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The Colbiana

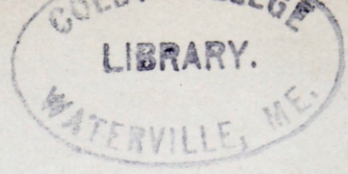


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THE COLBIANA

Volume 5

NOVEMBER, 1916

Number 1

MY COLLEGE AND I

By Cornelia Kelley

What is my college? What am I? Most of us think of college simply as a place to which we go to have a good time, to study a little,—and to do many things which we like to do, but “my” college is very different. Primarily it is not the concrete place; it is the abstract spirit which pervades the place. “My” college is a group of individuals earnestly working together for a definite goal—that of culture. Nor does “my” college work all of the time for there are good times and the formations of class friendships in my class. There are good-natured conflicts and hard-fought battles in my athletics, and there are elevating thoughts and earnest meetings in my Y. W. C. A. Hence, “my” college is a body of congenial and enthusiastic individuals who work, play, struggle, and press onward together. But what part do “I” play in my college? Why, “I” am one of the individuals, one of the four hundred students at Colby who together form the whole. Nor is it enough that I am simply a part of the whole, I must perform my part and strive to maintain the whole intact. I must study to keep up the standard of my college, I must play in order to know the social side, I must struggle to preserve the unity, I must press onward to make my college and myself bigger and better. Just as “I” am a part of my college, so is my college a part of “me”. It is that part which inspires me to do better, which aids me in my struggle for knowledge and friends, which makes of me the perfect person, if I will let it. Thus my college and I are closely related to each other, each is necessary to the other; I am vital to my college, my college is vital to me.

THE CHAPERON

“Bunnie an’ me had twinty-foive cints to spend one day an’ yu kin jist bet we intinded to have a good toime with it. So we done started off down street with our best bib an’ tucker on an’ yer kin belief muh, we cut some swath. Wal, we met some ginks that thar sure was some class ter, an’ they sure did the ‘Johnny knock down’ to us.

“The whole jist of the matter was, that we done kep’ our quarter. An’ what do you suppose them guys done? They done blowed us all to ice creams and then they wan’t satisfied so they got us some pippiments and some roll wafers.

“Wal, we was jist gittin’ ready ter go fur a ride when that old maid aunt of Bunnie’s popped in, an’, when we done tole her what we was a’goin’ ter do, she said she guessed she’d chaperone us.

“So we done went fur a ride, an’ that ole hen sot thar an’ wouldn’t let us say nothin’ ’thout buttin’ in. Make me mad! wal I guess it made me mad! So we cut that ride sho’t I will jist tell you, an’ when we got home we vowed that nex’ toime we took a chaperon with us on a ride, we would leave her ter hum.”

L. D., '19.

Cutting and fitting of ladies’ dresses. Style+satisfactory prices=what you get in No. 38 Foss Hall.—Adv’t.

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Our Colby Y. W. C. A.

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THAT REMINDS ME:

Of the member of the men's division who, in French translation, mistook "leg-o'-mutton sleeve" for "sheepskin cuff"!! Not so bad, was it?

Of the Chop House; it doesn't receive so much patronage this year from the college girls. "On account of the war?"

"The Housekeeper"—An economic love story in the "Colbiana" for January.

Interested mother conversing with her studious son, who, by the way, is a Colby Junior:

Mother: "And what are you studying now?"

Son: "We have just taken up the subject of molecules."

Mother, delighted: "Oh, I do hope you'll practice constantly. I tried to get your father to wear one but he couldn't keep it in his eye!"

Overheard at Saturday night's celebration, as the throng presses about a certain house on College avenue in eager anticipation of a speech:

Ignorant Outsider: "What are they stopping here for?"

Student, full of information: "Why, this is 'Judy' Taylor's house!"

Ignorant Outsider: "Oh, does he play on the team?"

Of the freshmen: It is quality, not quantity that counts this year.

Of the college thermometer with only 2 degrees. Boo!

Oh, that reminds me! "Prex" entreats the boys to learn by heart that gem of Wordsworth's found on page 236 in "Wordsworth's Poetical Works," Astor Edition (*you* all know it, you "Senior Lit" enthusiasts). Before choosing your life's partner, read this most won-

derful poem ever written about woman—especially if you are a cynic.

Everybody Watch Out! Pay-up Day comes soon. Can't you beat it?!

That reminds me—the second installment of "The Footsteps"—that thrilling ghost story—will appear in the January number of the "Colbiana."

That reminds me! This is "The Ladies' Home Journal" number of "The Colbiana"—with apologies to the former.

Of the sophomore who hid under the couch in the poolroom in order to "take in" a freshman class meeting.

P. S. She came out with assistance.

Oh yes, that reminds me! All those who do not take psychology are under a social ban. Evidence of the foregoing found in "Senior Lit." class.

Prex: "Do you take psychology, Miss M——?"

Miss M——: "No, sir."

Prex: "Do you take psychology, Miss C——?"

Miss C——: "No, sir."

Prex: "Do you take psychology, Miss W——?"

Miss W——: "No, sir."

Prex: "How can you afford to spend your time to so little advantage somewhere else?"

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All stand behind our Colbiana.
Give what you have to it.—Adv't.

Lacking—
What? Why, anything.
Borrow it of your neighbor and forget to return it.

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Pictures printed at reasonable prices at Room 15, Foss Hall.—Adv't.

"Ships that Pass in the Night."

By Margaret Brown

There is a place on George's Banks, so the old fishermen tell me, which is very dangerous in bad weather. To the eastward, barring escape to the open sea, is a ridge of sand over which a light-draft vessel may pass on a calm day, but no vessel living can hope to escape in a storm. Inside the bar, the water, wrought to fury by the power of the winds, curls and breaks until the rip-waves bear high enough to reach the masthead with their spray, while the tide eddies and seethes and draws the vessel round and down. It is a wicked place in which to be when a storm is making, and it is little wonder that the fisherman who finds himself on the George's shoal at such a time hustles to get into the dories and bear off before the wind. But the fishermen cannot always tell when a storm is coming; sometimes, they come almost in a flash, on George's. Then all there is to do is to run out extra cables, make fast on board, and trust to good seamanship, strong gear, the good ship, and "fisherman's luck." Sometimes they weather it,—sometimes they do not.

The Parkhurst was much too old a boat for winter fishing on George's, and Bennie Ames, her skipper, knew it. Fifteen long years she had been winter-fishing on the Banks, and she showed it. But Bennie was a young man, and daring; besides, he wanted to earn all he could toward his wedding next month, for all his previous savings had gone into the "Cora Smith," which was then being built. Perhaps you can guess why he had named his new vessel the Cora Smith! At times Bennie almost wished that he had not come out in the old Parkhurst this trip; and, yet, it was great fishing.

All day he had a vague foreboding of something about to happen, but he had shaken it off when the dories began to come in, loaded with the fine cod and had-

dock, which are nowhere else as they are on George's. When the last dory came and the rower had clambered in over the side, he said,

"Did you mind the tide, skipper? An' look to the clouds to the east'ard. There's a bad night for us brewing."

It was only too true. While the vessel had been picking up the dories, Bennie had failed to notice the clouds fast rising in the east and the mournful dirge of the sea which grew louder as the wind rose. Glancing first at the sky, and then at the leaden water, Bennie knew that he was caught in one of the sudden storms on George's, such as he had heard his father tell about.

There was only one thing to do,—put out extra cables and try to ride the storm. He looked off to the other boats of the fleet, rocking in the wind, not far away. They, too, had noticed the signs of the storm. Bennie sniffed the air.

"Better have another look forward there, mate, and see she's not chafing that hawser off. All right? Good!" He cast another look at the clouds, and another look at the sea:

"Might's well give her a little more string. I didn't intend to give in so soon, but Dawes, up to windward here, is paying out more, and, if we don't, he'll be on top of us. Gets worried easy, seems to me. He'd ought to have a patch all to himself, if he's going to occupy so much room, and not be huddled in here with us."

This was early in the evening, with the tide racing to the shoals before a howling northeaster. The sea was not very rough then, because when wind and tide move together, it never is. When the tide turns,—look out.

"Yes, sir, when this tide turns there'll be an extra fine exhibition of tide-rips,

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A Censored Ecapade.

By Marion White

I'm so thankful I didn't elope last night! Because, afterwards, I had a horrible dream about something dreadful happening at home, while I was 'way off in Venice, of all places! You see, Courtney asked me where we should elope to, and I said,

"Venice, of course."

"Why Venice?" said Courtney.

"Because Venice is an ideal spot for a honeymoon." (Extract from a European History lecture, which I had long remembered with this moment in view.)

Well, I dreamed that a telegram came to me in Venice saying, "Something terrible has happened. Come home at once." No name was signed, but I had a ghastly picture of my whole family turning into corpses, while I was miles and miles away—and an eloping culprit at that! And when I woke up I was so glad it was only a dream that I turned over and went to sleep again. But, my being glad doesn't excuse Dick. What right had he to stop me from eloping if I wanted to? Nobody has asked *him* to be my guardian angel! Even if I am glad now, I'm still furious at him. I've wanted all my life to elope. Dick knows it, too; because, when I was five and he was seven, we used to elope, regularly, every morning, out of the barn loft window on a ladder made of sheets; and I used to love it especially when he took me by force, with a bandage 'round my mouth, so I wouldn't scream, and kicking all the way. But, to really elope, in the dead of night, when everything was breathlessly quiet and the moon was round and glorious, and to go skimming over the shadowy roads in a fast little racer, with the wind whistling in my ears and my heart beating wildly,—that was what happened when I eloped with S. Courtney Vanderhessen, Jr.! Or, it would have happened, if Dick hadn't spoiled it all. I can never look Courtney

in the face again. But, I guess he doesn't feel much better, after the way he hustled around to do everything Dick told him to. Dick didn't have a revolver, either. Courtney glanced once at his grim countenance, and then jumped into that little racer and was gone, before I could do anything but gasp. And Dick stood there so quiet and confident, calmly telling me to "get in." I couldn't say a word, but climbed into his car as meek as Moses. All the way home I was storming inside; but, when I tried to freeze him with a cold glance, or humiliate him with a cutting remark, I succeeded only in shutting my eyes before his maddening smile, and stuttering. He treated me as if I were a child, and that was unbearable! When he had brought me back, and had thrown pebbles at Dolly's window, and Dolly had tied all the sheets in our room together and let them down, Dick tied me on the end of them; and when I was too far up to answer back, he said,

"Behave yourself, now, and go to bed."

Ugh! I cried on Dolly's shoulder, and then laughed; and, just as she had me nicely smoothed down and drinking ginger tea like a little lamb, I broke out afresh.

"What's the matter now?" asked Dolly.

"I wish I'd scratched him."

"Whom?"

"Dick," said I, with a last sorrowful wail.

* * * * *

Dick just called me up and invited me to the club dance. I meant to punish him for his wickedness by not going, but the thought of a chance to show him my new evening gown was too much for me, and I told him I would come only because I "would a word with him." I could just

(Continued on Page 24.)

The Footsteps.

A Serial by Selma Koehler

The casual observer would notice nothing extraordinary about the abandoned red farm house, situated at some distance from the road, in the outskirts of one of the many small conservative towns of southern New England. I doubt if the chance passer-by would even give it a second glance, were it not for the two tall, stately elm trees in front, towering high into the air like mighty giants and thus increasing the dwarf-like aspect of the old house. But the people of the town, and they who are acquainted with its history, regard it somewhat after the fashion of a *curio*, something to be pointed out as a landmark, and a source from which to draw inimitable stories to be told around the open fire on blustering winter evenings.

It belongs to a rather large farm of eighty acres or more, most of which is wood and marsh land, and the remainder, a barren stony waste, at best, land which was once devoted to a meagre cultivation of crops. The place has changed hands many times during the last decades, and real-estate agents have availed themselves of the traditional story regarding buried treasure to lease or sell the estate, again and again, to speculative and credulous purchasers. However, no tenant or owner has remained there for any length of time, and rumors soon circulated about the district that the house was haunted,—a story which was readily accepted by the more superstitious of the townsmen, although it was universally known that no farmer, however industrious or diligent, could ever obtain more than a scanty livelihood from its unfruitful and rocky soil.

It happened that a bachelor uncle of mine,—a man in comfortable circumstances, and of an exceedingly adventurous spirit,—took out a short lease of this farm, for reasons not generally known, and made his abode there. It

was thought he intended to make the place over into a country club for celibates like himself, for that had always been a pet scheme of his. If this was his immediate design, however, it never matured, for the house still stands as he left it, though somewhat more desolate and forlorn, perhaps, because uninhabited.

When Uncle Dixon came to the Ware farm—for so the place was called—he had, as a lackey, a Chinese boy whom he had picked up, some years before, in San Francisco. The two lived there alone, Yuan Chan acting in the capacity of maid-of-all-work, doing whatsoever was to be done within doors and out. Yuan had become much attached to Uncle Dixon and obeyed his every beck and call in a manner that was often surprising. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a more devoted and obedient servant than he. And, according to his master, Yuan was a wonder; he could do up shirts and collars as well as the best of his countrymen, and, what was more to the point, vie with any epicurean French chef in cooking and serving a meal. Yuan had only one failing,—an inexplicable horror of being left alone in the house after dark. To be sure, he had little occasion to exhibit this fear, for Uncle Dixon was rather a domesticated old fellow, and, when night came he preferred his own cheery hearth and meerschaum pipe to another's fireside and Havanna cigar. If ever Uncle Dixon did happen to be away in the evening, Yuan would sit by the kitchen stove, in fear and trembling, never deigning to move for any cause whatsoever.

One evening, late in August, not long after Uncle Dixon had taken up his residence in the little red farmhouse, Yuan was left alone, for Uncle Dixon had been prevailed upon to spend the evening at a neighboring farmhouse, about a mile

(Continued on Page 25.)

OF "RUSHING"

By Helen Cole

"What is 'rushing'?" asks a puzzled freshman, but, unlike Pilate, she stays for the answer.

"Rushing" is something which a freshman never heareth definitely defined,—she learneth what it is only by experience. Sometimes the experience is sweet and pleasant to recall, but, too often, the memory of it, in after years, conjureth up scenes of hysterics, bitter weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

"Rushing," as defined by an upper-class girl, differeth widely from the freshman's idea of it. To a sophomore, it is a novel experience, a new field of work; it weigheth as a burden upon a junior; it is as an abomination unto a senior. To the upper-class girl, it meaneth six weeks of nervous suspension at the opening of the college-year. It behooveth her to be constantly on the alert to appear nice, sweet, and lovable to the freshmen; she must be energetic and lively, even though her spirits be depressed; she must be ready to entertain and comfort homesick girls, even if she, herself, be utterly exhausted; she must do all in her power,—and quite unconsciously, of course,—to make her particular sorority the most attractive to the verdant creatures.

And what effect hath all of this upon the freshmen? They are bewildered by so much nicety; their heads are quite turned by so much attention; they are utterly at a loss to know which of these charming and entertaining young women of such sweet dispositions they shall choose for their dearest friends. When the great decision-day finally cometh, many a tear floweth because they cannot all be united in the same bond of Greek-letter mystery.

"Rushing" has existed since the birth of Greek-letter societies; it will die with them. One cannot understand its significance until he passeth through its sorrows, its joys, its disappointments, and its triumphs.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WAR

(As seen near Andover, N. B.)

By Dorothy Roberts

We had set out in a car to follow the Aroostook river to its mouth where it joins the St. John. It seemed to me that, even as we crossed the boundary line, the aspect of the country changed. Over there the land was more hilly, there were more woods, the farms were scattered, and the homesteads set far back from the road. As we went farther and farther, the narrow road twisted and turned over hills and through valleys, following the river which lay many, many feet below us, flowing quietly between deep banks covered with black, green forests. About eight miles outside of Andover we noticed a great many footprints in the road. We followed them into the village where we found a company of soldiers marching through the main street. We stopped the car to watch them pass, and it seemed to me that they were starting even then for the battlefield; so young and strong and eager they looked. Some had strong, good faces, some, young and wistful (one or two seemed at most not over sixteen), others, older and more serious, and still others, coarse and rough, but all of them wore an expression of earnest faith and unquestioned obedience as they carried out, instantly, the clear, sharp commands of the tall, straight, energetic, young officer who marched a little to the left of them. Finally they halted before an old, white house, then broke ranks and burst through the doors with a shout as loud and joyful as though they were returning victorious from a day's fighting. After this, they scattered, each going his way, past the homes and stores of the town. Those men do not know when they will be needed, but they are awaiting, eagerly, the summons. Their parents are not idly mourning, but busily working, working, always working for their country and their king. From every home floats the flag of England,

and, from many, the Belgian flag waves beside it.

Patronize our advertisers.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MAINE

By Elsie Lane

Active and loyal daughters,—of these Maine boasts. She has them in her homes; they fill her schools. Whether it be on the farm, by the sea, or in the town, there you will find them. At Colby we meet them. From Moosehead to St. John, from Presque Isle to Kittery Point, they gather, proud to do honor to her, their Pine Tree State.

They are true Maine daughters. But those women who came here and made homes for themselves through courage and perseverance, gave to us that strength of character, patience, and aggressiveness, which we claim. Strong women they were, determined to make the best of every situation. Let us think fearfully and quietly, and may we act as effectively as we are able, to develop that heritage which is ours.

The first daughters of Maine were refined and cultured. Imagine the sacrifices they endured, in order to educate their children. Maine has had her share of famous women. What child has not lived in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as Harriet Beecher Stowe presents it? We have our famous musicians, and our speakers; but most of all, it is the mothers who are doing things, silently, perhaps, for their daughters, that Maine may continue to be a vigorous and a growing state.

Yet, a little more we claim. We live in a country with a bracing climate, under the atmosphere of wonderful scenery, the grandeur of the mountains, and the rugged shores. These must weave themselves into our characters, and help to make us worthy and faithful daughters of Maine.

Patronize our advertisers.

"APPEARANCES ARE SOMETIMES DECEIVING"

By Lucy Teague

Said the little caterpillar, as he crawled along the ground

And stuck his little, woolly nose in everything he found;

"I notice that the boys and girls don't seem to care for me

As for a snail, or firefly, or a buzzing bumble bee.

They do not know that very soon, I'll throw my furs away

And put on gaudy wings and fly among the flowers all day.

They never realize at all that little, crawling I

Will grow to be—what they most love—a gorgeous BUTTERFLY!"

And so he will. The loathsome looking worm that you see crawling on the walk today may in time become a lovely butterfly. A winged creature he is surely destined to become though he may be only a common miller rather than a "gorgeous butterfly." Most of us know this fact, but how the change is brought about is not so well known. If one is interested in finding out just what does happen, the best way is to capture a caterpillar, and then watch him. If he is to become a moth, before long he will spin a strong silk cocoon, and there he will stay until spring. If the captive is the larva of a butterfly, he will not spin a cocoon, but will become a beautiful chrysalis. The word chrysalis comes from the Greek term, meaning jewel. It is surely an apt expression, for the chrysalids are very much like jewels. The chrysalis state lasts only a few weeks, then the beautiful prisoner escapes through a small hole in one end of its prison.

There are other interesting differences between the moths and the butterflies. One way of distinguishing them is by their antennae. Those of the butterfly are very slender and are tipped with tiny knobs so that they are often called club-

shaped antennae; while those of the moth do not have these knobs, and, instead, are often feather-like. The coloring of the two classes of insects is a point of difference also. Moths, as a rule, have softer colors. Those of the other class are more often brilliant. This is especially true of the butterflies of the tropics. Perhaps the most generally known distinction is that moths are night-fliers, while we always see butterflies during the day.

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RECOLLECTIONS

By Josephine Rice

I had just settled myself comfortably in my seat in the train and was looking around me to see who my companions for the long ride were to be, when suddenly from the seat behind me I heard the words:

"Do I remember Professor _____? Well I guess I do. He—" The rest was indistinct; but I had recognized the name, and my curiosity was aroused. Glancing hastily over my shoulder, I saw two men, both about middle-aged, talking earnestly together. Their tones were rather loud, and, though I had no wish intentionally to listen to their conversation, I could not help hearing something of what they said. They were evidently two college graduates who had just met again and were talking over "old times."

"And George," I heard one say, "do you remember the tricks we used to play on _____? Do you recollect how we used to light the old kerosene lamps that hung in the recitation room and get the chimneys red hot; and then, when we

heard him coming, how we used to blow the lights out? Didn't he yell when he touched one of those hot chimneys and didn't we laugh over it—after we got out of class? Of course then we were deeply sympathetic."

"Of course, and, say, Charlie, do you remember how, whenever he asked for a match, we would all cry out 'O no, Professor, we never smoke.' We were angel boys then weren't we?"

For a few moments they chuckled softly over the memories of those long past college days and then one of them said with a laugh:

"Yes and do you remember old Santa? Didn't we used to plague him? We must have been terrors to manage, and yet he kept us pretty straight after all, except once in while when we just had to break out. Remember the time we put the pans of water right under his desk and he tipped it all over his feet? Say, didn't we boys roar then, and still, wasn't he good about it? Never said a word, just went on with the lesson as though nothing had happened, and all the time his feet were sopping. I tell you we felt pretty cheap the next day didn't we, when he had such a cold that he could hardly speak?"

"Poor old Santa. I heard the other day from Bob Smith—you remember Bob, don't you?—that Santa died two or three years ago."

"Is that so? Poor old fellow. Say, what's Bob doing now? I haven't seen him for ages."

"O, he is manager of _____."

I could not hear the rest, for, just at that moment, we drew into a station. When the train started again, the men had gone into the smoking car to continue their reminiscences there.

Patronize our advertisers.

Music and Verse.

SILVER BAY.

Written by Mildred Greene

Tune—"Melody of Love."

Holyoke is singing, Wellesley, too,
Singing, dear Silver Bay, to you;
But, of all the praises, none so true,
As those of Colby,—gray and blue.

From way down in Maine we come, nine
strong,
Not to look at Syracuse, so big and
long,
But to take our part in this great throng,
Here at dear old Silver Bay.

Silver Bay, thy spirit e'er will be,
Living in the hearts of true Colby;
For the best that's in us, we pledge to
thee,
Pledge our love to Silver Bay.

OUR AIM

By Esther Power

We are like many grains in the dust
'neath our feet
In the World that is full of big things;
We have settled at Colby, at Knowledge's
seat,
That rewards and ambitions e'er bring.

We, as Freshmen, have chosen this col-
lege so fair
To enlighten and broaden the mind;
We have placed in her trust our life's
work to prepare,
And ambitions we all hope to find.

We must strive, in attempts, every class
to excel
And we'll make this the best of them all;
We will all do our duty and perform it so
well
We will answer the busy world's call.

We have four long, long years to fulfill
our desire,
But the four will seem short when
they're o'er;
And, in order to reach to ambitions much
higher,
We must enter the now open door.

A TOAST

By Lucile Rice

Here's a toast to thy name, dear old
Colby;
Here's a toast to the grey and the blue;
Here's a toast to the roseate future—
Thy children are dreaming for you.

Here's a toast to thy past, pure and
noble;
Here's a toast to the deeds you have done;
Here's a toast to the deeds still to follow,
To the trophies and fame yet unwon.

Here's a toast to the sacred traditions
Whose symbol forever thou art;
Here's a toast to thy lofty ambitions;
Here's a toast from a true, loving heart.

Here's a toast to the mem'ries that linger
And visions that fade not away;
Here's a toast to our loved Alma Mater;
Here's a toast to the blue and the grey.

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY GIRL

By Winifred Greeley

(Written at Silver Bay)

Tune—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

In a little country village, in the Moun-
tains of the East,
Lived a young girl with her parents,
poor but good;
Ann was tired of doing dishes, all her
life she'd had to work,
And she longed to find some girl friends,
if she could.

There were girls—oh, yes,—were many,
but they were so different,
She would never want to go with them,
she sighed;
Rose was pretty and attractive, but she
always had a beau—
Bertha, copying latest fashions, once had
cried:

CHORUS

“ Well, good-night! Ain’t that a start-
ler!
Umh! some swell you seem to be;
Well, you don’t get me, you bet,
You tell Ann that she can get
Someone else to play the friend, for all of
me! ”

From the city to that village came a
bright young girl one day,
Fresh from college and Y. W. C. A.,
And she made the girls so love her, gave
them interest in life,
That at last she found a chance to them
to say:

CHORUS

“ Girls, let’s start an Eight Weeks’ Club,
I am sure it’s not too late;
We’ll have parties, picnics, plays,
We’ll make money in all ways,
And we’ll make this town the best one in
the state! ”

So an Eight Weeks’ Club they formed,
and the good things that they did
Made the town a brighter place than e’er
before—
Cheered the shut-ins, gave some books,
cleaned the streets, and helped the
poor,
Till ’twas time for college to begin once
more.

When their last good time had come, Ann
was happy, and yet sad,
Must these girl-friends lose each other,
anyway?
With her hand in Rose’s, she stood, wait-
ing for the final word,

When she heard the voice of Bertha soft-
ly say:

CHORUS

“ Girls, we’ll keep it up this winter,
Then when Madge comes back some day
We will make her president,
For so much to us she’s meant,
And we’ll have a big Y. W. C. A.”

COLLEGE GIRLS

By Ernestine Peabody

Some people think that girls are “sticks”
Because they go to college,
And try to store up in their brains
A good amount of knowledge.

They think we never dwell on things
That don’t concern our books,
We’re living in a kind of sphere
Where no one cares for looks.

They think we never have good times,
But always are sedate;
I guess they never saw us run,
When going to classes late.

Oh! They should be inside Foss Hall
Just after a football game;
I fear they would get a dreadful jolt,
To find we are not so tame.

Of course we have to study hard,
And do a lot of work;
But when the studying is all done,
The fun we do not shirk.

Let’s give a cheer for Colby, girls,
That will make old Foss Hall sway;
We don’t care much what people think,
We’re here, and here to stay.

Fine church services at the chapel—
corner of Eight-Rod and Trafton Roads,
Sidney, at 3.00 P. M.

Sunday School 2.30 P. M.

For your own sake! Attend the Stu-
dent Endowment Lectures.

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.

"Duty calls us"?—No! But Thanksgiving does,—and may it be the best ever!

"*The Colbiana*" celebrates its fifth birthday! Let's all join in giving it a birthday feed of subscriptions and contributions, big enough and varied enough to last a whole year.

Welcome, 1920, welcome! You are doing splendid work; keep it up!

Through the efforts of Dean Cooper, a Sunday afternoon "sing" is held, each week, at Foss Hall. It is hoped that this custom will aid in making Colby a truly "singing" college, as well as in perpetuating Maine's nickname—the "singing" state.

COLBY WOMEN AND NURSING

By Mrs. Mary Cooper

Everybody is familiar with the story of Florence Nightingale and her little band of women bringing comfort and life to the crowded barracks of the Crimea. She believed that nursing was an art, and, if it was to be made an art, it required as hard a preparation as any painter's or sculptor's work: "For what is having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body?"

From two or three original branches the profession has broadened out till there are now from twenty to thirty fairly distinct lines of activity. The nurses' work has developed until it includes not only those lines distinctly medical and sanitary but positions of a social and a public character.

So rapid has been the development that there are not nearly enough qualified nurses to meet the need. There are probably 100,000 nurses practicing in the United States at the present time. Yet, there is still a great demand for the well-trained nurse, while the opportunities for the college-trained nurse are enlarging.

Not only are homes and hospitals, but boards of health, philanthropic societies, educational boards, factories, department stores, rural districts are asking for those qualified to conserve the health of the individual and community. In some of these positions the nurse is employed mainly in anticipating illness, by identifying the early signs of trouble, by investigating unsanitary conditions, and by teaching people how to prevent ill health.

It is necessary that a nurse, to qualify for these more important positions, should know something of Physiology, Chemistry, Biology, Physics, Household Science, and Sociology. Indeed, nothing taught in college will come amiss when the specialized department of the profession is entered upon; the eye that

is trained to act surely and quickly, the broad sympathy, the understanding, and experience that come with college life are highly important.

The woman who, by training and choice, enters upon nursing as her vocation will find an expanding field for operation. The specialized private nurse is in ever-increasing demand.

During the recent epidemic of Infantile paralysis distracted friends offered \$50.00 a week for a nurse, and no one would accept. In one instance an untrained nurse who volunteered her services was paid \$30.00 per week for several months. Her college training served her and her knowledge of Hygiene and Chemistry was put into constant practice. Nurses are often engaged by the year in wealthy families, and a college training insures a desirable social standing in such homes.

Columbia University offers advanced courses to those who wish to fit themselves for executive or teaching positions as well as for the field of Public Health nursing.

Public Health nursing includes District or Visiting nursing, Infant Welfare work, and Insurance nursing. In all these branches of Public Health work directors are paid from \$75 to \$150 per month. Welfare work in department stores and factories is well adapted to those who have had a nurse's training, although the work requires little actual nursing. The aim is specially to keep employees well and happy and to render first aid.

Philanthropic societies like to secure the services of nurses as secretaries for organization and publicity work. The salaries usually offered are from \$100 to \$200 per month.

Many lines of social activity are open for the nurse who has college training, especially if she have some secretarial training beside.

There is always an opportunity for work, without the problem of facing the competition with men, which meets women in so many professions.

The training does not require a large

financial outlay. There is no expensive outfit to keep up. One may live where she likes, for she is a competent, well-trained woman and will be sure to find a demand for her services. Her horizon is constantly enlarging. Self development is only limited by her own capacity.

From these points of view one is inclined to recommend training in nursing to the college woman. It certainly offers a most attractive and useful field of service to one who is devoted to humanity.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

By Hazel Cobb

Among handy things for the lady-traveler's use is a crocheted wrist-watch bracelet. It is very simply crocheted and can be done in an extremely short time. If one has difficulty with this, Mollie Tourtilotte will be delighted to help her.

One of the sure-to-please gifts for your mother is the ever-useful sweater. It is not difficult to knit and many, like Hortense Lambert, may find it a very pleasing pastime.

A gay cover for a den cushion, for your big brother's Christmas present, can be made from two bandanna handkerchiefs fastened together with knots at the corners.

An artistic chafing-dish set is a very pretty present for your sister at college. The representation of chafing-dishes on the different pieces may be done in the simple outline embroidery stitch, and the edging of the napkins may be of crochet or tatting. Miss Leila Washburn has many dainty tatting patterns for such articles.

Real family interest centers around an automobile which brings tours, frolics, and picnics to the owner. Now comes Christmas, a splendid time to add, in gifts, some of the small luxuries. A man's handy smoking-case of leather for Dad or a pair of gloves of the two-in-one style, of leather with removable linings, would please immensely.

THE COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM

PART I

By Phyllis Sturdivant

How a college girl's room should be decorated is a question. The room she is to live in for a whole year should be in good taste, cozy, and inviting, for nothing makes a girl homesick more quickly than a bare, unattractive room. It should be cheerful and girlish, but girlish does not mean loaded full of trash such as every advertisement that can be picked up, or every sentimental picture which can be cut out of the latest magazine. Snapshots pinned upon every bare space are things to be abhorred, for they are bound to roll up or blow down. A girl doesn't have to cover the wall up completely, and it is much better to have a few banners and pretty pictures in good taste than to have a wall covered with flashy advertisements, magazine cuts, and undignified pictures. A girl's room isn't a photographer's shop, either, and, while a few pictures of her best friends are desirable, all the high school graduating class doesn't have to be displayed.

Another important thing is the choice of pillows that go well together and with the couch cover, which should be plain or of good colors which harmonize with other decorations of the room. The rugs have much to do with the general effect of the room; a medium-sized grass rug is easily cleaned and is appropriate for the college room. A few smaller carpets may be had if desired, for they help to make the room home-like.

Above all, the college room should be kept in good order for no matter how pretty the decorations, the effect is bound to be spoiled if dirty dishes are piled in a corner and the floor is covered with "kittens."

PART II

By Margaret Hoffman

The problem of beautifying a plain room is, no doubt, a perplexing one to

every college girl. Especially is this so since a college girl's room is a combination of study, sleeping-quarters, and living room. Also must be taken into consideration the fact that her quarters are not as spacious as those of the "House Palatial." Therefore, some plan must be devised to utilize and economize this limited amount of space. What this plan may be is the question facing the discouraged girl as she looks over, for the hundredth time, her twelve by twenty by ten. How can that plain board floor possess an aesthetic value? How can draperies and curtains be commended for their marked beauty? How can she who lives, studies, and sleeps here be cheerful and happy if gloom and cheerlessness reign?

Any college girl can varnish a floor, and this is perhaps as easy and as cheap a way as any of making it attractive. However, in addition, a stenciled border around the edge of the floor in some dark color does still more to add beauty and attractiveness. This, together with rugs in harmony with the color scheme, will increase the effectiveness of the room.

Our second problem is that of the curtains and draperies. Fine voile and scrim with hemstitched edge will be found as attractive as anything for curtains. However, since worsted is being used considerably, the hemstitching might be done in some colored worsted, or over a plain hem a chain stitch might be done in the worsted. If the curtains were made of heavier material, a raffia chain-stitch could be used, the raffia being of a color to work well with the color scheme decided upon. Then too, a stenciled border above a plain hem might work splendidly with the border of the floor. Another suggestion is that of bias bands of cretonne, stitched around the curtain edge. This will look very neat. Together with the plain hemstitched voile curtain, a cretonne or colored linen valance and side pieces are effective. This overpiece could have a chain-stitched edge in worsted or raffia with but little extra work.

A corner might be curtained off into

a little kitchenette, medicine chest, or book closet, or used for any other particular purpose.

The furniture needs attention, also. We all know a coat of varnish covers up scratches, and, also, a little polishing increases the brightness of brass furniture decorations, and dainty bureau covers conceal a multitude of sins. The table with a long runner, chain-stitched in worsted like the curtains, and lighted by a reading lamp, offers a cozy, homey aspect. Knitted sofa pillows and round crocheted ones are something new, and, for the girl who has tendencies along this line, they offer a splendid opportunity. The commode may be converted into a dainty dressing table, by placing a cretonne cover over it with ruffled cretonne sides and by hanging on the wall above it a mirror which might seem to be still more a part of the dressing table by means of shirred pieces of cretonne reaching from the table to the top of the mirror.

We often forget that plants and flowers often add more to the beauty of a room than anything else. She who cannot afford these may find an oft-tried substitute in a carrot which, hollowed out, and continually filled with water, brings forth a fern-like growth and makes the room seem cheerful and bright. Radiators may also be forgotten, where a shelf, raised on brackets above the radiator may hold a window box, in which the farmer girl may work to her heart's content. Ruffles of cretonne or colored denim might be hung around the edges of this shelf to conceal any unattractive appearances beneath. Flowers, in fact, any touch of nature will make a room much more cozy.

Thus, if the college girl considers for a moment, there is always a way for improvement, even at the most hopeless outset.

What to do!

Do studies interfere with your college work?

Go to the pictures and forget.

THE IDEAS OF A PLAIN COLLEGE WOMAN ON "GENTLEMEN'S SHOE LACINGS"

By the Country Contributor

I am only a plain college woman, but I have thought long and carefully on this subject of gentlemen's shoe lacings. Thus far my conscientious research and painstaking observation have influenced me to believe that married ladies are altogether too regardless of their husband's best interest in this matter.

Fashion could hardly expect the poor, misguided men of our day to show the proper taste in every phase of their attire. As it is, however, what little they have accomplished in the noble art of color scheme has been done by their own effort. Yes, to them alone, and not to their wives, belong the honor and glory of that brilliant idea of having the tie, the stockings, and the edge of the handkerchief all of the same delicate hue, but alas! does it not seem pitiful that such a noble effort should have fallen so far short of its ultimate aim? For what does the beauty of the tie, hose, and handkerchief border amount to, if the lacings of the shoe are only of plain black? Indeed, it is necessary to confess that all is lost. In this age of highly brilliant coloring in all articles pertaining to gentlemen's dress, the sober black of the lacings is inexcusable; it is not permissible, for under modern requirements, it is by no means justifiable.

Again, I assert that our married ladies are to blame for this negligent condition of affairs. I am sure that all our readers will agree, that in this age when dyes of all kinds are so desirable because of their scarcity, ladies should put far more emphasis on the wearing of bright colored garments. I admit that a great deal is being done along this line, for I have but to walk along any street of the city to notice with pleasure the prevalence of yellow, green, and red sweaters, hats, and coats—not to mention many a more striking shade of

brightness in these same articles of attire.

Yet, all this serves but to emphasize the thoughtlessness manifested in the somber, black lacings; so I, in behalf of offended society, wish to beseech our married women to consider my humble proposition, which I offer to them in all due respect and esteem.

KITCHEN MOVIES

A young and cheerful spoon, with shining face and graceful form, was introduced into the family of spoons inhabiting a gloomy drawer at Foss Hall. A taciturn old spoon, with scarred face and bent form, growled out,

"If yer want ter keep thet face an' figur, don't come here. I once was young an' purty, but look et me now!"

"Yes, I am young. I love the movies, too. Do you ever get a chance to go?" asked the young spoon.

"Movies enuff right here!"

"Movies? O, tell me about them!"

"Yer're stamped 'Foss Hall' an' yer'll soon see fer yerself; but I'll tell yer the best un I ever saw. I hed bin left out on the shelf an' I saw it with my own eyes."

"It was midnight in Foss Hall kitchen, an' 'Butt's' clock was strikin' the hour; the fire was down in the furnace, an' the barrels were shakin' out flour. The salt and pepper shakers were doin' the Charlie Chaplin jump, the dish towels thet hed fallen down were gatherin' up in a lump. The tea an' potato-kittles, old, an' stiff, an' grim, made young by the excitemint, jined right in the din. But the teakettle, in a flurry, o'erstepped the edge of the stove, in terror grabbed the other, an' both, with a bang! then dove. The sugar-bowl, with arms akimbo, slyly winked his lid, fer he knew 'Butty' hed a revolver, an' he was a wise old kid. Sure 'nuff, above him in 'Pie Alley,' loudly creaked a door,—he was not deceived by this, fer he knew thet thet meant more. Down the groaning stair came 'Butty,' clothed in white,

her right hand grasped her revolver, her left, her small flashlight. The kittles, terror-stricken, dared not move an inch, fer to 'scape from 'Butty's' flashlight by no means is a cinch. Into the room came 'Butty,' out of our hearts went hope, fer, armed with light an' revolver, she with anyone could cope. The coal shivered in the coal-hod, the lights came on in fright, the teakettle's nose was broken, it surely was a sight. With a grunt of disapproval, 'Butt' the havoc then restored. 'I've been here thirteen years,' sed she, 'with hundreds of girls to board. But never in all my existence, have I such havoc seen, even when Foss Hall was on fire and the "Phi Delts" rushed to the scene.' So thet's the way it ended, an' peace now reigns supreme; thanks to 'Butty's' management, at night we only dream."

M. D., '19 and A. B., '19.

PIN MONEY

By Anna Anderson

Almost every magazine of today has at least one department devoted to the different clubs which girls form to acquire pin-money. Although there is no such club at Colby; nevertheless, the girls here have just as much use for pin-money, and ways of obtaining it are by no means lacking.

Some of the rooms are turned into candy stores, which, needless to say, are much frequented by the population of the three dormitories. Nor is the variety of confectionery limited, since in one place only high grade chocolates are sold, and in another the choicest home-made candies are offered. Even a small bakery has been introduced, and, on certain days, delicious chocolate doughnuts and brownies may be bought by those who come first.

Many of the girls spend some of their afternoons helping out in private families in the city.

Auction sales are held at which nearly every kind of article imaginable may be purchased,—shoes, pictures, hats, coats,

—in fact, anything for which the auctioneer has no further use.

Some girls improve their spare moments by printing pictures; others by doing manicuring, shampooing, and hair-dressing.

Perhaps one of the most profitable occupations is dressmaking. There are several very competent seamstresses in our midst who are capable of turning off anything from a tea-apron to an evening gown.

In fact, there are nurse-maids, waitresses, teachers, tutors, dressmakers, yes, even bootblacks—all kinds of girls—at Colby.

WHAT I SEE ON COLLEGE AVENUE

By the Fashion Editor

It is not necessary to go to gay Paris, nor, indeed, to stroll down Fifth Avenue to get a glimpse of the creations of Dame Fashion. College Avenue furnishes a panorama of striking styles, varied enough to suit the eye of the most fastidious.

One day, recently, it was my pleasure to watch a group of college girls on their way to Foss Hall. Dark skirts with the washable waist or the sailor suit are undeniably quite the thing. There are middy suits galore with blouses in plain white or in colors to match the straight tailored skirt. Pockets are quite in favor; not only do they serve as a convenient receptacle for odds and ends and *what not*, but they also relieve the long lines. The length of the skirts differ. It is permissible to vary from two to eight inches from the ground—that depends upon the length of the girl. A silk kerchief tied jauntily at the neck completes the costume and gives an air of distinction to the wearer.

Tennis shoes are a thing of the past, though decidedly popular last season; the high boot now holds sway. Let us hope that it has come to stay. Fashion, however, offers a choice in footwear. For the tall girl nothing relieves her

stature like the low heeled storm-shoe. The short fat girl may, nevertheless, resort to the high-heeled pigeon-toed variety. Where the occasion demands, it is allowable to wear rubbers. I found that to depend largely upon the condition of the shoes.

I was especially interested in one young girl who was simply but becomingly dressed in a figured dimity, designed after the manner of the Moyen Age. The effect was charming and girlish. Special attention was given to emphasizing the straight line which is so much desired this autumn. The fullness of last season remains but it has lost its flare and bouffant effect.

It was gratifying to see that the sweater has lost none of its former popularity. Here, the wearer is allowed perfect freedom in her choice of color and texture. The dazzling hues,—vivid green, and purple,—are considered the smartest.

The coats are, for the most part, full. The distinguishing feature in the coat of last season, and the one in vogue now, lies in the collar. To be in style one must have the cape collar. This may be made of the same material as the coat, though it is considered good taste to use fur. The chin collar is decidedly passeé.

It is quite proper to have the head uncovered, but a plain hat chosen to suit the peculiar style of the wearer is still in vogue. Whatever the hat decided upon, I found that Dame Fashion was unrelenting in one respect, namely, the veil; no costume is complete without, at least, one. Though the shoes be shabby, and the suit of last year's model, the veil is essential. The new black lace nose veil, with its simple mesh and striking edge, is to be desired, but it is considered good style to use the fine netting which may be obtained in various colors. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that, at sundown, the veil is discarded.

I was pleased to note that, of all the different models, the one characteristic which stamped them all was simplicity. Dress simply, and you must, of necessity, dress well.

THE WOMAN'S LEAGUE

By Hazel Durgin

The Woman's League began its series of entertainments with a supper held in Foss Hall dining room, Saturday evening, September 30. All the college girls were present, and showed, by their enthusiasm, the true spirit of the League. Dorothy Roberts, '18, acted as toast mistress, and toasts were responded to by the heads of the various departments.

Early in November, the members of the League are to enjoy an evening's reading by Miss Flood, who is so well known to all Colby College girls.

A new House Council has been appointed to serve until the Christmas vacation. Its members are: Floy Strout, Marion Campbell, Lenna Prescott, Norma Goodhue, Irma Ross, Alta Davis, and Mildred Greeley. We hope that the girls who have already served will feel that they still have the right to hush any disturbing sounds within their immediate vicinity.

The Woman's League would also like to have the girls consider the matter of introducing the "Point System," which is a feature of many larger colleges.

Under this system, every office that a girl may hold in her college counts as a certain number of points, the number depending upon the importance and responsibility of the office, and the number of points which any girl may hold during her college course is limited. Therefore, if a girl desires to hold a high-point office, later, she will not accept the low-point offices which she may have the opportunity to fill during her freshman and sophomore years. Through this system, nearly every girl in a college of the size of Colby might hold one or more offices, which is a better plan than to have all the offices monopolized by a few.

Save Money!

Buy a meal ticket for your visitors.—
Adv't.

GOOD MANNERS

When to Colby you do go,
There is much that you should know;
When upon the street you walk,
Be not boisterous in your talk;
Walk not more than two abreast,
Leave some sidewalk for the rest;
Be decorous, gentle, sweet,
To everyone you chance to meet.
In the classroom, be polite,
Talk not, but, when you recite,
Hark to what the Sages say,
So *you* may be wise some day.
In church, on Sunday morning, be,
Not your neighbors' clothes to see,
But to hear, with open heart,
All the service does impart.
Table manners you must learn
When to the dining room you turn;
Do not lean upon the table,
Folks will think you are disabled;
Bite not crescents from your bread,
Break it into bits instead,
Ask not too soon for more meat,
The server also needs to eat;
Do not "Sh!" 'tis very rude,
Speak in a more quiet mood;
Remember! Seniors first of all
As you pass into the hall!
Never stampede up the stairs,
Rubber heels will lighten cares;
Be careful not to slam the door,
Nor drag your feet along the floor;
Turn your lights out sharp at ten
And do *not* turn them on again.

All these rules to us are sent,
By our Student Government,
Which soon, supremely, here will reign
'Mid toiling hour and merry game.

Condensed Sweetness!

Why travel down street when you can
purchase as well at home?

Puritas Sweets.

Many varieties of Wilbur's sweet chocolate, Brownies and other novelties.

Room 14, Foss Hall.—Adv't.

THE KING'S BUSINESS

WHAT THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IS DOING

By Mildred Greene

Together with the rest of the clubs and organizations, the Young Women's Christian Association is back at Colby with renewed strength and interest, full of eagerness to attend to the King's Business.

On Friday evening, Sept 22, occurred the annual reception for the new girls. The reception rooms at Foss Hall were thronged with members of the faculty, alumnae, and students. In the receiving line were Mildred Greene, Mrs. Robert Crowell, Mrs. Mary Cooper, and Mrs. Clarence White. During the "getting-acquainted hour," the following program was given: Piano solo, Hilda Bradbury, '19; reading, Kathryn Sturtevant, '18; vocal solo, Hazel Whitney, '18; reading, Flora Norton, '17. Refreshments of ice-cream and wafers were served.

In accordance with the recommendations of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., Bible Study and missionary classes are held this year, as last year, in connection with the Sunday schools.

Thus far, the social service work has been, for the most part, in connection with the Associated Charities. Girls competed by classes in making the largest number of comfort bags for soldiers in the French hospitals. Several girls have assisted the secretary of the Associated Charities in friendly calling.

In response to the appeal of Mr. David R. Porter, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., \$400 was raised by the members of the Women's Division for the relief of students in the prison camps of Europe.

Early in the year, a permanent Silver Bay Endowment Fund was created. In the future, therefore, all returning money from Silver Bay loans will be turned over to the Endowment Fund. On Colby Day a candy-sale was held, the proceeds of which were given to this fund.

The weekly meetings this year have been unusually interesting and well attended. The first was led by the president whose subject was "Choose Ye" with reference to the things worth while in college life. The Silver Bay meeting was given up to pithy and vivid reports, full of Silver Bay enthusiasm, by the delegates to the conference which was held last June. They were nine in number: Ethel Duff, Mildred Greeley, Lucy Taylor, Helene Buker, Winifred Greeley, Ruby Robinson, Winifred Shaw, Helen Baldwin, and Mildred Greene. At the last meeting, Miss Farquhar, secretary of the preparatory schools in Maine, gave a very interesting talk on "What are you going to do about it?"

Girls, let us remember the King's Business and be loyal to the Y. W. C. A.

THE WOMAN ATHLETE

TO PLAY OR NOT TO PLAY

By Phoebe Vincent

To play has been the sentiment this fall more generally than any other time during the past four years, despite the lack of a coach. The basket-ball field has been in splendid condition all the fall and we have had some fine practice which gives ample promise of some fast championship games.

The following have been chosen as class captains:

- 1917.—Phoebe J. Vincent.
- 1918.—Gladys Craft.
- 1919.—Mollie Tourtilotte.
- 1920.—Eleanor Seymour.

The first game of the season was the annual fight for supremacy between the freshmen and sophomores, and the freshmen won for themselves everlasting laurels with a score of 37-4. The lineup was as follows:

FRESHMEN	SOPHOMORES
Seymour, r.f.	r.f., Tourtilotte
Clair, l.f.	l.f., Dolley
McCausland, Power, j.c.	j.c., Kelley
Mathews, s.c.	s.c., Hoffman
McCausland, r.g.	r.g., Adams

Emerson, l.g. l.g., H. Bradbury
The championship games are to be played off very soon, and a close contest is predicted.

Everyone cannot play but those who do not can show their good spirit by cheering and supporting their team in every way possible. When we play, let us remember that the best standard is to play whole-heartedly and fairly.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

By Selma Koehler

Bloody Monday Night, this year, was no exception to that night of nights in years past in regard to the good fun and amusement which it afforded to those present in the "gym." Such a fantastic display of costumes as the "freshies" appeared in could scarcely be rivaled. A more humble and obedient class than 1920 has never entered the honored portals of Colby, for, without exception, they instantly obeyed the slightest command of their superiors, the "sophs." After saluting the 1919 banner and swearing allegiance to the class of 1919, the freshmen were led to the Foss Hall parlors where lollypops, gum, and peanuts awaited them. All told, this was the most peaceful Bloody Monday night within the annals of 1917.

The college Sunday School classes in the different churches have begun their year's work under very able leaders. The Congregational class is taking up "Student Standards of Action" under Mrs. Bessey; the class at the Methodist church, "The Mind of the Messiah," with Miss Muzzey as leader; and, at the Baptist church, the class is studying "Old Spain and New America" under the direction of Dean Cooper.

Politics have been enthusiastically taken up by Foss Hall girls. A few are uncertain as to their stand in the present political question, but the majority of the girls have decided opinions either in favor of Woodrow Wilson or Charles Evans Hughes. The Democrats are somewhat more aggressive in their

campaigning than the Republicans. They have elected Winifred Greeley, '18, as president of their Democratic Club. They even held a Democratic rally at Foss Hall with George Watson, '17, as the campaign speaker. However, in spite of the excellent defense raised in behalf of Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate was defeated in a straw vote held on October 24. The number of votes cast by the Women's Division was 118, Hughes receiving 72, Wilson, 46. This was not as decisive a victory for the Republican nominee as the Men's Division obtained, where 123 votes were cast for Hughes and 57 for Wilson.

Soon after the opening of college, College Avenue pedestrians would often stop and gaze at the queerly garbed figures who passed back and forth between Foss Hall, Mary Low Hall, Dutton House, and the campus. They soon learned, however, that these strangely adorned beings were simply the freshmen arrayed in their tall, bright green dunce caps and wearing green and red placards with their numbers on their backs.

The inimitable Colby spirit, the host of returned alumnae and guests, and the excellency of the weather united in making Colby Day one of the best ever.

The festivities began Friday afternoon with the Freshman-Sophomore basket-ball game which ended with a sweeping victory for the freshmen, the score being 37-4 in favor of the entering class. Then followed a reception held in Foss Hall for the members of the faculty, alumnae, and friends of the college.

In the evening, at the College chapel, an exceptionally well presented performance of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was given by the Senior class, under the direction of Miss Exerene Flood. The cast was as follows: Sir John Falstaff, Lucy Taylor; Abraham Slender, Eva Bean; Fenton, Flora Norton; Shallow, Grace Fletcher; Ford, Marian White; Page, Ruth Murdock; Sir Hugh Evans, Helen Cole; Dr. Caius, Annie Treworgy; Host, Mildred Greeley; Bardolph, Winifred Atwood; Pistol, Lillian Tuttle;

Nym, Phoebe Vincent; Robin, Margaret Brown; Peter Simple, Hazel Gibbs; Rugby, Madeline Daggett; Mrs. Ford, Marian Daggett; Mrs. Page, Mildred Greene; Anne Page, Myra Cross; Mrs. Quickly, Selma Koehler; John, Ethel Duff; fairies, Catharine Clarkin, '17; Florence Preble, '20; Dorothy Daggett, Ruth Daggett, Miriam Rice, Rebecca Chester, Margaret Brown, Mary Lucile Drury. The committee in charge was Lucy Allen, chairman; Susie Smith, Marian Daggett, Hazel Gibbs, and Margaret Brown.

The girls who have not returned to college this year are, 1918: Marian Buzzell, Louise Merrill, and Alice Dyer; 1919: Gertrude Allinson, Helene Blackwell, Dorothy Churchill, Marian Copeland, Lillian Dyer, Almira Schaubel, Marian Williams, Mildred Dunham, Margaret Totman, Minerva Bradstreet.

Marian Williams, ex-'19, and Helene Blackwell, ex-'19, have entered Wheaton College, Norton, Mass.

Almira Schaubel, ex-'19, is a student at the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Margaret Slattery, one of the speakers at the Sunday School Convention which was held in Waterville, in October, spoke to an audience of girls, in the Congregational church, on October 26. Her topic was "The Four Idols of the American Girls." Miss Slattery is well-known as the best speaker, in the country, for girls.

AFTER COLLEGE, WHAT?

By Margaret Brown

Edith Washburn, '14, is teaching at Hampton Institute, Va.

Mildred Holmes, '15, is attending Simmons College.

Anna Boynton, '06, has given up teaching and is employed as a stenographer in the Knox Woolen Mills at Camden, Maine.

Lois Peacock, '14, is teaching in Portland, Conn.

Idella Farnum is at home in Danbury, N. H.

Gladys Warren Radebaugh is attending normal school at Bridgewater, Mass.

Aldine Gilman, '14, is teaching in Camden, Me.

Alice Clarkin, '16, is teaching night school in Waterville, Me.

Lena Blanchard, '15, is attending Y. W. C. A. Training School in New York.

Irma Reynolds, '14, who is teaching in Fort Fairfield, visited in Waterville, recently.

Lucy Montgomery, '15, who has lately recovered from an operation for appendicitis, is visiting at Foss Hall.

Pauline Hanson, '12, is at home in Sanford, Maine.

Ethel Merriam, '14, was married in June to Lester F. Weeks, Colby, '15. They are living at Orono, Maine. Mr. Weeks is assistant professor in chemistry at the University of Maine.

Gladys Paul, '14, is teaching at Keene, N. H.

Abbie Sanderson is Preceptress at Ricker Classical Institute.

Florence Carll, '12, visited Foss Hall, recently. She expects to leave for Washington, D. C., Nov. 9, where she will make an extended visit.

Grace Vose, '12, is teaching at Nyack, N. Y.

Helen Hanson, '15, is doing Y. W. C. A. work at Portland.

Emily Hanson, '14, is teaching at Cony High, Augusta.

Marian Brown, Ph. D., class of 1912, is teaching at Bath, Maine.

Mildred B. Smythe, ex-'14, was married Sept. 1, 1916.

Vivienne Ellsworth, '15, is teaching at Farmington, Me.

Avis Thompson, '14, visited at Foss Hall, recently.

Beulah Withee, '12, is teaching at Bath, Maine.

Eva Reynolds, '12, is teaching at Cony High, Augusta.

Christine Whittemore, '14, is at home in Livermore Falls.

Clara Collins, '14, is teaching at Livermore Falls.

Ina McCausland, '15, visited at Foss Hall over Colby Day.

Bessie (Cummings) Waldron, with her little son and daughter, visited at Foss Hall, a few weeks ago.

WHAT 1916 ARE DOING.

1916 was apparently a class of teachers:

Marjory Barker, Berlin, N. H.
 Ida Brown, Cherryfield, Me.
 Yvette Clair, Providence, R. I.
 Beryl Cram, Craftsbury, Vt.
 Iris Crosby, Danbury, Conn.
 Lucile Foster, Bingham, Me.
 Esther French, Solon, Me.
 Effie Hannan, New Gloucester, Me.
 Marian Harmon, Rockport, Me.
 Clara Hinckley, North Conway, N. H.
 Elizabeth Hodgkins, Kennebunk, Me.
 Hazel Lane, Pemaquid, Me.
 Alice Mather, Unionville, Conn.
 Vesta McCurda, Revere, Mass.
 Louise McCurdy, Calais, Me.
 Marion Miller, South Portland, Me.
 Hazel Moore, Stonington, Me.
 Katharine Moses, Casco, Me.
 Lois Osgood, Ashfield, Mass.
 Edith Pratt, Clinton, Me.
 Edith Robinson, Somerville, Mass.
 Ella Robinson, Rockport, Maine.
 Fossie Seekins, Jonesport, Maine.
 Katharine Singer, New London, Conn.
 Vivian Skinner, Houlton, Maine.
 Carolyn Stevens, Mattawamkeag, Me.
 Mina Titus, North Anson, Me.
 Francis Trefethan, Eliot, Me.
 Vivienne Wright, Wrentham, Mass.
 Ernestine Porter, Solon, Me.

Among the alumnae who came back for Colby Day and the Maine Game were:

Eva Macomber, '13; Ina McCausland, Hazel Ross and Marian Steward, '15; Ernestine Porter, Esther French, Marian Miller, Lucy Montgomery, Lucile Foster, Iris Crosby, Carolyn Stevens, and Effie Hannan, '16.

A very beautiful wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gilman, Hallowell, Maine, when their daughter, Esther was united in marriage to Elmer York, of Gardiner. The ceremony took place under a bower

of pine, and the double ring service was used. The bride was dressed in white satin and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses and lilies of the valley. The maid of honor was Gladys Meservy of Waterville. Miss Meservy wore yellow and carried violets. The best man was George Ferrell, Colby, '18.

After a short honeymoon in Boston and vicinity the young couple will reside at the home of the bride's parents, 53 Academy St., Hallowell, Maine.

Grace Pattangall, ex-'18, was married August 30, to Arthur Abbott, U. of M., '14, at the home of the bride's parents, Augusta, Me. They are now living at Bridgton, Me., where Mr. Abbott is principal of the high school.

WOMEN OF OTHER COLLEGES

By Irma Ross

A new club has been started at Radcliffe,—the International Polity Club,—for the study and discussion of international questions. Sarah Wambaugh, 1902, is the president. The subject for the first meeting is the "Monroe Doctrine."

The Idler Club of Radcliffe is to give "Rose of the Wind" at its second meeting, November 10.

The Wheaton College Glee Club has elected its officers and new members.

The senior class at Smith will give "Twelfth Night" for senior dramatics. Alfred Young of New York has accepted the position of coach.

Commencement at Mount Holyoke was unique last June. For the first time the Student-Alumnae Hall was available for the events which were held indoors. One of the most important events was the formal dedication of the Hall. President Woolley, in her address to the alumnae and students, said, "This building will be a lasting expression of your forethought, sacrifice, and devotion to your Alma Mater. May we, as a college, use it worthily, in consideration of all the effort that has made it a reality." The gulf has been bridged between the alumnae and the student body

by giving them a common goal for which to strive. Every class from 1845 to 1919 has made gifts.

Graduates of southern colleges have formed what is known as the "Southern Association of College Women." The purpose is threefold: First, to unite college women in the South to bring about a higher education for women; second, to raise the standard of education for women; third, to develop preparatory schools, and to define the line of demarcation between preparatory schools and colleges.

In the literary field, the various magazines show the work of many an alert and active mind. "The Mount Holyoke," for October, contains some entertaining sketches, under the section entitled "In Short," which are very typical of college experiences. The one entitled "Engaged Sign—Farewell" is particularly vivid. Who has not felt the tormenting desire to know what that person, who approaches your door, could have wanted,—after she has read the "Engaged" or "Busy" sign, and has seemed to slowly back away and disappear? "Book Reviews" in the Wellesley College Magazine is a very instructive and interesting section. "Two Parallel Lines Meet at Infinity" (Wellesley College Magazine) is for the most part a well-written story. The element of suspense is kept throughout. However, one cannot help feeling that the ending is too abrupt. "The Syracusan" contains a good account of "A Day on the Border."

"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."
(Continued from Page 3.)

and right here will be the place where they'll be," remarked the skipper, as he went below for a mug-up before the real work of the night began. "There's no telling when I'll get a chance for a cup of coffee, again," he said; "'twill be a long night I'm thinking."

As he stopped to button his sou'wester under his ear before going on deck, he turned to the cook,

"That's good coffee, cook, and I reckon it'll taste as good in the morning."

Shortly after, his voice came booming down the companionway,

"Everybody on deck, and give her a little more string! There's one or two boats beginning to drift a'ready." Then they heard his voice ring along the deck:

"Aft, there, and call all hands to give her more hawser,—and the chain along with it!"

As the crew payed out the chain they noticed that the wind had increased perceptibly.

"When the tide turns there'll be some sea 'round here," they heard the skipper say,—and then his voice came again, this time from aloft,

"Give her more yet, another fifty fathom."

Down he came to the deck.

"We'll get a taste of the hereafter, tonight, I'm thinking. If 'twas some vessels I've been in,—or if 'twas the Cora Smith what's building, it would be slip cables and out of here, in a hurry. But, not with the old Parkhurst. 'Twouldn't do,—she'd split before we were half way out. But, what's this?"

He pulled of his mitten and held his bare palm to the wind. The crew did likewise, to catch and taste what the wind was bringing.

Snow! A howling northeaster, in shoal water in George's, the vessel at the length of her cable, and—snow!

The skipper made no comment—only stood by the mast and tried to map out, in his mind, the location of the other boats of the fleet. When he had settled this to his satisfaction, with a troubled face, he turned to his mate.

"There's two on our port and if they get to dragging they can't miss us."

Again, he raised his bare palm to the wind.

"Getting wetter and thicker! We'll get a taste of the world to come tonight, and the old Parkhurst,—but there, she's weathered many a blow in George's and what's—!"

The vessel leaped, drēw back, and started to rush again. The skipper's

quick ear caught the crunching sound.

"Look out forward," he called, and he, himself, hugged the mast, as through the plank of her bow they heard the chain go tearing. Round she turned, broad side to the sea. Aboard came the hissing green water in tons. All clung grimly to what was nearest. The wave passed, and, yet, the boat stood right side up.

"Everybody all right?" called the skipper.

Each man answered for himself.

"Below there, cook," he roared; "give us a torch, and let's see what's to be done!"

The chain, before parting, had torn through the iron-bound hawser hole and the plank had gone like the board.

"Some tide," observed one of the crew.

"Yes," admitted the skipper. "Go aloft there you and see if any one's coming. There'll be somebody down on us soon. The rest stand by to put in sail. Here, Tom, take soundings!"

The look-out's voice came from aloft.

"Can't see half-a-length away."

The skipper turned to the stern.

"Eighteen fathom," came back the answer.

"Eighteen? Drifting as fast as that? Put on sail, there. Trysail and jib. She won't stand the mainsail. Stand by there, Tom, with the axe to cut when I say."

The lookout's voice came from above.

"Two riding-lights to wind'ard,—one drifting, only her riding-light shows,—the other shows her port light."

"Port? That's bad. Look sharp at the wheel! Stan' by to cut. Tim, get the other axe and cut when I say."

Again came the lookout's voice.

"Another vessel drifting down,—and another. Two sailing, two dragging. Awful wind, skipper."

"Aye, and below, too. What's that?" The skipper leaped to the wheel to help hold it down and dodged just in time to escape a vessel's bowsprit as she swirled in his quarter. The bowsprit caught the stern davit; the dory which was hung smashed in a thousand pieces.

Then it hit the main boom, and, through the wail of the wind, came voices.

"Couldn't help it, skipper, parted both cables. Good-bye."

Bennie fanned away the snow.

"If this 'aint hell, talking to men you can't see, and they drifting away to be lost!"

"Oh, skipper," came from aloft, "near's I can say, there's four or five vessels bearing down."

"Close by?"

"Yes."

Aloft went the skipper, and down they both came in a minute.

"Cut," roared Bennie before he reached the deck. "Pay off at the wheel! Cut—cut!"

Zip went the hawsers, and, as the Parkhurst came around, a great white shadow went by her bow. Voices were heard in the night, and the phantom passed. Again, a shadow, and, from out the night, again came voices, voices which grew in volume, became louder, grew less, and finally merged with the wail of the wind.

Once more the lookout went aloft when the snow lifted.

"One on the starboard tack, skipper."

"Aye, but don't mind her. On the port?"

"Here's one," yelled the lookout, "hardalee."

"Hardalee,"—the skipper jumped to the wheel.

"Where now?"

"I've lost her, no,—here she is and another on the other tack."

Great Heaven, one on each tack!

A hail came from somewhere, but not from the Parkhurst; a voice called something; a roar of voices mingled with the wind, and another dread shadow passed.

Again the skipper payed off and tacked, and again he was in the shadow of sails. Voices again came to him. They came from all around. He looked up. There was a white sail, against white snow in the black night, on each side. There was nothing to do but try to out-run

them. He eased the sheets and away went the old Parkhurst.

"Running to death if I hold this long," he muttered. He could hear the roar of the breakers, plainly, now. Then the dreaded happened, but so quickly that no human hand could have prevented. Head on to the old Parkhurst was a phantom of white above and a strip of black below. One awful wait and then it came. The bowsprit of the Parkhurst tore through the rigging of the stranger. Her hull cut the other's planking. In the roar of the wind and waves was heard the tearing of stiff canvas, the crashing of wood, and the groans of the men.

Thus they hung, the bow of the Parkhurst in the waist of the stranger, and men passed from one boat to the other, and back. Then, with a backward surge of the water, the two tore loose. Men clung to whatever they could and rode grimly away to death.

Bennie clung to the wheel in the hope that the sea might carry his vessel over the bar. But no, both boats began to settle, the stranger, the more rapidly. Down she went, stern first. The Parkhurst, with stern high, pointed after her, and began to settle, bow first, beneath the water. Bennie still clung, defiantly, to the wheel and was carried far under. At last he came to the surface and caught his breath.

"You were a good ship, old girl, but too old," he moaned, as he sought something to which to cling in all that mass of seething, whirling water, and snow. He reached for what was nearest. It was a spar, but so smooth that his fingers could not hold and the terrible tide-rips tore him loose. Now high, now low, he was borne to heaven on the top of one wave, and to the depths in the valley of the next—the pigmy man, against the giant strength of the elements. Then the last sea came, and then and only then did he let himself think of her as he had seen her last.

"Good-bye, dear. God help you," came from his stiffening lips.

The roar of the waters was in his soul.

Voices seemed to call him from the deep, voices of men lost in the long years of toil, in the waters whose sands are white with dead men's bones. Above them all he seemed to hear her voice.

"Good-bye, Bennie dear," it said, "Good-bye."

And he knew, in that last moment before the angry waters pulled him down,—that she would have to live and suffer like those other wives and sweet-hearts whose dear one's souls he was going to join in the waters on George's Banks.

A CENSORED ESCAPE

(Continued from Page 4.)

hear him smiling over the telephone, and it made me want to slap him. It was just as if he thought he was really getting the better of me!

* * * * *

Oh dear! I guess I haven't the spunk of a jelly-fish, or else—but never mind! I'm coming to that. I never in my life have spent so much time dressing as I did for that old dance. I wanted to look so ravishingly beautiful, and, yet, appear so haughty and distant, that Dick would fall on his knees and beg forgiveness. I did look beautiful, I confess, and preserved my dignity perfectly all through the first dance. Then I made him come out on the veranda. I drew myself up to my full height (it is pitifully small) and said, angrily,

"Why did you keep me from eloping with Courtney Vanderhessen?"

"Because," said Dick very slowly, "when you elope, you are going to elope with *me*."

I stared with my eyes and mouth wide open, and then, realizing, I glared at him in sudden rage and defiance.

"Elope with you, coward!" I cried, (I don't know why I said "coward," because he isn't at all,—but that's the worst thing a girl can say to a man.)

"Certainly."

"When?" said I.

"Now."

"What!"

He merely pointed to the driveway; "The car is waiting," he said.

"Dick Danforth," I cried, with a warning look, "if you take me, you'll have to take me by force!" (Whew, it was getting exciting!)

I don't know how it happened, but in less time than it takes to tell, I was whisked away and dropped (not too gently, either) into the waiting car. I knew, by the time we had gone twelve miles in fifteen minutes, that Dick was in earnest. At last, I ventured a question.

"How did you know I would come with you?" I asked, stealing a glance sideways. Dick continued to look straight ahead.

"You've been in love with me ever since you were five and I was seven."

I gasped again, as if something had suddenly knocked the wind out of me, but not a word could I say. We were going at a terrific rate, and I had plenty of time to think. I realized that the dream of my childhood was fast coming true. I was eloping! All the romance and mystery and secrecy of a real elopement were mine, (a thrill went down my backbone with that knowledge) and parents and friends were slumbering in happy unconsciousness of my—. An awful thought came to me suddenly. The dream of last night became a haunting nightmare. I saw myself enjoying the beauties of Venice (for, of course, we were going to Venice) while my heart-broken parents gradually drifted toward their graves, and all because of their rebellious daughter, married without their consent, and separated from them by miles of ocean—. I grabbed Dick's arm.

"Stop!" I cried. "This instant!"

Dick looked startled and obeyed.

"What—what's the matter?"

"Mother—father," I explained, lucidly, and began to sob. Dick's understanding is wonderful.

"There, there!" he comforted, patting my head. "Don't feel so badly. You see,—"

He hesitated, and I was beginning to feel a little warmth in my heart for him

(he was so sympathetic), when he went on.

"You see, your mother and father and Dolly and the rest know all about it. They—"

"What!" I gasped.

"Yes. Don't get excited. They gave their willing consent to an elopement, and urged me to marry you as soon and as quietly as possible. I'm a wonderful manager! Everything is going just as they wanted it. Your father said, 'A year abroad is worth five years of college, and as for French and German and all that,—why, that girl of mine knows enough to fool any foreigner in Europe!'"

Dick was chuckling, but I was trying to become accustomed to disillusion. All the romance gone! All the secrecy broken! I was simply a commonplace girl being married in a commonplace way,—but no! As Dick turned again to the wheel and guided the car on toward the twinkling lights of the city, I laughed in triumph.

"Anyway," I said aloud to Dick, "I don't believe any girl ever eloped two nights in succession before."

THE FOOTSTEPS

(Continued from Page 5.)

away. It was a dismal, damp night; a heavy mist which resembled, in density, if not in color, the dense, opaque fogs characteristic of London, had settled upon the earth. Yuan had finished his chores and sat in his customary place by the kitchen stove, smoking a long clay pipe. The silence was intense, and the gloomy atmosphere of the outer world seemed to penetrate within doors and agitate the easily excitable mind of the Mongolian. The perturbation in which he found himself forced him to imagine all sorts of horrible delusions.

Then a vain fear seized him and filled his mind with formidable forebodings. He sat as if petrified, having neither courage nor inclination to arouse himself to go to bed. It was getting late; the mantle clock in the living room had just

struck twelve. The wood fire in the stove had long since gone out, and the absence of heat chilled Yuan's bones to the marrow. Even the kerosene lamp upon the wooden table sent out a ghastly glare and struck terror to his frightened heart. Suddenly, in the awful silence of the night, he heard the heavy tread of feet in the room above. There was no one in the house but himself, for his master had not yet returned. He could not have entered unbeknown to Yuan, for the doors were bolted and could only be opened from the inside, and this had not been done. From where Yuan sat he could see what was commonly termed the back door, although it opened on the side of the house toward the road, and it was still barred as he had left it. The front door, facing the stretch of country extending back from the highway, he could not see, but no one could have entered there and gone upstairs without passing through the kitchen, and this no one had done.

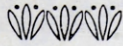
The strange footsteps continued to sound from the room above the kitchen. Now the noise came from one side of the

room, now, from another, as if the person were walking about in search of something. Then, they receded for an instant and died away into silence. Evidently the person had passed out into the hall adjoining the two upper chambers. But the silence lasted only a moment, for, soon, the footsteps were heard descending the stairs leading into the kitchen.

Yuan expected to see he knew not what, and a cold perspiration stood in drops upon his yellow skin. The sound drew nearer and nearer; presently it came from the small entry connecting the kitchen with the back door, and in which the stairs terminated. Then the burdensome tread passed across the kitchen floor. Yuan gazed in stupefied amazement. He saw nothing, he felt nothing, but he distinctly heard someone walk behind the chair in which he sat and pass into the front entrance hall. Then he heard the bolt drawn back, the door open and close, and the shuffling of feet upon the flagstone-walk without.

(To be continued in the January issue.)

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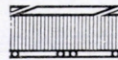
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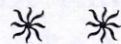
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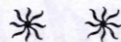
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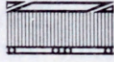
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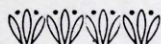
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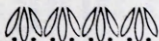
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