left in a tiny, square room where two cot-beds, two straight-backed chairs, a dresser, and a desk bade me a hearty welcome. O, yes, my room-mate was there, too. She sat on one bed, and I sat on the other. I waited for her to speak, and she waited for me to speak. "It's a pretty room," she remarked, at last. I appreciated her noble effort, and bravely but falteringly replied, "O, it's lovely." Then we both sat and looked in silent appreciation at the four, bare, grimy walls, and dusty furniture. I thought to relieve the situation by shifting myself from the bed to a chair. Not to be outdone my room-mate did likewise. I had a wild desire to suggest placing the chairs one behind the other; so that we might "play train," but I wisely checked the inclination and held my peace. By and by, I rose and opened the window. My room-mate lowered the transom. "Honors are even," I remarked, but sad to relate my room-mate neither played cards nor appreciated my sense of humor, but only stared in great and terrified bewilderment at me, her doomed companion for weeks to come. I was truly sorry for her, but what could I do? Nothing. Absolutely nothing; so I did it, and she did it, and we both did it together.

But ah! happy day! at last a whizzing, buzzing, roaring, whanging gong sounded. "Breakfast—dinner—supper" my room-mate painfully suggested. And I thanked her for the suggestion, for I was having vivid visions of a burning building. By some miraculous effort, or perhaps by the urgent demands of hunger, both she and I gathered our scattered wits together, and started spontaneously for the door to the corridor, but there our courage deserted us. She opened the door, and I shut it. We had done our best, and could do no more; so without undue explanations, we sank again on our respective chairs, prepared to hunger and thirst and wait—for goodness only knew what. But virtue has its own reward, and our guardian angel appeared in the guise of a senior who took us down stairs to dinner, and the worst was forever over!

Here endeth my second impression of Colby College. The third and last is not yet complete. In fact, I hardly think I have a definite idea of Colby at present. Sometimes I think that President Roberts is Colby College incarnate, and then again, I am equally sure that Miss Butman could carry off the honor full as successfully. At times, Colby means a lot of jolly girls, and a series of good times, and again it means long lessons and hard study, but always in the end, I believe it will mean good friends, and four, pleasant, helpful years.

HER WAY

She was a tall, spare woman, with iron-grey hair and deep-set eyes that seemed to bore to the very depths of one's soul. She was well along in years now, but her eyes were still very quick to see and her hands to do—for others. She could never find the time to do those little things for herself that all women delight in doing. Her husband was a small, feeble looking man. His eyesight was very poor, and when he read his weekly paper, he held it up close to his face. He had acquired the habit of peering through his thick steel-rimmed glasses in a rather helpless fashion through many years of dependence on his wife's stronger nature. They were still living in the old house, where he had been born, and brought up, and which his greatgrandfather had built with his own hands, clearing the land of trees and hewing the timbers by hand for the house. The sons of this sturdy pioneer were not of such hardy stuff as he, and each generation had slipped a step backward. Until now, John Corner and his wife found themselves burdened with a mortgage of two hundred dollars, and it was all that they could do to keep soul and body together. Somehow, crops never would grow for John as they would for other men. He always seemed to plant his grain on the wet pieces in a rainy season. John Corner was, however, endowed with the old Puritan honesty, and horror of debt, and Sarah, his wife, was determined that they should pay off that before their son would become of age and inherit the farm. It was their highest ambition to keep the farm in the Corner family indefinitely.

Sarah's whole hope lay in her two children. *She* could bear anything, but *they* must be provided for. Alice must not be obliged to slave for others for a mere pittance, as her mother was doing, and Leslie must not have any mortgage hanging like a weight around his neck, and dragging him down as it was his father. Alice was reared with a great amount of care and mother-love, but her nature was too tender for such rough soil and she slowly pined away, being an invalid for many years. It was almost more than Sarah could stand to have this child of her old age taken from her. She struggled bitterly with her grief and was very rebellious against her fate. Hard sobs shook her frame, and she could not bear to look at the pitiful little stock of treasures that the girl had collected. But finally, by looking at these very things, and comparing them with the comforts which Farmer

Snow's daughter enjoyed, she came to see that she never would have become well again with such comforts as they were able to provide for her. The poor, broken-hearted mother saw that it was better for Alice as it was.

As soon as she with her strong puritanical beliefs came to see that it was right, and the best thing for Alice, she became more cheerful. She began to work towards the paying off of the mortgage with her old determination. With the trait of character peculiar to such strong natures as hers, she began to look for something else upon which to center her whole life and affections. She planned continually for the future of her son; for the time when he should take a wife, and should live on the old place freed from debt, and should provide a home for herself and John in their old age. Planning thus, Sarah worked feverishly to gain back the little hoard that had been sacrificed to provide comforts for Alice. She worked for her neighbors four days each week, for seventy-five cents a day, and on Saturday she took to market her few pounds of butter, and the eggs that her nine hens laid. The proceeds, with what little John could earn, provided for all their scanty wants. She begrudged every penny that they had to spend even for the barest necessities. She was hoarding it all to pay off the mortgage for Leslie.

One time after a long hard day's work she was trudging home with her seventy-five cents in her pocket. That seventy-five cents would make fifty dollars towards the two hundred, and she had longed to reach the fifty mark for a second time. The rest would seem easier after that. When she got home she found that the money had slipped out through a hole in the lining of her shabby old coat. She went over the two mile stretch between her house and Farmer Snow's three times, with her old back bent almost double, so anxiously was she scanning the road for any traces of her lost money. A neighbor overtaking her stopped to enquire what the matter was, and, knowing her financial circumstances, said with a compassionate smile:

"Here, I found your money in the road back there a ways."

But she caught that smile and answered proudly, passionately:

"Here, Sam Jones, take your money. Don't you think you can lord it over poor folks around here. I know that ain't my money, and I won't have none of it."

Although it was after nine o'clock and her back was nearly broken from cleaning house all day, she went on anxiously searching in the dust, aided by the faint glimmer of the moon.

The father did not recover so readily from the shock of the daughter's death, and as he was not endowed with the high moral purposes and ambitions of his wife, he began to worry and to sink down into a kind of apathy from which Sarah had difficulty in rousing him. Of late his eyes had been bothering him, and Sarah began to fear that perhaps there might be a time when he would be unable to use them at all, and the whole burden of the family support would rest on her shoulders. All the more anxious was she to pay off the debt before the dread hour should arrive, that Leslie might not be burdened with more than he could bear.

As the boy grew older his thoughts and desires turned to other things besides the old farm, and he failed to appreciate the sacrifice

that his mother was making for him. "Let the farm go," he would say. "I want to go to the city, and be somebody." His mother had never denied him anything; so, when he wanted to go to the city, and be somebody, she consented, consoled by his promises to make money enough to pay off the mortgage, and to care for his father and mother. The night before her boy went to the city Sarah had sat up until midnight mending and pressing his only suit, and blotting out the spots with her tears. The next morning she was up before day, bustling about the tiny house, putting everything to rights, and preparing the things that he liked best for breakfast. She even went so far as to have butter and eggs, delicacies which she had not allowed to appear on their table for months. When Leslie got up, his mother was packing his scanty wardrobe into a worn valise. He noticed with surprise how old and worn she had grown, and how very feeble his father seemed to be. But with the thoughtlessness of youth, this soon passed from his mind and he sat down to breakfast with a light heart, and began to wonder in a hurt sort of way why mother couldn't fix things like this every morning. It would be ever so much nicer. Then father began in his thin, quavering voice to tell him how much they would miss him, and how they were counting on him to pay off the mortgage. But the mother said nothing. She had shed her tears over the shabby old suit, and now she was keeping her feelings to herself.

Of late Mrs. Corner had been very much disturbed about her husband. He had grown perceptibly older in the last few months, and had become almost childish about the money for the mortgage. If she were sick for a day, and could not bring home her seventy-five cents, he would moan and mutter incoherently about Leslie and the debt. He had not been able to read much, and the doctor had told Sarah, that, if any sudden shock or illness should come upon him, he would be totally blind. She saw that she must shield and humor him at all costs, and many a day would she leave him comfortably at home, and drag herself off to her work, when she ought to have been in bed. The sum was almost made up and they were rejoicing like little children that on the first of the next month they could pay off the mortgage. Then Leslie could come home, and receive the old place free from debt. He would not have to slave away in the awful city any longer.

But, alas! Leslie had been only too content to stay in the awful city. He had fallen in with a boon companion who had led him astray. The very week before John and Sarah were to pay off the old debt and were thus to insure their own and Leslie's future happiness, there came into the little home a yellow, official-looking envelope bearing the post-mark of the city where Leslie was. They were sure that it must bear good tidings from Leslie. The wife opened it eagerly, and read a curt, business-like note from a lawyer, saying that Leslie had been in some sort of a gambling scheme, and, unless they wanted their son to serve a prison sentence, they must pay two hundred dollars to cover the loss immediately. She made an evasive answer to her husband's questionings, saying that the letter was advertising patent medicine.

Two hundred dollars! She must think. Why, that was just the amount that they had worked all these years to save for the mortgage.

the mortgage that they were going to pay off next week. Give it up to this strange lawyer! Why they *couldn't*, not even for Leslie's safety. Leslie's safety! What was an old mortgage compared to that. Of course he must have the money. But there was Pa and his delicate sight to be considered. The doctor had said that any sudden shock might,—Oh, it was more than she could bear, but Leslie must have the money. He was young and had his life before him, while Pa, poor old Pa,—how changed he was from the young man she had married years ago. She could not bear to think of bringing any more sorrow into his life. But there was Leslie way off in the wicked city. Perhaps he was in prison even now. He must be saved at any cost. She gathered up her courage and softly stole out of the house with the box containing the two hundred dollars clutched tightly in her hand. She felt like a thief. It was the first time since her wedding day that she had ever done anything of the kind without her husband's knowledge. But how about the mortgage? Well, she was not an old woman yet. She could still work. Accordingly, the very next day she began again trudging along the road to resume her work, a poor, broken-spirited, old woman, with a debt on her shoulders and a secret in her heart. The years stretched out blankly before her. But it was the only way, and she had become accustomed to that way.

A VIEW OF THE KENNEBEC

It had stopped raining, but the March storm was still rampant, when my friend came for me to go down to the river with her. It was late afternoon, as we sped through the wet streets, to Winslow bridge. Before we reached it, we heard an unusual roar, and, once upon the trembling structure, it was impossible to hear each other speak. The wind tossed our clothing, but we struggled out to the center, where we clung to the rail, and looked upstream. The yellow, foaming torrent crashed over the falls with terrible force, splashing as high as it had fallen. All the melted snows of the Moosehead region, the swollen gifts of numberless distant streams, were pouring downward, bearing icecakes and driftwood. There were no bare rocks, now, or pot-holes to be seen. An ugly whirlpool, broken by great white swirls of foam, was below the falls, and wet our faces with its spray. On the Winslow shore, some boys were hooking out sticks of lumber, caught upon the rocks. Then we turned to look downstream. The water gathered new strength as it passed rushing under the bridge, and, half-dizzied, we watched it shake the piles beneath us. Farther down it spread out, piling one shore with ice and froth, and overflowing, unresisted, on the other, while the center of the stream moved in broken waves over the great, hidden rocks. There was a sudden and unexpected splash of raindrops. We became aware of a lighted car passing by. Some workmen looked at us curiously from under tightly drawn caps. We realized it was dark, and the city lights were inviting us homeward. We turned away, leaving the river pounding its way toward the sea.

THE COLBIANA

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 IRIS CROSBY, 1916..... } Jokes
 MINA TITUS, 1916..... }
 MRS. CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH, '03..... Alumnae
 CAROLYN STEVENS, 1916..... Assistant Alumnae
 ELLA ROBINSON, 1916..... Exchange
 MARIAN DAGGETT, 1917..... Athletics

LUCY MONTGOMERY, 1916..... Business Manager
 VIOLET FRENCH, 1917..... } Assistant
 ISABEL WING, 1918..... } Managers

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EDITORIALS

Now-a-days we hear much of the "girl worth while." Yet, who is she? Does she actually exist in flesh and blood, or is she a creature of our dreams, a sublime and unrealized abstraction? If she does exist, are we, as college girls, trying to become that girl? If that is our ideal, to what, to whom would we wish to be worth while? An answer rings clear in that old generality—

" . . . To thine own self be true
 And it must follow as the night the day
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

What does it mean to be true to ourselves, to be true to the best that is in us? Is it not giving ourselves, our talents, our possibilities, and all of those qualities that go to make up our personalities, a chance to develop to their fullest expression? Is it not the education of our natures, our endowments, and our faculties to their greatest attainment? Is it not, in a word, that ideal of character—efficiency.

The girl worth while is efficient. She is training herself for the best use of her body, mind, and spirit, not alone for her own purposes, but for the bettering of the community at large; she is conscious of and plays a part in a great social awakening, a realization of true democracy.

What makes a girl worth while, efficient? Has she found the secret of success, the touchstone of fortune? Does she find the road to her achievements an easy one; has she been endowed with special attributes of mind or character. In many cases the worth-while girl has not these qualities, but she does have a definite purpose, a definite plan for working it out, and enthusiasm enough to see it through. She works steadily, persistently, conscientiously at whatever comes to her hand, and is always ready to meet the exigencies which life, with its changing moods of pleasure and misfortune, may bring to her.

Is this the ideal toward which we are striving, or must we admit that we are contentedly inadequate? Do we accept things as they come, and take them for their face value, or are we seeking a gain from every circumstance, be it favorable or adverse? Do we, too, hold it true that "men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things?" Has our past become for us a heritage of good, a means to an end? If we are inadequate, it is because our minds are encumbered by useless, confusing things. Our reading, our thought, our manner of squandering our spare time, does not work for efficiency, or self-development. The college girl may become inadequate because she has not a sense of the subordination of values; she does not consider things for their intrinsic and potential worth.

Is this idea of worth-whileness irksome? Yet, are not those who are most worth while, the happiest, most wide-awake, the most eager? Of course, if we wish to doze, and moreover insist on taking our pleasures as "sleeping powders" to make our oblivion the more secure, well and good. The world will let us sleep, and some fine day, we will wake to find that we have been outstripped, and have been thrown among the discards. We may sleep, but the "dreams" are inevitable!

To become efficient, we must practice efficiency—in our class rooms, in our college activities, in our athletics. Let us thoroughly believe that we can accomplish things, and we will find that the charm will work! Let us cultivate the habit of being efficient while we are still in college, that we may carry it out with us into the business world that is awaiting us, into our own home communities, and into our own homes. The watch-word of this generation is, "Pass it on!" To be able to do this we must know the how, why, when, and where; we must be efficient! It will be a task worth the doing; we will be carrying into practice our ideal of a girl worth while.

CHOOSING A VOCATION

Many young women drift into teaching who are unfitted for it, because that is the vocation with which they are most familiar. These women make no great success of the profession, and might be much more useful and happy in some other calling more adapted to their taste and disposition. There are many lines of work now open to women who will equip themselves, where they could have a reasonable hope of success.

There never was a time when so many young women were sincerely anxious to make their lives count in things that are worth-while. They are no longer satisfied to simply make a living. They are not looking

for an easy job. They want to put their lives into something that will yield results in personal or public service.

It is the purpose of this paper to call attention to some of the probably less known vocations in which trained young women have succeeded.

The department of social and economic service is calling for women who can secure, assemble, and classify, and interpret data bearing on the well-being of the individual or community. To any one who has an intense desire to seek the truth, and to abide by the evidences the facts produce, the field of scientific, social, and municipal research offers attractive employment.

The young woman interested in biology who would enjoy a more active field than the laboratory would find sanitary inspection suited to her taste and training. The government is calling for trained women, and advancement is certain to those who are capable.

The State Charities Aid Association desire young women who will travel about the State investigating the character and circumstances of families who have applied for children, taking children to the families whose applications have been approved, and visiting children in their foster homes after they have been placed.

The Tuberculosis Department conducts campaigns, organizes committees in different parts of the state, addresses meetings, writes articles for the press, and corresponds with people in regard to the work.

Playgrounds are increasing rapidly all over the country, and employ large numbers of young women who have prepared for this work. The playground teacher may also combine with her summer work the equipment necessary to direct the social center movement during the winter months. This means using the schoolhouses as centers for community life. The method in operation in some cities is to furnish the school building with gymnasiums, libraries, and picture apparatus, offering facilities for giving lectures and entertainments in the evening, organizing men, women, boys and girls into clubs, superintending these, and in many ways developing the civic spirit by general acquaintance with all people in the neighborhood. The Social spirit is abroad, and this Public School Extension work is its most natural channel of expression.

There are so many avenues open to those interested in social service, that simply to enumerate them would be impossible. The work in the Juvenile Court, Probation work, Police Matrons, State Child Saving, Economic and Municipal Research work,—all these fields are calling for young women of college training and possessing the spirit of service.

The social value of rent collecting makes an appeal to women who would do uplift work, and at the same time earn a living. To establish friendly and intimate contact with those from whom you must collect the rent is sometimes difficult. This involves the collection of rent, the selection of tenants, the ordering of necessary tenant's repairs, the general watchfulness over the maintenance of good order, and against abuses of privileges among tenants.

The Social Settlement calls for trained women who possess the social gift, a love of people, and a belief in them.

Welfare work, as it is carried on in business houses and manufacturing establishments is, in the main, an effort to secure improved condi-

tions of labor, to raise the employees to a higher point of efficiency, recognizing that the best interests of the employer and employees are one.

The woman trained in Sociology undertakes this work with a knowledge of the physical and economic condition of each employee, discovers the educational needs, and directs the social life of each one employed. She is supposed to furnish the ideal and the enthusiasm needed to keep things running smoothly.

The rapid growth of the Home Economics Movement in the past few years, has opened to women a number of business occupations that are both remunerative and pleasant.

The great interest in nutrition has called for more scientific treatment of the food questions, and in many of our institutions the dietician ranks as high as any one on the staff. The visiting dietician becomes a social worker when she enters the homes to enlist the interest of the mother in the proper preparation of food which the wage earner is able to procure.

The trained woman with a strong business instinct, might be attracted to the real estate or insurance business. Both these occupations number women who are making a success, and little capital is required to start.

The field of literary work is large, and no corner of it is barred from women. The newspapers offer a variety of opportunities to those who are inclined to a literary life. Women are frequently employed by large firms to attend to the full page advertisement run in the Saturday issue of the great city dailies.

No woman with training need keep to an occupation not to her taste. She should select the work she desires to undertake before she finishes her college, that her training may bear some relation to the vocation she will choose. Then, with courage, patience, and a love for her work, large returns should be hers.

Mrs. Mary C. Cooper.

THE WATER-LILY

Upon the bosom of the crystal lake
 The water-lily, like a fairy bark,
 Rides all serene, while billows pass and break;
 For, threading downward through the waters dark,
 A silvery anchor-cable drops to take
 Its hold upon the underlying soil.
 And even though the storm-bred billows rave,
 It is in vain they spend their foaming toil;
 The water-lily's snow-white banners wave
 In triumph mid the wild attempts they foil.
 And thus, my soul, though tempests sweep the air,
 And waves of doubt come at thee in their might,
 Thou canst not be dashed onward to despair
 Whilst anchored in the hope of final right.

C.

Note:—The story, "A Tragedy," published in the December issue of the COLBIANA was written by Vivienne A. Wright, '16.

NEWS

Friday, January 14, came the first Women's League meeting of the new year. First, was one of the popular round-table talks, during which we discovered all our faults, and a few which belonged to our friends. The house rules were discussed at length. At the close of this talk "living pictures" were given in the parlor. Isabelle Wing showed the "family album" to her little granddaughter, Phyllis Sturdivant, explaining each picture in turn; Hilda Bradbury gave several piano solos, after which Flora Norton, '17, read an amusing "Uncle Remus" story. The entertainment closed in approved style with refreshments of coffee and fancy crackers.

Thursday, January 30, Bertha Terry, ex-'18, entertained the "Chi Gams" at her home on Silver Street. At six o'clock, a beefsteak dinner was served, to which eight "Chi Gam" appetites did justice. The evening passed all too quickly with fun and song—not forgetting the "Chi Gam yell."

On Monday evening, February 7, the girls who had remained in Waterville over the holidays gave a party in the gymnasium at Foss Hall. The entertainment was furnished by the two lower classes. The freshmen furnished a circus, with all the attendant features, from the parade to the dancing bear, clowns, and fat lady; the sophomores presented a Chinese restaurant in silhouette, which amused the audience immensely. Games and dancing filled the remainder of the evening, but the entertainment was not complete without the refreshments of lemonade and cookies.

The senior play, "A Girl in a Thousand," given January 27, was very successful. Mrs. Carl Greene's efficient coaching and the conscientious work of the girls insured an evening's entertainment that was truly worth while. The different parts were taken admirably, and individuality was given to stock characters. The proceeds were divided between the local Y. W. C. A. and the COLBIANA. The cast was:

Granny Morris	Ella Robinson
Flora	Katharine Singer
Silvia	Mina Titus
Charlotte	Yvette Clair
Kit	Effie Hannan
Mrs. Glendon	Elizabeth Hodgkins
Vivian Glendon	Marion Miller
Mrs. Preston	Vivian Skinner
Phoebe Preston	Carolyn Stevens
Nora	Esther French
Miss Thalmer	Louise McCurdy
Mrs. Wentworth	Marjorie Barker
Miss Guilford	Vivienne Wright
Miss Prim	Alice Mather

The Palmer House girls have been publishing a very enterprising paper called "Gossip". It does not belie its name, for within these few sheets are discussed and settled all the problems of modern society, and there is much light thrown on riddles of many year's standing. Jokes and "slams" are not found wanting. The paper is very popular even outside of Palmer House.

The Junior Y. W. C. A. social was held Saturday, February 12, in the gymnasium at Foss Hall. The room was attractively decorated with banners representing the different sororities and fraternities in college. During the entire evening, candies were on sale. The first part of the evening was devoted to a program which the audience seemed to enjoy greatly. This program consisted of a piano solo by Hazel Robinson, '17; vocal solo by Mr. Choate, '18; readings by Flora Norton, '17; vocal solo with guitar accompaniment by Marion Daggett, '17; and a "little skit" entitled "Why I Never Married." The members of the class having a part in this farce were: the Misses Clarkin, Bean, Norton, Taylor, Duff, Brown, Vincent; and Messrs. Thompson, Everett, Whittemore, Pottle, Leseur, Deasy, and Wood. The last number on the program was, "Her Gentlemen Callers." In this, a popular hostess who is receiving all her old "flames," solves the difficulty of disposing of each succeeding caller by turning him into a piece of furniture. The evening ended by playing games. A good sum of money was realized which will be used for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Elizabeth Bass, Dean of the Woman's Division from 1909 to 1913, visited friends in town not long ago.

The seniors have assumed more dignity and authority in the last semester of their college career!

Chi Gamma Theta, '16, enjoyed a reunion-dinner at the Chop House, Monday, February 20, in honor of Eleanor Bradlee, ex-'16, who was visiting friends at college. The members of the original twelve who were present were: Esther French, Vivian Skinner, Effie Hannan, Alice Clarkin, Helen Cole, and Eleanor Bradlee.

Saturday night, February 18, the seniors gave the first of a series of parties in the Foss Hall assembly room. The room was made cosy with rugs, couches, and shaded lights. At 5:30 the first course of the dinner was served. Each course in turn was served by different relays of girls. Singing and class cheers completed the program.

The second Women's League meeting of the year 1916, was a Washington's birthday party. The freshmen portrayed Washington's boyhood by means of shadow pictures. The sophomores showed in moving-picture style his battles, and the more serious side of his life. The more romantic side of his life was shown by the juniors, who personified even the heiress whom he married.

Mildred Barton, ex-'17, who has been spending the winter in California, returned home February 28.

The senior class day officers have been elected as follows: Prophecy, Antoinette Ware; History, Marion Harmon; Poem, Ernestine Porter; Address to Undergraduates, Marion Miller; Ode Committee, Alice Clarkin, Lucile Foster, Mina Titus.

A vesper service was held in the college chapel Sunday, February 27. Rev. Mr. Atkinson, who supplied at the Episcopal Church that day, was the speaker. Many guests from town, as well as the girls and the members of the faculty were present.

A Coburn club has been formed by the Coburn alumnae now in college. "The object is to knit closer the old school ties, and to give the girls now attending Coburn a deeper insight into college life as it is enjoyed at Colby."

The Glee Club concert which will be given April 24, will take the form of a Spanish operetta. Miss Stockbridge is coaching again this year. The concert promises to be even more successful than it was last year. Marjorie Barker, '16, and Mildred Greene have important solo parts.

On Sunday afternoon, March 5, the old American flag which had served loyally for eight years was disposed of. It was given eight years ago by the Dexter Club. It had become so worn and tattered from long service that a new one was considered necessary. The new flag was bought by subscriptions from the girls. A very impressive service was held, at which Dean Cooper fittingly expressed our love for the old flag. Following this Miss Butman touched a match to "Old Glory" while a patriotic selection was played on the Victrola. All the girls stood during the burning of the old flag. Then the girls were shown the new one. Patriotic records were played on the new Victrola which was christened at this same service.

The Victrola has been given to be used in the music course of the college. This was obtained through the endeavors of Mr. Campbell.

Selma Koehler, '17, has been teaching at Northfield Seminary, Mass., for the past six weeks. She enjoys the work very much.

Vacation is from March 24 to April 6. Here's hoping that everyone will have the best ever!

"For yesterday is but a dream,
And to-morrow is only a vision,
But to-day well-lived makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every to-morrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the Dawn."

Once,

Dame Nature loved a dear little boy;—
 It was back in the long, long ago;—
 He sported in the meadows and he played by the streams;
 He lay on the hill-top in the sun's warm beams;
 Or frolicked in the first soft snow.
 The wood-land paths he knew, where the sweetest flowers
 grew.
 He filled old Nature's heart with joy.

Said she:

"My children soon grow up and forget me.
 I want a child to call my very own.
 I can teach him secrets that he never would have guessed;
 I can teach him life that is sweetest and best;
 He shall never be frightened or alone.
 And now that I have found him I shall weave a spell around
 him;—
 At once about my task I'll set me."

So, she

Filled his heart with love of the wildwood,
 And spoke into his ear her magic word,—
 The key to all the language of the world of out of doors;
 Then touched his eyes with beauty and showed him all her
 stores;
 Oh, surely you his name have heard;
 The boy who never grew to man; the children's piping Peter
 Pan,
 On whom Nature has bestowed eternal childhood.

Suppose we

Go out into the world where leaves are falling,
 Where the nuts are dropping sweet and ripe;
 Perhaps we'll catch a glimpse of him in suit of brown and
 green,
 His pointed cap and slippers, and his roguish eyes a-gleam,
 Or hear the reedy sweetness of his pipe.
 We'll drop the mask that years have brought; fleeting youth
 is fairly caught:—
 Life, and Peter Pan, are calling!

"If I canna bring my lot to my mind, I can bring my mind to my
 lot."—*An old Scotchwoman.*

"The surest way to be artificial is to try to be natural according to
 some other man's recipe."—*Henry van Dyke.*

"Men are made up of professions, gifts, talents; also of themselves."

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

How much has happened in the Association since our last COLBIANA! Ever since last fall, we have been receiving newsy bits of information concerning the world-wide Jubilee celebration of the Young Women's Christian Association, in honor of its fiftieth birthday. "Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, . . . and it shall be a jubilee unto you." (Lev. 25:10). The entire month of February was selected as the time in which special Jubilee celebrations should be enjoyed, the technique of the Association be more fully understood, and its membership and contributions be enlarged. In short, a time for special Christian thoughtfulness and service. Here at Colby, we feel that we have done our little part in this great work, and we hope that its effect will not be merely for a month, but that the same jubilant spirit will be for all time.

Special Jubilee items have been published in the newspapers, in the church calendars, and in the form of posters on our special Y. W. C. A. bulletin-board. The Association room has been attractively decorated in the jubilee colors, new brown portieres have been purchased, and an association library has been started. A number of letters have been received from preparatory school girls asking for Colby girls to come to them as Jubilee speakers, and we are glad to say that the following have represented Colby: Hazel Gibbs, at Kent's Hill Seminary, Hazel Whitney at Oak Grove, Vivian Skinner at Hebron, and Edith Pratt at Maine Central Institute.

Lucy Taylor led the first Jubilee meeting of the month, and every one said that it was one of the most helpful meetings that had ever been held here; the second meeting was led by Prof. Johnson. The meeting was a live one, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the ninety girls present. Prof. Johnson contrasted the position of women in Turkey with that of women in America. The third regular Tuesday night service took the form of a Progressive Meeting, in which over twenty of the girls spoke on such subjects as: "My ideal girl," "What this Jubilee means," "How I may become more efficient in the Association Work." The last February meeting was led by Berle Cram, and was a very inspiring one.

We have had as speakers who gave after-dinner talks in the parlors: Mrs. Deborah Scott Livingston of Bangor, Miss Helen Crisman, of the Baptist Mission Training School in Chicago, Miss Anna Clark of New York City, and our dear friend, Mrs. Foster.

Three of the college girls, Phyllis Cole, Mary and Matilda Titcomb, were united with the Baptist church by baptism Sunday night, March 5, and a number of others are planning to do so soon. Since the regular Sunday night service was made a college service, Mrs. Cooper read the scripture lesson, and the college girls marched in singing the processional hymn, and took seats reserved for them in the front of the church.

The Bible Study classes are continuing in the churches with increasing membership. Katherine Moses is to be the leader of our Mission study class, and Mrs. Robert Crowel has kindly consented to be the leader of our Eight Weeks Club classes.

February 27 was the day set apart for prayer among college students, and it was thought especially fitting to hold a vesper service that afternoon in the college chapel. The girls seemed to take much interest in this service, and were especially pleased to have Mrs. Pepper, who is loved by all, offer prayer. Mr. Atkinson, who is supplying at the Episcopal church, gave the address, and the vested choir sang very appropriate selections. We were pleased that so many friends of the college were present despite the inclement weather. This is the kind of interest we appreciate!

Helen Cole has taken Violet French's place on the cabinet as chairman of the Social Service Committee. We were very sorry that Violet had to leave college because of illness, and will be glad to have her with us again next fall. We are very glad, also, that we were able to have Helen to carry on her work, since she is so efficient in social service work, and understands the conditions here in the city.

The association and its cabinet are very fortunate in having a board of advisory members who are deeply interested in the association. We feel that the coming years of the association ought to be increasingly productive ones. We trust that they will be and that every Senior girl becomes so imbued with the association spirit that she may always feel herself a part of the worldwide sisterhood of young Christian women. By the time our next COLBIANA is published, we shall be able to introduce the new officers of the Association to you.

"Loud rings on sea and land to-day
The challenge of a work to do
As in the furnaces of time
God moulds this worn-out world anew.
Oh, strip us of our love of ease,
Send full on us thy challenge clear,
And let us catch the far off glow
Of thy great walls—then let us go
And build their splendor here!"

"Courage consists in not being afraid of one's own mind and of other people's minds."—*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

"Four things come not back:
The spoken word;
The sped arrow;
Time past;
The neglected opportunity."
—*Omar Ibn Al Halif.*

"That only which we have within can we see without.
If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none."

TO-MORROW

There's a beautiful far away country,
Perhaps it may lie to the west,
Or perhaps we should turn to the eastward
In seeking this land of the blest.

The name of this land is To-morrow;
In the ocean of Time does it lie,
Where all of our hopes for the future
Are born never, never to die.

The isle is not far from the mainland,
That stern rugged coast of To-day,
Yet over the sea hangs a curtain,
That sunshine can ne'er drive away.

So dense is this strange misty curtain,
That we, looking off, cannot see
From the coast of To-day, too familiar,
What the land of To-morrow may be.

But often we build without knowing,
Whether quicksands, or rock be the base,
Our castles of dreams and ambitions,
In that wonderful fairy-like place.

Our timber we take from the workshops
We find in the land of To-day,
Experience,—purchased by labor,
How priceless there's no one can say.

Our part is to fashion the timbers;
We must leave to a Master hand
The building of fairy-like castles,
There in To-morrow Land.

And if in that kingdom, our castle
Shall prove but a hovel or less,
'Twill be because we have not fashioned
Our timbers with true carefulness.

“The getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey.”

“The sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The earth again is young and fair,
And amorous with musky spring.”

—*Edmund C. Stedman.*

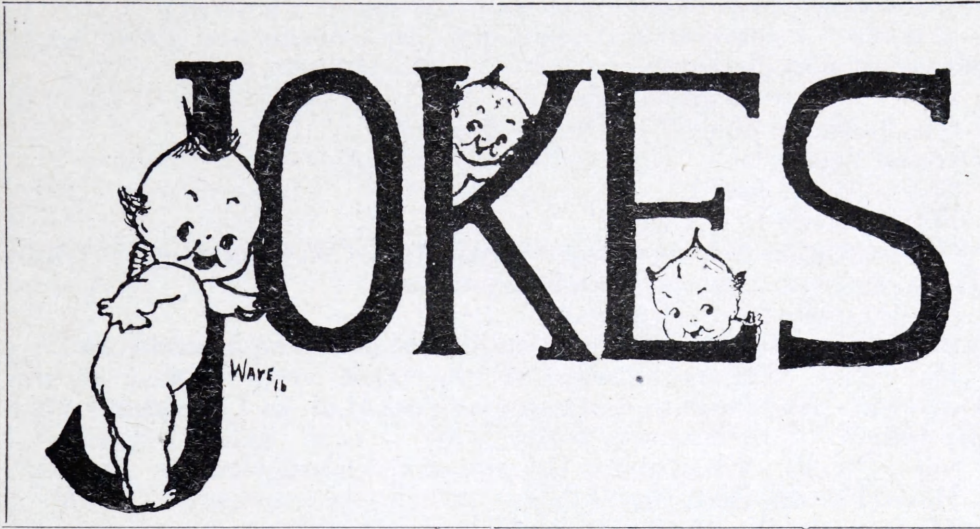


Work in the department of physical training is required of all students in the three lower classes. Miss Florence Hastings is the instructor and her classes are very popular. The gymnasium work consists of Swedish gymnastics and folk-dancing for the Freshman class, Swedish gymnastics, club swinging, and folk-dancing for the Sophomore class, and aesthetic dancing for the Junior class.

Snowshoeing has been as popular as usual this winter, but there has not been much snow, therefore the girls are looking forward with double enthusiasm to horse-back riding and other out-of-door sports. We are hoping for another visit from "Jack Frost" also before the warm weather comes, so that we may enjoy some skating on the river. Colby students need no second invitation when the Kennebec is covered with ice, and the merry crowd of skaters which are seen there on a clear cold day show to all how much the students enjoy this invigorating winter sport.

"The ingredients of health and long life are,
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labor, little care."

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*



From the Realm of Tennyson:—

Prexy (to small girl)—“Yes, stand up—right up on a chair where I can see you!”

Prexy (to a low-voiced student)—“Come, whisper it in my ear!”

Prexy questions Miss M.

Miss M. fails to answer.

Prexy (boisterously)—“O Miss M., if you can’t do any better than that, you musn’t sit in the front row any longer! You are too near me! Ha! Ha!”

Prexy (gazing out of the window, thoughtfully)—“Yes, yes, a hazardous agricultural business—this sowing wild oats.”

Two students studying “Paradise Lost.”

First student (anxiously)—“What was the first fruit of this world?”

Second (drowsily)—“A human pair.”

A little later, first student (knowingly)—“The Lord was a civil engineer.”

Second (arousing)—“No! Really?”

First—“Yes, he must have been. He took a gold compass and marked out the world.”

Still later, first student (wickedly)—“What did the Devil raise when he landed in chaos?”

Second (absentmindedly)—“A—mustache?”

During a little speech of thanks to an attentive audience, a well-known musical director said, reminiscently—“Yes, I often think of my native town among the hills. Why! it is like a little heaven to me!”

A clever professor (in the back row)—“H-m! Maybe it’s the only heaven he’ll ever know!”

The following conversation is true, and needs attention:

Persons—a young man student of Colby College, and a member of the women's division:

He—"I want to advertise."

She (business like)—"In the 'Colbiana'?"

He—"Yes."

She—"What for?"

He (decidedly)—"A wife."

"O!" (gaining her composure hurriedly)—"Well, perhaps if you'll state your requirements, I can help you out."

He (interestedly)—"You can?"

She—"Possibly. Of course, you'll want her to be a good cook?"

He—"No. Not necessarily. I can cook. I've cooked at the Appleton. And besides, I've eaten at Foss Hall, so I can stand most anything."

She—"Well! What about the rest of the housework?"

He—"I'll do that, too."

She (surprised)—"And earn the living besides?"

He—"Yes."

She—"My! but you are an ideal—"

He (interrupting with a flourish)—"But—under one condition only, she must be as beautiful as Venus!"

She—"O!"

He—"Yes! I'll slave for no one short of a perfect goddess—understand?"

She (meekly)—"Yes. I'll advertise in the next 'Colbiana.' "

He—"Thanks."

Editor's Note—(If anyone can possibly fill the bill, please leave full name at room 25).

Quiet hour! Sh! "Cheerful and in good humor, without noise."

Miss M. (in Geology)—"What would happen if the Mississippi flew over its banks?"

"'Snookie', what is the longest thing you know of?"

"The length of time between Herbie's calls!"

(From the "Love and Sentiment" column in *Palmer House Gossip*)—
Dear Lilyanna:

If a girl goes with a fellow for a year, and then gets the mitten, what is the best thing to do? Desperate.

Dear Desperate:

I should advise you to go with some other fellow the next year, get another mitten, and then you will have a pair to keep your hands warm. Editor.

Miss T—'17 (answering telephone call is startled by hearing a masculine voice from the other end of the wire)

"Hello," says Miss T.

"Hello, is this you, mama?" says the masculine voice. Miss T—thinks it is *not* mama and does not hesitate to tell the dear boy so.

Who knows what will come next among Foss Hall dainties?

Miss W— is teaching Domestic Science. Her first lesson was given Feb. 26 to Prof. Maxfield. Subject, "How to Wash Dishes."

Prof. Harry (in Spanish to Miss B.—'16)—"What does John say when he leaves you?"

Miss B.—"Adios."

Prof. Harry (waving his hands expressively)—"Oh, that's too tame, too tame."

Pres. Roberts (in Shakespeare during the grippe campaign) to Miss C—'16—"What does this mean, 'Well, God-a-mercy'?"

No answer.

Pres. R.—"Well, Miss C. what would you answer if I should say, 'How do you do?'"

Miss C— (between sneezes and coughs)—"Nicely, thank you."

Pres. Roberts to Miss H—'16—"What is the meaning of that last line?"

Miss H.—"I don't know."

Pres. R.—"Of course you don't. You're too young. Wait till you've been here longer, and you will know something."

(Still in Shakespeare) to Miss Koehler—"What does that period of Shakespeare's career known as 'Out of the Depths' mean?"

Miss K. (promptly)—"On dry land."

Dr. Black (to Miss H. '16, in Politics)—"That's one reason why I always liked you, Miss H. You're so frank."

Apologies to Ancient Warblers:

Sneezing to left of them, coughing to right of them,

"Midyears" in front of them

Thundered dire consternation.

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs but to fight or die,

Nobly they fought the foe—Foss Hall Delegation.

Hark, I hear a voice way up on the mountain top, tip-top.

Descending down below, descending down below.

It says:

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will drink with mine,

And leave no kiss within the cup, grave peril would be mine.

Not late, I sent a rosy wreath; you returned it with a tip:

"Can't keep your flowers; they smell, I swear,

Not of themselves, but Grippe."

Honor and love to our nurses bold,

Loyally and long shall their praises be told—

Firmness in heart and some pills in hand

Ready to dose and ready to feed, back to convalescent-land."

—E. H. P., '16.

If you're after a regular joke, look in the mirror!

ALUMNAE

Floss Cole, '14, who is teaching in Portland High School, visited at Foss Hall recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stetson have moved to Brockton, Mass.

Lois Peacock, '14, is teaching in Garland, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Allen, now of Northampton, Va., have a son.

Grace Vose, '12, has accepted a position as teacher in a private school in Nyack, N. Y.

Charlotte Gilman, ex-'18, is teaching in Togus, Me.

Nettie Runnals, '08, visited at Foss Hall recently.

Madge Tooker, ex-'18, is assistant principal at Frankfort High School, Frankfort, Me.

Florence Dunn and Alice Purinton have spent two months in the South.

Anna Fleming, ex-'15, is teaching in Bridgton Academy.

Jennie Grindle, '10, has recently announced her engagement to Tom Grindle.

Pauline Hanson, '13, is teacher of History at Hebron Academy.

Mildred Tilden, ex-'16, is a nurse in the Winchester Hospital, Winchester, Mass.

Eleanor Bradlee, ex-'16, who is teaching at Dresden Mills, is engaged to Preston Mitchell, Bowdoin, '15.

Claire McIntire, ex-'16, is a student at the Posse Normal School of gymnastics in Boston, Mass.

Gladys Warren, ex-'15, was married to James Radebaugh of Indianapolis, Ind., on Feb. 24, 1916.

Ruth Manson, ex-'15, is assistant in Solon High School.

Pearle Davis is now Mrs. Albert Steffenson.

Hazel Cole, '12, is a teacher in South Portland High School.

“Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard one makes it impossible.”—*G. H. Leonard.*

“Do all the good you can,
 By all the means you can,
 In all the ways you can,
 In all the places you can,
 At all the times you can,
 To all the people you can,
 As long as ever you can.”
 —*Wesley's Rule.*

“Our distinctions do not lie in the positions we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.”—*J. K. Turner.*

“A good thought will travel as fast an' as far as a bad wan if it gets th' right start.”

EXCHANGES

"Everything and Nothing" in the December *Mount Holyoke*, is a compelling story, full of careful character analysis. It reveals in realistic and vivid way the wild hopes and despair of the girl who is finally "jilted." "How I became Engaged" is a bright little skit with a good laugh to it. "A Foreigner's Feeling in America," by Von Van Ling is a very interesting article, which gives us the peculiar viewpoint of the foreigner. "Seeing people chewing something in the street-car, she at first thinks that they have not had time enough to finish their meals even—but, later she discovers that the Americans are not so busy as she thinks, and that the thing they chew so vigorously is a kind of sticky substance called gum." "The Public Opinion Department," deserves credit for cleverly treating the problems of college life.

The December *Sepiad*, published by the Women's College of Brown University, is exceptionally good in its variety of stories. "The Affairs of the Nation," although not especially appealing, is an unusually strong story. There is the charm of genuine childhood in "The Conquering Red," a real love story of a real boy—of ten. We follow Red's struggle to remove his freckles, and thus to win favor from the girl of his choice very sympathetically. We find two highly interesting and unusual psychological stories in the "Convalescent" and "A Page from Life."

In the February *Sepiad* there is a delightfully original sketch—"I Met a Worm". "The Worm had the same expression that grasshoppers have. I wish I could say exactly what it is . . . There is no look of mirth around those eyes. It is an exceedingly solemn look, and it impresses me that it is an unchanging look. Whatever good times the worms have among themselves, I am sure of this, that they never even smile." The Book Review is a good feature of this magazine, and is handled very successfully. In both these numbers of the *Sepiad* the lack of poetry is quite noticeable.

The January *Barnard Bear* has one very successful short story, "Diane." We follow the hero's love for the fascinating "Diane" from the time they were children and thought together and romped together on the beach. When he is a man, the hero goes away on a long sea voyage, and returns anxious to claim Diane as his bride. Sensing that something is wrong, we notice that the old sea captain, who meets him at the wharf, is a little bit too jovial and talkative, and seems to be keeping something back. At last, when the young man enquires for Diane, the old man can give no answer, but leads him out on the beach and along the sea cliff. "The hot air from the sand and water leaped up and struck me in the face. All the freshness seemed to be gone. Only an unrelenting glare remained. . . . Once as I looked up to see how much farther we were going, I caught a flash of yellow back of a clump of pine trees. My eye held it as it twinkled elusively from behind the green wall. Suddenly, the path ran into the spicy clump and opened out on the other side with the wide expanse of the sea breaking grandly on our view. The sunbeams flashed over the metal surface of

the water and a faint breeze floated past the pines and gently stirred the marigolds on the soft mound.

'She wanted to be laid up here where she could hear the sea and know the wind was stirrin' them yellow flowers,' the Captain said in a low voice, as one who feared to disturb the dead. . . ." The whole story is filled with romantic grace and beauty which gives it wonderful charm.

"Nocturne" in the February *Barnard Bear* is the best poem among the many that we find in its pages. The author has the eye of a true artist:

"The River is the color of mother of pearl,
Gray mother of pearl with pale lights and smooth—
But not like glass—stirring beneath the smoothness."

Sensible, well-written articles on some phase of social service or student responsibility are the chief features of the *Wellesley College News*. "The Papers on the Plain American's Family," that have come out in the January and February numbers, are simply delightful bits of jolly home life transferred to paper. "The Escape from the Rajah Jeer Khan", a poem written in English dialect, is remarkable for its lively spirit and the swing of its verses.

The COLBIANA acknowledges the following Exchanges: *The Mount Holyoke*, *The Wesleyan*, *The Sepiad*, *The Barnard Bear*, *The Wellesley College News*, *The Cornell Era*, *The Parsens*, and *The Nautilus*.

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