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C. J. Cupman

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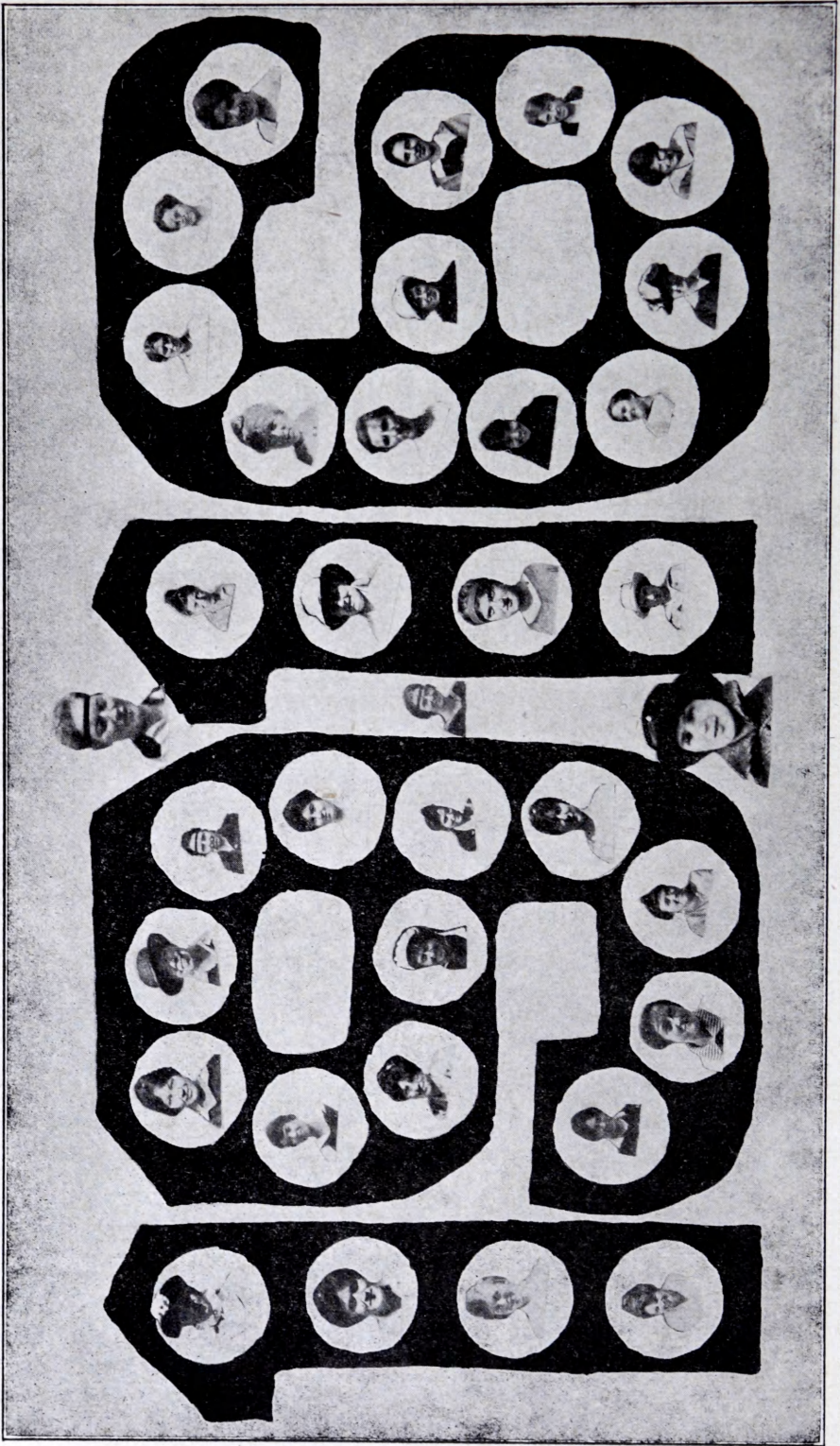
Volume 4

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Number 3

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THE COLBIANA

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THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN

Jane Rounds stood on the back stoop of the farmhouse that faced the "medder road" and watched with deepening disapproval the slow approach of her son, Jed. With her arms akimbo on her bony hips as she stood there, her posture bespoke wrath and determination. Her scanty gray hair was pulled back tightly from her protruding forehead, and brought into high relief the cheekbones and the nose that bespoke almost vicious rigidity of purpose. The thin, straight lips were compressed to a mere slit, the chin was thrust forward, and the only light in the whole face was the steely glint in the grey eyes.

A perception of this hostile attitude must have come to Jed, for, as he neared the house, his glance shifted nervously from the distant horizon, where it had rested, to the ground at his feet. He thrust his hands into his pockets and one shoulder hitched forward as if to ward off an expected blow. His mother watched in silence as he opened the gate and crossed the yard. At the foot of the steps she halted him.

"Well, it's time you were getting home. Where have you been?"

"Jest,—jest down to the village, ma. Was ya a wantin' me fer something?"

"Jest down to the village?" she repeated, suspiciously. "What a doin'?"

"Why, I jest kinder dropped into Mileses a minute, 'n that's all."

"Mileses, eh! Been to see that yeller-haired school-teacher, I suppose. I seen her a smirkin' at you in church, yesterday. S'pose she thinks she'll have you a dangling at her heels like the rest of the fools in town. But she ain't," and she tightened her lips. "Jest put them notions out of your head."

"But, ma," protested Jed, weakly. "I was a aiming ter—"

"Ter what?" cried his mother, exasperated. "You needn't think you're going to marry that good-fer-nothing little chit. What good 'nd she be to me? Do you s'pose she'd be getting up at four o'clock, and helping with the milking and housework? Lot of good she'd be to me, her that ain't bigger'n my thumb. No, sir, Jed Rounds, if you've got to get married you can marry some capable girl that'll be a help to me—I'm about getting tired of working, and want somebody to take hold up here."

"But, ma," said Jed. "Molly kin cook real good, 'n I could do all the milkin', 'n, perhaps, we could get a girl to do the heaviest work—"

"A girl!" snorted Mrs. Rounds. "A lazy trollop that wouldn't know her head from her heels! No, sir, at my time of life, I ain't going to break in any hired girl. You just shine up to Nancy Brown. She'll make the best wife for you, and they say she's the smartest hand at butter-making in the country. You needn't mope around," she continued, as Jed shuffled to his feet in pitiful impotence. "You know, when my mind's made up, it ain't no use to say nothing!"

That was only too true, and Jed felt the sorrowful consciousness of it sink into his heart as he stood humbly there. In a sort of daze, he heard his mother go back into the house and close the door. He sat slowly down on the steps and let his head rest in his hands. He might have known it would come, this opposition of his mother to Molly. She could think of nothing but housework, and the milking. But Molly stood to him for something above these mundane things. She was the sweetest thing that had ever come into his life. Not alone her pink cheeks, her wavy hair, her slim and graceful figure,—which were such a contrast to the heavy, clumsy, drab-colored country girls,—made him love her. But her attitude of mind, her sunny optimism, her feeling for the romantic, her gay conversation, which seemed to Jed a vista of a new life, one which was not all unremitting labor, but one which was lightened by glimpses of another world, more full of life than his own. In thoughts of Molly he had made the dull days go more quickly; the consciousness of her interest in him had quickened all his senses and stirred his ambition.

With a feeling almost of repulsion he thought of Nancy Brown, of her coarse hands, reddened by much exposure, of her loud, hard voice, of the ungraceful simper with which she was wont to greet him. He had seen in her eyes a softness for him, and, man-like, that had not availed to make him fonder of her. But with a feeling of perfect helplessness, he realized that he must give Molly up. His mother had been right in her statement that her will was not to be broken. His father had been a victim to that tyrannical will, and he, bound by the submission of a life-time, could not revolt, now. Even if he could evade his mother's surveillance and marry Molly, even if he could succeed in bringing her here to the farmhouse, the life of work and exposure would be too much for her. He could not bear to see her prettiness deadened, her high spirits quenched by the deathly monotony of the farm life. No, he must give her up, but he would stave off the inevitable marriage with Nancy as long as possible.

His mother came out on the porch, again, as he arose wearily.

"Finished yer mooning, have yer? The quicker you see Nancy and get things settled, the better. 'T will get those ideas about the schoolmarm out of your head. Remember," almost with a softening of her manner, "it's all for your own good, boy."

"I suppose you think so, ma," said Jed, slowly. "But," with a final flare of resentment and passion, "if it doesn't turn out right, remember it's you who's to blame, and not me!" With this parting shot, he turned down the road. It might as well be done now as any-time, and, perhaps, as his mother had said, Nancy would take up his mind and ease this pain in his heart.

But it was with leaden steps that he made his way toward Nancy's house. It was as though all his will was against it, only the thought of his mother's indomitable spirit urged him on.

From the kitchen window Nancy watched him come and her poor heart made a tremendous leap under her faded gingham dress. "Jed Rounds coming to see her! What could it mean?" She had worshipped Jed, as far as her unimaginative nature had the ability to worship. She had cast shy glances at him from afar, even though her commonsense had told her that she had not the slightest degree of

attraction for him. With sullen envy, she had noticed his attention to the school-teacher, she had rebelled against the fate that had made Molly in all respects fair to look upon, and, still more, the fate that had chosen Jed Rounds to be attracted to her. She sensed that it was more than the physical in Molly that Jed loved, but, in her in-artistic, clumsy way, she had sought to imitate her in ways of dress, and even, in the seclusion of her room, had tried to adopt some of Molly's graces of bearing and attitude.

Now she was all a-flutter as Jed knocked at the door.

It is useless to picture, in detail, the scene that followed, which was one of incredible torture to Jed as he saw the pitiful soul of the girl through the flimsy, awkward subterfuges of coyness and hesitation which she essayed. The note of flippancy which she struck jarred on him, and the quick, painful blush which covered her face cut him to the quick as he realized that he was making a tacit promise of what he could not give her, what he was debarred from giving her for the very reason of her wanting it. Affection, even liking, for her he could not have. He had to steel himself by remembrance of his mother's determination in order to keep himself from bolting from the house.

When he had gone, Nancy could indulge in the transports from which his presence had restrained her. It was not a very exalted passion that she felt but it was the greatest happiness that her starved life had ever known.

"At last," she thought, "I have gotten ahead of that tow-haired school-teacher. Her pink dresses and smiles didn't do her much good after all. I got him away from her, spite of all her airs." So she exulted in her rival's discomfiture.

As for the curly-haired Molly, when she received the halting, despairing note that Jed wrote her, she shed a few tears, gazed with sadly reminiscent eyes up where the farmhouse stood out, bleakly against the sky, then shrugged her shoulders and fell to considering the next applicant on her list. Her heart had been but slightly touched; she was the unsuspecting cause of the tragedy of the three lives.

It was the evening of the wedding day. Jed had brought home his bride, in the country fashion, to the night meal at his mother's house. Mrs. Rounds wore a supremely satisfied air. She had accomplished her desire, as always. She looked with satisfaction at the healthy red in Nancy's cheek, at the large, strong hands which showed signs of vigorous work. Here was a daughter-in-law who would be a "staver" for house-work, as she had been. "No nonsense about her," she reflected.

Nancy was extremely conscious of her wedding finery. She had taken, even while she scoffed, the "school-marm" as her model. There was the frilly collar, which set so charmingly on Molly's neck, but which, as Jed said to himself, "looked like celery around a beet" on Nancy. Especially was she proud, however, of the new, tight, shiny, high-heeled shoes, such as she had seen Molly wear. She was intensely vain of them, and kept pushing her foot out that Jed might notice her up-to-dateness. Scornfully, she noticed the broad, flat, misshapen shoes that Mrs. Rounds wore, quite forgetful of the fact that such had she worn until within a short time.

"Jed," said Mrs. Rounds, "fetch me a jar of milk from the cellar. I want some cream."

"Oh, let me go, ma," said Nancy, eagerly. "Jed ain't supposed to work to-day," with a coquettish glance at him.

She started across the room to the cellar door, the unaccustomed, vain high-heels caught on the threshold, she clutched at space, and fell, an inert heap, at the foot of the stairway, a huddled mass on the stone flooring.

Mrs. Rounds arose from her chair with an impatient exclamation.

"Sich clumsiness!" she exclaimed. "Be ye hurt, Nancy?" There was no answer from the form on the cellar floor.

"Don't touch her, ma," said Jed. "I'd better get the doctor for fear she's broken a limb."

A few hours later the doctor came down from the room where they had carried Nancy, returned to consciousness, but moaning.

Mrs. Rounds was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs.

"S'pose I've got to carry up her meals and wait on her hand and foot till she gits better. She won't be in bed more'n a day or so, will she, doctor?"

Something in the doctor's face made her blench, and her hands clutched at her thin bosom.

"For goodness' sakes, speak up man! When'll she be down?"

"She ain't coming down, Jane," said the doctor, slowly. "As long as she lives she'll be a helpless cripple."

She lived for thirty years.

REALITY

I stepped from the boat of the happy past
 To a future, untried and unknown;
 And the soft-lapping waters seemed wishing to tell
 Of a dream-life and pleasures alone;
 But the treacherous sands, as they ground on the shore,
 Drew me back from the castles I'd wrought
 To the streets of the city—crowded with men,
 In the toils of the laborer caught.

Yet, over the heads of the common crowd,
 Still I searched for a vision to guide,—
 When there beckoned a star, leading on, in the sky,
 Neither halting nor turning aside;
 And I found that the path I had sought was here,
 In a humble and hard-working throng,
 Chered on, o'er the sands, through the streets, and the mob,
 By a purpose, a will, and a song.

WHEN BAD BOYS ARE NOT BAD

He was a bad boy. There was no question about it. Hadn't he been repeatedly informed of that fact by that unsmiling, sharp-faced, and sharper-tongued pedagogue, Miss Emeline Bascom? And that, too, while forty pairs of ears were listening to the now familiar story of his misdemeanors, and forty pairs of unsympathetic eyes were watching for some inkling of his next escapade. For he could scarcely plan them fast enough. The familiar tongue-lashing from his tormentor was merely the signal for new hostilities. It was expected of him. That was his part in Room 14's cast of characters, and he musn't fail.

Sometimes he wondered what would happen if he fooled them all some day and lived a respectable existence, like some of the eminently proper little gentlemen of that Eighth Grade. But no, it would never do. He could almost see the look of surprise—yes, even disappointment on Miss Bascom's face. Ugh! how he hated the woman, with those piercing black eyes that scarcely needed the gold-rimmed spectacles on the end of that long, precise nose that invariably scented trouble long before it appeared. For three years he had never failed in what she had expected of him and now, as the Spring term was closing, he felt that this was the end for him. He had not succeeded in passing to another grade, and three years was long enough.

That night there was a consultation in the teacher's room of the North Street Grammar school, the result of which was that Billy James received, on the following morning, a small white card which, to his astonishment, nay, even consternation, signified what would seem the impossible,—he was promoted to Grade IX.

During the long summer months while Billy was sweating over the odd jobs about town,—for, in vacation, he was a workingman,—he wondered how his little escapades would be appreciated by the new teacher and if he hadn't better be prepared with a few new ones. The others were rather stale, and—"variety is the spice of life."

The sixth of September brought with it the fifty restless youngsters to Room 15. It was with more than one qualm that the big blue eyes of Miss Hadley watched Billy march in that morning. His reputation had preceded him, and there was scarcely a teacher in the building who would covet the privilege of placing his name on her register. And then she straightened up. "I don't care; he deserves a chance," she thought, "and what's more, he'll get it before he's put on the black list of *my* school. After all, 'There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.'" And she smiled happily to herself as she called the school to order.

At four o'clock that afternoon as Billy was donning his overalls, preparatory to doing the afternoon chores, he reflected. From the standpoint of a bad boy, the day had undoubtedly not been a success. Somehow, everything had failed. Why did school teachers have to be so young and good looking, and cheerful, too? It was positively out of place. And why would they smile and believe in the respectability of a very evidently bad boy when their proper cue was a sound scolding? It would evidently be necessary to change his tactics.

But as time went on Billy felt less and less inclined to "change his tactics." His school mates had no more faith in him than on the first day of school—but Miss Hadley, well, it was good sometimes to be considered a gentleman even if one were a hopelessly bad boy. He could not possibly have told how the miracle was performed, but he no longer seemed to hanker after the old excitement of planning and executing those hazardous, yet soul-delighting, campaigns. He even caught himself staying one night and offering to clean the boards, and, after that, the rest was easy. From that day, he was her slave—he minded little the derision of fellow students,—he even forgot that once he had disgustingly catalogued "teacher's pets" far below him in his social scale.

They were wonderful days for the Bad Boy. And he had made some discoveries, too. When one's time is not occupied with perfecting schemes, one has time for other matters, and Billy had unquestionably made his classmates look to their laurels in the way of scholarship. The custom of years could not easily be undone and Billy was no star, but at least he had led them a merry chase, and, when he realized that there was one person in the world who did not believe him to be absolutely bad, he felt that his efforts had not been in vain.

The days were beginning to lengthen now and the children grew more restless. Miss Hadley's cheer was a little forced at times and her temper sagged sadly from its wonted security. Spring was a bad time in which to manage a bunch of the liveliest youngsters in town. Then late in April came one of those horrible days in schoolroom chronicles when everything goes wrong. Never had there been so many books and rulers dropped at once, before. In vain she reminded them that they were not allowed to crunch paper. They would forget. Leads would get broken, and Robert would insist on whispering to his neighbor across the aisle.

The forenoon passed at last, and at noon Miss Hadley set herself stoically to the task of making the best of an unlucky day. The class was scarcely seated when up flew Robert Smith's hand.

"Miss Hadley," he said, "my watch is gone. I left it hanging on the nail in the dressing room under my coat when I left to play ball, and it isn't there."

The school looked blank. Yet every suspicion centered about one boy—

"Does anyone know anything about Robert's watch?" asked the teacher.

No response.

"Was anyone with you in the dressing room?" asked Miss Hadley.

"Billy James," said Jim. "He left just after I did."

With a sinking heart, Miss Hadley felt that there lay the solution.

"William, do you know anything about Robert's watch?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, I haven't seen it," responded Billy, as though that were the end of the matter.

"William," she said, gently, but with the slightest note of exasperation creeping into her voice, "there has been no one else there, since."

There was absolute silence, while Billy struggled with an overpowering sense of utter bewilderment and consternation. Finally he realized that those words were actually addressed to him.

As one in a dream he arose and walked down the aisle without a glance at the silent figure at the desk. He could not get out of the hateful place fast enough. The breeze felt good to his heated brow and he walked out into the fresh country fields, now blue with the first violets of spring. Away from people—interminable people—who always thought one was a bad boy,—all but one. And how different she had seemed. That she could believe him capable of stealing,—and from that miserable insignificant sissy of a Robert Smith,—the thought was intolerable. He would never go back. That was certain. Bad Boy he had begun, Bad Boy he would end, and before he knew what he was doing he had thrown himself flat on the ground and begun to sob as though his heart would break.

Two hours later he marched with a determined air back over the same road. Only the pathetic droop of his shoulders signified the despair into which he was so suddenly plunged. True, he had been openly and publicly insulted, but he could not help it. She had given him the happiest year of his life, and, above all, up to this fatal day, she had trusted him—and he worshipped her for it.

She would be gone now and he could slip the big bunch of field violets—her favorites—on the desk without anyone knowing—that must be his only good-bye.

He crept along the hall to Room 15, but, hearing voices, he waited. Why, that was his own name! And now he began to listen, intently.

"It's the biggest mistake of my life," he heard a familiar voice saying, and through the crack, he caught sight of Superintendent Hinds.

"It was nonsense to suppose Billy knew anything of the matter," continued Miss Hadley. "Why, I'd trust the boy with anything I possess; and now my miserable temper has done an irreparable wrong to the best and truest-hearted pupil I have."

Without waiting for more Billy crept silently down the hall. There would be time later. And perhaps after all he'd better finish out this term of school.

The next morning Miss Hadley caught sight of a tiny paper hidden in the big bunch of violets on the desk.

"Dear teacher," she read. "You're the squarest person I know. You know a bad boy when you see one, and you know when a bad boy ain't bad. I love you."—"Billy."

She looked up quickly. "Yes, Robert? what is it?"

"Please, Miss Hadley, ma found my watch in my coat pocket when I got home. Guess it dropped off the hook when I took my coat down. Thought you'd want to know about it."

SLEEP

"How sweet is balmy sleep!" sing the poets. They were probably troubled with insomnia. Sleep, under those conditions, adds to its inherent delights all the allurements of the unobtainable. But when sleep turns wooer, calls you, tempts you, throws its spell of enchantment around you, and sprays the brain with its subtle opiate—all this when circumstances absolutely forbid the yielding—then does sleep become a relic of barbaric torture. It may be after a walk to church on a crisp Sabbath morning. Your mind and spirit are clear

and alert. The moments pass. The opening hymn is sung; the Scriptures are read. The air becomes warm and close; the minutes go more slowly. Another hymn is read. The minister starts on his long prayer. Your spirit is willing, but the enchanter, sleep, is determined. The words of the preacher become a distant hum. Conscience prods attention and says "Wake up!" Attention shakes itself and wakes up. The blood runs heavily in the veins; the whole body seems weighed down by it. Attention nods. Conscience rouses itself once more, but its words are lost. An ugly little pain in the back of your head turns over, and growls, "Go away and leave me alone." Then conscience also nods, and looses its hold on the sources of control, and great sleep-tears roll down your face. The active discomfiture awakened by this phenomenon puts sleep to rout for the time. But defeat in one skirmish will never discourage it. It will lie in wait for you. And sometime,—when you have a theme to write, perhaps,—sometime it will get you.

THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE WORLD

Just as, in art, we turn to the land of Egypt to study its first crude beginnings, so it is in the field of literature, in the fertile country of the Nile, that we find our earliest records. Here, nature, herself, holds fast to the idea of duration and perpetuity, and man, reflecting her ideas, places material immortality above all else, both in his everyday life and his religion. Thus it should not seem strange that in this land, above all others, we find the beginnings of things. Here, for us, civilization began; here, the first artists were born; here, the first books were made; here, we find the sciences in embryo.

The fame of Phidias, Myron, and Praxilites will never pass away; their names are familiar in every tongue. But how many have heard of the works of the early Egyptians, have marveled at that wonderful art found in one of the caves of Egypt, have wondered who were the artists who so painstakingly depicted the scenes on the walls of the Egyptian tombs, and have asked themselves what manner of men they were?

Should it not call forth a flush of shame that we, living in an age of such enlightenment as we consider ours to be, can spare no time to consider the works and struggles of these earlier peoples, who have made our own culture and refinement possible? In this age, when every moment seems occupied with the most vital and pressing questions of the day, many things are crowded out of our lives because they have been placed under the ban, "impractical." It is a stirring time of social reform and advancement; people, as a class and as individuals, are claiming more and more of our time and thoughts, calling louder and louder for our undivided interests and attention. "Things" must be left unnoticed. We must live in the present, and live among people.

Yet, after all, we sometimes find it hard to believe that many are born, even in these busy days, who have not that love of all things old and forgotten, who hear not, nor understand the voices of the ages

which are gone; whose hearts are never filled with wonder and yearning toward the dim, far-reaching past. If there be such, they have missed much.

If we are to live, and live deeply in the present, we can not afford to neglect the past, for, without some comprehensive knowledge of its vast extent, and the things that have been achieved, our perspective is narrowed, our efficiency is impaired.

The maxims of Ptah-Hotep are of three-fold interest to us: it is the oldest book in existence; it gives us a clear and unprejudiced account of the civilization of the time in which it was written (4500 B. C.); it is the earliest philosophical writing.

We are apt to regard Seneca, Plato, and Aristotle as the fathers of this science of philosophy, if such Ptah-Hotep may be called, but long, long before this day, in the sunny land of Egypt, there lived a seer who was commanded by the king to speak to his son. "Instruct him then, in the words of old time; may he be a wonder unto the children of princes, that they may enter, and hearken with him. Make straight all their hearts; and discourse with him, without causing weariness," said the king.

How many books had been written before this one, how many civilizations had already risen and declined, we have no way of knowing. But we are certain that books were written before this one, and it is little less than a miracle that this one has been preserved for us. How many of our books would last half as long?

The Prisse Papyrus, as it is called, was secured by a noted French archaeologist, M. Prisse d'Avennes, and was published by him in 1847. The exact place of its discovery is not known. M. Prisse bought it from an Arab whom he employed to make excavations, and it is believed to have been found in the tomb of King 'Entef. The papyrus was presented in 1847 to the National Library at Paris where it is still kept.

The papyrus roll, when spread out flatly, is about 23 ft. 7 in. long, with an average height of 5 7-8 in. There are eighteen pages of hieratic writing. At first, the roll seems to be in perfect condition, but a closer examination of the contents shows that an unknown quantity is missing from the first part. The roll originally contained two books, the latter half of one and the whole of the second have been preserved for us. Between the two books there is a blank space of some fifty-three inches.

This first book, of which only two pages remain, has been called the Instructions of Ke'gemni, and is a treatise on deportment. On a closer examination, however, we see that it is not said to be written by Ke'gemni.

After a blank space from which a third book may have been erased, we come to the Instructions of Ptah-Hotep. There is much of the human element in the instructions of this ancient Egyptian, and from his book we are able to visualize the life of his day. This was five thousand years ago, and human nature has not seemed to change much even yet.

In reconstructing in our minds the life of these people, we must take care to remember that, without doubt, the gulf between teaching and practice was as great then as now. We must not forget that it is a

curious fact of human nature to know the better and follow the worse. We have in this little book the teachings of the people, but we can by no means feel sure that they lived up to their ideals.

Ptah-hotep takes us into the most vital life of any nation,—the life of the home. We are made, at the very beginning, to feel the stress which is laid on filial duties,—the high position of woman, in sharp contrast to the custom of other Eastern nations, may be seen in the maxim on the care due a wife. “Gladden her heart during thy lifetime, for she is an estate profitable unto its lord. Be not harsh, for gentleness mastereth her more than strength. Give to her that for which she sigheth, that toward which her eye looketh.”

With a keen insight into the social orders of the day, he has laid down instructions for a man as he deals with superiors, equals, and inferiors.

We see the guests seated at the table of a great man hardly daring to lift their eyes, speaking only when spoken to, and receiving those things the host gives them, according to his love for each; the less fortunate man comforting himself by the reflection that “even the eating of bread is under the providence of God, and he is an ignorant man that disputeth it.”

They understood thus early that “there’s no remedy; ’tis the curse of service. Preferment foes by letter and affection, and not by old gradations where each second stood heir to the first.”

To the servant Ptah-Hotep urges humility of spirit and faithfulness in the performance of duty. To the master he commends benevolence, graciousness, and steadfastness of purpose. “Cause the rules that thou hast enjoined to be carried out. Be not lavish of favours. Be gracious when thou harkenest unto the speech of a suppliant.”

The light in which learning is regarded is very interesting as set forth in the first maxim:

“Be not proud because thou art learned, but discourse with the ignorant man, as with the sage. For no limit can be set to skill, neither is there any craftsman that possesseth full advantages.”

This tolerance of ignorance should be noted in contrast to the scorn shown to the obstinate fool in the fortieth section:

“As for the fool, devoid of obedience, he doeth nothing. Knowledge he regardeth as ignorance, profitable things as hurtful things. He doeth all kinds of errors, so that he is rebuked therefore every day. At chattering speech he marvelleth, as at the wisdom of princes.”

The greatest virtue to be sought seems to have been obedience. It is mentioned again and again:

“Excellent in hearing, excellent in speaking, is every man that obeyeth what is noble; and the obedience of an obeyer is a noble thing.”

“Obedience is better than all things are: it maketh good will.”

“It is good indeed, when a son obeyeth his father; and he (his father) that hath spoken hath great joy of it. Such a son shall be a mild master. . . . He shall be comely in body and honoured by his father. His memory shall be in the mouths of the living.”

As to the style of the writing, it seems almost unnecessary to point out the close resemblance to the books of Proverbs in the Old Testament, Wisdom of Solomon and Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha.

Some one has said that in studying any code of ethics, it is almost as important to observe the things omitted as those that are set down. One very striking thing about this work is that in a country where the gods were too numerous to mention, and religious rites were faithfully performed, there is no mention of the duties to the gods, and indeed, they are hardly spoken of. We must believe that Ptah-Hotep, in his far-seeing wisdom, avoided direct reference to his own gods, because he did not wish his work confined to those few towns or districts in which his gods were worshipped. Indeed, he was so skilful that the modern reader, without the least trouble, might consider them references made to his own deity, if a Christian, to God, a Mohammedan, Allah, or a Jew, Jehovah.

Battiscombe Gunn has summed up the teaching of Ptah-hotep's saying in the words, "Be good, and you will be happy." Not that the Egyptians believed that virtue was its own reward or that it would bring great happiness in some other world, but that the good and virtuous would surely prosper in this world's goods.

TO A CLOUD

You're nothing but a little dash of mist
 Gleaming bright against the summer sky—
 You float along, by sunbeams lightly kissed,
 And fade away to nothingness, on high.

Beneath the boundless arch of heaven's blue
 We sit and gaze at you, and dream.
 Dreams fade away and disappear—like you;
 For lovely things are never what they seem.

O misty cloud, O fairest dream of day,
 You're wonderful and fascinating, too;
 But let us grasp the real things while we may
 And leave the dreams till days when dreams come true.

A TRIBUTE

The youth of Ulysses S. Grant was characterized by nothing remarkable. He consented to go to West Point to school in order that he might visit New York and Philadelphia; to him came no vision of a military career—he did not even dare to fight a duel! But when the great war began, the most able, cool-headed, and resourceful general was Ulysses Grant. He was everywhere urging, inspiring. He had always hated to see men get excited—and not even war excited him.

The fact that Ulysses Grant wrote his own memoirs has helped to keep him and his peculiar nature alive in Northern hearts. In these memoirs, he tells of his own encounters so casually and calmly that they are not half so exciting as a football game.

War seemed to arouse his military instinct until he was filled with it more than any other man of his age. It is said of him that, "having begun his career by breaking an untamed horse, he ended it by breaking the Confederacy."

Linked to his genius in battle were those qualities of simplicity, unerring justice, and strict adherence to duty and to the call of his country; these have immortalized his name forever.

The Book-Shelf

"The Pentecost of Calamity".—*Owen Wister.*

"Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host."—*Emerson.*

If one wishes to gain a clear, compact idea of the causes and effects of the Great War, he can do no better than read Owen Wister's "The Pentecost of Calamity." It is a small volume with scarcely over a hundred pages, yet it presents a broad outlook, a deep insight and a firm conviction that are wonderful. The style is clear-cut and forcible, quite in keeping with the writer's decided views.

In the first part he gives us a charming picture of Germany as he saw it a year before the War. Here he does not hesitate to criticize America harshly: "Look where you might, beauty was in some form to be seen. . . . a harmonious spectacle was the rule. I thought of our landscape, littered with rubbish, and careless fences, stumps of trees, hideous with glaring advertisements, . . . and of the disfigured palisades along the Hudson River. America was ugly and shabby—made so by Americans; Germany was swept and garnished—made so by Germans," and again, "But the great luxury, the great repose, was that each person fitted his job, did it well, took it seriously. After our American way of taking it as a joke, particularly when you fumble it, this German way was almost enough to cure a sick man without further treatment."

Then the writer draws the curtains away, and shows us that this celebrated German efficiency, the order of the country and the contentment and well-being of the people were a result of the *Kultur*,—the Prussianizing of Germany—that was capable of giving the school children a holiday to hear a great opera and a holiday to celebrate the sinking of the *Lusitania*. He explains that as the French Revolution and our own Revolutionary War were stirred up by the thought and literature of the time so this great German plunge was influenced by the Prussian Creed, voiced by such writers as Machiavelli, Nietzsche and Treitschke.

In a wonderfully sympathetic way war is glorified—inasmuch as it means the spiritual awakening of the people—the rebirth of the nations. With several touching stories he reveals the cost of it all, but he makes the real tragedy fall on Germany.

At the close America, the apostle of liberty and freedom, is reproached bitterly for her apparently indifferent attitude toward those who are fighting against the deadliest assault ever made on Democ-

racy.—“Since August, 1914, we have stood listening to the cry of our European brothers-in-Liberty. They did not ask our feeble arm to strike in their cause, but they yearned for our voice and did not get it. Will History acquit us of this silence?”

Such observations of the writer are hinged on strong, powerful thought; and the reader keeps on thinking hard after the book is finished.
E. R. R., '16.

“Dead Souls,” a translation from the Russian of Nikolai Gogol by Stephen Graham.

This book is said to be the greatest humorous novel in the Russian language. Like “Don Quixote” and “Gil Blas” it is the story of a man wandering from house to house, from estate to estate, along the lonely barren roads of the Russian country. As he says himself, his existence long resembled the condition of a vessel buffeted by storms.

This wanderer, “Paul Ivanovitch Tchitchikoff, Collegiate Councillor, landed proprietor, travelling on his own private business,” as he so designates himself to the police, has a wonderful dream of having an estate of his own with a vast number of serfs, and has hit upon an ingenious plan for making money.

In the days of serfdom in Russia, the serfs were referred to as souls and the size of a proprietor’s estate was reckoned by the number of “souls” upon it. Tchitchikoff went about from landowner to landowner, inquiring how many serfs had died since the last census and persuading them to make these “dead souls” over to him on paper. Although the dead serfs were of no use to the proprietor they did exist technically and could be transferred. So Tchitchikoff purchased several thousand “dead souls” hoping to raise money on this security.

Out of these adventures is made the story and it is a humorous, sometimes satirical, often tender picture of Russian country customs and types. It is said to be the outpouring of Gogol’s own passionate love for his country and that the writing of it broke his heart. As he himself was deep into the soul of the Russian people, with their reckless, lavish, wild heartiness, he makes Tchitchikoff the embodiment of these national traits.
K. H. S., '16.

“The best heads that the world ever knew were well read, and the best heads take the best places.”—*Emerson*.

Have you read these new books?—“Hoosier Chronicle,” by Meredith Nicholson; “Glory of Clementina,” by W. J. Locke; “Landloper,” by Holman Day; “Money Master,” by Gilbert Parker; “Star Rover,” by Jack London; “Hempfield,” by David Grayson; “Jerusalem,” by Selma Lagerlof; “House of Cobwebs,” by George Gissing; “H. G. Wells,” by J. D. Beresford; “Rosalind in Arden,” by H. B. Watson; “The Lord of Misrule,” (poems) by Alfred Noyes; “Poems,” by Rupert Brooke; “Park Street Papers,” by Bliss Perry; “My Childhood,” by Maxim Gorky; “Last Shot,” by F. Palmer; “World’s Highway,” by Norman Angell.

How Should We Spend Sunday?

Views of Some of the Girls

Is the Sabbath a holiday or a holy-day? Which do we make it by our observance of it? Is it a day to be used as we please, or has it special obligations of its own which we ought to observe? Do we make it a feast day or a fast day; a time for jollification, or for meditation?

Think ye on these things! !—S. K., '17.

In the hustle and bustle of college life the student is apt to forget what Sunday should really mean to him. After a very busy week he uses his Sunday for a day of amusement. Sunday is a holy day—a day for rest and worship and as such it should be observed. Ask yourself if your Sunday is a holy day or a holiday, then consider which is most fitting to you, a college student.—M. A. T., '19.

Since Sunday afternoons at Foss Hall are so short, it is of the greatest importance that these afternoons be wisely spent. In this period of character-building, Sunday should afford great assistance.

A rest from study on Sundays is to be strongly urged, if only for the added zest with which the studies are resumed the following morning;—the principle not being considered. The resolution that we shall not use the afternoon even in preparation of a quiz will tend to the laying aside of some of the unnecessary things and to the more profitable employment of our time throughout the week.

Reading the best authors can not fail to influence us greatly. It will produce in us a desire for the highest and noblest in all the arts.

All do not give their approval to letter writing. The habit on the whole is commendable. However well we may schedule ourselves, we are never quite able to fulfill our obligations in this respect.

The practice of walking is not to be censured for we should heed the call of the great out-of-doors. When out of doors we are drawn closer to Nature. Our thoughts naturally turn to ideals by which our lives are guided—ideals which can never be too high.

It is unwise to spend too much thought on ourselves, but a few hours once a week devoted to acquaintance with our true selves is very desirable for

“I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

H. L. W. '18.

For those girls who do no outside work, there is absolutely no reason why their studying can not be done before Sunday. But, for the girl who works, it is different. There are girls here in Colby, who, of necessity, spend almost all day Saturday in hard work. They do outside work to earn money; they do their own washing and sewing. By Saturday night, they are too tired to do justice to their studies. Their Monday lessons must be learned. If they are to keep up with their classes, they must study on Sunday. Just as long as Colby has

among its women, students who must do outside work, it seems to me that Sunday study is necessary and justifiable for them.—R. M., '17.

The Sunday problem at Foss Hall is largely a matter of maintaining a certain degree of quiet. The question of studying is one that the individual can best answer—according to conscience or necessity—but quiet hours during a certain part of the day are demanded by the House Rules. These rules have been accepted by the student body, and each girl should feel her own personal responsibility in keeping them. The situation of the dormitory on one of the principal streets of the city should make us even more careful in such respects, for public opinion is a powerful factor in college life as in every other phase of life, and we would best keep it in our favor. A little regard for the comfort of others could also govern us to a great extent. Loud laughter, shouting, boisterous "rough-housing" ought to be the exception rather than the rule, and the minority (fortunately) with whom this form of amusement seems to have developed into a habit, should wake up and realize that by the majority, "it isn't done."—H. D., '17.

Shall Sunday afternoon be reserved as the time for "catching up" on back work, or shall it be jealously guarded as the one-time in the whole week which belongs to every girl to do with as she will—the time in which the problems and cares of the week that is past hold no place whatsoever? The three-to-five quiet-hour plan is invaluable in the need which it is filling. It is the only opportunity which many college girls have of really getting acquainted with themselves—of taking account of stock, so to speak. And to properly observe this, it does not necessarily mean that she shut herself in between the four walls of her room. God's great out-of-doors is the best school as well as the best church in which to think and to learn and to grow into that fullest development which is to measure her service to the world and to humanity when college days have become only a memory.—I.C.'16.

The Sabbath question is a part of the much larger question, what shall we do with our lives? and cannot be solved by itself. So long as we think religion is apart from life, that it is religious to pray and irreligious to laugh, so long shall we think there is a certain incongruity in attempting to mingle worship and recreation in the same day. The woman who awakes Sunday morning exhausted in mind and body from the week's work is in no condition for the spiritual refreshment of the church services. "We can never learn how to rest *in* God on the Sabbath unless we have learned how to work *for* God throughout the week." The well-balanced life of a college woman chooses instinctively the proportions of worship, rest and recreation which makes her Sunday holy.—E. M. H., '16.

THE COLBIANA

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

Editorials

Are you prepared? The watchword of this generation is "Preparedness." It is generally construed to mean readiness for war, but has it not a deeper more significant meaning, a meaning which concerns not only the men of the nation, but also the women and, above all, the college women? Are you prepared? Are you ready to face life and conquer its dangers? Preparedness, in the full meaning of the word, means determination to succeed. Seniors, as you go out into the world, take this word, "Preparedness," with you. Make it your goal and you will conquer your greatest foe, Life.

Seniors—going? It is needless to say that such words bring to us feelings of regret, even sorrow. We wish them success, but we shall miss them—those Seniors whose ability fill us with awe, yet whose friendship has always been helpful, sincere, and true. They have taught us that, the older we grow, the more wonderful do personalities prove to be—the very acme of all influence. But let us skip all such moral lessons, and let us, instead, rejoice in those friendships and enjoy, together, these Commencement days.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR

By Dr. Anton Marquardt

If our sympathy and passion for one side or the other, in that gigantic struggle on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, has not entirely blinded us and made us incapable of judging without prejudice,

it certainly will be interesting to consider, for a moment, what influence the outcome of the war may have upon our curriculum in reference to the prescribed German courses of study in our educational institutions.

At the present time we study the German language to a great extent, having increased the German and Germanic courses continually. We study its literature from its earliest periods to the development of modern High German. We study the structure of the language, learn its inflection and its syntax. The German writers make us familiar with the social life of Germany and give us a fair knowledge of the history of the German people. We try to acquire a correct pronunciation, and even learn the elementary phrases of everyday conversation. We offer scientific courses so that our students can make practical use of their knowledge of German. And by all this we give to them some idea of Germany's contribution to civilization.

Why has the German language received this preference? Is it on account of the close relationship between the German and the English, since English is a daughter language of the Anglo-Saxon, a Low-German dialect? The cognates, those Germanic words that are the same in both languages explain that fact very distinctly. Is it for the sake of using German in business with the millions that have come to the American shores from the Fatherland? Is it on account of the lyrical and dramatic power of its greatest authors? Or, perhaps, it is because of the scientific discoveries that come from no country with greater frequency and greater importance than from Germany. It must be the combination of all these advantages that makes the knowledge of the German language so valuable for the American scholar.

The question now arises: Is this interest in the German language going to continue after the war? May we not expect a reaction, when that union of characteristics that the German, at the present time, possesses over the Russian and other tongues, no longer exists, —especially in a country where a large percentage of the people is no longer able to judge anything pertaining to the German without partiality, where many are even bitter in their denunciation of everything German?

It would be idle to say that there was no danger of such a reaction. In the history of the world, in the sixth century, did not a Germanic race, the Goths, perish, and with them the Gothic language, so that it is preserved only in the translation of the Bible into the Gothic by Bishop Ulfilas?

For more than 21 months Germany has been fighting for her existence. If Germany loses, if her territory is divided up, the German language must lose in importance, and Russian and Italian must gain.

But the German military experts assure us that Germany will win. The whole German people, to a man, have complete confidence in final victory. The Turks and the Bulgarians must share that confidence, otherwise they would not have joined her destiny.

Assuming that, hereafter, no more neutrals will join Germany's enemies, that she will do everything in her power to avoid a rupture with America in meeting "frankly and promptly the American demands," and that the submarine question will no longer appear on the

horizon spreading dangerous clouds, does the present military and political situation give Germany a right to hope for and have full confidence in victory? What has Germany lost in the war up to the present time?

Her greatest loss is undoubtedly her loss in men. According to the latest figures which are obtained from the official German casualty lists, the permanent loss of Germany in killed, imprisoned, and disabled amounts to 1,600,000 men. Her average annual loss, therefore, has been just about a million men. As her annual contingent amounts to 800,000, she is not able to compensate for that loss and her army must get smaller each year that the war continues. Germany has lost almost all her colonies, but as they were of little value on account of the tropical climate, and as the war will be fought out on European soil, probably on the western front in France, the loss is of no great importance. Also the comparatively small area that France has occupied in Alsace-Lorraine is insignificant. Although the war has cost an enormous sum, her experts claim that she can stand it longer than the Allies. It has been shown that she cannot be starved into submission.

How great are Germany's gains, to compensate for her losses? Or how great are the losses of the Allies?

The territory which Germany has gained contains about 170,000 square miles, more than five times the area of the state of Maine, and the estimated population of this territory is about 35,000,000. Almost all the Russian fortresses are in Germany's possession. The eastern and the western German battle fronts are ideal. The Allies have lost more than 2,000,000 men in prisoners. Russia has tried to start several offensives against von Hindenburg, the German commander-in-chief, but without any success. Thus Russia has commenced to send troops to the western front. Also England has officially announced that Australian and New Zealand troops have arrived in France. In spite of all these reinforcements, the allied forces are hardly able to hold, having lost 100 square miles at Verdun. Will they be able to break through the German line and recover the lost territory? I doubt it. For also France has been punished severely. She does not publish any casualty lists, which indicates that her losses have been enormous. Also Italy has sacrificed 200,000 men without material progress. With comparatively small forces Germany can defend her new possessions. Further progress is not necessary for her to win the war. Sooner or later there must come peace again, the sooner the better. Germany will recover quickly. Her steamships will go again to all ports of the earth. Both in England and in France there have been held numerous meetings in which it was decided to continue the study of German in the schools. Also, in America, the higher educational institutions will continue to study the German language, in order to learn the truth that is revealed through it. It is truth that we aim at in religion; truth that we seek in law; it is truth, new facts, that the research work in the sciences furnishes us; it is truth, that eternal principle of justice, which triumphs in history and in the moral development of mankind; it is truth on which is based the progress of the world.

News

On Thursday evening, May 11, the 1918 Chi Gam girls were given a banquet in Foss Hall dining room by the initiates from the class of 1919. The initiates are: Mildred Jordan, Alpha Delta Phi; Lillian Dyer, Helene Blackwell, Mary Foss, and Katherine Hatch, Sigma Kappa; Margaret Totman, Marion Williams, Phyllis Sturdivant, and Harriet Eaton, Chi Omega; Hilda Bradbury, Mildred Dunham, Emily Kelley, and Ruth Holbrook, of Delta Delta Delta.

The Woman's League held its last meeting on Saturday evening, May 6. The meeting opened with a report of the old officers after which Alice Mather, '16, gave a talk on "respect due upper classmen." The special feature of the evening, however, was Miss Gilpatrick, of Coburn, who spoke to the girls on "literature influencing the present war, and literature resulting from it." She spoke especially of the philosophical work of the German, Nietskhe, and of the addresses of the Italian statesman and poet, Dinuccio. Miss Gilpatrick also read selections from Mary Chipman Andrew's "Three Things." Refreshments were served by the Freshmen.

The officers of the Woman's League for the ensuing year are: President, Flora Norton, '17; Vice-President, Dorothy Roberts, '18; Secretary, Alberta Getchell, '19; Treasurer, Lucy Taylor, '17; House Council, Hazel Durgin, '17; Social Committee, Eva Bean, '17; Head of Sports, Phoebe Vincent, '17; Colbiana Editor, Ethel Duff, '17; President of Glee Club, Mildred Greene, '17.

The Senior class day officers are as follows: Prophecy, Antoinette Ware; history, Marion Harmon; poem, Ernestine Porter; address to undergraduates, Marion Miller; ode committee, Alice Clarkin, Lucile Foster, Mina Titus.

The Ladies' annual Glee Club Concert was held at the Opera House on April 27. It was in the form of a Spanish Operetta entitled "The Lost Necklace." The artistic scenery and fanciful costumes of the choruses, together with the able and excellent work of the leading characters, combined to make the whole affair a pleasing and successful production. Solo parts were taken by Marjorie Barker, '16; Mildred Greene, '17; Yvette Clair, '16; Marian Griffin, '19, and Marian Daggett, '17. There were also solo dances by Antoinette Ware, '16, and Marjorie Barker, '16. The mandolin club played between acts.

The initiates for Kappa Alpha are: Leonora Knight, Hazel Gibbs, Grace Farnum, Lucy Allen, Hattie Canham, Lucy Taylor, Margaret Brown, Annie Treworgy, Ethel Duff, Flora Norton, Grace Fletcher, and Madeline Daggett.

The new house committee has made the following rule: "All girls out on any night after 9:45, without permission from the Dean, shall forfeit for a week all privileges of going out evenings." A few of the girls have suffered from the strict enforcement of this rule.

"A Modern Cinderella," given by the Colby Freshman girls in the High School building on March 20, was well presented and greatly enjoyed by everyone.

Ann Caswell and Dorothy Roberts, both of the class of 1918, were forced to leave college on account of illness.

Plans are under way for Ivy Day which comes on June 7. In the afternoon the programme will consist of the planting of the ivy by the Senior class, the various class dances, and the tennis tournament. In the evening the Shakespearian play, "Twelfth Night," will be presented by the Junior class on the Foss Hall tennis court. The cast is as follows: Orsino, Marian White; Sebastian, Flora Norton; Antonio, Mildred Greeley; A Sea Captain, Lillian Tuttle; Valentine, Madeline Daggett; Curio, Helen Cole; Sir Tobey Belch, Lucy Taylor; Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Eva Bean; Malvolio, Grace Farnum; Fabian, Ruth Murdock; Feste, a Clown, Margaret Brown; Olivia, Hazel Robinson; Viola, Phoebe Vincent; Maria, Marian Daggett.

The awards for Sophomore Prize Declamation were as follows: First prize, Jennie Odelle Sanborn; second prize, Helene Bradbury Buker.

At a recent meeting of the Junior class the following girls were elected to take part in the Junior Class-day exercises: historian, Ruth Murdock; poet, Marion White; ode committee, Mildred Greene, Annie Treworgy, Hazel Robinson.

The Hamlin Prize Speaking Contest, open to women of the Freshman class, took place on Friday evening, May 19, at the college chapel. The speakers were: Marian E. Copeland, Vera L. Moore, Phyllis R. Sturdivant, Mira L. Dolley, Elizabeth R. Eames, Lillian A. Pike, Matilda E. Titcomb, Alice V. Barbour, Mary A. Titcomb, Margaret Hoffman, Margaret Totman. Alice B. Barbour was awarded first prize; the second prize was divided between Mary Titcomb and Mira Dolley.

The chapel services have been very interesting of late. Many outside speakers, some of local, others of national reputation, have contributed to make them so. We appreciate the efforts of our Dean in thus increasing our interest in a daily devotional service.

The Colby girls had the unusual pleasure of hearing the honorable ex-President, W. H. Taft speak in the College Chapel on April 28.

The girls chosen to take part in the Junior Exhibition are Ruth Murdock, Marian Daggett, Flora Norton, Margaret Brown, Helen Cole, Floy Strout.

In this year of Shakespearian celebrations we were all glad to listen to a highly instructive lecture on "Shakespeare and Religion" by Professor Neilson of Harvard University. He proved to his hearers the unjustness of the criticism which says that Shakespeare had no religion and no philosophy; that the social, moral and sympathetic natures of his characters show his grasp of religion; that his whole depiction of life, through his plays, reveals his own life to have been full of meaning, significance and philosophy.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Although the Jubilee Month of February is past and gone, we are still hearing reports of the wonderful meetings held, and of the great work accomplished during that world-wide celebration. May the true spirit of that Jubilee Month always remain with us!

On Saturday afternoon, April 15, in the Assembly Room at Foss Hall, last year's Y. W. C. A. cabinet gave a tea to the new cabinet and to the Advisory Board in particular honor of Miss Margaret Flenniken, National Field Secretary, and of Mrs. Maxfield, the chairman of the Advisory Board, who is to leave us. Mrs. Maxfield will be greatly missed, for she has taken an untiring interest in all the departments of Y. W. C. A. work. The Association wishes to express publicly its deep gratitude for her work among us. During her visit, Miss Flenniken was also entertained one afternoon by the Advisory Board, at Mrs. Parmenter's. Miss Flenniken's visit with us this spring was especially helpful and inspiring. Besides individual work with the cabinet members, she addressed the whole women's division several times upon various phases of college work which are open to college women.

The annual Y. W. C. A. dinner was served in the dining room at Foss Hall, Thursday evening, April 20. The members of the Advisory Board were our guests. After-dinner speeches were made by Mrs. Maxfield, Mrs. Crowell, the new chairman of the Board, Miss Katharine Boutelle, and Mildred Greene. Immediately following the dinner, the girls assembled in the chapel for the installation of the new officers. The candle-light service was especially pretty and impressive. Following the old cabinet, the new cabinet marched in, singing the processional hymn. As each of last years' officers retired, she presented the symbol of her work to her successor. The officers for 1916-17 are: President, Mildred S. Greene; Vice-President, Alberta Shepherd; Treasurer, Grace Farnum; Secretary, Helene Buker. Committee Chairmen: Membership, Alberta Shepherd; Religious Meeting, Hazel Gibbs; Silver Bay, Winifred Shaw; Social, Lucy Taylor; Association News, Winifred Greeley; Missionary, Leonora Knight; Bible Study, Hazel Whitney; Social Service, Helen Cole; Music, Marian Daggett.

The Bible Study classes continue to be held in the churches. Mrs. Robert Crowell is conducting a very interesting Eight-Weeks Club class, while Dean Cooper has charge of the Mission Study Class.

On Tuesday evening, May 16, we were permitted to listen to Miss Helen Calder of Boston, Home Secretary for Foreign Missions. She made an inspiring plea to the girls to accept the opportunity of "laying down their life" in service upon the foreign field.

The Y. W. C. A. wishes to express its gratitude for the gift of money recently received from Miss Florence Carll, '12.

And, now, just a word about Silver Bay. "Silver Bay" invariably evokes words of ardent praise from those who have enjoyed its privileges, and words of longing from those who have heard so much about the wonderful conference, and have yet to attend. Let us keep up our enthusiasm, and persuade six more girls to join the six who have already decided to attend the Silver Bay Conference in June.

Student Organizations

The Woman's League

"In unity there is strength." This is a common saying, so very common, indeed, that many times we do not fully realize its truth. For years the women of Colby College have felt the need for some means of close union, some organization under which they might be a united, strong body, working together toward a common end.

As is generally the way, the need was felt long before the remedy was discovered. But, in the winter of 1915, the foundations were laid of an organization which, in the future, will mean more to the women of the college than we can now estimate.

The "Woman's League" is an organization which includes, as its active members, all women students of the college. In this way, all the college women are brought together in a single body; in the League all other ties are forgotten, and the girls stand side by side as college students and girls who are working together toward the highest possible development.

Besides serving its purpose of binding all the women into a single, united body, the Woman's League fulfills a practical end by taking under its charge all outside activities which relate to the women as a whole. The musical clubs, the sports, the editing of the *Colbiana*, and the work of the House Council, all come under the head of the Woman's League, and so are controlled by the whole body of students.

The League is young and the earnest co-operation of all the girls is needed to make it the strongest, most efficient organization possible, and one which, in the future, may be of immense value in furthering the interests of Colby College.

The Purpose of the House Council

When the new House Council was chosen, it was thought that it might be a means of starting Student Government. Toward this end the Council has been working. Co-operation on the part of all is its chief aim. All matters pertaining to the conduct of the girls, are reported to the Council whose duty it is to see that all rules are obeyed. By allowing the girls to decide the punishment in case of offenses, it is thought that a general sentiment against rule breaking may be fostered; and so, by making the girls responsible for conditions in the dormitories, it is hoped that each one will feel that she has her part to do toward making the dormitories pleasant and helpful.

The Foss Hall Reading Room Association has been endeavoring to raise the standard of its Reading Room and, in so far as circumstances permit, it has been successful. This year a Boston daily paper and one new magazine, *The Mentor*, have been added to the subscription list by the association. Through the gift of Miss Margaret Skinner, '12, the *Outlook* has also been placed upon the Reading Table.

Athletics

With the spring days have come a greater joy in the out-of-doors and a keener interest in sports. The two tennis courts have been put into shape, and already many exciting matches have been played off. The experienced players are showing their usual skill, and the beginners, a remarkable willingness to chase balls all over the back yard. The new back-stops are on the way to completion, and doubtless interest in tennis will be keener after this is accomplished, for those elusive balls will then be kept within bounds. A regular tournament is to be arranged soon, and the finals for the championship are to be played off on Ivy Day.

Among the Alumnae

Florence Carll, '12, is substituting at Ricker for Abbie Sanderson, '14, who is at home sick with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Caro Beverage Faulkner, '07, is studying for her degree at the University of Maine.

Mrs. Leebelle Hall Hodgman, '07, and her little son are living with her father in Warren, Me.

Miss Marion Wadsworth Long, '10, is at home in Camden.

Mildred Holmes, '15, is teaching at Mount Desert.

Anne Dudley, '14, is substituting for Ruth Goodwin, '15, in Winthrop.

Alice Becket, '14, is to be married to Mr. Harold Haley in June.

Blanche Farrington, '14, is teaching in Ashland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walden (Bessie Cummings), '12, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Leona Achorn, '10, visited Foss Hall recently.

Emily Cunningham, '15, has transferred from Yarmouth High to Deering High.

Christine Whittemore, '14, is at home.

Lora Danforth, '14, is teaching in East Millinockett.

Nettie Runnels, '08, mathematics teacher and preceptress at M. C. I., has accepted the position of Y. W. C. A. secretary, at Lewiston.

Sadie Pennell, '12, is teaching in Portland High School.

Alice Tyler, '08, has gone from Froublen High School to Hampton Institute.

Pearl Davis, '08, was married to Mr. Albert Seffenson March 3. They are at home at Hempstead, Long Island.

Ethel Chamberlain, '15, is in Fort Fairfield.

Esther Gilman, ex-'16, has announced her engagement to Mr. Elmer York, of Hallowell.

Lois Peacock, '14, who is teaching in Garland, Me., visited at Foss Hall, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bosthman (Sophie Pratt) have a son.

Mrs. Ethel Weston, '08, National Sigma Kappa Vice-president and National Inspecting Delegate of Sigma Kappa has recently visited the Colby Chapter.

Grace Vose, '08, is teaching at Nyack, N. Y.

Cornelia B. Caldwell, of Augusta High School, has lately taken a trip to Greencastle, Indiana.

Florence Cole, '14, is teaching in Portland High School.

Mrs. Abbie Weed Brown, of Antrium, N. H., has a daughter.

The Skowhegan High School Glee Club recently presented the operetta, "The Japanese Girl." Marion A. Steward, '15, who is teaching in Skowhegan, conducted it, and took the part of the American Governess. It was unknown to everyone who the Mikado was to be until the night of the performance when it was found that Mary Washburn, Colby '15, was to play the part of His Royal Highness.

It was with deep sorrow that the many friends and acquaintances of Gladys Warren Radebaugh heard of the untimely death of her husband, Mr. James Radebaugh. The young couple had been married only about two months and had just started housekeeping in Indianapolis, when Mr. Radebaugh was shot by his insane brother. Death came within a few hours. Mrs. Radebaugh will reside with her father and mother at their cottage in New Hampshire this summer, and next winter she will be at home in Waterville.

Exchanges

In reading the various college magazines, there are many things which impress one. In particular, the fact that every college has a definite individuality seems to be brought out clearly. Each paper has an atmosphere of its own. This is a mark of success. The college magazines should be representative of the thought and life of the college from which it comes. Along with this individuality, however, there is the spirit which makes all colleges one. It is the spirit of wide-awakeness, the constant reaching out for new lines of development.

The April number of the *Sepiad* shows this individuality strongly. It is a good all-round magazine showing the complex interests of a college life. The prominence given to college news is worthy of note. While reading them, we seem to be taken at once into the midst of their various activities. *The Wellesley College News* gives us a very different atmosphere. Here, although there is no lack of strictly college news, the spirit does not seem to be as localized as in many colleges. Their interest embraces people and activities beyond the environment of the college walls. The general tone is that of broad culture. Many other magazines might be cited for their individuality, for all possess it, but these two may serve as examples.

The columns entitled "Free Press" in the *Sepiad* and *Wellesley College News* contain a wealth of straight-forward criticism on manners and morals in college life. "Slip Sheets" in *The Wellesley College News* is another interesting column. Corresponding to this the *Sepiad* has its "Pigeon Hole Borrowings." These are simply short sketches, humorous for the most part. Nearly all the magazines have now adopted the department called "Book and Play Reviews." The March and April numbers of the *Paumanok* are especially good in this respect. *The Wellesley College News* has a very instructive Graduate Department

The effect of college on a girl's religion is well brought out by "The College Girl's Religion" in the *Sepiad*. "Seeing Stories", in the April number of *The Wellesley College News*, has a great deal of truth in it. "The Art of Living on an Allowance," in the same paper, is a very humorous account of the college girl's financial troubles. This is the advice she finally gives: "Make it your noble aim to spend as gracefully as Solomon and think as highly as a hermit when the time for high thinking has arrived. When you succeed in this you will, indeed, have mastered the art of living on an allowance."

"In The Morning," a poem in the March number of *Paumanok*, seems to bring out the deep joy which a happy soul feels on a beautiful spring morning when all nature begins to awake. "The Dreamer" in *The Wellesley College News* is also expressive:

"And could ye see the visions dim
Behind my eyelids rise;
And could ye hear the rythm low
That o'er me swinging flies;

And could ye feel the mystery
And the strange, dull, well-loved pain,
Ye'd barter all as I have done
For the sweet death-draught again."

A Last Word

WHAT'S THE USE?

I've studied "European" from October until May;
Have toiled three "outside reading," heard lectures every day.
I've learned why ancient Rome did fall and never rise again;
And heard with awe the wondrous deeds of good King Charlemagne.
I've read of emperors good and bad, the bloody wars they fought,—
But everything that I have learned, I've straightway quite forgot.
In Greek, I've sailed with Homer over "violet-colored seas,"
And marched with Xerxe's motley host across broad Asia's leas;
But, after all the years I've spent in learning ancient Greek,
I am not able, I confess, a single word to speak.
I've read the plays of Moliere, Corneille, and Racine;
But I have not the least idea what any of them mean.
I've learned a few polite remarks like this—"Comment ca va?"
And yet the words I use the most are just "*Je ne sais pas*."
They all assured me German was as easy as could be,
But I have found to my regret it is too much for me.
I study many hours a day and countless pains I take;
Yet only "Hoch der Kaiser!" can I say without mistake.
And, last of all, there's Rhetoric, and jolly old Genung,
Who kindly taught me to respect the good old English tongue,
Who started me on poetry,—a reckless thing to do!
For poetry's a dangerous art, and meant for just a few.
And when I think of writing *themes*,—a secret I would tell,
I wisht I was in grammar school, a-learnin' how to spell!

M. W., '17.

Senior Statistics

NAME	WHAT SHE LIKES	HABIT	GENERAL IMPRESSION	WHAT SHE WILL BE
BARKER	Parsnips, Faculty Teas and "Brownies"	"Brown" study	Happy	Married
BOYNTON	Vacations and ice cream	Reading	Petite	Studious as now
BROWNE	"Zetes"	Reading [?] in the Public Library	Brown and smiley	"Johnnie-cake" maker
CLAIR	Dancing and tennis	Being late to class	Very gracious	A winner
CLARKIN	Floods and Chi Gam feeds	Automobiling	Serious and lovable	Always happy
CRAM	Fourth dimension	Mathematics	Dignified and pensive	Ass't. Librarian
CROSBY	O Boys! Candy! and Chop House	Down to the Plains!	Tall and good-looking	Missionary
FOSTER	Pigs, autos and angel cake	Keeping people waiting	Pleasing but elusive	Home maker
FRENCH	Ginger Ale and Ethics	"Snoozing"	Mischievous	Dignified [?]
HANNAN	"Johnnies" and cream-cakes	"Sh"-ing people	Small, straight and important	Still a ?
HARMON	Geology trips and boxes from home	Playing tennis	Tall, Oriental interesting	A surprise
HINCKLEY	Croquet and sewing	Answering telephone calls	Attractive	Always efficient
HODGKINS	Egg-nogs and "Bugs"	"Picking up"	Striking	Phi Beta Kappa
HUNTON	Snowstorms and Italian	Always on time!	Frivolous	A poet
LANE	Telling fortunes	Writing themes	Interesting	A novelist
MATHER	Swimming and "Alice II"	Primping	Composed and "Germanesque"	War correspondent
McCURDA	Foss Hall desserts	Cleaning house	Demure	Red Cross Nurse
McCURDY	Roses and barbed wire fences	"Wish Max were here!"	Pretty and amiable	Housekeeper
MILLER	J. Bill's History	Filling a chest!	Buxom and rosy	All settled!
MONTGOMERY	Cucumbers and "folks"	Pasting pictures	Small but "to be reckoned with"	Sleeping at 9 A.M.
MOORE	Farmers and campus chats	Blushing	Modest	On the Faculty
MOSES	Country roads	Telephoning	Athletic	Hitching up "Dobbin"
OSGOOD	New shoes	Going walking	Small, pensive	A success
PRATT	Unitarian Hymns	Cooking cakes	Genuine man-hater	Good!
PORTER	Common sense	Plugging!	Studious	Philosopher
E.C.ROBINSON	"Eng. Lit."	Embroidering	Quiet but alive	Prosperous
E.R.ROBINSON	Exercise	Being good-natured	Bustling	Always in a hurry
SEEKINS	Bates' banners	Studying Latin	Small but taking!	Living happily
SINGER	Going up-stream	Getting 100 plus	Tall, magnetic, — beware!	Keeping us guessing
SKINNER	Song: "A Perfect Day"	Reminiscing	Contented	Prof's. assistant
STEVENS	Chicken! !	Gazing across the way!	Pink and white and cosy	Resting at the sea-shore
TITUS	Civil Engineers and apple blossoms	Out after hours	Una Senorita	Always embroidering
TREFETHEN	Classes and K.A.feeds	Reading in library	Small and alert	Editor of "Ladies' Home Journal"
WARE	D.K.E.dances	Visiting	Graceful	Lonesome!
WRIGHT	Beefsteak and Spring-time	Dreaming	Romantic, at times	Done [Dunn] writing themes!

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Silence

I need not shout my faith.
 Thrice eloquent quiet trees and the green listening sod;
 Hushed are the stars whose power is never spent;
 The hills are mute; yet how they speak of God!
 —Charles Harrison Towne.

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